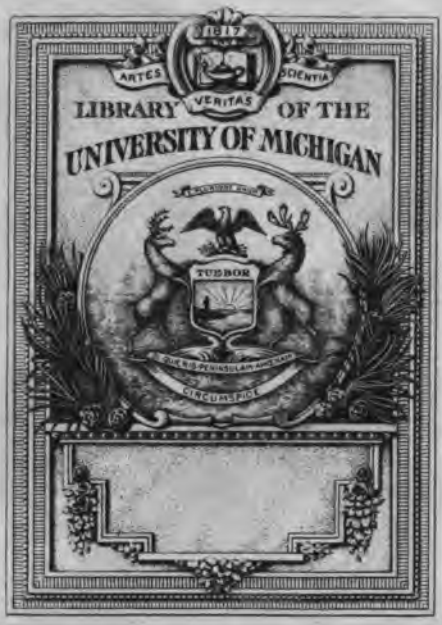

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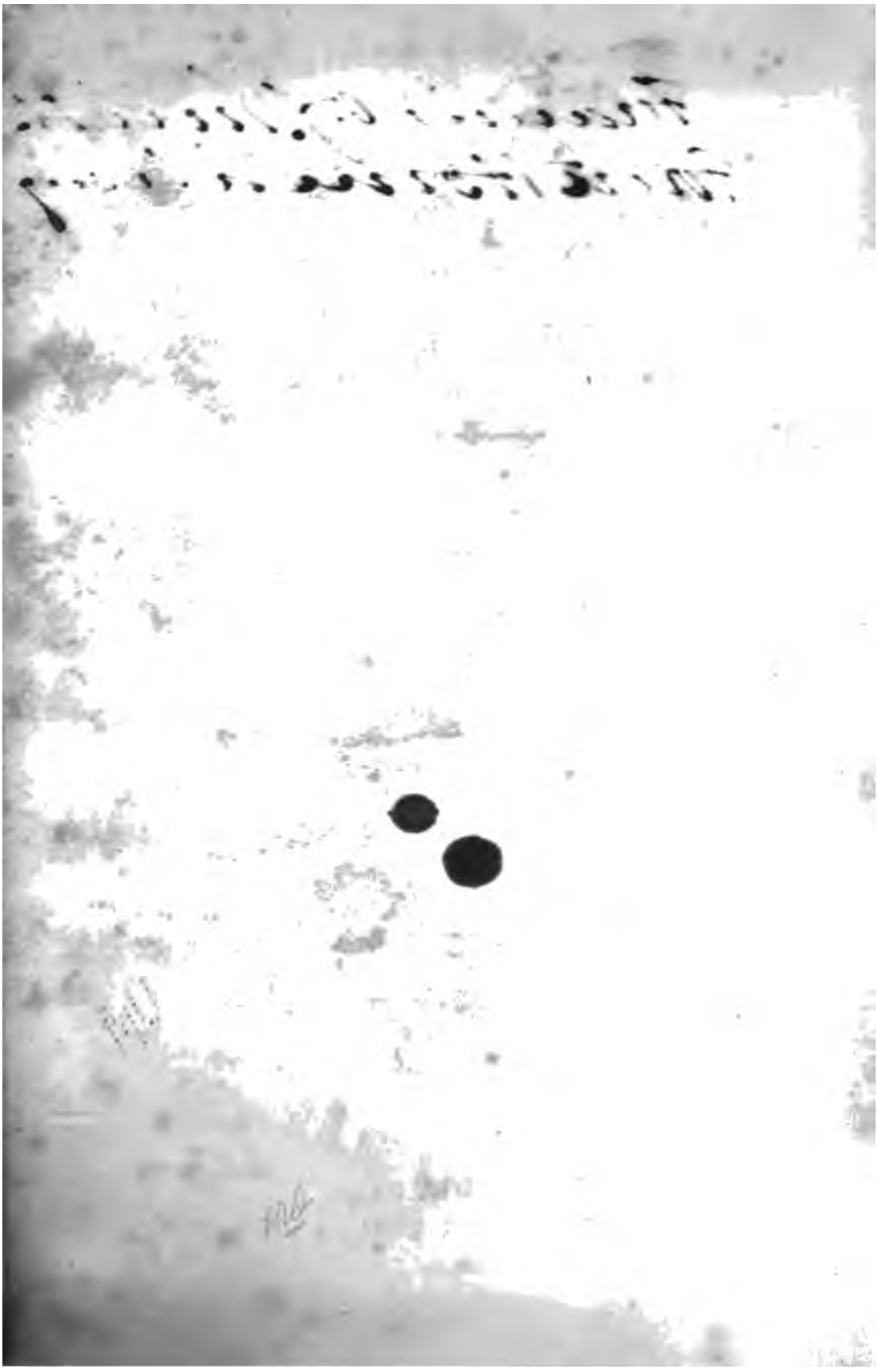
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From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

(Continued from our last.)

For about a fortnight after their return, Titmouse, at Gammon's instance, resumed his former lodgings; but at length complained so earnestly of their dismal quietude, and of their being out of the way of life, that Gammon yielded to his wishes, and, together with Mr. Quirk, consented to his removing to a central spot—in fact, to the Cabbage-stalk Hotel, Covent Garden—a green enough name, to be sure; but it was the family name of a great wholesale green-grocer, who owned most of the properly thereabouts. It was not without considerable uneasiness and anxiety that Messrs. Quirk and Snap beheld this change effected, apprehensive that it might have the effect of estranging Titmouse from them; but since Gammon assented to it, they had nothing for it but to acquiesce, considering Titmouse's proximity to his splendid independence. They resolved, however, as far as in each of them lay, not to let themselves be forgotten by Titmouse. Pending the rule for the new trial, Mr. Quirk was so confident concerning the issue, that he greatly increased the allowance of Titmouse; to an extent, indeed, which admitted of his entering into almost all the gaieties that his as yet scarce initiated heart could desire. In the first place, he constantly added to his wardrobe. Then he took lessons, every other day, in "the noble art of self-defence;" which gave him an opportunity of forming with great ease, at once, an extensive and brilliant circle of acquaintance. Fencing-rooms, wrestling-rooms, shooting-galleries, places for pigeon-shooting, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and billiard-rooms; the water and boat-racing—these were the dazzling scenes which occupied the chief portion of each day. Then, in the evenings, there were theatres, great and small, the various taverns, and other places of nocturnal resort, which are the pride and glory of the metropolis. In addition to this, at an advanced period of the night, or rather a very early hour in the morning, he sedulously strove to perfect himself in those higher arts and accomplishments, excelled in by the more eminent of the youthful aristocracy, viz. breaking windows, pulling bells, wrenching off knockers, extinguishing lamps, tripping up old women, watchmen, and children, and spoiling their clothes;—ah, how often in his humbler days, had his heart panted in noble rivalry of such feats as these, and emulation of the notoriety they earned for the glittering miscreants who excelled in them! Ah, Titmouse, Titmouse! *Macte novâ virtute, puer!*

That he could long frequent such scenes as these without forming an extensive and varied acquaintance, would be a very unlikely thing to suppose; and there was one who would fain have joined him in his new adventures—one who, as I have already intimated, had initiated him into the scenes with which he was now becoming so familiar; I mean Snap, who had been once his

"Guide, philosopher, and friend;"

but who now had fewer and fewer opportunities of associating with him, inasmuch as his (Snap's) nose was continually "kept at the grindstone" in Saffron Hill, to compensate for the lack of attention to the business of the office of his senior partners, owing to their incessant occupation with the affairs of Titmouse. Still, however, he now and then contrived to remind Titmouse of his (Snap's) existence, by sending him intimations of interesting trials at the Old Bailey and elsewhere, and securing him a good seat to view both the criminal and the spectators—of the persons of the greatest rank, fashion, and beauty; for so it happens that, in this country, the more hideous the crime, the more intense the curiosity of the upper classes of both sexes to witness the miscreant perpetrator; the more disgusting the details, the greater avidity with which they are listened to by the distinguished auditors;—the reason being plain, that, as they have exhausted the pleasures and excitements afforded by their own sphere, their palled and sated appetites require novel and more powerful stimulants. Hence, at length, we see "fashionables" peopling even the condemned cell,—rushing, in excited groups, after the shuddering malefactor, staggering, half palsied, and with horror-laden eye, on his way to the gallows! As soon as old Quirk had obtained an inkling of Titmouse's taste in these matters, he afforded Titmouse many opportunities of gratifying it. Once or twice the old gentleman succeeded even in enabling Titmouse (severe trial, however, for his exquisite sensibilities!) to shake the cold and pinioned hands of wretches within a few minutes' time of being led out for execution!

This is a brief and general account of the way in which Titmouse passed his time, and laid the groundwork of that solid, extensive, and practical acquaintance with men and things, which was requisite to enable him to occupy with dignity and advantage the splendid station to which he was on the point of being elevated.

But let us not lose sight of our early and interesting friends, the Tag-rags—a thing which both Quirk and Gammon resolved should not happen to Titmouse: for, on the very first Sunday after his arrival in town from York, a handsome glass coach might have been seen,

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about two o'clock in the afternoon, drawing up opposite to the gates of Satin Lodge; from which said coach, the door having been opened, presently descended Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Titmouse. Now, the Tag-rags always dined about two o'clock on Sundays; and, on the present occasion, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Tag-rag, together with a pretty constant visiter, the Reverend Mr. Dismal Horror, were sitting at their dinner-table discussing as nice a savoury leg of roast pork, with apple sauce, as could at once have tempted and satisfied the most fastidious and the most discriminating appetite.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed Miss Tag-rag, faintly, changing colour as she caught sight, through the blinds, of the approaching visiters—"if there isn't Mr. Titmouse!" and almost dropping on the table her plate, in which, with an air of tender gallantry, Mr. Horror was in the act of depositing some greens, she flew out of the room, darted up stairs, and in a trice was standing, with beating heart, before her glass, hastily twirling her ringlets round her trembling fingers, and making one or two slight alterations in her dress. Her papa and mamma started up at the same moment, hastily wiping their mouths on the corners of the table cloths: and, after a hurried apology to their reverend guest, whom they begged "to go on eating till they came back"—they bounced into the drawing-room, just time enough to appear as if they had been seated for some time; but they were both rather red in the face, and flustered in their manner. Yet, how abortive was their attempt to disguise the disgraceful fact of their having been at dinner when their distinguished visiters arrived! For, firstly, the house was redolent of the odours of roast-pork, sage and onion-stuffing, and greens; secondly, the red-faced servant girl was peering round the corner of the kitchen stairs, as if watching an opportunity to whip off a small dinner-tray that stood between the dining-room and drawing-room; and thirdly, they caught a glimpse of the countenance of the reverend guest, who was holding open the dining-room door just wide enough to enable him to see who passed on to the drawing-room; for, in truth, the name which had escaped from the lips of Miss Tag-rag, was one that always excited unpleasant feelings in the breast of her spiritual friend.

"Ah! Mr. and Mrs. Tag-rag! 'Pon my soul—glad to see you—and—hope you're all well?" commenced Titmouse, with an air of easy confidence and grace. Mr. Gammon calmly introduced himself and Mr. Quirk. Just at that moment neither Mr. nor Mrs. Tag-rag were sure whether they stood upon their heads or their feet.

"We were just going to sit down to—*lunch*," said Mr. Tag-rag, hurriedly.

"You won't take a little, will you, gentlemen?" inquired Mrs. Tag-rag, faintly, and both the worthy couple felt infinite relief on being assured that their distinguished visitors had already lunched. Neither of them could take their eyes off Mr. Titmouse, whose easy nonchalance convinced them that he must have been keeping the society of lords. He was just inquiring, as he ran his hand through his hair, and gently smacked his slight ebony cane against his leg,—after Miss Tag-rag, when, pale and agitated, and holding in her hand a pocket-handkerchief sufflused with musk and bergamot, designed to overcome so much of the vulgar odour of dinner as might be lingering about her,—that interesting young lady entered. Titmouse rose and received her in a familiar, forward, manner; she turning white and red by turns. She looked such a shrivelled little ugly formal creature, that Titmouse conceived quite a hatred of her, through recollecting that he had once thought such an inferior piece of goods superfine. Old Quirk and Tag-rag, every now and then, cast distrustful glances at each other; but Gammon kept all in a calm flow of small talk, which at length restored those whom they had come to see, to something like self-possession. As for Mr. Quirk, the more he looked at Miss Tag-rag, the more pride and satisfaction he felt in reflecting upon the unfavourable contrast she must present, in Titmouse's eyes, to Miss Quirk. After a little further conversation, principally concerning the brilliant success of Titmouse, Mr. Quirk came to the business of the day, and invited Mr. Mrs. and Miss Tag-rag to dinner at Alibi House, on the ensuing Sunday, at six o'clock—apologising for the absence of Miss Quirk, on the score of indisposition—she being at the time in the highest possible state of health. Mrs. Tag-rag was on the point of saying something deprecatory of their dining out on Sunday, as contrary to their rule; but a sudden recollection of the earthly interests she might peril by so doing, aided by a fearfully significant glance from Mr. Tag-rag, restrained her. The invitation was, therefore, accepted in a very obsequious manner; and soon afterwards their great visitors took their departure, leaving Mr., Mrs. and Miss Tag-rag in a state of considerable excitement. Goodness! could there be a doubt that there must be some very potent attraction at Satin Lodge to bring thither Titmouse, after all that had occurred? And where could reside the point of that attraction, but in Miss Tag-rag?

As soon as their visitors' glass-coach had driven off—its inmates laughing heartily at the people they had just quitted—Mr., Mrs. and Miss Tag-rag returned to the dining-table, like suddenly disturbed fowl returning to their roost, when the disturbance has ceased. Profuse were their apologies to Mr. Horror: not aware, however, that he had improved the opportunity afforded by their absence, to recruit his exhausted energies with a couple of glasses of port wine from a decanter which stood on the sideboard—a circumstance which he did not deem important enough to mention. Vehemently suspecting as he did, what was the state of things with reference to Mr. Titmouse and Miss Tag-rag, it was somewhat of a trial of temper to the exemplary young pastor, to have to listen, for the remainder of the afternoon, to the praises of Titmouse, and speculations concerning the immensity of his fortune. In vain did the worthy minister strive, every now and then, to divert the current of conversation into a more profitable channel—*i. e.* towards himself; all he said was evidently lost upon her for whose ear it was intended. She was in a reverie, and often sighed. The principal figures before her mind's eye were—TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, ESQUIRE, and THE REV. DISMAL HORROR. The latter was about twenty-six, (he had been called to the work of the ministry in his sixteenth year;) short; his face slightly pitted with small-pox; his forehead narrow; his eyes cold and watery; no eye-brows or whiskers; high cheek-bones; his short sand-coloured hair combed primly forward over each temple, and twisted into a sort of topknot in front; he wore no shirt-collars, but had a white neck-handkerchief tied very formally, and was dressed in an ill-made suit of black. He spoke in a drawling, canting tone; and his countenance was overspread with a demure expression of cunning, trying to look religious. Then he was always talking about himself, and the devil, and his chapel, and the bottomless pit, and the number of souls which he had saved, and the number of those whom he knew were damned, and many more who certainly would

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be damned. All this might be very well in its way, began to think Miss Tag-rag—but it was possible to choke a dog with pudding. Poor girl, can you wonder at her dwelling fondly upon the image of Titmouse? So splendidly dressed—so handsome—such a fashionable air—and with—ten thousand a-year! When she put all these things together, it almost looked like a dream; such good fortune could never be in store for a poor simple girl like herself. Yet there was such a thing as—love at first sight! After tea they all walked down to Mr. Horror's meeting-house. It was very crowded; and it was remarked that the eloquent young preacher had never delivered a more impassioned sermon from that pulpit: it was sublime. Oh, how bitterly he denounced "worldly-mindedness!" What a vivid picture he drew of the flourishing green bay-tree of the wicked, suddenly blasted in the moment of its pride and strength; while the righteous should shine like stars in the firmament for ever and ever! Who could not see here shadowed out the characters of Titmouse and of Horror respectively?—who could hesitate between the two? And when at length, the sermon over, he sate down in his pulpit, (the congregation also sitting, and singing,) and drew gracefully across his damp forehead his white pocket-handkerchief, which had been given him by Miss Tag-rag; and looked with an air of most interesting languor and exhaustion towards Mr. Tag-rag's pew, where sate Miss Tag-rag—her father the wealthiest man in the congregation, and she his only child—he felt a lively and tender interest in her welfare—her spiritual welfare, and resolved to call the next morning; entertaining an humble hope that his zealous labours had not been in vain! Was one fruit of them to have been looked for in the benignant temper which Tag-rag, to the amazement of his shopmen, evinced the next morning, for at least an hour? Would that the like good effects had been visible in Mrs. and Miss Tag-rag; but—alas, that I should have to record it!—it was so far otherwise, that they laid aside their fancy-fair work for the whole week, which they devoted to the preparation of those dresses with which they purposed the profanation of the ensuing Sunday.

That day at length arrived, and precisely at six o'clock a genteel fly deposited the visitants from Satin Lodge at the splendid entrance to Alibi House. There was the big footman—shoulderknot, red breeches, and all. Tag-rag felt a *little* nervous. Before they had entered the gates, the fond proud parents had kissed their trembling daughter, and entreated her "to keep her spirits up!" The exhortation was needful; for, when she saw the sort of style that awaited them, she became not a little agitated. When she entered the hall—ah! on a chair lay a glossy new hat, and a delicate ebony walking-stick; so he had come—was then up stairs!—Miss Tag-rag trembled in every limb.

"I don't know, my dear," whispered Mrs. Tag-rag to her husband, with a subdued sigh, as they followed the splendid footman up stairs,—"it may be all uncommon grand; but somehow I'm afraid we're doing wrong—it's the Lord's Day—see if any good comes of it."

"Tut—hold your tongue! Let's have no nonsense," sternly whispered Mr. Tag-rag to his submissive wife.

"Your name, sir?" quoth the footman, in a gentlemanly way.

"Mr., Mrs. and Miss Tag-rag," replied Mr. Tag-rag, after clearing his throat; and so they were announced, Miss Quirk coming forward to receive the ladies with the most charming affability. There stood Titmouse, in an easy attitude, with his hands stuck into his coat pockets, and resting on his hips, in a very delicate and elegant fashion. How completely he seemed at his ease.

"Oh Lord!" thought Tag-rag, "that's the young fellow I used to go on so to!"

In due time dinner was announced; and who can describe the rapture that thrilled through the bosoms of the three Tag-rags, when Mr. Quirk requested Mr. Titmouse to take down—Miss Tag-rag!! Her father took down Mrs. Alias; Mr. Quirk, Mrs. Tag-rag; and Gammon, Miss Quirk. She really might have been proud of her partner. Gammon was about thirty-eight years old; of average height; with a particularly gentlemanly appearance and address, and an intellectual and even handsome countenance, though occasionally it wore, to a keen observer, a sinister expression. He had a blue coat, a plain white waistcoat, not disfigured by any glistening fiddle-faddle of pins, chains, or quizzing-glasses, black trousers, and silk stockings. There was at once an appearance of neatness and carelessness; and there was such a ready smile—such a bland ease and self-possession about him—as communicated itself to those whom he addressed. I hardly know, Mr. Gammon, why I have thus noticed so particularly your outward appearance; it certainly, on the occasion I am describing, struck me much; but there are such things as *whited walls* and *painted sepulchres*. Dinner went off very pleasantly, the wines soon communicating a little confidence to the flustered guests. Mrs. Tag-rag had drunk so much champagne—an unusual beverage for her—that almost as soon as she had returned to the drawing-room, she sate down on the sofa and fell asleep, leaving the two young ladies to amuse each other as best they might; for Mrs. Alias was very deaf, and moreover very stiff and distant, and sate looking at them in silence. To return to the dining-room for a moment. 'Twas quite delightful to see the sort of friendship that seemed to grow up between Quirk and Tag-rag, as their heads got filled with wine; at the same time each of them drawing closer and closer to Titmouse, who sate between them—volubility itself. They soon dropped all disguise—each plainly under the impression that the other could not, or did not, observe him; and altogether, impelled by their overmastering motives, they became so barefaced in their sycophancy—evidently forgetting that Gammon was present—that he could several times, with only the utmost difficulty, refrain from bursting into laughter at the earnest devotion with which these two worshippers of the little golden calf strove to attract the attention of their divinity, and recommend themselves to its favour.

At length the four gentlemen repaired to the drawing-room, whence issued the sounds of music; and on entering they beheld the two lovely performers seated at the piano, engaged upon a duet. The plump flaxen-haired Miss Quirk, in her flowing white muslin dress, her thick gold chain, and massive bracelets, formed rather a strong contrast to her sallow skinny little companion, in a span-new slate-coloured silk dress, with staring scarlet sash; her long cork-screw ringlets glistening in bear's grease; and as for their performance, Miss Quirk played boldly and well through her part, a smile of contempt now and then beaming over her countenance at the ridiculous incapacity of her companion. As soon as the gentlemen made their appearance the ladies ceased, and withdrew from the piano; Miss Tag-rag, with a sweet air of simplicity and conscious embarrassment, gliding towards the sofa, where sate her mamma asleep, but whom she at

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once awoke. Mr. Quirk exclaimed, as, evidently elevated with wine, he slapped his daughter on her fat back, "Ah, Dora, my dove!" while Tag-rag kissed his daughter's cheek, and squeezed her hand, and then glanced with a proud and delighted air at Titmouse, who was lolling at full length upon the other sofa, picking his teeth. While Miss Quirk was making tea, Gammon gaily conversing with her, and in an under tone satirizing Miss Tag-rag; the latter young lady was gazing, with a timid air, at the various elegant nick-nacks scattered upon the tables and slabs. One of these consisted of a pretty little box, about a foot square, with a glass lid, through which she saw the contents; and they not a little surprised her. They were pieces of cord; and on looking at one of the sides of the box, she read, with a sudden shudder,—"*With these cords were tied the hands of Arthur Grizzlegut, executed for high treason, 19th November*, 18—. *Presented, as a mark of respect, to Caleb Quirk, Esq., by John Ketch.*" Poor Miss Tag-rag recoiled from the box as if she had seen it filled with writhing adders. She took an early opportunity, however, of calling her father's attention to it; and he pronounced it a "most *interesting* object," and fetched Mrs. Tag-rag to see it. She agreed first with her daughter, and then with her husband. Quietly pushing her investigations, Miss Tag-rag by and by beheld a large and splendidly bound volume—in fact, Miss Quirk's album; and, after turning over most of the leaves, and glancing over the "poetical effusions" and "prose sentiments," which few fools can abstain from depositing upon the embossed pages, when solicited by the lovely proprietresses of such works, beheld—her heart fluttered—poor Miss Tag-rag almost dropped the magnificent volume; for there was the idolised name of Mr. Titmouse—no doubt his own hand-writing and composition. She read it over eagerly again and again,

> "Tittlebat Titmouse is my name,
> England is my nation;
> London is my dwelling place,
> And Christ is my salvation."

It was very—very beautiful—beautiful in its simplicity! She looked anxiously about for writing implements; but not seeing any, was at length obliged to trust to her memory; on which, indeed, the exquisite composition was already inscribed in indelible characters. Miss Quirk, who was watching her motions, guessed the true cause of her excitement; and a smile of mingled scorn and pity for her infatuated delusion shone upon her face; in which, however, there appeared a little anxiety when she beheld Titmouse—not, however, perceiving that he did so in consequence of a motion from Gammon, whose eye governed his movements, as a man's those of his spaniel—walk up to her, and conversed with a great appearance of interest. At length Mr. Tag-rag's "carriage" was announced. Mr. Quirk gave his arm to Mrs. Tag-rag, and Mr. Titmouse to the daughter; who endeavoured, as she went down the stairs, to direct melting glances at her handsome and distinguished companion. They evidently *told*, for she could not be mistaken; he certainly once or twice squeezed her arm—and the last fond words he uttered to her were, "Pon my soul—it's early: devilish sorry you're going!" As the Tag-rags drove home, they were all loud in the praises of those whom they had just quitted, particularly of those whose splendid hospitality they had been enjoying. With a daughter, with whom Mr. Quirk must naturally have wished to make so splendid a match as that with Titmouse,—but who was plainly engaged to Mr. Gammon—how kind and disinterested was Mr. Quirk, in affording every encouragement in his power to the passion which Titmouse had so plainly conceived for Miss Tag-rag! And was there ever so delightful a person as Gammon? How cordially he had shaken the hands of each of them at parting!—As for Miss Tag-rag, she almost felt that, if her heart had not been so deeply engaged to Titmouse, she could have loved Mr. Gammon!

"I hope, Tabby," said Mrs. Tag-rag, "that when you're Mrs. Titmouse, you'll bring your dear husband to hear Mr. Horror? You know, we ought to be grateful to the Lord—for He has done it."

"La, ma, how can I tell?" quoth Miss Tag-rag, petulantly. "I must go where Mr. Titmouse chooses, of course; and no doubt he'll take sittings in one of the West End churches: you know, *you* go where pa goes—*I* go where Titmouse goes! But I *will* come sometimes, too—if its only to show that I'm not above it, you know. La, what a stir there will be! The three Miss Knipps—I do so hope they'll be there! I'll have your pew, ma, lined with red velvet; it will look so genteel."

"I'm not quite so sure, Tabby, though," interrupted her father, with a certain swell of manner, "that we shall, after a certain event, continue to live in these parts. There's such a thing as retiring from business, Tabby; besides, we shall nat'rally wish to be near you."

"He's a *love* of a man, pa, isn't he?" interrupted Miss Tag-rag, with irrepressible excitement. Her father folded her in his arms. They could hardly believe that they had reached Satin Lodge. That respectable structure, somehow or other, now looked to the eyes of all of them shrunk into most contemptible dimensions. What was it to the spacious and splendid residence which they had quitted? And what, in all probability could that be to the mansion—or perhaps several mansions—to which Mr. Titmouse would be presently entitled, and—in his right—some one else?

Whilst the brilliant success of Tittlebat Titmouse was exciting so great a sensation amongst the inmates of Satin Lodge and Alibi House, there were also certain quarters in the upper regions of society, in which it produced a considerable commotion, and where it was contemplated with feelings of intense interest; nor without reason. For indeed to you, reflective reader, much pondering men and manners, and observing the influence of great wealth, especially suddenly and unexpectedly acquired, upon all classes of mankind—it would appear passing strange that so prodigious an event as that of an accession to a fortune of ten thousand a-year, and a large accumulation of money besides, could be looked on with indifference in those regions where MONEY

> "Is like the air they breathe—if they have it not, they die;"

in its absence, all their "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," disappear like snow under sunshine; the edifice of pomp, luxury, and magnificence that "rose like an exhalation," so disappears,—

> "And, like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leaves not a rack behind."

Take away money, and that which raised its delicate and pampered possessors above the common condition of mankind—that of privation and incessant labour, and anxiety—into one entirely artificial, engendering totally new wants and desires, is gone, all gone; and its occu-

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pants suddenly fall, as it were, through a highly rarefied atmosphere, breathless and dismayed, into contact with the chilling exigencies of life, of which, till then, they had only heard and read, sometimes with a kind of morbid sympathy, as we do hear and read of a foreign country, not stirring the while from our snug homes, by whose comfortable and luxurious firesides we read of the frightful palsying cold of the polar regions, and for a moment sigh over the condition of their miserable inhabitants, as vividly pictured to us by adventurous travellers.

If the reader had reverently cast his eye over the pages of that glittering centre of aristocratic literature, and inexhaustible solace against the *ennui* of a wet day—I mean *Debrett's Peerage*, his attention could not have failed to be riveted, amongst a galaxy of brilliant but minor stars, by the radiance of one transcendant constellation. Behold; hush; tremble!—"Augustus Mortimer Plantagenet Fitz-Urse, Earl of Dreddlington, Viscount Fitz-Urse, and Baron Drelincourt; Knight of the Golden Fleece; K. G., G.C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. &c. &c.; lieutenant-general in the army, colonel of the 37th regiment of light dragoons; lord-lieutenant of ——shire; elder brother of the Trinity House; formerly lord steward of the household; succeeded his father, Percy Constantine Fitz-Urse as fifth earl, and twentieth in the barony, January 10th, 1795; married, April 1, 1789, the Right Hon. Lady Phillippa Emmeline Blanche Macspleuchan, daughter of Archibald, ninth Duke of Tantallon, K. T., and has issue an only child,

"Cecilia Philippa Leopoldina Plantagenet, born June 10, 1790.

"Town residence, Grosvenor Square.

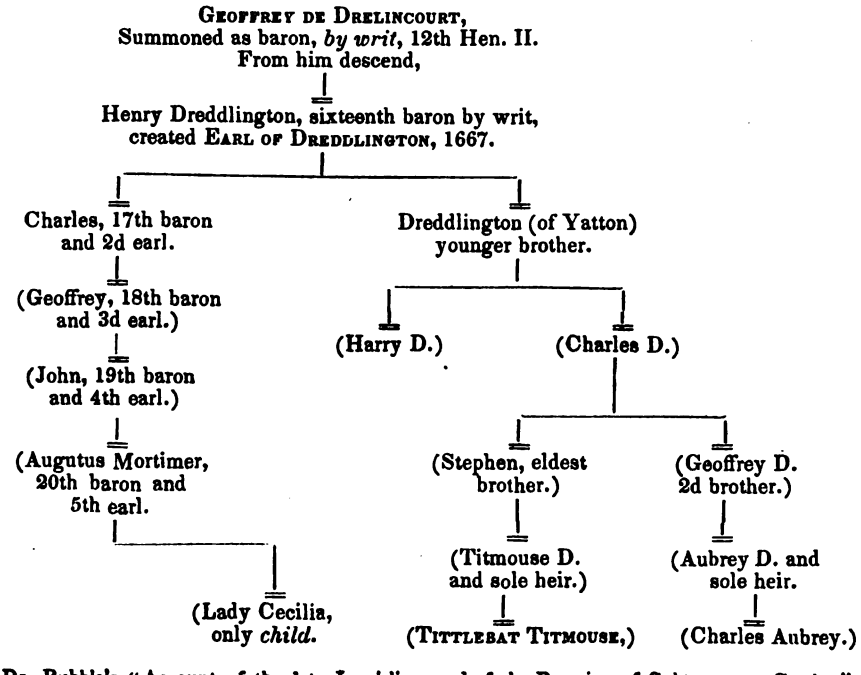
"Seats, Gruneaghoolaghan Castle, Galway; Trearddevoraveor Manor, Cornwall; Llmryllwcrwpligily Abbey, N. Wales; Tullyclachnach Palace, N. Britain; Poppleton Hall, Hertfordshire.

"Earldom, by patent, 1667; —— barony, by writ of summons, Hen. II."

Now, as to the above tremendous list of seats and residences, be it observed that the existence of two of them, viz. Grosvenor Square and Poppleton Hall, was tolerably well ascertained by the residence of the august proprietor of them, and the expenditure therein of his princely revenue of £5000 a-year. The existence of the remaining ones, however, the names of which the diligent chronicler has preserved with such scrupulous accuracy, had become somewhat problematical since the era of the civil wars, and the physical derangement of the surface of the earth in those parts, which one may conceive to have taken place* consequent upon those events; those imposing feudal residences having been originally erected in positions so carefully selected with a view to their security against aggression, as to have become totally inaccessible; and, indeed, unknown, to the present inglorious and degenerate race, no longer animated by the spirit of chivalry and adventure.

[I have now recovered my breath, after my bold flight into the resplendent regions of aristocracy; but my eyes are still dazzled.]

The reader may by this time have got an intimation that Tittlebat Titmouse, in a madder freak of fortune than any which her incomprehensible ladyship hath hitherto exhibited in the pages of this history, is far on his way towards a dizzy pitch of greatness,—viz. that he has now, owing to the verdict of the Yorkshire jury, taken the place of Mr. Aubrey, and become heir-expectant to the oldest barony in the kingdom—between it and him only one old peer, and his child—an unmarried daughter intervening. Behold the thing demonstrated to your very eye, in the following pedigree, which is only our former one† a little extended.



* See Dr. Bubble's "Account of the late Landslips, and of the Remains of Subterranean Castles."—Quarto edi ion, pp. 1000—2000.

† *Museum*, May and June, p. 28.

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From the above, I think it will appear, that on the death of the fifth earl and twentieth baron, the earldom would be extinct, and the barony would descend upon the Lady Cecilia; and that, in the event of her dying without issue in the lifetime of her father, Tittlebat Titmouse would become Lord Drelincourt, (twenty-first in the barony;) and in the event of her dying without issue, after her father's death, Tittlebat Titmouse would become the twenty-second Lord Drelincourt; one or other of which two splendid positions, but for the enterprising agency of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, would have been occupied by Charles Aubrey, Esq.; on considering which, one cannot but remember a saying of an ancient poet, who seems to have kept as keen an eye upon the unaccountable frolics of the goddess Fortune, as this history shows that I have. 'Tis a passage which any little school-boy will translate to his mother or his sisters—

"Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet." *

At the time of which I am writing, the Earl of Dreddlington was about sixty-seven years old; and he would realize the idea of an incarnation of the sublimest pride. He was of rather a slight make, and, though of a tolerably advanced age, stood as straight as an arrow. His hair was glossy, and white as snow; his features were of an aristocratic cast; their expression was severe and haughty; and there was not the slightest trace of intellect perceptible in them. His manner and demeanour were calm, cold, imperturbable, inaccessible; wherever he went—so to speak—he radiated cold. Poverty embittered his spirit, as his lofty birth and ancient descent generated the pride I have spoken of. With what calm and supreme self satisfaction did he look down upon all lower in the peerage than himself! and as for a newly created peer, he looked at him with ineffable disdain. Amongst his few equals he was affable enough; amongst his inferiors he exhibited an insupportable appearance of condescension—one which excited a wise man's smile of pity and contempt, and a fool's anger—both, however, equally naught to the Earl of Dreddlington. If any one could have ventured upon *a post mortem* examination of so august a structure as the earl's carcass, his heart would probably have been found to be of the size of a pea, and his brain very soft and flabby; both, however, equal to the small occasions which, from time to time, called for the exercise of their functions. The former was occupied almost exclusively by two feelings—love of himself and of his daughter, (because upon her would descend his barony;) the latter exhibited its powers (supposing the brain to be the seat of the mind) in mastering the military details requisite for nominal soldiership; the game of whist; the routine of petty business in the house of lords; and the etiquette of the court. One branch of useful knowledge he had, however, completely mastered—that which is so ably condensed in Debrett; and he became a sort of oracle in such matters. As for his politics, he professed whig principles—and was, indeed, a blind and bitter partisan. In attendance to his senatorial duties, he practised an exemplary punctuality; was always to be found in the house at its sitting and rising; and never once, on any occasion, great or small, voted against his party. He had never been heard to speak in a full house; first, because he never could muster nerve enough for the purpose; secondly, because he never had any thing to say; and lastly, lest he should compromise his dignity, and destroy the *prestige* of his position, by not speaking better than any one present. His services were not, however, entirely overlooked; for, on his party coming into office for a few weeks, (they knew it could be for no longer a time,) they made him lord steward of the household; which was thenceforward an epoch to which he referred every event of his life, great and small. The great object of his ambition, ever since he had been of an age to form large and comprehensive views of action and conduct, and conceive superior designs, and achieve distinction amongst mankind—was, to obtain a step in the peerage; for considering the antiquity of his family, and his ample, nay *superfluous* pecuniary means—so much more than adequate to support his present double dignity of earl and baron—he thought it but a reasonable return for his eminent political services to obtain the step which he coveted. But his anxiety on this point had been recently increased a thousand fold by one circumstance. A gentleman who held an honourable and lucrative official situation in the house and who never had treated the Earl of Dreddlington with that profound obsequiousness which the earl conceived to be his due—but, on the contrary, had presumed to consider himself a man and an Englishman equally with the earl—had, a short time before, succeeded in establishing his title to an earldom that had long been dormant, and was of creation earlier than that of Dreddlington. The Earl of Dreddlington took this outward circumstance so much to heart, that for some months afterwards he appeared to be in a decline; always experiencing a dreadful inward spasm whenever the Earl of Fitzwarren made his appearance in the house. For this lamentable state of things there was plainly but one remedy—a Marquisate—at which the earl gazed with all the intense desire of an old and feeble ape at a cocoa-nut, just above his reach, and which he beholds at length grasped and carried off by some nimbler and younger rival. Amongst all the weighty cares and anxieties of this life, I must do the Earl of Dreddlington the justice to say, that he did not neglect the concerns of hereafter—the solemn realities—that future revealed to us in the Scriptures. To his enlightened and comprehensive view of the state of things around him, it was evident that the Author of the world had decreed the existence of regular gradations of society.

The following lines, quoted one night in the house by the leader of his party, had infinitely delighted the earl—

"Oh, where degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick!
Take but degree away,—untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows! each thing meets,
In mere oppugnancy!" *

When the earl discovered that this was the production of Shakspeare, he conceived a great respect for him, and purchased a copy of his works, and had them splendidly bound; never to be opened, however, except at that one place where the famous passage in question was to be found. Since, thought the earl, such is clearly the order of Providence in this world, why should it not be so in the next? He felt certain that then there would be found corresponding differences and degrees, in ana-

* Hor. Carm. I. 34, *ad finem*.

* Troilus and Cressida, I. iii.

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logy to the differences and degrees existing upon earth; and with this view had read and endeavoured to comprehend a very dry but learned book—Butler's *Analogy*, lent him by his brother, a bishop. This consolatory conclusion of the earl's was greatly strengthened by a passage of scripture, from which he had once heard his brother preach—"*In my Father's house are* MANY MANSIONS; *if it had not been so, I would have told you.*" On grounds such as these, after much conversation with several old brother peers of his own rank, he and they—those wise and good men—came to the conclusion that there was no real ground for apprehending so grievous a misfortune as the huddling together hereafter of the great and small into one miscellaneous and ill-assorted assemblage; but that the rules of precedence, in all their strictness, as being founded in the nature of things, would meet with an exact observance, so that every one should be ultimately and eternally happy in the company of his equals. The Earl of Dreddlington would have, in fact, as soon supposed, with the deluded Indian, that in his voyage to the next world—

"His faithful dog should bear him company;"

as that his lordship should be doomed to participate the same regions of heaven with any of his domestics: unless, indeed, by some, in his view, not improbable dispensation, it should form an ingredient in their cup of happiness in the next world, there to perform those offices—or analogous ones—for their old masters, which they had performed upon earth. As the earl grew older, these just, and rational, and scriptural views, became clearer, and his faith firmer. Indeed, it might be said that he was in a manner ripening for immortality—for which his noble and lofty nature, he felt, was fitter, and more likely to be in its element, than it could possibly be in this dull, degraded, and confused world. He knew that there his sufferings in this inferior stage of existence would be richly recompensed; for sufferings indeed he had, though secret, arising from the scanty means which had been allotted to him for the purpose of maintaining the exalted rank to which it had pleased God to call him. The long series of exquisite mortifications and pinching privations arising from this inadequacy of means, had, however, the earl doubted not, been designed by Providence as a trial of his constancy, and from which he would, in due time, issue like thrice refined gold. Then also would doubtless be remembered in his favour the innumerable instances of his condescension in mingling in the most open manner with those who were unquestionably his inferiors, sacrificing his own feelings of lofty and fastidious exclusiveness, and endeavouring to advance the interests, and, as far as influence and example went, polish and refine the manners of the lower orders of society. Such is an outline—alas, how faint and imperfect!—of this great and good man, the Earl of Dreddlington. As for his domestic and family circumstances, he had been a widower for some fifteen years, his countess having brought him but one child, Lady Cecilia Philippa Leopoldina Plantagenet, who was, in almost all respects, the counterpart of her illustrious father. She resembled him not a little in feature, only that she partook of the plainness of her mother. Her complexion was delicately fair; but her features had no other expression than that of a languid hauteur. Her upper eyelids drooped as if she could hardly keep them open; the upper jaw projected considerably over the under one; and her front teeth were prominent and exposed. She seemed to take but little interest in any thing on earth, so frigid was she, and inanimate. In person, she was of average height, of slender and well proportioned figure, and an erect and graceful carriage, only that she had a habit of throwing her head a little backward, that gave her a singularly disdainful appearance. She had reached her twenty-seventh year without having had an eligible offer of marriage, though she would be the possessor of a barony in her own right, and £5000 a year; a circumstance which, it may be believed, not a little embittered her. She inherited her father's pride in all its plenitude. You should have seen the haughty couple sitting silently side by side in the old-fashioned yellow family carriage, as they drove round the crowded park, returning the salutations of those they met in the slightest manner possible. A glimpse of them at such a moment, would have given you a far more just and lively notion of their real character, than the most anxious and laboured description of mine.

Ever since the first Earl of Dreddlington had, through a bitter pique conceived against his eldest son, the second earl, diverted the principal family revenues to the younger branch, leaving the title to be supported by only £5000 a year, there had been a complete estrangement between the elder and the younger—the titled and the monied—branches of the family. On Mr. Aubrey's attaining his majority, however, the present earl sanctioned overtures being made towards a reconciliation, being of opinion that Mr. Aubrey and Lady Cecilia might, by intermarriage, effect a happyre-union of family interests; an object, this, that had long lain nearer his heart than any other upon earth, till, in fact, it became a kind of passion. Actuated by such considerations, he had done more to conciliate Mr. Aubrey than he had ever done towards any one on earth. It was, however, in vain. Mr. Aubrey's first delinquency was, an unqualified and enthusiastic adoption of tory principles. Now, all the Dreddlingtons, from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, had been firm unflinching tories, till the father of the present earl quietly walked over one day to the other side of the house of lords, completely fascinated by a bit of riband which the minister held up before him; and before he had sat in that wonder-working region, the ministerial side of the house, twenty-four hours, he discovered that the true signification of tory was *bigot*—and of whig, *patriot*: and he stuck to that version till it transformed him into a gold stick, in which capacity he died, having repeatedly and solemnly impressed upon his son the necessity and advantage of taking the same view of public affairs, with a view to arrive at similar results. And in the *way* in which he had been *trained up*, most religiously had gone the earl; and see the result: he, also, attained to eminent and responsible office—to wit, that of lord steward of the household. Now, things standing thus—how could the earl so compromise his principles, and indirectly injure his party, by suffering his daughter to marry a tory? Great grief and vexation of spirit did *this* matter, therefore, occasion to that excellent nobleman. But, secondly, Aubrey not only declined to marry his cousin, but clenched his refusal, and sealed his final exclusion from the dawning good opinion and affections of the earl, by marrying some one else—Miss St. Clair. Thenceforth there was a great gulf between the Earl of Dreddlington and the Aubreys. Whenever they happened to meet, the earl greeted him with an elaborate bow, and a petrifying smile; but for the last seven years, not one syllable had passed between them. As for Mr. Aubrey, he had never been otherwise than amused at

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the eccentric airs of his magnificent kinsman. Now, was it not a hard thing for the earl to bear—namely, the prospect there was that his barony and estates might devolve upon this same Aubrey, or his issue? for Lady Cecilia, alas! enjoyed but precarious health, and her chances of marrying seemed daily diminishing. This was a thorn in the poor earl's flesh; a source of constant *worry* to him, sleeping and waking: and proud as he was, and with such good reason, he would have gone down on his knees and prayed to heaven to avert so direful a calamity—to see his daughter married.

Such being the relative position of Mr. Aubrey and the Earl of Dreddlington at the time when this history opens, it is easy for the reader to imagine the lively interest with which the earl first heard of the tidings that a stranger had set up a title to the whole of the Yatton estates; and the silent but profound anxiety with which he continued to regard the progress of the affair. He obtained, from time to time, by means of confidential enquiries instituted by his solicitor, a general notion of the nature of the new claimant's pretensions; but, with a due degree of delicacy towards his unfortunate kinsman, he studiously concealed the interest he felt in so important a family question as the succession to the Yatton property. The earl and his daughter were exceedingly anxious to *see* the claimant; and when he heard that that claimant was a gentleman of "decided whig principles"—the earl was very near setting it down as a sort of special interference of Providence in his favour; and one that, in the natural order of things, would lead to the accomplishment of the other wishes of the earl. Who knew but that, before a twelvemonth had passed over, the two branches of the family might not be in a fair way of being re-united—and thus, amongst other incidents, invest the earl with the virtual patronage of the borough of Yatton, and, in the event of their return to power, strengthen his claim upon his party for his long coveted marquisate? Urgent business had carried him to the continent a few days before the trial of the ejectment at York; and he did not return till a day or two after the Court of King's Bench had solemnly declared the validity of the plaintiff's title to the Yatton property, and consequently established his right of succession to the barony of Drelincourt. Of this event a lengthened account was given in one of the Yorkshire papers which fell under the earl's eye the day after his arrival from abroad; and to the report of the decision of the question of law, was appended the following paragraph:—

"In consequence of the above decision, Mr. Aubrey, we are able to state on the best authority, has given formal notice of his intention to surrender the entire of the Yatton property without further litigation; thus making the promptest amends in his power to those whom he has—we cannot doubt unwittingly—injured. He has also accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and has consequently retired from parliament; so that the borough of Yatton is now vacant. We sincerely hope that the new proprietor of Yatton will either himself sit for the borough, and announce immediately his intention of doing so, or give his prompt and decisive support to some gentleman of decided whig principles. We say *prompt*—for the enemy is vigilant and crafty. Men of Yatton! to the rescue! ! !—Mr. Titmouse is now, we believe, in London. This fortunate gentleman is not only now in possession of the fine property at Yatton, with an unincumbered rent-roll of from twelve to fifteen thousand a year, and a vast accumulation of rents to be handed over by the late possessor, but is now next but one in succession to the earldom of Dreddlington and barony of Drelincourt, with the large family estates annexed thereto. We believe this is the oldest barony in the kingdom. It must be a source of great gratification to the present earl to know that his probable successor professes the same liberal and enlightened political opinions, of which his lordship has, during his long and distinguished political life, been so able and consistent a supporter."

The Earl of Dreddlington was slightly flustered on reading the above paragraph. He perused it several times with increasing satisfaction. The time had at length arrived for him to take decisive steps; nay, duty to his newly-discovered kinsman required it.

Messrs. Titmouse and Gammon were walking arm-in-arm down Oxford street, on their return from some livery stables, where they had been looking at a horse which Titmouse was thinking of purchasing, when an incident occurred which ruffled him not a little. He had been recognised and publicly accosted by a vulgar fellow, with a yard-measure in his hand, and a large parcel of drapery under his arm—in fact, by our old friend Mr. Huckaback. In vain did Mr. Titmouse affect, for some time, not to see his old acquaintance, and to be earnestly engaged in conversation with Mr. Gammon.

"Ah, Titty!—Titmouse! Well, *Mister* Titmouse—how are you?—Devilish long time since we met!" Titmouse directed a look at him that he wished could have blighted him, and quickened his pace without taking any farther notice of the presumptuous intruder. Huckaback's blood was up, however,—roused by this ungrateful and insolent treatment from one who had been under such great obligations to him; and quickening *his* pace, also, he kept alongside with Titmouse.

"Ah," continued Huckaback, "why do you cut me in this way, Titty? You *aren't* ashamed of me, surely? Many's the time you've tramped up and down Oxford street with your bundle and yard-measure"——

"Fellow!" at length exclaimed Titmouse indignantly, "'Pon my life I'll give you in charge if you go on so! Be off, you low fellow!" "Dem vulgar brute!" he subjoined in a lower tone, bursting into perspiration, for he had not forgotten the insolent pertinacity of Huckaback's disposition.

"My eyes! Give me in charge? Come, I like that, rather—You vagabond! Pay me what you owe me! You're a swindler! You owe me fifty pounds, you do! You sent a man to rob me!"

"Will any one get a constable?" inquired Titmouse, who had grown as white as death. The little crowd that was collecting round them began to suspect, from Titmouse's agitated appearance, that there must be some foundation for the charges made against him.

"Oh, go, get a constable! Nothing I should like better! Ah, very fine gentleman—what's the time of day, when chaps like you are wound up so high?"

Gammon's interference was in vain. Huckaback got more abusive and noisy; no constable was at hand; so, to escape the intolerable interruption and nuisance, he beckoned a coach off the stand, which was close by; and, Titmouse and he stepping into it, they were soon out of sight and hearing of Mr. Huckaback. Having taken a shilling drive, they alighted, and walked towards Covent Garden. As they approached the hotel, they observed a yellow chariot, at once elegant and somewhat old fashioned, rolling away from the door.

"I wonder who that is," said Gammon; "it's an earl's coronet on the panel; and an old gentleman was sitting down in the corner"——

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"Ah—it's no doubt a fine thing to be a lord, and all that—but I'll answer for it, some of 'em's as poor as a church mouse," replied Titmouse as they entered the hotel. At that moment the waiter, with a most profound bow, presented him with a letter and a card, which had only the moment before been left for him. The card was

THE EARL OF DREDDLINGTON'S,

and there was written on it, in pencil, in rather a feeble and hurried character—"For Mr. Titmouse."

"My stars, Mr. Gammon!" exclaimed Titmouse excitedly, addressing Mr. Gammon, who also seemed greatly interested by the occurrence. They both repaired to a vacant table at the extremity of the room; and Titmouse, with not a little trepidation, hastily breaking a large seal which contained the earl's family arms, with their crowded quarterings and grim supporters—better appreciated by Gammon, however, than by Titmouse—opened the ample envelope, and, unfolding its thick gilt-edged enclosure, read as follows:—

"The Earl of Dreddlington has the honour of waiting upon Mr. Titmouse, in whom he is very happy to have, so unexpectedly, discovered so near a kinsman. On the event which has brought this to pass, the earl congratulates himself not less than Mr. Titmouse, and hopes for the earliest opportunity of a personal introduction.

"The earl leaves town to-day, and will not return till Monday next, on which day he begs the favour of Mr. Titmouse's company to dinner. He may depend upon its being strictly a family *re-union*; the only person present, besides Mr. Titmouse and the earl, being the Lady Cecilia.

"Grosvenor Square,

"Thursday.

"Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq. &c. &c. &c."

As soon as Titmouse had read the above, still holding it in his hand, he gazed at Gammon with mute apprehension and delight. Of the existence, indeed, of the magnificent personage who had just introduced himself, Titmouse had certainly heard, from time to time, since the commencement of the proceedings which had just been so successfully terminated. He had seen it, to be sure; but, as a sort of remote splendour, like that of a fixed star which gleamed brightly, but at too vast a distance to have any sensible influence, or even to arrest his attention. After a little while, Titmouse began to chatter very volubly; but Gammon, after reading over the note once or twice, seemed not much inclined for conversation; and, had Titmouse been accustomed to observation, he might have gathered, from the eye and brow of Gammon, that that gentleman's mind was very deeply occupied by some matter or other, probably suggested by the incident which had just taken place. Titmouse, by and by, called for pens, ink, and paper—"the very best gilt-edged paper, mind,"—and prepared to reply to Lord Dreddlington's note. Gammon, however, who knew the peculiarities of his friend's style of correspondence, suggested that *he* should draw up, and Titmouse copy the following note. This was presently done; but when Gammon observed how thickly studded it was with capital letters, the numerous flourishes with which it was garnished, and its more than questionable orthography, he prevailed on Titmouse, after some little difficulty, to allow him to transcribe the note which was to be sent to Lord Dreddlington. Here it is.

"Mr. Titmouse begs to present his compliments to the Earl of Dreddlington, and to express the high sense he entertains of the kind consideration evinced by his lordship in his call and note of to-day.

"One of the most gratifying circumstances connected with Mr. Titmouse's recent success, is the distinguished alliance which his lordship has been so prompt and courteous in recognising. Mr. Titmouse will feel the greatest pleasure in availing himself of the Earl of Dreddlington's invitation to dinner for Monday next.

"Cabbage-Stalk Hotel,

"Thursday.

"The Right Honble. the Earl of Dreddlington, &c. &c."

"Have you a 'Peerage' here, waiter?" inquired Gammon, as the waiter brought him a lighted taper. *Debrett* was shortly laid before him; and, turning to the name of Dreddlington, he read over what has been already laid before the reader. "Humph—'*Lady Cecilia*'—here she is—his *daughter*—I thought as much,—I see!" This was what passed through his mind, as—having left Titmouse, who set off to deposit a card and the above "Answer" at Lord Dreddlington's—he made his way towards the delectable regions in which their office was situated—Saffron Hill.—"'Tis curious—amusing—interesting, to observe his progress"—continued Gammon to himself—

"*Tag-rag*—and his daughter,

"*Quirk*—and his daughter,

"*The Earl of Dreddlington*—and his daughter. How many more? Happy! happy! happy Titmouse!"

The sun that was rising upon Titmouse was setting upon the Aubreys. Dear, delightful—now too dear, now too delightful—Yatton! the shades of evening are descending upon thee, and thy virtuous but afflicted occupants, who, early on the morrow, quit thee for ever. Approach silently yon conservatory. Behold in the midst of it the dark slight figure of a lady, solitary, motionless, in melancholy attitude—her hands clasped before her; it is Miss Aubrey. Her face is beautiful, but grief is in her eye; and her bosom heaves with sighs, which, gentle as they are, are yet the only sounds audible. Yes, that is the sweet and once joyous Kate Aubrey!

'Twas she, indeed; and this was her last visit to her conservatory. Many rare, delicate, and beautiful flowers were there; the air was laden with the fragrant odours which they exhaled, as it were in sighs, on account of the dreaded departure of their lovely mistress. At length she stooped down, and in stooping, a tear fell right upon the small sprig of geranium which she gently detached from its stem, and placed in her bosom. "Sweet flowers," thought she, "who will tend you as I have tended you, when I am gone? Why do you look now more beautiful than ever you did before?" Her eye fell upon the spot on which, till the day before, had stood her aviary. Poor Kate had sent it, as a present, to Lady De la Zouch, and it was then at Fotheringham Castle. What a flutter there used to be among the beautiful little creatures when they perceived Kate's approach! She turned her head away. She felt oppressed, and attributed it to the closeness of the conservatory—the strength of the odours given out by the numerous flowers; but it was sorrow that oppressed her; and she was in a state at once of mental excitement and physical exhaustion. The last few weeks had been an interval of exquisite suffering. She could not be happy alone, and yet could not bear the company of her brother and her sister-in-law, nor

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that of their innocent children. Quitting the conservatory with a look of lingering fondness, she passed along into the house with a hurried step, and escaped, unobserved, to her chamber—the very chamber in which the reader obtained his first glimpse of her; and in which, now entering it silently and suddenly, the door being only closed, not shut, she observed her faithful little maid Harriet, sitting in tears before a melancholy heap of packages prepared for traveling on the morrow. She rose as Miss Aubrey entered, and presently exclaimed passionately, bursting afresh into tears, "Ma'am, I *can't* leave you—indeed I can't! I know all your ways; I won't go to any one else! I shall hate service! and I know they'll hate *me* too; for I shall cry myself to death!"

"Come, come, Harriet, this is very foolish; nay, it is unkind to distress me in this manner at the last moment."

"Oh, ma'am, if you *did* but know how I love you! How I'd go on my knees to serve you all the rest of the days of my life."

"Don't talk in that way, Harriet; that's a good girl," said Miss Aubrey rather faintly, and, sinking into the chair, she buried her face in her handkerchief; "you know I've had a great deal to go through, Harriet, and am in very poor spirits."

"I know it, ma'am, I do, and that's why I can't *bear* to leave you!" She sunk on her knees beside Miss Aubrey. "Oh, ma'am, if you would but let me stay with you! I've been trying, ever since you first told me, to make up my mind to part with you; and, now it's coming to the time, I can't ma'am—indeed, I can't! If you did but know, ma'am, what my thoughts have been while I've been folding and packing up your dresses here; to think that I sha'n't be with you to unpack them; it's very hard, ma'am, that madam's maid is to go with her, and I'm not to go with you."

"We must have made a choice, Harriet," said Miss Aubrey, with forced calmness.

"Yes, ma'am; but why did you not choose us both? Because we've both always done our best; and, as for me, you've never spoke an unkind word to me in your life"——

"Harriet, Harriet," said Miss Aubrey, tremulously, "I've several times explained to you that we cannot any longer afford each to have our own maid; and Mrs. Aubrey's maid is older than you, and knows how to manage children"——

"What signifies *affording*, ma'am? Neither she nor I will ever take a shilling of wages; I'd really rather serve you for nothing, ma'am, than any other lady for a hundred pounds a-year! Oh, so happy as I've been in your service, ma'am!" she added bitterly.

"Don't, Harriet—you would not, if you knew the pain you give me," said Miss Aubrey faintly. Harriet got up, poured out a glass of water, and forced her pale mistress to swallow a little, which presently revived her.

"Harriet," said she, "you have never once disobeyed me, and *now* I am certain that you won't. I assure you that we have made all our arrangements, and cannot alter them. I have been very fortunate in obtaining for you so kind a mistress as Lady Stratton. Remember, Harriet, she was the oldest bosom friend of my"—— Miss Aubrey's voice trembled, and she ceased speaking for a minute or two, during which she struggled against her feelings with momentary success. "Here's the prayer-book," she presently resumed, opening a drawer in her dressing table, and taking out a small volume—"Here's the prayer-book I promised you; it is very prettily bound, and I have written your name in it, Harriet, as you desired. Take it, and keep it for my sake. Will you?"

"Oh, ma'am," replied the girl bitterly, "I shall never bear to look at it, but I'll never part with it till I die."

"Now leave me, Harriet, for a short time—I wish to be alone," said Miss Aubrey; and she was obeyed. She presently rose and bolted the door; and then, secure from interruption, walked slowly to and fro for sometime; and a long and deep current of melancholy thoughts and feelings flowed through her mind and her heart. She had, but a short time before, seen her sister's sweet children put into their little beds for the last time at Yatton; and, together with their mother, had hung fondly over them, kissing and embracing them—their little fellow-wanderers—till her feelings compelled her to leave them. One by one all the dear innumerable ties that had attached her to Yatton, and every thing connected with it, ever since her birth, had been severed and broken—ties, not only the strength, but very existence of which, she had scarce been aware of till then. She had bade—as had all of them—repeated and agonising farewells to dear and old friends. Her very heart within her trembled as she gazed at the objects familiar to her eye, and pregnant with innumerable little softening associations, ever since her infancy. Nothing around them now belonged to *them*—but to a stranger—to one who—she shuddered with disgust. She thought of the fearful position in which her brother was placed—entirely at the mercy of, it might be, selfish and rapacious men—what indeed was to become of all of them! At length she threw herself into the large old easy chair which stood near the window, and with a fluttering heart and hasty tremulous hand, drew an open letter from her bosom. She held it for some moments, as if dreading again to peruse it—but at length she unfolded it, and read——

"No, my own Kate! I neither can nor will forget you—nor shall you forget me. I care not about offending you in this point. Say what you like, do what you like, go whithersoever you choose—you shall never escape Geoffry Delamere. How should it be so? Why, my sweet Kate, you are become a part of my very being, and you know it; we both know it. Without my own darling Kate, the future is an utter blank to me; come, my own love, may I not hope that it is, in a measure, the same with you? Can you possibly think of or name a sacrifice I would not make for you? Kate, Kate, in the plain language of a fond and honest heart, let me tell you that I believe you love me." Here Miss Aubrey's hand dropped with the letter upon her lap, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. After an interval of several minutes, she again took up the letter.

"Because you know how I love *you*. And yet I sometimes doubt it—I sometimes tremble to think that possibly there may be other reasons than those which you assign, for resisting not only my passionate entreaties, but those of my mother: the often-expressed and anxious wishes of my father, (as he himself over and over again told your brother,) of all my family; of your family, and friends. Heavens, it alarms me to recapitulate in this way! Why, whom else is there, dear, dearest Kate, to consult? Yield, yield, to the impulse of your own pure, and gentle, and generous heart, and throw to the winds the absurd fancies—the doubts and fears—

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with which you torment both yourself and me! How I wish, if I am to suffer in this grievous way, that you were a shade—ay, even so, a shade less delicate—not *quite* so high-minded! You are so to a pitch that, really—really is morbid! It makes my very heart bleed (and you ought not willingly to give me pain) to hear you talk of your being portionless—a beggar. I have scarce patience to write the words. Why, if it were even so, what would money signify to *me?* Have I not more, far more, than enough? Oh, Catharine, be but mine, and I am the happiest, the richest, the proudest man in the country. But what am I saying? Perhaps Miss Aubrey is reading that which I scarcely know how I am writing, with a cold and angry look. If so, I had better conclude; I have exhaus'ed all the language at my command, and if it has been only to offend you, what a cruel condition is mine!" Here Miss Aubrey again laid down the letter, and again burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly. Once more she resumed: "It *may* seem cruel of me to write thus at a moment when your heart is bleeding for your brother—your noble, high-minded brother; but in remembering him, do not forget me; and if remembering me should in any way injure the interests of your brother, forget me, if you will. O Kate! God knows what sleepless nights and days of anxiety your brother's cruel misfortunes have cost us! Why, oh why, cannot I persuade you, that this castle is large enough for all of us? I am writing on—and on—and on—as if she I love were setting off to a distant country, never to return. O Kate, think you could but see the agony of grief and love in which I took up, and now lay down my pen!

"G. D."

Miss Aubrey, quite overcome by her feelings, hastily folded up the letter, replaced it whence she had taken it, and sobbed bitterly. Alas, what additional poignancy did this give to the agonies of her last evening at Yatton! She had, however, become somewhat calmer by the time that she heard the door hastily, but gently tapped at, and then attempted to be opened. Miss Aubrey rose and unbolted it, and Mrs. Aubrey entered, her beautiful countenance as pale and sad as that of her sister-in-law. She, however, was both wife and mother; and the various cares which these relations entailed upon her at a bitter moment like the present, served, in some measure, to occupy her thoughts, and prevent her from being absorbed by the heart-breaking circumstances which surrounded her. Suffering had, however, a little impaired her beauty; her cheek was very pale, and her eye and brow laden with trouble.

"Kate, dear Kate," said she, rather quickly closing the door after her, "what is to be done? Did you hear carriage-wheels a few moments ago? Who do you think have arrived? As I fancied would be the case, the De la Zouches." Miss Aubrey trembled and turned pale. "You must see—you must see—Lady De la Zouch, Kate—they have driven from Fotheringham on purpose to take a last farewell! 'Tis very painful, but what can be done? You know what dear good friends they are."

"Is Lord De la Zouch come, also?" inquired Miss Aubrey, apprehensively.

"I will not deceive you, dearest Kate, they are *all* come; but she only is in the house: they are gone out to look for Charles, who is walking in the park." Miss Aubrey gave a sudden shudder; and after evidently a violent struggle with her feelings, the colour having entirely deserted her face, and left it of an ashy whiteness, "I cannot muster up resolution enough, Agnes," she whispered. "I know their errand."

"Care not about their errand, love! You shall not be troubled—you shall not be persecuted." Miss Aubrey shook her head, and grasped Mrs. Aubrey's hand.

"They do not, they cannot persecute me. It is a cruel and harsh—and!—consider how noble, how disinterested is their conduct; it is that which subdues me."

Mrs. Aubrey threw her arms round her agitated sister-in-law, and tenderly kissed her forehead.

"Oh, Agnes!" faltered Miss Aubrey, pressing her hand upon her heart, to relieve the intolerable oppression she suffered, "would to Heaven that I had never seen—never thought of him."

"Don't fear that he will attempt to see you on so sad an occasion as this. Delamere is a man of the utmost delicacy and generosity."

"I know he is, I know he is," gasped Miss Aubrey.

"Stay, I'll tell you what to do; I'll go down and return with Lady De la Zouch: we can see her here, undisturbed and alone, for a few moments; and then, nothing painful *can* occur. Shall I bring her?" she inquired, rising. Miss Aubrey did not dissent; and within a very few minutes' time, Mrs. Aubrey returned accompanied by Lady De la Zouch, rather an elderly woman, her countenance still handsome; of very dignified carriage, of an extremely mild disposition, and passionately fond of Miss Aubrey. Hastily drawing aside her veil as she entered the room, she stepped quickly up to Miss Aubrey, and for a few moments grasped her hands in silence.

"This is very sad work, Miss Aubrey," said she at length, hurriedly glancing at the luggage lying piled up at the other end of the room. Miss Aubrey made no answer, but shook her head. "It was useless attempting it, we could not stay at home; we have risked being charged with cruel intrusion; forgive me, dearest, will you? *They* will not come near you!" Miss Aubrey trembled. "I feel as if I were parting with a daughter, Kate," said Lady De la Zouch with sudden emotion, "How your mamma and I loved one another!"

"For mercy's sake open the window; I feel suffocated," faltered Miss Aubrey. Mrs. Aubrey threw up the window, and the cool refreshing breeze of evening quickly diffused itself through the apartment, and revived the drooping spirits of Miss Aubrey, who walked gently to and fro about the room, supported by Lady De la Zouch and Mrs. Aubrey, and soon recovered a tolerable degree of composure. The three ladies presently stood, arm in arm, gazing through the deep bay window at the fine and extensive prospect it commanded. The gloom of evening was beginning to steal over the landscape.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Miss Aubrey, with a deep sigh.

"The window in the northern tower of the castle commands a still more extensive view," said Lady De la Zouch. Miss Aubrey suddenly looked at her, and burst into tears. After standing gazing through the window for some time longer, they stepped down into the room, and were soon engaged in deep and earnest conversation.

For the last three weeks Mr. Aubrey had addressed himself with calmness and energy to the painful duties which had devolved upon him, of *setting his house in order*. Immediately after quitting the dinner-table that day—a mere nominal meal to himself, his wife and sister—he had retired to the library, to complete the extensive and important arrangements consequent upon his abandonment of Yatton; and after about an hour thus occupied, he walked out to take a solitary—a melancholy—a last walk about the property. It was a moment that severely tried his fortitude; but that fortitude stood the trial. He was a man of lively sensibilities, and appreciated, to its utmost extent, the melancholy and alarming change that had come over his fortunes. Surely even the bluntest

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and coarsest feelings that ever tried to disguise and dignify themselves under the name of STOICISM—to convert into bravery and fortitude a stupid sullen insensibility—must have been not a little shaken by such scenes as Mr. Aubrey had had to pass through during the last few weeks—scenes which I do not choose to distress the reader's feelings by dwelling upon in detail. Mr. Aubrey had no mean pretensions to real philosophy; but he had still juster pretensions to an infinitely higher character—that of a CHRISTIAN. He had a firm unwavering conviction that whatever befel him, either of good or evil, was the ordination of the Almighty—infinitely wise, infinitely good;—and this was the source of his fortitude and resignation. He felt himself here standing upon ground that was immovable.

To avert the misfortune which menaced him, he had neglected no rational and conscientious means. To retain the advantages of fortune and station to which he had believed himself born, he had made the most strenuous exertions consistent with a rigid sense of honour. What, indeed, could he have done that he had not done? He had caused the claims of his opponent to be subjected to as severe and skilful a scrutiny as the wit of man could suggest; *and they had stood the test.* Those claims, and his own, had been each of them placed in the scales of justice; those scales had been held up and poised by the pure and firm hands to which the laws of God, and of the country, had committed the administration of justice: on what ground could a just and reasonable man quarrel with or repine at the issue? And supposing that a perverse and subtle ingenuity in his legal advisers could have devised means for delaying his surrender of the property, to him who had been solemnly declared its true owner, what real and ultimate advantage could he have obtained by such a dishonourable line of conduct? Could the spirit of the Christian religion tolerate the bare idea of it? Could such purposes or intentions consist for one instant with the consciousness that the awful eye of God was always upon every thought of his mind, every feeling of his heart, every purpose of his will? A thorough and lively conviction of God's moral government of the world secured him a happy composure—a glorious and immovable resolution; it enabled him to form a true estimate of things; it extracted the sting from grief and regret; it dispelled the gloom that would otherwise have settled portentously upon the future. Thus he had not *forgotten the exhortation which spoke unto him, as unto a child: My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him.* And if, indeed, religion had not done this for Mr. Aubrey, what could it have done, what would it have been worth? It would have been that indeed which dull fools suppose it—a mere name, a melancholy delusion. What hopeless and lamentable imbecility would it not have argued, to have acknowledged the reality and influence of religion in the hour of prosperity—and to have doubted, distrusted, or denied it in the hour of adversity? When a child beholds the sun obscured by the dark clouds, he may think, in his simplicity, that it is gone for ever; but a MAN knows that behind is the sun, glorious as ever, and the next moment, the clouds having rolled away, its glorious warmth and light are again upon the earth. Thus is it, thought Aubrey with humble but cheerful confidence, with the Almighty—who hath declared himself the *Father of the spirits of all flesh*—

"Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face!
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain!"

"Therefore, O my God!" thought Aubrey, as he gazed upon the lovely scenes familiar to him from his birth, and from which a few short hours were to separate him for ever, "I do acknowledge Thy hand in what hath befallen me, and Thy mercy which makes me to bear it, as from Thee." The scene around him was tranquil and beautiful—inexpressibly beautiful. He stood under the shadow of a mighty elm tree, the last of a long and noble avenue, which he had been pacing in deep thought for upwards of an hour. The ground was considerably elevated above the level of the rest of the park. No sound disturbed the serene repose of the approaching evening, except the distant and gradually diminishing sounds issuing from an old rookery, and the faint low bubbling of a clear streamlet that flowed not far from where he stood. Here and there, under the deepening shadows cast by the lofty trees, might be seen the glancing forms of deer, the only live things visible. "Life," said Aubrey with a sigh, as he leaned against the trunk of the grand old tree under which he stood, and gazed with a fond and anxious eye on the lovely scenes stretching before him, to which the subdued radiance of the departing sunlight communicated a tender pensive air; "life is, in truth, what the scriptures—what the voice of nature—represents it—a long journey, during which the traveller stops at many resting-places. Some of them are more, others less beautiful; from some he parts with more, from others with less regret; but part he must, and pursue his journey, though he may often turn back to gaze with lingering fondness and admiration at the scene he has last quitted. The next stage may be—*as all his journey might have been*—bleak and desolate; but through that he is only passing: he will not be condemned to stay in it, as he was not permitted to dwell in the other; he is still journeying on, along a route which he cannot mistake, to the point of his destination, his journey's end—the shores of the vast ocean of eternity—HIS HOME!"

Such were the thoughts passing through the mind of Aubrey.

And what, MEN OF THE WORLD, as—knowing not how significantly—you call yourselves—what would be *your* thoughts, what would *you* have done, if upon you had suddenly descended the stroke which had fallen upon this CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN—surely, at least, your *equal* in intellect, in accomplishment, in refinement, in personal honour, in station, and in fortune? What would become of many of you, unable any longer to indulge, some in the refined, others in the coarse profligacy, which hath at last become essential to your characters and existence? And of you, frivolous followers of fashion? Glittering insects! struck to the earth out of your artificial elevation, as the sudden shower beats down the butterfly—what can you, but lie there and be crushed? How can you exist without—what can console or compensate you for the want of—the clubs, the opera, the gaming-table, the betting-stand—your French cooks and mistresses, your gay dress and equipage, the brilliant ball-room, the sparkling wines, the splendid dinner-table? Alas! these gone, what and where are you? What is to become of you? What is left you upon earth—emasculate both in mind and body? Are you fit for conflict with your gaunt and dismaying opponent—ADVERSITY? Those of you who can think and reflect, be it ever so little, what is there to console you in the view of the past? Is it not steeped in sensuality, disfigured with debauchery? And what have you to hope for from the future? Where are now your old friends and companions? Vain and presumptuous wretch, are you any longer in a condition to be recognised by them? Remember, *you have had your day*, and the night cometh!

Not thus was it with Aubrey!

The deepening shadows of evening warned him to re-

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trace his steps to the hall. Before quitting the spot upon which he had been so long standing, he turnd his head a little towards the right, to take a last view of an object which called forth tender and painful feeling—it was the old sycamore which his sister's intercession had saved from the axe. There it stood, feeble and venerable object! its leafless silver-grey branches becoming dim and indistinct, yet contrasting touchingly with the verdant strength of those by its side. A neat strong fence had been placed around it; but how much longer would it receive such care and attention? Aubrey thought of the comparison which had been made by his sister, and sighed as he looked his last at the old tree, and then slowly walked on towards the hall. When about halfway down the avenue, he beheld two figures apparently approaching him, but undistinguishable in the gloom and the distance. As they neared him, he recognised Lord De la Zouch, and Mr. Delamere. Suspecting the object of their visit, which a little surprised him, since they had taken a final leave, and a very affecting one, the day before, he felt a little anxiety and embarrassment. Nor was he entirely mistaken. Lord De la Zouch, who advanced alone towards Aubrey,—Mr. Delamere turning back—most seriously pressed his son's suit for the hand of Miss Aubrey, as he had often done before; declaring, that though he wished a year or two first to elapse, during which his son might complete his studies at Oxford, there was no object dearer to the heart of Lady De la Zouch and himself, than to see Miss Aubrey become their daughter-in-law. "Where," said Lord De la Zouch, with much energy, "is he to look elsewhere for such a union of beauty, of accomplishments, of amiability, of high-mindedness?" After a great deal of animated conversation on this subject, during which Mr. Aubrey assured Lord De la Zouch that *he* would say every thing which he honourably could to induce his sister to entertain, or at all events, not to discard the suit of Delamere; at the same time reminding him of the firmness of her character, and the hopelessness of attempting to change any determination to which she had been led by her sense of delicacy and honour,—Lord De la Zouch addressed himself in a very earnest manner to matters more immediately relating to the personal interests of Mr. Aubrey; entered with lively anxiety into all his future plans and purposes; and once more pressed upon him the acceptance of most munificent offers of pecuniary assistance, which, with many fervent expressions of gratitude, Aubrey again declined. But he pledged himself to communicate freely with Lord De La Zouch, in the event of an occasion arising for such assistance as his lordship had already so generously volunteered. By this time Mr. Delamere had joined them, regarding Mr. Aubrey with infinite earnestness and apprehension. All, however, he said, was—and in a hurried manner to his father—"My mother has sent me to say that she is waiting for you in the carriage, and wishes that we should immediately return." Lord De la Zouch and his son again took leave of Mr. Aubrey. "Remember, my dear Aubrey, remember the pledges you have repeated this evening," said the former. "I do, I will!" replied Mr. Aubrey, as they each wrung his hands; and then, having grasped those of Lady De la Zouch, who sate within the carriage powerfully affected, the door was shut; and they were quickly borne away from the presence and the residence of their afflicted friends. While Mr. Aubrey stood gazing after them, with folded arms, in an attitude of melancholy abstraction, at the hall door, he was accosted by Dr. Tatham, who had come to him from the library, where he had been, till a short time before, busily engaged reducing into writing various matters which had been the subject of conversation between himself and Mr. Aubrey during the day.

"I am afraid, my dear friend," said the doctor, "that there is a painful but interesting scene awaiting you. You will not, I am sure, forbear to gratify, by your momentary presence in the servant's hall, a body of your tenantry, who are there assembled, having come to pay you their parting respects."

"I would really rather be spared the painful scene," said Mr. Aubrey, with emotion, "I am unnerved as it is! Cannot you bid them adieu, in my name, and say, God bless them!"

"You must come, my dear friend! It will be but for a moment. If it *be* painful, it will be but for a moment; and the recollection of their hearty and humble expressions of affection and respect will be pleasant hereafter. Poor souls!" he added, with not a little emotion; "you should see how crowded is Mr. Griffith's room with the presents they have each brought you, and which would surely keep your whole establishment for months!—Cheeses, tongues, hams, bacon, and I know not what beside!"

"Come, Doctor," said Mr. Aubrey, quickly, "I will see them, my humble and worthy friends, if it *be* for but a moment; but I would rather have been spared the scene." He followed Dr. Tatham into the large servants' hall, which he found nearly filled by some forty or fifty of his late tenantry, who, as he entered, rose in troubled silence to receive him. There were lights, by which a hurried glance sufficed to show him the deep sorrow visible in their countenances. "Well, sir," commenced one of them after a moment's hesitation—he seemed to have been chosen the spokesman of those present—"we've come to tak' our leave; and a sad time it be for all of us, and it may be, sir, for you." He paused—"I thought I could have said a word or two, sir, in the name of all of us, but I've clean forgotten all; and I wish we could all forget that we were come to part with you, sir;—but we shant—no, never!—we shall never see your like again, sir! God help you, sir!" Again he paused, and struggled hard to conceal his emotions. Then he tried to say something farther, but his voice failed him.

"Squire, it may be law; but it be not justice, we all do think, that hath taken Yatton from you, that was born to it," said one, who stood next to him that had first spoke. "Who ever heard o' a scratch in a bit of paper signifying the loss o' so much? It never were heard of afore, sir, an' cannot be right."

"Forgive me, Squire," said another, "but we shall never take to t' new one that's coming after you!"

"My worthy—my dear friends," commenced Mr. Aubrey, with melancholy composure, as he stood beside Dr. Tatham, "this is a sad scene—one which I had not expected. I am quite unprepared for it. I have had lately to go through many very painful scenes; few more so than the present. My dear friends, I can only say from my heart, God bless you all! I shall never forget you, whom I have always respected, and indeed been very proud of, as my tenantry, and whom I now look at as my friends only. We shall never forget you"——

"Lord Almighty bless you, sir, and Madam, and Miss, and the little squire!" said a voice, in a vehement manner, from amidst the little throng, in tones that went to Mr. Aubrey's heart. His lips quivered, and he ceased speaking for some moments. At length he resumed.

"You see my feelings are a little shaken by the sufferings I have gone through. I have only a word more to say to you. Providence has seen fit, my friends, to deprive me of that which I had deemed to be my birthright. God is good and wise; and I bow, as we must all bow, to His will, with reverence and resignation. And also, my dear friends, let us always submit cheerfully to the laws under which we live. We must not quarrel with their decision, merely because it happens to be ad-

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verse to our own wishes. I, from my heart—and so must you from yours—acknowledge a firm, unshaken allegiance to the laws; they are ordained by God, and He demands our obedience to them!" He paused. "I have to thank you," he presently added, in a subdued tone, "my worthy friends, for many substantial tokens of your good will which you have brought with you this evening. I assure you sincerely, that I value them far more"—he paused, and it was some moments before he could proceed—"than if they had been of the most costly kind."

"Lord, only hearken to t' Squire!" called out a voice, as if on an impulse of eager affection, which its rough, honest speaker could not resist. This seemed entirely to deprive Mr. Aubrey of the power of utterance, and he turned suddenly towards Dr. Tatham with an overflowing eye and a convulsive quivering of the lips, that showed the powerful emotions with which he was contending. The next moment he stepped forwards and shook hands with those nearest. He was quickly surrounded, and every one present grasped his hands, scarcely any of them able to utter more than a brief, but ardent "God bless you, sir!"

"I am sure, my friends," said Dr. Tatham, almost as much affected as any of them, "that you cannot wish to prolong so affecting, so distressing a scene. Mr. Aubrey is much exhausted, and has a long journey to take early in the morning—and you had now better leave."

"Farewell! farewell, my kind and dear friends, farewell! May God bless you all, and all your families!" said Mr. Aubrey, and, most powerfully affected, withdrew from a scene which he was not likely ever to forget. He retired, accompanied by Dr. Tatham, to his library, where Mr. Griffiths, his steward, was in readiness to receive his signature to various documents. This done, the steward, after a few hurried expressions of affection and respect, withdrew; and Mr. Aubrey had completed all the arragements, and transacted all the business which had required his attention before quitting Yatton, which, at an early hour in the morning, he was going to leave, and go direct to London, instead of accepting any of the numerous offers which he had received from his friends in the neighbourhood to take up with them his abode for, at all events, some considerable period. That, however, would have been entirely inconsistent with the plans for his future life, which he had formed and matured. He left the whole estate in admirable order and condition. There was not a farm vacant, not a tenant dissatisfied with the terms under which he held. Every document, all the accounts connected with the estate, after having been carefully examined by Mr. Parkinson, and Mr. Aubrey, and Mr. Griffiths, was in readiness for the most scrupulous and searching investigation on the part of Mr. Aubrey's successor and his agents.

Mr. Aubrey's library was already carefully packed up, and was to follow him, on the ensuing day, to London, by water; as also were several portions of the furniture—the residue of which was to be sold off within a day or two's time. How difficult—how very difficult had it been for them to choose which articles they would part with, and which retain! The favourite old high-backed easy chair, which had been worked by Miss Aubrey herself; the beautiful ebony cabinet, which had been given by her father to her mother, who had given it to Kate; the little chairs of Charles and Agnes—and in which Mr. Aubrey and Kate, and all their brothers and sisters, had sate when children; Mrs. Aubrey's piano; these, and a few other articles, had been successfully pleaded for by Mrs. Aubrey and Kate, and were to accompany, or rather follow, them to London, instead of passing, by the auctioneer's hammer, into the hands of strangers. The two old carriage horses, which had drawn old Mrs. Aubrey in the family coach for many years, were to be turned to grass for the rest of their days at Lady Stratton's. Poor old Peggy was, in like manner, to have to herself a little field belonging to Dr. Tatham. Little Charles's pony, a beautiful animal, and most reluctantly parted with, was sent as a present, in his name, to Sir Harry Oldfield, one of his play-fellows. Hector, the magnificent Newfoundland dog, was, at the vehement instance of Pumpkin, the gardener, who almost went on his knees to beg for the animal, and declared that he loved the creature like a son—as I verily believe he did, for they were inseparable, and their attachment was mutual—given up to him, on his solemn promise to take great care of him. Then there was a poor animal that they hardly knew how to dispose of. It was a fine old favourite stag-hound, stone-blind, quite grey about the head, and so very feeble, that it could but just crawl in and out of its commodious kennel, and lie basking in the genial sunshine; wagging its tail when any one spoke to it, and affectionately licking the hand that patted it. Thus had it treated Mr. Aubrey that very morning as he stood by, and stooped down to caress it for the last time. It was, at his earnest request, assigned to Dr. Tatham, kennel and all; indeed the worthy little doctor would have filled his premises in a similar way, by way of having "keepsakes" and "memorials" of his friends. Miss Aubrey's beautiful little Marlborough spaniel, with its brilliant black eyes, and long glossy graceful ears, was to accompany her to London.

As for the servants—the house-keeper and the butler were going to marry, and quit service; as for the rest Mr. Parkinson had, at Mr. Aubrey's desire, written about them to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and Mr. Gammon had sent word that such of the establishment as chose might continue at Yatton, at all events till the pleasure of Mr. Titmouse, upon the subject, should have been known. All the servants had received a quarter's wages that morning from Mr. Griffiths, in the presence of Mr. Aubrey, who spoke kindly to each, and earnestly recommended them to conduct themselves respectfully towards his successor. Scarce any of them could answer him, otherwise than by a humble bow or curtsey, accompanied by sobs and tears. One of them did contrive to speak, and passionately expressed a wish that the first morsel Mr. Titmouse eat in the house might choke him—a sally which received so very grave and stern a rebuke from Mr. Aubrey, as brought the hasty offender to her knees begging forgiveness, which, I need hardly say, she received, with a very kind admonition. Many of them most vehemently entreated to be allowed to accompany Mr. Aubrey and his family to London, and continue in their service, but in vain. Mr. Aubrey had made his selection, having taken only his own valet, and Mrs. Aubrey's maid, and one of the nursery-maids, and declaring that on no consideration would he think of being accompanied by any other of the servants.

There were some twenty or thirty poor old infirm cottagers, men and women, who had been for years weekly pensioners on the bounty of Yatton, and respecting whom Mr. Aubrey felt a painful anxiety. What could he do? He gave the sum of £100 to Dr. Tatham for their use; and requested him to press their claims earnestly upon the new proprietor of Yatton. He also wrote almost as many letters as there were of these poor people, on their behalf, to his friends and neighbours. Oh, it was a moving scene that occurred at each of their little cottages, when their benefactors, Mr. Aubrey, his wife, and sister, severally called to bid them farewell, and receive their humble and tearful blessings! But it was the parting with her school, which neither she nor her brother saw any probability of being kept up longer than for a month or two after their departure, that occasioned Kate

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the greatest distress. There were several reasons why no application should be made about the matter from her, or on her account, to Mr. Titmouse, even if she had not had reason to anticipate, from what she had heard of his character, that he was not a person to feel any interest in such an institution. Nor had she liked to trouble or burden the friends she left behind her, with the responsibility of supporting and superintending her little establishment. She had nothing for it, therefore, but to prepare the mistress and her scholars for the breaking up of the school, within a month of her departure from Yatton. She gave the worthy woman, the mistress, a present of a five-pound note, and five shillings a-piece to each of the children. She felt quite unequal to the task of personally taking leave of them, as she had intended, and several times attempted. She therefore, with many tears, wrote the following lines, and gave them to Doctor Tatham, to read aloud in the school, when their good and beautiful writer should be far on her way towards London. The little doctor paused a good many times while he read it, and complained of his glasses.

"My dear little girls—You know that I have already bid each of you good-by; and though I tried to say something to all of you at once, I was not able, because I was so sorry to part with you, and tell you that my little school must be given up. So I have written these few lines, to tell you that I love you all, and have tried to be a good friend to you. Be sure not to forget your spelling and reading, and your needle. Your mothers have promised to hear you say your catechisms; you must also be sure to say your prayers, and to read your Bibles, and to behave very seriously at church, and to be always dutiful to your parents. Then God will bless you all. I hope you will not forget us, for we shall often think of you when we are a great way off; and Dr. Tatham will now and then write and tell us how you are going on. Farewell, my dear little girls; and may God bless and preserve you all! This is the prayer of both of us—Mrs. Aubrey and

CATHARINE AUBREY."

Yatton, 15th May, 18—.

The above was not written in the uniform and beautiful hand usual with Miss Aubrey; it was, on the contrary, rather irregular, and evidently written hastily; but Dr. Tatham preserved it to the day of his death, and always thought it beautiful.

On the ensuing morning, at a very early hour, Dr. Tatham left the vicarage, to pay his last visit to friends whom it almost broke his heart to part with, in all human probability, for ever. He started, but on a moment's reflection ceased to be surprised, at the sight of Mr. Aubrey approaching him, from the direction of the little churchyard. He was calm, but his countenance bore the traces of very recent emotion. They greeted each other in silence, and so walked on for some time, arm in arm, slowly towards the hall. It was a dull heavy morning, almost threatening rain. The air seemed full of oppression. The only sounds audible were the hoarse clamorous sounds issuing from the old rookery, at some distance on their left. They interchanged but few words as they walked along the winding pathway to the hall. The first thing that attracted their eyes on passing under the gateway, was the large old family carriage standing opposite the hall door, where stood some luggage, sufficient for the journey, ready to be placed upon it; the remainder having been sent on the day before to London. They were all up and dressed. The children were taking their last breakfast in the nursery; Charles making many inquiries of the weeping servants, which they could answer only by tears and kisses. In vain was the breakfast table spread for the senior travellers. There sate poor Kate, in traveling trim, before the antique silver urn, attempting to perform, with tremulous hand, her accustomed office; but neither she nor Mrs. Aubrey were equal to the task; which, summoning the house-keeper into the room, they devolved upon her, and which she performed in perturbed silence. Mr. Aubrey and Dr. Tatham were standing there; but neither of them spoke. A short time before, Mr. Aubrey had requested the servants to be summoned, as usual, to morning prayer, in the accustomed room, and requested Dr. Tatham to officiate. As soon, however, as the sorrowful little assemblage was collected before him, he whispered to Mr. Aubrey that he felt unequal to go through the duty with the composure it required; and after a pause, he said, "Let us kneel down;" and in a low voice, often interrupted by his own emotions, and the sobs of those around him, he read, with touching simplicity, the ninety-first Psalm; adding the Lord's Prayer, and a benediction.

The bitter preparations for starting at an early hour, seven o'clock, were soon afterwards completed. Half smothered with the kisses and caresses of the affectionate servants, little Charles and Agnes were already seated in the carriage, on the laps of their two attendants, exclaiming, "Come, papa! come, mamma! the horses are ready to start!" Just then, poor Pumpkin the gardener, scarce able to speak, made his appearance, his arms full of nosegays, which he had been culling for the last two hours—having one a-piece for every one of the travellers, servants, and children, and all. The loud angry bark of Hector was heard from time to time, little Charles calling loudly for him; but Pumpkin had fastened him up, for fear of his starting off after the carriage. At length, scarce having tasted breakfast, the travellers made their appearance at the hall door. Kate and Mrs. Aubrey were utterly overcome at the sight of the carriage, and wept bitterly. They threw their arms passionately around, and kissed their amiable friend and pastor, Dr. Tatham, who was but little less agitated than themselves. Then they tore themselves from him, and hastily got into the carriage. As he stood alone, bareheaded, on their quitting him, he lifted his hands, but could scarce utter a parting benediction. Mr. Aubrey, with a flushed cheek and quivering lip, then grasped his hand, whispering, "Farewell, my dear and venerable friend! Farewell!" "The Lord God of thy fathers bless thee!" murmured Dr. Tatham, clasping Mr. Aubrey's hand in both of his own, and looking solemnly upward. Mr. Aubrey, taking off his hat, turned towards him an unutterable look, then waving his hand to the group of agitated servants that stood within and without the door, he stepped into the carriage; the door was shut; and they rolled slowly away. Outside the park gates were collected more than a hundred people, to bid them farewell—all the men, when the carriage came in sight, taking off their hats. The carriage stopped for a moment. "God bless you all! God bless you!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, waving his hand, whilst from each window was extended the white hand of Kate and Mrs. Aubrey, which was fervently kissed and shaken by those who were nearest. Again the carriage moved on; and, quickening their speed, the horses soon bore them out of the village. Within less than half an hour afterwards, the tearful eyes of the travellers, as they passed a familiar turning of the road, had looked their last on Yatton!

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STANZAS FOR EASTER-DAY.

'Twas in the middle watch of night, when darkness hung profound
About the city of the Lord, and Judah's heights around,
That at the portal of a tomb a Roman guard patrolled—
A new-made grave, against whose mouth a mighty stone was rolled.

Slow tramped the guard, and hollowly the armour's clank was heard,
For all was still upon the hill, and not a vine-leaf stirred;
The neighbouring city silent heaved, in hushed and heavy dream,
And sleep outspread with wings of lead hung o'er Jerusalem.

The listless soldier's heart was back to his far distant home,
Where red the Tiber rolled along by old familiar Rome;
A spell was cast across the past, and shapes of things gone by
Came back distinct upon his soul, and passed portentously.

Then thoughts arose of where he was, the story of the land,
The mystic spirit here adored, the marvels of his hand,
The rumour of divinity beneath that tombstone there,
And closer to his band he drew, and his lips moved in prayer.

Whispered the palm-trees, stirred the grass, on Kedron's banks below;
The rushes shivered; was't a breeze that shook the mountain so?
It gathers—strengthens; from above a burst of thunder breaks,
And horribly beneath their feet the earth's foundation quakes!

A step is in the earthquake, and a voice upon the storm;
Jehovah's angel hath come down, revealed in human form;
Straight to the sepulchre he strides, rolls back the ponderous stone,
And in a flood of glory forth the Crucified hath gone!

Nor witnessed this by mortal eye, for struck with sore dismay,
The steel-clad heathens fell to earth, and like the lifeless lay;
And when the vision disappeared, they rallied not again,
But rose and hasted from the spot, like conscience-stricken men.

'Tis past—and all hath long been hushed,—the fading stars are set,
And now the early lines of light gleam o'er Mount Olivet,
When two worn, weeping women come—rebuke them not this morn;—
The grateful heart *will* hover near, though all should laugh to scorn.

They stop—the stone is rolled away—they look, and quake at heart—
There are the grave-clothes scattered round; the napkin wrapped apart:—
The tenant's fled—but in its stead One of seraphic mien
Sits smiling where the mangled corse of him they sought had been.

Why, daughters of Jerusalem, why bow ye thus the knee?
Seek ye the man whose life-blood ran from yon accursed tree?
Go—be of comfort; he hath left this dark and cheerless prison—
The work is done, and Mary's son—the Lord of Lords—is risen!

When man would bend in pain of heart o'er some beloved tomb,
Oh, may a voice as sweet as this make answer from the gloom—
That when the bitterness of death to dust directs the eyes,
An angel may be waiting there, to turn them to the skies!

SONNET.

On a Portrait of Wordsworth, painted by Miss M. Gillies.

We die and pass away:—our very name
Goes into silence, as the eloquent air
Scatters our voices; and the wearied frame,
Shrouded in darkness, pays the grave's stern claim,
While the blank eyes are fix'd in death's blind stare!
Oh, these were thoughts to plunge us in despair,—
But that the Poet and the Painter came.
Then living music flows from buried lips,
And the dead form bursts through the grave's eclipse!
O, blest magician, that can fix for aye
The fleeting image!—here I seem to gaze
On Wordsworth's honour'd face; for in the cells
Of those deep eyes Thought like a wizard dwells,
And round those drooping lips Song like a murmur strays!

THOMAS POWELL.

TO AN OLD CASTLE.

The din of war and revelry, and the voice
Of power was here, and soft submission. Here
Words of long-buried wisdom smote the ear
Of stubborn folly;—here did Love rejoice
Or languish—for Love here had varied choice
Of loveliness—and now its matted hair
The rank grass waves, where once the braided fair
Footed it lightly, lightly. Fancy now enjoys
Her lonely musing, where erst bodied truth
Reigned, and reality! So 'tis with the heart
Of each one—for, while the hour-seizing youth
Grasps at all things, as they might ne'er depart,
Sad years still weave—enough—unto the day
Suffice its evil—joy ye while you may!

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From Fraser's Magazine.

RANKE'S HISTORY OF THE POPES OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.*

FAME, probably, which often renders to a man even more than his due, may have already informed our readers that this book is no common production. Its chief merit lies in that which mainly distinguishes it from the general mass of modern writings, namely, that it is really a *new* book—an *addition* to the existing stock of standard productions. In the present day, remarkable, above all other things, for railroads, abridgements, and short-cuts to every object—until, in fact, little remains to be achieved for the further saving of time; except, perhaps, the compressing a night's sleep into an half-hour's nap, and administering a hearty dinner in a bolus—it is quite natural that the chief literature of the hour (apart from the circulating-library novels, controversial tracts, and scandalous histories) should consist of a multitude of endeavours to hash up the solid and bulky works of former centuries into little "useful-knowledge" volumes, teaching the reader an entire history or science within the space of a steam-boat trip to Ramsgate or Broadstairs. Both fashion and interest have led our authors into this path. Not only were they following the Scotts and Mackintoshes and Southeys of the day, but great and learned associations were formed especially to purchase and procure such publications. Just, therefore, as our artists have abandoned "historical painting," because only by portraits and cabinet pictures could they pay their tailors' bills; our authors, in like manner, and for the self-same reason, have forsaken the thankless and ill-remunerated labours of research and investigation, for the easier and better-rewarded employments of literary *cookery*. Hashed and stewed down, and garnished with herbs and flowers, the works on which our forefathers fed, and which lasted their whole lives, are now re-dished up, disguised and shrivelled away; and we rise after a rapid meal, with appetites palled, but not satisfied.

Germany, however, may be expected to be the last portion of the civilised world into which this modern fashion shall be able to penetrate. The Berlin professor, unconscious or forgetful of these modern improvements in the art of book-making, sets himself about his purposed task quite in the old-fashioned manner. The following is the opening of his preface; which we copy, both because it well describes the nature of his work, and because it exhibits also the mode of his proceeding:—

"The power of Rome in the early and middle ages of the Christian church is known to the world, and modern times have beheld her resume her sway with somewhat like the vigour of renovated youth. After the decline of her influence in the former half of the sixteenth century, she once more rose to be the centre of the faith and the opinions of the nations of southern Europe, and made bold, and not unfrequently successful, attempts to bring those of the north again under her dominion.

"This period of the revived temporal power of the church, her renovation and internal reform, her progress and her decline, it is my purpose to exhibit, at least in outline; an undertaking which I should not have ventured even to attempt, had not opportunity presented to me some materials and aids towards its accomplishment (however defective that may be) hitherto unknown.

"It is my first duty to indicate the general character of these materials, and the sources whence they are derived.

"I had already, in a former work, given to the public whatever our Berlin MSS. contain. But Vienna is incalculably richer than Berlin in treasures of this kind.

"Besides the German, which is its chief and fundamental ingredient, Vienna possesses another European element: manners and languages the most various meet in every class, from the highest to the lowest; and Italy, especially, has her living and full representation. The various collections, too, have a comprehensive character, which may be ascribed to the policy of the state; to its position with regard to other countries; to its ancient alliance with Spain, Belgium, and Lombardy; and its intimate connection, both from proximity and from faith, with Rome. From the earliest times, the taste for acquiring and possessing such records has prevailed at Vienna. Hence even the original and purely national collections of the imperial library are of great value. In later times some foreign collections have been added. From Modena a number of volumes, similar to the Berlin "Informazioni," have been purchased of the house of Rangone; from Venice, the inestimable manuscripts of the Doge Marco Foscarini, and among them his own labours preparatory to the continuation of his Italian Chronicles, of which not a trace is anywhere else to be found. Prince Eugene left a rich collection of historical and political MSS., formed with the enlarged views which might be expected from that accomplished statesman. It is impossible to read through the catalogues without emotions of pleasure and hope. So many unexplored sources whence the deficiencies of most printed works on modern history may be corrected and repaired!—a whole futurity of study! And yet, at the distance of but a few steps, Vienna offers still more valuable materials. The imperial archives contain, as we might anticipate, the most important and authentic documents illustrative of German and of general history, and peculiarly so of that of Italy. It is true that by far the greater part of the Venetian archives are restored, after long wanderings, to Venice; but a considerable mass of papers belonging to the republic are still to be found in Vienna; despatches, original or copied; extracts from them, made for the use of government, called rubricaries; reports, often the only copies in existence, and of great value; official registers of the government functionaries; chronicles and journals. The details which will be found in this work concerning Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V. are for the most part drawn from the archives of Vienna. I cannot adequately express my sense of the boundless liberality with which access to these treasures was granted to me.

* * * * *

"After Vienna, my attention was chiefly directed to Venice and to Rome.

* The Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes of Rome during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Leopold Ranke, Professor in the University of Berlin. Translated from the German by Sarah Austin. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1840. Murray.

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"It was almost an universal custom among the great houses of Venice to have a cabinet of manuscripts attached to their library. These of course chiefly related to the affairs of the republic, and represented the share which the particular family had taken in public business: they were carefully preserved, as memorials of the history and importance of the house, for the instruction of its younger members. A few of these private collections are still remaining, and were accessible to me; but a far greater number perished in the general ruin of the year 1797, and subsequently. If more has been saved out of the wreck than might be imagined, the world owes it chiefly to the librarians of St. Mark, who exerted the utmost powers of their institution to effect that object. The library of St. Mark contains a valuable store of manuscripts which are indispensable to the domestic history of the city or republic, and important even to that of their relations with Europe. But too much must not be expected from it. It is almost a new acquisition, casually formed of private collections, without completeness or uniform plan. It is not to be compared with the treasures of the state archives in their present condition and arrangement. In my inquiry into the conspiracy of 1618, I have already described the Venetian archives, and shall not repeat what I there said. The documents most appropriate to my Roman objects were, the reports of the ambassadors on their return from Rome. I should have been extremely glad, however, to be able to have recourse to other collections, since none are free from deficiencies, and these archives have sustained many losses in the course of their various wanderings. I collected, in all, forty-eight reports on Rome—the earliest of them of the year 1500; nineteen of the sixteenth, twenty-one of the seventeenth century, forming an almost unbroken series; of the eighteenth century only eight, but these too, very instructive and valuable. In by far the greater number of cases, I saw and used the originals. They contain a great many interesting facts which were stated on personal observation, and have passed away with the lives of the contemporaneous generation. These first gave me the idea of a continuous narrative, and the courage to attempt it."

These few passages constitute the best eulogium that can be passed upon the work. The author has given to the public that which has cost him actual labour and toil. What he has accumulated by research, he has imparted with at least an intention of fairness and impartiality (qualities, indeed, which may be exaggerated into faults, as we shall presently show); and he has constructed his narrative in a simple and business-like style and method. Having said these things of the work—and they constitute no slight recommendation—we fear that we can add no more.

It would be easy to fill a number of pages with extracts from these bulky volumes, after the usual fashion with reviewers, who fancy it a part of their duty to "serve up a sample." But we do not feel inclined to follow a custom of this kind, merely because it is a custom. The book before us offers no brilliant passages worthy of citation merely for their own sakes. It is evenly and fairly written; free from all affectation or obscurity; but marked by no peculiar power or felicity of expression, and chargeable with the capital fault of a false philosophy, as we shall presently have to complain. It is one of those calm and equable works which the reader passes through without weariness and without excitement. That fifteen hundred octavo pages should be read, in these hurrying days, without weariness, is no slight praise; that fifteen hundred pages, treating of the whole period of the Reformation, should be read without excitement, is, it strikes us, very much the reverse.

The misfortune of the work is, that it is tainted with the modern leprosy of "liberalism." Not, indeed, in the worst or English form; but so far as to strip it of every high and noble aim; and to leave it, apparently, reaching after and earning, no loftier merit than that of mere literary fame.

It has been said to be greatly to its honour, that whilst the Romanists charge it with Protestant party spirit, the Protestants charge it with a leaning towards popery. This, it has been argued, is an evident proof of its perfect impartiality. But are the Romanists and Protestants, then, two parties who are equally in the wrong; and does the truth lie between the two? Professor Ranke assumes the character of a Protestant, and has to maintain that character in his history. It is perfectly natural, therefore, and might be expected, that the Romanists, who claim infallibility for their church, should be offended at certain of its statements. But why are we to reckon it a praise-reflecting circumstance, that the Protestants themselves should charge it with a bias towards Romanism? It by no means appears requisite to the character of a fair and honourable historian, that he should exhibit a tendency to concede points to the disadvantage of his own professed belief. To write with tenderness, and without exhibiting acrimony, is indeed laudable; but to write in such a tone as to leave your own belief a matter of doubt, is anything but praiseworthy. To such an one we may appropriately address the expostulation of Bishop Hall to Laud, and say,—

"I would I knew where to find you; then I could tell how to take direct aims; whereas now I must pore and conjecture. To-day you are in the tents of the Romanists—to-morrow in ours; the next day between both—against both. Our adversaries think you ours—we, theirs; your conscience finds you with both and neither. I flatter you not: this of yours is the worst of all tempers. Heat and cold have their uses; lukewarmness is good for nothing, but to trouble the stomach. . . . . How long will you halt in this indifference? Resolve one way, and know, at last, what you do hold—what you should. Cast off either your wings or your teeth, and, loathing this bat-like nature, be either a bird or a beast."

But the professor not only feels and manifests, but frankly confesses, the "indifference" with which he writes. The following is one passage in his preface:—

"An Italian, a Catholic, would set about the task in a totally different spirit from that in which the present work is written. By the expression of personal veneration, or it may be (in the present state of opinion), of personal hatred, he would impart to his work a characteristic, and, I doubt not, a more vivid

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and brilliant colouring; and, in many passages, he would be more circumstantial, more ecclesiastical, or more local. In these respects a Protestant and a North German cannot hope to vie with him. The position and the feelings of such a writer with respect to the papacy are less exposed to the influences which excite the passions, and therefore while he is enabled to maintain the indifferency so essential to an historian, he must, from the very outset of his work, renounce that warmth of expression which springs from partiality or antipathy, and which might perhaps produce a considerable effect on Europe. We are necessarily deficient in true sympathy with purely ecclesiastical or canonical details. On the other hand, our circumstances enable us to occupy another point of view, which, if I mistake not, is more favourable to historical truth and impartiality. For what is there that can now make the history of the papal power interesting or important to us? Not its peculiar relation to us, which can no longer affect us in any material point; nor the anxiety or dread which it can inspire. The times in which we had any thing to fear are over; we are conscious of our perfect security. The papacy can inspire us with no other interest than what arises from its historical developement and its former influence."

On this avowal we have two remarks to offer.

1. What *reason*, possessing the least validity, can Professor Ranke give for this declared and almost vaunted "indifferency?" Why should a (Roman) Catholic be in earnest in such a matter, and a Protestant "indifferent?" The *cause* of this opposite state of mind is not attempted to be explained. Shall we endeavour to indicate it?

The class with which we fear the professor must be ranked, are not, in truth, Lutherans, or Calvinists, or Protestants, or even Christians. Had this book, calm and learned as it is, fallen under either of these four heads, we greatly doubt whether it would ever have been translated by Mrs. Sarah Austin.

It is, unfortunately, but too notorious, that as "the scribes and pharisees sat in Moses' seat," of old, and yet made void the law of God, so the seat of Luther, and Calvin, and Melancthon, are filled, in the present day, by men who detest the doctrines of those great reformers. But why should the noble name of "Protestant" be assumed by those who maintain no *protest* against the abominations of popery? Further; and it is the most solemn question, Are those persons entitled to the character of Christians, who evidently either never read the word of God, or, if they do, who yield it no obedience?

For who that studies the apostolic records, and marks the depth of feeling with which the papacy is denounced by the very highest of the apostles, would venture, except as an open contemner of the Holy Scriptures, to vaunt himself as neither knowing "partiality nor antipathy" towards the grand apostasy? Who that reads, and admits the description there given of Rome, as "*the mother of harlots and the abominations of the earth;*" as "*drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus;*" as, emphatically, "THAT WICKED ONE, *the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition; whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders;*" who, we repeat, that attaches the least weight to these inspired delineations, would, coolly, like Professor Ranke, "renounce that warmth of expression which springs from partiality or antipathy," and boast of "maintaining the indifferency so essential to an historian?" But the simple truth is, that the testimony of God's word, as to the character and standing of the papacy, is *not believed*,—is entirely set at naught! And what, we beg to ask, is one who will not receive the testimony of the Bible, but an infidel in fact, however he may disguise his scepticism by learned terms, and pseudo-philosophical phraseology?

2. The close of the passage is of the same tenor as the beginning. The professor can contemplate popery "without antipathy," because he can contemplate it "without fear." He is, therefore, confessedly, as ignorant of what may be expected as he is of what has occurred. He neither understands rightly what popery has been, nor what it is now. And, worst of all, he has a totally erroneous idea of human nature itself, and evidently imagines, with all the complacency of ignorance, that "we" have dethroned popery by our own might and wisdom; and that "we" have abundant power and skill to keep her down. Poor man! if the hopes of the human race rested on no better foundation than that upon which he evidently leans, miserable, indeed, would be the prospect before us!

Singularly inconsistent, too, with the leading points in his own narrative is this feeling of "perfect security" which the professor so complacently avows. In her preface, Mrs. Austin remarks, that

"The chief interest of the work lies in the solution it affords of the greatest problem of modern history. It is impossible to contemplate the rapid and apparently resistless progress of the Reformation in its infancy, without wondering what was the power which *arrested and forced back the torrent, and reconquered to the ancient faith* countries in which Protestantism seemed firmly established."

More than half the book is taken up with the history of the reconquest of the greater part of Europe by the papal apostasy. "Solution of this problem," as Mrs. Austin calls it, there is none. But what we want to know is, How, seeing and detailing these events, the professor ends by "feeling perfectly secure" as to the remaining territories of Protestantism? In what way he arrives at the conclusion, that "Protestants have nothing to fear," from the power which rooted Protestantism out of France, Austria, Poland, Belgium, and southern Germany, we are at a loss to conceive. True, he finds that "the counter-reformation" was left unfinished—that in northern Germany, Holland, Sweden, and Great Britain it failed; but as to any permanent reason why—any solution—any cause implying security for the future—we find not a word. Temporary causes of the Romish failure—internal dissensions and the like, we find, indeed; but it is abundantly obvious that no lasting security can be gathered out of circumstances like these.

How then, we again ask, does the professor arrive at his very comfortable conviction of the "perfect security" of the Protestant nations from any future inroads of Rome? Does he gather it from the recent letter of his holiness to the Earl of Shrewsbury, which runs thus?—

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"POPE GREGORY XVI.

"To our beloved son, John Earl of Shrewsbury, President of the Catholic Institute of Great Britain.

"Beloved son, health and apostolical benediction. —Whilst filled with sorrow on account of the ever-increasing calamities of the church of Christ, we have received such abundant cause of gladness as has not only relieved us in the bitterness with which we were afflicted, but has excited in us more than ordinary joy; for we have been informed that, by the care of yourself, and other noble and pious men, the Catholic Institute was, two years ago, established in Great Britain, with the design especially of protecting the followers of our divine faith in freedom and security; and, by the publication of works, of vindicating the spouse of the immaculate lamb from the calumnies of the heterodox. Since, therefore, these purposes tend in the highest degree to the advantage of the English nation, you can easily understand, beloved son, the reason why such joy should have been felt by us, who have been, by divine appointment, constituted the heirs of the name and chair of that Gregory the Great who, by the torch of the Catholic faith, first enlightened Britain, involved in the darkness of idolatry. We are encouraged to entertain the cheering hope that the light of divine faith will again shine with the same brightness as of old upon the minds of the British people. We desire nothing with greater earnestness than to embrace once more with paternal exultation the English nation, adorned with so many and such excellent qualities, and to receive back the long lost sheep into the fold of Christ. Wherefore, beloved son, we cannot refrain from strenuously exhorting you, and all the members of the pious association over which you preside, to offer up fervent prayers with us to the Father of Mercies, that he would propitiously remove the lamentable darkness which still covers the minds of so many dwelling unhappily in error, and in his clemency bring the children of the church, who have wandered from her, back to the bosom of the mother whom they have left.

"Meanwhile, to you and to all your countrymen, who belong in any way to the Catholic Institute, we most affectionately impart our apostolical benediction.

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 19th day of February, 1840, the tenth of our pontificate.

"GREGORY, P.P.XVI."

Or is it from Mr. Halyburton's prognostic, that in fifty years all America will be popish?* Or does he think that the Protestantism of northern Germany is of so robust and firm a growth, as to be able to stand, self-supported, even if England and America should simultaneously fall?

We should greatly doubt the reasonableness of such an expectation. When England, which beheaded one king and expelled another, from a feeling of abhorrence to popery—when England rejoins the papacy, there will be little hope of the longer holding out of those, who even now are proud to profess themselves "free from all antipathy" to Romanism, and able to contemplate it with the "indifferency so essential to an historian."

There is no blinding our eyes to the fact, that Rome is once again rousing herself to claim, and to wrestle for, the mastery of the world. What spot of the civilised globe is there that is not, at this moment, a witness to her efforts? Even her disasters arise only from her too eager encroachments, which sometimes throw her back for a time. The precipitation of the Jesuits in 1830 produced a revolution in France, which rather retarded their forward progress. But the same year witnessed another revolution in the adjoining country—a revolution got up by Romanists, for Romish purposes, and which was fully successful. Ireland has waged a war in disguise with Protestant England, these fifteen years past, wholly at the instigation of the Vatican. Prussia is at the present moment harassed by a similar movement. Not only is every one of our colonies filling with priests and Jesuit missionaries; but even Otaheite is compelled to admit a similar pest, or fall under the wrath of the pope's ally, the newly zealous court of France. Never, for more than a century past, has Rome shown such untiring energy as at the present moment; or so openly avowed her hopes of reascending the seat of universal empire.

We ask again, then, for a rational ground for Professor Ranke's confidence, that "the times in which we had any thing to fear are over?" None is offered. We ask, what is the "solution," so much lauded by Mrs. Austin, of the problem of the "ebb and flow" of the Reformation? None is given. Instead of proofs and elucidations, we are treated with such sounding nonentities as the following:—

"Never more can the thought of exalting the one or the other confession to universal supremacy find place among men. The only consideration now is, how each state, each people, can best proceed from the basis of its own politico-religious principles, to the developement of its intellectual and moral powers."—Vol. ii. p. 596.

Thus is God and his word thrust aside, and human reason exalted to the throne. That "the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men;" that "He changeth times and seasons; removeth kings, and setteth up kings," is wholly forgotten or denied. That he hath given us a revelation of his will; and not of his will only, but even of many of his purposes, is a matter never once thought of. And so, "choosing darkness rather than light," these great philosophers jump at conclusions, solve problems, and enunciate dogmas, after a fashion which makes any plain reader of the word of eternal truth wonder and admire, in the contemplation of *His* mighty power, who "turneth wise men backwards, and maketh their knowledge foolish."

Solution of this "problem" there is none, in Professor Ranke's volumes. *Facts*, indeed, bearing upon the circumstances of the times, he has usefully and laboriously accumulated; but these, while they cast some light on the movement itself, afford no clue whatever to discover the hidden source of that movement.

We are not about to offer ourselves as problem-solvers or hieroglyphic-decipherers; nor shall we pretend to have fully satisfied even our own minds as to the true but hidden causes of the reaction in

* Vide *Sam Slick; or, the Clockmaker.*

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favour of popery at the end of the sixteenth century. But there are a few striking features in those portions of the only infallible record which refer to this subject, which seem to us to have a remarkable bearing on this mysterious question. There are certain grand general prophecies in the word of God, as to the meaning of which there never has been any doubt, and as to the propriety of studying, quoting, and referring to which, no question has ever been raised. These portions of holy scripture are, indeed, among the brightest and clearest internal evidences of its divine character and origin. No other book, for instance, than the Bible, ever told mankind that there should be four universal empires, and *no more*. The Bible told us so centuries before any created intellect could have divined the fact. No other book ever warned us, that the fourth and last of these empires should be broken up into ten separate kingdoms or states. The Bible told us this, nearly a thousand years before its occurrence; and the prediction was translated out of the Hebrew into the Greek Septuagint long before—probably two hundred years before—the coming of Christ; while the fulfilment began to be seen at the end of the fifth century *after* Christ, and was completed at the beginning of the seventh.

How wondrous, too, is the singular expression with regard to these ten kingdoms:—"They shall mingle themselves with the seed of men, but *they shall not cleave together*," Dan. ii. 43. How many attempts did the world behold after the fall of the western empire, to constitute another, by family compact, intrigue, or conquest! Charlemagne, Charles V. and others, have striven to accomplish this work; and sometimes have seemed to approximate to success. But the dissevered states could not "cleave together." The lapse of a few years always saw them fall asunder; no real principle of coherence existing, "*even as iron is not mixed with clay.*"—Dan. ii. 43.

Now in the New Testament we find a change of figure, but still we recognise the fourth empire, the Roman, and its separation into ten powers. The fourth beast of Daniel's 7th chapter, with its ten horns, which are expressly declared to denote "ten kings (or states) which shall arise," appears before us again in the 17th chapter of St. John's Apocalypse, ridden upon, ruled over, and identified with, the adulterous woman, which, in the 18th verse, is shown to be Rome itself. And again it is declared, that "the ten horns are ten kings;" which ten kings, we are further told, shall "*agree, and give their kingdom to the beast,* UNTIL *the words of God* shall be fulfilled."—Rev. xvii. 17.

This explicit and positive declaration seems to leave no room to doubt, that the ten kingdoms which arose on the platform of the western empire should continue in one mind, and in undeviating allegiance to the apostate church, which, as typified by the harlot-rider of the ten-horned beast, was to sway and guide them by one impulse, *until* the *fulfilment* of "the words of God"—the predictions of his inspired prophets. Such was the declaration of St. John. Let us now turn to the fact. We shall find that it exhibits one of the most surprising fulfilments of prophecy which have occurred in the whole volume of the world's history.

Let any one take a map of the old Roman empire, as it existed, let us say, in the days of the sons of Theodosius; and let him transfer its western boundaries to a modern map of Europe. He will find that, with scarcely the least discrepancy, this boundary line incloses *papal Europe;* or, at least, that while *without* that boundary the Reformation was generally successful, *within* it, it was uniformly suppressed.

For, let it be remembered, there was not a corner of Europe into which THE TRUTH did not penetrate. France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Savoy, Belgium, all were visited by the light of God's word; and in several of these countries the Reformation struck deep root, and threw out branches far and wide. But, strange as it may seem to human eyes, the ten kingdoms which occupied the platform of the western empire—the fourth beast of Daniel and St. John—these ten kingdoms, with one consent, "agreed," and put down the profession of the true gospel; and hurried its disciples, with fire and sword, out of their territories, and resolved "to give their kingdom unto the (Roman) beast, until the words of God should be fulfilled." And, with nearly an equal unanimity, all that part of Europe which was *not* within the old western empire, both received the truth with joy, and held it fast against all opposers.

This fact, which is simply a historical and geographical one, is worth some reflection. Men like Professor Ranke, who are too much occupied with their learned researches to pay much attention to the word of God, necessarily get into a mode of speech which differs little from that of the atheist. They talk as though the world were given over to the management of the men and women who live upon it; and as though the builders of the tower of Babel were a set of statesmen of exceeding wisdom and foresight. Such texts as these seem never to recur to their minds:—

"*When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel.*"—Deut. xxxii. 8.

The permission of evil in the world is a question which we are under no necessity of approaching. That a vast evil did and does exist, and has existed for twelve hundred years, in the ten kingdoms of the western empire, is a fact which remains the same under any hypothesis. That the same divine power which made the word effectual, and gave his truth a visible home in northern Europe, *might* have wrought similar wonders in southern, and *did not*, is equally beyond all question. The only difference between us is, Whether, with the Berlin professor, we should "solve the problem" by magnifying the talents of Pope Clement or Pope Leo; or, with the humble Christian who reads his Bible, should look up with awe and reverence to that God, who claims the honour for himself; and who demands, "*Who hath declared this from ancient time? who hath told it from that time? Have not I, the Lord? and there is no God beside me.*"—Isa. xlv. 21.

Perhaps, however, it may be asked, What is the purport, what the drift of this suggestion? Why suppose that certain kingdoms, within a particular limit, have been left to darkness and judicial hardness? Wherefore embrace so revolting a fancy?

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Our reply is, that we desire to set up no hypothesis of our own, but simply to follow the plain word of God. A reason, however, for the separation of the old western, or Roman empire, from the rest of Europe, is sufficiently obvious. In Daniel vii. 11, it is written, (and "*not one jot or tittle of the word of God shall fail, till all be fulfilled;*") that "*the beast* (the fourth, or Roman beast,) *was slain; and his body given to the burning flame.*" Now it is sufficiently obvious that, to the fulfilment of this prophecy, it is essential that the western empire be kept apart, as peopled by a separate race, and reserved to a separate fate, from the rest of Europe.

We merely allude, in passing, to these facts, as furnishing something much more nearly approaching to a "solution of the problem," than that which Professor Ranke has given us. To say, as he does, that such and such a design failed, *because* such and such a combination was broken up, may be true, but it is a very small part of the truth. It merely points out the proximate cause. But to dwell solely upon *this*, and to look no higher, is more like the reasoning of a child than that of a philosopher.

As to Professor Ranke's conclusions, then—as to the instruction which he and Mrs. Sarah Austin would have us draw from his narrations, we shall humbly beg permission to decline this part of his labours. We thank him for his researches and his pains; but we reserve to ourselves the liberty of deducing our own inferences.

Nor is this the whole of our dissent. Freely conceding to the professor all the merit of persevering toil in research, and believing him, also, to have been sincerely desirous of acting and writing with the utmost impartiality, we yet demur to his claim to offer us the result of his labours as a work of *truth*, a record to be *relied* on. We believe that the professor wished and endeavoured to make it such a work; and his failure, if he has failed, only shows, the more distinctly, how entirely he mistakes the real character of the human mind.

We do not think that Professor Ranke's history is a *true* history. We could not venture to quote it as a safe authority. This is a serious charge, when made against a work of high reputation; we shall therefore proceed to explain what we mean.

Of many of the leading characters in his narrative, he presents portraits differing in many important points from those which have been current in the world for centuries past. And he does this, again and again, without the slightest explanation; without the least attempt to show wherein former historians were mistaken; and even without so much as plainly asserting that the established belief relative to such persons has been tinged with scandal or with error. Let us adduce an instance or two of this kind.

The work is entitled a *History of the Popes of Rome*. Its value, therefore, must mainly consist in the truth of its delineations of the characters of their "holinesses." We will take the first three named in the work, and see with what degree of truth their portraitures are sketched. The first is Sixtus IV.:

"Sixtus IV. (1471-1484) conceived the plan of founding a principality for his nephew, Girolamo Riario, in the rich and beautiful plains of Romagna. The other powers of Italy were already contending for possession, or for ascendancy, in these territories; and, if there was any question of right, the pope had manifestly a better right than any other. But he was not nearly their equal in force, or in the resources of war. He was restrained by no scruple from rendering his spiritual power (elevated by its nature and purpose above all earthly interests) subservient to his worldly views, or from debasing it by a mixture with those temporary intrigues in which his ambition had involved him. The Medici being peculiarly in his way, he took part in the Florentine troubles; and, as is notorious, brought upon himself the suspicion of being privy to the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and to the assassination which they perpetrated on the steps of the altar of the cathedral; the suspicion that he, the father of the faithful, was an accomplice of such acts!

"When the Venetians ceased to favour the schemes of his nephew, as they had done for a considerable time, the pope was not satisfied with deserting them in a war into which he himself had driven them; he went so far as to excommunicate them for persisting in it. He acted with no less violence in Rome. He persecuted the opponents of Riario, the Colonnas, with savage ferocity; he seized Marino from them; he caused the prothonotary Colonna to be attacked, arrested, and executed in his own house. The mother of Colonna came to San Celso in Banchi, where the body lay. She lifted the severed head by the hair, and cried, 'behold the head of my son! Such is the faith of the pope. He promised that if we would give up Marino to him he would set my son at liberty. He has Marino, and my son is in our hands—but dead! Behold, thus does the pope keep his word!'

"So much was necessary to enable Sixtus IV. to obtain the victory over his enemies, at home and abroad. He succeeded in making his nephew lord of Imola and Forli; but it is certain that if his temporal dignity was much augmented, his spiritual suffered infinitely more. An attempt was made to assemble a council against him."—Vol. i. pp. 45–47.

Here is a sufficiently explicit charge of ambition and cruelty. But is this the whole truth? Let us turn to other authorities.

Mr. Edgar, whose *Variations of Popery** is one of the few books of the present day, which, for laborious research, will bear comparison even with Professor Ranke's, thus describes Pope Sixtus IV.:—

"Sixtus IV., who was elected in 1471, walked in the footsteps of his predecessors, Gregory, Boniface, and John. This pontiff has, with reason, been accused of murder and debauchery. He conspired for the assassination of Julian and Laurentius, two of the Medicean family. He engaged Pazzi, who was chief of the faction which, in Florence, was hostile to the Medici, in the stratagem. Pazzi was supported in the diabolical attempt by Raitio, Montesecco, Salvian, and Poggio. The conspirators, who were many, attacked Julian and Laurentius during mass on Sunday. Julian was killed. Laurentius fled, wounded, to the vestry, where he was saved from the fury of the assassins. The Medicean faction, in the meantime, mustered and assailed the conspira-

* Published in 1837; dedicated, by permission, to his Grace, the Archbishop of Armagh.

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tors, on whom they took an ample and summary vengeance.

"Sixtus patronised debauchery as well as murder. His holiness, for this worthy purpose, established brothels extraordinary in Rome. His infallibility, in consequence, became head, not only of the church, but also of the stews. He presided with ability and applause in two departments, and was the vicar-general of God and of Venus. These seminaries of pollution, it seems, brought a great accession to the ecclesiastical revenue. The goddesses who were worshipped in these temples, paid a weekly tax from the wages of iniquity to the viceroy of Heaven.—The sacred treasury, by this means, received from this apostolic tribute an annual augmentation of 20,000 ducats. His supremacy himself was, it seems, a regular and steady customer in his new commercial establishments. He nightly worshipped, with great zeal and devotion, in these pontifical fanes which he had erected to the Cytherean goddess."

Mr. Waddington,* whose *Church History* has now attained an established reputation, thus describes this pope:—

"At present we shall only mention the singular venality introduced into his government by the creation of certain new offices, which he publicly sold, and which he created for the purpose of selling. This was a new scandal to the history of the Vatican; and when the same pontiff raised to the dignity of cardinal a youth named Jacopo de Parma, his own valet, he may seem to have offered the last insult to his court and to the church. . . . . His character corrupted his talents, and stained his noblest projects with falsehood and perfidy. As *he could discern no distinction between virtue and crime*, he employed the basest means to obtain the best ends, and dishonored his own designs by the instruments with which he chose to accomplish them. His private life has not escaped the suspicion of the *foulest enormities;* it cannot, at least, pretend to the praise of virtue or innocence."—Chap. xxvii. p. 648.

We ask, then, whether the professor's description of this pope is a just one? Is it a correct mode of writing history, thus to omit the leading traits in the principal characters; and to assign no kind of reason for doing so?

For some reason not assigned, but which it is not difficult to surmise, the professor passes over the next pope, Innocent the VIIIth, in silence. Mr. Waddington thus alludes to him:—

"If Sixtus IV. had wasted the resources of the church upon his profligate nephews, Innocent introduced a still more revolting race of dependants, in the persons of his illegitimate offspring. Seven children, the fruits of several amours, were publicly recognised by the vicar of Christ, and became, for the most part, pensioners on the ecclesiastical treasury. And he performed at least one memorable exploit, as it were, in the design to surpass his predecessor by a still bolder insult on the sacred college; he placed among its members a boy, thirteen years old, the brother-in-law of his own bastard!"

* Rev. George Waddington, M. A. Fellow of Trin. Coll. Camb.

However, preserving a discreet silence as to Pope Innocent, Professor Ranke passes on to Alexander the VIth. The following is his delineation of this celebrated character:—

"Alexander's great aim during the whole course of his life had been to gratify to the utmost his love of ease, his sensuality, and his ambition. The possession of the highest spiritual dignity seemed to him the summit of felicity. Old as he was, he seemed daily to grow younger under the influence of this feeling. No importunate thought troubled his repose for a night. He only pondered on what could be of advantage to himself, how he could advance his sons to dignity and power; no other considerations ever seriously occupied his mind.

"His political connections, which have exercised so great an influence on the affairs of the world, were founded exclusively on this basis. The question how a pope should marry, provide for, and establish his children, affected the politics of all Europe."

"Alexander saw his warmest wishes fulfilled, the barons of the land annihilated, and his house about to found a great hereditary power in Italy. But already he had begun to feel of what excesses hot and unbridled passions are capable. Cæsar would share his power neither with kinsman nor favourite. He had caused his brother, who stood in his way, to be murdered and thrown into the Tiber. His brother-in-law was attacked and stabbed on the steps of the palace by his orders."

"There was but one point on earth, where such a state of things was possible; that, namely, at which the plenitude of secular power was united to the supreme spiritual jurisdiction. This point was occupied by Cæsar. There is a perfection even in depravity. Many of the sons and nephews of popes appointed similar things, but none ever approached Cæsar's bad eminence: he was a virtuoso in crime.

"Was it not one of the primary and most essential tendencies of Christianity to render such a power impossible? And now Christianity itself, and the position of the head of the Christian church, were made subservient to its establishment.

"There wanted, indeed, no Luther to prove to the world how diametrically opposed to all Christianity were such principles and actions. At the very time we are speaking of, the complaint arose† that the pope prepared the way for antichrist; that he laboured for the coming of the kingdom, not of heaven, but of Satan.

"We shall not follow into its details the history of Alexander. It is but too certain that he once meditated taking off one of the richest of the cardinals by poison: his intended victim however contrived by means of presents, promises, and prayers, to gain over his head cook, and the dish which had been prepared for the cardinal was placed before the pope. He died of the poison he had destined for another."

Again we ask, Is this condemnation of the boundless ambition, cruelty, and perfidy of Alexander, the *whole* truth? Let us consult the other historians.

† It is not true that the identification of the pope with antichrist "arose" at this period. The hypothesis was broached, as Professor Ranke must know, several centuries earlier.

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Mr. Edgar thus depicts "the worst of all the popes:"—

"Alexander the Sixth, in the common opinion, surpassed all his predecessors in atrocity. This monster, whom humanity disowns, seems to have excelled all his rivals in the arena of villany, and outstripped every competitor on the stadium of miscreancy. Sannazarius compared Alexander to Nero, Caligula, and Heliogabalus: and Pope, in his celebrated *Essay on Man*, likened Borgia, which was the family name, to Catiline. This pontiff, according to contemporary historians, was actuated, to measureless excess, with vanity, ambition, cruelty, covetousness, rapacity, and sensuality, and void of all faith, honour, sincerity; truth, fidelity, decency, religion, shame, modesty, and compunction. 'His debauchery, perfidy, ambition, malice, inhumanity, and irreligion,' says Daniel, 'made him the execration of all Europe.' Rome, under his administration and by his example, became the sink of filthiness, the head-quarters of atrocity, and the hot-bed of prostitution, murder, and robbery.

"He formed an illicit connection with a widow who resided at Rome, and with her two daughters. His passions, irregular and brutal, could find gratification only in enormity. His licentiousness, after the widow's death, drove him to the incestuous enjoyment of her daughter. She became his mistress after her mother's decease. His holiness, in the pursuit of variety and the perpetration of atrocity, afterwards formed a criminal connection with his own daughter, the witty, the learned, the gay, and the abandoned Lucretia. She was mistress to her own father and brother. Pontanus, in consequence, represented Lucretia as Alexander's daughter, wife, and daughter-in-law. Peter's palace, in this manner, became a scene of debauchery and abomination.

"Simony and assassination were as prominent in Alexander's character as incest and debauchery. He purchased the papacy, and afterwards for remuneration and to glut his rapacity, he sold its offices and preferments. He first bought, it has been said, and then sold the keys, the altar, and the Saviour. He murdered the majority of the cardinals who raised him to the popedom, and seized their estates. He had a family of spurious sons and daughters, and for the aggrandisement of these children of illegitimacy, he exposed to sale all things, sacred and profane, and violated and outraged all the laws of God and man."

Mr. Waddington gives, substantially, the same account of this pope, whom he calls "the most profligate of mankind." He says:—

"In early life, during the pontificate of Pius II., Roderic Borgia, already a cardinal, had been stigmatised by a public censure for his unmuffled debaucheries. After that, he publicly cohabited with a Roman matron, by whom he had five acknowledged children. Neither in his manners nor in his language did he affect any regard for morality, or for decency; and one of the earliest acts of his pontificate was to celebrate, with scandalous magnificence, in his own palace, the marriage of his daughter Lucretia."*

"He was poisoned by the cup prepared for his own guest by his own hand, or, at least, by the hand of a beloved son, whose notorious crimes he had long endured and fostered, and whom he seems to have loved for those very crimes. 'All Rome,' says Guicciardini, 'rushed to St. Peter's, to behold his corpse, with incredible festivity; nor was there any man who could satiate his eyes with gazing on the remains of a serpent, who, by his immoderate ambition and pestiferous perfidy, and every manner of frightful cruelty, of monstrous lust and unheard-of avarice, had impoisoned the whole world."—P. 656.

Archibald Bower, in his *History of the Popes*, says, to the same effect:—

"All who speak of Alexander seem to agree in this, that for lust, avarice, cruelty, treachery, and perfidiousness, he scarce ever had his equal."

"He fell in love with a widow who had two daughters; and having gained the affections of the mother, and robbed her of her honour, he bent all his thoughts on making the daughters a prey to his lust, as well as the mother."

"'His holiness,' says Burchardus, 'was a great lover of women. In his time the apostolic palace was turned into a brothel; a more infamous brothel than any of the public stews.'

"His pontificate was a continued series of the blackest crimes; of murder, rapine, perfidiousness, lust, and cruelty."

Again, then, we ask, Is professor Ranke's description of this monster a just one? Ambition, indeed, and cruelty are ascribed to him, or, rather, *to his son;* but where do we perceive a trace of that intensity of "monstrous lust, unheard-of perfidy, and frightful cruelty," which all authentic history lays to his charge?

We pass on to the next pope, Julius II. Of him, the professor thus writes:

"Old as Julius was, worn by all the vicissitudes of good and evil fortune which he had experienced in the course of his long life, by the toils of war and exile, enfeebled by intemperance and debauchery, he yet knew not what fear or caution meant. Age had not robbed him of the grand characteristic of vigorous manhood—an indomitable spirit. He cared little for the princes of his time; he thought he towered above them all. He hoped to gain in the tumult of an universal war; his only care was to be always provided with money, so as to be able to seize the favourable moment with all his might: he wanted, as a Venetian aptly said, 'to be lord and master of the game of the world.'

"If we inquire what enabled him to assume so commanding an attitude, we shall find that he owed it mainly to the state of public opinion, which permitted him to avow the designs he cherished; indeed, not only to avow, but to boast of them. The re-establishment of the states of the church was at that time regarded by the world as a glorious, nay, even a religious enterprise; all the pope's measures had this sole object, all his thoughts were animated by this idea,—were, if I may use the expression, steeped in it.

"He seized the most daring combinations; he risked all to obtain all; he took the field himself, and made his entry into Mirandola as conqueror,

* The details of this festivity, as given by Romish authors, exceed in filthiness the foulest records of the heathen world.

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over the frozen ditches, through the breach. The most decisive reverses could not move him to yield, but seemed rather to call forth the resources of his bold and inventive spirit.

"He was successful. Not only did he wrest their strongholds from the Venetians, but in the hot struggle which this excited, he at length gained possession of Parma, Piacenza, and even Reggio, and founded a power such as no pope had ever attained to. He was master of all the beautiful region between Piacenza and Terracina. He endeavoured every where to appear as a liberator; he treated his new subjects wisely and well, and secured their attachment and fidelity. The rest of the world saw, not without alarm, so many warlike populations in allegiance to the pope. 'Formerly,' says Machiavel, 'no baron was so insignificant as not to despise the papal power; now, a king of France stands in awe of it.'"

Ambition, again, is here freely alleged against the pope; but can a single trait constitute a whole character? Mr. Edgar thus delineates the portraiture of this pope:—

"Julius II. succeeded Alexander in the papacy and in iniquity. His holiness was guilty of simony, chicanery, perjury, thievery, empoisonment, assassination, drunkenness, impudicity. * * * * * He bribed the cardinals to raise him to the popedom; and employed, on the occasion, all kinds of falsehood and trickery. He swore to convoke a general council, and violated his oath.

"His infallibility's drunkenness was proverbial. He was 'mighty to drink.' He practised incontinency as well as inebriation; and the effects of this crime shattered his constitution."

"Julius offered rewards to any person who would kill a Frenchman. One of these rewards was of an extraordinary, or, rather, among the popes, of an ordinary kind. He granted a pardon of all sins to any person who would murder only an individual of the French nation. The vicegerent of Heaven conferred the forgiveness of all sin, as a compensation for perpetrating the shocking crime of assassination."

Archibald Bower thus characterises him:—

"Julius II. acted more like a sultan of the Turks than as the vicar of the Prince of Peace, and the common father of all Christians. Two hundred thousand persons are said to have perished in the wars carried on chiefly at the instigation of this furious and bloodthirsty pope.

"Julius is charged by *all the contemporary writers* with immoderate drinking. He was a lover of women also, at least before his promotion to the pontificate; and had a daughter named Felice."

A fourth instance is that of Leo X. Here is the professor's sketch of his character:—

"Leo X. was full of kindness and sympathy: he rarely refused a request, or if he did, it was in the gentlest manner, and only when it was impossible to grant it. 'He is a good man,' says an observing ambassador to his court, 'very bounteous, and of a kindly nature; if he were not under the influence of his kinsmen, he would avoid all errors.' 'He is learned,' says another, 'and a lover of learned men; religious, but yet disposed to enjoy life.' He did not indeed always maintain the decorum befitting a pope: sometimes, to the despair of his master of the ceremonies, he quitted Rome not only without a surplice, but even, as the distressed functionary observes in his diary, 'what is the most vexatious, with boots on his feet.' He spent the autumn in rural pleasures; he took the diversion of hawking at Viterbo, of stag-hunting at Corneto, and of fishing on the lake of Bolsena; after which he passed some time at his favourite seat at Malliana, where he was accompanied by men of those light and supple talents which enliven every passing hour: such as improvvisatori. In the winter, he returned to the city, which was in the highest state of prosperity. The number of inhabitants increased a third in a few years; manufactures found their profit—art, honour—every one security. Never was the court more lively, more agreeable, more intellectual; no expenditure was too great to be lavished on religious and secular festivals, on amusements and theatres, on presents and marks of favour."

Now turn we to other writers. Mr. Edgar thus describes this pope:—

"Leo X., in 1513, succeeded Julius in the popedom and in enormity. This pontiff has been accused of atheism, and of calling the gospel, in the presence of Cardinal Bembo, a fable. Mirandula, who mentions a pope that denied God, is by some supposed to have referred to Leo."

He was, "beyond all question, addicted to pleasure, luxury, idleness, ambition, unchastity, and sensuality, beyond all bounds of decency; and spent whole days in the company of musicians and buffoons."

Archibald Bower says of Leo, that

"He was by nature addicted to idleness and pleasure; spending his time with musicians, jesters, and buffoons; and inclined beyond the bounds of decency to sensual gratifications."

Mr. Waddington speaks of him as "devoted to pleasure, contemptuous of morality,—ignorant of the science, careless of the duties, neglectful even of the decencies, of religion; vain, extravagant, necessitous, and venal."

Once more. Of Innocent X. Professor Ranke thus speaks:—

"Pope Innocent was under obligations to his sister-in-law, Donna Olympia Maidalchina of Viterbo, especially in consequence of the large fortune she had brought into the house of Pamfili. He also regarded it as a high merit on her part that, after the death of his brother, she had never chosen to marry again. This had been productive of advantage to himself, since he had constantly left the economical affairs of the family to her guidance: it was therefore no wonder if she now acquired great influence in the administration of the papacy."

"In a room of the Villa Pamfili stand the busts of the pope and his sister-in-law. No one who compares those woman's features, which breathe determination and intelligence, with the mild and inexpressive countenance of the pope, can fail to see that it was not only possible, but inevitable, that he should be ruled by her."

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, that a pope should be ruled, "inevitably" , by a mother, or sister, or other near rela- by a *sister-in-law!* But Archibald Bower, npiled his history at Rome, and had larger o authentic documents than Professor Ranke, itly explains the case. He says:—

is pope had, before his promotion, an unlaw- mmerce with his brother's widow, the famous , Olympia Maidalchina, a woman of insatiable e and boundless ambition; and that commerce t only continued after his elevation, but suffered o govern the church, the state, the court, and elf, with an absolute sway. All benefices, all loyments, whether ecclesiastical, civil, or mili- , were disposed of by her, and to those only who ne up to her price."

Such is the fashion in which the professor deli- ates the characters of the popes! Little wonder it that the Jesuits, having no one among their own ody who could more dexterously cloak the atrocities f the Vatican, should have adopted the professor's ook, with a few trifling alterations, as their own.

But this style of description is not confined to the sovereign pontiffs. We will give an instance taken from another class.

In the following style does Professor Ranke depict Queen Christina of Sweden:—

"Christina was indeed a wonderful product of nature and fortune. A young and noble lady, she was utterly free from personal vanity. She took no pains to conceal that she had one shoulder higher than the other: though she had been told that her greatest beauty consisted in her luxuriant fair hair, she did not even pay the commonest attention to it: she was wholly a stranger to all the petty cares of life; so indifferent to the table, that she was never heard to find fault with any kind of food; so temperate, that she drank nothing but water. She never could understand or learn any sort of womanly works; on the other hand, she delighted to be told that at her birth she was taken for a boy; that when a little infant, instead of betraying terror at the firing of guns, she clapped her hands, and behaved like a true soldier's child. She was a most intrepid rider; putting one foot in the stirrup, she vaulted into the saddle, and went off at speed: she shot with unerring aim; she studied Tacitus and Plato, and sometimes entered with more profound sagacity into the genius of those authors than philologists by profession. Young as she was, she was capable of forming an independent and discriminating judgment on state affairs, and of maintaining it triumphantly amongst senators grown gray in commerce with the world. She threw into her labour the fresh and buoyant spirit which accompanies native perspicacity of mind; above all, she was penetrated with a sense of the high mission to which she was called by her birth; of the necessity of governing by herself. Never did she refer an ambassador to her minister: she would not suffer a subject of hers to wear a foreign order; she could not endure, she said, that one of her flock should bear the mark of another's hand. She knew how to assume a port and countenance before which the generals who made Germany tremble were dumb; had a new war broken out, she would assuredly have put herself at the head of her troops.

"With a character and tastes of so lofty and heroic a stamp, it may easily be imagined that the mere thought of marrying—of giving a man rights over her person—was utterly intolerable to her; any obligation of that kind which she might be supposed to lie under to her country, she believed she had fully exempted herself from by fixing the succession. Immediately after her coronation, she declared that she would rather die than marry."

Here we have a modern Diana; but another goddess must be despoiled of her laurels, to make up the wreath of the wondrous Christina. Mark the Minerva, also, of Sweden:—

"This young princess was little disposed to allow the regal power to decline in her hands; she girded herself up to be a queen, in the fullest sense of the word. From the moment that she entered upon the government, in the year 1644, she devoted herself to business with admirable zeal. She was never known to miss a meeting of the senate, and we find her attending the sittings, even when suffering under fever, or obliged to be let blood. She prepared herself carefully by reading through state papers many sheets in length, and making the contents her own; at night before going to rest, in a morning early at waking, she meditated on the points demanding consideration. She had the art of stating questions with great ability and clearness, and of concealing her own inclinations; after hearing every member, she pronounced her opinion, which always appeared well-founded, and was almost invariably adopted. The foreign ambassadors were astonished at the power she had acquired over the senate, though it was insufficient to satisfy her own love of dominion. * * * * *

"It is not to be denied that in her conferences with learned men, no less than in her discussions with the senate, she displayed a most felicitous memory, a quick apprehension, and acute penetration. 'Her intelligence and her talents are highly remarkable,' exclaims Naudæus with astonishment; 'she has seen every thing, read every thing, she knows every thing.'"

Now this view of Christina's character is wholly dissimilar from the pictures drawn by all former writers. Not to quote a diversity of authors, we will merely adduce the latest sketch, given in the "History of Sweden," in Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, as a specimen of the whole:—

"Her subjects were not well pleased with her prodigality; they condemned her tastes; they lamented her unchastity; and sensibly advised her to marry, and to attend more strictly to her duties as a sovereign. * * * *

"In the event of her successor's dying without issue, she wished the sceptre to devolve on the Count de Tott, one of her paramours. * *

"The irregularities of her life did not much support the superiority she was ever ready to claim. Vain, weak, superficial, without beauty, without grace, she was soon reduced to her own [illegible] Licentiousness was not her only crime. In a jealousy, she caused Monaldeschi, one of her [illegible] to be assassinated at Fontainebleau. The [illegible] held in such abhorrence that she was [illegible] quit France, and end[illegible] infamy.

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The union of all the goddesses is gone, and in its
ace we have a vain, weak, lascivious, and revenge-
l woman. Different writers must be allowed to
ke different views of character; but the same liber-
cannot be permitted with facts. In Professor
anke's portrait we wholly miss the unchastity; and
murderous revenge is glossed over in the follow-
g fashion:—

"Who could justify the cruel sentence which she
ssed, in her own cause, on Monaldeschi, a mem-
r of her household, the executioners of which were
accusers and personal enemies of the victim?
gave him only an hour to prepare for death.
treachery which the unfortunate man was said
guilty of towards her, she regarded as high
son, and she held it to be beneath her dignity to
mmon him before any tribunal, be it where or
at it might."

There is no honesty, no frankness, in this mode
evading a question: Christina is represented as
ting the sovereign; arraigning one of her officers
"high treason," and passing "sentence" upon
n; in which it is admitted she exaggerated her
n powers, and stained her character with cruelty.
d this is the style in which an act of assassina-
n, prompted by the basest passions, is to be spoken
! If the professor could have shown that the death
Monaldeschi was morally justifiable—that he had
n guilty of an offence deserving death—then, in-
d, he would have greatly served the cause of
een Christina. But he does not touch the real
t of the question; contenting himself with pal-
ing, or rather *misrepresenting*, the affair; by
ing of "high treason," of a "tribunal," and of a
ntence," when there was, in fact, neither offence
conviction in the whole affair!

But is the other point in the case immaterial? Is
f slight consequence in the character of a female,
ether she were chaste or unchaste? All former
graphers of Christina represent her as a profli-
and lustful woman. Professor Ranke altogether
es this part of the case; and gives us the pic-
of a woman of extraordinary taste, erudition,
refinement. But, as we remarked in the former
, he was bound, before he placed his heroine on
elevation, to deny, and indignantly to disprove,
urrent, the unanimous, testimony of all former
raphers, that she was a woman of loose morals.
e this slander—if it be a slander—passes unre-
d, there is no room for the entirely different por-
which Professor Ranke would draw. No one
d ever learn to regard the character of Messalina
admiration, merely from an eulogium, skilfully
n up by a historian of talent, setting forth her
her beauty, her fine taste, and her gracefulness.
first step to be taken, and without which all the
ence in the world would be wasted, would be,
ove all the stories which are extant of her gross
tiousness to be baseless and scandalous calum-
When this is satisfactorily made out, we
at then proceed to the fairer points in her charac-
but until then, eulogistic efforts will be thrown
y. And so we say of Christina. Professor
ke has adorned her with his utmost skill; but,
st all his decorative art, the question remains,
s she a virtuous woman or a prostitute?

We shall not submit to be misunderstood or mis-represented in this matter; as if we desiderated the increase of scandalous chronicles, or required the insertion of indecent details. We care not how brief, how dry, how pithy, the condemnation; but we do protest against the exaltation of any person, whether male or female, to a pinnacle of honour, of whom it may be affirmed with truth that he or she was of loose morals. That this was the case with Leo X., and with Queen Christina, both of whom Professor Ranke greatly lauds, is asserted by all history. If he disbelieved the fact, and could safely assert that, after a careful examination of the evidence, he judged them to have been calumniated, it was his duty, both to them and the public, to have said so. But this he has not done. He leaves them, with all the charges against them, unnoticed; and yet he demands for them our warmest admiration!

Nor will it be a sufficient reply to say, that Professor Ranke's business was with the public and political characters of these persons; and that he felt no obligation to plunge into the fouler stream of their private lives.

Even of a king, in whose defence it might be alleged that he came to the throne by hereditary right, with passions like other men, and not professing himself an exemplar in virtue,—even of a king it would be altogether fallacious to reason in this manner. Omit the marriages of Henry VIII. or the amours of Edward IV., and what sort of an idea will the general reader gain of their real characters?

But far less can such an omission be tolerated, when we come to speak of a queen or of a pope. It has been truly remarked that the history of Christina is peculiarly a *personal* history; that her deeds as a sovereign amounted to nothing. The very details into which Professor Ranke has gone,—of her diet, her form, the colour of her hair, &c. sufficiently prove that this is the case. Omit that which he has stated which is of a *personal* nature, and even his lively portrait becomes a blank.

But again we ask, what sort of an idea can any reader form, of the personal character of a woman, if the main question of all, her purity or impurity, be left in doubt? Yet this is the way in which the professor has treated his favourite heroine, Christina! With respect to the popes, the necessity is even yet more clear, and the means of ascertaining the truth yet more easy.

These prelates were not hereditary monarchs, succeeding to a throne with all their failings upon them. Each was the selected choice of the "Sacred College;" selected, too, after especial prayer to the Holy Spirit for his gracious assistance. Each pontiff, too, is invested with the title of "holiness," and with the attributes of a "vice-god." He is presented to the whole world as the visible head of Christ's church, as the centre and source of all grace and sanctity.

How is it possible, then, to contemplate these pontiffs without a reference to their personal characters? Is it needless to ask, whether he who claims to prescribe the code of faith for the whole church, be himself a monster of perfidy? Is it immaterial whether he who decrees the separation of those joined in lawful wedlock, in the case of married priests, be himself a notorious adulterer?

This mode of writing history cannot be tolerated. In fact, the only aspect in which Professor Ranke's

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book can be viewed, which at all palliates its faults, is this,—that, devoting himself wholly to the investigation of certain papal records, and being delighted with the access he had obtained to them, he has opened his mind to these reports, and letters, and diaries of papal nuncios, and ambassadors, as if they contained simple and unalloyed truth!

Now, the fact is this,—that such documents, while they must be allowed their value, ought never to be read without large allowance. They naturally deal only or chiefly in state affairs. They present things, not as they are, but as they require to be represented for a certain purpose. And they omit all that is unfriendly to the party having most influence over the writer. Yet, to papers such as these Professor Ranke seems to have abandoned his whole soul; and hence we obtain the present elaborate, but altogether one-sided, view of the papal court and policy.

The professor complains to his English translator, of the "unconscientiousness" of certain Jesuits at Paris, who have translated the work into French, making such alterations as suited their purpose. But he ought to take the chief blame to himself. Why did he place so strong a temptation in their way? Had he written as Luther would have written, or as D'Aubigne has recently written, it would have been long enough before the Jesuits would have meddled with his work. But none understand better than those crafty politicians the value of admissions made by an opponent. In no Romish work have we ever seen such eulogiums as Professor Ranke has penned of Leo X., of Ignatius Loyola, and of Queen Christina. In fact, obliterate a few expressions here and there, of cold and formal Protestantism, and the book becomes all that either Wiseman or M'Hale could desire. This the Jesuits have done; and, we repeat, it is only what the professor might reasonably have expected.

From the Quarterly Review.

The Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Edited by William Stanhope Taylor, Esq., and Captain John Henry Pringle, executors of his son, John, Earl of Chatham. 4 vols. 8vo. London. 1839—40.

The temper, habits, and position of Cicero were naturally congenial to a good epistolary style, and his *letters* are to our taste among the very best of his works; they were, no doubt, carefully revised and polished for publication, and probably lost in that process something of their lighter merits, but they are still easy and graceful, and full of miscellaneous yet interesting matter which we should in vain look for elsewhere.

The letters of Demosthenes also were extant in the time of Cicero, but the half-dozen which have come down to us under his name—if, indeed, they be not altogether spurious—excite no great regret for the loss of the rest. A mind so laboriously trained to the severest style of eloquence would probably have little taste for, and still less command of, those light but not facile graces which constitute the chief merit of a familiar correspondence; and if we had it in our power to evoke a volume of real "*Athenian Letters*," from the tomb, we should (at least for amusement) have no great hesitation in wishing for those of Demades rather than of Demosthenes himself. So it is with Lord Chatham. His style of mind, manners, and expression was of too high a scale to be lowered to the familiar or colloquial. It seems as if he thought it necessary to conduct the most ordinary correspondence, as Virgil was said to manure his fields, with an air of dignity: even in his most affectionate letters to his wife and children, he appears to descend with reluctance from his pedestal; and most readers, we think, will be of opinion, that he makes a much more interesting and striking figure in *Horace Walpole's Letters* than in *his own*. Indeed, this publication fully corroborates Wilkes's designation of him as "the best orator and worst letter-writer of his age."*

Not knowing what materials the editors† have had at their disposal, we can give no opinion as to the judgment with which their *selection* has been made; but we certainly looked for much that we do not find, and we find a great deal which might have been as well omitted. The *original* materials seem to have been much less valuable than might reasonably have been expected; but the editors, in the course of the publication, fortunately obtained from Mr. Calcraft a series of letters from Mr. Pitt, and a few from Mr. Gerard Hamilton to his grandfather, and from Lord Lansdowne a correspondence between Lord Chatham and his lordship's father, while earl of Shelburne, which are very valuable. Indeed these two classes of letters give us more insight into Lord Chatham's feelings and proceedings during the latter years of his life than we possess of any former period, and exhibit more of his personal objects and motives, and of his style of playing his political game, than all the rest of the volumes put together.

One great desideratum strikes us on opening the very first pages, which, however, the editors could probably not supply. With the exception of two insulated letters to Lord Chesterfield, (of the date of 1741,) the *correspondence* commences with the summer of 1746, when Mr. Pitt was already a *privy counsellor and paymaster of the forces*; thus leaving a *hiatus* of the whole of his earlier life, and for those eleven years of his parliamentary career which had elevated him to a station and importance in public opinion superior to those who enjoyed the nominal distinction of cabinet ministers. It is to be, on every account, regretted that the editors have not been able to find something illustrative of that interesting period, of which we know absolutely nothing, but from the very meagre reports, in the periodical papers of the time, of a few of his parliamentary speeches.

We believe that even under the most favourable circumstances, Mr. Pitt's peculiar style of eloquence could not have been *adequately* preserved; but just

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* Wilkes's Works, ii. 217.

† The editors are, we believe, the nearest male descendants of Lord Chatham. Mr. Taylor is the grandson of Lady Hester, his eldest daughter, first wife of the late Earl Stanhope, and Captain Pringle the grandson of Lady Harriet, the second who married Mr. Elliot. An advertisement expresses the thanks of the ostensible editors to Mr. Wright, editor of the "Parliamentary History."

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about the time of his first, and probably most vivid displays, these *reports*, which had always been meagre and imperfect, became little better than miserable travesties.

When Æschines exclaimed to those who applauded his recitation of the great speech of Demosthenes, "What, then, would you have said, if you had heard it from himself?" he put in the strongest view the impossibility that a mere report, even though literally accurate, could give any adequate idea of a first-rate speech. How inferior, then, we ask, must be even a modern report? And how much more imperfect the meagre shadows of Mr. Pitt's earlier speeches under the classical masquerade of *Julius Florus*, or the barbarous anagram of the *Hurgo Plit*, in the London and Gentleman's Magazines?

Before we can satisfactorily bring before our readers the contents of the volumes before us, we must offer a slight sketch of the life of Mr. Pitt, (for so we at present must call him,) prior to the date at which this correspondence begins. Our materials are very scanty and very trite; but such as they are, it is necessary to reproduce them, in order to give any thing like a complete view of the political life of this extraordinary man.

Mr. Pitt came into the house of commons in the year 1735—at the age of twenty-seven—for *Old Sarum*,* a family borough; and he found himself enlisted, as it were, by his private connections, if not by his public principles, in the formidable opposition in which Sir Robert Walpole's too long tenure of office had now combined the Jacobites, under the advice of Bolingbroke, the tories, headed by Sir William Wyndham, and the disappointed whigs, led by Mr. Pulteney. At the head of this incongruous but powerful opposition, was soon to appear Frederick Prince of Wales; on whose early accession to the throne the ambition and self-interest of all who were from any cause dissatisfied with the existing government began about this period to speculate. Horace Walpole somewhere remarks, as a peculiarity in the *Hanover family*, that the heir-apparent has always been in opposition to the reigning monarch. The fact is true enough; but it is not a peculiarity in the house of Hanover. It is an infirmity of human nature, and to be found, more or less, in every analogous case even of private life; but our political system developes it with peculiar force and more remarkable effects in the royal family. Those who cannot obtain the favours of the father will endeavour to conciliate the good wishes of the son; and all arts are employed, and few are necessary, to seduce the heir-apparent into the exciting and amusing *game* of political opposition. He is naturally apt enough to dislike what he considers a present thraldom, and to anticipate, by his influence over a faction, the plenitude of his future power. This was the main-spring of the most serious part of the political troubles of the last century, and will, we doubt not, be revived—if our present constitution should last so long—whenever a similar occasion for rivalry shall arise in the royal family.

Mr. Pitt's maiden speech was on Mr. Pulteney's motion (29th April, 1736) for a congratulatory address to the king on the marriage of the Prince of Wales. How it happened that it was left for the leader of the opposition to originate such a motion, has not been explained; but there seems reason to suspect it arose from the king's own *reluctance* to be congratulated on an event which gave him no great pleasure. Mr. Pitt's speech made a considerable sensation; it was separately published; and Tindal applauds it, as "being more ornamented than *Demosthenes*, and not so diffuse as *Cicero*:"—praise which the report that we have of it by no means justifies. Literally understood, it seems to us at once turgid and jejune; but, we suspect that, under the inflated panegyric upon the king which runs through it, there lurked a strain of bitter irony and sarcastic insinuation, which, in those decorous days, would appear a very startling novelty. There is no doubt, however, that the result of this debate—the warm eulogies on the prince, and the cold, if not invidious, compliments to the king—widened the breach between them, and eventually threw them into open hostility.

Mr. Pitt had adopted the profession of arms, and was at this time a cornet in Lord Cobham's regiment of dragoons. It is well known that Sir Robert Walpole dismissed him from the army, in consequence of his parliamentary opposition; but it has not, that we know of, been stated at what precise time, nor on what particular occasion, this stretch of power was exercised. We have ascertained that the vacancy made by "*the supercession of Cornet Plit*" was filled up on the 17th of May, 1736. So that he must have been dismissed *a very few days* after he had made his first speech, which we have this additional reason for believing to have been of a peculiarly offensive character. This dismissal was soon followed by his appointment as groom of the prince's bed-chamber, and celebrated by his friend Lyttelton in a copy of verses, which, though poor enough in themselves, have the historical importance of showing how early the superiority of Mr. Pitt's parliamentary talents was acknowledged:—

"Long had thy virtues marked thee out for fame,
Far—far superior to a cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and grieved to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
The servile standard from thy free-born hand
He took, and bade thee *lead the patriot band*."

Mr. Pitt, now inspired by the concurrent feelings of resentment and gratitude, and probably still more by the natural aspirations of his genius, took a bolder and more frequent part in opposition to the court; but the reports of his speeches are few and unsatisfactory. One on the 8th of March, 1739, on the Spanish convention, contains some traces of his characteristic vigour—(*Parl. Hist.* x. p. 1291.)—but the whole debate, and particularly this portion of it, must be very imperfectly given; for a private account says—"Mr. Pitt spoke very well, but very abusively, and provoked Henry Fox and Sir Henry

* *If every tree be known by its fruits*, it would seem that the reform bill has "hewn down and cast into the fire," the stocks that have produced the most illustrious members of the British senate. The Walpoles—the Pitts—the Foxes—the Yorkes—the Grenvilles—the Scotts; Murray—Pulteney—Pelham—Burke—Barré—Thurlow—Dunning—Erskine—Sheridan—Canning—to say nothing of the most eminent of living statesmen—all, we believe, were introduced into public life by the means of *nomination boroughs*. When will *Gateshead* or *Salford* add a name to this list?

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Liddell both to answer him." Of any thing like personal abuse on the part of Mr. Pitt, we find no trace in the report, and no mention whatsoever of the replies of Fox or Liddell. We should have been very curious to see the first dawn of the memorable rivalry and conflict which separated during their lives, and have united after their deaths, the illustrious names of Pitt and Fox.

The next remarkable speech which is reported is that celebrated reply of Mr. Pitt to Horace Walpole the elder—beginning "*The atrocious crime of being a young man.*" We know that this speech was modelled into its present shape by Dr. Johnson, and it certainly is a striking specimen of sententious sarcasm; but the balanced structure of the phrases and the measured amplification of the ideas are so entirely Johnsonian—so ultra-Johnsonian indeed—that we are satisfied that it affords little resemblance to the vivid and energetic invective of the original. Archdeacon Coxe asserts indeed (and the *Parliamentary History* adopts his statement) that this "celebrated retort existed only in Johnson's imagination," and repeats an anecdote, told him by Lord Sydney, to show "how slender was the foundation on which this supposed philippic was formed." In a debate in which Mr. Pitt and some of his young friends had violently attacked old Horace Walpole, the latter complained of the self-sufficiency of the young men of the date, on which Mr. Pitt got up with great warmth, beginning with these words:—"With the greatest reverence for the gray hairs of the honourable gentleman"—upon which Walpole pulled off his wig, and showed his head covered with gray hairs, which occasioned a general laughter, in which Pitt joined, and the dispute subsided."—(*Life of Lord Walpole*, ii. 184.) Now Lord Sydney's anecdote is perfectly true; for we find it told, at the time it happened, in one of the younger Horace's letters to Sir Horace Mann:* but this does not decide the question: for however strange and improbable it may appear that there should have been *two* incidents of this nature between the same parties, the fact seems certain. The affair of the wig occurred on the 21*st of November*, 1745, whereas the "celebrated retort" was delivered on the 10th of March, 1741, and is printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year. So that Archdeacon Coxe was certainly mistaken in supposing that Johnson's report was an amplification of an event that did not happen till four years later.

Amongst the numerous vicissitudes of political friendships and enmities which Mr. Pitt's life exhibits, it is amusing to find, fifteen years after this fierce encounter, old Horace and Mr. Pitt confidential friends, and the latter consulting, in 1755, as a kind of oracle, the political Nestor—on whom he had so long before as 1740, pronounced sentence of dotage.

Mr. Pitt had by this time satisfied both himself and the house as to the growing importance of his parliamentary talents; yet at the great *débâcle* of the Walpole administration, in 1742, he had no share of the game which he had assisted in running down. In the crisis of Walpole's fate he made two or three very fine speeches—one particularly, in support of a committee of inquiry into Sir Robert's conduct, in which, while recapitulating all the varieties of his ministerial corruption and oppression, he alluded to the *dismissal of officers* for their political conduct; but while he enforced this topic with great energy, he abstained, with that noble pride and accurate taste which always distinguished him, from alluding to *his own case*, or even to any particular case that could be supposed to typify his own. We notice this the rather because—though no man's speeches were more full of personalities, and, consequently, of *allusions* to himself, he never descended into egotism, but contrived by the perfection of art—if indeed it did not rather spring from an innate grandeur of mind—to direct the thoughts of the audience to his own case, while he himself seemed solely occupied with a lofty solicitude about the wrongs of others. We shall see that in private, in the *soutterrains* of politics, he was pliable enough—sometimes almost obsequious when he had a turn to serve—but before the public his deportment was proud, uncompromising and dignified.

There can be, we think, little doubt that it was the offence given to the king by Mr. Pitt's parliamentary conduct, and probably by his first speech, which rendered it impossible to the new ministry to bring him into any office; and the offence must have been something peculiar, for the great body of the prince's friends went over to the new government, and the prince himself was, in appearance at least, reconciled at St. James's.

Indeed, we see reason to suppose that Mr. Pitt was dissatisfied with the prince's conduct towards him on this occasion. He probably thought that his royal highness ought not to have submitted to the exclusion pronounced upon him, for we find that on the re-assembling of parliament in December, 1742, Lyttelton, supported by Pitt and the Grenvilles, revived the proposition for a secret committee to inquire into the misconduct of Sir Robert Walpole—an embarrassing question to the new ministry, and one which was therefore so displeasing to the prince, who had become their patron, that it was surmised (*Wal. Lett.* vol. i. p. 246) that the prince would resent this interference by *dismissing* Pitt and Lyttelton from his household.

It has been generally supposed that this small but able party (which Walpole calls the *Cobhamites*) held off from the administration on some grounds of displeasure personal to Lord Cobham himself. We doubt it. Lord Cobham seems to have been much considered in the first arrangements; he was even of the cabinet; and it was not till he found a second exclusion put upon his friends that he fell back into opposition; and we shall soon see abundant proof of

* *Walpole's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 83. We quote (as far as it has gone) from Mr. Bentley's general edition of Walpole's Letters, now in course of publication; a collection into one view and regular order of that vast correspondence, which, besides its unequalled gaiety and brilliancy, has the more important merit of being the liveliest picture of manners and the best epitome of political history that not only this but any country possesses. It is also exceedingly well edited; and though much is still left obscure which might be explained, we are, on the whole, very grateful both for the work itself and the style in which it is executed. We believe it appears under the auspices of the Misses Berry, whose friendship did honour to Lord Orford's taste, and now does justice to his memory; but that the detail has been intrusted, as in the case of the Chatham papers, to Mr. Wright.

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and excuse for Mr. Pitt's being actuated by something like *personal* resentment.

On the 9th of December, 1742, there occurred a remarkable debate, of which we find no trace either in the contemporary reports, or in the parliamentary history. Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann :—

"We have had another great day in the house on the army in Flanders, which the opposition were for disbanding; but we carried it by 120. *Murray* spoke for the first time with the greatest applause: Pitt answered him with all his force and wit of language; but on an ill-founded argument. In all appearance, they will be great rivals."—*Lett. to Mann*, vol. i. p. 264.

Another private letter, too, from Mr. Oswald to Lord Kames, says :—

"On the first day (9th December) Murray was introduced to support the court, which he did in a speech extremely methodical, with great perspicuity, and very fine colouring. He was replied to by Pitt in the most masterly manner. . . . . Murray had laid a good deal of stress on exposing the inconsistency of advising one thing the one year, and the next abusing it merely through a spirit of opposition. Pitt showed how the object was varied, but varied by the ministers; and then turned every argument Murray had employed against himself. The one spoke like a pleader, and could not divest himself of a certain appearance of being employed by others. The other spoke like a gentleman—like a statesman, who felt what he said, and possessed the strongest desire of conveying that feeling to others for their own interest, and that of their country. Murray *gains* your attention by the perspicuity of his arguments, and the eloquence of his diction. Pitt *commands* your attention and *respect* by the nobleness, the greatness of his sentiment—the strength and energy of his expressions—and the certainty that you are in of his always rising to a still greater elevation of thought and style, &c."—*Memorials of the Right Hon. J. Oswald*, p. 3.

The next day (10th December, 1742) the debate was renewed on another and more interesting branch of the same subject, the maintenance of 16,000 Hanoverian troops in the pay of Great Britain, for the alleged support of the queen of Hungary. On this occasion, Mr Pitt delivered another speech, which is reported, and is very remarkable, not only as an indication of the personal feeling which we have mentioned, but for the serious and important—though, as far as we know, hitherto unnoticed—results which it produced. Mr. Pitt, in this *philippic*, attacked not merely the electorate of Hanover, but even the *elector* himself, with peculiar and, in those times, very startling asperity.

"If," he asked, "*our* assistance to the queen of Hungary be an act of *honesty*, why may it not be equally required of *Hanover?* If it be an act of *generosity*, why should this country alone be expected to sacrifice her interests for those of others? or why should the *elector of Hanover exert his liberality at the expense of Great Britain?*

"It is too apparent, sir, that this powerful, this great, this mighty nation is considered only as a province to a despicable electorate. . . . . How much reason the transactions of every year have given for suspecting this absurd, ungrateful, and perfidious partiality, it is not necessary to declare! To dwell on all the instances of that partiality, and the yearly visits which have been paid to that DELIGHTFUL country—to reckon up all the sums that have been spent to aggrandise and enrich it, would be an irksome and invidious task, invidious to those who are afraid to be told the truth, and irksome to those who are unwilling to hear of the dishonour and injuries of their country."

This, in any times, would be thought violent language, and there can be little doubt that the force of what was really spoken was attenuated in the *Report;* but when we recall to memory the predilection of George II. for his German dominions, we cannot but admit that this speech sounds like a personal defiance of the sovereign, and that, whatever disinclination his majesty might have previously had on other grounds to admit Mr. Pitt into office, he had now a direct and personal cause of displeasure, which no candid man can call unreasonable.

At the opening of the next session Mr. Pitt was still more offensive. In the recess, the battle of Dettingen—won by George II. in person—had not only vindicated in public opinion the conduct of the war and the employment of the Hanoverian troops, but raised the personal character of the king and very much gratified his private feelings. On the meeting of parliament (1st December, 1743), the usual address was on this occasion seasoned with congratulations to the king on his victory, and with thanks "to Divine Providence for the protection of his majesty's sacred person, amidst the imminent danger to which his invaluable life had been exposed," &c. Mr. Pitt opposed the address in a great speech, which was reported in the "London Magazine" at considerable length. The argument, a very able one, is, we may presume, pretty well stated—but we know *aliunde* that the energy and spirit are imperfectly given; there is, however, enough to show how personally offensive it must have been to the king. Mr. Pitt depreciated the success, and censured the conduct of the royal hero of Dettingen :—

"The ardour of the British troops was restrained by the *cowardice of the Hanoverians*, and, instead of pursuing the enemy, we ourselves ran away in the night with such haste, that we left all our wounded to the mercy and care of the enemy, who had the honour of burying our dead as well as their own. This action may therefore be called, on our side, a fortunate *escape;* I shall never give my consent to honour it with the name of *victory*."

And as to the statements of the king's personal gallantry, he more than insinuates that they are "*false*," and asks—

"Suppose that it should appear that his majesty was exposed to *few or no dangers* abroad, but those to which he is daily liable at home, such as the *overturning of his coach*, or *the stumbling of his horse*, would not the address proposed, instead of being a compliment, be an affront and insult to the sovereign? Now what assurance have we

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that all these facts will not turn out as I have imagined?"

Unless we carry ourselves back into those times, and imagine such sentiments as these, enforced by the most rapid variety and volubility of diction—the most impressive and commanding powers of utterance—the most energetic, yet dignified action—an eye that flashed lightning to the thunders of his voice—and an air of supreme, not to say audacious, authority over his audience—unless, we say, we endeavour to picture to ourselves the Mr. Pitt of that day, we shall have a very inadequate idea of the peculiarity of his position, or of the difficulties in which the self-relying impetuosity of his character involved almost equally his enemies, his friends, and himself. To this, we are satisfied, may be traced many important transactions, which seem to float vaguely and unexplained on the surface of history.

In the ministry which succeeded Sir Robert Walpole's, the person who had most of the king's favour and confidence was Lord Carteret, who, as secretary of state, had attended him in the late campaign: there is little doubt that he—as well as Lord Bath—who was in the cabinet without office—supported the king in his determination against Pitt; and, accordingly, we find (not in the *Report*, but) in Philip Yorke's *Parliamentary Journal*, and in Horace Walpole's "Letters to Mann," that he attacked Carteret in this speech with great virulence, calling him "*an execrable minister—a sole minister—who had renounced* the British nation, and seemed to have drunk of the potion described in poetic fictions, which made men forget their country." And Walpole tells us, that in one of the numerous speeches in which Mr. Pitt assiduously followed up this first blow, he called Carteret "*the Hanoverian minister—a flagitious task-master;* adding, that the "*sixteen thousand Hanoverians* were all the *party* he had."

Mr. Pitt had early established his reputation as an orator:—this bold and pertinacious opposition to Hanoverian interests and influence now gave him the character of a patriot; and he obtained so fast a hold of the public mind, that we shall see him, by and by, passing with little loss of influence into diametrically opposite principles, coalescing with Lord Carteret, and carrying with him, in support of a German war, the popularity he had acquired by resisting it.

It was about this period of his life (1744) that the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough died, leaving him a legacy "of 10,000*l.* on account of his merit in the noble defence he has made of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country."* We do not find in the debates, nor in the meagre biographies of Lord Chatham, any thing quite justifying the peculiar expression of "a defence of *the laws* of England." Either her grace must have used the words in a vague and general sense, or something was meant which has escaped our notice.

As Mr. Pitt's patrimonial fortune was small, this legacy was very convenient to him. We may as well here mention that, twenty years later (1765), he received a still more important legacy by the will of Sir William Pynsent, a Somersetshire baronet of very eccentric character,* who left him the estate of Burton Pynsent, in that county, worth, it was said, about 2500*l.* a-year, and about 30,000*l.* in ready money.

Mr. Pitt's opposition—for we reckon his coadjutors, Lyttelton and the Grenvilles, and even Lord Cobham, as but make-weights in the balance—had now become so embarrassing, that Mr. Pelham, the leader of the house of commons, and his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, found it necessary to get rid of Lord Carteret, and enlist Lord Chesterfield, the chief of the opposition in the lords, the *Cobhamites*, and some leading tories in what was called the *broad-bottom* administration (November, 1744). Lord Chesterfield was on this new coalition appointed *at once* lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and ambassador to Holland. He executed both, as a man who rides two horses at the amphitheatre, with extraordinary cleverness—and posterity only wonders how he came to be so simultaneously employed. The truth was, that, as the foreign policy had been of late the chief *butt*, and an intimate alliance with Holland the favourite theme of the opposition, it was thought necessary, to render the coalition tolerably decorous, that Lord Chesterfield should have a mission, which should indicate something like a change of foreign policy, and give some colour of consistency to the heterogeneous arrangements at home.

But these home arrangements were more difficult. It was easy to give Lord Cobham a better regiment, and to make Lyttelton a lord of the treasury, and George Grenville a lord of the admiralty, but the real strength—the τὸ πᾶν of the Cobhamites—was not so easily to be disposed of. "*The great Mr. Pitt*," says old Horace Walpole—using in derision a designation soon confirmed by the serious voice of his country—"*the great Mr. Pitt insisted on being secretary at war;*"—but it was found that the king's aversion to him was insurmountable, and, after much reluctance and difficulty, his friends were persuaded to accept office without him, under an assurance from the Duke of Newcastle that "he should at no distant day be able to remove this prejudice from his majesty's mind." Mr. Pitt, on his part, was, or appeared to be, satisfied with this engagement, and promised his support to the new administration. When *he* was quieted, the terror of an opposition vanished—and, accordingly, the session of 1744-5 was one of the most unanimous ever known. But Mr. Pitt, though out of office, was not out of power; and his appearance during this session of truce is remarkable and very characteristic. Mr. Pitt had been even from his youth subject to the gout, which is supposed to have been hereditary, and he was during his whole life afflicted with it to a degree that frequently and seriously interfered with his parliamentary and official duties. Of this we shall see abundant proof in the sequel; but it must

* She also left for similar reasons £2500 to Lord Chesterfield, who at this time pursued the same line of politics as Mr. Pitt.

* The editors quote Horace Walpole's account of this transaction, but they suppress (not quite candidly) his concluding sentence:—"The scandalous chronicle of Somersetshire talks terribly of his morals; * * *;"—on this blank, the editor of Walpole observes, "The original contains an imputation against Sir William Pynsent, which, if true, would lead us to suspect him of a disordered mind."—(Letters to Hertford, p. 178.)

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be observed that his contemporaries, friends and foes, all believed that Mr. Pitt and his hereditary enemy occasionally understood each orher, and that a *convenient* fit of the gout was always ready, upon adequate occasion—either to excuse his absence, or to enhance the merit and effect of his attendance, on particular questions. It was even remarked that, when Mr. Pitt came down in all the paraphernalia of gout he would sometimes, in the ardour of debate, forget his disease, and throw about his muffled limbs with great agility. The circumstances of his appearance during this session of 1744-5 afford some colour for these suspicions. Mr. Pitt's position must have been rather embarrassing; nothing was changed in the administration which he had so lately opposed—and which he must now support—but a few persons; the measures were substantially the same. The ministry had, indeed, consented to diminish the Hanoverian troops by one half—but, on the other hand, the vote for the British army in Flanders was to be increased by 7000 men, nearly the number struck off from the Hanoverians; and the whole expense for the Hanoverians was to be not merely incurred, but *increased*—in the form of a subsidy to the queen of Hungary. We are not surprised that Mr. Pitt should have felt some twinges of the *gout* at the approach of these questions.

"Mr. Pitt," says Philip Yorke, "who had been *laid up with gout ever since the session began*, came down [on the vote of the addition to the army in Flanders] with the mien and *apparatus of an invalid*. What he said was enforced with much grace, both of *action* and elocution. He opened by saying, that if this was to be the last day of his life, he would spend it in the house of commons, since he judged the condition of his country to be worse than that of his own health. . . . . He showed how much the question was changed from what it was last year, when a certain fatal influence [Granville] prevailed in his majesty's councils. . . . . He complimented Mr. Pelham on his love of his country and capacity for business. He thought a *dawn* of salvation to his country had broke forth, and he would follow it as far as it would lead him. He should be the greatest dupe in the world if those now at the helm did not mean the honour of their master, and the good of the nation; if he found himself deceived, nothing would be left but to act with an honest despair, &c."—*Par. Journ.*

Our readers will see that all this was open to much personal imputation; but Mr. Pitt treated an allusion of that kind, which was made by a young member, with such an "air of disdain" as silenced further criticism; and, as Mr. Yorke adds, "his *fulminating* eloquence deterred all opposition, and the motion passed with only one dissentient voice." With equal boldness and success he supported the subsidy of 500,000*l.* to the queen of Hungary, to enable her to maintain the Hanover troops which were put out of our pay, though he had—in his speech of the last session—when inveighing with the greatest vehemence at the expense of these troops—rated it at only 400,000*l.* This was too flagrant an inconsistency to pass altogether unnoticed; and Sir Henry Lyddel, who had before supported the Hanover troops, made a few observations, "with sense and propriety, but with a good deal of warmth; and said, that provided the services of the Hanoverians were not lost to the public, it was indifferent to him through what channel they were paid." This was not to be treated with an "*air of disdain*;" and Mr. Pitt, with admirable tact, changed his style of defence.

"He carried himself, in his reply, with all the art and temper imaginable; he soothed and complimented Sir H. Lyddel, and at the same time put the question in a more just and acceptable light: that the honourable member had quoted his words exactly, but mistook his meaning, which was not to give offence to a head so honourable and honest as his. He deprecated any invidious retrospect to what had passed in former debates; and heartily wished all the differences they had occasioned might be buried in oblivion, and not revived again to the reproach of any gentleman whatever."—*Yorke's Journal.*

This conciliatory exhortation, from lips so long practiced in asperity, must have surprised the house almost as much as the change in Mr. Pitt's sentiments in the matter of troops and subsidies; but it was effective. The session went off without any symptom of opposition; and what was still more remarkable, without any further allusion to the change of sentiments in Mr. Pitt and his friends. The truth is, that Lord Granville, who was the only leading person displaced, had few followers in the house of commons, where every important mouth was stopped by the acceptance or expectance of place.

The rebellion of '45, which broke out in this unprecedented political calm, did not disturb it; and was exceedingly opportune to Mr. Pitt's personal objects, by enabling him, without obloquy or reproach, to connect himself still more closely with the government, and to take a part which might tend to overcome the royal prejudice. The public danger would of itself have been a justification of the union which we see had been in progress on other grounds; yet even now Mr. Pitt's course was not without difficulties, which he met and surmounted with his usual confidence.

In the last session, the king had sent a message to both houses announcing the pretender's preparations to invade the kingdom. To this, of course, a loyal and zealous answer was moved (15th February, 1744), pledging the lives and fortunes of both houses in support of the house of Hanover; but it was proposed by the opposition to tack to this address an untimely and offensive amendment, pledging the commons to an inquiry into the naval administration. This amendment was supported by Sir F. Dashwood, Lyttelton, and warmly by *Pitt;* but was negatived by 287 to 123. When a similar address was proposed to his majesty (17th October, 1745), on the actual landing of the pretender, Sir Francis Dashwood—remembering the precedent of the year before, and probably hoping to embarrass the recent converts to the court—thought proper to *tack* on to the address an amendment about triennial parliaments; Lyttelton was the first to oppose it, as "highly inopportune and dangerous"—which it certainly was, but not much more so than the amendment which he had supported in the preceding year. Pitt took the same line. "He spoke handsomely of the mover, but pronounced the motion to be un-

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seasonable, and of a dangerous tendency. He professed himself favourable to the principle of preventing a corrupt dependency in parliament, but he would not entertain it till the rebellion should be first extinguished; and he endeavoured to persuade his friends to withdraw the amendment, which was so liable to misconstruction. It was not withdrawn, but negatived without a division, and the original address carried *nem. con.*

Another measure was soon after proposed, to which, a few months before, Mr. Pitt's vehement opposition might have been anticipated; but he now supported it with a high hand. On the emergency of the rebellion and the want of troops at home, fourteen lords offered to raise each a regiment, two of horse, twelve of foot, for this temporary service—this, which was at first sight a handsome offer, degenerated, says Walpole, into "a *job*, not much to the honour of the undertakers or the ministry—for the public was to bear the whole expense, while these *disinterested* colonels named none but their own relations and dependents for commissions, who are to have permanent rank in the army, and consequently both the colonels and all these subalterns will interfere with the brave old officers of the army." "This," he adds, "has made a great clamour," particularly when it was found that a small proportion of the men were likely to be actually raised. The king himself was very doubtful about the question, particularly as to the permanent rank—and the ministry was divided, Winnington (the paymaster) and Fox being against it. We have no account of the debate on the main question, except a sketch from Horace Walpole, who says that "Pitt defended the regiments warmly, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Bower, and Lord Halifax being at the head of the job." The regiments were voted, 192 to 82, but an address against the army rank was only defeated by two—126 to 124. Walpole adds, that "Pitt, who has alternately bullied and flattered Mr. Pelham, is at last to be secretary at war." On the 4th of November the question of the rank was again raised on a direct motion against it—which was defeated by 23. This second debate is reported, and Mr. Pitt opposed the motion, "which he had heard with equal *surprise and indignation*," in a very able speech. But still these services to the government did not enable Mr. Pelham to introduce Mr. Pitt—"the king," says Walpole, "will scarce speak to Pelham, and he cannot get Pitt into place."

Support having thus failed, Mr. Pitt now seems to have tried what a little *opposition* would do. On the 22d November Walpole writes (Let. ii. 83)—"The ministers had yesterday a *baiting* from Pitt, who is *ravenous for the place of secretary at war:* they would give it him; but as a preliminary, he insists on a declaration of our having nothing to do with the continent." The motion was to increase our naval force. In this motion it appears that he was supported by Lyttelton and the Grenvilles, and that his whole party numbered but 36—"in short," says Walpole, "he has nothing left but his *words*—his haughtiness—his Lytteltons, and his Grenvilles." Horace Walpole had yet to learn how high *eloquence* and *grandeur of mind*—which he so flippantly calls "*words*" and "*haughtiness*"—were to carry Mr. Pitt.*

During all these proceedings Lord Cobham had not ceased to press the duke of Newcastle to redeem the pledge that he had given of reconciling the king to employ Mr. Pitt, and the duke and Mr. Pelham had probably done their best; but in vain. It was now that the real importance of Mr. Pitt was proved by one of the most extraordinary incidents in our political history. We shall give the account of "this most surprising scene," as the duke of Newcastle calls it, from his grace's own letter,† dated 18th of February, 1746, to Lord Chesterfield, who had announced his resolution to resign the lieutenancy of Ireland, if the Pelhams had been displaced.

A few days before the meeting of parliament (14th January, 1746) Mr. Pitt, who had for some time before had no connection upon business with the ministers, went to the duke of Bedford, expressed a disposition to fall in with their foreign policy, and wished that some of the ministry would speak to Lord Cobham, into whose hands they (Pitt and Co.) had entirely committed themselves. The duke of Newcastle accordingly saw Lord Cobham next day, and explained their foreign policy, which he thought reasonable, and seemed very desirous to join the ministry, and to bring in *his boys* as he called them. The terms were, Pitt to be secretary at war—Lord Barrington to have the admiralty, and James Grenville an office of 1000*l.* a-year—with some other minor points not absolutely insisted on. When the duke stated this to the king, it was better received than he expected—the only objection was giving Mr. Pitt the particular office of secretary at war—any other the king was willing he should have. All the ministers in successive and separate conferences tried to overcome this difficulty—the king at first persisting in his absolute refusal—then saying that, if Pitt was forced upon him, he would use him ill—and finally, that if he gave him office, he would never admit him to his presence to do his business. This the ministers represented as worse than the absolute refusal, but the king persisted, openly supported in his opposition by the advice of Lord Bath, and secretly by that of Lord Granville. Mr. Pitt "very decently and honourably" authorised his friends immediately to renounce all his pretensions to the office of secretary of war; but after the *éclat* which Lord Bath had given to his opposition, the ministry felt that they could not give up the point without some compensatory mark of confidence—meaning no doubt the ejection of Lord Bath from his honorary place in the cabinet, or *some* appointment for Pitt, or both. The king would do nothing—and so plainly showed his disposition to the other party, that the ministry thought they had no option but to resign; and in consequence, on Monday, 10th of February, a general resignation began by that of Lord Harrington and the duke of Newcastle, the two secretaries of state. The king immediately gave both the seals to Lord Granville, one for himself, which he wrote to announce to all the courts,

* It was in this debate that the incident, already mentioned, of old Horace Walpole's taking off his wig occurred.

† It is to be found in the most recent of the series of works with which Archdeacon Coxe has enriched our domestic history—his Memoirs of the Pelham administration,—vol. i. p. 292.

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and the other for whom he pleased; while Lord Bath was to be first lord of the treasury; but the number and importance of the resignations struck a terror into the new ministers, and on Wednesday Lord Bath went into the closet to declare that he could not undertake it: and the king had no resource but to solicit the return of his old servants; to this they consented, but only on condition that Lord Bath should be removed from the cabinet, and his half-dozen followers turned out of office—to which the king was forced to agree. Mr. Legge and Lord Barrington had seats at the board of admiralty, and James Grenville one at the board of trade; but Mr. Pitt, the pivot of the whole movement, was obliged to submit to the king's unabated dislike to have him in the war office, and to put up with the vice-treasurership of Ireland.

Although this might seem to be, as far as Mr. Pitt was concerned, a drawn battle, since the king carried his point of admitting him only to a subordinate office, it was really a solid victory to the ministry. The short-lived administration of *forty-eight hours* became an object of public ridicule, and added contempt to the odium which Lords Bath and Granville had already incurred. They were effectually put *hors de combat*. The king too was taught that he could not maintain a personal exclusion, and that he had indeed no resource but his present servants; and Mr. Pitt obtained, in the Irish office, a kind of reparation for the past, and a footing for the future.

Of this he soon and ably availed himself. A subsidy of a million—viz., 400,000*l.* to Austria, 300,000*l.* for 18,000 Hanoverians, and 300,000*l.* to Sardinia—was proposed and carried by a majority of 255 to 122. Mr. Pitt supported these subsidies, Hanoverians and all. There is no trace of the debate except in private letters; but in one of these, from the duke of Newcastle to the duke of Cumberland—it is stated "that Mr. Pelham said that *Pitt had the dignity of Sir W. Wyndham, the wit of Mr. Pulteney, and the knowledge and judgment of Sir Robert Walpole*,—and, adds the duke, "Mr. Pitt said all that was *right*" [that is, respectful and conciliatory] "towards the king."

Another opportunity, not so personally embarrassing to him, soon occurred, of making himself still more agreeable in that quarter. The ministry took advantage of the great popularity of the duke of Cumberland's victory at Culloden to propose for his royal highness a parliamentary pension of 25,000*l.* a-year, into which Mr. Pitt came so warmly that the king—with great tact, whether it was a compliment or a snare—desired that this proposition should be made by Mr. Pitt; but the duke of Cumberland thought it more proper, as it certainly was, that it should be introduced by the first minister, Mr. Pelham. The ice that had impeded Mr. Pitt's advance was now broken; and in about three months after his admission into office the death of Mr. Winnington made way for his advancement to that of paymaster of the forces, which, for emoluments and consideration, was always considered as next to the cabinet; and in those days was often held by persons, like Mr. Pitt, more really important than many who sat in the cabinet. And here the publication before us takes up Mr. Pitt.

Before we proceed with our examination of it, we must pause for a moment to consider Mr. Pitt's position and place in public opinion at this remarkable crisis of his political destiny. We have already stated that it was his extraordinary good fortune—or, to speak more truly, the result of *his own extraordinary talents and boldness*—that he preserved his popularity in *vicissitudes* (to use the gentlest term) of sentiments and connections, under which, we believe, any other politician of the day would have sunk—though the day was, it must be owned, not very scrupulous about such variances. But he did not altogether escape censure, which was sharpened by the observation that he had hardly pocketed the Marlborough legacy, when he changed the conduct for which it had been given. So formidable, however, were "the terrors of his *tongue* and lightning of his eye," that we find few traces of such reproaches having been made in parliament, and to his face. One instance has been preserved by Horace Walpole. On the occasion of the large vote of subsidies which we have just mentioned, he writes to Mann (Lett. ii. 113):—

15*th April*, 1746.

"You will wonder at my running so glibly over eighteen thousand Hanoverians, especially as they are to be all in our pay, but the nation's digestion has been much facilitated by the pill given to Pitt, of vice-treasurer of Ireland. Last Friday was the debate on this subject, when we carried these troops by 255 against 122. Pitt, Lyttelton, three Grenvilles, and Lord Barrington, all voting roundly for them, though the eldest Grenville two years ago, had declared in the house, that he would *seal it with his blood*, that he never would give his vote for a Hanoverian—don't you shudder at such perjury! Pitt was the only one of this *ominous* band that opened his mouth, and it was to add *impudence to profligacy*,—but no criminal at the Place de Grève was ever so racked as he was by Dr. Lee, a friend of Lord Granville, who gave him the question, both ordinary and extraordinary."

Dr. Lee was the *Prince's* spokesman, a sensible man, and a respectable speaker, but we believe that his powers of *breaking Mr. Pitt on the wheel* could have existed only in the strength of his facts. Mr. Pitt seems to have thought it prudent to make no reply; and we have no information of any other person's having had the courage to beard the tame lion with allusions to his present servility. But, out of doors he was very severely, though we can hardly say unjustly, handled, both in prose and in verse. One ballad had a considerable vogue, rather from a spice of truth, which gives it pungency, than from its poetical merit, which is very small: a specimen of it is worth adding to our biographical sketch.

"The Unembarrassed Countenance.

"A New Ballad.

"To a certain old chapel well known in the town—
The inside quite rotten, the outside near down—
A fellow got in who could talk and could prate;
I'll tell you his story and sing you his fate.

* * * * *

He always affected to make the house ring
'Gainst *Hanover* troops and a Hanover king:
He applauded the way to keep Englishmen free,

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By '*digging* Hanover *quite into the sea*.'*
By flaming so loudly he got him a name,
Tho' many believed it would cost him a shame;
But nature had given him, ne'er to be harass'd,
An unfeeling heart, and a front unembarrass'd."

* * * * *

This doggrel, and much more that appeared in a higher tone both of wit and argument, provoked Lyttelton to address a panegyrical epistle to his friend on his appointment as vice-treasurer. As this poem has not been reprinted in Lyttelton's works, nor indeed, that we are aware, ever printed with his name, we shall venture to quote some passages from it. The first is a kind of defence of Mr. Pitt's political conversion—

* * * *

"Blest genius, with each shining talent born,
Whom letters polish, and whom arts adorn,
Fit as thy country calls, with equal skill,
To watch her dangers, or her triumphs fill;
Erst, Tully-like, ordained to loud applause,
You pleaded liberty's and England's cause;
Foremost in ardent patriot bands you stood,
A firm *opposer*,—for the public good—
While power's rude hand, tho' by yourself disdained,†
You felt, indignant for an injured land.
This danger past, becalmed you now declare
A generous truce, nor wage a needless war.
By sharing *power*, be now your candour seen,
A private station would be arrant spleen;
To prove your justice you must greatness bear,
And suffer honours you are doom'd to wear.

* * * *

But boldly, thou, thy sovereign's call obey;
To courts—to kings—new ornaments display.
Let fainter worth the light discreetly shun;
Yours shall, like diamonds, brighten in the sun.
Go, soar and shine in yon resplendent sphere;
'Tis such as you alone that triumph there;
Exalted merit shall for once be own'd,
A patriot still, tho' in a palace found:
Yes; 'tis reserved for your peculiar fame
To change your station and be still the same!"

These are, even for the time and purpose, but indifferent verses, and it must in reading them be remembered that Lyttelton was not quite disinterested in the cause. He was a patriot who, having lost his own tail in the trap of office, was now consoling Mr. Pitt for the loss of his. This, we suppose, was the cause why these verses were published anonymously—and Lyttelton's subsequent rupture with Pitt may have prevented his reclaiming them. The concluding passage is, however, still better worth quoting for its prophetic anticipations of Mr. Pitt's future glory, as minister of his country. The poet admits that the *Irish office* is hardly what should have rewarded such transcendent merit—but adds—

"Yet fear we not; tho' now in *western* skies
You seem to sink, 'tis but again to *rise*.
When in those strains, which wondering senates hear,
You win with sacred truth the royal ear;
And stand ere long a *favourite* near the throne—
———For to be favoured is but to be known—
Then British annals shall new wonders trace,
Wide power unenvy'd, and domestic peace;
Charmed into rest, loud factions shall agree,
Nor fear a minister, when PITT is he!"

Towards those days of glory we are now to proceed.

The volumes open with some letters from Mr. Pitt's deputy-paymasters, hardly worth publishing, but we wish that the editors had found the record of two official acts reported in Almon's Anecdotes, which do honour to Mr. Pitt, namely, his placing his balances in the bank of England, instead of keeping—as had been usual before, and we believe after, his time—a large sum in hand—the interest of which was an acknowledged perquisite of the paymaster. The other was his refusing to accept a fee of one-half per cent., which foreign powers had been used to pay on receipt of their subsidies—which, in those subsidising days, was one of the great emoluments of the pay office.

On Mr. Pitt's appointment to the pay office, which raised him to the rank and confidence of a privy, though not a cabinet councillor, it now appears that he was treated by the leading ministers with great deference, and admitted to a very fair share of confidence and power. We take the first instance that occurs; it is also remarkable as affording a clue to some important events of Mr. Pitt's subsequent career.

The duke of Newcastle writes on the 19th of Jan., 1748:—

"I hope, in a very short time, your health will be perfectly re-established. The public, and your friends, are infinitely concerned in it. During your absence I have not failed to use my best endeavours towards promoting a perfect union and good correspondence with Prussia. I have, in some measure, succeeded beyond my expectations, though I cannot say I have had much assistance in it."—Vol. i. pp. 26, 27.

He then mentions that the king has consented to the appointment of Mr. Henry Legge to the mission to Berlin—a point at that moment of great interest—and a letter from Mr. Legge himself leaves no doubt that he was named through the influence of Mr. Pitt.

Berlin, May 21st, 1748.

"DEAR PITT,

"Though it is too much the practice of godfathers and godmothers to neglect all they promise and vow in the name of those they represent, yet give me leave to say, you, sir, have made yourself so responsible to the public for the conduct of your humble servant, that it imports you now and then to inquire a little what he is about."—Vol. i. pp. 28, 29.

We shall see by and bye that Mr. Legge became still more prominently connected with Mr. Pitt's line of politics.

It is well known that the duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham had many and serious difficulties; but we were not before aware that Mr. Pitt was so soon

* One of Mr. Pitt's strong phrases, which has not, we believe, been preserved in the *Reports*.

† Allusion to his dismissal from the army, and his speeches against other dismissals, without noticing his own.

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and so deep in their confidence as to have been a mediator on such delicate occasions. The duke's communications with him on this subject, as well as on public affairs, are intimate and affectionate; and the following extract of a letter from Mr. Pelham to his brother will explain the high position in which Mr. Pitt stood between them:—

"'I have had a long discourse with Pitt. He seems mighty happy with an opinion, that his interposition, and his truly friendly offices, have had a good effect in bringing you and me nearer to each other. I most sincerely desire you to go on in your correspondence with him, with all the frankness and cordiality you can; I do so, in all my conversations with him. I think him, besides, the most able and useful man we have amongst us; truly honourable, and strictly honest. He is as firm a friend to us as we can wish for; and a more useful one there does not exist.'" (*Coxe's Pel. Adm.*, vol. ii. p. 370.)

We find few traces of Mr. Pitt in the parliamentary history of this period;—but one is remarkable. A bill introduced in the spring of 1748 by the Grenvilles for restoring to the town of Buckingham the summer assizes, recently and very improperly removed to Aylesbury, gave rise to an acrimonious contest, which at last became a struggle between the ministry and the opposition. In one of the debates Sir William Stanhope attacked the Cobhamites for their political greediness and apostacy in very violent language:—

"They were," he said, "a family who coloured over ambition with patriotism, disguised emptiness by noise, and disgraced every virtue by wearing them only for mercenary purposes:—a family, sir, who, from being the most clamorous incendiaries against power and places, are possessed of more employments than the most comprehensive place-bill would include, and who to every indignity offered to their royal master have added the greatest of all—*intrusion of themselves into his presence and councils*, and who show what he has to expect from them by their scandalous ingratitude to his son:—a family, sir, raised from obscurity by the petulance of the times, drawn up higher by their bribing kinsman [Lord Cobham,] and supported by the timidity of two ministers [Pelham and Newcastle,] who, to secure their own persons from abuse, have sacrificed their own party to this all-grasping family, the elder ones of which riot in the spoils of their treachery, and the younger——"

Here Sir William was called to order—but he concluded by saying that he trusted the house would have "more spirit than to be made the tools of so hotheaded a faction—agents of their jobs—instruments of their malice—and, as all parties had hitherto been, dupes of their self-interested politics"—(*Par. Hist.* xiv. 205.) To this Mr. Pitt replied with—all that could well be expected on such an occasion—very hard words—such as, "foul language"—"false assertions"—"scurrility"—and so forth; but we can see that many points of this invective must have been very galling. It should, however, be recollected that Sir William Stanhope, besides having these local feuds with the Grenvilles about Aylesbury, was considered an "*odd man*," and his natural irritability might have probably been, just at this moment, increased by the recent removal from office of his brother, Lord Chesterfield.

Another speech of Mr. Pitt's in this session, in favour of repaying to the city of Glasgow a contribution of 10,000*l.*, raised on it by the rebels, is reported at much and tedious length by Gordon, to whom we suppose the subject was peculiarly interesting. There is also a short note of a more important speech in the session of 1748, when Mr. Pitt, contrary to what might reasonably be expected from his former opinions, supported with considerable warmth some new and more restrictive provisions in the mutiny bill—one especially, which we cannot now look back at without surprise, that officers on half-pay should be subject to military law. This was certainly a placeman's speech; and his former *friend and ally* Glover tells us with great indignation, that Mr. Pitt had become very forward and very unhesitating in his support of the administration on all occasions.

"Pitt co-operated with the Pelhams in every point, and brought himself to a level with the Earl of Bath in the public disesteem, not more by his votes than by his hot and unguarded expressions in parliament; the most unguarded of which was a needless encomium on the late Sir Robert Walpole, reproaching himself for his opposition to him, and *professing a veneration for his ashes.*"—*Glov. Mem.* p. 33.

When we recollect Mr. Pitt's zeal against Walpole so keen and so recent, we cannot be surprised at the reproaches of his old confederate Glover, but we confess that his tardy candour towards Sir Robert—even supposing it to have been prompted by a desire to conciliate his Walpolean allies—is in our judgment more creditable than the former hostility, which had probably no better motive.

Be that as it may, it was by no means unreasonable that—giving so hearty a support in public, and partaking so largely in private confidence—Mr. Pitt should have looked to more prominent office; and he seems, about the autumn of 1750, to have dropped some hints to this effect in a letter (which does not appear) to the Duke of Newcastle, who was then with the king at Hanover. The duke replies vaguely that "he had not failed to acquaint the king with the *zeal*, satisfaction, and *regard for his majesty's honour and service*, which was shown in Mr. Pitt's letter." He adds, that the king proposes "some alterations at home," and hints his hope that some arrangement may be made for Pitt, "which may be accepted *with pleasure, or seemingly so.*" (Vol. i. p. 47.)

To this Pitt replies—after some observations on other arrangements, for instance, as to quieting or disarming the Duke of Bedford, about which Mr. Pelham had consulted him—

"I cannot conclude without assuring your grace of my warmest gratitude for the kind use you were so good as to make of some expressions in my letter: nothing can touch me so sensibly as any good office *in that place* [with the king,] where I *deservedly* stand in need of it so much, and *where I have it so much at heart* TO EFFACE THE PAST *by every action of my life.*"—Vol. i. p. 49.

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We are inclined, on reading this last paragraph, to participate in the feelings of Glover and Walpole; for, considering the circumstances in which this extraordinary paragraph was penned, and the object at which it aimed, we do not know that Bubb Dodington himself has exhibited a more humiliating instance of place-hunting.

This abject submission failed, however, to diminish the king's aversion, and was not likely to increase his respect; and though the Pelhams continued to amuse Mr. Pitt with hopes of an amnesty, it seems doubtful whether they ventured to propose to the king the only thing that Pitt could have been looking for—admission to the cabinet.

On the opening of the session, January, 1751, treaties of commerce with Spain, and of subsidy with Bavaria, lately negotiated by the Duke of Newcastle, were laid before the house, and objected to by a powerful opposition recently organised under the Prince of Wales. Mr. Pelham, and the other members of the government, were silent, but the treaties were warmly defended by Mr. Pitt—

"In a remarkable speech in recantation of his former speeches on the Spanish war, and in panegyric on the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he is pushing himself, and by whom he is pushed at all rates." *Wal. Lett.*, vol. ii. p. 369.

Lord Egmont, in pointed allusion to Pitt's former doctrines against the *right of search* of British vessels on the coast of Spanish America, claimed by Spain, observed, that "this *essential point* had been totally abandoned." To this Mr. Pitt replied, that it was true,

"He had once been an advocate for resisting that claim, but it was when he was *a young man*. He was now ten years older, had considered public affairs *more coolly*, and was convinced that the British claim of *no search* could never be conceded by Spain."—*Anec.* i. 212.

This *palinode* must have delighted his former antagonists, the Walpoleans; and it amuses even us, to find Mr. Pitt thus confessing "the *crime of being a young man*," and of having made those hasty judgments, with which old Horace Walpole had reproached him. But these volumes give still more zest to this apology, for we now find that this very speech was probably *prompted by old Horace himself*, whom Mr. Pitt had previously, and with great deference, consulted on the subject, (vol. i. pp. 56, 57.)

A few days after this Mr. Pitt exhibited another scene quite as extraordinary, though in a very different style. The government, in proposing the vote of seamen of the year, had limited it to 8000 men. The opposition moved for 10,000 men, on which Mr. Pitt and his friends, *all in office*, voted against the minister for the larger number. Of this, at first sight, incomprehensible mutiny, these volumes make no mention; and in the writings of the time we find little notice of it, and no solution, except what Horace Walpole affords—

"Mr. Pelham had determined to have but 8000 seamen this year instead of 10,000. Pitt and his cousins, without any notice given, declared with the opposition for the greater number. The key to this you will find in his whole behaviour; whenever he wanted new advancement he used to go off. He has openly met great discouragement now: though he and we know Mr. Pelham so well, that it will not be surprising if, though baffled, he still carries his point of secretary of state."—*Wal. Lett.* ii. 370.

But Coxe (*Pelham Administration*, ii. 143,) affords a sequel to the story, and a key to the enigma. In the committee, Mr. Pitt and his friends had voted without speaking; on the report Mr. Pitt supported his opinions with great warmth, though he affected mighty concern and reluctance in opposing the views of Mr. Pelham. He protested he did not even know it to be his [the first minister's] measure (!) and added, "my fears of *Jacobitism* (!) alone have induced me to differ on this only point from those with whom I am determined to lead my life." This harangue produced a *scene*. Mr. Hampden attacked Pitt and his friends very sharply for their inconsistency; and, after bewailing the mischiefs which *rhetoric* had brought on the nation, alluded sarcastically to the effect of place and emolument on the great orator himself. This drew from Pitt an indignant reply of so personal a nature, that the speaker was obliged to intervene with his authority to prevent an appeal to arms.

The conduct of Mr. Pitt excited a general sensation in and out of parliament, which was not allayed by the discovery that it was probable that his strange escapade against Mr. Pelham had been made in concert with the *Duke of Newcastle!* Certain it is, that, if it had not his grace's previous concurrence, it had at least his subsequent approbation; and the duke circulated amongst his own political friends a letter, in which, after stating "his obligations, in honour and gratitude, to Mr. Pitt, for the able and affectionate manner in which he defended his treaties, when no other persons would open their lips in his vindication,—he entreated his friends not to join in any cry or clamour against Mr. Pitt for his conduct on the vote of seamen, and declaring that he should not consider any man his friend who did not join in discouraging any such clamour."—(*Pel. Adm.*, vol. ii. p. 144.) We very much regret and wonder that these volumes contain no trace of these curious events. The little that we know about them we gather from the Pelham papers; and they, as well as the known facts, excite in our minds a strong suspicion that the desire of the Duke of Newcastle, and the reluctance of the king, to make Mr. Pitt secretary of state, was at the bottom of the affair. This is a conjecture, against which there is, we admit, the plausible objection, that the duke was too ambitious to have wished for such a colleague; but on the other hand he was jealous of the supremacy of his brother, and might have hoped to succeed him as first minister, with such a leader in the house of commons as Mr. Pitt.

His grace had not long to wait. The almost sudden death of the prince (20th March, 1751,) dissolved the opposition; and after three quiet years the equally unexpected death of Mr. Pelham, (6th March, 1754,) left the stage clear for the Duke of Newcastle, who succeeded his brother as first lord of the treasury.

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When this event happened, the parliament had nearly run out its time, and the first business of the new premier was the dissolution, which Mr. Pelham had already arranged. At this crisis Mr. Pitt not only continued his allegiance to the Duke of Newcastle, but cemented it by the strongest political pledge,—the acceptance from his grace of a seat in the new parliament for the borough of Aldborough.

Mr. Pitt could have been in no difficulty in obtaining a seat either from his family or his friends;* and the acceptance of *Aldborough* must be therefore understood as a proof of his satisfaction with the past, and his hopes from the future conduct of the duke. These expectations were, however, not realised. The duke was forced, we suppose, by the king's firm dissent, to leave Mr. Pitt in the office of paymaster, though he employed to soften his majesty the powerful agency of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. All Mr. Pitt's friends were amply provided for; but as to himself the king was inexorable.

Mr. Pitt was naturally dissatisfied with an exclusion so personal and unconstitutional; but the state of parties, and perhaps a public feeling that Mr. Pitt's violence and versatility afforded the king some justification, induced him reluctantly to submit. He, however, wrote on the 24th March a letter of remonstrance to the Duke of Newcastle, of which—say the editors—it is to be regretted that no copy has been preserved. We are enabled to supply not only that deficiency, but also two or three other papers elucidating the same transaction.

On Saturday, 23d March, Sir George Lyttelton writes to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke:—

"I hear from good hands that Mr. Fox says he wishes to serve with and *under* Mr. Pitt. I wish to have Mr. Pitt serve with and under your lordship." —*Hardwicke MSS.*—

and he therefore presses the chancellor to write to Mr. Pitt. Mr. Pitt's own letter to the Duke of Newcastle was dated 24th March, and was to the following effect:—

"——— I had flattered myself that the interests of your grace's own power were so concerned to bring forward an *instrument of your own raising*," &c. &c.

"——— if any thing can colour with decency my acquiescence, it can only be the consideration given to my friends; and some degree of softening obtained in his majesty's mind towards me," &c. &c.

"——— I am most sure that my mind carries me more strongly towards *retreat* than towards court and business."—*Hardwicke MSS.*

This letter the duke answered (2d April,) by lamenting the difficulty he finds in making a suitable arrangement for Mr. Pitt himself, protesting his zeal in his favour, and corroborating these assertions by reminding him that his leading friends, Legge, Lyttelton, and Grenville, were made respectively chancellor of the exchequer, treasurer of the navy, and cofferer, the three best offices which were at his grace's disposal. The duke also requested Lord Hardwicke to endeavour to pacify Pitt. The chancellor accordingly wrote Mr. Pitt a long and able letter, in which, touching cautiously on the real difficulty, the royal reluctance, he suggests the danger of throwing, by any inconsiderate resentment, the game into the hands of Mr. Fox, who had already shown a great anxiety to get into play on any terms.

On the draft of that letter, Philip Yorke, the second Lord Hardwicke, has endorsed a note, which, from one who lived in the midst of the transaction, is worth preserving:—

"N. B.—The fact is, that this letter, though prudently and skilfully drawn, had no effect with Mr. Pitt. His ill humour broke out at the beginning of the next session, and he never thought the old ministers [the Duke of Newcastle and the chancellor] were in earnest to serve him. The truth is, that one [the duke] had no mind to have an efficient minister in the house of commons; the other, Lord Hardwicke, knew that it would be drawing the king's resentment on himself to propose Mr. Pitt for the only office which would have satisfied him." —*Hardwicke MSS.* "H."

Mr. Pitt paid back Lord Hardwicke's "*prudence and skill*" in a letter, whether more prudent and skilful we will not pretend to say, but which seems to us inordinately tedious, affected in phrase, and poor in spirit; but it is so characteristic of Mr. Pitt's mode of dealing with the ministers of that day, and, on the whole, so important to a due appreciation of his position at this crisis, that, though we cannot find room for it in *extenso*, we must extract one or two paragraphs which will also serve as a specimen of Mr. Pitt's *verbosa et grandis epistolâ* style:—

"*Mr. Pitt to Lord Hardwicke.*

BATH, April 6, 1754.

My Lord—

"No man ever felt an honour more deeply than I do that of your lordship's letter. Your great goodness in taking the trouble to write, amidst your perpetual and important business, and the very condescending and infinitely obliging terms in which your lordship is pleased to express yourself, could not fail to make impressions of the most sensible kind. I am not only unable to find words to convey my gratitude, but I am much more distressed to find any means of deserving the smallest part of your lordship's very kind attention and indulgence to a sensibility carried, perhaps, beyond what the cause will justify, in the eye of superior and true wisdom. I venerate so sincerely that judgment that I shall have the additional unhappiness of standing self-condemned if my reasons already laid before your lordship continue to appear insufficient to determine me to inaction. * * * *

"It is very kind and generous in your lordship to suggest a ray of distant, general hope to a man you see despairing, and to turn his view forward from the present scene to a future. But, my lord, after having set out under suggestions of this general

* In fact, when he vacated Aldborough in December, 1756, on being appointed secretary of state, he had a double return for Buckingham and Okehampton, both which might be called family seats.

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hope ten years ago, and bearing a load of obloquy for supporting the king's measures, and never obtaining in recompense the smallest remission of that displeasure I vainly laboured to soften, all ardour for public business is really extinguished in my mind, and I am totally deprived of all consideration by which alone I could have been of any use. The weight of irremovable royal displeasure is a load too great to move under; it must crush any man; it has sunk and broken me. I succumb; and wish for nothing but *a decent and innocent retreat*, wherein I may no longer, by continuing in the public stream of promotion, for ever stick fast aground, and afford to the world the ridiculous spectacle of being passed by every boat that navigates the same river. To speak without a figure, I will presume upon your lordship's great goodness to me to tell my utmost wish:—it is, that a *retreat, not void of advantage or derogatory to the rank of the office I hold, might, as soon as practicable, be opened to me.* In this view I take the liberty to recommend myself to your lordship's friendship, as I have done to the Duke of Newcastle's. Out of his grace's immediate province accommodations of this kind arise, *and to your joint protection, and to that only, I wish to owe the future satisfaction of my life.*"

Surely this is a pitiable letter; and whether he was sincere or not in his solicitation for a sinecure retirement from public life, it must infinitely lower our estimate of his spirit; but the truth probably is, that it was all a game. Mr. Pitt had, we are satisfied, no idea of retiring into the contempt of pensioned inactivity, but he seems to have used these obsequious and desponding forms with no more scruple than one subscribes oneself to one's greatest enemy "*his obedient humble servant.*" Mr. Pitt—like a great actor,* and, like the Grecian orators, who *were* great actors—reserved all his dignity for the *proscenium*, and seemed to think of the shiftings, and changes, and managements behind the scenes, as inconsiderable circumstances, with which one whose ambition was to fill a great share in the public view must necessarily comply. If it were not for this hypothesis we should wonder that any man could think the publication of a great portion of these volumes would be otherwise than injurious to the public character of "*the great Lord Chatham.*"

We have thus brought together so much of this transaction as relates to Mr. Pitt individually; but there are some other circumstances which incidentally connect themselves with his history, and must therefore be noticed. At the death of Mr. Pelham there were three men, to any one of whom the new first lord of the treasury might have confided the lead of the house of commons—Pitt, Fox, and Murray; all competent to the duty, both by their personal abilities and by their station in public opinion. His grace, however, came to the strange resolution of having no leader in the commons. This has been always attributed to his personal jealousy and love of power, which could not submit to give to any of his colleagues the importance which must attend the management of the house of commons. This feeling may have operated as a make-weight; but the duke surely must have had too much prudence and experience—or, as his enemies would say, too much cowardice and cunning—to have voluntarily based his administration on a principle so absurd and untenable. We are satisfied that he only adopted the scheme of having no leader, from finding it impossible to reconcile the views and objects of the different parties. We are told that he would have preferred Murray, as more *his man* than either of the others; but Murray had, fortunately for himself and the country, fixed his eye on the bench, and he would not abandon his professional objects for the irksome duties and precarious advantages of a political leader. And even if the duke could have over-persuaded him, we cannot believe that Mr. Pitt (notwithstanding the humility of his letter to Lord Hardwicke) would have submitted to serve under him. Mr. Fox, as we learn from Lyttelton's letter, would have served *under* Mr. Pitt (as he, in fact, did soon after.) But Mr. Pitt assuredly would not have served under Fox.

If, therefore, there must be a leader, it could be no other than Pitt. But we have seen that, to his advancement even to a less confidential station, the king was resolutely opposed. It seems, therefore, that the only mode of keeping the parties together was the temporary expedient of having no leader at all. Such is the best solution that our judgment can suggest of this political enigma. Be that as it may, the seals of secretary of state were given to Sir Thomas Robinson, a man of good sense, long our ambassador at Vienna, and well acquainted with foreign affairs, but who had no pretension to the management of the house of commons, and still less to any parliamentary rivalry with Fox, Murray, or Pitt.

But this scheme, as might have been foreseen, soon exhibited its futility. Pitt and Fox, aware probably of the duke's preference of Murray, were alarmed at their prospects. They saw that they were equally the victims of this manœuvre, and were naturally induced to make common cause against a common exclusion, and to enter into an understanding towards obtaining a more rational and constitutional arrangement.

About this time also (Nov. 1754) Mr. Pitt had strengthened his public position by a matrimonial alliance with Lady Hester, the sister of Lord Temple and of George and James Grenville, with whom he had been so long politically connected—an auspicious match, let us observe in passing, even less conducive to his public importance than it fortunately turned out to be to his domestic happiness.

In October, 1754, the understanding between Pitt and Fox had, as Dodington tells us, ripened into an agreement that Fox should be at the head of the treasury, and Pitt secretary of state. This union, though not avowed, must have alarmed the Duke of Newcastle, who made an overture to Mr. Pitt, under colour of asking his opinion on an expedition then in preparation, which he rejected coldly and sarcastically, by reminding his grace that such matters belonged to *the secretary of state*—an office for which *the duke must be aware he had no capacity.* This delusive communication (of which we have no information beyond a slight note of Dodington's)

* Wilkes, in his letter to the Duke of Grafton, calls Mr. Pitt "the first orator, or rather the first *comedian* of the age."—*Works*, iii. 191.

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seems to have offended Mr. Pitt, who was still further additionally exasperated by the desertion of Sir George Lyttelton, who about this time withdrew himself from the *Cobhamite* connection to attach himself to the Duke of Newcastle.

Mr. Pitt now thought it high time to exhibit his dissatisfaction—not by *resigning*, which he probably thought would have only relieved the Duke of Newcastle from his difficulties—but by taking the opportunity of some incidental questions to humiliate the administration, and particularly Sir Thomas Robinson—whom he handled both roughly and contemptuously, while Mr. Fox affected to extend to the unlucky secretary of state an insulting protection. Of some of these exhibitions we have an account from the hand of Fox himself, in letters* to his friend Lord Hartington, of which we shall quote one or two passages—

"*Nov.* 26, 1754.

"I did not come in till the close of the finest speech that ever Pitt spoke, and, perhaps the most remarkable.

"Mr. Wilkes, *a friend it seems of Pitt's*, petitioned against the younger Delaval, chose at Berwick, on account of bribery only. The younger Delaval made a speech on his being thus attacked, full of wit, humour and buffoonery, which kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. Mr. Pitt came down from the gallery, and took it up in his highest tone of dignity. He was astonished when he heard what had been the occasion of their mirth. Was the dignity of the house of commons on so sure foundations that they might venture themselves to shake it?—Had it not, on the contrary, been diminishing for years, till now we were brought to the very brink of the precipice, where, if ever, a stand must be made? High compliments to the speaker,—eloquent exhortations to whigs of all conditions to defend their attacked and expiring liberty, &c. 'Unless you will degenerate into a little assembly, serving no other purpose than to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject.' Displeased, as well as pleased, allow it to be the finest speech that was ever made; and it was observed that by his first two periods he brought the house to a silence and attention that you might have heard a pin drop."

This was on the 25th November, 1754. On the 27th Mr. Pitt made two other brilliant speeches, ostensibly against *Jacobitism*—but 'in *both speeches*," writes Mr. Fox,

"*every word was* MURRAY, yet so managed that neither he nor any body else could or did take any public notice of it, or in any degree reprehend him. I sate next to Murray, *who suffered for an hour*. It is the universal opinion that business cannot go on in this state of things, and that offers will be made to Pitt or me. On this subject Pitt was with me for two hours yesterday morning—a difficult conversation. I managed it as well as I think such a conversation could be managed. I am sorry it is too long to give you any account in a letter."—*Ib.*

We are sorry too,—as we should have been glad to know the exact terms on which the great rivals were at this critical period; probably the arrangement before mentioned was still in their contemplation. It is obvious, from Fox's expressions as well as from other circumstances, that their communications had not settled down into any distinct agreement; but enough was, no doubt, visible to convince the Duke of Newcastle that Pitt and Fox had come to an understanding, which would render the system of a puppet secretary of state no longer endurable; and he accordingly attempted, first,* by old Horace Walpole, who failed, and afterwards by Lord Waldegrave, who succeeded—to disunite this formidable coalition. Walpole seems to have addressed himself more especially to Mr. Pitt; but Pitt required that the proscription which excluded him from the cabinet should be removed, and that he should have a distinct promise of the seals on the very next vacancy. To these terms the duke either would not, or, perhaps, could not accede. The king himself then charged Lord Waldegrave to negotiate with Mr. Fox. The understanding between Pitt and Fox was not at this period so close, though there was no absolute engagement, that Fox communicated to Pitt Lord Waldegrave's overtures, and consulted with him both personally and by letter as to the answers which he should return. But, strange to say, secresy was thought so necessary, in interviews between the *paymaster and secretary of war*—whose offices and places in the house of commons would naturally bring them into daily and hourly communication—that they only met by night at the houses of third parties, and in the most mysterious manner. Indeed the whole affair is mysterious; for it is not easy to see what his majesty either offered to, or expected from, Mr. Fox. At first, Fox understood he was offered the lead of the house of commons; but the king said, "that was a mistake; he only expected Mr. Fox to take an active part in debate, as well on other topics as on those connected with his office and the army; but he would hear of no leader." The king desires, to prevent further mistakes, that Fox would put his demands in writing; these demands, concocted with the Duke of Cumberland and Pitt, amounted to no more than this—

"Some such *mark* only of your majesty's favour as may enable me to speak like one perfectly informed, and honoured with your majesty's confidence, in regard to the matters I may be speaking of,"—vol. i. p. 129.

and an explanatory phrase, to say that this *mark* meant being *called to the cabinet*, was omitted by the Duke of Cumberland's advice. So that it seems the original basis of this great negotiation was, that his *majesty's secretary at war* should be induced to support the general measures of his *majesty's government*.† And

* Given as an appendix to Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs. Our readers may remember a brilliant description of one of these debates extracted by us from Horace Walpole's Memoirs, Quarterly Review, Vol. XXVII., which is so nearly in the words used by Mr. Fox that it is clear that Walpole must have reported the matter to Fox, (Fox says that he had the earlier part of the scene from hearsay,) or that Fox had communicated his letter to Walpole. It is hardly otherwise possible the two reports should have been seen so identical.

* We have not the exact date of Walpole's interference, and Lord Waldegrave says, that, in his negotiation, it was thought advisable to apply *first* to Mr. Fox, as the more tractable; but the application to Mr. Pitt was certainly prior to Lord Waldegrave's application to Mr. Fox.

† For a summary view of these proceedings, and our opinion on the negotiations of the Duke of Newcastle, with his own *paymaster and secretary at war* for their support of his administration, we had leave to refer our readers to our review of Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs. —*Quarterly Review*, July, 1821, vol. xxv. p. 404, 5.

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though Fox makes some obscure allusion to "a certain event," which Pitt understood as referring to himself, it does not appear what it was, nor whether it was intended that Pitt should have been at all consulted in the matter; for Fox, in his first communication, tells Pitt,

"Your name has not been mentioned, otherwise than casually, between Lord Waldegrave and the Duke of Newcastle, and not materially in all these conversations."—Vol. i. p. 127.

And the last letter of the correspondence leaves the matter, as regards Mr. Pitt even more obscure than the first:—

Mr. Fox to Mr. Pitt.

"Dear Sir, April 26, 1755.

"The king, about four this afternoon, sent me word by Lord Waldegrave *that he graciously condescended to admit me into his cabinet council.* I want to tell you more than I can pretend to write. My house has proved as bad for our meeting as at yours. Pray think of some other place, and let me know a sure one. Whether the determination is likely to be wise or foolish with regard to you, I have taken so much pains in vain to learn, that I conclude there is no determination yet. I find nothing is so terrible as what, if they knew us, they ought to wish, our being in conjunction with them and in their service. This makes it important that we should not be known to meet—and yet we should. Adieu!

"H. Fox."

To all this the editors have appended a paper, in Mr. Pitt's handwriting, which they call "*Observations on the preceding correspondence.*" This is a misnomer; as these "*observations*" do not allude to any details of the correspondence, but seem to have been made for the consideration of Lord Temple and his other friends, on the *prospect* of some such negotiation. They are in the same verbose yet low-toned and querulous strain as the letter to Lord Hardwicke; they throw little or no light on the transaction, and do no credit to Mr. Pitt's style either of writing or thinking.

The result of all was that fox was called into the cabinet; and—the king going abroad that very day—was named one of the council of regency, while Mr. Pitt, though still in the office of paymaster, was left neglected and mortified—not to say insulted. It does not appear that he either made any complaint of Fox's conduct, or had any grounds to do so, but he certainly resented it.

Why a man of Mr. Pitt's station and spirit did not immediately resign, is, at first sight, quite unaccountable; but there were two or three reasons which might render him reluctant to take that step. The first was, his connection with, what is called in the language of the day, "*Leicester House*"—the court of the princess dowager and of the young Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., to whom Mr. Pitt, Lord Temple, and the Grenvilles now paid assiduous court, as they had done twenty years before to Prince Frederick. The person highest in favour at Leicester House was Lord Bute; and with him Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple connected themselves in great intimacy, and it seems to have been under their advice that the prince took measures for emancipating himself from the control of preceptors and governors, and for forcing the king's very reluctant consent to place Lord Bute as groom of the stole at the head of the independent establishment of the Prince of Wales. It is probable that the princess dowager would deprecate any violent outbreak—such as Mr. Pitt's angry resignation would have been. It is certain, moreover, that the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke were still endeavouring to gratify Mr. Pitt, or at least to keep terms with him—for during the summer they obtained the king's consent to make new overtures to Mr. Pitt, of which Lord Waldegrave has preserved the following notice:—

"Terms being proposed, Pitt was very explicit; and fairly let them know that he expected to be secretary of state, and would not content himself with any meaner employment. Neither was it his intention to be a secretary merely to write letters according to order, or to talk in parliament like a lawyer from a brief; but to be really a minister. He also *declared against continental measures, and against all treaties of subsidy*; but as this declaration was reserved to the last, it seems possible it might have been totally forgot, if the answer to the preceding articles had been satisfactory. On this occasion his grace had recourse to the never-failing excuse, that, for his own part, he had the greatest honour and esteem for Mr. Pitt, and wished to satisfy him in every particular; but that the king would never give his consent; and so this treaty ended."—*Waldegrave's Memoirs*, 44. 45.

But besides these motives for Mr. Pitt's apparent acquiescence, we find in the foregoing extract a clue to what, we have no doubt, was the main and deciding cause. He probably foresaw that the continental alliances and subsidiary treaties then negotiating would afford a higher and more popular ground of resignation than mere personal disgusts; nor was he mistaken. In September, 1755, the king returned from Hanover with a subsidiary treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse for 12,000 men; and another with Russia, for 40,000, was signed soon after his arrival. Within a few days, and before the treaties had received the sanction of parliament, a draft for 100,000*l.* on account of the Russian subsidy was presented at the British exchequer. Legge, the chancellor of the exchequer, consulted Mr. Pitt; they concurred in refusing to pay the bill. Parliament met on the 13th November, 1755, and exhibited the extraordinary scene of the *chancellor of the exchequer* and the *paymaster* opposing the treaties of the crown both in their details and principles. On this occasion Mr. Pitt renewed his "*Pittticks*," as Horace Walpole calls them, against the *electorate* and all the other objects of the king's personal predilection. The ministry he treated still more severely. The reported speeches give little idea of the variety and vigour of these harangues. We must borrow the dramatic sketches of Walpole.

In a letter to General Conway (15th November, 1775,) after mentioning the brilliant speech of Mr. Hamilton (which earned him his cognomen,) he proceeds:—

"You will ask what can be beyond this? Nothing—but what was beyond what ever was—and that was Pitt. He spoke at past one for an hour and thirty-five minutes. There was more humour, wit, vivacity, fine language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections than even you, who are used to him, can conceive. He was not very abusive, yet very attacking on all sides. He ridiculed my Lord Hillsborough; crushed poor Sir George [Lyttelton]; crucified the attorney [Murray]; lash-

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my Lord Grenville; painted my Lord of Newcastle; attacked Mr. Fox; and even hinted up t· the Duke of umberland himself."

No wonder that on the 20th Pitt and Legge were dismissed. George and James Grenville followed them; but their late friend Lyttelton remained behind, and was rewarded with Legge's office of chancellor of the exchequer.

Mr. Fox now took a further step in advance; he was appointed secretary of state, and some minor promotions filled up the vacant places; and a ministry was constituted under the countenance of the Duke of Cumberland, united in opinion, powerful in parliament, strong in the closet, not at first unacceptable to the public, and, in short, with every element of strength and stability but one—Mr. Pitt did not belong to it.

A very important circumstance attended Mr. Pitt's dismissal, of which it is strange that no trace should be found in these volumes,—he accepted a pension of 1000*l.* a year. We cannot be surprised that, loose as was the political morality of the day on such points, the public was not a little shocked at a pension given and accepted under such circumstances. It looks like a bribe offered by the Duke of Newcastle's fears to Mr. Pitt's venality; but it admits of another, and, we hope, truer construction. The Duke of Newcastle had been on terms of intimate friendship with Mr. Pitt, and, whatever were his faults, was at least of a most placable and generous disposition; he might, therefore, have been honestly reluctant to permit a colleague who had held such high office, and still filled so large a space in the public eye, to fall into the sordid inconvenience of a narrow fortune; nor is it discreditable to Mr. Pitt, that, strong in his conscious honour and integrity, he was not afraid to accept a favour which he thought his services had earned.

However that may be, the pension at least did not mollify Mr. Pitt's opposition. It probably made him take a still higher and bolder tone—*contrâ audentior ire*—in order to exclude all suspicion of being influenced by such personal considerations. The debates are, as usual, scantily and feebly reported, and what we know of those lively and vehement discussions is from Horace Walpole's *Memoirs:* but his notes, though made with his usual spirit, are necessarily imperfect and frequently very obscure; striking images, personal satire, and occasionally a brilliant passage, are preserved, but the train of argument and the substantial matter of the debate is generally lost; and they give us rather sketches of the manner than a view of the objects and arguments of the speakers: but such as they are, they are very able and very curious pictures of conflicts no where else to be found, and form, as we formerly said, by much the most valuable part of the *Memoirs;* which, when the writer speaks in his own person, are disfigured by as much prejudice, partiality, passion, and what is still worse, insincerity, as any party libel that ever was written.

In the course of 1756, the loss of Minorca, the failure of Admiral Byng, the capture of Oswego in the west, and of Calcutta in the east, completed the unpopularity of the ministry, and of course exalted in a proportionable degree the opponents of their measures. They had also a serious internal loss—Chief Justice Ryder died; and Murray, in spite of the Duke of Newcastle's intreaties, insisted on his right to succeed him. At no time would Murray have foregone this great and fitting preferment; but in the prospect of such a storm as was now impending, he was infinitely happy to find such a high and honourable refuge. In this posture of affairs Mr. Pitt was become, even in the opinion of the king himself, an inevitable necessity. The first project was to graft him on the old stock, but he boldly refused to take any part till the Duke of Newcastle should be removed. He likewise refused civilly, but firmly, to act with Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox thereupon suddenly resigned—the duke, much offended with Mr. Fox, held on and attempted other arrangements—all failing, he was himself (in November, 1756) obliged to abdicate, after having filled the offices of secretary of state and first lord of the treasury for thirty-two years. The king had now no alternative but Mr. Pitt and his friends. Mr. Pitt took for himself the office of secretary of state. The Duke of Devonshire was placed at the head of the treasury. Lord Temple became first lord of the admiralty, Mr. Legge, again chancellor of the exchequer, George Grenville, treasurer of the navy, and the rest of the small Pittite connection were provided for, with little change, in the subordinate offices.

During all these arrangements Mr. Pitt was confined by the gout—*conveniently* enough to a man of his taste, who professed to hate the personal details of patronage. Lord Temple and Lord Bute (for there was a complete understanding with *Leicester House,*) seemed to have the chief management. The King was exceedingly reluctant to the whole system, both principles and persons, and was particularly displeased at the speech put into his mouth by the new ministers—a feeling which he expressed pleasantly enough: a printer was prosecuted for publishing a spurious speech, on which the king expressed "a hope that the man's punishment might be of the mildest sort, for he had read both speeches, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own."

The state of public affairs at the accession of this administration was discouraging, and, to any body but Mr. Pitt, would have been in every way embarrassing; but Mr. Pitt was—by that species of moral courage which his adversaries called impudence, and which certainly was a very bold self-confidence—always equal, nay, superior to the emergencies of his position. Notwithstanding his former and his recent protests against German alliances, a treaty of subsidy was signed with the King of Prussia, for the avowed defence of Hanover, and Mr. Pitt's first appearance as *minister* in the house of commons was to propose a vote of 200,000*l.* on that account. Mr. Fox reminded him with some bitterness of a phrase which he had lately used, that "Hanover was a *millstone* round the neck of England;" but Pitt, as was usual with him on *such* occasions, replied with temper and moderation, and wisely declined to push a recriminatory discussion to extremities which could not be otherwise than embarrassing. In his office and in the cabinet he immediately adopted the most vigorous measures for repairing our disasters in the east and the west—he sent a successful expedition against the French settlements on the coast of Africa, and he adopted, if he did not originate, the

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fortunate idea of raising two regiments of Highlanders, a measure very useful in the then low state of the army, but still more important towards reconciling the Highland clans and Scotland in general to the Hanoverian dynasty. Under his countenance George Townshend brought in a bill to establish a national militia, by which England would be relieved from the disgraceful necessity she had lately undergone of hiring over foreign troops on any menace of rebellion or invasion.

The only point in which Mr. Pitt appears to have shown any weakness, was the affair of Admiral Byng. It seems generally admitted that he was willing that the unhappy officer should be pardoned —but he wished to throw the unpopularity of the act on the king personally. This, if true, was a lamentable deficiency of moral courage and of right feeling, and a grave error in a constitutional point of view. We, however, confess we have some doubt of what has been stated of Mr. Pitt's sentiments on this melancholy occasion. Mr. Pitt must have believed the sentence to have been not only legal but just—for else, he, who permitted the execution, would have been guilty of the worst of murders; but we even doubt whether he really thought it a case for the royal mercy—for when a respite of the sentence became unavoidable in consequence of the parliamentary inquiry into some circumstances connected with the court martial, Mr. Pitt himself announced it in a message from the king—worded with superfluous severity, for the obvious purpose of removing all suspicion that the respite implied any disposition to pardon, if the sentence should be found legal. It begins thus :—

"His majesty, agreeably to his royal word, for the sake of justice, and of example to the discipline of the navy, and for the safety and honour of the nation, *was determined to have let the law take its course* with relation to Admiral Byng, upon Monday next, and *resisted all solicitations to the contrary.*"—*Thackeray's Life of Chat.* v. i. p. 275.

And after stating that the king thinks it right to suspend the execution till the alleged illegality be inquired into, it concludes :—

"His majesty is *determined to let this sentence be carried into execution,* unless it shall appear from the said examination that Admiral Byng was unjustly condemned."—*Ib.*

Surely Mr. Pitt—though he spoke in a short debate which followed with becoming humanity towards the prisoner—could not have penned and presented this message, if he had not fully determined in his own mind that the sentence, if legally valid, was morally just, and ought to be carried into execution.

From the moment that the new ministry was formed there existed a formidable combination of all the excluded politicians, and a series of intrigues, even in the royal closet, to overthrow it; and these efforts were aided by a great indiscretion committed by Lord Temple, the new first lord of the admiralty, even before the ministerial arrangements had been fully completed. On a recent panic of invasion parliament had addressed the king to bring over some of his Hanoverian troops; they were now to be sent back; and in the address of the house of lords to the king on this occasion, a clause of thanks was inserted to his majesty for having brought them over. This Lord Temple resented as a slight upon those who, like himself, had formerly opposed the introduction of the Hanoverians, and he came down out of a sick bed to condemn it; and Mr. Pitt protested that he would not accept the seals if any similar clause was proposed in the house of commons. This early opposition of the new ministers to a very ordinary and proper mark of respect to the king created a bad impression, and emboldened the intriguers to commence their attempt at dissolving the ministry, by persuading the king to dismiss Lord Temple. The Duke of Cumberland was just about to set out to command the army assembled for the protection of Hanover, and he positively refused to go while Mr. Pitt and his friends continued in power. The king, who had been at first pleased with Mr. Pitt's conduct, both in the closet and in the cabinet, had, since Byng's affair, taken a decided aversion to him, as well as Lord Temple. He was, therefore, easily persuaded to adopt the proposition of the Duke of Cumberland. Lord Temple and his board of admiralty were dismissed in the first days of April, 1757, and Lord Winchelsea and a new board appointed. It was expected that on this Mr. Pitt would have resigned; but he wisely determined "not to save his enemies any trouble, and attended his duty at court with increased assiduity." He showed no symptom of retiring. Time pressed—the day appointed for the duke's departure was come, but he would not go till the ministry was changed—and so, about a week after Lord Temple's removal, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge were also formally dismissed, even before any arrangement had been made to replace them.

It is impossible to conceive the ferment that this rash proceeding excited throughout this country. The names of Pitt and Legge were every where the signal for the most enthusiastic acclamations. The freedom of almost every corporat on in England was presented to the patriot martyrs in costly boxes. It was a general frensy, which had no small effect in increasing the difficulty of finding men bold enough to take the vacant offices in such a storm of unpopularity as menaced them. The Duke of Devonshire remained at the head of the treasury till his successor should be named; but no successor was to be found. Those who had made the mischief were afraid to profit by it; all was anarchy. The king had reckoned on the Duke of Newcastle and Fox. The duke, who was offended with Fox, refused, and Fox could do nothing alone.

The king at last, through the mediation of Lord Chesterfield, consented that an administration should be formed on a union of the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Pitt, and *Leicester House;* but when it was proposed, under this new arrangement, to dismiss Lord Winchelsea, who had so lately accepted the admiralty to oblige the king, and to replace Lord Temple in the cabinet, the king at once rejected the proposals, and all was at sea again. Throughout this affair his majesty had employed Lord Waldegrave, as *amicus curiæ,* to negotiate with the different parties. He was now reduced to the necessity of applying to him to take the lead in a ministry as first lord of the treasury. To this wild scheme Lord

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Waldegrave assented, with the concurrence of Fox, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Winchelsea, and Lord Granville, who was as bold and adventurous as in his earlier days; but Fox and the Duke of Bedford soon took fright; the whole system broke down; and the king was at last forced to employ Lord Mansfield to negotiate with Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle on their own terms. The negotiation thus opened by Lord Mansfield was continued and concluded by the more acceptable mediation of Lord Hardwicke; and on the 29th June, 1757, it was announced in the Gazette that the king had been pleased to re-deliver the seal of secretary of state to Mr. Pitt. The Duke of Newcastle, whom a few months before Mr. Pitt had peremptorily excluded, again became first lord of the treasury; the "*flagitious*" Lord Granville, president of the council; Lord Temple was privy seal; the attorney-general, Henley, afterwards Lord Northington, became lord keeper of the great seal; and Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden, succeeded as attorney-general; but the appointments that excited most surprise were those of Lord Anson, who, after all the obloquy that Mr. Pitt and his friends had recently showered on him—most unjustly as they now confessed—was replaced at the admiralty, and of Mr. Fox, who, after all his higher projects, was content to fall back into Mr. Pitt's former place of paymaster.

Now began that brilliant period of our history, Mr. Pitt's administration; and however liable to the imputations of faction and inconsistency was his road to power, it cannot be denied that he exercised it with patriotism, spirit, and success. At his accession the fortunes of England and her allies were at the lowest ebb: discord at home; disasters abroad; a general despondency. His appointments seemed, like an electric shock, to awake and vivify and invigorate all. It may be said that many of his projects were injudicious, and many of his measures failures; that he owed something to luck, and a great deal to the indomitable spirit and astonishing success of the King of Prussia. All this is true: but it rather enhances than detracts from the fame of the man, that his projects, even when injudicious, were noble; that he triumphed over failures; seemed to guide fortune; and was capable of appreciating the genius, of invigorating the spirit, and of anticipating and improving the successes of Frederick the Great.

From this period the biography of Mr. Pitt is the history of Europe—indeed we may say of the world: for there was no quarter of the globe in which, for near twenty years, in or out of office, his commanding influence was not felt; and we shall have henceforth only to notice those points of his conduct or character on which this correspondence affords any new or explanatory light.

One of the most remarkable of these is a secret project which he opened to our minister at Madrid, soon after he received the seals, for ceding Gibraltar to Spain in exchange for Minorca, and on condition of Spain's joining in the war we were then carrying on against France. We can easily imagine how Mr. Pitt would—a few months earlier, or a few years later—have fulminated against this attempt to purchase a diversion in favour of Hanover at the expense of Gibraltar; for so, without much exaggeration, this project might be characterised; and we at this day can hardly imagine how such a sacrifice could have been the unanimous proposition of the cabinet; but the cause—we will not say the justification—arose from the spirit of the times. Faction had so inflamed the public mind on the recent loss of Minorca, and had so greatly exaggerated its importance, that the delusion extended itself even to those who had raised it, and blinded the sagacity of Mr. Pitt himself.

As a specimen of the lofty spirit with which Mr. Pitt did the public business, it has been confidently related that

"A fleet and an army were assembled: the destination was kept a profound secret. It is not a little remarkable, that when Mr. Pitt ordered the fleet to be equipped, and appointed the period for its being at the place of rendezvous, Lord Anson said, "it was impossible to comply with the order: the ships could not be got ready in the time limited; and he *wanted to know where they were going*, in order to victual them accordingly." Mr. Pitt replied that if the ships were not ready at the time required, he would lay the matter before the king, and impeach his lordship in the house of commons. This spirited menace produced the men-of-war and transports, *all ready, in perfect compliance* with the order."—*Almon's Anecdotes*, vol. i. p. 271.

It is strange that this writer should have thought such an extravagant usurpation as is here stated either possible in fact, or creditable to Mr. Pitt if he had attempted it; or that he could have remained an hour the colleague of Lord Anson, after having thus convicted him of ignorance, falsehood, or disaffection. The truth is that the story is *altogether unfounded*.

Equally so is another story told by the same authority, and still more generally believed:—

"During Mr. Pitt's administration he wrote the instructions [for the naval officers] himself, and sent them to the lords of the admiralty to be signed: *always ordering his secretary to put a sheet of white paper over the writing*. Thus they were kept in perfect ignorance of what they signed, and the secretary and clerks of the board were all in the same state of exclusion."—*Ib.* vol. i. p. 269.

It is astonishing how such an absurd story could have been for a moment credited; a proceeding so unconstitutional, so destructive of all legal and official responsibility in public servants, would, indeed, have deserved impeachment; it would have been also an idle and gratuitous insult—for the same object might have been accomplished by the regular and not unusual form of an order from the admiralty board to their sea-officers to obey such instructions as they should receive from his majesty through the secretary of state—a mode of proceeding convenient, and, indeed, almost necessary in conjoint expeditions, and particularly where great secrecy is desirable; but we can venture to say that the *modes* of transacting business between the secretary of state and the admiralty were in no respect different in Mr. Pitt's time from what they had been in the duke of Newcastle's. It was Mr. Pitt's happiness and glory to infuse life and spirit into all the departments of his administration; but the alleged usurpation of authority would have been at once illegal and absurd, insulting to his

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colleagues, and injurious to the public interests. In short, we can take upon ourselves to assert that both these anecdotes are *utterly false*.

About this time an incident occurred which had nearly occasioned Mr. Pitt's resignation. Lord Temple, who was on every account displeasing to the king, asked for the garter, through the duke of Newcastle, concealing, out of delicacy, as he stated, the solicitation from Mr. Pitt. When the affair came to Mr. Pitt's knowledge, he, without any concert with Lord Temple, urged his suit with great earnestness as a *personal favour* to be done to *himself*; but finding that the king was not disposed to comply, he addressed to the duke of Newcastle the following characteristic but surely very unreasonable letter :—

September 27, 1759.

"My lord,—A continuation of the slight eruption I had upon me, together with a large increase of the deep sense I must have of unexampled depressions, prevents my having the honour of meeting your grace at Kensington to-morrow.

"Unconscious as I am of want of fidelity and diligence, in sustaining the vast and dangerous load his majesty has been pleased to lay on my feeble shoulders, I will forbear now and for ever entering into a subject where I may possibly judge amiss, and wherein, above all things, I must wish not greatly to err. I shall therefore rest it on the judgment of others, at all times much better than mine, whether, considering Lord Temple's station and my own, the pretension in question has anything in it exorbitant, or derogatory to the king's honour, or contrary to the good of his affairs. All I mean at present to trouble your grace with is to desire, that *when next my reluctant steps shall bring me up the stairs of Kensington, and mix me with the dust of the antechamber*, I may learn, once for all, whether the king continues finally inexorable and obdurate to all such united entreaties and remonstrances, as, except towards me and mine, never fail of success.

"I beg your grace to believe that I am particularly sorry to be forced to add this to all the obliging trouble you have been so good as to take already on such an occasion, and that I am ever, with great truth and respect," &c. &c. &c.—vol. i. pp. 443, 444.

It is a strange contrast to Mr. Pitt's proud and proudly-expressed contempt for "*the dust of the antechamber*," that the object of this indignation was no greater than a riband for Lord Temple—to which the two other candidates—Prince Ferdinand, who had just won the battle of Crevelt—and the marquis of Rockingham, who had an old promise—had infinitely better claims; and still less justifiable is Mr. Pitt's readiness to cast off "*the vast and dangerous load*" of public interests which at that moment was imposed upon him, on account of this comparatively trifling offence. The truth we believe to be, that Lord Temple was dissatisfied with the king's personal deportment towards him, and threatened to resign if he did not receive this garter by way of reparation. His resignation, however unreasonable, would, probably—circumstanced and connected as they were—have rendered that of Mr. Pitt unavoidable; and he probably penned this strong and menacing remonstrance to prevent such embarrassing consequences. Lord Temple, however, did resign on the 13th November, beseeching Mr. Pitt and his brothers not to follow his example; but o further consideration, he was induced, three days after, to resume the privy seal, and in the following February was invested with the garter. It was during this discussion that the news arrived of Wolfe's victory, and the capture of Quebec, which raised Mr. Pitt's fame and popularity so high that we cannot understand why, whatever concessions induced Lord Temple to return to office on the 19th, should not have been readily made to prevent his resignation on the 13th.

This internal schism being healed, the affairs of the ministry and of the country flowed in a full tide of success—in the very height of which died, suddenly but not prematurely, King George II.; an event which, for the moment, made no alteration, either in domestic, foreign, or military affairs. Mr. Pitt had been, of late years, intimately connected with Lord Bute, who had the greatest share of the young king's favour and confidence. The speech was drawn, in its general form, by Lord Hardwicke. Mr. Pitt added one paragraph; and it appears, from the Hardwicke papers, that after the whole had been settled by the cabinet, the king added the following words in his own hand :

"Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton; and the peculiar happiness of my life will ever consist in promoting the welfare of a people whose loyalty and warm affection to me I consider as the greatest and most permanent security of my throne." *Ib.* vol. ii. p. 82.

The first political event that disturbed the placid current of domestic affairs was the substitution, on the 19th March, 1761, of Lord Bute for Lord Holdernesse, as the *other* secretary of state; and the dismissal of Mr. Legge from the office of chancellor of the exchequer. Of these events, the correspondence gives no account; except in some extracts from the intercepted letters of some of the foreign ministers at our court, from which, as well as from other sources, we gather, as indeed might naturally be supposed, that these changes had Mr. Pitt's concurrence. Though he and Mr. Legge had been accidentally coupled in popularity, they had become somewhat estranged, Mr. Legge having re-attached himself to the duke of Newcastle; and these changes were by some supposed to be but preludes to an attempt against the duke himself, (vol. ii. p. 101.) All went on, however, with apparent cordiality till the autumn of 1761, when Mr. Pitt, discovering that Spain had signed with France the alliance called the family compact, proposed to the cabinet an immediate declaration of war against Spain. The cabinet, with the exception of Lord Temple, being against this measure, which seemed to them precipitate, Mr. Pitt and his lordship resigned. When he waited on the young king to resign the seals, the interview was cordial and almost affectionate; and the dignified and gracious demeanour of the king affected Mr. Pitt, (who had rather expected a different reception,) to tears. The king lamented the loss of such a servant, but intimated that he was adverse to the sudden declaration of war; adding, that if his cabinet had even been unanimous for it, he would have found great difficulty in consenting. The king next day signified, through Lord Bute, his desire of conferring on Mr. Pitt some substantial mark of favour—suggesting

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the sinecure government of the newly-conquered province of Canada, with a salary of 5000*l.*; or the chancellorship of the duchy, with a similar salary. To this proposition Mr. Pitt replied in that strange and stilted style which was habitual to him on such occasions:

"*October* 7, 1761.

"My Lord—Overwhelmed with the extent of his majesty's gracious goodness towards me, I desire the favour of your lordship to lay me at the royal feet, with the humble tribute of the most unfeigned and respectful gratitude. Penetrated with the bounteous favour of a most benign sovereign and master, I am confounded with his condescension in deigning to bestow one thought about any inclination of his servant, with regard to the modes of extending to me marks of his royal beneficence.

"Any public mark of his majesty's approbation, flowing from such a spontaneous source of clemency, will be my comfort and my glory; and I cannot but be highly sensible of all those circumstances, so peculiarly honourable, which, attending the first of the two ideas suggested to me by his majesty's direction, have been mentioned. Commanded, however, as I am by the king, in a manner so infinitely gracious, not to suppress my thoughts on a subject of this extreme delicacy, I trust it will be judged obedience, not presumption, if I express the doubts I have as to the propriety of my going into either of the offices mentioned, or indeed, considering that which I have resigned, going again into any whatever.

"Thus much, in general, I have presumed, not without pain and fear, to submit to his majesty's consideration; too proud to receive any mark of the king's countenance and favour, but *above all, doubly happy could I see those dearer to me than myself comprehended in that monument of royal approbation and goodness, with which his majesty shall condescend to distinguish me.*

"I cannot conclude this letter, already much too long, without expressing my warm thanks to your lordship for the most obliging manner in which you have conveyed to me his majesty's gracious intentions, and assuring your lordship that I shall always set a high value on the favourable sentiments which you are pleased to express on my subject.

"I have the honour to be," &c.

—*Ib.* vol. ii. pp. 149, 150.

In consequence of this letter, and in compliance with the suggestion above printed in italics, a peerage was conferred on Lady Hester, by the title of Baroness Chatham, descendible to her sons; and a pension of 3000*l.* a-year to himself, and any two lives he should name. He named Lady Hester and their eldest son.

Mr. Pitt's popularity again suffered considerably by this peerage and pension; but a short course of *opposition*, as always happens, very soon and very completely recovered it, while there arose a prejudice against Lord Bute, the most unjust, but, for that very reason, the most violent, that ever, we believe, assailed any minister: "he was," says Walpole, "abused every where, even before he had time to do the least wrong thing."

Lord Bute was desirous of peace, and, as the first step towards it, wished to withdraw all pecuniary aid from the king of Prussia: the Duke of Newcastle, very consistently with his own opinions, but, no doubt, also influenced by those more recently adopted by Mr. Pitt, was for continuing the system of continental alliances; but, having now no support in the cabinet, he resigned on the 29th May, 1762. Lord Bute became first lord of the treasury, and was succeeded, as secretary of state, by Mr. George Grenville, who had separated from his brother and brother-in-law, and adhered to Lord Bute. Mr. Fox continued to lead the house of commons, as he had done since the retirement of Mr. Pitt.

In December peace was made—in our opinion a good peace—but it became, chiefly through the potency of Mr. Pitt's eloquence, generally unpopular, and accelerated the downfall of those who had hoped that it would have confirmed their power.

The authority of Mr. Pitt at this moment, is strikingly expressed by Lord Chesterfield.

"I should naturally think that this session will be a stormy one; that is, if Mr. Pitt takes an active part; but *if he is pleased*, as the ministers say he is, there is no other Æolus to blow a storm. The dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Devonshire have no better troops to attack with than the militia: but Pitt alone is *ipse agmen*."—*Ib.*, vol. ii. p. 196.

But Æolus, unfortunately, was not pleased, and did raise a storm of unpopularity against Lord Bute, much more fierce, we have little doubt, than he intended, and which produced consequences of a most serious and deplorable character long after Lord Bute had ceased to take any share whatsoever in public affairs.

Before this storm Lord Bute retired. Proud, sensitive and disinterested; not trained, in early life, (which alone gives nerves for such encounters,) to the *bull-fights* of politics, he was sick of his painful pre-eminence, and suddenly, on the 8th April, 1763, to the surprise of friends and foes, resigned; Mr. Fox, at the same time, abdicating the lead of the house of commons, a distinction which he had so long coveted and for so short a time enjoyed. Mr. George Grenville succeeded to both, in the united offices of first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. This change, instead of appeasing, only inflamed the virulence of faction against Lord Bute, whose mere puppets the new ministers were supposed to be.

This administration, rickety from its birth, was still further weakened by the sudden death of Lord Egremont, one of the secretaries of state, on the 20th August, 1763; and Lord Bute, not only without any concert with them, but with entirely opposite views to theirs, undertook, by the king's commands, to endeavour to mediate the return of Mr. Pitt to his majesty's service, which he justly thought would be a panacea for all the public diseases.

Lord Bute's interference seems to have been confined to mediating an interview between the king and Mr. Pitt, at which every thing was graciously conducted, and, as appeared, amicably arranged. This was on Saturday, the 27th; and on Sunday Mr. Pitt went down to communicate the whole to the Duke of Newcastle, fully persuaded from the king's manner and behaviour, that "the thing would do." On Monday, however, Mr. Pitt had another interview, at which the scene changed, and the whole design was abandoned. How or why so promising a negociation so suddenly failed has always been a mystery—which we had hoped these papers would have explained; but they do not.

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We look upon the failure of this projected administration as, in all its various consequences, one of the most important and lamentable events of the reign of George III.: it would probably have stifled the nascent insanity about Wilkes, prevented the American stamp act, and all the other circumstances of George Grenville's subsequent administration, which were both directly and consequentially so disastrous to this country. The failure was certainly not imputable to Lord Bute, who must have been mortified, as well from duty to the king as from personal reasons, at the ill success of a negociation which he had prosperously begun, and in the defeat of which he could have no underhand object of his own; for it seems that he had himself determined to take no part in the arrangement, whatever it might be. We now know that, from this time forward, he retired into absolute *bonâ fide* privacy, and did, in fact, contrary to the incendiary accusations of the time, so scrupulously abstain from all communication with the king, that he never once saw him in private, and resented, as a personal offence, the indiscretion —perhaps accidental—of a person who once attempted to bring him into the presence of his majesty in the garden of a country house. Lord Chatham spoke of "something behind the throne greater than the throne itself." We think we may assert that, as far as applies to Lord Bute, it was a vision or a falsehood. It is more near the truth to say, that there was something *before* the throne greater than the throne itself, and that was the talismanic power of Mr. Pitt; the lamp of his talents had obedient slaves and a magical power, which were called into omnipotent activity whenever he chose to *rub it*.

Lord Hardwicke's indisputable authority, who was privy to the whole negociation, leads us to suppose that it failed, because the king, with that justice which was a marked feature of his character, was desirous of doing something for his present minister, George Grenville, whom the king proposed to Mr. Pitt for the place of paymaster, saying, "Poor George Grenville; he is your near relation, and you once loved him." This kind suggestion, thus graciously expressed, Mr. Pitt rejected by a cold and silent bow. The king then proposed Lord Temple for the head of the treasury; but that Mr. Pitt also received with a negative observation, that "alliance of great whig interests, which had supported the revolution-government, were indispensable"—alluding clearly to the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he was now in confidential communication. Here the negociation seems to have broken off; though we have no explanation why the king should have been adverse to, or Mr. Pitt so determined on the introduction of the Duke of Newcastle. The king's last words were, "Well, Mr. Pitt, I see that this will not do; my honour is concerned, and I must support it;"—which can have no meaning, but that his majesty thought that he could not in honour abandon George Grenville, and those other servants who had so recently come to his assistance, and whom Mr. Pitt seemed resolved to sweep out; though Mr. Pitt declared afterwards that he had no such intention; he admitted "that he had mentioned a great many names, but only five or six for stated offices." Strange vicissitude of political connections! to find Mr. Pitt insisting, as a *sine quâ non*, on the admission of the Duke of Newcastle, whom he had so lately excluded; and the exclusion of George Grenville, his near relation, and so lately his friend and follower.

The result was, that George Grenville remained minister, and, being opposed with more than Theban inveteracy by his brothers, the affair of Wilkes was blown into a conflagration. Our readers have already seen (*ante*, p. 257) that Mr. Wilkes was, at his entrance into public life, "*a friend of Pitt's*," and these volumes show that he continued to profess to be so, and was a candidate for office under him. He was still more intimately connected with Lord Temple, who assisted in his election for Aylesbury, and made him colonel of the Bucks militia, and Wilkes entered, as was his nature, headlong into all his lordship's politics; in furtherance of which he now set on foot the paper, more celebrated for its accidental consequences than for its intrinsic merits, called the *North Briton*, directed avowedly against Lord Bute and the Scottish nation generally, and, with great indecency, against the person of the sovereign himself, all of whom Wilkes accused of being parties to a *Jacobite* conspiracy against the liberties of the country. A young king of the house of Hanover, who held his crown only by the exclusion of the Stuarts, a *Jacobite!* We can now look back at that astonishing accusation—which nevertheless produced the most violent and disgraceful dissensions that have disgraced modern times—as an almost incredible example of the frensied credulity of party. Mr. Wilkes himself, in his soberer years, laughed pleasantly enough at the folly of his *quondam* dupes. One day, in his later life, he went to court, and George III. asked him, in a good-humoured tone of banter, "how his friend Serjeant Glynn was." Glynn had been one of his most furious partisans. Wilkes replied, with affected gravity, "Pray, sir, don't call Serjeant Glynn a friend of mine; the fellow was a *Wilkite*, which your majesty knows I never was." In truth, such a ridiculous bugbear could not have imposed for a day even on the lowest rabble, if it had not been supported by the countenance and co-operation of the great political leaders. But even that would not have given consistency to such a shadow, if it had not so unfortunately happened to mix itself up with the two constitutional questions of "general warrants," and "parliamentary privilege." The intermixture of these legal questions enabled such men as Mr. Pitt, who disapproved the violence and despised the calumnies of Wilkes, to use him as the tool of their own ambition. Wilkes, encouraged by such support, and hurried on by his own natural indiscretion, with the recklessness of a man who had nothing to lose, and the prospect of gaining at least notoriety, proceeded to extremes of sedition, obscenity, and blasphemy, which even faction itself hesitated to adopt. Lord Temple, though he supported Wilkes, at first with his countenance, and throughout with his purse, found it necessary to disclaim (though in very inadequate terms) any approbation of his extreme violence, and professed (no doubt very truly) to have endeavoured to dissuade him from proceedings which gradually assumed the appearance of infatuation and insanity, rather than faction. Mr. Pitt took a still more becoming tone; he professed only to look to the constitutional questions; and censured the proceedings of the individual in the most decided and unequivocal manner.

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24th Nov. 1763.—"Mr. Pitt, though very ill, came down to the house on crutches, and vehemently reprobated the facility with which parliament was surrendering its own privileges; but he carefully impressed on the house, that he was merely delivering a constitutional opinion, and not vindicating the libel, or its author. He condemned the whole series of North Britons, and called them illiberal, unmanly, and detestable. 'He abhorred,' he said, 'all national reflections: the king's subjects were one people; whoever divided them was guilty of sedition. His majesty's complaint was well-founded; it was just; it was necessary. The author did not deserve to be ranked among the human species; he was the blasphemer of his God, and the libeller of his king. He had no connection with him; he had no connection with any such writer. It was true, that he had friendships, and warm ones; he had obligations, and great ones; but no friendships, no obligations, could induce him to approve what he firmly condemned. It might be supposed that he alluded to his noble relation (Lord Temple). He was proud to call him his relation; he was his friend, his bosom friend; whose fidelity was as unshaken as his virtue. They went into office together, and they came out together; they had lived together, and they would die together. He knew nothing of any connection with the writer of that libel.'"—*Ib.* vol. ii. 269.

At this period we find Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle in close and confidential intercourse with each other and with the Duke of Cumberland, with the view of displacing, as Mr. Pitt expresses it to the Duke of Newcastle (13th Oct. 1763), "the rash and odious ministry, by some solid union on revolution principles" (ii. 260). The first step towards this object was to have been the adoption of Wilkes's side in the privilege question, in which Mr. Pitt had been led to suppose that Mr. Charles Yorke, then attorney-general, would have concurred; but it turned out that Mr. Yorke was of a different opinion; and, though he soon after resigned his office, he adhered to the legality of the course taken by the ministry; and his dissent seems to have disconcerted the plan contemplated by Mr. Pitt and the duke. Their confidential connection, however, seems to have continued down to October, 1764, when, upon some overture, (but whence or of what nature does not appear*) made to the duke, and by him communicated to his ally, Mr. Pitt, the latter took the opportunity of dissolving his connection with his grace, in a decisive letter, in which, after stating his resolution to act for his "single self," to keep himself "free from all stipulations," and to oppose or support measures "independent of the sentiments of others," he proceeds:—

"Having seen the close of last session, and the system of that great war in which my share of the ministry was so largely arraigned, given up *by silence* in a full house, I have little thoughts of beginning the world again upon a new centre of union. Your grace will not, I trust, wonder, if after so recent and so strange a phenomenon in politics, I have no disposition to quit the free condition of a man standing *single*, and daring to appeal to his country at large, upon the soundness of his principles and the rectitude of his conduct."—Vol. ii. p. 297.

But even this separation was not final, for we find that in 1770 Lord Chatham was desirous of renewing his alliance with the Duke of Newcastle. We had hoped that these volumes would have cleared up some of the obscurity which involves the extraordinary alternations of alliance, neutrality, and opposition, between these two statesmen, which had so large a share in the political events of half a century; but unluckily the few additional lights which they afford, seem only to render the intricacy more perplexing. It is quite clear, (though, perhaps, the editors give us all they have found) that we have but a small and imperfect portion of Mr. Pitt's correspondence.

While the complicated and tumultuous discussions arising out of Wilkes's affair were shaking the ministry from without, they were additionally damaged by internal weakness and blundering pusillanimity. About this time (April, 1765) his majesty had a serious illness—its peculiar character was then unknown, but we have the best authority for believing that it was of the nature of those which thrice after afflicted his majesty, and finally incapacitated him for the duties of government—and it is highly probable that this illness was produced by the great anxiety which these struggles of faction had produced in the royal mind. On his recovery, he, with his natural firmness and good sense, saw the necessity of providing for a regency, in the too probable case of his dying, before his son (then a few years old) should be of age, and he commanded his ministers to prepare and present a bill for this important object. The bill was to designate persons of the royal family whom the king should have the power of investing with the regency; and surely, of all possible persons, no one, after the queen herself, could appear more fit to be named in that list than the princess dowager—the grandmother of the infant prince—the mother of the king—who had educated him with the most successful care, and whom he repaid with the most unbounded and well-merited confidence and affection. But the name of the princess dowager had been so scandalously implicated in the unpopularity of Lord Bute, that the pusillanimous ministry did not dare to include her name in the list of possible regents—giving, by this omission, a public sanction to all the odious imputations of which she was the object. The mode of inflicting this insult was as mean as the insult itself was gross—for the bill provided that the queen, or *any other member of the royal family*, might be regents; and Lord Halifax, the secretary of state, being asked what was meant by the term "*royal family*," answered, "the *descendants* of George II." which of course excluded his daughter-in-law, and so the bill passed the house of lords, on this absurd quibble (only to be equalled by the celebrated case in Tristram Shandy) that the "king's mother" was *not* one of the "royal family." It was naturally expected, that in the inflamed and balanced state of parties, this incident should produce some violent scenes in the house of commons. But on a proposi-

* The matter, whatever it may have been, was conveyed to the Duke of Newcastle in two letters from Sir George Yonge, M. P. for Honiton; and the duke, in submitting the letters for Mr. Pitt's advice, says, "the subject seems to be delicate, and to require many explanations."

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tion by the friends of the princess, for the special insertion of her name, the minister gave way at once—throwing the whole of the responsibility on the house, and hoping by this shift to conciliate the king, without incurring any share of the unpopularity of the princess. The amended bill passed with little difficulty, to the great disappointment of the turbulent party, who seemed taken by surprise, and could hardly comprehend how so *promising* a quarrel had been averted. It was soon evident that the real cause of this ominous event passing off so quietly, was Mr. Pitt's declining to take any part in it (vol. ii. p. 307)—though his party very naturally looked with "great expectations" to the course he might adopt. The inaction of such a man, on such a point, in such a case, can hardly be accounted for on any other supposition than that he did not like to risk his mob-popularity by supporting the princess, nor the king's favour by opposing her; and he probably thought that the ministers, however imbecile for any other purpose, were still strong enough to destroy themselves without any direct intervention of his. Walpole, an eye and ear witness to the whole transaction, sketches, in his clever way, Mr. Pitt's inactivity:—

"Mr. Pitt, who, if he had been wise, would have come forward to help the princess dowager, chose to wait to see if she was to be left there, and *gave himself a terrible fit of the gout*, and nobody was ready to read his part to the audience."—*Letters to Hertford*, p. 215.

A few days after the regency question, about the middle of May, the Duke of Cumberland undertook, by the king's command, a negociation with Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, who was sent for from Stowe, for the dismissal of the existing ministry, and their own return to power. This failed, because, though the parties were agreed upon public measures, the king stipulated for the retention of Lord Northumberland and Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, whom Lord Temple objected to as creatures of Lord Bute. Upon this the negociation broke off, but the ministry having insisted on the dismissal of these same persons, the king had again, through the Duke of Cumberland, recourse to Mr. Pitt, who on the 19th of June had a personal audience with his majesty, and again on the 23d, in company with Lord Temple, when from some reasons which are neither here nor any where else that we know of intelligibly stated, but which seem to have been essentially of the same character as the difficulties in the previous attempt, this negotiation was also abandoned, and the king was most reluctantly obliged to go on with his former ministers.

It has been generally supposed that—at least in the second negociation—"Mr. Pitt would have accepted the king's terms, but that Lord Temple was intractable"—and probably in Mr. Pitt's opinion unreasonable—for it is remarkable that immediately after this transaction, notwithstanding Mr. Pitt's recent declaration that he was united to Lord Temple *for life and death*, an estrangement took place between them. Lord Temple separated himself from Mr. Pitt, reconciled himself with his brother George and declared himself suddenly, as Walpole says, the "warmest friend of the present administration." Mr. Pitt, as Gerard Hamilton tells us, mentioned this negociation in parliament (11th Feb. 1766), but "passed over studiously every thing that related to Lord Temple's refusal:" and both Pitt and George Grenville seemed to exculpate Lord Bute from having created the difficulty. Walpole concludes his account by saying that "there is a mystery still to be cleared up" (*Let. to Hert.* p. 230); he might well say so, for it is still a mystery to us.

But though the precise grounds of difference can only be conjectured, some more recent light has been thrown on the general aspect of this transaction, which it is proper to re-produce. Walpole writes to Lord Hertford (20th May, 1765) that the "hero of Culloden" had been sent down to Hayes to tender to Mr. Pitt

"almost *carte blanche—blanchissime* for the constitution, and little short of it for the whole red-book of places, but brought back nothing but a flat refusal."—*Let. to Hert.*, p. 223.

He then describes the peace of the capital and of the country as endangered by "mobs and mutinies," and a "general spirit of dissatisfaction," amounting almost to "rebellion," and adds, that

"in the mean time there is neither administration nor government; and this is the crisis in which Mr. Pitt, who could stop every evil, chooses to be more unreasonable than ever."—*Ib.*, p. 225.

Mr. Burke, too, who at this time was in the confidence of Lord Rockingham, in a letter to Mr. Flood, 18th May, 1765, describes, in a striking manner, Mr. Pitt's conduct on this occasion:—

"Nothing but an intractable spirit in your friend Pitt can prevent a most admirable and lasting system [of administration] from being put together, and this crisis will show whether pride or patriotism be predominant in his character; for you may be assured, he has it now in his power to come into the service of his country upon any plan of politics he chooses to dictate, with great and honourable terms to himself and every friend he has in the world, and with such a strength of power as will be equal to anything but absolute despotism over king and kingdom. A few days will show whether he will take this part, or continue on his back at Hayes talking fustian."—Prior's Life of Burke, p. 81.

It was not till these volumes had made us acquainted with the verbose pomp of Mr. Pitt's private style that we could appreciate the full merit of this last characteristic stroke of Mr. Burke's pencil.

The circumstances under which the king was forced to capitulate with his old administration, now called the Duke of Bedford's, from that nobleman's accession to it as president of the council, were in every way distasteful to him, and their personal conduct made it still worse. They were disrespectful, nay, it is said insolent, in the closet*—they questioned his veracity—they attempted to tie him down by offensive stipulations—and all this, in the wretched policy of endeavouring to gain mob popularity at the expense of their master, whose private virtues, excellent understanding, and a constitutional and conscientious appreciation of his public duties, could not save him from the odium which, in fact, ought to

* Junius to the Duke of Bedford.

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have fallen on the factions by which he was encompassed and oppressed.

The king, thus abandoned by Mr. Pitt, misrepresented to his people, and insulted by his cabinet, soon found his thraldom as intolerable as it was undeserved, and was forced to make another, and at last successful effort to relieve himself from so painful a servitude. The duke of Cumberland now addressed himself, on his majesty's behalf, to the duke of Newcastle and the more moderate section of the opposition, and through the mediation of these two dukes, the ministry called the Rockingham administration was formed, with a facility and on grounds so fair and liberal, and comprising so many respectable names, as afforded some hope of strength and duration—but there was one element of strength and duration wanting. It did not, unfortunately for the king and the kingdom, comprise Mr. Pitt—and *therefore*, notwithstanding all its other merits, hardly dragged itself through one year of existence. Another great misfortune! It was yet time to have healed the American wound, and if the one master-mind had been guiding instead of distracting the public councils, what dissensions and disasters might have been prevented!

Though Mr. Pitt had "*unaccountably*" (as he always said) failed in making an administration, there seems to have been a reasonable expectation that he would have soon taken a share—the lion's share, no doubt—in the Rockingham ministry; or that at least he would have given it that countenance and support without which it could not hope to exist a session. But it was not so.

The warmest panegyrists of Mr. Pitt are obliged to confess that his conduct towards the Rockingham administration is the least satisfactory part of his history (*Thackeray*, vol. ii. p. 76.) They had only accepted the government when Mr. Pitt had declined it, and accepted it (some of the principals at least,) if not with Mr. Pitt's advice, at least with his concurrence: they repealed the stamp-act, conferred a peerage on his friend, Lord Camden, and showed on every occasion the greatest deference to Mr. Pitt. A small but remarkable circumstance proves how well disposed they were to conciliate him. His solicitor, Mr. Nuthall, appears to have been much in his political as well as his legal confidence: one of the first acts of Lord Rockingham was to appoint Mr. Nuthall to the important and confidential office of solicitor to the treasury; an appointment which, as Mr. Nuthall states, he could only owe to the friendship with which Mr. Pitt honoured him.

We know enough of politicians in general, and of Mr. Pitt in particular, to be assured that the very fact of not being in office inevitably produces an alienation from, and dissatisfaction with, those who are; but we suspect that Mr. Pitt was additionally dissatisfied, not to say mortified, at the duke of Newcastle's share in forming the Rockingham administration (ii. 345,) and that this indisposition towards that duke was extended to the whole ministry.

In the debate on the address, Mr. Pitt made a kind of double speech in his best style. He was civil to the ministers, but could, he said, *not give them his confidence;* and then, bowing to the treasury bench, in a manner not quite in order, but full of grace and dignity, addressed them: "Pardon me, gentlemen, but confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom." This apostrophe made a great sensation at the moment, and is still quoted as a specimen of Mr. Pitt's peculiar style; but in truth the interest created was not by the dramatic manner, but by the important fact, that the new ministry had not the confidence of Mr. Pitt; or, in other words, that, unless they could satisfy him, their days were numbered! He expressed with an eloquent enthusiasm, tempered, however, by much courtesy and moderation towards the present ministers, his strong disapprobation of the recent course of American policy, its folly and its danger. This called up George Grenville, who defended the measures of the late ministry as right in themselves, and sanctioned as to their *principle* by parliament, without a dissentient voice; and he added (we believe too truly,) that the "seditious spirit of the colonies owed its birth to *factions in that house*." To this Mr. Pitt replied, in what—to evade the rules of the house against speaking twice in the same debate—he called a *portion* of his speech which he had *reserved*, but was now forced from him. He answered Grenville with a contemptuous gravity, designating him as "the gentleman who had spoken," without the usual prefix of honourable—he defended himself from the charge of having by his speeches given birth to sedition in America—he asserted, in the broadest terms, the supreme right of the mother country on all points except the taxation of an unrepresented people—"the distinction between legislation and taxation being," he said, "essential to liberty;" which is, we confess, a distinction not very intelligible to us; and concluded by recommending lenient measures, with a quotation from a ballad which, in any other mouth, would have appeared trivial, but from his was accepted as the apophthegm of a sage:—

> "Be to her faults a little blind,
> Be to her virtues very kind."

This speech, powerful in its effect at the moment, is also remarkable for containing the first germ of *parliamentary reform*:—

"There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in this house. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here? Is he represented by any knight of the shire, in any county in this kingdom? Would to God that respectable representation was augmented to a greater number! or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough—a borough which its own representatives never saw? This is what is called 'the rotten part of the constitution.' It cannot continue a century: if it does not drop, *it must be amputated*."—*Speech, 14th Jan.* 1766.

Lord Chatham, many years after, reproduced the same image on the same subject, but with a different and, we think, a much juster conclusion:—

"The boroughs of the country have been properly enough called the rotten parts of the constitution, and without entering into any invidious particularity, I have seen enough to justify the appellation. But, in my judgment, my lords, these boroughs, corrupt as they are, must be considered the natural infirmity of the constitution. Like the infirmities of the body, we must bear them with patience, and submit to carry them about with us. The limb is mortified; but *the amputation might be* DEATH."—*Speech, 22d Jan.*, 1770.

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We will not here enter into the question of *parliamentary reform*, thus doubtfully and awfully opened by Lord Chatham, and subsequently adopted and again rejected by his wiser son: but thus much we will say, that the authority of neither of the Pitts can be adduced in defence of the *special* measure of reform inflicted upon us in 1832, which was conceived in party rancour, framed in fraud, executed by violence, and must terminate, as Lord Chatham foreboded, in DEATH to the constitution!

There was also another important point in this speech of Mr. Pitt on American taxation, which requires special notice, namely, an insinuation that the *secret influence of Lord Bute* still guided the favours and councils of the sovereign. To this, however, General Conway replied—"An overruling influence has been hinted at. I feel nothing of it. I disclaim it for myself, and (as far as my discernment can reach) for all the rest of his majesty's ministers;" but such was the virulence of faction, that this disclaimer by a popular minister, and by a man of such scrupulous integrity and delicate honour as Mr. Conway, seems to have had little or no effect in correcting the calumny. Mr. Pitt, in his long reply, did not even notice it. When, within a few months, Mr. Pitt himself became a minister, it was equally asserted—and by no less an authority than Wilkes himself (*Works*, vol. iii. p. 183)—that *he* too had become the tool of Lord Bute; so difficult is it to eradicate a falsehood, however notorious it may be, which faction finds an interest in propagating.

This speech of the 14th January decided, no doubt, the great public question of the day—the repeal of the stamp act; but it also convinced all parties that the ministry, as then constituted, could not go on. Mr. Thackeray had found in the papers of Mr. Nuthall traces of an overture made through that gentleman by Lord Rockingham to Mr. Pitt, about the end of February, 1766; but these volumes inform us, for the first time, of a still earlier and more important negociation, one evidently produced by the events of the 14th January:—

"*Grosvenor Square, January* 18, 1766.

"Sir—Lord Rockingham and myself are charged to deliver you a message from his majesty, which I think and hope will be preliminary to great good to this country.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"GRAFTON."

—Vol. ii. pp. 371–373.

All we know of the failure of this overture is from a passage in a letter from Mr. Pitt to Lord Shelburne (afterwards first Marquis of Lansdowne, who about this time had peculiarly attached himself to Mr. Pitt,) which states:—

"4 *o'clock, January* 21, 1766.

"My dear lord—The riddle of negociation is at an end. I have seen Lord Rockingham from the king, and am informed that his majesty does not judge proper, upon the report of my answers, to have any further proceedings in this matter."—Vol. iii. p. 6.

Two other overtures were made by Lord Rockingham; one personally to Lord Shelburne, on the 23d February, and by him communicated to Mr. Pitt; and a second on the 26th, through Mr. Nuthall. It seems clear, from Lord Shelburne's letter and Mr. Pitt's answer, that the cause of Mr. Pitt's haughty rejection of these overtures was, that Lord Rockingham only invited Mr. Pitt to *join* the ministry, of which his lordship was, and was to continue, the head:—

"His tone," Mr. Pitt complained, "being that of a minister, master of the court and of the public, making openings to men who are seekers of offices and candidates for ministry."—Vol. iii. p. 11.

Lord Rockingham appears to have felt that he could not in honour abandon the friends who had so lately helped him to form his administration. It is probable and natural that he should also cling to his own position as *head* of the administration; and these were conditions to which the pride of Mr. Pitt would not submit.

The distrust of his own power, thus early shown by Lord Rockingham, soon became general in the public—and even in the cabinet; the most influential members of which, the chancellor, the Duke of Grafton, and General Conway, began to feel the influence of the great magnet. The Duke of rGafton actually flew off and attached himself openly to Mr. Pitt, with the remarkable declaration in the house of lords, that "he would *take a spade and mattock, and work in the trenches under such a commander.*" Lord Rockingham found it very difficult to fill up this vacancy, or indeed any other; and the administration at length became so dispirited and so feeble that the chancellor, Lord Northington, thought it necessary to acquaint the king that they could not go on, and advised him to send for the great cause and cure of all political diseases, Mr. Pitt! The advice was not unacceptable to the king, who must have been fully aware of Mr. Pitt's public importance, and seems to have had, at this time, a personal kindness—certainly no personal dislike—to the individual.

So ended the Rockingham administration, after an existence of one year. If respectability of persons and of talents, wholesome measures, good intentions, and sound principles could have given stability, that ministry would have been strong and permanent; but faction—not even *party*, but *faction*—was the predominant evil of the times. Ministries and oppositions had so crossed and jostled each other in the race for office, that any steadiness of object or consistency of principle was quite disregarded. Lord Bute's administration was denounced as "corrupt and profligate;" George Grenville's as "rash and odious;" Lord Rockingham's as "ridiculous and contemptible." It was now Mr. Pitt's turn to find that he himself was unable to struggle against that spirit of faction and disorder which he of all men had the most contributed to spread.

On the 12th July, 1766, he received the king's personal commands to form an administration: his majesty acquainting him that *he* had no terms to propose, but should place himself altogether in his hands; and the king's confidential correspondence with the new minister, pending the negociations, shows with what cordiality, tact, and good sense his majesty exerted himself to facilitate Mr. Pitt's arrangements. Mr. Pitt took for himself the office of privy seal, which rendered indispensable his translation to the house of lords. This choice very much

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surprised the world:* the reasons then assigned—and we have no trace of any other—were age and infirmity, which rendered a constant attendance in the house of commons impossible. This reason did not satisfy the public. His age was but fifty-eight; and although severely afflicted by his constitutional gout, he had never distinguished himself in the house of commons by greater vigour and brilliancy than in the preceding session. This correspondence throws no light on this point, except, indeed, that the private letters of the family represent his malady as more real and more severe than his contemporaries were inclined to believe.

Having fixed on this secondary office for himself, the next question was, who should be first lord of the treasury. It was first offered to Lord Temple; but under conditions which Lord Temple could not accept. The cordiality between Mr. Pitt and his lordship had, it seems, ceased for some time past. Wilkes mentions the disunion so early as November, 1765 (*Works*, ii. 217), and in February, 1766, Mr. Pitt, in relating to his wife something that had passed in the house of lords, said, "I am sorry to say that *Lord Temple rises in passion and sinks in consideration*" (vol. ii. p. 374)—an *epigram* which proves that, though they still called each other "Dear Brother," and "Loving Brother," there must have been a serious solution of their ancient friendship. Yet Lord Temple was treated by both the king and Mr. Pitt with great deference; and the proposition to him had the additional grace and weight of being made by the king in person. We shall extract *in extenso* his majesty's account to Mr. Pit of his interview with Lord Temple:

"*Richmond Lodge*, 15 *m. past* 7,
"Mr. Pitt, *July* 15, 1766.

Lord Temple has been with me, and has desired me not to see you to-morrow, that he may have time fully to talk with you. I have therefore entrusted him to acquaint you I shall not expect you then; but, on recollection, I think it may be both of utility and not void of amazement, for you to know the substance of what has passed.

"I opened to him a desire of seeing him in the treasury, and, *in conjunction with you*, chalking out such an administration as can be formed, considering the unhappy divisions that subsist between men, yet taking *the present administration for the basis to build on*, with such alterations as might appear necessary.

"I am sorry to see, though we only kept in generals, that he seems to incline *to quarters very heterogeneous to my and your ideas, and almost a total exclusion to the present men*—which is not your plan; but as we did not come to particulars, I hope I am not quite founded in my apprehensions.

"I concluded with saying, I should only agree to such a plan *as you could with pleasure be a part of; but not to one wherein you had not a principal share.*

"I should wish to see you on Thursday at eleven, at the queen's house; as that will give you time to consider the whole of this weighty matter. This letter remains a perfect secret betwixt me and you, if you think it best that it should.

—vol. ii. p. 442. "GEORGE R."

It seems that Mr. Pitt wished to retain a considerable proportion of the late ministry; and Lord Temple, who was much keener and steadier in his political attachments and resentments, wished for a larger introduction of his own friends. We have an account of the conference announced in the king's letter, which was clearly furnished by Lord Temple himself. Lord Temple complained that Mr. Pitt having chosen a "*side place* with little responsibility" for himself, had *dictatorially* nominated to all the other offices, while he, Lord Temple, who was to have the most responsible office in the state, was to have no voice in the subordinate appointments. He insisted on an equality of influence: and some of his own friends in the cabinet, Lord Lyttelton for instance, as privy seal. "That," exclaimed Mr. Pitt, "cannot be. Great God! can you compare him to the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, or General Conway?"—but added—"*Lord Lyttelton may have a pension.*" Two of the candidates for the treasury board were also to be satisfied with *pensions*. Lord Temple answered, "that would never do; he would not stain the bud of his administration by an accumulation of such burthens." Lord Temple then proposed Lord Gower as secretary of state—Mr. Pitt insisted on retaining General Conway—upon which Lord Temple said that he saw, as he had said at the outset, that Mr. Pitt was resolved to be sole and absolute *dictator*—to which no consideration would induce him to submit, and that he thought himself ill-treated by Mr. Pitt's assumption of superior authority. So ended—in what Wilkes calls "a violent breach—a dissolution of all friendship" (*Works* iii. 181)—the negociation with Lord Temple; who thought, and perhaps justly, that there was no real anxiety to admit him into the administration—a suspicion confirmed by the fact that an offer was soon after made to Lord Gower, who had been negatived when proposed by Lord Temple. Indeed Mr. Pitt seems to have been willing to enlist men from all sides, except his old connections and friends, the Grenvilles and Newcastles. The result was, the Duke of Grafton, instead "of *a spade and mattock in the trenches*," was invested with the chief trust and dignity in the office of first lord of the treasury; Lord Shelburne and General Conway were secretaries of state—Lord Camden, chancellor—the late chancellor, Northington, president of the council; and after some characteristic hesitation and wavering, "*that prodigy*," Charles Townshend, was persuaded to become chancellor of the exchequer. The subordinate offices were filled with very heterogeneous materials. This was the ministry which Mr. Burke described with such profuse pleasantry and truth.

"He, [Lord Chatham] made an administration so che-

* "I cannot figure to myself," says his friend and admirer, Sir A. Mitchell, "any solid reason that could induce him to accept the peerage at this time," &c.—vol. iii. p. 43. "Every body," writes Lord Chesterfield, "is puled to account for this step: [illegible] lieve, never heard or read of, to withdraw in the fulness of his power and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, from the house of commons (which procured him his power, and which could alone ensure it to him), and to go into that hospital of incurables, the house of lords, is a measure so unaccountable, that nothing but proof positive could make me believe it—but so it is."—*Chest. Let.*, 1*st August*, 1766.

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quered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed: a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues, whom he had assorted at the same boards, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, 'Sir, your name!—Sir, you have the advantage of me—Mr. Such-a-one—I beg a thousand pardons.' I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives; until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed."—*Sp. on Amer. Tax.*

We cannot omit extracting the autograph note in which the king announced to Mr. Pitt his creation as Earl of Chatham:

"*Richmond Lodge, July* 29, 1776.
25 *m. past* 5, *p. m.*

"Mr Pitt,

"I have signed this day the warrant for creating you an Earl, and shall have the pleasure of receiving you in that capacity to-morrow, as well as intrust you with my privy seal—as I know the *Earl of Chatham* will zealously give his aid towards destroying all party distinctions, and restoring that subordination to government which can alone preserve that inestimable blessing, liberty, from degenerating into licentiousness.
—Vol. iii. p. 21. George R."

And we add an anecdote of the younger, and we think the greater William Pitt, who, at the age of seven, already anticipated his future destiny. The children's tutor, Mr. Wilson, writing to congratulate the *Countess* on the new rank, adds:

"*My Lord* Pitt is much better, *Lady* Hester quite well, and *Mr.* William very near it. The last gentleman is not only contented in retaining his *papa's name*, but perfectly happy in it. Three month's ago he told me, in a very serious conversation, 'he was glad he was not the eldest son, but that he *could serve his country in the house of commons like his papa.*'"—Vol. iii. p. 27.

Non sine diis animosus infans!

We are now arrived at the most extraordinary, and to us incomprehensible, epoch of Lord Chatham's history. A third time first minister, with an almost dictatorial power, leading a cabinet composed rather of creatures than of colleagues; enjoying at once the whole confidence of the crown, and the supreme favour of the people, this great and omnipotent statesman does—nothing, absolutely nothing. He was himself a name, but only a name—*magni nominis umbra;* and the little that was done by his subordinates seemed at variance with all his own former professions, and was, in fact, pregnant with the most disastrous and fatal consequences to the empire.

The ostensible cause or excuse of this strange desertion of his public duties was the *gout*—a violent accession of which about this time, say his apologists, enervated his body, enfeebled his mind, and soured his temper. This may be true, but it still would afford no apology for his continuing for two years to hold nominally so great a trust, without having been—after the first six weeks—able or willing to execute any of its duties: but in truth we believe that the gout, whatever may have been its real severity, was exaggerated in order to excuse a line of conduct, for which, even if true, it would have furnished no excuse.

All his contemporaries were, as we have already stated, of opinion that the gout was a frequent pretext; and in reference to this very ministry, Mr. Burke hints as much in the celebrated speech we have just quoted. "If ever he [Lord Chatham] fell into a fit of gout, *or if any other cause* withdrew him from public cares, when his face was for a moment hid, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass." Mr. Burke spoke while Lord Chatham was still living and acting with Mr. Burke's party, and so would make such an allusion as tenderly as possible; but there can be no doubt that he knew and indicated that there were *other causes* for Lord Chatham's "*withdrawing himself from public cares*" besides the ostensible one of the gout.

The editors produce with some triumph a letter from Lady Chatham to Mr. Nuthall, the solicitor, dated 17th August, 1767, desiring him to prepare for his lordship's signature "a general power of attorney, empowering her ladyship to transact all business for him, as the continuance of his illness makes the transacting of any business uneasy to him;" and they say that "nothing can more forcibly contradict the *incessant insinuations* of his lordship's enemies, that his illness was entirely *political*." We see no force at all in this argument—if the illness was assumed, or (which is more likely) much exaggerated for some political object, this letter to Mr. Nuthall—the *solicitor of the treasury*—would have been a *blind*, quite of a piece with the rest of the transaction; and indeed we cannot guess what other purpose the power of attorney could have served. But however that may be, since the power of attorney could not enable Lady Chatham to execute the office of prime minister, or even of lord privy-seal, it seems wonderful that, when his lordship was thus obliged to devolve his small private business on his wife, he should have persisted in holding those great public offices. We had no idea, till we saw these volumes, how entirely and how pertinaciously Lord Chatham had withdrawn himself from all share in his own administration. He would see nobody—write to nobody—hear nothing—do nothing. In vain did the king write to him on every important occasion with the utmost confidence in his counsels, and the greatest tenderness and consideration for his indisposition; in vain did he appeal to his sense of duty and patriotism with an ability and earnestness approaching to eloquence: the crisis, he tells him on one occasion,

"would almost awaken the great men of former ages, and should therefore oblige Lord Chatham to cast aside any remains of his late indisposition."—Vol. iii. p. 277.

To a series of similar appeals his majesty could obtain nothing but such "*justian*" answers as this:—

"*The Earl of Chatham to the King.*
June 25, 1767.

"Under health so broken as renders at present appli-

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cation of mind totally impossible, may I prostrate myself at your majesty's feet, and most humbly implore your majesty's indulgence and compassion not to require of a devoted servant what in his state of weakness he has not the power to trace with the least propriety for your majesty's consideration, &c."—vol. iii. p. 277.—

and many others *ejusdem farinæ*. His colleagues were equally unsuccessful. On his way from Bath in February, 1767, he stopped at the inn at Marlborough, and was there confined for a fortnight. There were several most important affairs depending, and the Duke of Grafton, his own special friend, and indeed nominee, offered to go down to receive his personal "*directions*:" this proposition Lord Chatham declined with a stately negative. And again, some months after (May 27, 1776), Lord Chatham being at Northend, a villa close to London, and the affairs of the government, both in the lords and commons, in a most critical state, the Duke of Grafton solicited, as a personal favour and "relief to himself, an interview of one quarter of an hour, or of even a few minutes," to receive the minister's "advice and direction." To this application, urged with all earnestness and delicacy, Lord Chatham pompously replies that he is under

"the painful necessity of most earnestly entreating his grace to pardon him, if he begs to be allowed to decline the honour of the visit the Duke of Grafton has so kindly proposed. Nothing can be so great an affliction to him as to find himself quite unable for a conversation, which he should otherwise be proud and happy to embrace."—Vol. iii. p. 256.

At last, the emergency becoming more pressing, the king was induced to propose, as Lord Chatham could not come to him, he would go down to Lord Chatham at Northend. The king in his chariot was the *Deus ex machinâ*; and, under this pressure, and to escape the royal visit, Lord Chatham consented to see the Duke of Grafton—but, as it seems, only once, or at most twice, for a few moments, and to no purpose!

Of this tenacity of office, and this incapacity or reluctance to execute its duties, we have an instance which, whether Lord Chatham's illness was real or feigned, happened very inopportunely, and seems to have greatly perplexed him and his circle. A charter for a certain mining company was to pass the privy seal, but some objection being made to it, it became necessary that the lord privy seal should hear the parties. The confusion into which this unexpected difficulty threw the court, the cabinet, and Lord Chatham's family, is quite ludicrous; every one, even the king himself, seemed afraid to take any step that could in any way offend or even discompose Lord Chatham: at least, after a six weeks' search for precedents and expedients, Lord Chatham was forced to resign the seal into the hands of three commissioners, who heard the cause, and on the 21st of March, 1768, the seal was immediately re-delivered to Lord Chatham, by a deputation of the privy council.

It is quite clear that it could not be *gout*—mere gout—which for upwards of two years disabled Lord Chatham so utterly and without intermission. As this publication affords no clue to the real cause, we are driven to conjecture—though no conjecture seems to meet all the ascertained facts of the case. The most plausible and probably the substantially true one is that Mr. Pitt was surprised and shocked at the sudden loss of popularity which his acceptance of the peerage had occasioned—weakened by his breach with Lord Temple—disconcerted by the powerful opposition which exhibited itself against him—disappointed as to the parliamentary ability of the colleagues for whom he had abandoned his former friends—mortified at the failure of some rash and mysterious attempts to strengthen his government—and, above all, seeing the violent commotion in the public mind which Wilkes's affair had generated, and being determined never to be on the unpopular side—all these considerations were likely to make him very soon regret that he had descended from his commanding position as the GREAT COMMONER:—he probably felt some reluctance to come forward in his new character, and perhaps clung to office only that he might find some striking and popular occasion for resignation. The volumes disprove, we think, the idea that there was any insincerity on the part of his colleagues; they seem to have been all (except perhaps Charles Townshend) most obedient followers; and very certainly there was no ground of complaint against the king, whose correspondence is clear, candid, confiding, and cordial, even to the last—full of esteem and respect for his minister, and affording, both by the strong good sense of the matter and the dignified simplicity of the style, a vast superiority over the bombastic and hollow verbiage which it was Lord Chatham's taste to employ.

It was under this palsied administration that the unhappy project of taxing America was revived in the shape that led to the dismemberment of the empire. Mr. Burke seems to hint that Charles Townshend made the proposition without Lord Chatham's consent. That is possible—as we have seen that Lord Chatham took great pains to keep aloof from business, and refused at this very time to see any of his colleagues even for *five minutes*—but surely this is rather an aggravation than an apology. Charles Townshend was his colleague—forced by himself into the office of chancellor of the exchequer. If Lord Chatham disapproved the proposition, and if Townshend had persisted in it, either he or Townshend should have left the cabinet. But the first minister, if he did not approve, at least connived at the measure, when a word or look would have stopped it, and must therefore be held, in the first and greatest degree, responsible for the disastrous result: and, finally, it must not be forgotten that Lord Chatham remained in office above a year after the death of Charles Townshend (4th Sept. 1767), without expressing the least disapprobation of his American measure, or taking the smallest step to mitigate or correct its operation.

It is very remarkable that in the various notes in which Lord Chatham evaded, on the score of physical inability, the humble requests of his colleagues and the urgent desire of his sovereign for his assistance, or even his advice, he never once should have thought of offering to resign: at last, however, Lord Shelburne retired (on what particular ground does not very clearly appear), and then, October, 1768, Lord Chatham discovers for the first time that his deplorable *state of health* renders it necessary that

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he also should resign an office of which, for almost the whole period he held it, he had declined to execute the slightest duty.

It is idle to talk, as has been sometimes done, of the intrigues, and affronts, and insincerity of which Lord Chatham was the victim—all his contemporaries felt, and these volumes prove beyond all question, both by what they tell and by what they cannot tell, that Lord Chatham, if a victim, was his own—that he abandoned his friends and his sovereign, and not they him: and, finally, that his conduct throughout was so *unaccountable* as to afford some colour to the supposition which Lord Chesterfield tells as that he and many others entertained at the time—that anxiety and vexation, working on his hereditary malady, had actually *affected his intellect.* This suspicion of insanity has been supported by some plausible arguments, and was once, as we shall see, uttered to his face in parliament by his *friend* the Duke of Grafton; but we can make no such excuse for Lord Chatham, when we find that, as soon as he was out of office, there was a sudden improvement of his health; that he made a reconciliation with Lord Temple; soon resumed his attendance in the house of lords; and threw himself, with a vigour and brilliancy of genius, equal or superior to those of his best days, into all the violence and faction of the most factious and violent period of our history.

The difference between the public feeling on this and on his former resignations must have been mortifying to the proud spirit of Lord Chatham. His abstraction while in office from business had been so complete, that his final secession was hardly noticed; and he prudently *lay by* for a year, either really to recover his health, or more probably, to leave a decent interval between his ministerial lethargy and a vigorous opposition.

In the mean while the affair of Wilkes at home, and the disturbances in America, which had been encouraged by the paralysis of the ministry, assumed a still more formidable character on Lord Chatham's resignation; which was also followed (within three months) by the appearance of those celebrated letters under the title of Junius, which "more embroiled the fray," and partly by their intrinsic merit as compositions, but still more by the accidental circumstances and temper of the times, produced an effect unparalleled in the annals of political literature; even now, when their injustice, malignity, and falsehood are fully appreciated, the elegance of the style, the keenness of the sarcasm, and the mystery which envelopes the author, still preserve them from the ordinary fate of political libels, and secure them no mean rank among the classic models of our language. It was hoped that this correspondence would have thrown some light on the authorship of these celebrated letters—it does not. There are two letters addressed by *Junius** to Lord Chatham, but they are of no importance, unless it may be as specimens of the *hand* by which the letters were written. As such, the editors have given *fac similes* of them, accompanied by *fac similes* of the writing of Sir Philip Francis; intimating, and indeed supporting by several plausible reasons, an opinion that Sir Philip was the author of Junius. We will not now pursue that inquiry. We will only express our contrary conviction that Sir P. Francis was not the *author* of Junius; and that of all the candidates for that very questionable honour, the weight of suspicion still preponderates towards Lord Sackville.

After a year's seclusion, Lord Chatham appeared in his place in the house of lords on the 9th of January, 1770, and exhibited another instance of the versatility with which he could vary his political associate according to the accident of his own being in or out of office.

We have just seen that in the summer of 1766 he had overthrown the Rockingham administration by attracting from it the Duke of Grafton, and for no other motive than that it included the Duke of Newcastle and his friends. In forming his own government, the Newcastles were excluded—Lord Temple was rejected—Lord Gower negatived—the Duke of Grafton was raised to the first post—most of the individual ministers whom he had just overthrown were adopted into the new system—but Lord Rockingham himself was so "*ill-treated*," as he alleged, that he declined to hold any communication with Lord Chatham: whose administration, however, was scarcely formed when he found it expedient to introduce some of the Newcastle party so recently excluded—to apply to Lord Gower, so recently negatived—and, in short to make such important changes as forced the Duke of Portland, Lords Scarborough, Besborough, and Monson, with other respectable and influential members of his government to retire; and when his government was decried and weakened by these resignations, he abandoned it to its fate, and seemed to take no more trouble or interest about it than if he had not belonged to it.

After his own resignation, however, all was again changed; and on his re-appearance in parliament he exhibited himself in direct hostility to the Duke of Grafton and the other ministers whom he had himself placed in office—re-united with Lord Temple, from whom he had so lately separated—in avowed coalition with Lord Rockingham, whom he had so lately expelled and "*ill-treated*"—and supported by the Duke of Portland and the other lords and gentlemen whom he had so lately driven from his own administration. Such unprincipled variations were indeed the fashion of those times; and all men (except perhaps Mr. Burke) unhesitatingly practised them: but no one, we believe, so largely or so boldly as Lord Chatham—certainly no other man was ever able to cover them with such a splendour of genius and such blazes of popularity.

On the first night of the session he made two vigorous speeches comprising all the opposition topics of the day, and concluding with an amendment to the address, condemnatory of the proceedings of the house of commons in the affair of Wilkes's ex-

* It is to be observed that one of these letters thus, without any explanation, ascribed to Junius, has no signature, and is dated a year prior to the first of Junius's acknowledged letters—the editors judging, we suppose, from the apparent identity of the hand-writing of the other letter, which is certainly by Junius. But this should have been distinctly stated; particularly as the letter in question seems inconsistent with other letters of the same period, which Woodfall attributes to Junius. This letter, written before Junius had any very imperative motive for concealment, should be carefully examined; it might afford a clue to the author.

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pulsion, and the subsequent elections for Middlesex. This was negatived by a large majority. A few nights after, Lord Rockingham made a motion for a committee on the state of the nation, which was supported by Lord Chatham in a brilliant and forcible, but, we must also add, in our opinion, most indiscreet and mischievous speech. Amidst many other inflammatory topics, he represented the proceedings against Wilkes as a gross and mortal violation of the constitution. After asserting that nothing but a retraction of the proceedings of the house of commons could restore the country to a state of tranquillity, he exclaimed,—"*if not, may discord prevail for ever!*"—as if that were not strong enough, he added —"I know to what point my language may appear directed; but if the ministers will not permit this question to be decided according to the principles of the constitution, it must then be decided *in some other manner;*" and rather than it should be given up, "he hoped, old as he was, to see the question *brought to issue, and fairly tried between the people and the government.*"—(*Sp. 22d January*). In the then state of the public mind, such language seems to us utterly indefensible. It was in this speech, too, that he reproduced and explained the proposition for parliamentary reform to which we before alluded—but, even in the heat and whirlwind of his passion, he never contemplated the extinction of the nomination boroughs, but proposed, by an addition of county members, "to infuse into the constitution a portion of new health, to enable it to support the inveterate diseases," which he was not so rash as to think of removing by "amputation." At the close of this speech he avowed the coalition of "Lord Rockingham and his friends, with *him and his*—an union which he hoped would be indissoluble."

We have seen that such was the wonderful power of this man's eloquence, that from his first appearance, no ministry had been able to withstand his avowed hostility. It would seem as if he could neither be minister himself, nor permit any one else to be. The duke of Grafton was no exception. Already harassed by the virulent satire of Junius, his grace was decided by Lord Chatham's declaration, and immediately resigned: Lord North, the chancellor of the exchequer, succeeded him as first lord of the treasury and prime minister. This event, of course, rather stimulated than weakened Lord Chatham's opposition, and in all the questions (except one to be noticed hereafter), which arose in endless and unhappy variety out of the Wilkes affair, he took a forward, and, in our judgment, a very factious part. In following this course, he revived, and indeed never failed when out of office to produce, the vulgar calumny, that Lord Bute was all-powerful in the closet, and still poisoning the royal mind with secret, irresponsible, and *Jacobite* councils, dangerous to the constitutional liberties of England. On one occasion Lord Chatham almost directly accused the king of insincerity, of treachery to him during his late administration—"graciously and amiably *promising*, in repeated audiences, not only to forgive but to supply defects of health, by cheerful support and ready assistance—instead of which, all difficulties and obstacles to his public measures were suggested, nourished, and supported by that secret influence to which he alluded"—an assertion which these papers completely disprove. The duke of Grafton warmly defended the king—denied, as Mr. Conway had done before, that he had, while in office, seen or felt any such influence, and added, that the charge was so utterly groundless that it could only be "the effect of a distempered mind brooding over its own discontents." To this remarkable retort, Lord Chatham only replied by reiterating the accusation, and adding the celebrated assertion that he had been at length unwillingly convinced that "there was behind the throne something greater than the throne itself."

If we would suppose Lord Chatham to have really believed this, we could only smile and wonder at the infatuation; but knowing as we know, and as we think Lord Chatham must have known, that Lord Bute had not for many years seen the king except in public—that he had not given, nor had the opportunity of giving, any political, or, indeed, any kind of advice,—and that he had wholly withdrawn himself from political life—Lord Chatham's periodical renewal of this calumny, whenever he was out of place and of humour, excites in our mind a very painful feeling for the infirmities of even the noblest natures. Lord Chatham's natural nobility of heart was incapable of treating a dog, as party spleen, overweening pride, and a morbid love of popularity, induced him to treat his young, ingenuous, upright, and indulgent sovereign.

Nothing indeed in these volumes, full as they are of political frailties and turpitudes, is so surprising and shocking as the injustice and cruelty with which the king's feelings, peace of mind, and character were sacrificed to the personal interests, and even caprices, of contending politicians. This publication will raise,—even with those who already admired and reverenced George III.—the reputation of that excellent man and wise sovereign. His confidential communications with Lord Chatham will convince the public of what was already known to all who had seen any portion of his majesty's correspondence with his official servants—his sound knowledge and zealous pursuit of the great interests of his country—his love of his people—his reverence for the constitution—the total absence of all selfish views, and the sacrifice, when the public interests required it, of all personal partialities—his own conscientious diligence and accuracy in business, tempered by a gracious indulgence towards others—a courage, *conscia recti*, which never was shaken, and a temper which, under the severest trials, never permitted itself to be disturbed.

It has been so much the habit to undervalue his intellectual powers, that we may gladly borrow from the historical sketches of Lord Brougham the following passage, which is peculiarly applicable to the topic of secret influence which we have been discussing:—

"George III. set one example which is worthy of imitation, in all times. He refused to be made a state puppet in his minister's hands, and to let his name be used either by men he despised, or for purposes he disapproved. No one could ever accuse him of ruling by favourites: still less would any one, by pretending to be the people's choice, impose himself on his *vigorous understanding*."—*Hist. Sket.* vol. i. p. 14.

Lord Brougham, while he applauds the amiable

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and steady affection with which the king cherished his friends, thinks that he bore his enemies an equally implacable hatred; and of this latter feeling he cites Lord Chatham as the most conspicuous example. We doubt whether this extent of either praise or blame was entirely deserved. The king, like any other man, could not be without his private likings and aversions, but we believe that no man ever lived who allowed either to influence so little his public duties. As sovereign, he appeared to be above both friendship and enmity. When the public service seemed to require it, he—with, no doubt, some secret and natural reluctance, but with a good grace and good faith—parted with the servants to whom he was supposed to be most attached—Lord Bute, Lord North, Mr. Pitt the younger, Mr. Addington—and he accepted those who were thought most obnoxious to him. The Duke of Bedford, Lord Chatham, Lord Temple, Lord Shelburne, Mr. Fox—not to mention the more frequent and more painful changes of the officers of his household. His friendships were, therefore, not obstinate, nor his enmities implacable. His supposed hatred of Lord Chatham, Lord Brougham dates from the American question, adding very candidly, that up to that time the king's correspondence with him was "most friendly." But even in this restricted period we see no indications of *personal hatred;* that the king was mortified, afflicted, and offended by Lord Chatham's waywardness and apathy during his last ministry, and by the violence and faction of his subsequent conduct, no one who reads this correspondence can wonder; but again we say, we find no proof of *personal hatred*, nor even of so much asperity as any private gentleman must naturally have felt in any analogous case. Let any impartial man carefully read and consider this correspondence—the publications of the day—and the general history of the reign, and then say whether, in respect to personal persecution, King George, like King Lear, was not "more sinned against than sinning."

Though Lord Chatham's taste and pride forbade his mixing himself with the personal follies and impurities of the Wilkite cause, his public conduct was certainly calculated to countenance and encourage that disgusting delusion and insanity. It is really lamentable to find in these volumes evidence (supplied chiefly, not from his own, but from the Calcraft and Lansdowne papers) that *he*, who, as we have seen, could not for two years move a finger in the discharge of his official duties, was so renovated by immersion in the Medean caldron of faction, as to be capable not merely of performing the arduous duties of a leader in successive parliamentary campaigns, but of preparing and directing all the petty and partisan details of political warfare. *He* who had not strength to inquire, or even to hear when the information was urged upon him, what his own administration was doing, was now curious about the smallest intrigues of party, and active and astute in framing and directing every various form of opposition. The fable of Antæus seems a type and parable of him—powerless while elevated, he recovered, when overthrown, his spirit and his force, and rose from every fall with more than his pristine energy and power.

We find him in the closest confidence with Mr. Calcraft (formerly the devoted follower of his rival, Mr. Fox), and employing him in the busiest exertions and intrigues to embarrass the ministry; we find him, for that same object, urging, one day, his own friend and follower, Lord Camden, *not* to resign, and next day using every art of entreaty and flattery to persuade Lord Granby to resign. We find him holding confidential conferences with his late *bête noire*, the old Duke of Newcastle. We find him dissatisfied at the slow progress of faction in the city, when other people thought the city absolutely faction-mad. We find him obstinately persisting in making motions in the house of lords, which Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Richmond, keen as they were, dissuaded; which even Lord Temple declined to countenance; and Lord Camden refused to support: in short, we find him far in advance of an opposition which comprised the wild violence of Barré, and the more reasoned vehemence of Burke.

"*The Earl of Chatham to John Calcraft, Esq.*
Hayes, Friday night, July 28, 1770.

"Dear sir—I was in town on Wednesday last, saw Lord Rockingham, and learned nothing more than what I knew before; namely, that the marquis is an honest and honourable man, but that 'moderation, moderation!' is the burthen of the song among the body. For myself, I am resolved to be in earnest for the public, and shall be a *scarecrow of violence* to the gentle warblers of the grove, the moderate whigs and temperate statesmen."—Vol. iii. p. 469.

And all this against men whom he had himself placed in office, and against measures of which the seeds had been sown during his own administration; and of which we may at least say, that, had he done his duty by his king and his colleagues, they would never have arisen to the lamentable urgency and importance which they had now attained.

In the midst of these domestic troubles arose the case of the Falkland Islands; and here again Lord Chatham, with more consistency, but with even greater imprudence, would have added to all our growing difficulties a foreign war in a petty squabble on a doubtful right, and for a worthless object.

This affair, however, gave rise to an incident more honourable to Lord Chatham. Press warrants had been issued. Some city magistrates, in the general spirit of resistance to all authority which the Wilkite proceedings had generated, refused to back them. Lord Chatham's martial spirit would not brook this; he openly discountenanced the objection—advised the lord mayor against it, and even went so far as to talk, in a vivid oration in the house of lords, "of bringing the refractory aldermen *to the bar of that house* to answer for their disobedience." This gave, it may be supposed, great offence; for the city really fancied itself above all control;—but Lord Chatham thought otherwise: "The city, respectable as it is, deems of itself *as I do not*, if they imagine themselves exempt from question."—(Vol. iv. p. 24.) The great ruler of the storm could, when he pleased, allay as well as excite. The city submitted at once—

"Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt"—

though it must be confessed that the idea of settling the legality of press warrants and the duties of ma-

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gistrates by calling the latter to the bar of the house of lords, was a high prerogative road that, if any other man than Lord Chatham had ventured upon it, would have caused a much greater, and certainly much juster outcry than any of the proceedings in the case of Wilkes.

But all these affairs, which were in fact nothing but the squabbles of faction, were now thrown into the shade by a question of real and vital importance —the dispute with our American colonies, whose discontents, after smouldering with occasional bursts of flame, ever since the stamp act, now broke out in a general, and, as it turned out, unquenchable conflagration. It would occupy our whole number to give even a summary of the proceedings of Lord Chatham in this great affair; in which, though he was, as on all exciting occasions, frequently carried away into contradictions, inconsistencies and even faction, yet on the whole his motives were honest—his councils wise, and the abilities with which he developed them transcendently admirable. It is in this part of his history that this great man seems to us to be greatest. A life of tortuous policy is not likely at its close to resolve itself into a course of straightforward simplicity—that was not to be expected from a veteran tactician like Lord Chatham. But his personal circumstances, as well as the real magnitude of the public interest at stake, appear to have given more candour and sincerity, and consequently more force and effect to his exertions on the American question, than, in our judgment at least, are visible in any former period of his life. It is here that we recognise the longest views of his sagacity, as well as the loftiest flights of his genius and his eloquence.

But let us not be misunderstood. We do not believe that if he had continued minister the calamity would have been averted—because it was his ministry that made the most important step towards the mischief; we do not believe that, if he had been recalled to power after the discontents had exploded, he could have arranged the differences—because to the last, the very last, he stickled for an imperial and legislative sovereignty, which the colonists would and could have no more submitted to than to taxation. In fact, as we have before said, we see no solid reason for Lord Chatham's distinction between general legislation and that portion of legislation which includes taxation: indeed, on the contrary, there might seem more reason why the mother country should tax the colony to bear *a share* of the cost of the general defence of the empire, than why she should legislate on civil and administrative matters which concerned the colonists alone. The truth was, the colonies had outgrown their tutelary institutions—the boy had become a man, and had an instinctive desire to assume the *toga virilis*: the first occasion that offered *happened* to be, as it generally is in the analogous cases of private life, a question of money—and Lord Chatham, whose sense of the justice of the American cause was clearer than his view of the real question at issue, and who probably also hoped to preserve his popularity on both sides of the Atlantic—hit upon the *mezzo termine* of conceding to America the disputed point of taxation, while he vindicated for England a vague, a barren, and what must have been, at best, a nominal sovereignty.

It is impossible to judge, and therefore it were idle to speculate on what the result might have been of different premises; but although we believe that, if Lord Chatham had been in the place of Lord North, the final issue would have been the same, there seems every reason to suppose that if Lord Chatham's counsels had prevailed, the disruption might have been effected with less of immediate calamity, and less of subsequent animosity.

We need not—for they are familiar to every body —and indeed we could not recapitulate all the solemn warnings, all the wise, eloquent and enthusiastic appeals which, in the course of that long struggle, he addressed alternately to the hopes and fears, the feelings and interests of the mother country. Never had his parliamentary exertions been more active, more assiduous, or more applauded; and in proportion as they dismayed and distracted our councils at home, they excited courage, confidence, and ambition in the hearts of the Americans.

We confess that we are unable to reconcile the practical effect of Lord Chatham's speeches with his theory of British sovereignty, but the same facility in adopting opposite opinions, and the same confident grandeur in maintaining them, which we have remarked all through Lord Chatham's life, attended him to its close. For several years his whole energies had been exerted in defence of the American cause, in all its vicissitudes and aspects; and at last, when that cause was on the eve of its final triumph, he came dying to the house of lords to utter his last breath in a solemn protest against American independence, to which he, perhaps, of all mankind, except Washington alone, had the most contributed.

Before we arrive at the last solemn scene, there are two circumstances personally relating to Lord Chatham, and illustrative of his character, which must be noticed. In one of the debates on the conduct of the war, Lord Suffolk had said, in reply to an objection which had been made to the employment of the Indians, that "we were justified in using all the means which God and nature had put into our hands." In reply to this, Lord Chatham burst out into one of his finest strains:—

"I am astonished!" exclaimed he, "shocked to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country:—principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. 'That God and nature put into our hands!' I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating; literally, my lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

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"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that *right reverend* bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God: I appeal to the wisdom and the law of *this learned* bench to defend and support the justice of their country: I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution; I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own: I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character: I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.* In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the *Protestant religion*, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—*hell-hounds*, I say, *of savage war!* Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion: endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

"My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this house and this country from this sin.

"My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles."—Vol. iv. pp. 458, 459.

Splendid oratory; but it was retorted on Lord Chatham—and his friend Lord Amherst was obliged reluctantly to confess—that the Indians *had been* employed in the Canadian war in Mr. Pitt's own administration. Lord Chatham attempted to make some distinction between the cases, which, however, did not altogether protect him from the recoil of his own eloquence.

The other circumstance was of a more private nature. Early in 1778 Lord Bute seems to have expressed among his private friends a strong sense of the public danger, and an opinion that the wisest course to be pursued was the calling Lord Chatham to the head of the government. This opinion was repeated by Sir James Wright (a friend of Lord Bute's) to Dr. Addington, Lord Chatham's physician. Dr. Addington understood it as a direct overture for something like a coalition between Lord Bute and Lord Chatham, and so conveyed it to the latter. Lord Chatham dictated a civil and conciliatory reply, but stated that nothing but "*new councils and councillors—a real change and not a palliation*—could prevent the public ruin." This answer (as Dr. Addington reported) was coldly received by Sir James Wright, because the words "*real change*" seemed to point to the exclusion of Lord Bute from the new arrangements. Upon this Lord Chatham, in an angry and contemptuous note, directed Dr. Addington to break off all intercourse. In the meanwhile, Lord Chatham's first answer reached Lord Bute, who desired Sir James Wright to state, that "observing by the expression '*real change*,' that Lord Chatham seemed to imagine Lord Bute had some influence in the administration, he wished Lord Chatham to be informed that ill-health and family distresses had accustomed him to a *perfectly retired life*, to which he hoped to *adhere as long as he lived*; that his *long absence from all sort of public business, and the many years which had intervened since he saw the king*, prevented his knowing more of public affairs than he gathered from general conversation and the newspapers. This total ignorance, notwithstanding his zeal for the country, love for the king, and very high opinion of Lord Chatham, put it out of his power to be of the least use in this dangerous emergency, but that from his heart he wished Lord Chatham every imaginable success in the restoration of the public welfare."

This affair gave rise, after Lord Chatham's death, to a controversy whether he or Lord Bute had commenced this negociation. The truth seems to be, that the go-betweens had been overzealous, and had misconstrued Lord Bute's private wishes into a political overture. The only importance the matter now has is the unequivocal denial by Lord Bute of that secret influence which Lord Chatham so obstinately, and after this explanation so illiberally, persisted in imputing.

It has been surmised that the nice distinction on which Lord Chatham encouraged American resistance and opposed American independence was acceptable in the closet; and there cannot be, we think, much doubt that if he had lived a few weeks longer, he would have been invited to undertake the work of reconciliation on these principles. We ourselves consider the distinction as in itself visionary, and we are satisfied that even the great abilities and commanding influence of Lord Chatham would have found any such accommodation impracticable. But heaven spared him the anxiety of the attempt, and, as we believe, the mortification of a failure.

We are now arrived at the closing scene of this illustrious life. On the 7th April, 1778, the Duke

* Above thirty years before, Lord Chesterfield made a similar allusion in a speech on the then war: "*he turned with a most rhetorical transition to the tapestry*, and said with a sigh, that he feared there were no historical looms at work now."—*Walpole to Montague, 13th July*, 1745. Lett. ii. 48.

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of Richmond, hitherto the ally and supporter of all Lord Chatham's American policy, moved an address to the crown, recapitulating in detail the expenses, losses, and misconduct of the war, entreating his majesty to dismiss his ministers, and to withdraw his forces, by sea and land, from the revolted provinces. There was hardly a topic in this motion which Lord Chatham had not himself repeatedly urged; and it was, no doubt, so framed with a view to secure his concurrence; but he saw that it involved, though not in direct terms, the acknowledgment of American independence; and on the motion's being communicated to him the day before it was to be made, he apprised the duke, "with unspeakable concern, that the difference between them, on the point of the independence and sovereignty of America, was so very wide, that he despaired of bringing about any reasonable issue. He was still ill, but hoped to be in town to-morrow." On that morrow he appeared in the house of lords for the last time:—

"Lord Chatham came into the house of lords leaning upon two friends, wrapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated. Within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species. He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch and raised it, casting his eyes towards heaven, and said, 'I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave—I am risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this house.' The reverence—the attention—the stillness of the house was most affecting: if any one had dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard. At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more than at any former period; both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke. . . .

"He rejoiced that he was yet alive to give his vote against so impolitic, so inglorious a measure as the acknowledgment of the independency of America; and declared he would much rather be in his grave than see the lustre of the British throne tarnished, the dignity of the empire disgraced, the glory of the nation sunk to such a degree as it must be, when the dependency of America on the sovereignty of Great Britain was given up."

After speaking for some time with great enthusiasm he sat down exhausted, and the Duke of Richmond rose to explain. While he was speaking, Lord Chatham listened to him with attention and composure, and, when his grace had ended, rose to reply; but his strength failed him, and he fell backwards in convulsions. He was immediately supported by the peers around him, and by his youngest sons who happened to be present as spectators. He was conveyed first to the house of Mr. Sargent in Downing street, and thence to Hayes, where he lingered for three days, and Monday the 11th of May terminated a glorious life by a death, it may be said, in the service of his country, and on *the very field of battle*.

That same evening—on the motion of Colonel Barré, formerly the bitterest of his enemies, but lately become a close ally—the house of commons voted him a public funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey, a tribute in which men of all parties generously and cordially joined;—το γαρ γηρας εστι θανατου.

We have so fully expressed, as we proceeded, our opinions on the several points of Lord Chatham's policy and the varying features of his character, that we have little more to add.

That he was the most *powerful* orator that ever illustrated and ruled the senate of this empire—that for nearly half a century, he was not merely the arbiter of the destinies of his own country, but "the foremost man in all the world"—that he had an unparalleled grandeur and affluence of intellectual powers, softened and brightened by all the minor accomplishments—that his ambition was noble—his views instinctively elevated—his patriotism all but excessive—that in all the domestic relations of life he was exemplary and amiable—a fine scholar, a finished gentleman, a sincere Christian—one whom his private friends and servants loved as a good man, and all the world admired as a great one—these are the praises which his contemporaries awarded, and which posterity has, with little diminution, confirmed.

But, on the other hand, there were serious defects which decreased his splendour, impaired his authority, and rendered his great abilities rather glorious to himself than, for any practical purposes, beneficial to his country. These defects, though of course well known to the political circles in which he moved, and deplored and censured by the sober few, were so much in the fashion of the times, and were so glossed over by his own wonderful powers, as to excite comparatively little contemporaneous observation—but since his life has become history, and been elucidated by contemporaneous letters and memoirs, they have appeared every day more and more flagrant: and the present publication—an honest publication we will say—has brought them out in still bolder prominence.

In the first place, it would not be easy to specify any positive advantage (except, perhaps, the possession—*valeat quantum*—of Canada) which the country has inherited from Lord Chatham. The very existence of so great a man is, no doubt, a national glory, and therefore a national good; and his indirect influence may have been highly useful. Can we calculate the extent to which his *lectures*, so to call them, may have educated and improved the public mind in both the science and the art of government? How many statesmen may his example have formed? How many improvements may his precepts have produced? How many errors and evils may his authority have repressed? But of direct, permanent, practical ameliorations of our social and political condition, few of our statesmen—even those who had not a thousandth part of his abilities—have, we believe, left such scanty traces.

Though so sagacious and so accomplished a mind could not be insensible to, and did in fact highly appreciate, the value of mental cultivation, social improvements, commercial enterprise, and all the fair and fruitful arts of peace, yet he did little for them. His genius and his voice—"quo non præstantior alter—Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu"—"were still for *war*"—a fearful lottery, in which one or two brilliant prizes are

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dearly purchased by the misery of individuals and the calamity of nations. We believe the world is by this time pretty well disposed to subscribe to Sir Samuel Romilly's opinion that the *glories*, as they are called, of Lord Chatham's administration, "produced no solid advantage to his country" (Mem. II. 402) :—and how short a space of his career was that epoch of doubtful glory!

As to his personal qualities, it must be admitted that his temper, naturally reserved and haughty, was, as he advanced in life, soured by disease and disappointment. *It is not good for man to be alone* in political, any more than in social life; but, he endeavoured to release himself from the obligations of political connection—affected to stand alone, and to guide himself by his individual lights, feelings and interests—he grew, at first, impatient of contradiction, and afterwards, of advice, and even of assistance—he used to shut himself up in the impenetrable solitude of an eastern despot, from which he emerged occasionally to dazzle the world with his pomp and splendour. This isolation could not fail to produce singularity and selfishness, and to foster a dictatorial habit of mind very ill-fitted for a minister under our constitution.

We have already mentioned with regret his indiscreet and offensive language towards George II, which had, we believe, the effect—more injurious to the interests of the country than even his own—of keeping him out of efficient office at a time when he could have served the state with distinction, and his own mind might have been trained to habits of practical business, which he never afterwards attained. And we cannot, in truth and candor, designate his conduct towards George III. otherwise than as alike ungrateful and unconstitutional—unjust in its spirit, mischievous in its effect, and pernicious in its consequences.

He lived, too, at a time when public principle, as we now understand the term, was at a very low ebb amongst public men; and his practice brought it still lower. He thought too steadily of his own individual interests, and in pursuit of them was strangely versatile both as to persons and principles. We do not, as the world in general does, reckon *consistency* as one of the first virtues of public men. Sagacity to detect, and candor to avow one's own errors, we rate much higher; besides, all is not inconsistency that at first sight seems so—circumstances change, and to be consistent in principle a statesman may be forced to inconsistencies in practice. But the inconsistencies, or at least the majority of them, which are alleged against Lord Chatham, are not of this class. There is not, we believe, to be named any one of his various adversaries who did not successively become his political associate—nor any one of his various associates who was not, on some other turn of the wheel, his decided adversary. There is not, we believe, to be found any one considerable measure which he ever advocated that he did not at some other time oppose; nor any that he ever opposed which he did not at some other period advocate. Conscious of his vast superiority to all the politicians who surrounded him, he probably had sincerely persuaded himself that his being in place was a *sine quâ non* to the prosperity of the country, and he seems to have acted all through life as if he thought that all means were just and honourable which could lead to so desirable an end. There was some truth in that self-flattering idea. Endowed as he was with irrepressible ambition and irresistible talents, he must inevitably have either ruled or disordered the state; but the misfortune was, that an overweening self-confidence disinclined, and a haughty and capricious temper disabled him from conciliating and associating in his designs the humbler but still necessary utilities of other men. He fancied he could make a political clock which should go by mere force of the *main-spring*, without the help of cog-wheel, pendulum, or balance—the consequence was, that his system, whenever it was set a-going, ran itself out in a moment.

The sum of all seems to us to be, that the qualities of the orator were more transcendent then those of the statesman, and that his public character, when calmly considered, excites rather admiration than applause. The generosity of his sentiments did not always guide his practice; and the majestic stream of his declamations for the rights and liberties of mankind was always accompanied by eddies and under-currents of personal interests. He was too fine a genius for lower, and too selfish a politician for the higher duties of a minister—

"Graced as he was with all the power of words"—

his talents were neither for conducting an office nor managing a party—he was neither *the sun to rule the day* nor *the moon to rule the night*—but a meteor which astonished and alarmed mankind by its supernatural splendour, but left the world, when it expired, in deeper darkness than before.

From the United Service Journal.

ON STOPPING THE VENT IN THE PRACTICE OF NAVAL GUNNERY.

MR. EDITOR,—You are no doubt aware that a difference of opinion exists as to the propriety of the operation called *stopping the vent* of a gun, after it has been fired, and during the process of sponging and reloading. Now, as this operation is one which essentially involves the safety of the men employed to reload the piece, it is well worthy of the attention of practical men, and any positive information on the subject, calculated to set so important a question at rest, will, I am sure, be well received at your hands, and those of your readers.

The question turns simply on this point of fact—will any burning matter, left in the gun after it has been discharged, be more likely to be extinguished by the sponge, if the touch-hole, or vent, is effectually closed during *the whole course of that operation?* or will such inflamed matter be more readily put out either by not stopping the vent at all, or by stopping it *only during a part of this process?*

You are well aware that, from the earliest times of gunnery practice, in the navy at least, the order to "stop the vent!" has formed one of the most positive injunctions on the part of every authority, and that the efficacy—indeed, the indispensable necessity of such a measure, for the security of the loader, has been so strongly insisted upon, that nothing, probably, would be more difficult than the eradication of such prejudice, if it be one, from the minds of those officers and men who have had most experience, whether in the face of an enemy, or duringo ccasions of exercise.

On the other hand, it is said that the principles of nature are not to give way to old rules, and that if the practice alluded to shall be found opposed to well known laws, and that, theoretically speaking, it is really dangerous to stop the vent, the vent ought no longer to be stopped. A cautious officer, however, who has attended much to the subject, will pause before he risks the lives, or, at all events, the limbs, of his people, at the sugges-

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tion of mere speculation, in contradiction to his long tried experience.

This subject has, I understand, been lately brought to the notice of the admiralty, by persons whose opinions are entitled to so much respect, that the whole question was lately referred for trial on board the Excellent in this harbour. I need scarcely tell you that little, or I may say *no* doubt has ever existed on board that ship as to the propriety of *stopping the vent* while the gun is sponged and reloaded. But, in spite of this long-established conviction, the matter in dispute being referred to them as a question to be tried, a series of experiments were instituted, the result of which has fully, and I trust finally, established the propriety of stopping the vent throughout the whole process of reloading the gun. As these things are open to the inspection of officers who are curious in such matters, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, and obtained permission to be present at the trials, which were undertaken with the express view of settling this disputed point.

I felt the more anxious on the occasion from having occasionally entertained rather heretodox opinions upon it; and as some of these were coincident with those recently brought forward, I watched the progress of the trials with a personal, as well as a professional interest.

It was alleged, in the recent representations made to the admiralty, that, if the vent of a gun be stopped when the sponge is thrust home, the air within it, being compressed, will act as it does in the *briquet à compression*, in which tinder is ignited by condensing the air in a small cylinder, by forcing a very close piston suddenly down upon it, and as suddenly withdrawing it again.

The first experiments of the recent series, made on board the Excellent, had for their object to ascertain whether or not a similar result could be obtained in a great gun.

The rammer of a 32-pounder was covered with flannel till it fitted the bore so tightly that two men could barely force it home when the vent was *not stopped*. But when the vent was stopped eight men were required to force it in two feet only, and they could get it no further!

This experiment was next tried with a very tight-fitting sponge, and when the vent was left open two men readily forced it to the bottom of the bore, and caused so strong a current of air through the touch-hole that had there been any fragments in the gun retaining a spark of fire they must have been made to burn more briskly, and some parts might have been driven by it into the vent. When the vent was stopped, and the same sponge used, the same two men, by exerting all their strength, could force the sponge home, as the confined air found its way between the sides of the sponge and the gun.

It was concluded, I think quite fairly, from comparing these experiments with that of the *briquets à compression*, that it would not be possible to compress the air in a gun, by means of any kind of sponge, either in a sufficient degree, or with sufficient rapidity, to ignite the most inflammable material. Neither would there be any danger of an explosion, from this cause, by setting home a cartridge, as there is nearly an inch of open space between the gun and the cartridge; and all the rammer-heads in use afloat have still more space to play in.

I ought to have mentioned that pieces of tinder were attached to the inner end of the sponges used in the above experiments; but, I need scarcely add, without their being ignited on any occasion.

You are aware that wads are not used in saluting—but, even when both shot and wads are used, any such risk as that alluded to could not be incurred; for the formers used in making the wads are expressly contrived to allow a windage of two-tenths of an inch between their diameter and that of the gun's bore.

Perhaps you will think I have taken up too much of your time and space with a part of this topic which some persons may think too speculative for practical consideration—and certainly I should not have expected that any person familiar with the operations of gunnery would have looked for the evolution of a dangerous quantity of latent heat in the bore of a gun, by the action of a sponge on the air contained in it.

The next experiments had a more direct and important bearing on the practice of gunnery.

A piece of lighted slow-match being pushed by means of a long rod to the bottom of the bore, and the vent left open, the gun was sponged in the usual way—that is, was first pressed close home, and then turned twice round. The result of this experiment, with the *vent not stopped*, was, that in twelve trials the match was put out only six times. On repeating this experiment with the *vent closed*, according to the established exercise, but all other circumstances the same, the match was put out ten times in twelve trials.

These experiments were repeated with fragments of flannel, previously rubbed with gunpowder, so as to become slow-matches, and made as nearly as possible to resemble the material occasionally left in a gun after it has been fired. When the vent was stopped, according to the established exercise, the burning fragments were effectually extinguished twice out of three times—but when the vent was left open, this proportion was inverted, and the fire extinguished only once in three times.

Experiments were then made to ascertain the amount of effect, so far as currents of air were concerned, by the use of sponges. A very high, that is tight sponge, was thrust to the bottom of the bore, and a lighted candle being held over the touch-hole, and the sponge used in the ordinary way, the flame was drawn downwards, and the candle finally extinguished by the current of air rushing into the gun. The same sponge was then reinserted, but thrust only to within three or four inches of the bottom, and then turned round twice, in the usual way. The effect of this movement, however carefully performed, was to produce a small current or indraught of air, as indicated by the flame, which, was not, however, extinguished till the sponge was drawn outwards.

This experiment, as will be presently shown, has a very important bearing in practice; and so have those which immediately follow.

A candle being placed on a small stand, was pushed, by means of a rod, so near to the bottom of the bore that the flame stood immediately under the touch-hole, and a toggle being lashed to the staff of the same tight-fitting sponge, at the proper distance, prevented its quite reaching the candle, the gun was sponged out, first with the vent open, and then with the vent stopped. On every occasion, when the vent was left open, the candle was put out; and on every occasion when the vent was stopped the candle remained burning.

The inference from these experiments is twofold, and both branches are important in practice. In the first place they establish (what indeed no one could well doubt) that when a gun is sponged, *and the vent left unstopped*, there must be a current of air through the piece, calculated, of course, to fan into more dangerous ignition any lambent flame or half-extinguished spark, left in the bore, or in the touch-hole, after the explosion

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has been made. At the same time these trials prove, what may not have been so obvious, that the operation of *stopping the vent*, so urgently enjoined by the prescribed great gun exercise, is effectual in preventing any current of air at that part of the bore where it is known that the burning fragments, after the gun has been fired off, generally rest.

But a still more important practical inference is deducible from these trials, namely, that it is to the mechanical, much more than to the chemical action of the sponge, that we are to trust for our security in reloading a gun. For it appeared, manifestly, that when the sponge, being first duly forced home against the bottom of the bore, and then turned round steadily and firmly, according to the prescribed usage, it tends, more than any thing else, to extinguish effectually those burning, or rather feebly ignited fragments, which may be left in the gun.

If, however, in spite of this mechanical action, (by pressure and by turning the sponge round, against the extreme end or chamber of the piece,) any obstinate spark should remain imbedded in the inflammable fragments, it seems quite obvious that the established rule of *stopping the vent*, at every stage of sponging and reloading, is by far the safest, since under every view of the possible contingencies, it must be of importance to prevent currents of air.

As your curiosity, and I am sure that of every professional man, must be interested in knowing how a question of this kind has been found to work itself out in practice, in those peculiar cases where opportunities have been afforded for forming correct estimates of fact, I have great pleasure in mentioning to you that there has not occurred a single accident on board the Excellent, from a gun going off in the process of reloading, during the last eight years of almost continual firing! In this long interval many thousands of rounds have been fired off—some in slow time—some in such quick succession that three broadsides have been fired in a minute—many of these by young hands, and yet all without one accident!

To suppose that this gratifying result arises from chance is to do equal injustice to the sagacity which established the present gunnery exercise, and to the masterly discipline by which that system has been rendered intelligible to all ranks of officers and men, and made so thoroughly practical, as to become efficient in every branch of the service, in all classes of her majesty's ships, and in every climate of the globe.

It may, indeed, well afford a useful lesson to officers to consider that although, of course, the primary object of their exertions is to annoy the enemy, one of the most effective methods of attaining this end is to insure the safety of their own people, by a close adherence even to the minutest of those rules which have been laid down for the details of the gunnery drill—a system of exercise, be it remembered, which was not only very maturely considered before being adopted, but which has been abundantly tried, both in war and in peace, and has never been found wanting.

I remain, your most obedient humble servant,

TEREDO NAVALIS.

From the United Service Journal.

How many circumstances occur during the heat of battle which are worth recording for their singularity! Amongst this number are the following. Whilst I was giving some directions to a Serjeant of the regiment, during the time we were under a smart fire from the enemy's guns on the 28th, he was suddenly wheeled about by the effect of a round-shot, which struck the end of his knapsack, and tearing it from his back, scattered the contents of it in the air, without doing him the smallest injury. At the same moment, I received a musket-ball, which struck the front of my cravat, which it tore, and, passing under the collar of my coat, grazing the skin of my shoulder, escaped through an aperture of its own making. Not so fortunate was Lieut. Galway, who, during our first charge, received two musket-balls in his body, from the effect of which I found him, on returning to our ground, lying upon a heap of stones, and bleeding rapidly to death. Whilst we were rendering him every assistance (no medical man being with us,) we were called away from our exertions by the return of the enemy, and when they were again driven back, and we regained our former ground, Lieut. Galway was discovered lying upon his back where we had left him; his pulse had ceased to beat, and life to all appearance had passed away. "Is he beyond all hope, and can nothing be done for him?" inquired one of the party. The reply was, "Nothing—he is dead." At that moment, to our astonishment, he rose upon his seat, and, staring wildly about him, with apparent surprise, said "Dead!" It was the last effort of nature; he had no sooner uttered this, than, falling upon his back, he died without a struggle.

UNITY OF HUMAN BEING.

Man's acts and powers are many, but he himself is one. There is a variety in his unity; but there is also a unity in his variety. In this fact lies the source of all doctrines concerning these two principles in the arts, and in chief, the great art of self-formation, which the reader will now readily conceive as none other than the intercommunion of man with Deity. It is by divine help only that the self-educator will succeed in forming his mind and cultivating his taste. Patience will be best and most easily learned by a surrender of all we are and would be to the disposal of Him by whom we are created daily. By this virtue the educator will be induced to wait without a murmur for results that may require long preparation, or be retarded by adverse accident. He must retain, under all circumstances, that "peace of mind which passeth all understanding," and habitually feel as if the impossibilities of to-day were to be the possibilities of to-morrow—the incomprehensible of the present, the comprehensible of the future. Nor must he wait only as biding his time; he must watch also. Herein a habit of attention to the course of Providence will be induced, out of which all other habits of attention, whether moral or intellectual, will proceed. All the powers will thus become exquisitely sensible; they will be stimulated from within as well as from without; and thus quickened, will learn with rapidity, and acquire not only with ease, but with delight.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL BETWEEN CHILI AND JAMAICA;

INCLUDING NOTES ON PERU, GUAYAQUIL, PANAMA, AND THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

BY AN ABSENTEE, HOMEWARD-BOUND.

PART I.

Passage—the Chileno man-of-war—ship's crew—fellow-passengers—value of a long gun—Cobija—long yarns—Lima—the valley of the Rimac—the convent of San Francisco—the chase at Lima—the environs—a ball—Chorillos—Pizarro's autograph—politics—President Gamarra—General La Fuente—General Torrico—Castillo—the Chilenos—Ambrose O'Higgins—the castles of Callao—Spanish courtesy—and Spanish ladies.

THE winter in Chili, one of the most favoured countries under the sun, is marked and constituted by the annual visits of a soft, rainy, north wind, which generally makes its first appearance for the season about the end of May. Its influences are exerted at intervals of about ten days each, through the three or four succeeding months. But it deals not tenderly with people and things whose misfortune it may be to be found floating in the ocean-waters of Chili. The great bay of Valparaiso is open towards the north; and, consequently, when the wind sets from that quarter, vessels have enough to do to "hold their own," as they ride at anchor there; it is quite impossible for them at such times to get out to sea.

In the last days of June of 1839, one of these northerly gales was abating its violence; and I received a message to the effect that the Chileno man-of-war, in which a passage to Peru had been kindly provided for me, would immediately attempt to get under way. I had already taken leave of my friends; my baggage had been on board since the commencement of the gale which delayed our departure. I confess I was relieved by the summons from certain anxious embarrassments, connected with the unnatural disruption of the ties which make an Englishman cultivate a daily intercourse with his wardrobe. It was a welcome announcement, which led me to hope for a speedy reunion with my clean-linen trunk, already embarked. I went to the governor's residence, to receive various letters of recommendation to the authorities in Peru. I had his hearty and honest embrace, and went on board. Various navy friends and others came alongside to say good-by; and I was beguiled, in some measure, of the heart-sinking sense of that sorrowful word, by the frequency of its repetition in the midst of hurry and confusion. The ——— is a large and handsome schooner brig-of-war, one of a squadron of seven or eight craft which Chili has lately been employing against Santa Cruz and his confederation.

In any case, there must always be a great deal of bustle and confusion in a vessel about the time of heaving up anchor. In this particular case, it was the ordinary confusion a hundred times more confounded. Of our crew, which was rather numerous, it might be safe to decide that the majority was Chileno; but it was far less easy to determine what might be the mother-tongue of the majority. The commander was an Englishman; the master, a German; the boatswain, an Italian; the purser and midshipmen were Chilenos. Almost all the able seamen were English; and the rest of the ship's company probably people from the coastward parts of Chili. Altogether, including two short, stout soldiers, of protuberant symmetry, and with a stinted allowance of coat-tail, who had been put on board while the ship was in harbour to prevent the people from running away, and whom the captain effectually prevented from running away themselves, by carrying them off to sea, in order (as he said) to give a martial appearance to the ship,—I say, altogether, we were the most motley and ragged community of unseamanlike looking subjects that ever found themselves afloat together. But these Chilenos are good-tempered people; and the bungling inefficiency of the ragamuffins produced no worse effect than an immense deal of clamour and delay. Some boats from the English squadron came to help us; but we were a case, for that night, past helping. After two hours of tugging and towing, the attempt to get out was abandoned as hopeless, and the anchor let go again.

The next day we were tossed up and down cruelly on what sailors call "the *tail*" of the gale, until a little while before sunset; when we actually got under sail, and cleared out of the bay.

The short-lived breeze, which brought us out of the harbour last night, retired to rest as soon as we did. Here we are in a calm! Whoever has experienced a calm at sea will agree with me, that so your ship be a good one, and your tackle sound, a storm is a preferable thing to a calm. But a calm it is; and how shall I cheat myself of some of its tediousness? If I commit my meditations to paper, they needs will partake of that lounging, lazy, do-nothing mood, with which a calm always infects a ship and every living thing in her. Even the very turkeys I was looking at a few minutes ago, perched up, with a most lackadaisical expression in their countenances, on the keel of the inverted longboat, they are rocking backwards and forwards with a very abandoned air of nonchalance, evidently too listless and languid to balance themselves.

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There was a time when a foreigner's attempts at fluency in my own mother-tongue excited a smile in me. I owe it now wholly to the schooling of habituation that I can listen with due gravity and decorum to this wholesale medley of uncouth attempts at *de Inglis*. Nothing is done in the vessel which is not preceded and accompanied by an outcry, wild enough to puzzle the most accomplished philologist in the world. The captain issues an order in English. The worthy German, who officiates as first-lieutenant and master, repeats the order in Germanized English. Then the Italian boatswain takes up the tale, reiterating the mandate in what would be more like English, if an emphatic "o" were not tacked on at the end of every word. "About ship!" says the captain, in a high key. The next moment the German is heard, in that kind of voice which Sam Weller happily designates as the "insinivating," "Abood de shib!" Then comes the Italian functionary's version, like the sound of a chanter's voice in a cathedral, "Bout-ò dò ship-ò!" And so it goes down to the rest of the people. But besides expressions of formal command like this, which occur comparatively few and far between, there is generally on board ship an unintermitting and lavish expenditure of divers other exclamations and apostrophes; which, probably, are held by the profession to be perfectly orthodox and ship-shape, but which appear to simple and unitiated shore-going persons to be equivocally classical and sublime. After the enunciation of the text-order, there follows frequently a train of remarks on the part of the officer in command, which may be very pertinent and affecting to the feelings of the sailors, but which, notwithstanding, are rather desultory, and decidedly difficult to translate. It was marvellous the quickness and energy with which these incidental observations of the man in command got metamorphosed and distributed all round the ship. For example, there is given out some such admonition as this, "Run, you sons of guns, or I'll be after you with the cat!" Far be it from me to deny but that there is something in this pithy address very persuasive and stimulating to an English apprehension; but it must be admitted by every scholar that it would be hard to convey, in a literal translation of it, all the dignity of sentiment and benignity of design expressed in those simple words. Yet, in the Chilian man-of-war, you would hear this laconic piece of advice, in less than half a minute,

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freely and forcibly interpreted into all the different dialects, and bandied about "fore and aft" with every imaginable accompaniment of polyglot discord. One thing was always observable: the poor fellows, of whatever country or language, seemed to have acquired a great facility for understanding *abuse*.

But, moreover, in what meets the eye, the *personnel* of our ship's company is quite as heterogeneous as in matters of sound and language. There is no attempt among us at naval appearance or uniform. One man wears a deplorably ill-used relic of a beaver hat; another sports a cap with a very long front to it; another a cap with no front; and another no cap at all. The countenance of the captain—which, by-the-by, if it had not expressed a very amiable and obliging temper, and a most kind and right-minded character, would have scandalously belied its owner's genuine worth—was embellished with a mustache of the colour and growth of oat-stubble. A worthy and brave officer of the same service, who was on board as a supernumerary, had had his visage perverted into a rather desperate expression by the loss of an eye in some bloody fray. The master was never seen in any other covering than his old shaggy pea-jacket; a garment whose originally large pocket-holes had been further extended in size by the assiduous insertion of a pair of brawny hands, until they looked now like two windsails for the ventilation of his nether members. Take us all in all, and you have a floating something as much like a pirate as need be.

I have for fellow-passengers a Chileno gentleman, who holds an office of trust and emolument under the government of General Prieto (a person towards whom I, in common with all who know him, entertain the kindly and respectful feelings of an established esteem), and a French *artiste*, in the employ of the Chili government. I have not mentioned them before, because they are both in bed, sea-sick.

Our captain is an original and amusing fellow. He has been for twenty-two years in the service of Chili; and, amid the changes and chances of revolutionary operations, has gone through a great many hardships, and been made personally acquainted with the interior arrangements of divers places of durance vile. He has no chronometer on board, and tells me that there is but one in the whole fleet of Chili; which circumstance seems to cause him no kind of uneasiness. In a long conversation that I had with him one day, upon his own prospects and connexions, and other such family matters, I unintentionally puzzled him a good deal by happening to inquire what was the maiden name of his wife, a lady of Chili. I have no doubt but that he had a great regard for her, and he was diffuse in his accounts of the antiquity and considerableness of her family; but it cost him six or seven turns on the quarter-deck, and a large outlay of "pshaws!" and "eh-to-be-sures!" before he could recollect what was her name as his sweetheart.

After some days the Frenchman emerged from his cabin, and made the very sea look a degree more blue by the reflected ruefulness of his yet unwashed countenance. The captain, however, seduced him into the perpetration of a smile, by a *naïve* and humorous account which he gave us of service done by a certain long gun on an important occasion, during the late war between Chili and the Peru-Bolivian confederation. The piece of ordnance in question is an enormous brass cannon, in a vessel that shall be nameless, mounted on deck, amidships, on a swivel carriage. It appears that the commodore of the squadron one day ordered the said vessel to proceed into a bay, and forthwith to pound a ship, supposed to be an enemy, which was lying therein, as much as possible with the "long gun." After a great deal of noise and unprecedented exertions, they managed to make it point towards the hostile vessel; having its muzzle directed over the stern of their own craft, a little inclined towards the larboard-quarter, by the necessity of avoiding the mainmast. The discharge took place with a shock that caused the brigantine to heel again; and, when the smoke cleared away, they looked out shrewdly to observe the effect produced on the foe, but, behold! the entire false-poop and one of the round-houses of their own craft had totally disappeared! The starboard roundhouse, which survived the shock, had been converted for the occasion into a dépôt for powder charges, with which commodities it was largely stocked at the time. Now, close by that surviving roundhouse stood an old English tar, who seemed as little moved by the recent catastrophe as if he had not witnessed it. He merely turned the quid of tobacco in his mouth; and, opening the door of the last left roundhouse, proceeded to seat himself therein in the most formal and deliberate manner imaginable, apparently with the design of handing out more conveniently the packets of powder as required. But in thus turning his back he gave the captain an opportunity of observing that the old tar's clothes, in their hinder parts, had been set fire to by the explosion of the long gun. Judge, then, what was the captain's dismay, when he saw this ignited veteran composedly entering that depôt of gunpowder, and calmly proceeding to place his Prometheanized posteriors in the very midst of such terrific elements of explosion! The captain had no power of utterance at that moment. He sprung down off the gun-carriage without saying a syllable, and rushed across the deck; and just as honest Jack was in the act of seating himself in the roundhouse, the force of a furious man was applied to his collar, and he was surprised by a tug which jerked him bodily out of the place with a run; and the captain and the seaman went staggering away together, displaying an agility quite out of proportion to their years and relative situations. It has been surmised that the captain's sincere and simple purpose, for the moment, was just to throw the fire-bearer overboard, as a certain means of subduing the fire on his person; but, after striving with all his might to effect this laudable project, he found that Jack was too heavy to be thrown over against his own inclination; and, in the absence of all kind of explanation to show why he should go overboard, he evinced a decided disinclination for the experiment. Among those who stood staring in amazement at this novel performance, there was one who wore a "poncho." A large woollen mantle like the poncho was likely to smother the fire on the sailor's back at least as effectually as any other; and, quick as thought, the captain pounced upon its proprietor, and jerked the poncho off him, over his head, with a violence that must have materially interfered for the moment with the settled composure of that gentleman's features. It was not until the poncho had been tightly bound round the body of the unconscious fire-bearer, that he became aware of the presence of the scorching element upon his person, and that the captain recovered the faculty of speech sufficiently to explain the meaning of a scene so uncommon.

Fortunately for them, the damage done by the discharge of their formidable gun was confined to their own vessel. The supposed enemy turned out to be a neutral craft.

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On the night of the sixth day out from Valparaiso, we came upon those giant headlands to the southward of Cobija, called, respectively, St. George's, Moreno, and Mexillones. We got becalmed under their lee, rather nearer to the roaring surf than was agreeable; and upon clearing out from that inconvenience, we ran into another, in the shape of a heavy gale, which made me tremble for the awkward fellows who had to do duty that night upon the upper rigging.

At daybreak we found ourselves off Point Mexillones; and within three or four hours a stiff breeze had carried us up to within three or four miles of the anchorage of

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Cobija, when the wind suddenly dropped, and we were left in a dead calm. A boat was lowered and despatched with the government mails, to make its way into port without delay. I paid a visit to this desperately wretched little settlement a couple of years ago; and the melancholy impressions produced then on my mind by its dreary, heart-sickening misery, remained yet sufficiently strong to deter me from going on shore. It is a sombre monument of man's greediness for gain, and of what human creatures will put up with for the sake of silver. Such is Cobija, that desolate little shipping-port of Potosi, on the desert of Atacama.

Our boat returned in the evening, and we got a breeze to pursue our course to the northward.

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One morning, before it was light, I was awakened by an animated conversation. Upon looking out of my sleeping-place, I saw the old captain with his drab mustache, and a nightcap on, sitting up in his berth, and smoking a cigar with considerable energy. Hard by were my fellow-passengers, and the supernumerary gentleman whose eye had been thrust out, engaged in a similar performance. It appeared that they had all, with a strange unanimity of sensations, found bed wearisome that morning; so they got up to while away the hours by telling stories in their dressing-gowns. I remember two or three of their yarns, which seem to be worth preserving.

He of the put-out eye stated that, in his younger days, he had once been induced, by motives of unavoidable economy, to take up his quarters for a time in a cheap marine boarding-house, where, in some points, the saving principle was carried out to an extent beyond what he had bargained for. Witness this example. At breakfast the lodgers were entitled, by stipulation, to be served with bread and butter. But the old lady of the house had a very ingenious method of evading this stipulation, still keeping (as the Chartists say) "within the law." A small lump of butter was formally melted in a cup of hot water; and this oleaginous fluid was simply painted, with a brush kept for the purpose, over the upper surface of the slices of bread. This plan leaves the old "bread and scrape" system entirely in the rear.

Another story struck me as an amusing illustration of a certain kind of credulity, which is found sometimes in good people with weak mental perceptions. A youngster, who had been at sea two or three years, was exercising his inventive faculties in the very praiseworthy occupation of cramming his mamma and sisters with traveller's stories. Among other things, he told them one fact which happened to be true,—he told them that he had seen a tree in India which of its single self covered more than an acre of ground. This assertion had to encounter a general declaration of unbelief—"that was too much; they could not believe that." The lad presently shifted his scenery to the Red Sea, and gravely informed them that one day, upon heaving up the anchor there, they had the singular good fortune to bring up with it one of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels. "Ah, now, that I can believe," immediately exclaimed the good old lady; "because it's in Scripture."

After a tedious time of calms and light winds, on the fourteenth day from Valparaiso we made the port of Callao. It was about the time of a beautiful sunset when we were stealing through the Boqueron passage into the roads of Callao. I had heard a great deal of the impressiveness of that scenery; yet it entirely surprised me by surpassing so largely the measure of my preconceptions. Passing among the men-of-war, we took up our position directly in front of the huge castle of Callao, the stronghold whose importance has stereotyped itself in every page of the history of this country, and whose name has long been associated in my mind with a thousand records of valour or of cowardice, of fidelity and of treason, of fame and of infamy, of immortal defences and of frightful famines. I went with the captain on shore; and finding it almost impossible to get the means of conveyance to Lima that night, I took up my lodgings at a hotel near the quay, which was kept by a Frenchman. Monsieur and madame were outrageously polite, and there was a great display of bouquets of flowers and of pretty-coloured bottles in the bar-room; not to mention that portions of the establishment were gorgeously adorned with bright-blue and yellow patches of paint; and there was a variegated lamp in a billiard-room. But under all this fair promise there was little sincerity. It cost me some trouble, and a great deal of delay, to get a dish of indifferent coffee; and, after that, to reconcile myself to an unfurnished dormitory; and, worse than all, to soiled and odoriferous sheets. Such was my first taste of Peru.

LIMA.

At the French hotel at Callao I happened to be recognised by some French naval officers of my acquaintance, who reported the circumstance of my being there to Commodore ——, the commander-in-chief of the French naval forces in the Pacific. At an early hour of the following morning, I found myself seated with that amiable and respected gentleman in a coach proceeding to the city of Lima. The distance does not much exceed two leagues; the road is perfectly straight, and unaggravated with declivities or rises. Yet so utterly neglected is this grand thoroughfare from the port to the capital, that five decent horses, albeit much stimulated and encouraged by a liberal application of whip and hard names, could hardly drag the vehicle over that distance in less time than an hour and a half.

What a grand combination of picturesque elements is this "valley of the Rimac!" Except on the sea-board, which is marked and characterized by the bold steeps of the San Lorenzo islands, and their bluff southron headland, called the Moro de Solar,—I say, except on seaside, this beautiful plain is girthed in all arou mighty ridges of mountain; and the wild and lofty that are scattered up and down in all the beautiful c sion of nature upon the sides of the hills, look like the giant spectators of some vast amphitheatre, as they stand there silently peering down on the capital city, with its port and its plain, as if spell-bound and tranced in admiration. The commodore pointed out to me several spots and places which have been the scenes of strife in the recent war.

There is an ancient avenue, which gives you more than a mile of shade before it consigns you to the guardianship of the city walls; and, spite of its neglected condition, it is yet handsome. No one that has an eye to appreciate sylvan perfections and the glories of horticulture, or who has a palate to approve the cooling delights of extra-superior fruits, can pass along that avenue unimpassioned by the extraordinary profusion of superb fruit-trees, loaded with fruit, by which it is skirted on either side. There are bananas, and paltas, and pines, and passion-flower-trees, and I know not how many more kinds besides; though I do know that the orange-trees, plenteously mingling there amongst the rest, and studding the rich foliage with their globes of gold, must strike every one who sees them as the tallest and finest ever beheld.

Once within the walls of Lima, you are not likely ever to forget it. It is a vast expanse of city, with a population comparatively trifling—gorgeous relics of bygone wealth, in the midst of heaped-up demonstrations of misery and filth—the streets squalid and ill-paved, and, except in the middle of the city, more than half deserted. The men that you meet are emaciated and wan, looking like the premature victims of a precocious and inordinate depravity. As for the women to be seen moving about, as they

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trip to and fro in their inscrutable disguises, they seem what they are,—masked sirens of mischief; with the dancing steps of their silken-shcened feet, and with the restless glances of the eye which peeps out from the folds of the furtive manta, inviting the willing and seducing the weak to go and seek their acquaintance.

At all events, Lima is a unique place; there is none other like it. In registering these my first impressions, the allusion is to such things as immediately meet the eye, and must be obvious to the perceptions of every observant visiter there. The coach put us down at a kind of billiard-playing, restaurateur-looking house of public resort; a glance at which made me congratulate myself on an arrangement which had been made before I left Chili, by which I was engaged to take up my quarters under the hospitable roof of a respected countryman, resident in Lima. When I afterwards learned to the full extent how grossly unfit all the inns of that city are for the occupation of any person of decent habits, it made me set a value indeed on the comfortable and creditable entertainment which I enjoyed in the house of Mr. H———.

The first evening in Lima I spent at the British legation, where I gathered a multitude of local facts from her majesty's very able representative in Peru, which entirely coincided with my own ideas of the position of things in that country.

The Chili commander-in-chief, General Bulnes, whom I was anxious to have as much intercourse with as possible, was absent at the time of my arrival. I left with the captain of the guard some letters for him, which I had brought from the authorities in Chili. Two or three days afterwards he returned to the city, and sent me notice of it. I
n lodged at the archiepiscopal palace; and as we
l for a long time together, it happened on this oc-
..on, and again afterwards on other occasions, that we
t side by side immediately under a huge portrait of his
ss. There is nothing of bigotry or papistical into-
e about General Bulnes; on the contrary, I invari-
found him a kind-hearted, right-intentioned man,
ut guile, and not much infected with prejudices.

..ade an excursion one day to see the British cemetery, which has lately been completed, and which owes its existence mainly to the exertions of her majesty's *charge d'affaires*. It occupies a rising ground, contiguous to the ruins of Bella Vista. I think I may venture to say, that it is the only edifice in good repair that I met with in Peru. It is an institution that does great credit to the British residents, and to the cause of sacred decency, as it is concerned in the treatment of the dead. The number of churches and convents in Lima is very great, and astonishingly out of proportion to the amount of population; and, I am very sorry to add, sadly contrasting with the state of religion in Lima, and of public and private morality. The excess of "religious houses," as the monastic establishments are called by courtesy, outstrips every other extravagance in this city, except that of its enormous profligacy and wickedness. The churches are handsome after their own fashion, which is of the gilded gingerbread order —all lath and plaster, covered over with paint and tinsel, put together in such a way that they make rather the *models of fine buildings* than good buildings in bodily reality. But numerous as they are, the convents contain a scanty and decreasing tenantry: for the claptrap glory of monastic sanctity has been sullied and besmeared by the vices of those who undertook to minister at its altar, until even the besotted moral sight of a Lima multitude can discern, now the burnish is worn off from the surface, that the material underneath is of base metal, without lustre or value. The Convent of San Francisco repays one for the trouble of a visit, if only by its amazing size and extensiveness, and its profuse display of gilded adornments and allegorical paintings. I was rather surprised to find its solemn cloisters partly occupied by a squadron of Chili cavalry. The groups of swarthy mustached troopers, scattered about among the chambers and cells, formed a strange contrast to the pictures of hooded monks and miraculous-looking saints which cover the walls. I was pleased, however, to observe the very decent appearance and orderly behaviour of my Chili friends. If only a decimal part be true of the accounts which we hear of the habits and character of the Peruvian friars—if there be any trusting in the unanimous testimony of *all* parties against them, it cannot be doubted but that these cavalry troopers are quite as well qualified, as far as piety of practice goes, to occupy the convent, as are the most of those cowled gentlemen who claim it as their own.

The style of living in Lima is showy and uncomfortable. I was present at several entertainments, some of which were ostentatiously sumptuous, but generally tedious and uneasy. It is well to use exertion in such matters, but it is not well to make every body *feel* how hugely you are exerting yourself. In the business of hospitality, if you must make an effort, at least you ought not to let your guests perceive it, because the sensations necessarily associated with such an idea are by no means calculated to promote an easy interchange of social sympathies.

Among the foreign residents, there were some two or three that I met, who appeared to me to be no very pleasing specimens; but the anomalies in their style and discourse, which were thrust by them on my unwilling observation, were afterwards explained to my comprehension, when they were excused by the much-meaning plea,—"These gentlemen have lived a long time in Lima, you know!"

A feast-day happening to occur, when no business of any kind is transacted, my host sallied forth to the mountains with his coursing dogs and fox-hounds: a considerable muster of foreign residents took the field with him. Imagine an English merchant, living in the very heart of a city like Lima, keeping a pack of hounds! I was amused and pleased to meet with a man who, like William Hodgson of Lima, after more than a quarter of a century's residence in strange countries, yet retains unimpaired the fresh stamp and impress of an Englishman's character, in all its originality and uprightness. Among other evidences of this, one is that there remains in him that ardent love of the chase, which seems to be an hereditary ingredient in the temperament of those who are born among old England's sylvan shades; but which few men are much influenced by, after many years passed in walled cities under foreign skies. But to see Mr. Hodgson "turning out" on a holyday morning, with his hounds barking and bounding up and down Lima streets, mad with the delight of their liberty; his hunting-whip poised in his hand with all the dignity of Nimrod-autocracy, except when descending emphatically, ever and anon, to enforce a regard for discipline upon his canine subjects; his horn suspended round his neck, and his whistle peeping from the waistcoat-pouch,—you might mistake him for a Westmoreland squire arrived only last week from Great Britain; but when you are told that he has lived many years in South America, and never ceased to command men's confidence and esteem by the plain sincerity and undeviating integrity of his conduct, you cannot but smile and approve, to see how that in his pastimes as well as in his principles he has preserved himself yet the worthy English gentleman.

His game in this part of Peru is the red deer, of which there is an abundance. The foxhounds hunt them till they break cover, and then the greyhounds are let slip upon them over the open plains. I am not able to report on the character of the sport with the authoritativeness of an eye-witness.

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There was a very creditable display of fireworks in the Grand Plaza while I was in Lima. I should have enjoyed

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the performance more, if it had not been my misfortune to be persecuted that evening with the awkward consciousness of being a kind of Guy in the eyes of the assembled men, women, and children. The cause of the marked and not mute attention, which my appearance most unwillingly provoked, soon revealed itself to my apprehension, by the help of divers audible commentaries and significant remarks. And what do you suppose it was? Nothing more monstrous than a warm blue great coat, which the tailor had made very long at my particular request, and which I had put on, unwitting of impropriety, to guard me from the night-damp, which is very injurious in Peru. That great-coat drew upon the wearer as much embarrassing demonstrations of surprise in Lima, as he could probably have incurred in Hyde Park by wearing a bearskin or a Roman toga.

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The anniversary of the independence of Peru occurred. The day which custom had devoted to the celebration of that great achievement, I went to the cathedral to witness the chief ceremony of the day. The troops were drawn out in the Grand Plaza, and an avenue of debauched-looking Peruvian soldiers was extended from the gateway of the palace of government to the great doors of the cathedral; and along that avenue there passed on in procession and pomp, within the walls of the holy pile, a goodly company of men in power, glittering in the sun's rays with all their tinsel brilliancy of overdone embroidery and enormous epaulettes. By another door of the church there entered about the same time a staid and stately retinue of church dignitaries, richly apparelled and adorned with all the insignia of pomp and privilege which Romish piety delights in. The organ, the best I have met with in South America, was assisted on this occasion by an orchestra of considerable power, and the selection of music performed was classical. The "supreme chief," with his generals and aides-de-camp, and the judges, and all the other somebodies of consequence, were ranged along on crimson-cushion seats up to the very steps of the high altar; and there, under the shadow of their splendid silver shrine, the priests in their spangled robes duly and solemnly performed their part in the religious pantomime. And all this, after *their* fashion, was as it should be; for theatrical effect, nothing could be better—the senses were captivated. There was sweet incense to sniff at, and a brilliant spectacle to dazzle the eye, and sweet music to charm the ear. But still something was wanting. Where was the assembled multitude, to look on, and listen, and be affected? The cathedral of the capital city has opened her doors, and is lifting up her voice to celebrate the day of Peruvian independence; but where are the people of Lima? Excepting the official personages who were there present by compulsion, there was absolutely no congregation! There were a few muffled-up ladies seated here and there on the steps of the various shrines; and there were some of the captains and lieutenants lounging in from the Plaza to talk with them; and you had a few groups of soldiers, released for a little while from the ranks, strolling up and down, in no reverent manner, to amuse themselves. And I counted some two or three scores of persons, who had been brought in, apparently like myself, by sheer curiosity; the most of them walking about and talking, as people do in a picture-gallery, and so you have the whole congregation!

All this requires no commentary. It was whispered to me by an ex-colonel who had reasons for hating the existing dynasty, that this flagrant non-attendance of the people of Lima on so national an occasion could only be interpreted as a demonstration of popular dislike towards the party at present in power. The inference seemed fair enough at the time, but a subsequent occurrence on the same day disallowed its validity. The same evening the theatre dedicated itself to the celebration of the day, by command and under the special patronage of the government, and the theatre was thronged with a concourse of people. I heard this stated the next day without contradiction.

After the ceremony in the cathedral, there took place a kind of military exhibition in the Plaza. If there be in Peru such a sentiment as patriotism, it must have been mortified at the scene; for the only troops there that were looked at, or were worth looking at, were the Chileno battalions. The few Peruvian soldiers mustered and marched out on the occasion were exceedingly shabby, scrubby-looking heroes indeed.

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The environs of Lima are singularly pretty. The city is beautifully encircled with fruit-gardens and orchards, luxuriant with a vast variety of superb trees; but that barbarous redundancy of mud-wall architecture, which characterizes the suburbs of so many Spanish cities, destroys almost all the effect which would be produced if they had hedges instead of mud walls, or even if they would but be pleased to build their walls somewhat less high and unsightly.

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A wealthy and powerful family gave a grand ball, as a kind of *sequitur* to a review which took place. The ball was given expressly to please the new government, and as a compliment to the army of Chili. I accepted General Búlnes' invitation to accompany him to it, being glad of so good an opportunity of getting a glimpse of the Lima *haut ton* assembled together. When we got there at eight o'clock the company was gathering in. The house was the handsomest, and in the best taste of any that I have yet seen in all this continent. The proportions of the four noble rooms which were thrown open for the reception of the company, were such as would do no discredit to a palace in Piccadilly, and the style of the decorations in many points was hardly inferior; yet some things there were which struck an English eye as being rather anomalous. For example: in one of the chambers of reception, a huge double bedstead, with gorgeous trimmings and fringed drapery sweeping down from the lofty ceiling, formed the most prominent article of furniture. This couch was covered with a beautiful white satin coverlet, embroidered over with brilliant-coloured silks in a very skilful and admirable manner. In the course of the evening, I saw a worthy corpulent old general officer sitting on this coverlet, smoking his Havanna cigar, and swinging his feet with the utmost complacency. Another circumstance in the arrangements was a novelty to me. There was a very fine young lady, attired handsomely and with effect, as if for the theatre; her splendid head of hair plaited in tiny ringlets, and disposed gracefully over her shoulders, and she sailed about through the rooms all conscious of grace and dignity; yet not grudging her most assiduous attentions to every body's wants, and personally ministering to the creature comfort of all kinds of people. I confess I took her for the lady of the mansion when first I entered; and, perhaps, her fine figure and official deportment justified the error. A nearer and narrower survey, however, revealed to me that there was an expression in her face which is seldom found associated with thorough breed and high caste. Upon inquiry I found that she was as lady abigail for the occasion; and, by the easy *empressement* of her manner, while performing her abigail functions, it was evidently not the first time that she had acquitted herself in so responsible a situation. The refreshments were simple, but not inappropriate, served in a separate room; champagne and ices abounded, but they met with far less favour than did some English bottled ale. It amused me to hear how every one was crying out for the *cerbeza Inglesa*. I believe there was a supper after I left, which was at an early hour. But the accompaniment of a

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Lima assembly which is most likely to attract the particular attention of a stranger is the attendance of the *tapadas*. These are, as the name indicates, persons of the fair sex *muffled up*, or in disguise; and whenever there is a ball, crowds of such persons besiege the doors and swarm round the windows. To such an extent did they abound in this case, that the invited guests had to *push their way* with no small application of vigour before they could pass in or out. These mysterious attendants are by no means exclusively of the lower grades of society; and so completely masked and disguised do they present themselves beneath the cover-all folds of their ample shawls, that even a shrewd judge would find it difficult to recognise his own mamma amongst them. The young beaux of the ball maintained a most steadfast and stern manner and expression, while they stood up in the dance, and handed their partners about through its mazes; they went through the performance with a kind of resigned and *victimized* air, as if a serious and burdensome duty were put on them to perform, which they needs must go through with; but the moment the last evolution was accomplished, and the music ceased, they were to be seen skipping away with marvellous alacrity to the doors and windows, to commence or renew an animated flirtation with the *tapadas* outside. There is, after all, some charm in mystery, which throws its foolish spell over most of us. I think I felt interested in the muffled-up ladies, by fifty times more, than in all the goodly groups of dames and damsels whose charms were revealed and visible to all. Smoking was carried to a greater excess on this occasion that I ever remember to have witnessed on any other similar one. There you saw people sitting about on elegant sofas, in immediate juxta-position with the ladies of the dance, exhaling the fat palpable fumes of large, strong cigars, without the slightest compunction, and apparently without causing annoyance to any one. The truth is, a great many of the *women* in Peru smoke tobacco; so you are not likely to molest them much with a cloud of cigar-smoke. There is another habit, however, which one can never be quite reconciled to; especially when indulged in within doors, and in unconscionable excess by *ladies* as much as by men. There was no lack of ugly little brass pans strewed about for the reception of all abominable exuberances; but nine out of ten of the operators showed no desire to avail themselves of these provided receptacles: incessant demonstrations of an over-active salivation were deposited in all directions on the handsome carpets, without scruple, or hesitation, or mercy.

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I went to Chorillos, the Brighton of Peru. It is a miserable, flea-haunted little fishing-place, about three leagues distant from Lima. It is one of the lions, according to the accounts of tourist navy captains and literary ship surgeons; some of whom have treated of it, if not positively well, at least as well as it deserves. It has often been described. I saw nothing worth describing, and a great deal to disgust, and far be it from me to make pretension to the honour of being a sight-seeing chronicler. The lions of Lima, such as they are, may be still in their hiding-places as far as I am concerned; I have no ambition to put on the showman's liveried coat, or to stir the poor animals up with the long pole of exaggeration. Yet, by the by, there is one of them which curiosity-mongers, visiting this place, ought not to omit going to see. It is the autograph signature of Pizarro, preserved here in an ancient public document belonging to one of the convents. Its curiosity, to me, consists in the evidence which it furnishes of his illiterateness; it proves that Pizarro could not write his own name! What is called his signature, is, in fact, merely two marks made by him, and his name is inscribed between the two marks, avowedly by the secretary. If there is any safe inference from national custom, we may conclude that Pizarro was not singularly illiterate among his distinguished companions of conquest. To this day, in all these Spanish countries, a person's signature is not legally valid, except when accompanied by a flourish, which they call the *rubrica;* and, which is the strange custom, your flourish or your *rubrica*, is a valid signature in law even without your name written! Laws grow out of ascertained necessities, and to remedy felt and proved inconveniences; and the general existence of a law which gives that validity to a flourish which it does not allow to a fairly written signature, seems to me strong presumptive evidence that there has been prevalently experienced in these countries the inconvenience of absolute illiterateness.

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And now, between whiles, I will seize occasional opportunities when the vessel does not roll too outrageously to note down some of the impressions which my visit to Lima has left on my mind.

Political considerations are the most prominent and interesting. Not in South America can it be said that political speculation is a tame or inanimating business. In England, indeed, where it generally implies scarcely any thing more stirring than argumentative antagonism, and where it leads seldom to any catastrophe more astounding than an angry division in the legislative assemblies, you may be excused for an occasional yawn at the mention of some trite topic belonging to politics; but in South America, and *par excellence* in Peru, the case is altogether different. In Peru, this topic has but little practical relationship with abstract principles or theories of legislation and government; it represents rather the changes and chances which befall to men in whatever is most vitally dear to them—in their liberty, their life, their property. In Peru, politics is a topic full of interest to every looker-on, because it is fraught with calculations which appeal to the beholder's sympathies, not merely as he is political, but as he is a man. When you talk of politics here, you talk of the march of actual events going on before your eyes; and if you wait and watch the acting of it, strange and startling sights will pass in review before you. They are the vicissitudes of civil war, the enormities of despotic success, and the sufferings of the weak and the worsted; the hairbreadth escapes of discomfited chiefs, or the insolent revenges and rapacities of victorious ones; the excesses of freedom, or the excesses of oppression; cities abandoned, and cities sacked; shouts of victory, and groans of death; flight and pursuit, plunder and penury;—all such topics as these are politics in South America! Whether honour in a palace, or degradation in a dungeon; whether impunity to do evil, or helplessness to escape from it; whether affluence or ruin; whether death or whether life,—these are the questions, not in theory, but in deed; not retailed out few and far between, just enough to keep going a session, or to animate the public mind, but huddled together in merciless profusion,—these are the questions to be agitated under the head of state speculations in Peru. If then a few notices of the political performances in Peru, and of the political programmes generally in these countries be found tedious, the fault will not be in any lack of incident but in the pen of the annotator.

At this particular moment, there is no actual open war in the bowels of Peru. But if the country is not just now visibly writhing with intestine convulsions, 'tis a sorry physician who can so far mistake the diagnostics, as to conclude that this temporary release from internal spasm indicates that the disease of the body politic is removed, or brought under. No! it is only the quietude of utter prostration and exhaustedness produced by the application of violent remedies: it makes one apprehend mortification more than it lets one hope a recovery. The recent battle of "Yungay" was a mighty effort on all sides. The vanquished in that terrible conflict have not yet attempted to

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uplift themselves from their prostrate condition. Those of them who escaped death on the field of battle are obliged, as yet, to lie breathless and still, as if feigning to be dead; or else the conquerors' after-vengeance may yet come down ruthless upon them. Consequently, there is to be seen in Peru, at present, apparently one only party—that of the confederated rivals to whom Chili arms gave the victory. To form a just idea as to how far, and how long, unanimity of purpose and harmony of action are likely to be maintained among these successful confederates, it may be well to trace out the individual characters of the chief ones among them.

The first actor among them at the present crisis is Gamarra. He calls himself "provisional president;" and all his administrative energies are concentred just now in the endeavour to get together his congress,—that he may paint out of sight his by-gone deeds, and garnish his future projects with a gaudy semblance of national sanction. He is a man gifted with a good capacity, to whom long and assiduous practice in manœuvring and intrigue has given considerable dexterity in those respectable accomplishments. But his known profligacy and unscrupulousness have alienated from him all the confidence and respect which might otherwise have been inspired by his ability. His method of keeping his party attached to him is by granting them an absolute impunity in all their performances; to such an extent, that they are screened and protected in the most unbridled acts of rapacity and corruption. Throughout his profligate career he has never ceased to manifest a bitter hostility to foreigners, and hatred of improvement; and whenever he has had the power he has never failed to indulge such sentiments. I was glad that, during my stay in Peru, he was absent from Lima, in the south: that circumstance spared me the task of delivering to him in person a letter which the President of Chili gave me for him.

General La Fuente is the man of straw whom the first Chili expedition against Santa Cruz, in 1837, took to Arequipa, and endeavoured to set up as a stop-gap president of Peru. That nation then convinced the army of Chili that it was a mistake,—that there was no vacancy in the president's chair; and they would have nothing to do with the heroic La Fuente on any conditions less cogent than that of compulsion. In consequence of that demonstration against him, this gentleman was put down in the arrangements for this second expedition to play a subordinate part. He leads the second fiddles in the present performance. While Gamarra is absent in the south, this good man occupies the palace of Lima, and is swaggering his little hour as "*jefe supremo*" of the north. He is as mean and miserable-looking a man as was ever seen behind an apothecary's counter; and the plainness of his visage, and the commonness of his *tout ensemble*, are more obtrusively obvious now,—under the triumph-nodding plumes of a mighty cocked-hat, and smothered with huge epaulettes, and blushing under glaring crimson pantaloons, than even they were when we used to see him at Valparaiso, clad in far humbler toggery, and sneaking among merchants' counting houses, to borrow, where he could, a few dollars to go on gambling with. The unscrupulousness of La Fuente as a public man differs in kind from that of Gamarra. He cannot tolerate *rapacity* in the *employés* under him, because his own superior activity in that branch of industry loves to expatiate in a monopoly: he has it all to himself. Now, as one robber is to a legion of robbers, so is La Fuente's system to Gamarra's system. If you work this "according to Cocker," you'll find that La Fuente's is the *less* destructive of the two to other people's properties, and the less ruinous to the public weal; consequently, he is *less* objected to by his fellow-citizens than the other is.

I met La Fuente on three several occasions at Lima, and had ample opportunity of observing him, and of forming impressions of him. I am convinced he is a man who respects himself almost as little as he is respected by others. He shows no character, and no one gives him credit for having any. At the present juncture, however, his residence in the palace of government, and administration of the affairs of the capital, are something more than mere pompous and useless appendages. He is busily availing himself of all the opportunities which his present position gives him to take together into his granary all the possible gleanings of partisanship and popularity. He knows that a tempestuous season is soon coming again, when they will be very serviceable to him. He fears and mistrusts the rival chiefs who confederated with him and with each other to get back to Peru, and whose vices and ambition have been let loose on Peru by the mistaken intervention of Chili. He fears them now, and he is intriguing most earnestly to circumvent and destroy them.

A third actor on that stage of public affairs is General Torrico. This man is formidable for ferocity and violence: he is to be spoken of before the tribunal of truth as a criminal, not as a soldier or a gentleman. The recent triumph of his party, which had never been if it had rested on *his* prowess to achieve it, has given him a wide field to exhibit his predominant propensities in, and to show his friends which way his abilities lie. He has proved himself bold, at least in barbarity, and evinced an admirable hardihood in the character of murderer and thief. These are hard names, and to justify their use I must pollute my paper with one or two of the many frightful charges which hang over him.

Among the prisoners taken at the battle of Yungay was one—a General Armaza: he had served the country long and with credit. Torrico cherished an old animosity against him; and unfortunate was it for the prisoner of war when he fell under the charge of this enemy. Three days had elapsed since the battle, and they were progressing towards the capital. Armaza was lodged at a secluded village for the night in the cura's house; and there, a captive and in fetters, under Torrico's command, by Torrico's men; and they declare, though I can scarcely believe it, in Torrico's presence, General Armaza was strangled. The cura was away at the time; and when he returned, and inquired for the captive, Torrico told him that he had suddenly died by apoplexy, and that the soldiers had buried him. The priest misgave his testimony, and avowed his disbelief. Some expressions of horror and reprobation escaped his lips. Torrico's wrath was kindled, and his fears awakened. He rushed out, and charged the poor old ecclesiastic with having killed Armaza, and robbed him of his watch, and other valuables; and before the unfortunate man, confounded and astounded as he was, could utter an appeal to evidence, or to reason, or to justice, he caused him to be instantly dragged forth, as though he confessed himself the criminal, and there, in the presence of his parishioners, they flogged him till he was insensible, and left for dead. The priest did not die: and Torrico will not have long to wait till vengeance overtakes and crushes him.

Since that affair, Torrico has passed down to the south; and if we must judge of his errand there by the character of his doings, we must conclude that his commission was something very similar to that which Pliny tells us of, as being issued in those days of Paganism against the poor Christians. Coming to the city of Cuzco, Torrico immediately thrust the prefect out of his place. This was all very natural, and excusable, seeing that this prefect had not only been an influential and faithful supporter of Santa Cruz's government, but had aggravated that offence in the eyes of Torrico by enjoying the character of a most worthy and respectable old man. But Torrico went further. He demanded from the ex-prefect the immediate payment of a

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heavy fine. The old man stated his incapacity to produce such a sum as the thief demanded. Upon that, Torrico had him tied up in the square of the city of his own prefecture, and there he was publicly flogged! So much for General Torrico.

But, after all, 'tis a misuse of time to record the misdeeds of such people as these. There are others yet who will put in for a prize in the revolutionary lottery. Besides Gamarra, La Fuente, and Torrico, there is another unit of the motley confederacy which opposed Santa Cruz—an officer named Castillo. Then, again, there is a General Nieto, another candidate,—a man who has betrayed his own fellow-workers in treachery; and who is now to be considered an independent traitor, because not even they can confide in him. Added to all these, there is Orbegoso, who, in the retirement of his temporary refuge at Guayaquil, is by no means neglectful of whatever measures may conduce to restore him to the supreme power from which he has been so recently ousted.

If I had any thing depending on the issue of the scramble which will presently take place among all these competitors, I would rather stake my chance on the prospects of Orbegoso than of any other of them all. Meantime, what hope is there of any advancement of the cause of morality, and order, and civilization in this country? At present I can see no hope. The political prospect in Peru is as the blackness of a great gathering thunder-cloud,—so ready and sure to burst and discharge itself, that people see it and tremble, and hardly think it safe to venture forth from their houses.

Among pigmies, even a very middle-sized man goes for a giant; and such giants there are in the city of Lima. Only wait till one of them scrapes up courage to shoulder a musket in the court of the palace; the first shot fired off at random will have all the imputed effect of Jove's thunderbolt; the cloud will be rent, and the deluge will descend and drench this unfortunate country. And, if I mistake not the signs of the times, this will happen so soon after the departure of the Chili army from the shores of Peru, that General Búlnes will feel something of the agitation of the atmosphere,—the effect of which will be to speed him more swiftly on his course towards home. The Chilenos in Peru, as men and as soldiers, have, generally speaking, made themselves respected in the country which they have invaded. But, as its *soi-disant* "restorers," they have done an awful amount of mischief; and not the least considerable among the evils which they have caused is this,—that they have sown the seeds of national animosity against Chili in Peruvian soil, too deep to wither or die away unproductive. They have left a sting in a tender place; and it will require a long course of cataplasms, or caustics, before the sore will cease to fret and fester in the morbid and ill-conditioned temper of the Peruvian people.

The Chilenos themselves, from the commander-in-chief downwards, are entirely sick of Peru, and they hardly care to dissemble the fact. Then the Limeños, for their parts, are not slow to manifest towards their visiters from Chili the largest measure of hate that their extreme cowardice can suffer them to reveal.

General Búlnes himself stands much aloof from the pigmy potentates whom the bravery of his army has unhappily created. His intercourse with the governing authorities is confined to the merest matters of etiquette and courtesy.

I had peculiar opportunities, when in Lima, of cultivating an intimate acquaintance with the Chili commander-in-chief, Gen. Búlnes. He is pretty generally pointed to as the probable successor to his uncle, the present president of Chili, whose period of supreme power is drawing towards its conclusion. A letter which the governor of Valparaiso gave me for him contributed to produce friendly feelings in the generalissimo towards me; and no doubt I owed in a great measure to that letter the frank and confidential intercourse to which, from the first, he admitted me. He is a frank and kind-hearted man, whose straightforward manners, and open and rather noble expression of countenance, do by no means ill accord with his real character. In my several conferences with him, I found him always extremely free from prejudices, and very accessible to reason on all subjects. On *my* subject, nothing could be more encouraging and satisfactory than the understanding established between us. If he maintains his present paramount influence, and becomes the head of the government of Chili—events that may be calculated on with as much of positiveness and certainty as political forecast in South America ever admits of—the cause of toleration will enjoy all the benefit of his decided and energetic support. Those who know these countries will understand how to estimate the value of such support to such a cause. Another personage whom I was very anxious to see, and be acquainted with, was the celebrated O'Higgins, the hero of Rancagua, the former dictator of Chili, the chief among the fathers of his country's independence. He is the son of the illustrious Ambrose O'Higgins, a native of Ireland, who was transplanted in early youth to the service of Spain, under the protection of a sacerdotal elder brother of his, who was high in favour with the king. Ambrose rose through the successive grades of military rank, until he found himself a brigadier-general, with a high military command in Chili. The governor-general of that country died, and Ambrose O'Higgins, in virtue of his rank and command, became the governor-general *ad interim*. But by the united force of his merits, and of his brother's interest at court, he was confirmed in that appointment. And so satisfactory were his services in that elevated post, that some time after he was appointed viceroy of Peru, in which office he continued till his death. In both countries he left numerous records of his enterprising enlightenment and beneficence; in both countries he is remembered as the best governor they ever had. His son Bernardo was educated in England. He afterwards travelled in various parts of Europe, and made acquaintance with several of those who distinguished themselves as the authors and conductors of the war of independence in this continent. In the earliest efforts of his own country, Chili, Bernardo O'Higgins bore a conspicuous but honourable part; and in the vicissitudes of the four years' warfare he proved himself a leader of singular intrepidity, and an honest administrator of government. When, by a breach of faith on the part of the Royalists, his country was taken by surprise, in 1814, and suddenly found itself overrun by an overwhelming hostile force, he was the only chief who justified the hopes and confidence of his country. Even when betrayed by the jealousy of unworthy rivals, and left with merely a handful of men before a force infinitely superior to his own, he made such a resistance as ought to immortalize him; and while the city of Rancagua remains as the scene of his prowess, and the grand square is yet called "the Place of the Heroes," to commemorate where he and his comrades fought, the memory of General O'Higgins will never be obliterated in Chili. During the two years, and upwards, of Royalist recovery and re-ascendancy, (1814–1817,) he was devoting all his energies, in conjunction with General San Martin, to the formation of that army which was assembled and organized at Mendoza, and which, at the beginning of 1817, marched over the Andes and reconquered the Spaniards, and regained the country. General O'Higgins was appointed dictator of Chili; and he retained the supreme authority till 1823, when Freire revolutionized against him; and then O'Higgins retired, amid public demonstrations of honour and regret, to pass a few years in Peru. At the time, the loss of such a man was generally felt; and the congress even went so far as to declare his leave of absence as "captain-

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general" limited to a certain period. But new aspirants to power, and new factions followed. Each party felt that the most formidable competitor it could have to strive with for public favour would be O'Higgins, whenever he might return; and consequently each party was diligent to throw obstacles in the way of that veteran's return. And thus it has happened, that all this time he has remained in Peru; not indeed a fallen man—for the Peruvians made him a field-marshal, nor yet legally or formally an exile—for he is at liberty to return to Chili whenever he pleases: but he is an exile by the construction of circumstances. All the overt acts of injustice done him by the various factions that have succeeded to power, amount, in the aggregate, to a conditional injunction against his restoration to his country; because he cannot, in justice to his own character—and he will not—return, until all those injuries be formally removed, and his rights and claims be publicly vindicated. Much to the honour of General Búlnes, he knows how to esteem O'Higgins. He seems to take a delight in showing the old man respect on public occasions; and, more than that, he is exerting himself earnestly, by letter and by mission, with his uncle, the president, to procure the restoration of the veteran chief to his own country, with due honours and public indemnification for whatever injury he has suffered. Judging by what I heard from O'Higgins, of General Búlnes's exertions in this matter, and from the letters which the latter has written, and from the agency which he has employed to promote this honourable project, I am emboldened to hope that the venerable captain-general may yet spend the remainder of his days, honoured and cherished, in his own Chili.

I forgot to mention, in its proper place, that during my stay in Lima, I had an opportunity of going over the castles of Callao. Wandering about there, I found myself at a certain drawbridge, seeming to give access to some huge half-subterranean prison-looking place, which was guarded by sentinels. I asked if it was permitted to enter there. The soldier eyed me for a minute, and then answered, "Su merced puede entrar"—Your honour may enter. I went in, and, on descending to some extensive vaulted cells below, was surprised to find myself among groups of miserable-looking men confined there. I discovered that I was in the "Casas Matas," or condemned cells, of dread notoriety. The people by whom I was surrounded were Bolivian officers, who served under their proper chief, Santa Cruz, and were taken prisoners at Yungay. They were not malefactors, but simply prisoners of war; and yet all these, many months they have been kept in that most unfit place of confinement! At the time of my visit, their number amounted to ninety-two. The following day I went straight to General Búlnes, and urged him to interfere in their behalf. He told me that he had done so several weeks ago, and that La Fuente had promised him they should be removed from the "Casas Matas," and treated more humanely. Búlnes now interfered again for them; and I hope there is no undue measure of egotism mixed with my satisfaction at being able to record that the treatment of these unfortunate men was amended, and their lodging bettered, in consequence of my chance visit among them.

On —— I went on board her majesty's vessel of war at Callao, and the same evening we were out of the bay, directing our course towards the north.

The next day we put into Haucho, a port about seventy miles to the northward of Callao. I cannot say exactly what our object was, except it was to see the place, and get some fresh provisions; but I do not hesitate to say, that any one who has a justifiable excuse for touching there will make a great mistake if he does not avail himself of it.

Ten to one but you have a nice breeze from the southward, which will let you steal safely into the harbour, round a pretty rocky promontory which protects it, so close that you might throw a biscuit upon it. When you are come snugly to anchor within it, you get into a boat, and steer away for the innermost bight of the bay. There is just enough surf to cause an agreeable helter-skelter in the boat when she strands upon the beach. There are some sturdy fishermen there looking out for the job; and the moment the first curling wave shoots its frothy crest over the stern, or the gunwale, 'tis pretext enough for them: down they dash in a moment, with uptucked trousers, and arms extended, and before you well know where you are, they have borne you away on their brawny shoulders to the green sward, high and dry. By this operation, they earn a real, and you get a hearty laugh; and the acquaintance between you and them commencing thus, compounded between profit and mirth, assumes at once an auspicious appearance. They do not dissemble their satisfaction at seeing you on their shores: why should they? and you are disposed to see plainly that they are "very obliging fellows." You bestow a passing salutation on the women who sit there at the doors of the fishermen's huts, and away you all trudge for the town. Your party consists, perhaps, as ours did, of the commander, to keep you in order; and two rogues of passengers, to aggravate him; and the purser, to pay for the eggs and fresh fruit; and the steward, with his baskets to carry them back in. Oh! a foraging party on shore is an important and interesting thing; above all, to persons whose disloyal digestions cannot abide the queen's salt junk, and whose stomachs rebelliously resent every attempt to inflict upon them the admiralty rations. We lounged round about a mile of the shore of the bay, and met a calf and two cows in the course of our progress; when we arrived at a cane-built hovel, in front of which were two bipeds, and a mongrel dog, apparently suffering severely from asthma. We thought it as well to inquire, "Where was the town?" They told us we were then entering it. This encouraged us to persevere. We followed a track which might be a footpath, or might be a watercourse; it took us along the side of a suspicious-looking hedge, and round the corner of a ruined mud-wall, and there we found ourselves in somebody's back-yard, populous with pigs and poultry. This was the entrance to the town! It is the capital of a province of the same name, and a port withal. I concluded, therefore, that it could boast of the residence in it of some provincial dignitaries, and my inquiry after such kind of person was not fruitless. The captain of the port is a man whom to see is to admire. In very seriousness, he is the cleanest and best appointed provincial functionary that ever I saw or heard of in all Peru. Clad all in purest white, his linen of the finest, and fresh from some laundress of exemplary fidelity in the discharge of her official duties; his hands and nails really clean, and his chin smooth, and his handsome mustache carefully trained into discipline: ay, and even his boots not unacquainted with the magic virtues of Day and Martin's illustrious lustre; I feel the utmost confidence when I appeal to all South America to do this neat-looking officer the justice to admit, that it has not another port-captain like him. Before the last puffs of our first cigar together, he and I were on decided terms of intimacy. He went out, and fetched my friends into his house, and regaled us all with fruits, and with water, and with that fine *liqueur* called "Italia," to wash it down with. Meantime, he employed a rather seedy-looking subject, whom he called, rather pompously, his sergeant, to go forth in all directions through the "pueblo," to procure for us sheep, poultry, eggs, and such other things as might be got.

We afterwards perambulated the town very perseveringly, to see if there was any thing to be seen; and certainly there was nothing to be remarked but its appearance of marvellous poverty and peaceableness. We mounted the belfry of the church, to get a commanding

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view; but the town showed us nothing in return for our trouble but a wide expanse of arid, miserable, flat-roofed houses, intersected by dusty and thirst-provoking lanes! But the environs of the place are extremely pleasing: it is encircled with the foliage of innumerable fruit gardens, which reach back over the plain even to the bases of the mountains. I was informed that this verdant plain comprises a cultivated superficies of four square leagues, and that the town and the plain together contain a population of 7000 souls. As we wandered about the place, we were treated with not a few instances of Spanish courtesy. I will relate one, which may be taken as a fair average specimen of the kind of attentions which often befall a stranger equally in a Spanish city or village.

We were inquiring which was the residence of the first family in the place. The person of whom we asked the question pointed our attention to a house then in sight of us, and not fifty yards distant from where we were. Almost at the same moment, two nicely-dressed, good-looking young ladies appeared at the door of the very house, taking a surreptitious peep, in fact, at the vagabond visiters from the ship, but ostensibly, of course, looking out at the weather. All that I have observed and learned of the character of the inhabitants of these countries convinced me that we should be considered uncouth if we passed the first "gente" in the place without making our respectful salutation in the usual way. I therefore doffed my hat to them with all the solemnity of a hidalgo, and uttered the usual expressions of conventional courtesy. I "hoped that they and the family were perfectly well;" I informed them "that they might command me;" that "I was entirely at their disposal, and that I kissed their feet." All this is the correct thing, and it creates a decidedly favourable impression, provided only that you deliver it with the self-respectful and complacent air of one who feels that he is doing the thing strictly *comme il faut*. The reply of the young ladies to my formal address—they do not consider or call it "gallantry," but merely "formalidad"—was exactly what was to be expected. They stated that "they were my servants;" they "begged to be informed how my life passed with me," and "why I did not go into their house, and sit down and refresh myself." I went in, as every one should in a similar case. In less time than it took me to make my formal bow and customary speech to each person within, a white napkin had been laid on a chair, and fruit spread upon it, which was placed before me as I seated myself on a sofa; and an orange, peeled and trimmed by one of the damsels, was presented to me with all that quiet grace and *empressement* which so eminently characterizes the Spanish ladies in their little charities and condescensions. If any one imagines that there must be coquetry in all this, he or she is entirely mistaken. One of the first inquiries put to me by my entertainers was, as I thought it would be,—"why I did not bring in my friends also?" I went out and beckoned them in; they were received as kindly as I was. We spent two hours in that house very agreeably. While the younger ladies and their brother entertained us, the mamma was sending out her servant this way and that to procure for us the best of the bananas and ducklings. They had a thousand things to ask about other places and people; and we in our turn affected a very interesting inquisitiveness concerning the respective names of the three sisters. It was left to be supposed, of course, that we intended to cherish them up in our memories as watchwords of sentiment. They sang us, rather diffidently, but very prettily, a Spanish duet, accompanied by the guitar. We all agreed that it was the prettiest duet we ever heard out of England. As sunset came on, we were obliged to say a reluctant farewell to these kind and hospitable people. We trudged back out of Haucho full of good feelings towards it,—each one vociferously affirming that it was a most interesting place; a proposition which was even more forcibly proclaimed to the world by the not-silent eloquence of a convoy of donkeys that accompanied our retreat,—bearing sheep, ducks, fowls, eggs, fruit and bread. All of these commodities were purchased at reasonable prices, and proved excellent—each of its kind. Haucho is by far the best provisioning place on the whole line of coast, from Coquimbo to Guayaquil. The rest of our course to Guayaquil was speedy and pleasant. The little vessel danced about on the waves like a Cape pigeon; but a favouring breeze all the way facilitated our progress, and we stole into the mouth of the Guayaquil river, in less than seven days from Callao, without difficulty or discomfort.

POOR JACK.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In which there is a hop, skip, and a jump.

Life has often, and with great truth, been compared to a river. In infancy a little rill, gradually increasing to the pure and limpid brook, which winds through flowery meads, "giving a gentle kiss to every ridge it overtaketh in its pilgrimage." Next it increases in its volume and its power, now rushing rapidly, now moving along in deep and tranquil water, until it swells into a bold stream, coursing its way over the shallows, dashing through the impeding rocks, descending in rapids swift as thought, or pouring its boiling water over the cataract. And thus does it vary its velocity, its appearance, and its course, until it swells into a broad expanse, gradually checking its career as it approaches, and at last mingles with the Ocean of Eternity. I have been led into this somewhat trite metaphor, to account to the reader for the contents of this chapter. As in the river, after many miles of chequered and boisterous career, you will find that its waters will for some time flow in a smooth and tranquil course as almost to render you unconscious of the never-ceasing stream; so, in the life of man, after an eventful and adventurous career, it will be found that for a time he is permitted to glide gently and quietly along, as if a respite were given to his feelings, preparatory to fresh scenes of excitement. Such was the case with me for some time. I had now been under Bramble's tuition for more than a year and a half, and was consequently between fifteen and sixteen years old. The years from 1800 to the end of 1804 were of this description in my stream of life, unmarked by any peculiar or stirring events worthy of occupying the attention of my readers. It is therefore my intention, in this chapter, to play the part of the chorus in the old plays, and sum up the events in few words so as not to break the chain of history, at the same time that I shall prepare my readers for what subsequently took place.

I will first speak of myself. Up to the age of nineteen I continued my career under the care of Bramble; we seldom remained long on shore, for neither Bramble nor I found home so agreeable since little Bessy had been sent to school, and Mrs. Maddox, assisted by a little girl, had charge of the house; indeed Bramble appeared resolved to make all the money he could, that he might the sooner be able to give up his profession. Mrs. Maddox I have spoken little of, because I had seen but little of her: now that she was down stairs, I will not say I saw, but I certainly heard too much of her, for she never ceased talking: not

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that she talked loud or screamed out—on the contrary, she was of a mild and amiable temper, but could not hold her tongue. If she could not find any *one* to talk to, she would talk to any *thing;* if she was making the fire, she would apostrophize the sticks for not burning properly. I watched her one morning as she was kneeling down before the grate:

"Now, stick, you must go in," said she; "it's no use your resisting, and, what's more, you must burn, and burn quickly too, d'ye hear, or the kettle won't boil in time for breakfast. Be quick, you little fellow—burn away and light the others, that's a good boy." Here she knocked down the tongs. "Tongs, be quiet, how dare you make that noise?" Then, as she replaced them, "stand up, sir, in your place until you are wanted. Now, poker, your turn's coming, we must have a stir directly. Bless me, smoke, what's the matter with you now? can't you go up the chimney? You can't pretend to say the wind blows you down this fine morning, so none of your vagaries. Now, fender, it's your turn—stand still till I give you a bit of a rub. There, now you're all right. Table, you want your face washed—your master has spilt his grog last night—there now, you look as handsome as ever. Well, old chair, how are you this morning? You're older than I am, I reckon, and yet you're stouter on your legs. Why, candle, are you burning all this while? Why didn't you tell me?—I would have put you out long ago. Come now, don't be making a smell here—send it up the chimney."

Thus would she talk to every thing. We only had two animals in the house—a cat and a canary bird: of course they were not neglected; but, somehow or another, the cat appeared to get tired of it, for it would rise, and very gently walk into the back kitchen; and as for the canary bird, like all other canary birds, as soon as he was talked to, he would begin to sing, and that so loud, that Mrs. Maddox was beaten out of the field. Bramble bore with her very well; but, at the same time, he did not like it: he once said to me, "Well, if Bessy were at Deal, I think I would take a short spell now; but as for that good old soul, whose tongue is hung on the middle, and works at both ends, she does tire one, and that's the truth." But she really was a good-natured, kind creature, ready to oblige in every thing; and I believe that she thought that she was amusing you, when she talked on in this way. Unfortunately she had no anecdote, for she had a very bad memory, and therefore there was nothing to be gained from her. By way of amusing me, she used to say, "now, Tom, sit down here, and I'll tell you all about my bad leg." And then she would commence with the first symptoms, the degrees of pain, the various plasters, bandages, and poultices, which had been applied, and what the doctor had said this day and that day. I bore this very patiently for four or five times; but at last, after several days of increasing impatience (somewhere about the fifteenth time, I believe,) I could stand it no more, so I jumped off my chair, and ran away, just as she commenced the interesting detail.

"Mrs. Maddox," said I, "I cannot bear to hear of your sufferings; pray never mention them again."

"What a kind-hearted creature you are!" said she. "Well, I won't then. It's not many who have such pity in them. Cotton, where have you got to—always running away? One would think you don't like to be knitted. Now, cotton, don't be foolish; where have you hid yourself? You make others as bad as yourself. Scissors have you got away now—there, now, sit on my lap, and be quiet."

However, if Mrs. Maddox got back cotton and scissors, she did not get me back, for I bolted out of the front door, and joined the men who were lolling against the gunnel of a galley, hauled up on the shingle.

During the period of which I am speaking, I continued every day to add to my knowledge of my profession, and eventually I was competent to pass my examination at the Trinity House. When I went on board a vessel with Bramble, he would often give me charge of her, never interfering with me (although he watched me carefully,) unless he considered that it was absolutely necessary, which I believe took place but twice. He used to tell the masters of the vessels that I was quite as good a pilot as he was, which certainly was not quite correct: however, it was of great consequence to me, as it gave me that confidence so necessary in my profession, and in due time I passed for a river pilot at the Trinity House. Some alteration occurred at the Hospital during this interval. Anderson had been promoted from boatswain of the ward to inspecting boatswain, a place of trust, with very comfortable emoluments, his weekly allowance being increased to five shillings; and on his promotion my father was made a boatswain's mate of the Warriors' ward. This was at first satisfactory to my mother, who was pleased that my father should wear lace upon his pensioner's coat; but, as she advanced in the world, she did not like the idea of my father's being in the Hospital, nor did she want him to be at her house—in fact, she could have done better without him; but as that could not be, she made the best of it. It must be acknowledged that my father's boisterous and rude manner had been softening down ever since he had been in the Hospital, and that he had become a very well-behaved, quiet, and sober person, and was very respectable in his appearance; but I shall say more about him when I talk of my mother again. Old Nanny went on much as usual, but on the whole she improved. I used to pick up for her any thing I could, and put it in a large bag which I occasionally brought to Greenwich; and this bag, with its multifarious contents, would give her more pleasure than if I had brought her any single object more valuable. Old Anderson used to call upon her occasionally, but he did not do her much good. She appeared to think of hardly any thing but getting money. She was always glad to see me, and I believe thought more of me than of any body else in the world, and I seldom failed to pay her a visit on the first day of my arrival.

Dr. Tadpole and his apprentice Tom went on pretty well together until the hundred-weight of liquorice was expended, and then there was a fresh rising on the part of the injured and oppressed representative of the lower orders, which continued until a fresh supply from London appeased his radical feelings which had been called forth, and then the liquorice made every thing go on smoothly as before; but two years afterwards Tom was out of his time, and then the doctor retained him as his assistant, with a salary added to his board, which enabled Tom to be independent of the shop, as far as liquorice was concerned, and to cut a very smart figure among the young men about Greenwich; for, on Tom's promotion, another boy was appointed to the carrying out of the medicine as well as the drudgery, and Tom took good care that this lad should clean his boots as well as the doctor's, and not make quite so free with the liquorice as he had done himself. I found out also that he had cut Anny Whistle.

Mrs. St. Felix continued to vend her tobacco, and I never failed seeing her on my visits to Greenwich. She appeared to look just as young as she did when I first knew her, and every one said there was no apparent alteration. She was as kind and as cheerful as ever; and I may as well here remark, that during this period a great intimacy had grown up between her and my sister Virginia, very much to the annoyance of my mother, who still retained her feelings of ill-will against Mrs. St. Felix—why, I do not know, except that she was so good-looking a person, and such a favourite with every body. But my father, who, when he chose, would not be contradicted, insisted upon Virginia's being on good terms with Mrs. St. Felix, and used to take her there himself; and Virginia,

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who had never forgotten the widow's kindness to me, was extremely partial to her, and was much more in her company than my mother had any idea of, for Virginia would not vex my mother unnecessarily by telling her she had been with the widow, unless she was directly asked.

It was about four months after my father and I had given our money to my mother, that I returned to Greenwich. A letter from Virginia had acquainted me with the street and the number of the house which my mother had taken, and I therefore walked from the beach right to it: and I must say, that when I came to the new abode I was very much surprised at its neat and even handsome appearance. The ground floor was fitted up as a shop with large panes of glass, and inside upon stands were arranged a variety of bonnets and caps, set off with looking-glass and silk curtains, in the arrangement of which no little taste was displayed. Behind the show goods was a curtain hanging on a brass rod, drawn so as to conceal the work people who were within. There was a private door as well as a shop door, and I hardly knew which I was to go in at: however, as the shop door required no knocking, I went into that, and found myself in the company of eight young damsels, very busy at their needles, sitting on each side of a long table covered with half-made dresses. I inquired of them whether my mother was at home, and was answered by one, who was apparently the eldest, that she was down below getting the breakfast ready.

"I suppose," continued she, "you are Mr. Tom Saunders, the pilot?"

"I suppose I am," replied I; "and pray who are you?"

"I am Miss Amelia Gozlin, apprentice to Mrs. Saunders, milliner, at your service, sir; and in consequence of my being so very quiet and sedate, I have charge of all these young ladies you see with me."

Here the others burst into a laugh.

"They are in very good hands, Miss Amelia," replied I, "and under your care, and with your example, I have no doubt but they will turn out very useful members of society."

"Thank you, sir; but allow me to say that I cannot permit young men, especially such enchanting young men as Mr. Tom Saunders, to remain here; as, if I do, your amiable mother would give me what is genteelly termed a whigging; so if you will be pleased, sir, just to remove yourself from our presence," continued she, with a mock courtesy, "and not make your appearance here again until you are certain your mother is gone out, you will oblige us very much."

I obeyed the wishes of Miss Amelia Gozlin, who certainly was a very handsome girl, with fine black eyes, apparently about fifteen years old. I walked into the passage, and found my way down into the kitchen, where my mother and Virginia were employed as they had told me above. My mother received me kindly, but said little, for she appeared to be fully occupied; and Virginia had no time to dedicate to me until the breakfast was ready, when she called the apprentices, and we all sat down together; Miss Amelia and her companions looking so demure, that, if I had not seen them before, I should have thought that they could not speak.

After breakfast was over, Virginia showed me the house. The first floor was to let furnished; the second was occupied by my mother and Virginia; and the attics were appropriated to the apprentices. Every thing appeared clean, neat, and well arranged; and I could not imagine how my mother had contrived to do so much with so little money; but Virginia told me that she thought Mr. Wilson had assisted her.

When I returned, which might have been in six months, I found a great improvement, and every appearance of my mother succeeding well in her speculations. She had now a maid-servant, and her apprentices were increased to twelve, and there was every appearance of brisk and full employment. In 1803, I found that Virginia, who was then fourteen years old, had left school. She had told my mother that, during the last half year, she had only repeated over again what she had learnt the half year before, and that she thought she could employ her time better at home in assisting her. My mother was of the same opinion, and Virginia now superintended the cutting-out department, and was very useful. She said that the increase of business had been very great, and that my mother could hardly execute the orders which she received. There were now two servants in the house, and additional workwomen. My mother, also, had very much altered in appearance: before, she was usually clean and neat: now she was well, if not elegantly dressed, and appeared much younger and better looking. I must do her the justice to say, that prosperity had not spoiled but improved her: she was more kind and more cheerful every time that I went to see her; and I may add that, with the exception of a little necessary castigation to Miss Amelia and her companions, she never scolded, and was kind to her servants. The last year she had been even more successful, and was now considered the first milliner in the town. I believed that she deserved her reputation, for she had a great deal of taste in dress; and when she had gone up stairs to decorate, previous to the hour of arrival of her customers, and came down in a handsome silk dress, and an elegant morning cap, I would often look at her with surprise, and say to myself, "Who would think that this was my mother, who used to shove the broom at me in the little parlour at Fisher's Alley?"

The reader may inquire how my father and mother got on after such an alteration in her circumstances. I can only reply, that they got on better than they did before; for my mother, who did not wish my father's company in the house, pointed out to him, that, with so many young people living with her, it would be very inconvenient if he came there in the evenings to smoke his pipe; and that it would be better if he could smoke and drink his beer any where else. My father perceived the propriety of this, and assented with a good grace; my mother was very liberal to him, and he was now enabled, when he chose, to ask a companion or two to join him; so that it suited both parties. My father, therefore, never came to the house, except after the Hospital supper, when he remained a few minutes to see Virginia, and then departed. On Sundays he spent the whole day there, and was kindly welcomed, but he always left in the evening to smoke his pipe elsewhere. As for me, when I did come, I was always kindly received, and slept in a spare bed on the same floor with my mother and Virginia. Before my time was out, I was too well supplied by Bramble ever to want any thing, and afterwards I made plenty of money, and seldom came home without bringing a present both to my mother and Virginia.

Having thus given a general outline of affairs, I shall in the next chapter enter more minutely into some particulars without which the detail of events will not be complete.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In which the sine qua non of all novels is, for the first time, introduced.

In the last chapter, I have said in few words, that Bessy Goodwin had been sent to school, and had since returned home. She had been home nearly a year before the period to which I brought up my history, but now she no longer was employed in any menial service, the girl who had been hired during her absence being still retained. Bessy now superintended the household, but did nothing more; and there was a greater degree of comfort and expenditure than

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had formerly been the case. Whether this was on Bessy's account, or from Bessy's imbibed ideas, I cannot pretend to say; but certainly there was a great change in our style of living, which Bramble appeared to sanction. Mrs. Maddox remained as a mere pensioner, sitting by the fire, and perhaps finishing a pair of stockings about every five or six weeks, talking as usual at and to every body, and with every thing. In another point, also, there was a change in Bramble's house: it was much oftener filled with company; this was, I presume, to be ascribed to Bessy's personal charms, which certainly were very great. She was of a peculiar and much admired style of beauty, a description which strikes some people at first sight, and not others—those not perceiving it at first eventually admiring it even more than others. She was taller than the middle height, her person finely developed, yet not so much so as to take away from its grace: her complexion was pale and clear, her eyes and hair very dark; there was a coldness about her beauty when in repose, like statuary marble; but if the least excited or animated, the colour would mantle in her cheek; her eyes would beam, till they appeared as if like bright planets, they could almost cast a shadow; and dimples, before concealed, would show themselves, when she indulged in her silvery laugh. Although her form was commanding, still she was very feminine: there was great attraction in her face, even when in repose—she was cold, but not chilling.

I had seen little of her for three years, during which she had sprung up to womanhood, for she was now seventeen, and appeared to be at least eighteen years old. Before, when we were living together, we kissed as brother and sister: since we had again become inmates of the same house, we had been friends, but nothing more. Bessy certainly showed as great a preference to me as our relative situations would admit; but still it appeared as if the extreme intimacy of childhood had been broken off, and that it was necessary that a renewed intimacy under another aspect should take place, to restore us to our former relations. Here it was for me to make the first overtures: not for her, as maidenly reserve would not permit it. Bramble seemed to be most anxious that such should be the case—indeed, considered it as a matter of course: perhaps Bessy thought so too in her own bosom: and the continual raillery of Bramble did more harm than good, as it appeared to warrant her thinking that it ought to be so. Why it was not I will now explain to the reader.

I have already made mention of Mr. Wilson, the lawyer, whose acquaintance we procured through Sir Hercules and his lady. This intimacy had very much increased; and a Miss Janet Wilson had come home from a finishing seminary near town. Between this young lady and my sister Virginia a certain degree of intimacy had been formed, and of course I had seen a great deal of her at the times when I was at Greenwich. She was a very pretty and very diminutive girl, but beautifully proportioned, although so very small; indeed she was considered quite a model in figure, at least my mother used to say so, and I never heard any one disagree with her. Janet had, moreover, large eyes, pencilled eyebrows, and a dimpled chin. Now, as Bessy was away at the time when I first made her acquaintance, if all these perfections were not enough for me to fall in love with, I must have been difficult to please at the age of eighteen, when one is not so very difficult; and the consequence was, I was her most devoted slave. Mr. Wilson laughed at us, and seemed either to think that it would end in nothing, or that, if it did end in something, he had no objection. Thus was I fixed; and with Virginia for a confidant, what was to prevent the course of true love running smooth? Janet received all my sighs, all my protestations, all my oaths, and all my presents—and many were the latter, although perhaps not equal to the former three. It was, therefore, not surprising that Bessy, who had been out of the way, had been forestalled by this diamond edition of nature's handy-work. Such was the state of my heart at the commencement of the year 1805.

I had mentioned, that my mother had taken a house in the principal street; but I must now add, that in the year 1804 she found it necessary to remove into one much larger, and had therefore shifted more to the upper part of the town. Instead of being in a row, this house was detached, with a small garden in front, and a good piece of ground at the back, which looked down towards the river. The situation not being so central, did no harm to my mother, as she was so well known; on the contrary, it made her even more fashionable. She now kept no shop, but a show room: and had not only accommodation for more work-people, but very handsome apartments to let. In another point it was advantageous, which was on account of my father. At the end of the garden there was an octangular summer-house, looking upon the river: it was a good-sized room, boarded floor, and moreover it had a fire-place in it, and when shut up, was very warm and comfortable. My mother made this house over to my father as his own—to smoke and drink beer in; and my father preferred a place, in which he could sit alone with his friends, to a public house, especially as the garden had a gate at the end of it, by which he could admit himself whenever he pleased. Here my father, Ben the Whaler, Anderson, and others, would sit, having a commanding view of the Thames and the vessels passing and repassing—in the summer time, with all the windows open, and enjoying the fresh air and the fresh smoke from their pipes—in winter time surrounding the fire and telling their yarns. It was an admirable arrangement, and Virginia and I always knew where to find him.

I have said but little of my sister Virginia. I may be considered partial to her—perhaps I was; but to me she was, if not the handsomest, certainly one of the most captivating persons I ever saw: to prove that I thought so, I can only say, that, deeply as I was smitten with Miss Janet Wilson, I often thought that I wished she was a facsimile of my sister. Virginia was now seventeen years old, slender and very graceful: she reminded me more of an antelope in her figure than any thing I can compare her to; her head was so beautifully placed on her shoulders, that it was the first thing which attracted your notice when you saw her. Her eyes were of a deep hazel, fringed by long black eye-lashes, and her arching and delicate eyebrows nearly met; her nose was perfectly straight, but rather small; and her face ended in a sharp oval, which added to the brilliancy and animation of her countenance: her mouth was small and beautifully formed, and her little teeth like seed pearl. Every one declared that she was the handsomest creature that ever they had seen; and what every one says must be true. She was so; but she was not always lively—she was only so at times: she appeared to be of a serious, reflective turn of mind, and she read a great deal; but at times she was mirth personified. To my mother she was always dutiful and attentive, and was very useful to her.

I could not at first imagine what made my mother so anxious to have lodgers in the house, as they must have proved a great nuisance to her, and her circumstances were above such an infliction. I was not long before I discovered the cause of this; it was no other but to make up some good match for my sister, whose beauty she considered would effect her purpose. Many were the applications for her lodgings, made by highly respectable gentlemen; but when she discovered, either that they were married, or that in other points they did not suit, she invariably refused, and for months her apartments continued vacant; but if any body at all aristocratical, who was single, wished to inspect them, my mother was all

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smiles and eagerness. It may be supposed that she was not likely to meet with such people as she solicited, at such a town as Greenwich, but such was not the case: before steamboats made Greenwich so come-at-able, there were many families of distinction who resided there and in its environs—especially in the autumn of the year, when the river offered much amusement. It was just at that period that the white-bait parties became so much in vogue, and Greenwich was considered a pleasant retreat for a few months by many of the fashionable world.

Although Virginia never mentioned her surmises directly, I perceived, by her occasional remarks, that she had latterly become aware of what were my mother's views; indeed, how could she do otherwise, when my mother would refuse her lodgings one day to a gentleman because he was married, and let them the next time merely because he was a single man? and that she was disgusted with my mother's conduct, I was convinced; at the same time, she certainly kept her thoughts to herself, merely telling me how very uncomfortable it was to have lodgers, and to be obliged to go into their rooms with messages from my mother. There was an Honourable Mr. ———, I really forget his name—indeed I should not have mentioned him except that he was the introduction of another personage, who was several months in my mother's house, a harmless old bachelor. How old he was I cannot say, as he wore a very youthful wig and also false whiskers, but I should think about sixty. He was a great admirer of the fine arts, and a still greater admirer of his own performances in painting. He took lessons twice a day from two different masters, who came from London; and he was at it from morning to night. He came down to Greenwich, as he said, to study *tints*, and get up his colouring. I cannot say I thought his performances very good, but perhaps I was not a judge. My mother, who would, I believe, have sacrificed my sister to an ourang-outang, provided he was an Honourable, took every opportunity of sending Virginia in to him, that he might study the delicate tints on her cheeks; but it would not do, even if Virginia had been party to it. He looked at his palette instead of her pretty mouth; and his camel-hair pencils attracted his attention more than her pencilled eyebrows: he was wrapt up in his art, and overlooked the prettiest piece of nature in the world; and Virginia, seeing this to be the case, had no longer any objection to go into his room. But this gentleman had a nephew, a very different sort of a personage, a young heir to a marquisate, who used to pay attention to his bachelor uncle, by paying him visits, at first because he was ordered so to do, and after once or twice because he had seen Virginia, and was struck with her appearance. He was a good-looking young man, about nineteen, but not very bright—indeed I ought to say very silly, although at the same time not at all bashful. He made an acquaintance with my mother, who was delighted with his condescension, and declared that he was one of the most pleasant young men she had ever met with; and he would have been very intimate with Virginia, had she not repulsed him. As soon as the leaves dropped off the trees, the old bachelor declared that there were no more tints worth remaining for, and he took his departure. About a month afterwards his nephew came down, accompanied by a young man who was his tutor, and hired the apartments, much to the joy of my mother, who now had hopes; and much to the annoyance of my sister, who had fears of being persecuted.

And now having, in this chapter, brought up my history to the commencement of the year 1805, I shall again enter into a more detailed narrative.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

More cry than wool—Bramble would dig a pit for another, and tumbles in along with him.

It was in the month of March, 1805, when the easterly winds prevailed, and vessels were detained in the chops of the Channel, that I agreed with Bramble that we would return together and halve the pilotage. About eight leagues from the Lizard Point, we boarded a small ship which had hoisted the signal; the weather at that time being fine, and the wind variable. When we went on board, it was but just daylight, and the captain was not yet on deck, but the mate received us: we were surprised to find that she mounted twelve brass guns remarkably well fitted, and that every thing was apparently ready for action; rammers and sponges, shot and wadding, being all up and at hand.

"A prime morning, shipmate," said Bramble; — then casting his eye over the deck, "A letter of marque, I presume."

"Yes," replied the mate, "we have the papers, but still she has never run without convoy since I have been in her; we lost our convoy three days back, and the captain has been rather uneasy ever since."

"Uneasy! why, I should think that you could beat off a good stout privateer with these guns of yours."

"Well, I don't know but what we might; but our cargo is valuable, and we might be overpowered."

"Very true; and the captain must be anxious. Where are you from?"

"Smyrna."

"What's your cargo?"

"Why we have raw silk and dry-salter's goods chiefly. D'ye think we shall have a fair wind? I don't care how soon, for we've at least twenty passengers on board, and our provisions and water are running rather short. Here's the skipper."

The captain, who now made his appearance, was a tall good-looking young man, about thirty, dressed rather fantastically, as I thought; having a laced cap on his head, and a party-coloured silk sash round his waist, such as they wear in the Mediterranean.

"Well, pilot, what do you think of the wind?"

"Well, sir, I expect we'll have a slant which will enable us to fetch well to windward of the Lizard, at all events; and then, when the tide turns in shore, we must stand out again."

"Mr. Stubbs, turn the hands up to make sail."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the mate.

The men came on deck, but the captain roared out for the idlers; these were the passengers who had agreed to work during the passage; at last they came up, a queer-looking set; and the captain sending down for his speaking-trumpet, sail was made on the ship.

"Why, captain," said Bramble, "you do it man-of-war fashion."

"Well, I've not served the king for seven years for nothing," replied he; "and I hope sir, not heard the bullets whistling about my head like hail in a hail storm, without knowing how to take care of my ship. I like every thing man-of-war fashion, and then one's always prepared. Where's the boatswain? Pipe to breakfast."

"You've plenty of hands on board, mate," said Bramble.

"Yes, plenty of them, such as they are; we've twenty of the ship's company, and twenty-five passengers from Malta."

After breakfast, the captain ordered up the small arm men; five seamen and fifteen of the passengers made their appearance with their muskets, which were examined, and they were dismissed. At eleven o'clock, as we neared the land, the men were ordered to quarters; the guns cast loose, and they were exercised as on board of a man-of-

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war; the captain giving his orders with his speaking-trumpet. "Double-shot your guns! Run out! Point your guns! Fire! Repel boarders on the bow! Repel boarders on the quarter!" &c. This continued for more than two hours, when the guns were again secured.

"Well, pilot," said the captain to Bramble, "what do you think? do you fancy a privateer could take us in a hurry?"

"Why, captain, if the men fight, I should say not; but you see, these guns, handsome as they are, won't fight of themselves."

"I'll answer for the men fighting; they'll have but their choice,—fight, or the contents of my pistol through the first man's head who quits his gun. I'll nail the colours to the mast, and see who will be the man who will haul them down. Why, pilot, this vessel is insured at £30,000."

"Then she'll be a famous prize, if they could contrive to take her, that's all," said Bramble. "Halloo! what vessel's that coming down? Tom, hand your glass here."

"I hav'n't got it with me."

"Well, give me that one on the skylight. I can't make her out—but I don't much like the looks of her."

"Heh! what's that?" said the captain. "Let me look: oh, she's a square-rigged vessel, ain't she?"

"Can't tell," said Bramble.

The mate, who had fetched his glass from below, looked at her, and said it was a coasting schooner.

"Are you sure of that?" said the captain. "Let me see: well, I don't know what to say—she does look rakish—I'll go forward and make her out."

"Why, it's a coaster, Bramble," said I, as the captain walked forward.

"I know that," replied Bramble, with a wink.

The captain returned, probably satisfied that it was only a coaster, but he did not choose to say so. "Well, I don't know what to make of her; but at all events there's nothing like being ready. She's coming down fast upon us; Mr. Stubbs we'll beat to quarters."

Again the people were called up and the guns cast loose; the powder was handed up, and all was preparation. I did not think, however, that the passengers appeared at all zealous; but that I was not surprised at: the captain harangued them, calling them Britons, &c., and, hoping that they would show what stuff they were made of; talked about the honour of Old England, and a great deal more, and then examined the vessel again with his glass. "We'll give her the starboard broadside, and then wear round his stern and give her the other. Hoist the colours?"

As soon as we hoisted the colours, the schooner hoisted English colours also.

"English colours, sir," said the mate, grinning.

"English colours, heh! Very well; but that may be a feint—keep to your guns, my lads."

The vessel now ran by us; she was deeply laden, and as broad as she was long.

"No privateer this time, captain," said Bramble, laughing.

"No, all's right; secure the guns, my lads. We'd have given her a nice peppering if she'd been a French privateer."

The captain then went down below to put away his sword and pistols, which the cabin-boy had brought on deck.

"It's my opinion, Tom," said Bramble, "that this skipper, a'n't quite so fond of fighting as he pretends to be. I'll see if I can't frighten him a little."

As soon as the captain came on deck again, Bramble said, "We'll go about, if you please."

"What! about already? why, we're good three leagues from the shore."

"Yes, sir, but the tide has made, and we must now make a long stretch-out towards the French coast. We won't tack again till about dark."

"Not tack till dark, pilot? surely we will do better keeping on the English coast."

"No, no, sir; if we were not so well manned and so well armed I should do it; but, as we are a match for any privateer, why, we may as well make a long leg—we shall be up channel sooner."

"Well, I don't know what to say; I've a heavy responsibility with such a valuable cargo."

"Well, tack if you please, sir," said Bramble, shortly.

"Oh, certainly; hands, about ship!"

The vessel's head was put off shore, and, with a smart breeze, we walked away fast from the land. At twelve o'clock the captain proposed standing in-shore again, but Bramble refused. At three o'clock he became very uneasy, and expostulated with Bramble, who replied, "Well, sir, I'm doing all for the best; but if you are afraid——"

"Afraid!" cried the captain; "afraid of what, I should like to know? No, I'm not afraid; but it appears to me that we ought to make the land again before night."

"I'll answer for knowing where we are, sir, if that is your reason; at all events I wish to stand out till six o'clock."

"Well, do so then, if you choose—I'm sure I don't care if you stand to within gun-shot of the French coast:" and the captain, evidently very much annoyed, went down into the cabin.

About half-past four o'clock the mate came aft and took up the glass, saying that there was an awkward-looking craft on the weather-bow. He came aft again, and said, "Pilot, I wish you would take a squint at that craft, for I don't much like the look of her."

Bramble went forward, and I followed him. "I say Tom, that's a French privateer, as sure as we stand here," said he. "Look at her. Well, now we shall see what these guns are made of."

"Don't put too much trust in them," said the mate; "I know what sort of people we have here. Had we only ten good men, I wouldn't care for a privateer; but I'm afraid that we have not many we can trust to. However, we'll do our best, and we can do no more. I'll go down and tell the captain."

"It is a Frenchman," replied I, "and no mistake—every rope and every sail on her are French;" for the vessel, which was a lugger, was not more than four miles from us.

"Well," replied Bramble, "it would be odd if we were to be taken into a French port after all, wouldn't it?—not very pleasant, though."

"We've men enough to beat her off, or two of her, if that's all," replied I.

"Yes, Tom, but I doubt the captain; and without example men don't fight well. However, we'll do our best; and if he flinches, we won't."

The captain now came forward as red as a turkey-cock; he said nothing—looked at the vessel—and then turned as white as a sheet.

"She's more than our match, if she's an enemy," said he.

"I should rather think not, sir," replied Bramble. "All you have to do is to make your men fight, and nail your colours to the mast."

"That's very true when there's a fair chance of success, but it's useless sacrificing the men against so very superior a force," replied the captain.

"But it a'nt superior, nor in guns is she your equal, if I know any thing about a vessel. At all events, I suppose you'll have a trial for it? Won't you beat to quarters, captain?"

"Oh, to be sure; Mr. Stubbs, beat to quarters. I think it would not be a bad thing to fire off our broadsides now, and let them see that we are well armed."

The men were summoned up to quarters, and very unwillingly did they obey; some said that they did not come

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on board to fight; others, that they had agreed to work the passage home, but not to stand to be shot at; and some were actually going down below again, when Bramble and the mate spoke to them and persuaded them to remain on deck. Still there was no willingness shown; and although Bramble told them how many privateers had been beaten off, and mentioned particularly the Leith smack having the other day fought with one an hour and a half, and knocked her all to pieces, they still appeared uneasy and wavering.

In the mean time the privateer was within a mile of us, and hoisted French colours.

"We'll keep away and give her the first broadside," cried the captain.

"You'd better hoist your colours first," observed Bramble, quietly.

"Hoist the colours, Mr. Stubbs! Port the helm! Look out, my men! Point the guns to the object! Fire!"

Off went all the guns, not only on the starboard side, in the direction of the privateer, but all those on the larboard side as well; and this circumstance probably gave the people on board the privateer some idea of the state of confusion we were in. She now rounded to, and gave us her broadside of three guns: they were well directed, and did us some damage in the upper works and rigging; but still more in frightening the people, who were now running down below, notwithstanding the exertions of the mate, Bramble, one or two of the seamen, and myself; but our fate was soon decided by the captain, who cried out, "It's useless contending against such a superior force." With this observation he ran aft and hauled down the colours. As soon as the men perceived this they all left the guns: at another broadside from the privateer they all scampered down below, and at the same time the captain went down into his cabin. There was none but the mate, the boatswain, Bramble, and myself left on the deck.

"Pleasant," said Bramble. "I thought as much. Well, Tom, here we are in for it. Come with me to the helm, for those French fellows will board, and they make very free with their cutlasses, even after colours are hauled down. Well," said he, as he walked aft, "I did not think to see the English flag so disgraced. Poor Bessy, too! Well, never mind. I say, mate, just let go the weather main braces and bow lines, and square the yards, for it's better to be as humble as possible, now that we can't help ourselves; and do you and the boatswain go down below, for they cut right and left, these fellows. They do pay a little more civility to pilots, as they ar'n't belonging to the ship."

This advice of Bramble's, which was very good, was followed by the mate and boatswain.

"Shall I run down and look after our kits!" said I to Bramble.

"No, Tom, don't have any thing in your hand, or they will take it from you, and most likely give you a rap on the head with a cutlass at the same time; for privateermen of all nations are little better than pirates, and don't know how to behave in victory. Just keep where you are—look as if you had nothing to do with the ship, except the steering of her. Here they come!"

As he spoke, the lugger touched our weather side, at the same time lowering down her foresail and mainsail with no little noise and confusion; in a second or two there were thirty of their men on our decks, flourishing their cutlasses, and looking round with their pistols ready cocked in their left hands for somebody to let fly at. At last they came aft.—"Pilot!" cried Bramble, taking off his hat. I did the same. With reiterated *sacres* and *diables* of every description, some now rushed down the cabin, while others went down the fore-hatchway, while more of the men from the lugger poured upon our decks; but none of them molested Bramble or me, as we continued standing at the wheel. In about ten minutes order was to a certain degree restored by the captain of the privateer, who had come on board. I perceived him express his surprise to his officers who were with him at the armament of the ship, and he appeared very much pleased: it was not necessary to understand French for that. He then came up to Bramble, and spoke to him in French; but Bramble only pointed to me and then to himself, and said "pilot." The captain called for a young Frenchman who could speak English, and then asked Bramble what was the cargo.

Bramble, to please him, replied that it was silk and other goods to the value of £30,000 English.

"How many men?"

"Forty-five."

The French captain rubbed his hands with ecstacy, as well he might. Just at this moment, the English captain came upon deck, followed by two of the privateer's men, one of whom had taken possession of his laced cap, and the other of his silk sash. He brought his sword in his hand, and presented it to the captain of the privateer, saying, "It is no disgrace for one brave man to deliver up his sword to another."

"Que dit il?" said the captain of the pirate to the young man who interrupted. The young man translated this fine speech, upon which the French captain called the English one by a very contemptuous title, and turned away. The privateer's men now made their appearance below, having helped themselves to every thing they could find: the orders were then given for the prisoners to be brought upon deck; they were driven up, many of them bleeding from wounds received in attempts to rescue their personal property, and were handed over to the lugger. A prize master with twenty men were put on board; the lugger was hauled off, the only Englishman allowed to remain in the captured vessel being Bramble and myself. As soon as the vessels were clear, they made sail, running about two points free for the French coast.

CHAPTER XXXV.

We have great hopes of not seeing inside the French prison, but we are disappointed.

"Well, Tom, this is a bad job," said Bramble to me, taking his seat upon the hencoop aft. "By to-morrow at noon, unless we fall in with a cruiser—and I see little chance of that—we shall be locked up in a French prison; ay, and Heaven knows how long we may stay there! What's to become of poor little Bessy? I'm sure I don't know. I must contrive to write over to lawyer Wilson, and put him in charge of every thing; but I'm sorry for you, my poor lad—it's hard for you to be locked up, perhaps for years, when you might have been making money for yourself."

"Well, it can't be helped, father; we must make the best of it," replied I, with a deep sigh; for I was any thing but happy at the prospect.

"If it had not been for that swaggering coward, this might not have happened," replied Bramble: "it's somewhat my own fault—I was so anxious to frighten him about nothing; but at last I run us into real danger; and I might have known that he never would have fought, although I certainly had no idea of falling in with a privateer. Well, Tom, we must not lose a chance."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that, if there is any possibility of getting away, I shall; and you, of course, will not stay behind. I don't know where they are going to; but you see, Tom, our only chance of getting off is while we are on the coast; if once we are marched into the interior, why then it will be

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almost hopeless. What we must try for is, to get away at the port where we land. We shall see."

"I am afraid that there is very little chance for us," replied I; "but I'm ready to attempt any thing."

"We shall see, Tom—where there's a will there's a way: however, it's no use talking about it just now." Here Bramble filled his pipe, took out his flint and steel, and lighted it.

After smoking for ten minutes, during which I stood by him, he said, "I wonder where they will take us to, St. Malo's or Morlaix, for the course they are steering will fetch, I should think, thereabouts. One thing is certain—they've got a good prize, and they mean to keep it if they can; and, my eyes! if they won't make a fuss about it! A ship with twelve guns taken by a lugger with only six! They'll make the ship mount eighteen or twenty guns, and have a hundred and fifty men on board, and they'll swear they fought us for three hours. They have something to boast of, that's certain; and I suspect that French captain is a brave sort of chap, from the sneer he gave when our cowardly English lubber gave him so fine a speech. "Well, it's our disgrace!"

Here Bramble was silent for some time, when I said to him, "You were stating to the men how a Leith smack beat off a privateer the other day; I never heard of it."

"Yes, I heard it when I was up above Greenwich. I met an old friend who was on board of her, for he took his passage in her from London."

"'Why,' says he to me, 'Bramble, I thought we never should have got away from the river, for the old captain, who was as big round as a puncheon, and not unlike one, declared that he would not sail until the powder came up from Woolwich; for the Queen Charlotte (that was the name of the smack) carried six eighteen pound carronades. We waited nearly a week for the powder, and many a laugh we all had about it, thinking old Nesbitt was not much of a fighter, from his making so much fuss. Well, at last we boomed her off from the wharf, and about seven that night got clear of the Thames; it was a fine breeze all night, and we ran through the Swin by the lead, which is what every one won't attempt: next morning we were off Yarmouth Roads, with the water as yellow as pea soup; never saw it otherwise, and I'm an old collier; reason why, the swells of the ocean thrashes up the sands off there—ay, and shifts them too, occasionally, which is of more consequence. Well, Bramble,' says he, 'well, on we went; hauled in through Harborough Gut; then the sun had so much power—for it was in the dog days—that it eat up the wind, and we were obliged to content ourselves with getting four knots out of her. Just as we made the Dudgeon Light-boat, old Nesbitt's son comes aft to his father, who was steering the craft, and says, "Father, do you see that 'ere brig crowding all sail after us? I think it be the new Custom House brig trying his rate of sailing with us."

"Never you mind what she is, boy," says the captain, "but away up and furl the gaff topsail."

Meanwhile the brig overhauled us fast, and old Nesbitt kept a-looking round at her every two or three minutes. At last he says to the mate, "Take the wheel a bit," and he goes first and looks over the quarter. "I see," says he; "I say, you sergeant and corporal," (for we had a recruiting party on board,) "suppose you now just help us to load our guns and work them a little, for I expect this here craft will give us plenty to do."

"Well, Bramble, as I stand here, if six of them lobsters didn't say nothing, but just walk down below: but the sergeant was a trump of a fellow, and so was his wife; he threw off his coat and cap covered with ribands, tied a handkerchief round his head, and set to work with a will; and his wife backed him to the last, handing the powder and every thing else. Well, we had with us ten men who all stood to guns; but the passengers went down below with the soldiers. Well, on comes the brig upon our starboard quarter as if to board; all her forerigging, and forechains, and forecastle, being full of men as bees in a swarm."

"Are you all ready, my men?" said the captain.

"Yes, all ready, sir."

"Yes, and I be ready too, massa!" cried the black cook, bringing out from the caboose the red hot poker.

"Well, then, up on the wind with her, and fire when the guns bear."

The men kept their eyes on the guns; and when they cried "Fire!" the cook set them all off, one after another, with the hot poker, and no small mischief did these three guns do. His forecastle was cleared of men in no time; down came his gaff and fore-topsail, and being now right on our beam, he put his helm up to lay us on board; but we were too quick for him—we wore round to, and gave him the three other guns, which did him no good.

"'Well, he came after us on the other tack, and pelted us with musketry in a cruel way. The mate was hit in the head, and taken down below; and poor old Nesbitt, who was at the wheel, steering the craft beautifully, had a bullet right into his bow-window, as they call it. 'Well,' the old fellow says, 'here's a shot between wind and water, I reckon—we must have a plug;' so he puts his flippers into his waistband, and stuffs his flannel jacket into the hole. Then he throws her up into the wind again, and rakes him with our three guns well into him, and carries away more of his gear, and stops his sailing,—and so we goes on for a whole hour and thirty-five minutes; and, to make a long story short, we beat him off, and he turned tail and ran for it with both pumps going."

"Now you see, Tom, that's the account of the affair given to me by a man who I can trust; and there you see what can be done if men are resolute and determined to fight. Some little difference between that affair and this one, Tom."

"Did old Nesbitt die or recover?"

"I asked that question: he was doing well when my friend left; somehow or another no vital part was injured, and he has had many presents made him for his gallant conduct; and the sergeant was well rewarded also. Well, my pipe's out, and it's not far from midnight; I should think we may just as well try for a little sleep, Tom, for perhaps we may not get any for some time to come."

Bramble coiled himself up under the bulwark; I did the same; and in a few minutes we both had forgotten whether we were in our beds at our house at Deal, or prisoners bound for the French coast.

At daylight the next morning Bramble roused me up.

"Here we are now, Tom! here's the French coast not four leagues from us; but it's hazy, and I cannot make it out very clear; however, the sun will soon drive all this away, and we shall have a fine day; but the wind has gone down, and I think we shall have still less of it."

And so it proved; for, as the sun rose, the wind became very light, so that we did not go through the water more than three knots. We were looking at the coast, when the report of a gun saluted our ears; it was from the privateer; we turned to that quarter, and found that there was a cutter about two miles from the privateer, crowding all sail towards us.

"Tom!" cried Bramble, "there's a chance for us yet—that's an English privateer, and she will try to retake us for the sake of the salvage. But here's a boat coming from the Frenchman—what can that be for?"

The boat rowed alongside of us, and out jumped the captain of the French privateer with twenty of his best men, and the boat was then dropped astern.

The Frenchmen immediately cast loose the guns, went down for the powder, and prepared for action.

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"I see, Tom," said Bramble, "he's a clever fellow, this skipper; he knows that this ship and cargo is worth a dozen of his little privateer, and his object is to get her in—so he's come with all his best men on board of us, leaving his first officer to make the best fight with the privateer that he can. Well, he's right; and if it wasn't that I don't like to go to prison, I wish he may succeed, for he has got sense as well as courage, I think."

The ship was now kept away two points more, that she might go through the water as fast as she could; and in the meantime the action commenced between the English cutter and the French privateer, the latter evidently attempting to cripple the masts and rigging of the former. The cutter, however, steered right for us, and evidently came up fast; the French privateer, weak handed as she must have been, behaved very well, throwing herself across the cutter's bows, and doing every thing she could to prevent her coming up with us: both vessels were very much cut up before the cutter came within three cables' length of us, when the French captain ordered French colours to be hoisted, and, rounding to, poured in a well-directed broadside, which quite astonished the English privateer, who imagined that we were an unarmed merchantman. The action now became very warm; we standing on, and every now and then rounding to and raking the cutter, while the French privateer engaged her broadside to broadside. The French captain was abaft, giving his orders with the greatest coolness and ability, when a shot from the cutter came in on deck, and a large splinter which it tore off knocked him down on his back. Bramble and I both ran to him and helped him up—we could not help it, although he was an enemy. He was not hurt, and as soon as he was on his legs he laughed, and thanked us in French. The cutter still continued the fight until we were within three miles of the coast, when, all her spars and sails being cut to pieces, she hauled to the wind and stood out to the offing.

"Well, Tom, there's all our hopes ended," said Bramble; "so now I'll light my pipe. Well, I will say it's been a good fight on both sides."

Here the captain came up to us and said, "Bien oblige—tank you."

The cutter did not, however, stand out for more than a few minutes, when she hove to and repaired damages, evidently intending to renew the action. I pointed this out to Bramble. "I see, I see," replied he; "she intends to try and cut us off from Morlaix, which is to windward, and oblige us to fight or run for St. Malo's, which is a long way to leeward; in either case she will be able to attack us again, as she outsails us: perhaps the fight is not over yet."

But the Frenchman also understood what he was about, and he now steered a course. When we were about two miles from the land, and about the same distance from the cutter, the latter kept away so as to oblige the ship to come to action again before she reached Morlaix; but, before she closed with us, we discovered that we were entering a small French port, which had not been visible to us, called (I think) Lanion, situated between Isle Bichat and Morlaix. When within half a mile of the land, French over English was hoisted at our peak, and a French pennant over an English pennant at our main.

"I told you so," said Bramble; they have made a man-of-war out of us, and now there'll be no end to the lies that they will tell; for though these French fellows do not fight quite so well as we do, at lying they'll beat us hollow, any day of the week. Never mind, Tom! we must keep a sharp look out, and there's no saying—keep your eyes oped as we go into the harbour;—I never was here before, but I suspect it's nothing better than a poor fishing town."

In a quarter of an hour the ship and privateer were both made fast to an old stone pier which ran out from the town; but there were no other vessels in the harbour except two small coasting *chasses marées*, and about a dozen fishing boats.

The harbour was formed by the mouth of a small river, which ran down through a very narrow alluvial flat, backed by precipitous rocks. On the right side of the river on entering, and on the level ground above mentioned, which extended back perhaps two hundred yards, until it was met by the rocky cliffs, was situated the village which, centuries back, must have been the town of Lanion. It consisted of perhaps one hundred to one hundred and twenty houses, few of them of any size, the major portion with walls built of mud and whitewashed over. The only remains of the former town were a stone-built market-place, the portion of the Hôtel de Ville in which the mayor resided, and the old church, which, although perfect in its walls, was sadly dilapidated in the roof. It had long been deserted, and a small chapel had been built in lieu of it, in which the only curé of the place performed the service. The massive stones of which the now neglected pier had once been built proved that at one time considerable expense had been incurred in the formation of this small harbour.

A battery, mounting two guns, at the end of the pier protected the mouth of the harbour; and there was a guard of a sergeant and twelve invalids, who were stationed there to man the guns upon the approach of an enemy.

It would be difficult to describe the confusion which took place as soon as the two vessels were fairly alongside the wharf, and made fast with hawsers to the massive iron rings which had for centuries been fixed in the ponderous stones of which the pier was composed. There was the mayor with his cocked hat on, but his leather apron still tied in front, for he had been working at his calling; there was the sergeant of the invalids, who, perhaps, was a greater man than the mayor, all beard and mustachios, but so thin in his person, that he looked as if a stout breeze would have blown him away; and there were the soldiers leaning on their muskets. These were the most important personages, but they were backed by the whole population of the town, amounting to about three hundred men, women, and children, all talking, jabbering, and screaming: add to them the captain of the privateer, so important that he could not attend to even the mayor or the sergeant; and the privateer's men, dressed in every fashion, armed to the teeth, all explaining, or pushing away, or running here and there obeying orders; then the wounded men—for they had several men killed, and others hurt in the conflict with the cutter—handed up one by one, bandaged here and there, and exciting the compassion and even screams of the women; the prisoners, who had been ordered to come on deck, half dressed and chopfallen; the sails of the vessels only clewed up, and still fluttering; ensigns and pennants hoisted upon every mast, and waving over the heads of the crowd assembled at the pier, and you may have some idea of the confused and bustling scene.

At last, as there appeared no chance of any thing being arranged while the people crowded round, the captain of the privateer ordered his men to draw their weapons and drive back the crowd,—which was soon effected, notwithstanding many oaths and more screaming on the part of the fairer sex; and when the crowd had been thus driven, the men were stationed so as to keep them back. At first, this gave offence to all parties;—to the crowd, because they didn't like to be driven away—to the mayor, who remained with the sergeant and invalids in the area which had been cleared by the privateer's people, because he thought that they had interfered with his civil authority—and to the sergeant of invalids, because he thought that the marine force had interfered with his military autho-

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rity; but the captain of the privateer having taken off his hat and bowed, first to the mayor and then to the sergeant, and saying how much he was obliged to them for their assistance, both parties were satisfied: and now a consultation was held between them how to proceed; while the privateer's men, who kept back the crowd, amused them by giving a detail of the two desperate actions which had been fought,—no two accounts agreeing, certainly; but that was of no consequence.

The first question to be canvassed was, what was to be done with the prisoners? Morlaix was the nearest town in which they would be under safe keeping, but that was twenty miles distant, and it would be necessary to send over an express, so that a sufficient force might be despatched to Lanion to escort the prisoners there. This Mr. Mayor undertook to do immediately: a boy was summoned to take over the communication, and the mayor went up to write his letter to the authorities, while the wounded men were carried away, and, by the direction of the curé, who had just arrived and joined the consultation, billetted upon different houses in the town. The express having been despatched, and the wounded safely housed and under the care of the village Æsculapius, who never had such a job in his whole life, the next point of consultation was how to dispose of the prisoners until the force should arrive from Morlaix. Here the sergeant became the principal person, being military commandant: forty-seven prisoners were a heavy charge for twelve invalids; and as for the privateer's men, there was no dependence upon them, for, as the captain said, they had had enough to do to take them, and it was the business of the authorities to look after them now, while the privateer's men made merry.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CHARLES CHESTERFIELD,

THE YOUTH OF GENIUS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.

Great News—An English Farm-house as it ought to be—Family gossipings—The hero introduced and shown to be capable of sustaining a favourable reverse of fortune, without extravagant glee.

"This is a great event, a very great event," said the gray-headed but still comely Thomas Chesterfield, as he finished the perusal of a short epistle which the cross-country postman had handed to him through the open window of his rustic parlour.

"What have you got there, my dear?" demanded his wife, drawing her hand from the stocking she was mending, and taking up her snuff-box in its stead.

"I have got here, Dorcas, what will make your heart dance. But keep quiet, sit still; don't twiddle your snuff-box, and I will read it you. It is dated Gloucester, my dear, 'Gloucester, 22d April, 1838,' and it begins, 'Sir!' and then it goes on, 'I am commissioned by Messrs. White and Bricknell to inform you that by the will of the late Mrs. Catherine Newton, of Fairlybury, your son, Charles Chesterfield, is entitled to the sum of four thousand four hundred pounds, together with a diamond ring, which, as recorded in the will, the said Charles Chesterfield kissed upon the forefinger of the said Catherine Newton's right hand, in the year 1823. Understanding that the said Charles Chesterfield is still an infant, the said sum of four thousand four hundred pounds, together with the said diamond ring, will be paid over and delivered into your hands, you being his natural guardian, upon your applying at the office of Messrs. White and Bricknell, College street, Gloucester, for the same.'"

"Thomas Chesterfield!" replied his wife, solemnly, "such news is too great and too good to believe lightly. I am not sure if it would not be something like impiety to believe it just at the very first moment, as if we could think ourselves deserving of such an unaccountable dispensation and blessing! And think, Thomas, what a bitter thing disappointment is! God forgive me! But I do believe it would go near to break my heart if I *was* to make up my mind to believe it, and then find out that it was not true after all. Don't let us believe it till we have got more certainty, Thomas! Pray don't."

"If you will tell me, my dear, how I can get more certainty," replied her husband, joyously rubbing his hands, "I'll set about it, and no time lost, depend upon it. But I must say, wife, this letter strikes me as being as much like a true statement as any thing I ever saw."

"I'd say so too, Thomas, though I am no great judge of such matters, to be sure, but I'd venture to say that it did look quite real if it wasn't for one word. Doesn't it look like making fun, husband, the calling our Charles an infant?"

"Bless your dear innocent heart! Is that all?" replied old Chesterfield, laughing heartily. "A pretty good proof that I have contrived to keep true to my own doctrine, and taught my good woman to mind her own business, and never trouble herself about that of other people. Thank God, my dear, you know no more about the lawyers and their lingo than you do about the Emperor of Russia, or the Pope of Rome. But I must now let you into their ways so much as to tell you that they never speak of man, or woman either, under the age of twenty-one years, without calling them *infants*, and therefore they are quite right, you see, about our Charles, for he won't be twenty-one till next December. Will he, my dear?"

"No, that he won't, for sure and certain," replied Mrs. Chesterfield. "On the seventeenth of next December, by the blessing of God, he will be twenty-one years old, and not one minute before, and if that's enough to prove the truth of it, true it is, and no falsehood in it. And don't I remember, Thomas, the darling creature's kissing Mrs. Catherine's ring? That's what I do, as well as if it had happened but yesterday. And well do I remember, too, the notice she took of him, and how she pushed back his pretty curly hair to look at him; and I mind her very words as she did it, 'I've got a pretty godson any how,' said the old lady, kissing him. 'It is a pity,' says she, 'that my poor old friend don't live to see her grandson, and he such a beauty!' But who would ever have thought that just because this notion about his prettiness entered her head when the child kissed her ring, she should have bequeathed it to him, and a fine large fortune into the bargain? It is past my comprehension, Thomas Chesterfield, and that's the truth."

"Then in course, my dear, if you can't comprehend it, nobody else can," replied her husband, twinkling his laughing black eyes; "so perhaps it will be no use for us to stir any further in the matter."

"Oh, Thomas! How can you make a joke about it, even for a moment?" replied Mrs. Chesterfield, looking terrified at his levity. "Over-merriment is always sure to bring over-sorrow after it; and besides, dear husband! it is no fit matter to joke about, any how. Think what a thing it is to have all our trouble over about that dear wonderful boy! Four thousand four hundred pounds, Thomas, is a fortune for a gentleman, and he may live

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independent upon it to the end of his dear blessed life, without ever being pestered more about having to get his own living. Think of that, husband, and let us thank God."

"I do, Dorcas, I do. It is indeed a most blessed chance, and as unexpected as it is welcome. Mercy on me! It is hardly an hour ago since I felt a pang at my heart, as I watched Charles with his reading-book under one arm, and his writing-book under the other, walking off as usual into the orchard, as if there was nothing else to be done but read and scribble from morning to night."

"And now, blessed be God! there is no need that he ever should do any thing else," said the happy mother. "The parson, and I too, Thomas, have told you, scores of times, that the dear creature wasn't made to dig, nor to delve, no, nor to manage a farm neither, as his good father has done before him. Don't it seem as if God had managed it all from the very first, when our vicar took such a fancy for teaching of him?"

"And when you took such a fancy for persuading every body that because he was tall and thin, with a pale face, curly hair, and pretty eyes, he was born to be a scholar and a gentleman?" replied her husband.

"Yes sure, husband. It has been all providential throughout, and I shouldn't wonder, no, not the least bit in the world, if Mr. Westbrook was to allude to it in the afternoon discourse next Sunday. He wouldn't be like to do it in the morning, I don't think, because it isn't impossible but some of the Grange family might be at church, and they might think the compliment was over particular, you know."

"Likely enough, wife. But now you talk of the Grange, I can't but think that it would be no more than proper for me to step over and tell Sir George the news. Only I should like to tell our Charles of it first. He'll be at the vicar's, I conclude; but I suppose I must not run over the fields to tell 'em, must I, wife?"

"What! without me?" cried the good woman. "Oh, Thomas! you could not have the heart to do it. Could you, now?"

"I don't think I could, Dorcas, that's the truth; so I believe we must be contented to wait till the dear boy comes home to dinner."

"But I shall burst, Thomas, if I can't tell it to nobody before that time. Isn't it unlucky that Christopher should happen to go this very day about the Welsh sheep?"

"At any rate, my dear, we can tell Susan, and her little niece, you know, and there will be no small pleasure in that. Won't Bessy's pretty eyes dance in her head?" said the good-natured farmer, again rubbing his hands together with unspeakable glee.

"No doubt the dear child will be delighted," replied Mrs. Chesterfield. "She is a kind loving-hearted little creature as ever lived, and I shall never like her less than I have ever done from the first day as Christopher let his wife bring her into the house. She has been a good child to them, and to me too. But it won't do, you know, Thomas, no ways at all to encourage any nonsense now between her and Charles. Things are altogether changed, and that Susan must see, and Christopher too?"

"Bless your dear head, Dorcas! How women's thoughts do gallop! Why Bessy is but a child, and, pretty as she is, I don't believe Charles ever thought of her no more than if she was his own sister."

"So much the better. And now remember, husband, that we never, either of us, mention such a notion again to any body. It is a deal too silly to think of, and there's an end of it. Come along then, Susan and the girl are both in the cheese-room, you may depend upon it, for I heard them walking about wiping the stock over, whilst we were eating our breakfast."

The venerable farm-house in which this conversation took place was a fine specimen of what farm-houses ought to be, and what many of them were in the olden time, uniting a sort of rude dignity with all the professional peculiarities necessary to the convenience of the occupant. It was not a red-roofed, white-walled tenement, having a parlour on one side and a kitchen on the other of its doorway, but was fabricated of large blocks of stone, to which time had given that sober tint of gray on which the eye rests with such unfailing pleasure. Its slated roof nearly corresponded in colour, and proudly reared itself at the front of the building into four lofty peaks, each one surmounted by a carefully preserved huge ball of lead, which added greatly, in the estimation of the Chesterfield family, to the beauty of the building. Beneath each point was a widely-spreading casement-window, with mullions of neatly cut stone, though the diamond-shaped little panes between were still set in lead, and supported without by iron bars. In size, the mansion was perhaps rather larger than was necessary, as the chamber denominated the cheese-room might have satisfied a dame of no very lowly ambition as a ball-room, and not one of the sleeping apartments of the family was less than about twenty feet square, except indeed that of little Bessy, which was over the somewhat narrow entrance-hall, having a pretty window of smaller dimensions and lighter proportions than the rest, and exhibiting therefore the only suspicious point in the otherwise very consistent antiquity of the whole fabric. On the ground floor, though the external appearances remained unaltered, there had been some few twistings and turnings contrived, by which the actual windows of the principal sitting-room had been turned towards the orchard, instead of fronting the high-road; an improvement suggested at the marriage of Mr. Chesterfield's father with the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was said to have been greatly addicted to reading, and who was in truth the identical lady for whose memory Mrs. Catherine Newton had testified such affectionate regard. On the opposite side of the house from this large quiet parlour, was the enormous kitchen, with its chimney that seemed a dwelling within itself; its wide-spreading dresser, still gorgeous in its rare treasure of well-preserved pewter, its long, narrow, six-inch-thick table of solid oak, its well-stored rack of hams and bacon, its settle, its benches, its vast meal-bin, and all the other unfailing appurtenances to a farm-house kitchen, so clearly familiar to eyes well accustomed to the country, and so redolent both of rural labour and of rural ease.

The shortest way to the little staircase, always used for approaching the cheese-room, lay through this kitchen, and it was not without an effort that Mrs. Chesterfield passed by her old and faithful servant Rachel, who was busily engaged in preparing the dinner, without giving her a little hint that she had received some very glorious news; but she perceived that her husband folded up the letter and put it into his pocket with an air of determined silence as he preceded her, so she suffered no more of her happiness to escape than could be compressed into the unusually jocund pronunciation of the words, "Well, dear good old Rachel! how do you do?" She waited for no answer, however, lest the inquiring look of the old woman's eye might beguile her into indiscretion, but stepping on briskly after her husband, gently seized upon his arm as he mounted the stair, saying,

"Let us go in together, Thomas!"

They did go in together, and as there was no letter in the old gentleman's hand, and nothing more intelligible than a smile on the old lady's lip, those they had come to visit went on with their occupations, without testifying either surprise or curiosity at their arrival.

"The stock is in fine condition, mother, said Mrs. Christopher Chesterfield, adding to the neatly-built pile of "double Gloucester," that reared its goodly bulk before her, the cheese she had just wiped.

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"Is it, my dear?" replied the old lady, with a very unmeaning titter.

"Have I not worked well, granny?" demanded the very prettiest rustic beauty, whose round arms and dimple hands ever ministered to the nice manœuvres of a dairy. "I have done every one of these my own self; all these I mean, from here to there!" and as she spoke she raised herself from her stooping posture and threw herself into so pretty an attitude as she indicated the extent of her labours, that a sudden light seemed to flash across the intellect of the worthy yeoman, and he quite unconsciously exclaimed, "Well, now, to be sure it will be very odd if he don't!"

These words being quite unintelligible to Bessy, she threw away the neat linen cloth which was the only implement of her boasted industry, and springing towards the old man, encircled his right arm with both her own, looking very lovingly into his face, and saying, "Please to tell me what you are talking about, grandpapa?"

"I have got something to show both of ye," said the old gentleman, good-humouredly patting her glossy brown hair with the hand she had left at liberty; "but I can't, you know, if you hold my arm this way."

"Now then! let us see it!" cried the young girl, placing her hands behind her to demonstrate his being at perfect liberty.

"We have great news for you, my dear Susan, great news, I consider it for all the family," said Mr. Chesterfield, drawing forth the important letter. "This is all I have got to show you, Bessy," he continued; "but there's that in it as you'll think worth more than a new bonnet, if you are the good-hearted little girl I take you for."

"What *can* there be in that letter, father, to make both mother and you look so unaccountably happy. To be sure the Thompsons haven't given up the water-course, have they?"

"No, Susan, that's not it," replied her father-in-law, slowly unfolding the precious letter, as if to prolong his own enjoyment.

"Oh! don't be so long about it, husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Chesterfield, "or upon my word and honour I shall speak it out straight, without waiting for the reading."

"Listen, then, my dears," said the old man, "and then tell us, both of you, what you think about it."

While he said this, Mr. Chesterfield put on his spectacles, the open letter being so held the while as effectually to prevent any younger eyes from penetrating its contents, and then deliberately and distinctly read it aloud, from date to signature, his good wife enjoying herself the while by looking first at one face and then at the other of the astonished listeners.

"Our Charles going to have a fortune of four thousand four hundred pounds, and a ring made of diamonds?" exclaimed Mrs. Christopher Chesterfield, almost in a scream.

"Yes, Susan, my dear, that's what's going to happen him," said Mr. Chesterfield, folding up the letter with a sort of sublime composure.

"If that's in the letter, you shan't put it away till I have kissed it," cried the long-chartered Bessy, catching it out of his hand, and pressing it again and again to her cherry-coloured lips. "Poor Charles! Poor dear fellow! Then he never need be told any more about being idle, because he is not so healthy and strong as the rest of us. Poor dear Charles! ain't I glad I wonder! No, aunt Susan, we did never, did we, hear such good news as that before in all our lives, did we?"

"I don't know which way to turn for joy," responded Mrs. Christopher; "and my good man will be gladder still, if possible. How he has fretted and fretted over that poor dear boy, and prayed and preached to him into the bargain; but all to no good. Now, thank God! there is an end to it all, and the poor fellow may be as idle as he likes, without bringing ruin upon himself or any body else."

"There's no great likelihood of ruin to my son Charles, at any rate, Mrs. Susan," said her mother-in-law rather tartly; "and I should not be greatly surprised if some others, besides me, was to find out now, what I have often tried to teach them before; namely, that Charles Chesterfield was born to be the honour of his family, not the ruin of it."

"Oh, dear mother! returned Susan, submissively; "I did not say ruin, that way. But you can't be angry with me, mother, you must be too happy to be angry. Where is the dear fellow? Let us go and wish him joy."

"He would look mightily startled if you did," said the farmer; for he does not know a single word about it yet."

"That's right!" cried Bessy, clapping her pink little hands, "then I shall be by when he's told, shan't I, grandpapa?"

"Yes, you shall, Bessy; and if Christopher was but here, every thing would be quite perfect."

"Can't you put off the telling till Christopher comes, father?" said Susan, beseechingly.

But this proposal, despite its exemplary conjugal tenderness was overruled by the united voices of both the elders, and the party adjourned to the parlour, where the cloth was already laid for dinner, and there placed themselves in a happy but anxious conclave till the hero of the morning's wonderful adventure should appear.

Three times did Mr. Chesterfield, at the request of one or the other of his companions, draw forth his ponderous watch to inform them how many slow-footed minutes had still to creep away before they might hope to hear the sonorous clock in the hall strike two; and twice did Bessy, unable to control her impatience, steal into a side closet that opened by a glass door upon the orchard, and commanded a full view of the path across the paddock which led to the vicarage, in the hope of seeing the beloved legatee approaching. But with all these well-imagined devices to pass the time away, it seemed endless. And who can wonder, when in fact it was three minutes and a half past two when at length the sound of steps became audible on the gravel-walk which led up to the above mentioned glass door.

"Here he is!" cried Bessy, whose ears were the first to catch the sound; and as she spoke she started to her feet, giving thereby cause to suspect that she meditated the iniquity of running off to meet him.

"No, no, Bessy," said the old lady, making her way towards the closet of egress; "fair play's a jewel, no forestalling if you please. If I consent to stay here with the rest and wait for him, I am sure every body else may."

Thus schooled, Bessy sat down again, and so did Mrs. Chesterfield also; her husband and daughter-in-law attempted not to stir, and as the chairs they occupied were all placed against the wall, the whole party looked very much like a set of children who were doing penance.

At length the wished-for moment came; the glass door was heard to open, and the instant after the light figure of Charles Chesterfield, his straw hat in one hand, and rather more books than he could conveniently carry in the other, stood within the parlour.

"I am afraid that I am very late," he exclaimed, as he entered; "but Mr. Westbrook's watch stopped, and we had not the least idea how time was going. Are you all angry with me, or only making fun, that you sit round so stiff and formal."

Bessy burst into a jocund laugh.

"Thank you, Bessy," said the young man, stepping forward, "I don't mind now, all's right, I see; but I really am very sorry for having kept you all waiting."

While he was speaking his mother rose from her chair, and reaching the place where he stood, just as he had

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finished the sentence, threw her arms round him, and silently pressed him to her bosom in a very passionate embrace.

Hardly had this ended, when both his hands were taken by his father, and very energetically pressed, while with glistening eyes, the old man fervently uttered,

"God bless you, boy!"

Puzzled and half-frightened, though he knew not why, the young man mechanically turned his eyes towards his sister-in-law, thinking, it may be, that he might learn from her how to interpret a reception so perfectly unintelligible to him. But if he looked at her with any such hope, he met nothing but disappointment; for more mysterious, if possible, than all the rest, she sat with her hands clasped, as in deep thoughtfulness, while a shower of tears bedewed her handsome face.

"What *can* all this mean?" demanded the young man, placing himself at some distance from them all, and regarding the whole group collectively. "What can have happened to make you all receive me so strangely? Pray tell me, father, has any thing particular occurred since breakfast this morning? Thank God! it can't be any thing very bad to any of us, or else Bessy wouldn't laugh so."

"I will tell you, my dear boy," replied Mr. Chesterfield; "and truly you have a right to ask, for our strange looks may well puzzle you. Yes, Charles, something particular has happened, something very particular, and it is about you yourself, Charles, and that is the reason why you found us all sitting up waiting for you so."

"Something very particular about me, father?" Oh, father! you haven't let Christopher persuade you to article me to Mr. Williams, have you, sir?"

"No, Charles, no. Christopher would have been the last to do such a thing. He only named it, because he thought you would be likely to prefer the law to farming. But it is nothing of that sort, my boy; and if you stand guessing for a twelvemonth, you'll never find it out. Have you any recollection, Charles, of an old lady called Mrs. Catherine Newton, whom your mother once took you to see at a fine large house, where there was a beautiful garden, and a great big hall where you ran about, and rode upon my stick?"

"I don't remember riding upon your stick, sir; but I do remember the old lady, and the room that she sat in, and the fine large screen all covered with pictures, that was behind her."

"That old lady is dead, my dear boy."

"Is she, sir?" said Charles.

"Do you remember any thing else about her, my dear?" demanded his mother. Do you remember any thing about a beautiful diamond ring?"

Charles shook his head.

"No, mother," he said, "I remember nothing at all about the ring. But could we not talk about the old lady without waiting any longer for our dinner? You cannot think how hungry I am."

"Oh, Charles! Charles!" exclaimed Mrs. Chesterfield, again opening her arms to embrace him; "that old lady, that dear, blessed old lady, has left you by her will—may I tell him, Thomas? May I be the one to tell?"

"Her beautiful diamond ring, I suppose?" exclaimed the youth. "Well, mother, and if she has, I'll give it to Bessy, because she has got such uncommon pretty little hands; unless, indeed, it is too big to fit her nice little fingers; and if it is, I will give it to you. Only, do let us have some dinner."

"Yes, Charles," said Mr. Chesterfield, gravely, "Mrs. Catherine Newton did leave you her diamond ring, which is a very different thing from what you seem to fancy, and one not to be given away in that wild way to any body. But that was not all she left you, my dear son, she has done a great deal more than that. Do you think you have strength of mind to hear some very good news?"

"Yes, father; I hope so," said the youth, in an altered voice, which betokened both gravity and agitation.

"She has left to you, Charles Chesterfield, the sum of four thousand four hundred pounds."

"Father!" cried the boy, almost gasping for breath; "will it be enough to keep me without working at farming, or at being a doctor, or a lawyer, or any thing else?"

"Yes, my dear boy, I should think it would."

"Thank God!" cried the young man. "Thank God! no wonder you kissed me, dear mother. Indeed, you must all kiss me, and wish me joy; for certainly, I am the happiest fellow in the world!" and following his own suggestion, he very cordially embraced the three females, and then wrung his father's hand, saying with deep feeling, "God grant, my dear sir, that I may never use this money in any way that you shall not approve; and don't fancy that I want to lead an idle life from what I have just said. Many people work very hard, dear father, without following any trade or calling. Mr. Westbrook will explain that to you, if you will ask him."

"By giving themselves up altogether to book learning? That is what you mean, Charles, is it not? If such is your wish, my dear boy, there can be no harm in it now; though, to say the honest truth, I don't see much good in it, either. However, that's neither here nor there. If your will is to be a great scholar, I know no one that has a right to say you nay. Your elder brother will inherit from me the same hundred and thirty-seven acres that I inherited from my father, neither more nor less. If this good luck had not come to you, Charles, I must have charged the land with something to the tune, perhaps, of seven or eight hundred pounds, to set you going in some way or other. But now, no such thing will be necessary; so one and all we have reason to rejoice as you said, my dear fellow, as well for our own sakes as yours. But you said you were starving ever so long ago, and old Rachael must be at her wit's end to guess why we don't ring the bell."

"I do not feel so hungry as I did, father," said Charles, pensively.

"You have dined upon good news, Charles, haven't you?" said Bessy, looking kindly at him.

"I suppose I have," was the reply, but it was uttered with a gravity that made Susan smile, as she thought to herself that her young brother-in-law was already beginning to be conscious of the mighty cares proverbially inseparable from wealth.

But the bell was rung, and the dinner came; and old Rachael, and Sally the dairymaid, and Joe the man of all work, were all made happy, and full of gossip for a month, by being told the news, and invited to drink their lucky young master's health in a bumper of gooseberry wine.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Westbrook is made acquainted with Charles Chesterfield's good fortune, and gives his opinion concerning the mode of employing it—The young man does not quite agree with him.

A desert does not necessarily make part of the dinner of a Gloucestershire farmer, even when he farms no man's land but his own, and that land consists of one hundred and thirty-seven acres. So as soon as the servants had taken their gooseberry wine, uttered their salutations, and retired, Mr. Chesterfield got up, and once again drawing from his enormous fob its massive occupant, said,

"There is plenty of time yet for me to make a morning visit to Sir George, and truly I must take care that none

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other than myself carry this news to him. Come, Charles, come with me, will you? We shall have a pleasant walk, boy; with such news on our tongues, and the vicar won't blame you for giving your books a holyday this afternoon."

"No, father; that's quite certain. But yet I hope you will excuse my going to the Grange with you. Should not Mr. Westbrook be the first I tell it to, father? Tell me, shouldn't he?"

"I can't say but what he should, Charles; I won't deny it, so you must go your way, my dear boy, and I must go mine, while we leave the women to enjoy talking the matter over by themselves. Won't Sally be mistress in the dairy to-night? I don't believe either one of you will have any mind to look after her, and therefore, Bessy, as I am quite sure you will make holyday, you may come across the fields if you will, in about an hour's time, and walk along home with me."

Notwithstanding the precedence due to age, it is our young hero we shall follow first. He left the parlour at the same time as his father; for, till they reached the boundary of the orchard, their path was the same. There they parted; the old man bending his steps to the showy residence of a man of the world, who, though not in parliament himself, knew perfectly well the exact value of every vote for a friend who was, as well as the worth of sundry other neighbourly accommodations which the familiar intercourse between himself and old Chesterfield was sure to bring; and the young one taking the well-known path to the dwelling of the vicar, who presented, perhaps, as strong a contrast to Sir George Meddows in all things, as it was well possible to find.

It was with a quick and eager step that Charles Chesterfield strode onward from the point at which he quitted his father, in order to reach the very humble parsonage of his bachelor friend. But after a minute or two his pace relaxed; the flurry of spirits which had made the immediate communication of his fortune seem absolutely necessary to him, subsided; and such a longing for solitude and meditation succeeded, that he turned hastily aside from the pathway to seek the shelter of an oak coppice at no great distance. True, indeed, the rich leaves of vigorous undergrowth, which in summer made the spot he sought a sylvan bower, were as yet wrapped up in their close purple buds; but the form of the ground, which sloped rapidly down to the margin of a brook, together with the multitude of stems and leafless bushes which covered the ground, would, he well knew, suffice to furnish the shelter he coveted. There was, too, one especial spot beside this stream, which had for years been his favourite day-bed; it was a little hollow nook, the sides of which were thickly lined with primroses "now in their newest gloss," and in this nook he was stretched at his length within five minutes after he had parted from his father.

Of the few modern poets which this strictly obedient pupil of the venerable Westbrook had been permitted to read, Beattie was decidedly the favourite: probably, because he was the only one with whom the wondrously-restricted limits of his small experiences enabled him to feel a perfect sympathy. All that unnumbered novels are to the hearts and minds of fashionable young ladies and gentlemen, the few sweet pages of the minstrel were to him. Not a line did they contain, but had been repeated a hundred times within that self-same nook where he had now taken refuge, and whatever imputation of vanity may rest upon our hero in consequence of the avowal, it cannot be denied that the words,

"Young Edwin was no vulgar boy,"

did perforce, and despite of all the modesty he sought to cherish, go to his very heart, suggest an idea, of such close resemblance to himself, as irresistibly, and at a very early age, had set him to try his skill on the

"One short pipe of rudest minstrelsy."

This occupation had indeed now become so habitual, and so fascinating to him, that the idea of every other had long grown distasteful; and at the time when the news of his most unexpected legacy reached his parents, they were both suffering great anxiety, in common with their eldest son and his worthy wife, as to what mode of life they could get him to adopt which might enable him to contribute to his own support. As no child had blessed the union of Christopher and Susan, they naturally looked upon the young Charles, who was ten years his brother's junior, as the ultimate heir of the family acres; and gladly would they in some sort have adopted him as a son, and assured to him the continuance of an easy and comfortable existence under the paternal roof, had it not been too plainly evident, despite the boy's quiet, and even submissive manners, that there was a vein of latent ambition within him, which would have rendered such a life utterly distasteful to him. Of the indulgent kindness of his family, and of his own feelings under it, he was quite as well aware as they were themselves, and many were the hours spent by him in solitary musings upon the possibility of his rising, by the strength of his own genius, above the humble and obscure position in which nature had placed him.

Mrs. Catharine Newton's legacy fell upon his spirit with all the brightness, and, it seemed to him, with all the sublimity of a ray direct from heaven. He felt himself called and chosen. Our "young Edwin," though "splendour he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy," was destined by fate as it seemed to become one set apart, by Providence, from those amidst whom he was born, for hidden, but doubtless high purposes, which, in the fulness of time, would be known and revealed to all.

There was something in this vague future, inexpressibly delightful to Charles, accompanied as it was at this moment with the firm persuasion that he was secured for ever from the fear of being exposed to any pecuniary distress; and truly wise was he for having thus turned aside to enjoy, in all the perfection of solitude and repose, speculations so delicious. It was not till after an hour thus spent that he at length started from his couch of primroses and remembered his errand. His conscience gave him one little pinch of reproach as he thought of the friend, without whose aid, the mental powers of which he was so delightfully conscious, might have been born to blush unseen within his father's orchard; he could hardly forgive himself for having preferred a communion with his own spirit, to the conveying the news of his high fortune to his generous tutor, and he now hastened to his abode with a heart overflowing with affection and gratitude.

In the conduct of Mr. Westbrook towards him, there had been sufficient cause for both. Attracted quite as much by a look of delicate health, as by his pretty face and intelligent manner, the poor and forgotten, but learned and excellent vicar of Charlton, had early taken a fancy to the boy, and finding him apt, affectionate, and gentle, had by degrees undertaken the task of his education for no other reward than the pleasure he found in it. Old Chesterfield, too proud of the learning thus bestowed upon his son, and too grateful for the manner in which it was done, to dream of challenging its usefulness, had gone on from year to year, soothed by the assurances he received from many that his boy was a prodigy, till, when it was too late to help it, the whole family began to discover that poor Charles was a great deal too learned to be useful.

Mr. Westbrook, notwithstanding his long and complete seclusion from the world, would hardly however have held himself justified in thus deliberately unfitting the young man for the situation in which he was born, had not his mother, who doted on this gifted child of her old age, repeatedly taken occasion to assure him, that her Charles would never want for any thing, and moreover, that did he

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attempt to exert himself in the farm like his brother, his life would be endangered by it, as from infancy he had been much more like the delicate offspring of a nobleman than the hardy child of a farmer. Thus licensed to continue his very pleasant task, the idle scholar contrived to make his own existence and that of his young pupil exceedingly agreeable, by introducing him to a really intimate and familiar acquaintance with the poets, philosophers, and historians of Greece and Rome; and having succeeded in this to his perfect satisfaction, entertained not the slightest notion that the young man was more profoundly ignorant of every thing else than the worst-taught grammar-school boy in the kingdom.

The old man was sitting on a sheltered bench in the southwest corner of his garden, with his hands crossed on his breast, and his eyes all but closed in sleep, when the rapid steps of Charles aroused him.

"Have I waked you, sir?" said the young man.

"No, Charles, no—I was not quite asleep, though very near it, I believe. I did not know you were coming back to me, my dear boy, or I would have had things ready for you."

"If you are ready," said Charles, gravely, "if you are ready to listen to me, my best and kindest friend, that is all I want—I have strange news for you, Mr. Westbrook, very strange news indeed. I have had a fortune left to me, sir; a large fortune, as it seems to me—four thousand four hundred pounds! And I want your advice as to the manner of life that you think I ought to pursue."

"I am most heartily rejoiced to hear it, Charles," replied the good man; "the sum is fully sufficient to permit your going to college, and taking orders; a destination I have ever wished for you, my dear boy, though I have never hitherto advised it, from knowing—rather too well perhaps—that it is not favourable to a man's happiness that he should enter the church without any other means of living, or of marrying, Charles, beyond what the profession affords. But the sum you mention is sufficient to assure you a moderate independence, with the help of a college living, and I have little fear but that the result of your examination will be a scholarship."

Charles listened with the most respectful attention; but when the old man ended, he remained profoundly silent, and, as it seemed, lost in thought.

"Do you not approve of this plan, my dear boy?" demanded Mr. Westbrook.

"I cannot explain, even to myself, what it is that makes my heart beat so!" replied the youth, with heightened colour and a trembling voice. "But, I do not think, I do not believe, sir, that I have at this time any call to the ministry."

"Then God forbid, Charles, I should urge the sacred calling upon you! I am not surprised that you should feel confused and puzzled by this unexpected change in your circumstances; and doubtless it would not be wise to decide on any thing so important till you are more quiet and composed. I am very much obliged to you, my dear boy, for coming so immediately to tell me this, and now I shall send you home again; for well can I guess that your good parents must part with you very unwillingly at such a moment. But I shall see you again to-morrow as usual, shall I not?"

By no means sorry for the *congee* which again left him to the paradise of his own thoughts, Charles readily promised to return on the morrow, and then once more plunged into the deepest covert that the neighbouring grounds could furnish. Charles Chesterfield reverenced his instructor, nay he loved the old man sincerely, but at this moment he felt that there was a terrible lack of sympathy between them. In good truth, the going to college, and the taking orders, was a process that had no more resemblance to the day-dreams in which he had revelled on his bed of primroses, than the movements of the Lord Mayor's state coach to those of Taglioni. It was not a college, it was not a university, which he coveted as a scene of action. It was the world, it was London, for which he panted. Fame, renown, applause—applause, renown, and fame, such as he had heard tell of, even in the deep retreat of Charlton, as having been achieved by an individual called Sir Walter Scott, and by another named Lord Byron. These were men of whom he had often thought, though, as yet, he had never been happy enough to fall in with a line from the pen of either; but these were the sort of people, as he told himself, whose exertions he determined to emulate, and whose fame in his heart of hearts he hoped to equal. It was unfortunate, poor Charles felt it was very unfortunate, that his good old friend should have hit upon this notion of his going into the church; for he thought it not at all unlikely that his father and mother might approve it, and in that case he should have many difficulties before him. The next hour or two, therefore, was spent by the ardent young man in fortifying his spirit against opposition, and strengthening his mind into the determination of following all the noble and sublime ideas which his genius suggested to him, in spite of all that friends, or kindred, could urge to the contrary.

His good father, meanwhile, had been fortunate enough to find Sir George Meddows at home, and sitting alone in his library. Circumstances which eventually proved so favourable to the wishes of Charles, that he was almost tempted to declare, when made acquainted with the facts, that his legacy would, in his eyes, have been of little value without them.

CHAPTER III.

A man of the world—Talents for business—Distinguished friendship, and high-minded condescension—Different opinions—A dinner party.

"Do I disturb you, Sir George?" said Mr. Chesterfield on perceiving that the baronet was sitting before a table covered with papers and accounts.

"Disturb me, neighbour?" replied Sir George, gaily. "If you do, upon my soul I am very much obliged to you: for a duller occupation than mine can hardly be devised by mortal man. Look here, Chesterfield, a pretty collection, are they not? However, thank my stars, I have settled all these," he continued, laying his hand on one, two, three, four, thick packets neatly tied up in red tape.

"That's a good thing, at any rate, Sir George," replied the old man, cheerily, and patting the closely stowed packets with very friendly satisfaction; an operation which he would probably have omitted had he been aware that the only *settlement* they received consisted in their having been all snugly tied up about ten minutes before by the illustrious fingers of the gentlemen to whom they were addressed.

"Why, yes," rejoined the baronet, "it is always a good job to set things in order. I rather pique myself, Chesterfield, on the style in which I get through the business. Few men get over the ground faster than I do. How are they all at home, Chesterfield? I have not seen any of you these hundred years—not since last shooting season, have I? I was devilishly vexed that I could not get down at Christmas, for I had made up my mind to give a general merry-making to every man, woman, and child on the estate. But it was quite impossible. In short, I was commanded another way, and could not help myself. But I swore then, that Easter should not pass without the kitchen chimneys smoking at the Grange. Hospitality is hereditary among us, Chesterfield; I don't believe there's a family in the country that can beat us there."

"What, are the tenantry to have their Christmas feast

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ing now, Sir George? That will please the lads and lasses, if it is only for the novelty of the thing?"

"I am sorry to say, that's out of the question just now, my good friend. The truth is, I have not an hour to spare; I came down, in short, merely to give an eye myself to all these sort of things," (pointing to the bills that covered the table,) "and as soon as I have settled them all, I must be off again."

"Well then, Sir George, I must hold myself very lucky to have caught sight of you just at this minute; for I have a bit of news I want to tell you, Sir George, and maybe I may take the liberty of asking your advice?"

"And I have not a friend in the world to whom I would give it more readily, Chesterfield. You know how heartily I esteem you, and how firmly I trust in your honour and integrity at all times—I should never have borrowed money from you, Chesterfield, if I had not."

"Don't name that, Sir George. I am proud and happy to have served your father's son. My news, Sir George, will give you pleasure, I think, because you have always taken so much notice of my boy Charles, and this morning I received a letter by the post informing me that old Mrs. Catherine Newton, of Fairlybury, who was the boy's godmother, is just dead, and has bequeathed to him, by her last will and testament, four thousand four hundred pounds, and a splendid diamond ring."

"God bless my soul, Chesterfield! you don't say so? What a delicious windfall! Tax provided for, and a diamond into the bargain! What in the world, my good fellow, do you mean to do with it?" was the baronet's reply.

"Why, there is nothing can be done with it at present, Sir George, because the boy wants seven or eight months of being of age, and, of course, it must lie in government securities till then. But what I want your counsel about, Sir George, is what we had best be thinking of doing with the boy. As a child his mother fancied he was always ailing, and therefore he has been let to give more time to his learning, which was the only thing he took delight in, than was perhaps quite fitting in his condition. But this pretty independence sets all that right, and with learning and money both, there is no reason in life why he should not make himself a gentleman. Do you think there is, Sir George?"

"None upon earth, my good friend, none upon earth. It is, in fact, the only situation he must think of. I tell you what, Chesterfield, I would do more for you than for any man living—I would upon my soul! When a service has been done me, I never forget it—I would rather be burned alive, and have my worthless cinders scattered to the four winds of heaven! But enough of this, my good friend. Now hear me. If my own brother had a son exactly in the same situation, there is but one thing I could do for him, and that is to invite him to go with me and my family to London. There your boy's remarkable talents will be sure to bring him forward. I remember every word his excellent mother told me about his extraordinary faculty of making verses. At the present moment there is nothing which so certainly leads to fortune, and I should not mind betting a thousand to one, that if you will trust Charles with me in London, he will become one of the most celebrated young men of the day, and probably an author of very high distinction."

"Indeed, Sir George, your goodness and condescension takes me so by surprise, that I hardly know how to answer you," said the greatly flattered yeoman. "You must be pleased to have the goodness to let his mother and me have some short space of time to think about it. But let what will come of it, we must ever feel beholden to your generous kindness."

"Don't mention it, my good friend. Your vote and your friendship are well worth such a mark of neighbourly kindness in return. But as to hurrying you, I would not do it for the world. Unfortunately it is absolutely impossible for me to delay our return to town beyond Monday, but if you and your dear boy will dine with us on Sunday, we shall be able to settle all about it."

"Many thanks, Sir George; but we old-fashioned folks never dine out of a Sunday," said the good man, gently.

"True, true, my good Chesterfield—admirable, admirable regulation! I have no words to express how deeply I esteem you for it! Would to heaven my own position was one to follow such an example! But stern necessity forbids this, and I can only venerate the practice, without hoping, at the present moment, to be able strictly to adopt it. Saturday, let it be then, my worthy neighbour. Do you and your young son come and dine with us on Saturday, and then I trust that the pleasant scheme I have sketched for his advantage, will be finally decided on."

Having said these words in the most cordial and friendly accents, Sir George Meddows rose from his chair, which was of course a signal that old Chesterfield should rise too, which he accordingly did, and after receiving a very affectionate shake of the hand, took his leave, ruminating during his homeward walk upon the amiable character of his aristocratic neighbour, and decided in his own mind, that spite of all which folks might say about his gay living and extravagance, he certainly had one of the most friendly hearts that ever a gentleman was blessed with.

Punctual to her appointment, little Bessy was lingering under the shelter of an avenue of old elms, outside Sir George Meddows's park-gates, and on seeing her old friend pass through them, she hastened to meet him.

"You have not made a very long visit, grandpapa," said she, "I suppose our grand neighbour was too busy to talk much about Charles?"

"You wrong him, Bessy. He was very busy when I went in, and about things that I should be sorry to interrupt; for it was just the work that his best friends would desire to see him at. He was going over his accounts, my dear, and had just been settling a heavy quantity of bills; but that was done before I went in, so, thank goodness, I did not stop that good work. But as to his not finding time to talk about Charles, you are quite out there, Bessy; for if the dear boy had been his own natural blood relation, he could not have seemed to take more interest in him."

"Every body loves Charles, responded Bessy."

"Yes, that's true, too; there is a great deal of kind feeling for the boy, and no great wonder, for he never puts himself in any body's light, and is always easy and civil to every one. But the kindness of Sir George goes greatly beyond what any of us could have hoped or expected, Bessy. Would you believe it, my dear, he wants Charles to set off with him to London directly, that he may introduce him, and make a gentleman of him, as he says, suitable to his talents, and his fortune."

"And will Charles go, sir?" inquired little Bessy anxiously.

"I can't answer that, my dear child," replied the old man. "It seems to me to require a good deal of consideration. Yet, after all, I doubt if Charles himself ought not to be the only person to decide."

"Then he won't go, I'm very sure," said Bessy, eagerly.

"And what makes you think that, my dear?" replied the old man, stopping short, and looking earnestly in her face.

Bessy coloured a little, but answered without much hesitation. "Oh! because I don't think he would like to leave all his old friends."

"Well, we shall see, Bessy. I feel as if my old head was turned, and if his young one keeps steady under it all, I shall wonder."

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On arriving at home, they found that Christopher, the good man's eldest son, and as fine a specimen of an honest, honourable, frank-hearted English farmer as could be found between John o' Groat's house and the Land's End, was returned, and was still listening, while a dish of eggs-and-bacon grew cold before him, to the wonderful history of the morning.

"God bless you, dear father!" said the young man, starting up, as soon as his parent entered. "This news that Susan and my mother have been telling me is excellent for us all; but it is for your sake I rejoice the most, for it is from you it will remove the most anxiety. Poor Charles, he may love learning as much as he likes now, father, there is no danger of its proving a snare to him."

"And I was not the only one that was anxious about him, Kit," answered the old man, with an expressive pressure of the hand he held. "But where is the dear boy? We ought to be all together now, both for the pleasure of looking in each other's faces, and seeing all the happiness they show, and because I have got something new to tell you all."

"Something new, husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Chesterfield, eagerly; "and you coming from the Grange? God bless you, man, we can't wait for Charles—can we children?—Speak it out, Thomas, tell it at once."

"Well then, Christopher must give me a cup of his ale, and I will. Sit down, all of you, and you shall hear what I have got to say, which truly may be told twice over without any fear of your being tired of listening; for may be, you must hear it more than once, or twice either, before you will either understand or believe it."

After this preface, Mr. Chesterfield having seated himself between his wife and son, recounted to them very faithfully all the kind things Sir George Meddows had spoken concerning Charles; his proposal that the young man should accompany the family to London; his great hopes for his brilliant literary success, and finally the dinner invitation for Saturday.

"God help the dear boy!" said Susan; "it is enough to turn his head, coming altogether so."

"Poor Charles!" murmured little Bessy; "I am quite sure that if he has got his own way, he will never go to live in London."

The heir of the Chesterfield acres took a draught of ale, wiped his mouth, and said nothing.

"You talk like a fool, Bessy," said the old lady, giving herself an impatient jerk; "I should like to know how you can tell what he will and what he won't do?"

"There is nobody knows him so well as I do, granny," replied the unsuspicious girl. "It is always to me that he talks of his poetry and his stories; I don't believe he says a word about it to any body but me—no, not even to Mr. Westbrook—about the last beautiful story; I am sure he has not, because he told me so himself—and that is the reason why I think I can make a good guess about what he will like, and what he won't like—and he won't like going to London, and leaving the flowers and the birds—the running brooks, and the nightingales, and the moon. I am sure as if he were here, and told us so himself, that if he follows his own wishes he will not go to London."

"If he follows mine, he won't go, I'll own that much," said Christopher, breaking silence; "though I should be loath to interfere with giving advice that should vex him. What I should like for him wouldn't be going to London; but glad and proud should I be if he would spend some of his money in getting himself made a parson. That's all head-work and heart-work, and wouldn't try his strength any way that could hurt him. And then, you know, our good Mr. Westbrook might have him for a curate; and think what a pleasure for Charles to help him in his old age. And he wouldn't want to be paid either, having such plenty of money himself, and always living here the same as he does now. That is what I should call a happy scheme and a safe one."

The parents looked at each other; and it required no very profound knowledge of physiognomy to perceive that the suggestion of their eldest son, respecting his brother, was highly agreeable to them. But Bessy, on hearing these words of wisdom, could by no means restrain her approbation of them to any such silent demonstrations, but suddenly running to her uncle, she threw her arms round his neck, and kissed once and again the broad high forehead, from which the closely curling brown hair was already receding.

"Charles has no need of knights, nor baronets either, to advise him what he ought to do, as long as he has got such a brother as you, uncle Christopher," said she, leaning over the back of his chair, and fondly resting a hand on either shoulder. "You won't send him to the great house, will you, grandfather, to learn what he is to do with his money?"

Susan smiled, and gave a very approving wink and nod at hearing her own sentiments thus freely and fearlessly proclaimed by her young relative; while the old Mrs. Chesterfield, who approved what she had uttered greatly less than the young one, knit her brows, and fidgeted in her chair, very plainly evincing that every word she had uttered was in direct contradiction to her own opinion. And in fact, Bessy looked so animated, and so very pretty as she spoke, that the old lady felt all her terrors return lest the lowly little maiden should entrap the affections or the fancy of her highly-gifted son, and thereby cause him to neglect all the opportunities which were likely to fall in his way, for still further improving his fortune by means of a wealthy and honourable marriage. This idea tormented her dreadfully, and in this, the very first day of her darling's good fortune, went far towards neutralizing all the happiness it ought to have brought her.

The old man, however, having "no such stuff in his thoughts," listened to the little girl with very affectionate approbation, and said,

"You could not speak more sensibly, my dear, if you were twice as old, and though I shall never, as long as I live, forget the kindness and condescension of Sir George Meddows at this most critical moment of our dear boy's life, I can't but say that little Bessy is right, and that we have no need to look further than our own good, sound-headed Christopher for an adviser."

"And yet, father, though I believe in the main we all think much the same upon the subject of Charles's going to London, it would go sadly against me to be set forward as the one that put the first spoke in his wheel, if so be he has set his mind upon going. It would look for all the world as if I was envious of his doing and seeing more than the rest of us. So you must not mind one single bit what I said about making him a parson, if it turns out that he has got no mind for it."

"As to his being made a parson, Christopher, and a dean, and a bishop, when the proper time comes for it, neither Charles himself, nor any body else, can possibly see any thing to find fault with in it," said Mrs. Chesterfield. "But that's no rule, as I can see, why he shouldn't go to London, too, and cultivate the familiarity of such-like people as the Meddows's family. For how is he to be known to the queen, or the lord-chancellor, or any of those sort of people, if he never goes to London? and that's the only way, as we have heard Mr. Westbrook say, over and over, for a person to get on in the church. So my say is, Christopher, that he should do the very thing you advise, and yet not make his mind up neither, to break straight away from all the friendship and honour that Sir George seems ready to offer him."

Farmer Chesterfield smiled with considerable satisfaction at the various proofs of worldly ignorance which this

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speech evinced; but as the smile was much more good-humoured than sarcastic, it did no harm, and as Bessy returned to her place beside her aunt Susan, and took no part in the conversation, the discussion proceeded in the most amicable manner possible, and was only interrupted from time to time by an exclamation of surprise, that Charles should stay so very long with Mr. Westbrook.

The sun had set, and the soft twilight of a fine April evening was rapidly growing dim, when at length the glass door of the closet was again heard to open, and the minute afterwards Charles stood amongst the party who were so eagerly expecting him. If instead of having been meditating on his great good fortune, the young man had passed the hours since they parted in struggling to support manfully some heavy sorrow, he could hardly have presented to his friends a countenance more pale and careworn.

The hearty, and truly fraternal congratulations of Christopher, seemed, however, to rouse him from the state of languor and exhaustion into which he had fallen; his young eye kindled anew at the fair prospects opening before him, and once more a smile of hope and happiness chased the anxious thoughtfulness that had appeared to have settled on his brow.

"How glad I am to have you back again, Charley!" said his mother. "I thought we should have had to go to the vicarage to look for you. Why, my dear boy, you have stayed long enough to settle what you are to do every year of your life, if you live to a hundred. What did the good man say to it, Charles?"

Greatly relieved by this concluding question, the answering which enabled him to pass over the former portion of his mother's speech in silence, Charles replied, "That his old friend was as much delighted by the good news, as she herself could be."

"No doubt of it, no doubt of it," said his father; "but there is more news yet to talk of before we go to bed, Charles; before you hear it, though, I should like to know what good Mr. Westbrook said about your plans for the future? Did he speak his notions, Charles, as to what he thought it would be best for you to take to, by way of a calling and manner of life?"

A flush of embarrassment dyed the cheeks and the brow of the young man with crimson. But the truth must be told, and while he nerved himself to utter it, he nerved himself also to endure with the unshrinking firmness of a stoic the burst of approval which in his heart of hearts he felt quite sure would follow the statement of Mr. Westbrook's suggestion.

Every eye was fixed on him, but it was that of Bessy only who discerned in its heightened colour something that was neither eagerness nor joy, nor yet timidity. She was quite sure that whatever Mr. Westbrook had proposed, had been something very different from what his pupil desired to hear from him; and when, after a moment's delay, Charles replied, "Mr. Westbrook thinks I should do well to get ordained," she felt as certain that the proposal was distasteful to him, as if she had been the sharer of all the soaring, wild, and ambitious thoughts which had been chasing each other through his fevered brain during the last two hours.

To know and to feel this, was quite sufficient to produce the most complete revolution in all her own views of the subject. Ten minutes before, the idea of *Charles Chesterfield's being made a clergyman*, appeared the very highest flight to which her affectionate ambition for him could reach; but no sooner did her mind receive the conviction that such a destination would be contrary to his own wishes, than with the rapidity of magic, the whole aspect of the thing became changed both to her judgment and her inclination. The little girl did in truth love Charles Chesterfield, a thousand fathoms deeper than she had any notion of; and yet she was quite aware that she loved him much, fully as well, she was sure, as if he had been her own brother, instead of only her cousin by marriage, and quite enough to make her know for a certainty, that it would be very wrong and very cruel to contradict his wishes or control his will.

A great deal has been said and sung about "young love," yet a great deal more, all vastly new and original, remains to be said and sung. As no two forms or faces are exactly alike, so neither, in all philosophic probability, are any two human hearts. And herein lies the best excuse I know of for the ceaseless continuity of narratives of which this busy organ is the theme. Not any other one of the deeply interested group who heard Charles's reply to his mother's question, though they were all more or less sharp and intelligent, derived from it any information whatever as to his own feelings on the subject. They all observed that he was somewhat agitated, but in this even there was no cause for wonder.

"And what said you to the good man in return?" demanded old Chesterfield.

"Father, I could say nothing certain," replied the young man. "I must have more time to think before I shall be able to say what I would or what I would not be."

"True, my dear, very true. I like to hear you speak so wisely, and it is the more necessary, Charles, because you will immediately have to decide, my dear boy, between plans so exceedingly different from one another, that beyond all doubt you will have need of your very best steadiness and reflection to decide which will suit you best. I wont deny, Charles, that I believe we in the old farm-house parlour here shall all think one way; but that's no argument against your having an opinion of your own, you know; and so now I will tell you what Sir George Meddows says about it."

Little did Charles Chesterfield think as his father pronounced these words, that they prefaced intelligence infinitely more important to him in his own estimation than any which had hitherto met his ears throughout that eventful day, and it was with a feeling of restored composure, arising from the belief that the agitation in which he had passed the last few hours was now to be exchanged for a state of very calm indifference, that he prepared to listen to his father's statement of what it might have been Sir George Meddows's pleasure to say, on hearing of the legacy which had been bequeathed to him.

It would be difficult to find any words, not liable to be stigmatized as hyperbolical, capable of doing justice to the emotions which Mr. Chesterfield's narrative produced on his young son. The gates of an earthly paradise seemed opening before him. Sober reason was for the moment utterly overset, and though the wish and the power to express all he felt were equally distant from him, there was a flashing of the eye, and a smile upon the lip, that once more taught poor little Bessy to understand him.

Those who professionally study the operations of the human intellect declare, that the first and surest symptoms of a distempered wit may be traced in the capricious incongruity of the affections. According to this test, Charles Chesterfield was at this moment decidedly mad, for all that had hitherto been dearest, seemed suddenly to become indifferent and even distasteful to him. A mysterious sanctity indeed appeared to envelope his father and mother, which hanging round them like a veil of holiness kept them safe and apart from the wild havoc that vanity was making with less sacred feelings. But when Susan uttered some little affectionate domestic phrase, indicative of the comfort of family union, his heart seemed turned to marble. His brother's friendly voice aroused within him a spirit of opposition, for no other reason than that the tones were those of reason, and therefore likely enough to be hostile to the wild schemes already conceived, and already dearer to him than all the relations in the world. And as for

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little Bessy, he looked at her soft eye and blushing cheek with a feeling little short of terror, for he was conscious that he had of late become aware how greatly she surpassed in beauty every other girl of the neighbourhood—he was conscious, too, that her innocent prattle had sometimes won him both from his pen and his book, and the idea that it would be a pang to part with her, and that this pang *might* some day be too strong to bear, caused him to shudder at the very thought of loving her, and added another quill to the species of *chevaux-de-frise* by which he was beginning to surround himself. All, in short, which at that critical moment of his existence seemed good and gracious in his eyes, lay enshrined in the velvet words of Sir George Meddows, as repeated to him by his father. He dared not trust his voice to express the feelings they inspired, for full well he knew that none who heard would understand them; and so strong was the effort he made to speak with a composure which he did not feel, that he greatly over-acted the part he attempted to assume, and replied in accents that seemed to denote the most profound indifference.

"It is very obliging of him."

"Well done, Charles!" said Susan, laughing, "much he seems to care for it, doesn't he?"

"To be sure he cares for it, and is grateful too, as for certain he ought to be," said Mr. Chesterfield, addressing his daughter-in-law a little with the air of a reprimand. "It is likely enough that there are other things Charles may like better than a journey to London, but that's no reason he shouldn't be thankful for the offer. You'll be proud to dine with Sir George, won't you, my boy?"

"Yes, father," replied the young man, once more colouring to the temples, "I shall like to go."

Having said thus much, Charles attempted no further conversation, and by degrees the spirits of the whole party seemed to flag, despite the determination to be particularly gay and happy which they had expressed to each other a short time before.

"I do believe that we are all tired out with our gladness!" said Bessy, looking anxiously at Charles.

"And that's no way impossible, little one," replied the old man, glad, as it should seem, at having their drooping spirits so satisfactorily accounted for, "so I vote for our all eating our supper and going to bed, without talking any more of our happiness."

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CHAPTER XXI.

Kit turned away, and very soon forgot the pony, and the chaise, and the little old lady, and the little old gentleman, and the little young gentleman to boot, in thinking what could have become of his late master and his lovely grandchild, who were the fountain-head of all his meditations. Still casting about for some plausible means of accounting for their non-appearance, and persuading himself that they must soon return, he bent his steps towards home, intending to finish the task which the sudden recollection of his contract had interrupted, and then to sally forth once more to seek his fortune for the day.

When he came to the corner of the court in which he lived, lo and behold, there was the pony again! Yes, there he was, looking more obstinate than ever; and alone in the chaise, keeping a steady watch upon his every wink, sat Mr. Abel, who, lifting up his eyes by chance and seeing Kit pass by nodded to him as though he would have nodded his head off.

Kit wondered to see the pony again, so near his own home too, but it never occurred to him for what purpose the pony might have come there, or where the old lady and the old gentleman had gone, until he lifted the latch of the door, and walking in, found them seated in the room in conversation with his mother, at which unexpected sight he pulled off his hat and made his best bow in some confusion.

"We are here before you, you see, Christopher," said Mr. Garland smiling.

"Yes, sir," said Kit; and as he said it he looked toward his mother for an explanation of the visit.

"The gentleman's been kind enough, my dear," said she, in reply to this mute interrogation, "to ask me whether you were in a good place or in any place at all, and when I told him no, you were not in any, he was so good as to say that—"

"That we wanted a good lad in our house," said the old gentleman and the old lady both together, "and that perhaps we might think of it, if we found every thing as we would wish it to be."

As this thinking of it plainly meant the thinking of engaging Kit, he immediately partook of his mother's anxiety and fell into a great flutter; for the little old couple were very methodical and cautious, and asked so many questions that he began to be afraid there was no chance of his success.

"You see, my good woman," said Mrs. Garland, to Kit's mother, "that it's necessary to be very careful and particular in such a matter as this, for we're only three in a family, and are very quiet regular folks, and it would be a sad thing if we made any kind of mistake, and found things different from what we hoped and expected."

To this Kit's mother replied, that certainly it was quite true, and quite right, and quite proper, and Heaven forbid that she should shrink, or have cause to shrink, from any inquiry into her character or that of her son, who was a very good son though she was his mother, in which respect she was bold to say, he took after his father, who was not only a good son to *his* mother, but the best of husbands and the best of fathers besides, which Kit could and would corroborate she knew, and so would little Jacob and the baby likewise if they were old enough, which unfortunately they were not, though as they didn't know what a loss they had had, perhaps it was a great deal better that they should be as young as they were; and so Kit's mother wound up a long story by wiping her eyes with her apron, and patting little Jacob's head, who was rocking the cradle and staring with all his might at the strange lady and gentleman.

When Kit's mother had done speaking, the old lady struck in again, and said that she was quite sure she was a very honest and very respectable person or she never would have expressed herself in that manner, and that certainly the appearance of the children and the cleanliness of the house deserved great praise and did her the utmost credit, whereat Kit's mother dropped a courtesy and became consoled. Then the good woman entered into a long and minute account of Kit's life and history from the earliest period down to that time, not omitting to make mention of his miraculous fall out of a back parlour window when an infant of tender years, or his uncommon sufferings in a state of measles, which were illustrated by correct imitations of the plaintive manner in which he called for toast and water, day and night, and said "don't cry, mother, I shall soon be better;" for proof of which statements reference was made to Mrs. Green, lodger, at the cheese-monger's round the corner, and divers other ladies and gentlemen in various parts of England and Wales (and one Mr. Brown

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who was supposed to be then a corporal in the East Indies, and who could of course be found with very little trouble,) within whose personal knowledge the circumstances had occurred. This narration ended, Mr. Garland put some questions to Kit respecting his qualifications and general acquirements, while Mrs. Garland noticed the children, and hearing from Kit's mother certain remarkable circumstances which had attended the birth of her own son, Mr. Abel, from which it appeared that both Kit's mother and herself had been, above and beyond all other women of what condition or age soever, peculiarly hemmed in with perils and dangers. Lastly, inquiry was made into the nature and extent of Kit's wardrobe, and a small advance being made to improve the same, he was formally hired at an annual income of six pounds over and above his board and lodging, by Mr. and Mrs. Garland, of Abel Cottage, Finchley.

It would be difficult to say which party appeared most pleased with this arrangement, the conclusion of which was hailed with nothing but pleasant looks and cheerful smiles on both sides. It was settled that Kit should repair to his new abode on the next day but one, in the morning; and finally, the little old couple, after bestowing a bright half-crown on little Jacob and another on the baby, took their leaves; being escorted as far as the street by their new attendant, who held the obdurate pony by the bridle while they took their seats, and saw them drive away with a lightened heart.

"Well, mother," said Kit, hurrying back into the house, "I think my fortune's about made now."

"I should think it was indeed, Kit," rejoined his mother. "Six pounds a year! Only think!"

"Ah!" said Kit, trying to maintain the gravity which the consideration of such a sum demanded, but grinning with delight in spite of himself. "There's a property!"

Kit drew a long breath when he had said this, and putting his hands deep into his pockets as if there were one year's wages at least in each, looked at his mother, as though he saw through her, and down an immense perspective of sovereigns beyond.

"Please God we'll make a lady of you for Sundays, mother! such a scholar of Jacob, such a child of the baby, such a room of the one up stairs! Six pound a year!"

"Hem!" croaked a strange voice. "What's that about six pounds a year? What about six pounds a year?" And as the voice made this inquiry, Daniel Quilp walked in with Richard Swiveller at his heels.

"Who said he was to have six pounds a year?" said Quilp, looking sharply round. Did the old man say it, or did little Nell say it? And what's he to have it for, and where are they, eh?"

The good woman was so much alarmed by the sudden apparition of this unknown piece of ugliness, that she hastily caught the baby from its cradle and retreated into the furthest corner of the room; while little Jacob, sitting upon his stool with his hands on his knees, looked full at him in a species of fascination, roaring lustily all the time. Richard Swiveller took an easy observation of the family over Mr. Quilp's head, and Quilp himself with his hands in his pockets, smiled in an exquisite enjoyment of the commotion he occasioned.

"Don't be frightened, mistress," said Quilp after a pause. "Your son knows me; I don't eat babies; I don't like 'em. It will be as well to stop that young screamer though, in case I should be tempted to do him a mischief. Holloa, sir! Will you be quiet?"

Little Jacob stemmed the course of two tears which he was squeezing out of his eyes, and instantly subsided into a silent horror.

"Mind you don't break out again, you villain," said Quilp, looking sternly at him, "or I'll make faces at you and throw you into fits, I will. Now you sir, why haven't you been to me as you promised?"

"What should I come for?" retorted Kit. "I hadn't any business with you, no more than you had with me."

"Here, mistress," said Quilp, turning quickly away, and appealing from Kit to his mother. "When did his old master come or send here last? Is he here now? If not, where's he gone?"

"He has not been here at all," she replied. "I wish we knew where they have gone, for it would make my son a good deal easier in his mind, and me too. If you're the gentleman named Mr. Quilp, I should have thought you'd have known, and so I told him only this very day."

"Humph!" muttered Quilp, evidently disappointed to believe that this was true. "That's what you tell this gentleman, too, is it?"

"If the gentleman comes to ask the same question, I can't tell him any thing else, sir; and I only wish I could, for our own sake," was the reply.

Quilp glanced at Richard Swiveller, and observed that having met him on the threshold, he assumed that he had come in search of some intelligence of the fugitives. He supposed he was right?

"Yes," said Dick, "that was the object of the present expedition. I fancied it possible—but let us go ring fancy's knell. *I'll* begin it."

"You seem disappointed," observed Quilp.

"A baffler, sir, a baffler, that's all," returned Dick. "I have entered upon a speculation which has proved a baffler; and a being of brightness and beauty will be offered up a sacrifice at Chegge's altar. That's all, sir."

The dwarf eyed Richard with a sarcastic smile, but Richard, who had been taking a rather strong lunch with a friend, observed him, and continued to deplore his fate with mournful and despondent looks. Quilp plainly discerned that there was some secret reason for this visit and his uncommon disappointment, in the hope that there might be means of mischief lurking beneath it, resolved to worm it out. He had no sooner adopted his resolution, than he conveyed as much honesty into his face as it was capable of expressing, and sympathized with Mr. Swiveller exceedingly.

"I'm disappointed myself," said Quilp, "out of mere friendly feeling for them; but you have real reasons, private reasons I have no doubt, for your disappointment, and therefore it comes heavier than mine."

"Why, of course it does," Dick observed, testily.

"Upon my word, I'm very sorry, very sorry. I'm rather cast down myself. As we are companions in adversity, shall we be companions in the surest way of forgetting it? If you had no particular business, now, to lead you in another direction," urged Quilp, plucking him by the sleeve and looking slyly up into his face out of the corners of his eyes, "there is a house by the water-side where they have some of the noblest Scheidam—reputed to be smuggled, but that's between ourselves—that can be got in all the world. The landlord knows me. There's a little summer-house overlooking the river, where we might take a glass of this delicious liquor with a whiff of the best tobacco—it's in this case, and of the rarest quality, to my certain knowledge—and be perfectly snug and happy, could we possibly contrive it; or is there any very particular engagement that peremptorily takes you another way, Mr. Swiveller, eh?"

As the dwarf spoke, Dick's face relaxed into a compliant smile, and his brows slowly unbent. By the time he had finished, Dick was looking down at Quilp in the same sly manner as Quilp was looking up at him, and there remained nothing more to be done but to set out for the house in question. This they did, straightway. The moment their backs were turned, little Jacob thawed, and resumed his crying from the point were Quilp had frozen him.

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The summer-house of which Mr. Quilp had spoken, was a rugged wooden box, rotten and bare to see, which overhung the river's mud, and threatened to slide down into it. The tavern to which it belonged was a crazy building, sapped and undermined by rats, and only upheld by great bars of wood which were reared against its walls, and had propped it up so long that even they were decaying and yielding with their load, and of a windy night might be heard to creak and creak as if the whole fabric were about to come toppling down. The house stood—if any thing so old and feeble could be said to stand—on a piece of waste ground, blighted with the unwholesome smoke of factory chimneys, and echoing the clank of iron wheels and rush of troubled waters. Its internal accommodations amply fulfilled the promise of the outside. The rooms were low and damp, the clammy walls were pierced with chinks and holes, the rotten floors had sunk from their level, the very beams started from their places and warned the timid stranger from their neighbourhood.

To this inviting spot, entreating him to observe its beauties as they passed along, Mr. Quilp led Richard Swiveller, and on the table of the summer-house, scored deep with many a gallows and initial letter, there soon appeared a wooden keg, full of the vaunted liquor. Drawing it off into the glasses with the skill of a practised hand, and mixing it with about a third part of water, Mr. Quilp assigned to Richard Swiveller his portion, and lighting his pipe from an end of candle in a very old and battered lantern, drew himself together upon a seat and puffed away.

"Is it good?" said Quilp, as Richard Swiveller smacked his lips, "is it strong and fiery? Does it make you wink and choak, and your eyes water, and your breath come short? Does it?"

"Does it?" cried Dick, throwing away part of the contents of his glass, and filling it up with water, "why, man, you don't mean to tell me that you drink such fire as this?"

"No!" rejoined Quilp, "Not drink it! Look here. And here. And here again. Not drink it!"

As he spoke, Daniel Quilp drew off and drank three small glassfulls of the raw spirits, and then with a horrible grimace took a great many pulls at his pipe, and swallowing the smoke discharged it in a heavy cloud from his nose. This feat accomplished, he drew himself together in his former position, and laughed excessively.

"Give us a toast!" cried Quilp, rattling on the table in a dexterous manner with his fist and elbow alternately, in a kind of tune, "a woman, a beauty. Let's have a beauty for our toast, and empty our glasses to the last drop. Her name, come!"

"If you want a name," said Dick, "here's Miss Sophy Wackles."

"Sophy Wackles," screamed the dwarf, "Miss Sophy Wackles that is—Mrs. Richard Swiveller that shall be—that shall be—ha, ha, ha!"

"Ah!" said Dick, "you might have said that a few weeks ago, but it won't do now, my buck. Immolating herself upon the shrine of Cheggs—"

"Poison Cheggs, cut Cheggs's ears off," rejoined Quilp. "I won't hear Cheggs. Her name is Swiveller or nothing. I'll drink her health again, and her father's and her mother's, and to all her sisters and brothers—the glorious family of the Wackleses—all the Wackleses in one glass—down with it to the dregs!"

"Well," said Richard Swiveller, stopping short in the act of raising the glass to his lips, and looking at the dwarf in a species of stupor as he flourished his arms and legs about: "You're a jolly fellow, but of all the jolly fellows I ever saw or heard of, you have the queerest and most extraordinary way with you, upon my life, you have."

This candid declaration tended rather to increase than restrain Mr. Quilp's eccentricities, and Richard Swiveller, astonished to see him in such a roystering vein, and drinking not a little himself, for company—began imperceptibly to become more companionable and confiding, so that, being judiciously led on by Mr. Quilp, he grew at last very confiding indeed. Having once got him into the mood, and knowing now the key-note to strike whenever he was at a loss, Daniel Quilp's task was comparatively an easy one, and he was soon in possession of the whole details of the scheme contrived between the easy Dick and his more designing friend.

"Stop!" said Quilp. "That's the thing, that's the thing. It can be brought about—it shall be brought about. There's my hand upon it; I'm your friend from this minute."

"What! do you think there's still a chance?" inquired Dick, in surprise at this encouragement.

"A chance!" echoed the dwarf, "a certainty! Sophy Wackles may become a Cheggs, or any thing else she likes, but not a Swiveller. Oh, you lucky dog! He's richer than any Jew alive; you're a made man. I see in you now nothing but Nelly's husband, rolling in gold and silver. I'll help you. It shall be done. Mind my words, it shall be done."

"But how?" said Dick.

"There's plenty of time," replied the dwarf, "and it shall be done. We'll sit down and talk it over again all the way through. Fill your glass while I'm gone. I shall be back directly—directly."

With these hasty word, Daniel Quilp withdrew into a dismantled skittle-ground behind the public house, and, throwing himself upon the ground, actually screamed and rolled about in uncontrollable delight.

"Here's sport!" he cried, "sport ready to my hand, all invented and arranged, and only to be enjoyed. It was this shallow-pated fellow that made my bones ache t'other day, was it? It was his friend and fellow-plotter, Mr. Trent, that once made eyes at Mrs. Quilp, and leered and looked, was it? After labouring for two or three years in their precious scheme, to find that they have got a beggar at last, and one of them tied for life. Ha, ha, ha! He shall marry Nell. He shall have her, and I'll be the first man, when the knot's tied hard and fast, to tell 'em what they've gained and what I've helped 'em to. Here will be a clearing of old scores, here will be a time to remind 'em what a capital friend I was, and how I helped 'em to the heiress. Ha, ha, ha!"

In the height of his ecstacy, Mr. Quilp had like to have met with a disagreeable check, for, rolling very near a broken dog-kennel, there leaped forth a large fierce dog, who, but that his chain was of the shortest, would have given him a disagreeable salute. As it was, the dwarf remained upon his back in perfect safety, taunting the dog with hideous faces, and triumphing over him in his inability to advance another inch, though there were not a couple of feet between them.

"Why don't you come and bite me, why don't you come and tear me to pieces, you coward?" said Quilp, hissing and worrying the animal till he was nearly mad. "You're afraid, you bully, you're afraid, you know you are."

The dog tore and strained at his chain with starting eyes and furious bark, but there the dwarf lay, snapping his fingers with gestures of defiance and contempt. When he had sufficiently recovered from his delight, he rose, and with his arms a-kimbo, achieved a kind of demon dance round the kennel, just without the limits of the chain, driving the dog quite wild. Having by this means composed his spirits and put himself in a pleasant train, he returned to his unsuspicious companion, whom he found looking at the tide with exceeding gravity, and thinking of that same gold and silver that Mr. Quilp had mentioned.

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CHAPTER XXI.

The remainder of that day and the whole of the next were a busy time for the Nubbles family, to whom every thing connected with Kit's outfit and departure was matter of as great moment as if he had been about to penetrate into the interior of Africa, or to take a cruise round the world. It would be difficult to suppose that there ever was a box opened and shut so many times within four-and-twenty hours as that which contained his wardrobe and necessaries; and certainly there never was one which to two small eyes presented such a mine of clothing, as this mighty chest with its three shirts and proportionate allowance of stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs, disclosed to the astonished vision of little Jacob. At last it was conveyed to the carrier's, at whose house, at Finchley, Kit was to find it next day; and the box being gone there remained but two questions for consideration; firstly, whether the carrier would lose, or dishonestly feign to lose, the box upon the road: and secondly, whether Kit's mother perfectly understood how to take care of herself in the absence of her son.

"I don't think there's hardly a chance of his really losing it, but carriers are under great temptation to pretend they lose things, no doubt," said Mrs. Nubbles apprehensively, in reference to the first point.

"No doubt about it," returned Kit, with a serious look; "upon my word, mother, I don't think it was right to trust it to itself. Somebody ought to have gone with it, I'm afraid."

"We can't help it now," said his mother; "but it was foolish and wrong. People oughtn't to be tempted."

Kit inwardly resolved that he would never tempt a carrier any more, save with an empty box; and, having formed this Christian determination, he turned his thoughts to the second question.

"You know you must keep up your spirits, mother, and not be lonesome because I'm not at home. I shall very often be able to look in when I come into town, I dare say, and I shall send you a letter sometimes, and when the quarter comes round, I can get a holiday of course; and then see if we don't take little Jacob to the play, and let him know what oysters means."

"I hope plays mayn't be sinful, Kit, but I'm a'most afraid," said Mrs. Nubbles.

"I know who has been putting that in your head," rejoined her son disconsolately; "that's Little Bethel again. Now, I say, mother, pray don't take to going there regularly, for if I was to see your good-humoured face that has always made home cheerful, turned into a grievous one, and the baby trained to look grievous too, and to call itself a young sinner (bless its heart) and a child of the devil (which is calling its dead father names); if I was to see this, and see little Jacob looking grievous likewise, I should so take it to heart that I'm sure I should go and list for a soldier, and run my head on purpose against the first cannon-ball I saw coming my way."

"Oh, Kit, don't talk like that."

"I would, indeed, mother, and unless you want to make me feel very wretched and uncomfortable, you'll keep that bow on your bonnet, which you'd more than half a mind to pull off last week. Can you suppose there's any harm in looking as cheerful and being as cheerful as our poor circumstances will permit? Do I see any thing in the way I'm made, which calls upon me to be a snivelling, solemn, whispering chap, sneaking about as if I couldn't help it, and expressing myself in a most unpleasant snuffle? on the contrary, don't I see every reason why I shouldn't? Just hear this! Ha, ha, ha! An't that as nat'ral as walking, and as good for the health? Ha, ha, ha! An't that as nat'ral as a sheep's bleating, or a pig's grunting, or a horse's neighing, or a bird's singing? Ha, ha, ha! Isn't it, mother?"

There was something contagious in Kit's laugh, for his mother, who had looked grave before, first subsided into a smile, and then fell to, joining in it heartily, which occasioned Kit to say that he knew it was natural, and to laugh the more. Kit and his mother, laughing together in a pretty loud key, woke the baby, who, finding that there was something very jovial and agreeable in progress, was no sooner in its mother's arms than it began to kick and laugh most vigorously. This new illustration of his argument so tickled Kit, that he fell backward into his chair in a state of exhaustion, pointing at the baby and shaking his sides till he rocked again. After recovering twice or thrice, and as often relapsing, he wiped his eyes, and said grace; and a very cheerful meal their scanty supper was.

With more kisses, and hugs, and tears, than many young gentlemen who start upon their travels, and leave well-stocked homes behind them, would deem within the bounds of probability (if matter so low could herein be set down,) Kit left the house at an early hour next morning, and set out to walk to Finchley; feeling a sufficient pride in his appearance to have warranted his excommunication from Little Bethel from that time forth, if he had ever been one of that mournful congregation.

Lest any body should feel a curiosity to know how Kit was clad, it may be briefly remarked that he wore no livery, but was dressed in a coat of pepper-and-salt, with waistcoat of canary colour, and nether garments of iron gray; besides these glories, he shone in the lustre of a new pair of boots and an extremely stiff and shiny hat, which, on being struck any where with the knuckles, sounded like a drum. And, in this attire, rather wondering that he attracted so little attention, and attributiug the circumstance to the insensibility of those who got up early, he made his way towards Abel Cottage.

Without encountering any more remarkable adventure on the road than meeting a lad in a brimless hat, the exact counterpart of his old one, on whom he bestowed half the sixpence he possessed, Kit arrived in course of time at the carrier's house, where, to the lasting honour of human nature, he found the box in safety. Receiving from the wife of this immaculate man a direction to Mr. Garland's, he took the box upon his shoulder, and repaired thither directly.

To be sure, it was a beautiful little cottage, with a thatched roof and little spires at the gable ends, and pieces of stained glass in some of the windows, almost as large as pocket-books. On one side of the house was a little stable, just the size for the pony, with a little room over it, just the size for Kit. White curtains were fluttering, and birds in cages that looked as bright as if they were made of gold, were singing at the windows; plants were arranged on either side of the path, and clustered about the door; and the garden was bright with flowers in full bloom, which shed a sweet odour all around, and had a charming and elegant appearance. Every thing, within the house and without, seemed to be the perfection of neatness and order. In the garden there was not a weed to be seen, and to judge from some dapper gardening-tools, a basket, and a pair of gloves which were lying in one of the walks, old Mr. Garland had been at work in it that very morning.

Kit looked about him, and admired, and looked again, and this a great many times before he could make up his mind to turn his head another way and ring the bell. There was abundance of time to look about him again though, when he had rung it, for nobody came, so after ringing twice or thrice, he sat down upon his box, and waited.

He rung the bell a great many times, and yet nobody came. But at last, as he was sitting upon the box thinking about giants' castles, and princesses tied up to pegs by the hair of their heads, and dragons bursting out from behind gates, and other incidents of the like nature, common in story-books to youths of low degree on their first

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visit to strange houses, the door was gently opened and a little servant-girl, very tidy, modest, and demure, but very pretty too, appeared.

"I suppose you're Christopher, sir?" said the servant-girl.

Kit got off the box, and said yes, he was.

"I'm afraid you've rung a good many times perhaps?" she rejoined, "but we couldn't hear you, because we've been catching the pony."

Kit rather wondered what this meant, but as he couldn't stop there, asking questions, he shouldered the box again and followed the girl into the hall, where, through a back-door he descried Mr. Garland leading Whisker in triumph up the garden, after that self-willed pony had (as he afterwards learned) dodged the family round a small paddock in the rear, for one hour and three-quarters.

The old gentleman received him very kindly, and so did the old lady, whose previous good opinion of him was greatly enhanced by his wiping his boots on the mat until the soles of his feet burned again. He was then taken into the parlour to be inspected in his new clothes; and when he had been surveyed several times, and afforded by his appearance unlimited satisfaction, he was taken into the stable, (where the pony received him with uncommon complaisance;) and thence into the little chamber he had already observed, which was very clean and comfortable; and thence into the garden, in which the old gentleman told him he would be taught to employ himself, and where he told him, besides, what great things he meant to do to make him happy, if he found he deserved it. All these kindnesses Kit acknowledged with various expressions of gratitude, and so many touches of the new hat, that the brim suffered considerably. When the old gentleman had said all he had to say in the way of promise and advice, and Kit had said all he had to say in the way of assurance and thankfulness, he was handed over again to the old lady, who, summoning the little servant-girl (whose name was Barbara,) instructed her to take him down stairs and give him something to eat and drink, after his walk.

Down stairs, therefore, Kit went; and at the bottom of the stairs there was such a kitchen as was never before seen or heard of out of a toy-shop window, with every thing in it as bright and glowing, and as precisely ordered too, as Barbara herself. And in this kitchen Kit sat himself down at a table as white as a table-cloth, to eat cold meat, and drink small ale, and use his knife and fork the more awkwardly, because there was an unknown Barbara looking on and observing him.

It did not appear, however, that there was any thing remarkably tremendous about this strange Barbara, who, having lived a very quiet life, blushed very much, and was quite as embarrassed and uncertain what she ought to say or do, as Kit could possibly be. When he had sat for some little time, attentive to the ticking of the sober clock, he ventured to glance curiously at the dresser, and there, among the plates and dishes, were Barbara's little work-box with a sliding lid to shut in the balls of cotton, and Barbara's prayer-book, and Barbara's hymn-book, and Barbara's Bible. Barbara's little looking-glass hung in a good light near the window, and Barbara's bonnet was on a nail behind the door. From all these mute signs and tokens of her presence, he naturally glanced at Barbara herself, who sat as mute as they, shelling peas into a dish; and just when Kit was looking at her eye-lashes and wondering—quite in the simplicity of his heart—what colour her eyes might be, it perversely happened that Barbara raised her head a little to look at him, when both pair of eyes were hastily withdrawn, and Kit leant over his plate, and Barbara over her pea-shells, each in extreme confusion at having been detected by the other.

To be continued.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

AN ADVENTURE OF HARDRESS FITZGERALD, A ROYALIST CAPTAIN.

The following brief narrative contains a faithful account of one of the many strange incidents which chequered the life of Hardress Fitzgerald—one of the now-forgotten heroes who flourished during the most stirring, and, though the most disastrous, by no means the least glorious of our eventful history. He was a captain of horse in the army of James, and shared the fortunes of his master, enduring privations, encountering dangers, and submitting to vicissitudes the most galling and ruinous, with a fortitude and heroism which would, if coupled with his other virtues, have rendered the unhappy monarch whom he served, the most illustrious among unfortunate princes. I have always preferred, where I could do so with any approach to accuracy, to give such relations as the one which I am about to submit to you, in the *first person*, and in the words of the original narrator, believing that such a form of recitation not only gives freshness to the tale, but, in this particular instance, by bringing before me and steadily fixing in my mind's eye the veteran royalist who himself related the occurrence which I am about to record, furnishes an additional stimulant to my memory, and a proportional check upon my imagination. As nearly as I can recollect, then, his statement was as follows:—

After the fatal battle of the Boyne, I came up in disguise to Dublin, as did many in a like situation, regarding the capital as furnishing at once a good central position of observation, and as secure a lurking place as I cared to find. I would not suffer myself to believe that the cause of my royal master was so desperate as it really was, and while I lay in my lodgings, which were posted in the garret of a small dark house, standing in the lane which runs close by Audoen's Arch, I busied myself with continual projects for the raising of the country, and the re-collecting of the fragments of the defeated army—plans, you will allow, sufficently magnificent for a poor devil who dared scarce show his face abroad in the daylight. I believe, however, that I had not much reason to fear for my personal safety, for men's minds in the city were greatly occupied with public events, and private amusements and debaucheries, which were, about that time, carried to an excess which our country never knew before, by reason of the raking together from all quarters of the empire, and indeed from most parts of Holland, the most dissolute and desperate adventurers who cared to play at hazard for their lives; and thus there seemed to be but little scrutiny into the characters of those who sought concealment.

I heard much at different times of the intention of King James and his party, but nothing with certainty. Some said that the king still lay in Ireland; others, that he had crossed over to Scotland, to encourage the Highlanders, who, with Dundee at their head, had been stirring in his behoof; others, again, said that he had taken ship for France, leaving his followers to shift for themselves, and regarding his kingdom as wholly lost, which last was the true version, as I afterwards learned. Although I had been very active in the wars of Ireland, and had done many deeds of necessary, but dire severity, which have often since troubled me much to think upon, yet, I doubted not but that I might easily obtain protection for my person and property from the Prince of Orange, if I sought it by the ordinary submissions; but besides that my conscience and my affections resisted such time-serving concessions, I was resolved in my own mind that the cause of the royalist party was by no means desperate, and I looked to keep myself unimpeded by any pledge or promise given to the usurping Dutchman, that I might freely and honourably take a share in any struggle which might yet remain

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to be made for the right. I therefore lay quiet, going forth from my lodgings but little, and that chiefly under cover of the dusk, and conversing hardly at all, except with those whom I well knew. I had like once to have paid dearly for relaxing this caution; for going into a tavern one evening near the Tholsel, I had the confidence to throw off my hat, and sit there with my face quite exposed, when a fellow coming in with some troopers, they fell a-boozing, and being somewhat warmed, they began to drink "confusion to popery," and the like, and to compel the peaceable persons who happened to sit there, to join them in so doing. Though I was rather hot-blooded, I was resolved to say nothing to attract notice; but, at the same time, if urged to pledge the toasts which they were compelling others to drink, to resist doing so. With the intent to draw myself quietly from the place, I paid my reckoning, and putting on my hat, was going into the street, when the countryman who had come in with the soldiers, called out, "stop that popish tom-cat," and running across the room, he got to the door before me, and, shutting it, placed his back against it, to prevent my going out. Though, with much difficulty, I kept an appearance of quietness, and turning to the fellow, who, from his accent, I judged to be a northern, and whose face I knew, though, to this day, I cannot say where I had seen him before, I observed very calmly—

"Sir, I came in here with no other design than to refresh myself, without offending any man. I have paid my reckoning, and now desire to go forth. If there is any thing within reason that can satisfy you, and to prevent trouble and delay to myself, name your terms, and if they be but fair, I will frankly comply with them."

He quickly replied:

"You are Hardress Fitzgerald, the bloody popish captain, that hanged the twelve men at Derry."

I felt that I was in some danger, but being a strong man, and used to perils of all kinds, it was not easy to disconcert me. I looked then steadily at the fellow, and, in a voice of much confidence, I said,

"I am neither a papist, a royalist, nor a Fitzgerald, but an honester protestant, mayhap, than many who make louder professions."

"Then, drink the honest man's toast," said he, "damnation to the pope, and confusion to skulking Jemmy and his runaway crew."

"Yourself shall hear me," said I, taking the largest pewter pot that lay within my reach. "Tapster, fill this with ale; I grieve to say, I can afford nothing better."

I took the vessel of liquor in my hand, and walking up to him, I first made a bow to the troopers who sate laughing at the sprightliness of their facetious friend, and then another to himself, when saying, "G—— damn yourself and your cause," I flung the ale straight into his face, and before he had time to recover himself, I struck him with my whole force and weight with the pewter pot upon the head, so strong a blow, that he fell, for aught I know, dead upon the floor, and nothing but the handle of the vessel remained in my hand. I opened the door, but one of the dragoons drew his sabre, and ran at me to avenge his companion. With my hand I put aside the blade of the sword, narrowly escaping what he had intended for me, the point actually tearing open my vest; without allowing him time to repeat his thrust, I struck him in the face with my clenched fist so sound a blow that he rolled back into the room with the force of a tennis-ball. It was well for me that the rest were half drunk, and the evening dark, for otherwise, my folly would infallibly have cost me my life. As it was, I reached my garret in safety, with a resolution to frequent taverns no more until better times.

My little patience and money were well nigh exhausted, when, after much doubt and uncertainty, and many conflicting reports, I was assured that the flower of the royalist army, under the Duke of Berwick and General Boisleau, occupied the city of Limerick, with a determination to hold that fortress against the Prince's forces, and that a French fleet of great power, and well freighted with arms, ammunition, and men was riding in the Shannon, under the walls of the town; but this last report was, like many others then circulated, untrue, there being, indeed, a promise and expectation of such assistance, but no arrival of it till too late. The army of the Prince of Orange was said to be rapidly approaching the town, in order to commence the siege. On hearing this, and being made as certain as the vagueness and unsatisfactory nature of my information, which came not from any authentic source, would permit; at least being sure of the main point, which all allowed, namely, that Limerick was held for the king, and being also naturally fond of enterprise, and impatient of idleness, I took the resolution to travel thither, and, if possible, to throw myself into the city, in order to lend what assistance I might to my former companions in arms, well knowing that any man of strong constitution and of some experience, might easily make himself useful to a garrison in their straitened situation. When I had taken this resolution, I was not long in putting it into execution, and as the first step in the matter, I turned half of the money which remained with me, in all about seventeen pounds, into small wares and merchandize, such as travelling traders use to deal in, and the rest, excepting some shillings which I carried home for my immediate expenses, I sewed carefully in the lining of my breeches waistband, hoping that the sale of my commodities might easily supply me with subsistence upon the road.

I left Dublin upon a Friday morning in the month of September, with a tolerably heavy pack upon my back. I was a strong man and a good walker, and one day with another travelled easily at the rate of twenty miles in each day, much time being lost in the towns of any note on the way, where, to avoid suspicion, I was obliged to make some stay, as if to sell my wares. I did not travel directly to Limerick, but turned far into Tipperary, going near to the borders of Cork. Upon the sixth day after my departure from Dublin, I learned, *certainly*, from some fellows who were returning from trafficking with the soldiers, that the army of the Prince was actually encamped before Limerick, upon the south side of the Shannon; in order, then, to enter the city without interruption, I must needs cross the river, and I was much in doubt whether to do so by boat from Kerry, which I might have easily done, into the Earl of Clare's land, and thus into the beleagured city, or to take what seemed the easier way, one, however, about which I had certain misgivings, which, by the way, afterwards turned out to be just enough; this way was to cross the Shannon at O'Brien's Bridge, or at Killaloe into the county of Clare. I feared, however, that both these passes were guarded by the Prince's forces, and resolved, if such were the case, not to essay to cross, for I was not fitted to sustain a scrutiny, having about me, though pretty safely secured, my commission from King James, which, though a dangerous companion, I would not have parted from but with my life. I settled then, in my own mind, that if the bridges were guarded, I would walk as far as Portumna, where I might cross, though at a considerable sacrifice of time; and having determined upon this course, I turned directly towards Killaloe. I reached the foot of the mountain, or rather high hill, called Keeper—which had been pointed out to me as a landmark, lying directly between me and Killaloe, in the evening, and having ascended some way, the darkness and fog overtook me. The evening was very chilly, and myself weary, hungry, and much in need of sleep, so that I preferred seeking to cross the hill, though at some risk, to remaining upon it throughout the night; stumbling over rocks and sinking into bog mire, as the nature of the ground varied, I slowly

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and laboriously plodded on, making very little way in proportion to the toil it cost me. After half an hour's slow walking, or rather rambling, for owing to the dark, I very soon lost my direction, I at last heard the sound of running water, and with some little trouble reached the edge of a brook, which ran in the bottom of a deep gully; this I knew would furnish a sure guide to the low grounds, where I might promise myself that I should speedily meet with some house or cabin where I might find shelter for the night. The stream which I followed flowed at the bottom of a rough and swampy glen, very steep and making many abrupt turns, and so dark, owing more to the fog than to the want of the moon, (for though not high, I believe it had risen at the time,) that I continually fell over fragments of rock, and stumbled up to my middle into the rivulet, which I sought to follow. In this way, drenched, weary, and with my patience almost exhausted, I was toiling onward, when turning a sharp angle in the winding glen, I found myself within some twenty yards of a group of wild-looking men, gathered in various attitudes round a glowing turf fire. I was so surprised at this rencontre that I stopped short, and for a time was in doubt whether to turn back or to accost them. A minute's thought satisfied me that I ought to make up to the fellows, and trust to their good faith for whatever assistance they could give me. I determined then to do this, having great faith in the impulses of my mind, which, whenever I have been in jeopardy, as in my life I often have, always prompted me aright. The strong red light of the fire showed me plainly enough that the group consisted not of soldiers, but of Irish kernes, or countrymen, most of them wrapped in heavy mantles, and with no other covering for their heads than that afforded by their long, rough hair. There was nothing about them which I could see, to intimate whether their object were peaceful or warlike, but I afterwards found that they had weapons enough, though of their own rude fashion. There were in all about twenty persons assembled around the fire, some sitting upon such blocks of stone as happened to lie in the way, others stretched at their length on the ground. "God save you, boys," said I, advancing towards the party. The men who had been talking and laughing together, instantly paused, and two of them—tall and powerful fellows—snatched up each a weapon, something like a short halberd with a massive iron head, an instrument which they called among themselves a *rapp*, and with two or three long strides they came up with me, and laying hold upon my arms, drew me, not, you may easily believe, making much resistance, towards the fire. When I reached the place where the figures were seated, the two men still held me firmly, and some others threw some handfuls of dry fuel upon the red embers, which blazing up, cast a strong light upon me. When they had satisfied themselves as to my appearance, they began to question me very closely as to my purpose in being upon the hill at such an unseasonable hour, asking me, what was my occupation, where I had been, and whither I was going? These questions were put to me in English by an old half-military looking man, who translated into that language the suggestions which his companions for the most part threw out in Irish. I did not choose to commit myself to these fellows, by telling them my real character and purpose, and therefore I represented myself as a poor travelling chapman, who had been at Cork, and was seeking his way to Killaloe, in order to cross over into Clare and thence to the city of Galway. My account did not seem fully to satisfy the men. I heard one fellow say in Irish, which language I understood, "may be he is a spy;" they then whispered together for a time, and the little man, who was their spokesman, came over to me and said, "do you know what we do with spies—we knock their brains out, my friend." He then turned back to them with whom he had been whispering, and talked in a low tone again with them for a considerable time. I now felt very uncomfortable, not knowing what these savages, for they appeared nothing better, might design against me. Twice or thrice I had serious thoughts of breaking from them, but the two guards who were placed upon me, held me fast by the arms, and even had I succeeded in shaking them off, I should soon have been overtaken, encumbered as I was with a heavy pack, and wholly ignorant of the lye of the ground, or else, if I were so exceedingly lucky as to escape out of *their* hands, I still had the chance of falling into those of some other party of the same kind. I therefore patiently awaited the issue of their deliberations, which, I made no doubt, affected me nearly. I turned to the men who held me, and one after the other asked them, in their own language, "why they held me?" adding, "I am but a poor pedlar, as you see. I have neither money nor money's worth, for the sake of which you should do me hurt; you may have my pack, and all that it contains, if you desire it—but do not injure me." To all this they gave no answer, but savagely desired me to hold my tongue. I accordingly remained silent, determined if the worst came, to declare to the whole party, who, I doubted not, were friendly, as were all the Irish peasantry in the south, to the Royal cause, my real character and design; and if this avowal failed me, I was resolved to make a desperate effort to escape, or at least to give my life at the dearest price I could. I was not kept long in suspense, for the little veteran who had spoken to me at first, came over, and desiring the two men to bring me after him, led the way along a broken path, which wound by the side of the steep glen. I was obliged willy nilly to go with them, and half-dragging, and half-carrying me, they brought me by the path, which now became very steep, for some hundred yards without stopping, when, suddenly coming to a stand, I found myself close before the door of some house or hut, I could not see which, through the planks of which a strong light was streaming. At this door my conductor stopped, and tapping gently at it, it was opened by a stout fellow, with buff-coat and jack-boots, and pistols stuck in his belt, as also a long cavalry sword by his side. He spoke with my guide, and, to my no small satisfaction, in *French*, which convinced me that he was one of the soldiers whom Louis had sent to support our king, and who were said to have arrived in Limerick, though, as I observed above, not with truth. I was much assured by this circumstance, and made no doubt but that I had fallen in with one of those marauding parties of native Irish, who, placing themselves under the guidance of men of courage and experience, had done much brave and essential service to the cause of the king. The soldier entered an inner-door in the apartment, which opening disclosed a rude, dreary, and dilapidated room, with a low plank ceiling, much discoloured by the smoke which hung suspended in heavy masses, descending within a few feet of the ground, and completely obscuring the upper regions of the chamber. A large fire of turf and heath was burning under a kind of rude chimney, shaped like a large funnel, but by no means discharging the functions for which it was intended. Into this inauspicious apartment was I conducted by my strange companions. In the next room I heard voices employed, as it seemed, in brief questioning and answer, and in a minute the soldier re-entered the room, and having said, "votre prisonier—le General veut le voir," he led the way into the inner room, which in point of comfort and cleanliness was not a whit better than the first.

Seated at a clumsy plank table placed about the middle of the floor, was a powerfully-built man, of almost colossal stature—his military accoutrements, cuirass and rich regimental clothes, soiled, deranged, and spattered with recent hard travel, the flowing wig, surmounted by the cocked hat and plume, still rested upon his head—on the table

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lay his sword-belt with its appendage, and a pair of long holster pistols, some papers, and pen and ink, also, a stone jug, and the fragments of a hasty meal; his attitude betokened the languor of fatigue; his left hand was buried beyond the lace ruffle in the breast of his cassock, and the elbow of his right rested upon the table, so as to support his head; from his mouth protruded a tobacco pipe, which as I entered he slowly withdrew. A single glance at the honest, good-humoured, comely face of the soldier, satisfied me of his identity, and removing my hat from my head I said, "God save General Sarsefield;" the general nodded. "I am a prisoner here under strange circumstances," I continued. "I appear before you in a strange disguise; you do not recognise Captain Hardress Fitzgerald." "Eh, how's this," said he approaching me with the light. "I am that Hardress Fitzgerald," I repeated, "who served under you at the Boyne, and upon the day of the action had the honour to protect *your* person at the expense of his own;" at the same time I turned aside the hair which covered the scar, which you well know upon my forehead, then much more remarkable than it is now. The general on seeing this, at once recognised me, and embracing me cordially, made me sit down, and while I unstrapped my pack, a tedious job, my fingers being nearly numbed with cold, sent the men forth to procure me some provision. The general's horse was stabled in a corner of the chamber where we sate, and his war-saddle lay upon the floor; at the far end of the room was a second door, which lay half open—a bogwood fire burned on a hearth somewhat less rude than the one which I had first seen, but still very little better appointed with a chimney, for thick wreaths of smoke were eddying with every fitful gust, about the room. Close by the fire was strewed a bed of heath, intended I suppposed, for the stalwart limbs of the general. "Hardress Fitzgerald," said he, fixing his eyes gravely upon me, while he slowly removed the tobacco pipe from his mouth, "I remember you, strong, bold and cunning in your warlike trade, the more desperate an enterprise, the more ready for it, you—I would gladly engage *you*, for I know you trustworthy, to perform a piece of duty, requiring it may be, no extraordinary quality to fulfil, and yet perhaps, as accidents may happen, demanding every attribute of daring and dexterity which belongs to you." Here he paused for some moments. I own I felt somewhat flattered by the terms in which he spoke of me, knowing him to be but little given to compliments, and not having any plan in my head, farther than the rendering what service I might to the cause of the King, caring very little as to the road in which my duty might lie, I frankly replied, "Sir, I hope if opportunity offers, I shall appear to deserve the honourable terms in which you are pleased to speak of me. In a righteous cause I fear not wounds or death; and in discharging my duty to my God and my king, I am ready for any hazard or any fate—name the service you require, and if it lies within the compass of my wit or power, I will fully and faithfully perform it—have I said enough?" "That is well, *very* well, my friend—you speak well, and manfully," replied the general, "I want you to convey to the hands of General Boisleau, now in the city of Limerick, a small written packet; there is some danger, mark me, of your falling in with some outpost or straggling party of the Prince's army. If you are taken unawares by any of the enemy you must dispose of the packet inside your person, rather than let it fall into their hands, that is, you must *eat* it; and if they go to question you with thumb screws, or the like, answer nothing; let them knock your brains out first," in illustration, I suppose of the latter alternative, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe upon the table as he uttered it. "The packet," he continued, "you shall have to-morrow morning; mean time comfort yourself with food and afterwards with sleep; you will want, may-hap, all your strength and wits on the morrow;" I applied myself, forthwith, to the homely fare which they had provided, and I confess that I never made a meal so heartily to my satisfaction.

It was a beautiful, clear, autumn morning, and the level beams of the early sun were slanting over the brown heath, which clothed the sides of the mountain, and glittering in the thousand bright drops which the melting hoar-frost had left behind it, and the white mists were lying like broad lakes in the valleys, when, with my pedlar's pack upon my back, and General Sarsefield's precious despatch in my bosom, I set forth, refreshed and courageous.

As I descended the hill, my heart expanded and my spirits rose under the influences which surrounded me—the keen, clear, bracing air of the morning, the bright, sloping sunshine, the merry songs of the small birds, and the distant sounds of awakening labour that floated up from the plains—all conspired to stir my heart within me—and more like a mad-cap boy, broken loose from school, than a man of sober years upon a mission of doubt and danger, I trod lightly on, whistling and singing alternately for very joy. As I approached the object of my early march, I fell in with a countryman, eager, as are most of his kind, for news. I gave him what little I had collected, and professing great zeal for the king, which indeed, I always cherished, I won upon his confidence so far, that he became much more communicative than the peasantry in those quarters are generally wont to be to strangers. From him I learned that there was a company of dragoons in William's service, quartered at Killaloe; but he could not tell whether the passage of the bridge was stopped by them or not; with a resolution, at all events, to make the attempt to cross, I approached the town—when I came within sight of the river I quickly perceived that it was so swollen with the recent rains, as, indeed, the countryman had told me, that the fords were wholly impassable. I stopped then, upon a slight eminence overlooking the village, with a view to reconnoitre and to arrange my plans in case of interruption; while thus engaged, the wind blowing gently from the west, in which quarter Limerick lay, I distinctly heard the explosion of the cannon which played from and against the city, though at a distance of eleven miles at the least. I never yet heard the music that had for me half the attractions of that sullen sound, and as I noted again and again the distant thunder that proclaimed the perils, and the valour, and the faithfulness of my brethren, my heart swelled with pride and the tears rose to my eyes, and lifting up my hands to heaven, I prayed to God that I might be spared to take a part in the righteous quarrel that was there so bravely maintained. I felt, indeed, at this moment a longing, more intense than I have the power to describe, to be at once with my brave companions in arms, and so inwardly excited and stirred up, as if I had been actually within five minutes' march of the field of battle. It was now almost noon, and I had walked hard from the morning, across a difficult and broken country, so that I was a little fatigued, and in no small degree hungry. As I approached the hamlet I was glad to see in the window of a poor hovel, several large cakes of meal displayed, as if to induce purchasers to enter. I was right in regarding this exhibition as an intimation that entertainment might be procured within, for, upon entering and inquiring, I was speedily invited by the poor woman, who, it appeared kept this humble house of refreshment, to lay down my pack and seat myself by a ponderous table, upon which she promised to serve me with a dinner fit for a king—and, indeed, to my mind, she amply fulfilled her engagement, by supplying me abundantly with eggs, bacon, and wheaten cakes, which I discussed with a zeal which almost surprised myself. Having disposed of the solid part of my entertainment, I was proceeding to regale myself with a brimming measure of

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strong waters, when my attention was arrested by the sound of horses' hoofs in brisk motion upon the broken road, and evidently approaching the hovel in which I was at that moment seated. The ominous clank of sword scabbards and the jingle of brass accoutrements, announced, unequivocally, that the horsemen were of the military profession.

"The red coats will stop here undoubtedly," said the old woman, observing, I suppose, the anxiety of my countenance, "they never pass it without coming in for half an hour to drink or smoke; if you desire to avoid them, I can hide you safely, but don't lose a moment, they will be here before you can count a hundred."

I thanked the good woman for her hospitable zeal; but I felt a repugnance to concealing myself as she suggested, which was enhanced by the consciousness that if by any accident I were detected while lurking in the room, my situation would of itself inevitably lead to suspicions and probably to discovery. I, therefore, declined her offer, and awaited in suspense the entrance of the soldiers. I had time before they made their appearance to move my seat hurriedly from the table to the hearth, where, under the shade of the large chimney I might observe the coming visiters, with less chance of being myself remarked upon. As my hostess had anticipated, the horsemen drew up at the door of the hut, and five dragoons entered the dark chamber where I awaited them. Leaving their horses at the entrance, with much noise and clatter they proceeded to seat themselves and call for liquor. Three of these fellows were Dutchmen, and indeed all belonged, as I afterwards found, to a Dutch regiment, which had been recruited with Irish and English, as also partly officered from the same nations. Being supplied with pipes and drink, they soon became merry, and not suffering their smoking to interfere with their conversation, they talked loud and quickly, for the most part in a sort of barbarous language, neither Dutch nor English, but compounded of both. They were so occupied with their own jocularity that I had very great hopes of escaping observation altogether, and remained quietly seated in a corner of the chimney, leaning back upon my seat as if asleep. My taciturnity and quiescence however, did not avail me, for one of these fellows coming over to the hearth to light his pipe, perceived me, and looking me very hard in the face, he said,

"What countryman are you brother, that you sit with a covered head in the room with the Prince's soldiers?" At the same time he tossed my hat off my head into the fire; I was not fool enough, though somewhat hot-blooded, to suffer the insolence of this fellow to involve me in a broil so dangerous to my person and ruinous to my schemes, as a riot with these soldiers must prove. I, therefore, quietly taking up my hat and shaking the ashes out of it observed,

"Sir, I crave your pardon if I have offended you; I am a stranger in these quarters, and a poor, ignorant, humble man, desiring only to drive my little trade in peace, so far as that may be done in these troublesome times."

"And what may your trade be?" said the same fellow.

"I am a travelling merchant," I replied, "and sell my wares as cheap as any trader in the country."

"Let us see them forthwith," said he, "mayhap I or my comrades may want something which you can supply, where is thy chest, friend? thou shalt have ready money," (winking at his companions) "ready money, and good weight, and sound metal, none of your rascally pinchbeck. Eh, my lads? Bring forth the goods and let us see."

Thus urged, I should have betrayed myself had I hesitated to do as required, and anxious upon any terms, to quiet these turbulent men of war, I unbuckled my pack and exhibited its contents upon the table before them.

"A pair of lace ruffles, by the Lord," said one, unceremoniously seizing upon the articles he named.

"A phial of perfume," continued another, tumbling over the farrago which I had submitted to them; "washballs, combs, stationary, slippers, small knives, tobacco, by ——; this merchant is a prize, mark me, honest fellow, the man who wrongs thee shall suffer, fore Gad he shall, thou shalt be fairly dealt with," (this he said while in the act of pocketing a small silver tobacco-box, the most valuable article in the lot,) "you shall come with me to head-quarters, the captain will deal with you, and never haggle about the price, I promise thee his good will, and thou wilt consider me accordingly—you'll find him a profitable customer, he has money without end, and throws it about like a gentleman—if so be as I tell thee I shall expect, and my comrades here, a piece or two in the way of a compliment—but of this anon—come then with us, buckle on thy pack, quickly friend."

There was no use in my declaring my willingness to deal with themselves in preference to their master, it was clear that they had resolved that I should, in the most expeditious and advantageous way, turn my goods into money, that they might excise upon me to the amount of their wishes. The worthy who had taken a lead in these arrangements, and who, by his stripes, I perceived to be a corporal, having insisted on my taking a dram with him to cement our newly formed friendship, for which, however, he requested me to pay, made me mount behind one of his comrades, and the party, of which I thus formed an unwilling member, moved at a slow trot towards the quarters of the troop. They reined up their horses at the head of the long bridge, which at this village spans the broad waters of the Shannon, connecting the opposite counties of Tipperary and Clare. A small tower built originally, no doubt, to protect and to defend this pass, occupied the near extremity of the bridge, and in its rear, but connected with it, stood several straggling buildings rather dilapidated. A dismounted trooper kept guard at the door, and my conductor having dismounted, as also the corporal, the latter inquired,

"Is the captain in his quarters?"

"He is," replied the sentinel.

And without more ado my companion shoved me into the entrance of the small dark tower, and opening a door at the extremity of the narrow chamber into which we had passed from the street, we entered a second room in which were seated some half dozen officers of various ranks and ages engaged in drinking, and smoking, and play; I glanced rapidly from man to man, and was nearly satisfied by my inspection, when one of the gentlemen whose back had been turned towards the place where I stood, suddenly changed his position and looked towards me; as soon as I saw his face, my heart sunk within me, and I knew that my life or death was balanced, as it were, upon a razor's edge—the name of this man whose unexpected appearance thus affected me was Hugh Oliver, and good and strong reason had I to dread him; for so bitterly did he hate me, that to this moment, I do verily believe he would have compassed my death if it lay in his power to do so, even at the hazard of his own life and soul; for I had been, though God knows, with many sore strugglings and at the stern call of public duty, the judge and condemner of his brother, and though the military law, which I was called upon to administer, would permit no other course or sentence than the bloody one which I was compelled to pursue, yet even to this hour the recollection of that deed is heavy at my breast. As soon as I saw this man I felt that my safety depended upon the accident of his not recognising me through the disguise which I had assumed, an accident against which were many chances, for he well knew my person and appearance.

It was too late, now, to destroy General Sarsefield's instructions, any attempt to do so would ensure detection; all then depended upon the cast of a die. When the first

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moment of dismay and heart-sickening agitation had passed, it seemed to me as if my mind acquired a collectedness and clearness more complete and intense than I had ever experienced before. I instantly perceived that he did not know me, for turning from me to the soldier with an air of indifference, he said—

"Is this a prisoner or a deserter? What have you brought him here for, sirra?"

"Your wisdom will regard him as you see fit, may it please you," said the corporal. "The man is a travelling merchant, and, overtaking him upon the road, close by old Dame MacDonagh's cot, I thought I might as well make a sort of prisoner of him, that your honour might use him as might appear most convenient; he has many commodities which are not unworthy of price in this wilderness, and some which you may condescend to make use of yourself. May he exhibit the goods he has for sale, a'nt please you?"

"Ay, let us see them," said he.

"Unbuckle your pack," exclaimed the corporal, with the same tone of command with which, at the head of his guard, he would have said, "recover your arms"—"unbuckle your pack, fellow, and show your goods to the captain—here where you are."

The conclusions of his directions was suggested by my endeavouring to move round in order to get my back towards the windows, hoping by keeping my face in the shade to escape detection. In this manœuvre, however, I was foiled by the imperiousness of the soldier, and inwardly cursing his ill-timed interference, I proceeded to present my merchandize to the loving contemplation of the officers who thronged around me, with a strong light from an opposite window full upon my face.

As I continued to traffic with these gentlemen, I observed, with no small anxiety, the eyes of Captain Oliver frequently fixed upon me with a kind of dubious inquiring gaze.

"I think, my honest fellow," he said at last, "that I have seen you somewhere before this. Have you often dealt with the military?"

"I have traded, sir," said I, "with the soldiery many a time, and always been honourably treated. Will your worship please to buy a pair of lace ruffles?—very cheap, your worship."

"Why do you wear your hair so much over your face, sir?" said Oliver, without noticing my suggestion. "I promise you, I think no good of thee; throw back your hair and let me see thee plainly. Hold up your face, and look straight at me; throw back your hair, sir."

I felt that all chance of escape was at an end; and stepping forward as near as the table would allow me to him, I raised my head, threw back my hair, and fixed my eyes sternly and boldly upon his face. I saw that he knew me instantly, for his countenance turned as pale as ashes with surprise and hatred; he started up, placing his hand instinctively upon his sword hilt, and glaring at me with a look so deadly, that I thought every moment he would strike his sword into my heart. He said in a kind of whisper, "Hardress Fitzgerald?"

"Yes," said I boldly, for the excitement of the scene had effectually stirred my blood, "Hardress Fitzgerald is before you. I know you well, Captain Oliver. I know how you hate me. I know how you thirst for my blood; but in a good cause, and in the hands of God, I defy you."

"You are a desperate villain, sir," said Captain Oliver; "a rebel and a murderer. Hollo, there, guard, seize him."

As the soldiers entered I threw my eyes hastily round the room, and observing a glowing fire upon the hearth, I suddenly drew General Sarsefield's packet from my bosom, and casting it upon the embers, planted my foot upon it.

"Secure the papers," shouted the Captain, and almost instantly I was laid prostrate and senseless upon the floor, by a blow from the butt of a carbine.

I cannot say how long I continued in a state of torpor: but at length, having slowly recovered my senses, I found myself lying, firmly handcuffed, upon the floor of a small chamber, through a narrow loop-hole in one of whose walls the evening sun was shining. I was chilled with cold and damp, and drenched in blood, which had flowed in large quantities from the wound on my head. By a strong effort I shook off the sick drowsiness which still hung upon me, and weak and giddy I rose with pain and difficulty to my feet. The chamber, or rather cell, in which I stood, was about eight feet square, and of a height very disproportioned to its other dimensions—its altitude from the floor to the ceiling being not less than twelve or fourteen feet. A narrow slit, placed high in the wall, admitted a scanty light, but sufficient to assure me that my prison contained nothing to render the sojourn of its tenant a whit less comfortless than my worst enemy could have wished. My first impulse was naturally to examine the security of the door—the loop-hole which I have mentioned being too high and too narrow to afford a chance of escape. I listened attentively to ascertain, if possible, whether or not a guard had been placed upon the outside. Not a sound was to be heard. I now placed my shoulder to the door, and sought with all my combined strength and weight to force it open; it, however, resisted all my efforts, and thus baffled in my appeal to mere animal power, exhausted and disheartened, I threw myself on the ground. It was not in my nature, however, long to submit to the apathy of despair, and in a few minutes I was on my feet again. With patient scrutiny I endeavoured to ascertain the nature of the fastenings which secured the door. The planks fortunately having been nailed together fresh, had shrunk considerably, so as to leave wide chinks between each and its neighbour. By means of these apertures, I saw that my dungeon was secured, not by a lock, as I had feared, but by a strong wooden bar, running horizontally across the door, about midway upon the outside.

"Now," thought I, "if I can but slip my fingers through the opening of the planks, I can easily remove the bar, and then——"

My attempts, however, were all frustrated by the manner in which my hands were fastened together, each embarrassing the other, and rendering my efforts so hopelessly clumsy, that I was obliged to give them over in despair. I turned with a sigh from my last hope, and began to pace my narrow prison floor, when my eye suddenly encountered an old rusty nail, or holdfast, sticking in the wall. All the gold of Plutus would not have been so welcome as that rusty piece of iron. I instantly wrung it from the wall, and inserting the point between the planks of the door into the bolt, and working it backwards and forwards, I had at length the unspeakable satisfaction to perceive that the beam was actually yielding to my efforts, and gradually sliding into its berth in the wall. I have often been engaged in struggles where great bodily strength was required, and every thew and sinew in the system taxed to the uttermost, but, strange as it may appear, I never was so completely exhausted and overcome by any labour as by this comparatively trifling task. Again and again was I obliged to desist, until my cramped finger-joints recovered their power; but, at length my perseverance was rewarded, for, little by little, I succeeded in removing the bolt so far as to allow the door to open sufficiently to permit me to pass. With some squeezing I succeeded in forcing my way into a small passage, upon which my prison door opened. This led into a chamber, somewhat more spacious than my cell, but still containing no furniture, and affording no means of escape to one so crippled with bonds as I was. At the far extremity of this room was a door which stood ajar, and, stealthily passing

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through it, I found myself in a room containing nothing but a few raw hides, which rendered the atmosphere nearly intolerable. Here I checked myself, for I heard voices in busy conversation in the next room. I stole softly to the door which separated the chamber in which I stood from that from which the voices proceeded. A moment served to convince me that any attempt upon it would be worse than fruitless, for it was secured upon the outside by a strong lock, besides two bars, all which I was enabled to ascertain by means of the same defect in the joining of the planks, which I have mentioned as belonging to the inner door. I had approached this door very softly, so that my proximity being wholly unsuspected by the speakers within, the conversation continued without interruption. Planting myself close to the door, I applied my eye to one of the chinks which separated the boards, and thus obtained a full view of the chamber and its occupants. It was the very apartment into which I had been first conducted; the outer door, which faced the one at which I stood, was closed, and at a small table were seated the only tenants of the room,—two officers, one of whom was Captain Oliver; the latter was reading a paper, which, I made no doubt, was the document with which I had been entrusted.

"The fellow deserves it, no doubt," said the junior officer. "But, methinks, considering our orders from head-quarters, you deal somewhat too hastily."

"Nephew, nephew," said Captain Oliver, "you mistake the tenor of our orders. We were directed to conciliate the peasantry by fair and gentle treatment, but not to suffer spies and traitors to escape. This packet is of some value, though not, in all its parts, intelligible to me. The bearer has made his way hither under a disguise, which, along with the other circumstances of his appearance here, is sufficient to convict him as a spy."

There was a pause here, and after a few minutes the younger officer said:

"Spy is a hard term, no doubt, uncle; but it is possible, nay, likely, that this poor devil sought merely to carry the parcel, with which he was charged, in safety to its destination. Pshaw! he is sufficiently punished if you duck him, for ten minutes or so, between the bridge and the mill-dam."

"Young man," said Oliver, somewhat sternly, "do not obtrude your advice where it is not called for,—this man for whom you plead, murdered your own father."

I could not see how this announcement affected the person to whom it was addressed, for his back was towards me; but I conjectured, easily, that my last poor chance was gone, for a long silence ensued. Captain Oliver at length resumed:

"I know the villain well; I know him capable of any crime; but, by —— his last card is played, and the game is up:—he shall not see the moon rise to-night."

There was here another pause;—Oliver rose, and going to the outer door, called:

"Hewson! Hewson!"

A grim-looking corporal entered.

"Hewson, have your guard ready at eight o'clock, with their carbines clean, and a round of ball-cartridge each. Keep them sober; and, further, plant two upright posts at the near end of the bridge, with a cross one at top, in the manner of a gibbet. See to these matters, Hewson: I shall be with you speedily."

The corporal made his salutations and retired. Oliver deliberately folded up the papers which I had been commissioned with, and placing them in the pocket of his vest, he said:

"Cunning, cunning Master Hardress Fitzgerald hath made a false step; the old fox is in the toils. Hardress Fitzgerald, Hardress Fitzgerald, I will blot you out."

He repeated these words several times, at the same time rubbing his finger strongly upon the table, as if he sought to erase a stain:

"*I will blot you out!*"

There was a kind of glee in his manner and expression which chilled my very heart.

"You shall be first shot like a dog, and then hanged like a dog:—shot to-night, and hung to-morrow; hung at the bridge-head; hung, until your bones drop asunder!"

It is impossible to describe the exultation with which he seemed to dwell upon, and to particularize, the fate which he intended for me. I observed, however, that his face was deadly pale, and felt assured that his conscience, and inward convictions, were struggling against his cruel resolve. Without further comment the two officers left the room—I suppose to oversee the preparations which were being made for the deed of which I was to be the victim. A chill, sick horror crept over me as they retired, and I felt, for the moment, upon the brink of swooning. This feeling, however, gradually gave place to a sensation still more terrible—a state of excitement so intense and tremendous as to border upon literal madness, supervened; my brain reeled and throbbed as if it would burst; thoughts the wildest and the most hideous flashed through my mind with a spontaneous rapidity that scared my very soul; while, all the time, I felt a strange and frightful impulse to burst into uncontrolled laughter. Gradually this fearful paroxysm passed away. I kneeled and prayed fervently, and felt comforted and assured; but still I could not view the slow approaches of certain death without an agitation little short of agony.

I have stood in battle many a time, when the chances of escape were fearfully small. I have confronted foemen in the deadly breach. I have marched, with a constant heart, against the cannon's mouth. Again and again has the beast which I bestrode been shot under me; again and again have I seen the comrades who walked beside me in an instant laid for ever in the dust. Again and again have I been in the thick of battle, and of its mortal dangers, and never felt my heart to shake, or a single nerve to tremble; but now, helpless, manacled, imprisoned, doomed, forced to watch the approaches of an inevitable fate; to wait, silent and moveless, while death as it were *crept* towards me, human nature was taxed to the uttermost to bear the horrible situation.

I returned again to the closet in which I had found myself upon recovering from the swoon.

The evening sunshine and twilight was fast melting into darkness, when I heard the outer door, that which communicated with the guard-room in which the officers had been amusing themselves, opened and locked again upon the inside. A measured step then approached, and the door of the wretched cell in which I lay being rudely pushed open, a soldier entered, who carried something in his hand, but, owing to the obscurity of the place, I could not see what.

"Art thou awake, fellow?" said he, in a gruff voice. "Stir thyself; get upon thy legs."

His orders were enforced by no very gentle application of his military boot.

"Friend," said I, rising with difficulty, "you need not insult a dying man. You have been sent hither to conduct me to death. Lead on! My trust is in God, that he will forgive me my sins, and receive my soul, redeemed by the blood of his Son."

There here intervened a pause of some length, at the end of which the soldier said, in the same gruff voice, but in a lower key:

"Look ye, comrade, it will be your own fault if you die this night. On one condition I promise to get you out of this hobble with a whole skin; but, if you go to any of your d——d gammon, by G—, before two hours are passed, you will have as many holes in your carcase as a target."

"Name your conditions," said I; "and if they consist with honour, I will never baulk at the offer."

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"Here they are: you are to be shot to-night, by Captain Oliver's orders; the carbines are cleaned for the job, and the cartridges served out to the men. By G— I tell you the truth."

Of this I needed not much persuasion, and intimated to the man my conviction that he spoke truth.

"Well, then," he continued, "now for the means of avoiding this ugly business. Captain Oliver rides this night to head-quarters, with the papers which you carried. Before he starts he will pay you a visit, to fish what he can out of you, with all the fine promises he can make. Humour him a little, and, when you find an opportunity, stab him in the throat above the cuirass."

"A feasible plan surely," said I, raising my shackled hands, "for a man thus completely crippled and without a weapon."

"I will manage all that presently for you," said the soldier; "when you have thus dealt with him, take his cloak and hat, and so forth, and put them on; the papers you will find in the pocket of his vest, in a red leather case; walk boldly out—I am appointed to ride with Captain Oliver, and you will find me holding his horse and my own by the door; mount quickly, and I will do the same, and then we will ride for our lives across the bridge. You will find the holster pistols loaded in case of pursuit, and with the devil's help, we shall reach Limerick without a hair hurt—my only condition is, that when you strike Oliver, you strike home, and again and again, until he is *finished* —and I trust to your honour to remember me when we reach the town."

I cannot say whether I resolved right or wrong, but I thought my situation, and the conduct of Captain Oliver, warranted me in acceding to the conditions propounded by my visitant, and with alacrity I told him so, and desired him to give me the power, as he had promised to do, of executing them. With speed and promptitude he drew a small key from his pocket, and in an instant the manacles were removed from my hands. How my heart bounded within me as my wrists were released from the iron gripe of the shackles—the first step towards freedom was made —my self-reliance returned, and I felt assured of success.

"Now for the weapon," said I.

"I fear me you will find it rather clumsy," said he, "but if well handled it will do as well as the best Toledo; it is the only thing I could get, but I sharpened it myself; it has an edge like a skean."

He placed in my hand the steel head of a halberd. Grasping it firmly, I found that it made, by no means a bad weapon in point of convenience, for it felt in the hand like a heavy dagger, the portion which formed the blade or point being crossed nearly at the lower extremity by a small bar of metal, at one side shaped into the form of an axe, and at the other into that of a hook—these two transverse appendages being muffled by the folds of my cravat, which I removed for the purpose, formed a perfect guard or hilt, and the lower extremity formed like a tube in which the pike handle had been inserted, afforded me ample space for the grasp of my hand—the point had been made as sharp as a needle, and the metal he assured me was good. Thus equipped he left me, having observed, "the captain sent me to bring you to your senses, and give you some water, that he might find you proper for his visit; here is the pitcher, I think I have revived you sufficiently for the captain's purpose." With a low savage laugh he left me to my reflections. Having examined and arranged the weapon, I carefully bound the ends of the cravat with which I had secured the cross part of the spear head, firmly round my wrist, so that in case of a struggle it might not easily be forced from my hand, and having made these precautionary dispositions, I sat down upon the ground with my back against the wall, and my hands together under my coat, awaiting my visiter. The time wore slowly on; the dusk became dimmer and dimmer, until it nearly bordered on total darkness. "How's this?" said I, inwardly, "Captain Oliver, you said I should not see the moon rise to-night; methinks you are somewhat tardy in fulfilling your prophecy." As I made this reflection, a noise at the outer door announced the entrance of a visitant. I knew that the decisive moment was come, and letting my head sink upon my breast, and assuring myself that my hands were concealed, I awaited, in the attitude of deep dejection, the approach of my foe and betrayer. As I had expected, Captain Oliver entered the room where I lay; he was equipped for instant duty, as far as the imperfect twilight would allow me to see; the long sword clanked upon the floor, as he made his way through the lobbies, which led to my place of confinement; his ample military cloak hung upon his arm—his cocked hat was upon his head, and in all points he was prepared for the road. This tallied exactly with what my strange informant had told me. I felt my heart swell and my breath come thick, as the awful moment which was to witness the death struggle of one or other of us approached. Captain Oliver stood within a yard or two of the place where I sat, or rather lay, and folding his arms he remained silent for a minute or two, as if arranging in his mind how he should address me.

"Hardress Fitzgerald," he began at length, "are you awake? stand up if you desire to hear of matters nearly touching your life or death; get up, I say."

I arose, doggedly, and affecting the awkward movements of one whose hands were bound.

"Well," said I, "what would you of me?—is it not enough that I am thus imprisoned, without a cause, and about, as I suspect, to suffer a most unjust and violent sentence, but must I also be disturbed during the few moments left me for reflection and repentance, by the presence of my persecutor. What do you want of me?"

"As to your punishment, sir," said he, "your own deserts have, no doubt, suggested the likelihood of it to your mind; but I now am with you to let you know, that whatever mitigation of your sentence you may look for, must be earned by your compliance with my orders. You must frankly and fully explain the contents of the packet which you endeavoured this day to destroy, and farther, you must tell all that you know of the designs of the popish rebels."

"And if I do this I am to expect a mitigation of my punishment—is it not so?"

Oliver bowed.

"And what is this mitigation to be? On the honour of a soldier, what is it to be?" inquired I.

"When you have made the disclosure required," he replied, "you shall hear; 'tis then time to talk of indulgences."

"Methinks it would then be too late," answered I, "but a chance is a chance, and a drowning man will catch at a straw. You are an honourable man, Captain Oliver; I must depend, I suppose, on your good faith. Well, sir, before I make the desired communication, I have one question more to put. What is to befal me, in case that I, remembering the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, reject your infamous terms, scorn your mitigations, and defy your utmost power."

"In that case," replied he coolly, "before half an hour you shall be a corpse."

"Then, God have mercy on your soul," said I, and springing forward, I dashed the weapon, which I held, at his throat. I missed my aim, but struck him full in the mouth with such force that most of his front teeth were dislodged, and the point of the spear-head passed out under his jaw, at the ear. My onset was so sudden and unexpected that he reeled back to the wall, and did not recover his equilibrium in time to prevent my dealing a second blow, which I did with my whole force; the point unfor-

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tunately struck the cuirass, near the neck, and glancing aside it inflicted but a flesh wound, tearing the skin and tendons along the throat. He now grappled with me, strange to say, without uttering any cry of alarm; being a very powerful man, and if any thing, rather heavier and more strongly built than I, he succeeded in drawing me with him to the ground. We fell together, with a heavy crash, tugging and straining in what we were both conscious was a mortal struggle; at length I succeeded in getting over him, and struck him twice more in the face; still he struggled with an energy which nothing but the tremendous stake at issue could have sustained. I succeeded again in inflicting several more wounds upon him, any one of which might have been mortal. While thus contending he clutched his hands about my throat, so firmly that I felt the blood swelling the veins of my temples and face almost to bursting. Again and again I struck the weapon deep into his face and throat, but life seemed to adhere in him with an almost *insect* tenacity. My sight now nearly failed, my senses almost forsook me, I felt upon the point of suffocation when, with one desperate effort, I struck him another and a last blow in the face. The weapon which I wielded had lighted upon the eye, and the point penetrated the brain; the body quivered under me, the deadly grasp relaxed, and Oliver lay upon the ground a corpse! As I arose and shook the weapon and the bloody cloth from my hand, the moon, which he had foretold I should never see rise, shone bright and broad into the room and disclosed, with ghastly distinctness, the mangled features of the dead soldier, the mouth full of clotting blood and broken teeth lay open—the eye, close by whose lid the fatal wound had been inflicted, was not, as might have been expected, bathed in blood, but had started forth nearly from the socket, and gave to the face, by its fearful unlikeliness to the other glazing orb, a leer more hideous and unearthly than fancy ever saw; the wig, with all its rich curls, had fallen with the hat to the floor, leaving the shorn head exposed, and in many places marked by the recent struggle—the rich lace cravat was drenched in blood, and the gay uniform in many places soiled with the same. It is hard to say with what feelings I looked upon the unsightly and revolting mass which had so lately been a living and a comely man. I had not any time, however, to spare for reflection; the deed was done—the responsibility was upon me, and all was registered in the book of that God who judges rightly.

With eager haste I removed from the body such of the military accoutrements as were necessary for the purpose of my disguise. I buckled on the sword, drew off the military boots, and donned them myself, placed the brigadier wig and cocked hat upon my head, threw on the cloak, drew it up about my face, and proceeded with the papers, which I found as the soldier had foretold me, and the key of the outer lobby, to the door of the guard room; this I opened, and with a firm and rapid tread walked through the officers, who rose as I entered, and passed without interruption to the street door. Here I was met by the grim-looking corporal, Hewson, who, saluting me, said, "How soon, Captain, shall the file be drawn out and the prisoner despatched?"

"In half an hour," I replied, without raising my voice.

The man again saluted, and in two steps I reached the soldier who held the two horses, as he had intimated.

"Is all right?" said he eagerly.

"Ay," said I, "which horse am I to mount?"

He satisfied me upon this point, and I threw myself into the saddle; the soldier mounted his horse, and dashing the spurs into the flanks of the animal which I bestrode, we thundered along the narrow bridge. At the far extremity a sentinel, as we approached, called out, "who goes there? stand and give the word." Heedless of the interruption, with my heart bounding with excitement, I dashed on, as did also the soldier who accompanied me.

"Stand, or I fire, give the word," cried the sentry.

"God save the king, and to hell with the prince," shouted I, flinging the cocked hat in his face as I galloped by.

The response was the sharp report of a carbine, accompanied by the whiz of a bullet, which passed directly between me and my comrade, now riding beside me.

"Hurrah!" I shouted, "try it again, my boy," and away we went at a gallop which bid fair to distance every thing like pursuit. Never was spur more needed, however, for soon the clatter of horses' hoofs, in full speed, crossing the bridge, came sharp and clear through the stillness of the night. Away we went, with our pursuers close behind; one mile was passed, another nearly completed; the moon now shone forth, and turning in the saddle I looked back upon the road we had passed. One trooper had headed the rest, and was within a hundred yards of us. I saw the fellow throw himself from his horse upon the ground. I knew his object, and said to my comrade, "lower your body—lie flat over the saddle, the fellow is going to fire." I had hardly spoken when the report of a carbine startled the echoes, and the ball striking the hind leg of my companion's horse, the poor animal fell headlong upon the road, throwing his rider head-foremost over the saddle. My first impulse was to stop and share whatever fate might await my comrade; but my second and wiser one was to spur on and save myself and my despatch. I rode on at a gallop, turning to observe my comrade's fate, I saw his pursuer, having remounted, ride rapidly up to him, and on reaching the spot where the man and horse lay, rein in and dismount. He was hardly upon the ground, when my companion shot him dead with one of the holster pistols which he had drawn from the pipe, and leaping nimbly over a ditch at the side of the road, he was soon lost among the ditches and thorn bushes which covered that part of the country. Another mile being passed I had the satisfaction to perceive that the pursuit was given over, and in an hour more I crossed Thomond bridge, and slept that night in the fortress of Limerick, having delivered the packet, the result of whose safe arrival was the destruction of William's great train of artillery, then upon its way to the besiegers.

Years after this adventure, I met in France a young officer, who I found had served in Captain Oliver's regiment, and he explained what I had never before understood—the motives of the man who had wrought my deliverance. Strange to say, he was the foster brother of Oliver, whom he thus devoted to death, but in revenge for the most grievous wrong which one man can inflict upon another!

From the United Service Journal.

PERSONAL ADVENTURE AND EXCURSION IN GEORGIA, CIRCASSIA, AND RUSSIA.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL O. POULETT CAMERON, K, T. S., ETC. EMPLOYED ON A SPECIAL SERVICE IN PERSIA.

It was during the month of June, 1838, when I had been upwards of three weeks at Piatigorsk,* the hot sul-

* Piatigorsk is a Russian word signifying the "Five Mountains," at the base of which the small town, with its garrison, and the hot wells are situated. The various mineral baths lie within a distance of fifty-five or sixty versts of each other. They consist of the hot sulphur, (the strongest, perhaps, in the world,) the iron, and the sour waters. Their position is in the undulating plains

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phur baths of the Caucasus, that I was invited by the hospitable Prince de G—— to join a picnic party he intended giving to several of the nobility assembled at the Wells, at a spot about fifteen versts from the town.

As this was the season when hostilities were in full and vigorous play with the mountaineers, the late sanguinary conflict at Adeler having so recently taken place, it was deemed advisable that the whole party should proceed together in a body; such a precaution at the present moment being doubly necessary, not merely from several prisoners having been made, and many cattle recently carried off, almost in the immediate neighbourhood, but from the circumstance of its having been officially notified, by the commanding officer of the station, that a picked body of Circassian horsemen had passed the Kouban, under one of their most daring and able chiefs, and warning strangers to be on their guard against wandering from the different posts without a sufficient escort.

It was a bright and glorious morning (such a morning as, perhaps, can alone be witnessed in the Caucasus) that our cavalcade assembled. Barouche, chariot, and drotsky, with every description of carriage, being mingled with groups of gaily dressed and superbly mounted equestrians, —the whole of which, surrounded by a strong party of Cossacks of the Line, whose striking and picturesque uniforms* and long lances glittering in the morning sun, gave additional splendour to the scene.

For myself,—but a few weeks (I may say days, previous) in the heart of Asia, and surrounded with beards, turbans, and flowing robes,—was it by magic that I was thus, all at once, apparently transported back to Paris, or Vienna! Such, indeed, seemed the illusion, though in a brighter and far sunnier clime,—the very appearance of our escort, in lieu of exciting ideas of danger, affording but additional excitement and animation to the glowing picture around: though the thoughts of all in that gay throng, among whom numbered some of the wealthiest and noblest of the Northern nobility, could not but revert to the gallant race at that moment struggling with desperate energy for (in their estimation) the first and most sacred of all earthly blessings—their mountain independence—as the wary and practised soldier carefully reconnoitered each copse and brake through which we passed, lest it should afford a cover from whence the mail-clad warriors of the Caucasus should rush upon their foe, or from whence their dreaded war-cry might issue.†

The custom of the day pours every species of scurrility and abuse upon the present Sovereign of Russia,—and upon what charge? His ambition,—and the licentiousness of the Western press heaps invective and malevolence upon one of whom they know nothing. Traverse this vast empire from one extremity to another, as I have done, and what is the universal character every where told, except by some discontented spirits, of this despotic tyrant?—as a man, as a father, as a sovereign, and, above all, as the stern and unflinching uprooter of those evils which ages of misrule have engendered in his government and country, and as the protector of the lower and middle classes of his subjects, whose condition every energy of his powerful mind is given to ameliorate and improve, and towards which he has done more than any monarch since the time of Peter the Great,—let but these questions be asked, and the same answer will be returned throughout. But the many would-be philanthropists exclaim—His ambition has blotted the name of ill-fated, unhappy Poland, from the map of nations, and now would exterminate the gallant tribes of the Caucasus, (in whose cause every generous soul must sympathize,—and all for the purpose of destroying the British commerce in the Black Sea, and rendering it a Russian lake, (which to all intents and purposes it *now* most assuredly is,)—overthrowing our oldest and most faithful ally, the Sultan, the only one who through good and bad invariably adhered to us, (and, par consequence, the one we have as often on every occasion deserted,) and rendering him the mere vassal of his arbitrary designs, (which nobody can doubt he at present is,) and overturning our commerce in Central Asia; which he very soon will, unless prevented by the energy, wisdom, and vigour of the Indian Government, so gloriously, so successfully, displayed in the recent expedition to Affghanistan; to which Power alone, I have heard foreigners of high rank and military standing remark, not merely England, but all Europe must turn, as the only check and barrier to Northern conquest and ambition.

Such are the leading points of accusation brought against the Emperor; and, admitting their correctness in every way to the fullest extent, who have the British nation to blame but themselves? In the Polish struggle, when that heroic people were struck down by their gigantic opponent, did the drunken toasts of lip-heroism and vituperative boasting, bellowed from the London taverns, or the scurrility, falsehood, and abuse, every where poured upon the Russian Sovereign and his nation, render them any assistance in their last struggle? Did it not rather serve to aggravate the feelings of hatred and bitterness which already subsisted between the vanquished and their successful foe? The same course of proceeding seems to have been adopted in the fierce conflict now raging in the Caucasus between the gallant mountaineers and their invaders,—but will it avail the former in their sacred contest for life, home, and liberty?

If the designs of Russia, or the ambition of its ruler, threaten danger to British interests, let it at once be avowed, and the storm met in a manner becoming England's glory. The British Lion *once* was wont to strike: erect, dignified, and openly, he met the assault of his foe, —the noblest feelings of generosity and chivalry mingling with his anger. Is our national character, then, so utterly sunk and degraded, that this system of pitiful and spiteful hostility is the only resource left? and which, wholly unproductive of any good whatever, in the event of a struggle between the two nations, (which is daily, it may be said hourly, drawing nearer,) will lend to the contest nought but all the virulence of private hatred, with the most malignant inveteracy. But enough,—the errors of successive administrations alone have placed Russia in her present threatening position: for who can blame her, that she took advantage of our incapacity and folly to forward those views of ambition which, transmitted as an heir-loom from the time of the accession of the house of Romanoff, her Cabinet has ever been actively and vigilantly on the watch to extend? or rather, it may be said, the ignorance of the people of England, united with their factious domestic brawling and party animosity, which, by checking and controlling her Government and rulers, has sacrificed the best interests of the kingdom, at the voice and command, or to the insane counsels, of insidious and unprincipled demagogues?

We bowled gaily and gallantly along, the time being enlivened by the mimic conflicts of our escort, whose dexterity in the management of their horses and arms was most admirable, and scarcely to be surpassed. A period

approaching the lesser range of mountains towards the Caucasus. This part of the country was almost the first occupied when the subjection of its hardy race was resolved upon by the Russian Cabinet, its open and defenceless position wholly precluding any attempt at resistance. Notwithstanding, however, it has been so long occupied, it is still subject to the daring assaults and inroads of the fierce tribes of the higher Caucasus, particularly the Abazeks.

* The Cossacks of the Line have adopted the arms, clothing, and accoutrements of their Circassian adversaries.

† The war-cry of the Circassian is an imitation, frightfully resembling the reality, of the jackal. I have heard Russian officers assert, that their most desperate onset never produced one-half the panic this fearful shout occasioned among the ranks of the soldiery, especially in an ambuscade.

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of rather less than two hours brought us to the scene of our intended festivity. A spot more singularly wild, picturesque, and beautiful it is impossible to imagine. It was a kind of glade, being one among many situated on an extent of turf, which, for smoothness and colour, seemed to rival the finest velvet, divided by one of the small, yet tempestuous and foaming, streams of the mountains. To our right rose the magnificent and majestic Elborooz, towering in the midst of its eternal snows, like some mighty despot in the midst of his satellites,—so comparatively insignificant, when placed in juxtaposition, appeared the lofty range of the Caucasus. The day, as I have previously observed, was strikingly clear and beautiful; and never, perhaps, had the gorgeous spectacle before us been seen to higher advantage than on the present occasion.

We here found a strong party of infantry drawn up, with the band of one of the regiments of the garrison, who, during the early dinner provided by the hospitality of the Prince, beguiled the time with some of the choicest pieces of Mozart, Weber, and Bellini. No sooner was our repast finished, than a gay and mirthful scene ensued,—the woods and valleys around echoing to the cheerful and lively strains of the dance, the waltz, and the mazurka.

I know not what feeling it was (but I well remembered it afterwards) that caused me, in the course of a quadrille, to glance around, and attentively observe the spectators. They consisted, apparently, entirely of our guards and escort, who, with pleased and animated countenances, were gazing on the dancers, with the exception of some few women and children, the families of the soldiery, and perhaps half a dozen persons wearing the rough clothing, and to outward appearance possessed of all the boorishness of Russian serfs.

It was late, and the moon had risen before our party separated, being much tired, yet infinitely more delighted with our excursion. As the night was uncommonly clear, and the caravan pace we should have been obliged to keep at, in the event of our returning in the same manner we came, was by no means to the taste of either my companion (Captain V—— of the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard) or myself, I proposed our at once proceeding onward,—to which on his readily acquiescing, I directed the coachman to push on, who, accordingly, had whipped his horses into a gallop, when the officer commanding the escort called to him to stop.

This gentleman, on approaching the carriage, remonstrated, in the strongest terms, upon our proceeding alone, when parties of the mountaineers were known to be hovering near. We thanked him for his consideration and politeness, but informing him, as we mustered six persons, well armed, (my two Persian domestics being in the rumble behind, with my friend's valet, in addition to the coachman and ourselves,) we had not the least apprehension, he very reluctantly allowed us to proceed on our way to the town, where we arrived without the slightest accident,—although, at a turning in the road, as we came full upon it, we could not forbear detaining the carriage eight or ten minutes, to gaze once more upon the old patriarch, Elborooz, shining in the clear moonlight, his whole appearance being rendered, if possible, more majestic and imposing at this time than by day.

The principal of the five mountains from which the town of Piatigorsk takes its name, is the "Maschouka,"—about five-and-twenty or thirty yards up the ascent of which is the mouth of a gouffre, or cavern, possessed of a reputation by no means the most favourable with the whole of the neighbouring population, whether Russian, Circassian, Cossack, or Tartar, it being known by the ominous cognomen of the "Sheitan Munzilee," a word in the latter language signifying the Devil's abode. Several of my Russian friends had long thought of the possibility of exploring it; and it was at length proposed by Captain V—— (whom I have already alluded to) to the Count de L——, a nobleman of illustrious family, an officer of chasseurs, and myself, to make the attempt. Accordingly, having devoted some days for the purpose of more minutely surveying the gouffre, and making the requisite arrangements, on the 27th July, the latter being completed, we resolved to undertake the adventure, and, accompanied by the Prince de G——, and several other friends, proceeded to the spot.

The entrance of the cavern formed a circumference of about fifty feet, while its perpendicular descent, we were afterwards led to believe, varying from three hundred to three hundred and twenty, and occasionally narrowing and increasing in width, offered no impediment in its course downwards to the bottom, which we could observe formed a sheet of water apparently covering the whole. Having constructed a platform on the edge, surmounted with two thick poles with a traverse beam, a strong coil of rope was rove through a pulley in the centre of the latter, to the end of which was attached a stick, which, placed between the legs, would form a support in the descent.

In some measure to ascertain the depth of the water, we disengaged a heavy fragment of rock, and let it fall,—a heavy, sullen plunge succeeded, evidently betokening the water to be of some depth. We now commenced our preparations, and having cast lots to decide who should commence, it fell upon Count de L——. To guard against the possibility of our meeting any troublesome occupants, who might be disposed to resent this sudden and unexpected invasion of their subterranean abode, each took the precaution of being provided with pistols, and the formidable Circassian kummur,* or short sword.

All being ready, a small but strong raft, with a couple of paddles, was lowered down, and the Count taking a pistol from his belt to be held in readiness quickly followed; it was a nervous spectacle, but after some minutes of suspense, we had the satisfaction of seeing the gallant nobleman reach the platform in safety.

It was now my turn,—I had commenced the descent, and was about a third of the way down, when an incident occurred which had well nigh left me the task of adorning instead of telling a tale, and which arose from one of the three Russian soldiers who had charge of the rope venturing to look over the ledge, when, terrified at the fancied peril of my situation, or rendered giddy by gazing from the height, he fell back upon his companions, to whom he appeared to communicate his own terrors, when they all at once let slip the rope, which spun through the block with tremendous velocity. I shouted at the utmost pitch of my voice, but fortunately my friend V—— perceived the danger, and springing forward, seized hold of the cord, and by his voice and example brought the men to their senses. I was thus fortunately enabled to reach the bottom in safety.

It required but two minutes, as soon as we could distinctly discern what was around us, to perceive that our adventure scarce repaid the risk we had encountered, and was here terminated; as, on being joined by V——, and having ferried round the entire circumference, no further signs of any outlet appeared visible, the sides being a mass of solid rock, while the only inhabitants were a myriad of bats, and some half a dozen owls, the latter of whom

* The Circassians carry two swords, the one, a long straight sabre, being much the same description of blade as that carried in our regiments of light cavalry, and is chiefly used when on horseback; the other, in length, make, and breadth, closely resembling the old Roman sword, which, indeed, many antiquaries suppose to be altogether the same. The last is slung in their girdle towards the left side, and in their close conflicts with the Russian infantry, is the weapon most particularly dreaded, from the dexterity with which it is wielded, one single stroke sufficing in general to sever the limb it encounters, while from the stab it inflicts recovery is almost utterly hopeless.

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seemed to view our unexpected intrusion with a mingled air of offended dignity and indignation. The water was as bright and clear as crystal, and seemed so equally impregnated with sulphur and salt, that neither of us could determine which of these minerals seemed most to predominate.

After passing about a quarter of an hour in our subterranean abode, we made the signal to be drawn up; and thus terminated our adventure, the news of which, I know not why, but, in all probability, from the exaggerated description of the dangers attending it, caused a considerable sensation among all classes at the time; so much so, that on its reaching the ears of the commander-in-chief, the considerate and highly distinguished General Grabbè, to guard against any other person attempting it a second time, he sent peremptory orders for all our apparatus for effecting it to be destroyed, and forbidding any similar construction for such a purpose in future.

Twelve versts* to the northwest of Piatigorsk is an excessively steep, but considering the average height of the Caucasus, not a very high mountain, to which also, from reasons I never could clearly understand, is attached by the country people a feeling at once partaking both of dread and veneration. It is known to all classes by the name of the "Serpent's Mountain," though from what or whence the term is derived appears utterly unknown; the legend most generally prevalent, however, being, that it was formerly filled with these noxious reptiles, till expelled by some celebrated saint, but of what persuasion, whether Christian, Mahometan, or Pagan, does not appear.

Previous to my arrival, it was generally believed that the foot of mortal being had seldom, if ever, previously trod its summit; and I cannot say whether it was this circumstance or not, which caused a resolve on the part of my two friends and myself, to explore it. Accordingly, on the morning of the 4th of August, we determined to try the experiment; and to have a long day before us for the purpose of doing so, determined to proceed to the German Colony† on the evening of the third, for the purpose of sleeping there, this place being only four versts distant from the foot of the mountain.

Unfortunately, within a few hours of starting, V—— was seized with a dizziness in the head, for which he was then under treatment at the baths, in consequence of which Count L—— and myself were obliged to set out alone. My companion had already engaged a trusty guide, a Circassian of the Apkhazie, (who had already previously accompanied him in several of his sporting excursions,) and two Nogais Tartars to accompany us, under whose superintendence we deemed it the most prudent course to proceed without escort, since both of us had long since been well convinced, that while solitary travellers, or persons accompanied by large convoys, generally moved in safety,‡ others who proceeded with smaller ones were invariably attacked.

We reached the colony without any accident, and the following morning, about four o'clock, rose and proceeded on our enterprise. We found the ascent fatiguing enough, as we had anticipated; but if we experienced this at the commencement, we soon found it was child's-play to that which awaited us as we approached the summit, the height appearing greater, and far more difficult as each step brought us nearer to it. At length, half-dead with fatigue, after nearly four hours' constant exertion, when about three-fourths of our task had been completed, we found ourselves brought to a stand-still on a species of platform, at the foot of what appeared an absolutely perpendicular face of rock, reaching, if not the whole way, most certainly a considerable portion of what remained of the distance yet to be accomplished.

Having rested ourselves, we proceeded to reconnoitre the possibility of our advancing further. A minute's glance sufficed to convince us there was but one method. The thick, high grass through which we had waded on our route up afforded a sufficiently strong hold to cling to, and our guide and myself at once declared, that by this mode only, therefore, and trusting to our nerves and sinews, must our ascent be accomplished.

The Nogais Tartars, and even the Count himself, were a little startled, and somewhat demurred as to this mode of proceeding; which, as the latter laughingly observed, however ordinary and indifferent to mountain cats, Highlanders, Circassians, and other wild animals, was any thing but such a commonplace affair to himself and our other two attendants, who had passed almost the whole of their lives on horseback in the plains.

Convinced, however, that no other resource was left, unless the undertaking was altogether abandoned, he acquiesced, and we again resumed our labours. We had not, however, proceeded more than a hundred yards, before first one, and then the other, of the Nogais paused, and then quietly slid down upon the platform again. We continued our route; and, after a considerable time, with every limb strained to the utmost, (which they long after remembered,) and not a few bruises, our arms half hauled off, and repeatedly being like Mahomet's coffin swinging between heaven and earth, we at length reached a spot from whence we were enabled to make an easy walk to the summit, where we fairly sunk down, quite exhausted.

The view was not, after those I had previously seen, particularly remarkable for either magnificence or beauty; it however commanded a full prospect of the rich valleys and fertile fields of the German colony, and one or two Tartar villages in which the women and children were busily employed in gathering in the harvest.

After half an hour's rest, and having written our names with the day of the month, and year, in an excavation of the rock extending about three feet inward, and sufficiently large to have proved a valuable shelter for us, had we been caught in any of the mountain mists, we commenced our descent; and having again rested on the platform, and picked up our Tartar allies, continued our downward route, and reached the base of the mountain at about half-past three in the afternoon. Here we found our horses under the care of the boy in whose charge we had left them, cropping the rich pasture around, on the borders of a field in which three old men and two boys were employed in gathering in the corn; one of whom, with the Count and the two Nogais, proceeded to the village a few yards distant, for the purpose of procuring some bread and milk, as, having eaten nothing since four in the morning, it may easily be supposed after so much exertion, we were all somewhat faint, as well from hunger as fatigue.

My companion had scarcely quitted me, and I had thrown myself at full length on the turf, when I was aroused by a singular circumstance, which consisted in the sudden and unexpected appearance of a young man: at the sight of whom, the whole party, with the exception of

* A verst is about three quarters of a mile.

† Throughout the whole of the Caucasian Provinces are colonies of Germans, possessed by Imperial Ukase of considerable privileges, they are chiefly agriculturists, and are in general, sober, orderly, and well-conducted communities.

‡ Too much security, however, is never felt, even with the largest force, as in the year 1836, the guard escorting the post between Vladicaucase and Catherinagrade, (the high road between Southern Russia and the Caucasian provinces,) and composed of two squadrons of Cossacks, a battalion of infantry, and four guns, was attacked, when a sanguinary conflict took place, in which, though the mountaineers were ultimately beaten off, they retreated with comparatively trifling loss, having not only severely handled their adversaries, but carried off a considerable booty and many prisoners. A Mr. S——, a German traveller, whom I met at Teflis, who also on one occasion was placed in the latter-mentioned unpleasant predicament, informed us that he was captured to the northward of Stavropool, the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief on the Kouban, and no great distance from the native frontier of Russia itself.

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myself, sprang to their feet, with feelings of the deepest respect, though strongly mingled with terror, visibly depicted in their countenances. Whoever he was, it was very evident he was not prepared to meet *me*, for on the instant he plunged his hand into the loose camel's hair riding-cloak that enfolded his person, an example that I lost no time in following; for, sooth to say, however convenient it may have been to *appear* unarmed, I by no means liked the idea of the reality, accordingly in a belt under my coat lay quietly deposited my trusty kummur, and pistols.

Whatever may have been the intentions of the new comer, he suddenly checked himself; and, glancing his large, full, stern eye upon me, he addressed my Circassian guide in a language I had never previously heard, and which I imagined to be one of the mountain dialects of the Caucasus, since my acquaintance with the Tartar-Turkish, made me aware it was not that of the Nogais.

The mountaineer replied, in what appeared to be a respectful and deprecating manner; when, in the course of a conversation of two or three minutes' duration which ensued between them, during which I could only distinguish repeated mention of the word "Iugliz, Iugliz," I had an opportunity of fully and narrowly observing the person who had thus made such an apparently uneasy addition to our society, and whose appearance and bearing towards myself were certainly not of a nature to cause me to relax my hold of the pistol I still grasped, while I kept my attention vigilantly employed upon his slightest movement.

He appeared, as far as I could judge, to be about seven or eight and twenty, rather tall, and though his figure was slight and elegant in the extreme, it required but a single glance only to be aware that it was at the same time as muscular and active as a panther's. His countenance struck me as the handsomest I had ever met with, even in that land of beauty, and nobility of form;—it was dark, and deeply embrowned by habitual exercise and constant exposure to the sun and all weathers; but the features, in the finest line of Grecian sculpture, rivalled the choicest busts of antiquity in their classic outline and expressive character; his large, lustrous, dark eye, never once withdrawn from the fixed gaze with which he had regarded me from the first, gleamed with a fierceness almost approaching to ferocity, but gradually subsided as his dialogue with his countryman continued.

As he continued his conference, his countenance cleared, and he advanced toward me. "Gorkmah,"* he said, addressing me in Turkish, in a bold, confident, and manly tone, for hardly knowing what would be the result of his movement, my hand instinctively half drew out and disclosed the butt of the pistol; but his voice and manner at once caused me to discard all distrust, and half ashamed to put it back.

"You are," he continued, frankly extending his hand, "the English officer of whom I have heard so much: and," he added, looking towards the mountain, "as if the adventure of the Sheitan Munzilee were not enough, you have again been busy in establishing the reputation of your countrymen, who, where they cannot succeed in either breaking the bones of their neighbours or themselves in an ordinary manner, seek every fitting opportunity of jeopardizing their own necks; considerately inviting any who feel similarly inclined to follow so laudable an example. I did not at first recognise you," he continued, in the same tone of raillery, "in that costume, (an English shooting dress,) and must confess you appeared to much higher advantage in that brilliant uniform when, at the Prince de G——'s party in the forest, you were so deeply engaged with the beautiful Emmeline de V——."

Though disposed to return an angry reply to these sarcastic remarks, I could not help starting at their conclusion; for the recollection flashed upon me at once how minutely and attentively I had on that occasion regarded the spectators around us, while standing by the side of the lady whose name he had mentioned, and yet this very being before me, whose countenance I had never previously beheld, (for once seen, it was not likely to be forgotten,) and who, I was impressed with the conviction, entertained no very friendly disposition towards the Russian authorities, must not only have been on the spot, but in the very midst of the hostile soldiery, during the event he alluded to.

The mountaineer seemed to guess, and to enjoy, the feelings of perplexity and wonder which possessed me.

"Is it not singular," he continued in the same sarcastic manner, "that the Muscovite and the Englishman, whom the world describe as the bitterest, though as yet unavowed, enemies of each other, should here be found in the closest bond of union and friendship?"

I replied, coldly, that our nations were not at war, and that even if they were, and the contest assumed the appearance of being the most sanguinary the world had ever witnessed, even then, it would not uproot the feelings of esteem which individuals of each nation might entertain for the other.

"'Tis well," he said, while his tone changed to one of frank cordiality; "but let me at parting caution you on one point;—beware, in future, how you stir beyond the Russian outposts; the neighbourhood is not a safe one, and you may venture *once too often*." In saying these words, he disappeared.

He had scarcely quitted us before the Count returned, to whom our guide hastily communicated, (in the Russian language,) what I conjectured to be an account of what had passed. He appeared in the first instance to be perfectly incredulous, and then a good deal startled when he had heard from me a statement corroborative of what had occurred. He perhaps had some cause for apprehension, being an active and distinguished officer, who had on more than one occasion signalized himself in the mountain campaigns of the Caucasus.

We reached Piatigorsk in the evening; the Count observing to me on parting, in what I thought was a somewhat significant manner, that our adventure had been well and fortunately accomplished. Whether there was more in this than met the ear, is left to the reader's imagination; perhaps after what I have related, he will agree with me, and think there was; at least this impression was not lessened, when we heard, on our return, that official information had been forwarded to the commandant, apprising him that the body of Circassian cavalry, whom I have already mentioned, as having, under one of their most enterprising and able chiefs, passed the Kouban, had already surprised and cut off several of the advanced posts.

The next morning found me so extremely stiff in all my limbs, but more particularly in the arms, that I could scarcely move; nor was it till several days afterwards that, by the use of the hot baths, I got rid of this disagreeable sequence to our mountain adventure.

It was towards the middle of August that I took my departure for the Sour Waters at Kislavosk. As I shall, in another paper, more particularly describe the whole of the different Baths of the Caucasus, I shall very casually revert to them here, and only then in instances where any descriptive passage is requisite for the elucidation of any points of the narrative that may require it. Our party was here joined by three other officers of the guard, who were serving as volunteers in the army of the Caucasus,*

* Fear not.

* Several of the younger officers of the Imperial Guard are annually sent from St. Petersburg to serve the spring and summer campaigns in the Caucasus, for the purpose of acquiring military experience.

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my first acquaintance with one of whom, since it has subsequently ripened into intimacy, not only with himself, but the whole of his family, I may here relate, since it was somewhat amusing from its singularity.

He wore the uniform of the Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, but the bluff, red, good-looking countenance, perfectly English manner and bearing, and above all, his fluency of language, not only free from the slightest foreign accent, but partaking somewhat of a broad Yorkshire dialect, all struck me with so much astonishment, that I involuntarily exclaimed,—"What the devil, are you an Englishman?"—He laughed as he replied, he could not claim that honour further than the possession of the language, together with a devoted attachment to Old England, and every thing belonging to her. His name was L——i, he was of a noble Russian family, and had, he informed me, been educated under an English clergyman, though, from the circumstance of his nurse having been from the north, he had never wholly got rid of the accent he had acquired from her when a child.

A few days after my arrival, a party of ten or twelve of us were out enjoying the pleasures of the chase, and carried away by the ardour of the sport, we felt but little disposed to listen to the remonstrances of one or two of the more prudent among our number, who more than once reminded us we had got far beyond the Russian line, and were full ten or twelve versts in the enemy's country. On we went, however, scampering through the rich valleys, and up and down the various hills, till after several hours, our horses being pretty well jaded, and ourselves rendered extremely hungry, we halted for some time at a small grove, on the brow of a hill, commanding an extensive view of the superb scenery in our front, which, occasionally broken in upon by knots of trees, and rising, undulating mounds, seemed one continued carpet of green verdure.

In the course of half an hour some of the party were again mounted, others were engaged in tightening their girths, while some had not even yet finished the more important duties in which their masticatory organs were still employed, when two or three of the former, who had ridden half-way down, and were gazing on the scene before them, all at once wheeled their horses round, and with considerable dismay painted in their countenances, and calling out, *au grand galop, les montagnards*, darted down the opposite side of the hill, in which they were quickly followed by all the rest, with the exception of L——i and myself, the delay on my part being occasioned, in the first place, by my very imperfectly understanding what had been the cause of this sudden confusion; and again, being at the same moment occupied in arranging the saddle girths, while the attention of my companion was more seriously bent upon a large sandwich, and a pint bottle of Champagne, in the diligent discussion of which he was employed at the time.

Our delay seemed to cause considerable impatience, and not a few execrations on the part of our companions, who, of course, could not leave us behind, and one of whom, a short, stout, corpulent, elderly gentleman, immediately rode back, and darting an angry glance at me, bitterly reproached my companion for his hair-brained folly, in thus hazarding the lives of the whole party by his dilatory supineness. We, however, soon mounted, and on rejoining the party, and inquiring into the cause of this sudden confusion, were at once informed, that about three or four hundred yards immediately in our front, twelve or fifteen men were observed stealthfully gliding from one cluster of underwood to another.

All were now turned for instant flight, when raising my voice, I pointed out the consequences of such an ill-advised measure, since, if the persons who had been seen possessed any hostile intention, they would soon overtake us, their horses being much fresher than ours, and their numbers, in all probability, ten times as numerous; that from the greater part of us wearing the costume of the country, it was impossible, at that distance, for them to have ascertained whether we were a party of Cossacks of the Line, or a detachment from their own body, but that the slightest signs of flight on our part, would at once determine our real character, and give the signal for an immediate pursuit. I further suggested, that our best course of proceeding would be to descend to the valley at the foot of the hill, which, by an even, though circuitous course, led direct to the town and post of Kislavosk, and which would sometimes expose us to, but more generally exclude us from, the view of our opponents, between whom and ourselves, by moving along at a slow trot, we should then place some distance, without blowing our horses, should they feel inclined to pursue; till, having fairly got a good start, and successive hills having wholly closed all sight of us from those in our rear, we could then ply whip and spur, and try who could soonest verify the old proverb of, "devil take the hindmost."

This advice, which was warmly seconded by L——i, and several others, was finally agreed to, and we commenced our retreat, not without sundry misgivings, and frequent turnings of the head over the shoulder from the whole party; when, having gained our vantage ground without any pursuit or molestation, off we started, flying like the wind, keeping, as the old saying has it, "one spur in, and the other never out;" the whole bringing most forcibly to my remembrance, an exactly similar scene that had occurred once in life to me before, in which a part of the force I belonged to, having succeeded in getting into an ambuscade, those possessed of swift horses, strong arms, and good luck, succeeded in clearing their way through, the survivors merely leaving three-fourths of their original number behind them.

Better fortune, however, attended us this time, as we reached Kislavosk without the slightest danger, except what resulted from the various mountain streams which crossed us in our flight, and which, in some places of great depth, and running with extreme violence, were not passed without some hazard, though so admirably trained were our gallant chargers, that no other inconvenience was the result, than an occasional cold bath to our lower extremities, reaching, however, at times up to the breast.

On arriving at the advanced picquets, we were surprised to find a small party of Circassians, consisting of four men and two boys, who were placed under custody of the sentry. In answer to our inquiries, the non-commissioned officer commanding stated that the strictest orders had arrived only an hour before from the commandant, directing that all persons or parties arriving from the interior should on no account be allowed to pass beyond the outposts, but detained there till the following morning. We exchanged glances at this information, and at L——i's suggestion, I questioned the detenus, who, with apparently the utmost coolness and indifference, stood regarding us.

The oldest, in reply, informed me that they were men of peace, and had merely come to Kislavosk for the purpose of making arrangements regarding the sale of some cattle. This was said quietly and carelessly, with an air partaking either of confidence in its truth, or of defiance as to any proof being adduced to the contrary; there was, however, it struck me at the time, a slight, *very* slight, sardonic expression lurking in the fine well-schooled features of his companions, as if in derision of his pacific avowal.

We passed on, some impression being made by this incident on the minds of two or three of our party, (myself among the number,) who had previously expressed some sceptical and sarcastic remarks as to the reality of the danger from which we had so recently retreated, it being very clear from what we had just witnessed, that the com-

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manding officer of the station had received information of some troublesome persons being in the neighbourhood.

There was a grand ball to take place this evening: from the house in which I lodged a foot-path led to the shrubbery, which surrounded the assembly-rooms where it was held. The night was dark in the extreme, so much so in fact, that it was barely possible to see a yard before me; however, I had traversed the route in question so often, that with the blaze of light in the rooms before me as a guide, I could not well diverge from it.

I was within a short distance of the plantation, when all at once I was surprised, and certainly a good deal startled, by hearing, almost close to me, "Who goes there?"

It was not the usual prompt, sharp, and ringing challenge of the sentinel, but that tone of voice so difficult to describe, though so well understood, which heralds an ambuscade, night attack, or other service of a secret nature. Deeply and intently I endeavoured to pierce into the murky veil which every where surrounded me, and, rendered familiar with the darkness, I at length distinctly made out, not half a dozen yards from the spot where I stood, the dim outline of the figure of a Russian soldier, of whose near proximity I was not aware till that instant, and from whom the challenge issued. I made the requisite answer, and passed on; not without considerable surprise, mingled with some slight degree of anxiety at this unexpected phenomenon, which was by no means decreased on hearing on either side, at some little distance, a low murmuring sound gradually rising and falling, which a practised ear would have at once distinguished as the gathering in secrecy and silence of a large body of disciplined men.

On entering the ball-room, I could not help observing that the features of the Commandant, Colonel P——, (a German, on whose usually calm and imperturbable face I had previously supposed nothing but the shock of an absolute earthquake under his feet would have produced the slightest impression,) appeared to wear an expression of doubt and thoughtful anxiety, which gave a triple proportion of gravity to his solemn countenance.

The ball, however, proceeded merrily, the waltz, the galoppe, and the graceful mazurka following each other in rapid succession.

It was after a turn in the former that I was standing with my partner at one of the half-open windows, leading out upon the balcony, when gazing upwards at the few stars which now glimmering in the heavens made it apparent the darkness was about to subside, I suddenly felt a pressure on the arm, followed by the half-startled exclamation of "Grand Dieu,—qu'est ce que c'est que cela?—ecoutez?"

"Ce n'est rien," I replied carelessly, "encore un tour." On the completion of which, however, having handed my partner to her seat, I glanced once more at the Commandant, being firmly convinced that if ever in the course of my life I had heard the rumbling of artillery, it had been a few minutes previous, which, coupled with what I had already witnessed, led me to believe that the present drama stood some chance of being brought to a bloody termination, for which it was now but too evidently apparent every preparation had been made! At the time my attention was again turned upon Colonel P——, he was, accompanied by his Adjutant, about re-entering the ball-room, from which he had been for a moment absent, the expression of anxiety which had previously marked his features having disappeared, and it struck me (for I was not near enough to say with certainty) that he seemed to heave a long and deep-drawn breath, as of a person delivered from a heavy and painful burthen.

It was nearly an hour past midnight: the ladies having partaken of the light refection usually served at the termination of a fête, had all withdrawn, and the others were about to follow the example, previous to the final breaking-up of the party, when I stepped forward once more to the balcony, and there at once beheld, as if by a stroke of magic, a full confirmation of all my suspicions!

What a magnificent,—what a glorious scene!—The darkness had wholly and entirely disappeared, and in its place the blue firmament of heaven (of which those who have traversed the Isles of Greece in the summer season can form a good conception) glittered with a myriad of stars, and with the moon blazing in a splendour which rendered the light almost equivalent to that of day, fell upon the bright and bristling array of a forest of lances and bayonets, which glistened in its beams, extended in circles, so as to cover every approach to the place! The Cossack, wrapt in his cloak, lay at the head of his horse, which, ready saddled and bridled, stood picqueted by his lance; the infantry, in companies, slept extended in their ranks, with their arms piled in line before them; while the artillerymen were stretched beside their guns, save the few who, with lighted matches, stood prepared to act on the instant!

While still gazing upon, and admiring, the brilliant spectacle before me, I was suddenly roused by hearing my name shouted in a dozen voices from the supper-room, on entering which I received the ironical congratulations of all my friends on my approaching *debut* as the soldier of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, since whatever *might* have been my choice of either of the belligerent powers, I had at the present moment no option from being with them.

It appeared that early in the morning information had been conveyed to the Commanding Officer that the body of Circassians who had passed the Kouban, had resolved upon an attack that night upon the place, and warned him to be prepared. The notice was short, and time pressed; the garrison consisted of only one weak battalion and a party of Cossacks; accordingly the most pressing requisitions were sent to the neighbouring post for reinforcements. Unwilling to alarm the ladies, and aware that the assault, if it did take place, would not occur till towards morning, the Commandant deemed it the most advisable, to keep the intelligence confined to himself and his Adjutant till after their departure, when he communicated to those present what was likely to occur.

This intelligence, as may naturally be supposed, caused some sensation among us all, though the almost universal opinion was it would terminate in nothing, since the mountaineers were too wily to hazard an attack where the chances were so much against them, the more especially with the terrible remembrance before them of their previous assault upon this place;* and would be made aware on their approach, by some of their secret friends, of the formidable force which awaited them, from the reinforcements which had poured in from all sides.

It was towards three o'clock; our party had broke up, and we were mingled in different parts of the ranks, when a low bubbling noise came upon the ear,—it ceased, but was again distinctly heard, and at length gradually increased, till, although still at some distance, a practised ear could distinguish the rushing sound of a body of horse advancing at speed. I listened, with attention stretched to the utmost, till I believe I could with distinctness have heard the sound of a leaf stirring, when the silence of the night was at once broken in upon by the long roll of the drum, answered by the calls of the trumpet and bugle, and

* In the year 1835 an attack was made upon Kislavosk by the Circassians, for the purpose of carrying off a large quantity of cattle at that time there; but the assailants being composed of a very small number, and wholly of cavalry, were beaten off with considerable slaughter, men and horse being alike mowed down by a murderous cross fire of grape and canister from the guns of the fort, and the musketry of the infantry who lined the houses of the town.

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in less than five minutes the serrated ranks stood prepared, steady, but almost with the same stillness as before.

A quarter of an hour elapsed,—the noise had ceased, and we could see the lance-blades of the Cossack videttes glittering in the moonlight, as they sat motionless in their saddles, in the track from whence our assailants were expected.

Some further time passed, and at length the nearest half squadron to the main road, throwing out its skirmishers, advanced along it at a brisk trot, several of us spurring to the front, and following it. After a ride of three versts, we were brought to a dead halt; for there, full in our front, stood a massive dense column of horsemen, not three hundred yards distant, a little detached from whom, and somewhat again in advance, were a group of eight or ten persons, (one conspicuous among the rest,) whose gleaming helmets and coats of mail flashed with a brilliant radiance in the bright moonlight beams, while, in apparently deep and earnest conversation with them, were several persons on foot, imparting, we felt at once convinced, every information regarding our movements.

The individual who by his air and manner seemed the leader of the band, on our halting, suddenly put his gallant horse in motion, and rode singly toward us, his immediate followers, however, almost directly imitating his example, though at a walk only, apparently as if to be in readiness to support him should occasion require.

At once a rush and a whirr were heard from the rear of our party, the herald of half a dozen rockets, which flew into the air, and, with the accompaniment of a couple of blue-lights, cast a perfect glare of light over the whole scene!

The Circassian chieftain advanced, halted, and then again moving his horse from one point to another, seemed earnestly and attentively to regard our ranks and numbers. He was so near that any Cossack of the party might have shot him—a result, I will freely confess, I sat shivering with anxiety, expecting every moment to see. Suddenly he turned and rejoined his men on the spur; when, almost immediately afterwards, the persons I have previously mentioned as having stood near him on foot, plunged into the neighbouring bushes and disappeared; while the whole column wheeled about, and slowly and leisurely cantered away.

We gazed after them as they departed, my whole attention never for one instant withdrawn from their chief, in whose person I felt convinced I once more beheld the haughty and imperious, yet noble and chivalrous bearing of—my Friend of the Mountain!

From the Asiatic Journal.

THE CAMPAIGN IN AFFGHANISTAN.*

Major Outram has gained the start of several historiographers of the late campaign in Affghanistan, who are actively engaged in preparing accounts of the operations of the Army of the Indus, which have shed such lustre upon the Anglo-Indian arms. Major Outram was not only an eye-witness of what he writes, but *pars magna* of some of the important events of the war. Still, however, his little work is calculated rather to excite than to satiate public curiosity. It is a copy of his journal, printed for the perusal of his private friends, and consisting chiefly of personal details, modestly recorded. "I presume not," he candidly says, "to attempt a narrative of the great military operations, or to describe minutely the country and people which our arms have subdued; all this I leave to abler authors."

Major Outram, whose gallantry and enterprise are well-appreciated by the Indian army, volunteered for service, on the announcement of the campaign for the restoration of Shah Shooja, and was appointed extra aide-de-camp to Lieut. General Sir John Keane. His journal records his embarcation with his excellency at Bombay on the 23d November, 1838, and the transactions in Sinde, wherein he acted in a confidendial capacity. He records his opinion at that time that the ameers, in assenting to the treaty of February, 1839, did so as a mere temporary expedient to avoid imminent consequences, having no intention of faithfully fulfilling the terms.

When the junction between the Bengal and Bombay divisions took place, at Schwan, on the Arrul, near the junction of the two rivers, the two commanders, Sir H. Fane and Sir J. Keane, "met and embraced each other most cordially." An express arrived from Mr. Macnaghten, urging the army to push on, which Sir H. Fane was anxious to do. Major Outram was despatched to communicate with Mr. Macnaghten and the Shah, at Shikarpore. His majesty is described as of mild manners and very affable, though exacting much ceremony from the British officers who approached him.

The difficulties of the march, arising from want of camels, provisions, and water, were aggravated by the rebellious temper of the Cutch camel-men, who, (numbering 2,000 or 3,000) struck work, and refused to advance. Major Outram promptly selected twenty of their most influential jemadars, and tying up one at a time, gave two dozen lashes to one, three dozen to another, and to a fourth four dozen, and found this rule of arithmetical progression worked wonders: the whole body of refractories became "quite obedient."

The attacks of the Beloochees were a severe annoyance; hordes of them, surrounding the army on the march, committed extensive depredations, and even murders. "In a country where every strong man's hand is raised against his weaker neighbour," observes our author, "such occurrences could hardly be prevented, even by the most determined measures and the severest examples." But these depredations were palliated, if not provoked, by the plundering propensities of the Shah's army, respecting which our envoy had often occasion to remonstrate with the Shah.

On the 21st March, Major Outram, on riding out to meet the Commander-in-chief, met with a severe injury by a fall from his horse, which confined him to his palankeen for some time.

The Bolan Pass, which has acquired so much notoriety, is thus described by our author:—

8th April. Our spies from Bolan Pass report that the tribes which occupied it having quarrelled and fought among themselves about the division of booty, no opponents are now to be seen.—9th. Marched with the artillery brigade, escorted by H. M.'s 17th Foot, eleven and-a-half miles into the pass, along the bed of the Bolan river, the channel of which is the only road; a stream of clear water, from thirty to forty feet broad, and from one to three in depth, crossing the road six times. During the floods, the stream, which is in some places confined between perpendicular precipices, within a channel sixty or eighty feet wide, would preclude the possibility of escape to an army caught in the torrent. The mountains on every side are the most abrupt, sterile, and inhospitable, I every beheld—not a blade of vegetation of any kind being found, save in the bed of the stream, where there is some coarse grass, on which horses and camels pick a scanty

* Rough Notes of the Campaign in Sinde and Affghanistan, in 1838-39; being Extracts from a Personal Journal kept while on the Staff of the Army of the Indus. By Major James Outram, 23d Regt. [Bombay] N. I., now Political Agent in Sinde. Bombay, 1840. London, reprinted. Richardson.

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subsistence. The mountains are as repulsive in appearance as they are barren in reality, being every where of a dull and uniform brown colour.

The column to which our officer was attached was only once molested by the Beloochees, who appeared in numbers on the scarped heights; but fifty, having ventured into the plain, were charged and cut up by our cavalry. On emerging from the pass, which is a continued ascent of about one foot in one hundred, for seventy-five miles, there was a decided and grateful alteration of climate. Many of the Kakurs (a wild tribe occupying the upper part of the pass) were seen on the heights; but they were unarmed, and did not offer to molest the troops. "In the narrow defile, the stench arising from the countless putrefying camels was dreadful." Several bodies of murdered stragglers and cossids (couriers) were met with. At Quetta, they found that the khan of Khelat, notwithstanding his treaty with the Shah, had been in close communication with Dost Mahomed Khan, and withheld the promised assistance.

In the further advance of the army, the sufferings for want of water were dreadful. Wells had been filled up by the enemy, and even mountain-streams used for irrigation had been cut off or diverted. Many of the camp-followers were enticed by the natives to follow them, under pretence of showing them water and provisions, when they were murdered in cold blood. Numerous bodies were seen on the line of march: no less than one hundred were counted in a stage of five miles.

At Dil-i-Hajee, they learned that the sirdars of Candahar, owing to dissensions amongst themselves, and to the defection of Haji Khan Kakur, on whom they relied, had broken up their army and fled from Candahar. Major Outram describes this celebrated city as a mile and a half long by one broad, composed of houses built of mud, the streets narrow and dirty, and surrounded by a wall thirty feet high. Hasty preparations for defence had been made in paltry outworks round the walls; but the place could not have stood against our artillery for twenty-four hours.

The next circumstance of any importance noticed in Major Outram's journal is the march from Candahar to Ghizni, in which the troops were harassed by the Ghiljees. The assault and capture of Ghizni is an event so recent and so well known, that it is unnecessary to say more than that Major Outram's account, which is that of an eye-witness, who was placed in a position of peril, whilst it does justice to the gallantry of the British troops, declares the opposition of the Affghans as "highly creditable." Hyder Khan, the governor, was discovered concealed in a tower, with about twenty of his adherents, who would not surrender till the life of their chief was guaranteed. A few desperate characters continued, after the surrender of the fortress, to defend isolated houses, wounding one officer, and killing and wounding several of the men. There is the following entry in the journal under the 25th, two days after the surrender: "The leader of the party which continued firing upon our soldiers on the 23d, after the town had surrendered, and who twice renewed hostilities, after having actually sued for quarter, was this day shot by order of the commander-in-chief." This entry, as it stands, we presume, was made before the incident had excited the attention and remarks which it has since provoked.

After the fall of Ghizni, which had been looked upon as impregnable, Dost Mahomed Khan despatched his brother, Jubbul Khan, to Shah Shooja, with overtures for an arrangement. Understanding from the king, that the banishment of Dost Mahomed to India must form one of the conditions to the treaty, Jubbul Khan, "who had spoken his mind very freely," declared without hesitation that the Ameer would not subscribe to any such terms.

The Chief of Cabul, who had moved out of the city at the head of his army, finding that the British troops had commenced their march to Cabul, fled to Bamean; whereupon, 2,000 of the Shah's Affghans, under Haji Khan Kakur, Nusser-ud-Dowlah,* as he was officially styled, were ordered to pursue him, accompanied by 100 of our cavalry, under the orders of Major Outram, for the purpose of stimulating their exertions and checking barbarities, in the event of the fugitive and his family falling into their hands. It soon appeared that Haji Khan and his party had no real intention that this event should happen. At the hour of departure, not more than 300 effective men could be mustered; of the remainder, only "400 or 500 Affghan rabble, mounted upon *yaboos* and starved ponies," could be collected. Haji Khan proposed to take the party a roundabout road, instead of the nearest route over the hills, so as to intersect that of the Ameer. Throughout the journey Haji Khan threw every impediment in the way of a rapid movement, and the Affghans were always in the rear, and when within sixteen miles of the object of their pursuit, his motions, instead of being quickened, were relaxed. Having no authority to act without the Affghans, and Dost Mahomed's escort being too strong for the British party, Major Outram could only employ entreaties and remonstrances with the Haji, who at length represented the rashness of overtaking the fugitive; and hinted that many of his pursuers were traitors. This course of proceeding was persevered in, aided by some symptoms of an intention on the part of Haji Kahn to detain Major Outram by force, "rather than permit him to rush on certain destruction;" till, after crossing the highest pass, in the Hindu Koosh, 15,000 feet high, and reaching Bamean, Major Outram found that the ex-chief of Cabul had obtained an asylum in the territories of an independent Uzbek chieftain at enmity with Shah Shooja. Further pursuit was now fruitless; the pursuers were restricted from passing beyond the Shah's territories, and their horses were incapable of making forced marches through want of food and rest. From Bamean Major Outram wrote to Mr. Macnaghten, the British envoy at Cabul, directly charging Haji Khan with the grossest cowardice, or the deepest treachery; "his backwardness," he observes, "having favoured the escape of the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, whose capture was inevitable, had the Khan pushed on, as he might have done, as I repeatedly urged him to do, and as his troops were perfectly capable of doing." The consequence to Haji Khan was that, on his return, he was arrested by order of the king, on a charge of treason, and of favouring the escape of Dost Mahomed Khan; and he is now a state prisoner in India.

We find, in one of the Mofussil papers, a long memoir of this same Haji Khan Kakur, who is there termed the "Talleyrand of the East," and our readers may be amused with an abstract of it. Taj Mahomed, for such appears to be the Khan's real name, was born in a low condition. Major Outram states that he commenced life as a melon-vender; but the memoir represents that his early years were occupied in tending goats; his father being a *chopan*, or goat-feeder, of the Kakur tribe. He first took service with one Azeez Oollah Khan Kakur, with whom he became an adept in cunning, and by a journey to Mecca (whence his epithet *Haji*,) he acquired, with a knowledge of the world, a proficiency in the art of chicane. His adventures during his pilgrimage he frequently relates to his friends with inimitable humour. Having procured money sufficient to buy arms and a horse, he was entertained as a sowar by Nawab Jubur Khan, whom he left, and took service with Mustapha Khan, of Derah, a Beloochee chief. He is accused of prompting this chief's younger brother, Mahomed Ameer Khan, to remove him, and Taj Mahomed became a jemadar of ten horses to his heir, Mahomed

* "Defender of the state."

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Ameer Khan. Having an opportunity to ingratiate himself with the vizier, Futteh Khan of Cabul, Taj Mahomed proceeded with him to the capital, in a command of horse. At the seizure of Haji Feroze (a brother of Shah Shooja,) in Herat, our hero was placed in command of the *arg*, or citadel, where he assumed independence, and for three days defied Futteh Khan; but he managed, notwithstanding, to conciliate the vizier, and at the battle of Kakur Killah, he behaved so well, that he was restored to full favour and raised to the rank of Khan. When Futteh Khan's star set, in 1818, he became Peshkidmut to Prince Kamran, whom he deserted, on the fall of his fortunes, and rejoined the Barukzye family, with whom he remained, changing, indeed, from one to the other, till the invasion of Affghanistan by the British. He first found service with Sheer Dil Khan, of Candahar, whom he deserted for Mahomed Azim Khan, of Cabul, returning from him to Sheer Dil Khan. By an acceptable act of treachery, he at length grew into high favour with Dost Mahomed Khan, who gave him a jagheer, 500 horse, and the government of Bameau. Here he intrigued with Bokhara and Koondooz, and his tricks being discovered, he was ejected from his government, and was received into the service of Sultan Mahomed Khan, of Peshawur. When this place fell to the Sikhs, the Haji contrived to re-enter the service of Dost Mahomed Khan, whose kindness he repaid by becoming an instrument of the designs of the Sikhs, and he is supposed to have betrayed his master in the great battle with Hurry Sing. The Haji was again obliged to "seek a new master," and he became one of the confidential advisers of Raheem Dil Khan, of Candahar. Here he augmented the discords between the three brothers, and when our army approached Candahar, the Haji was a "faithful" servant of Kohun Dil Khan, the eldest. Up to the moment of his desertion to Shah Shooja, this man was exhorting the Ameers and their people to fight to the last, secretly insinuating suspicions into the minds of the chiefs respecting the designs of their brothers. Whilst Haji Khan Kakur was flattered and rewarded at the camp of Shah Shooja, a letter was found, addressed to Dost Mahomed Khan, encouraging him to resist, which there is every reason to believe was written by the traitor. The extraordinary series of his treasons is now closed. The writer of the memoir admits that Haji Khan is esteemed brave, that he is liberal, and hospitable, a most agreeable companion, and that, moreover, he prays five times a day in public.

The consequences of the escape of Dost Mahomed Khan, it would appear, were mischievous to Major Outram, who, if we may believe the statements in the Indian newspapers, (for not a syllable of this appears in the work before us,) fell thereby under the displeasure of Sir John Keane, to which cause is imputed the omission of his name in the public despatches. "This act of injustice," says one of the papers, "has been fully compensated by the Local Government, who have appointed him to the important post of Resident at the Court of the Ameers at Hyderabad."

After his unsuccessful pursuit of the ex-chief of Cabul, Major Outram conducted an expedition into the Ghiljee country, the object of which was to seize the refractory chiefs, to establish the new Governor of the country, to reduce the forts belonging to Haji Khan, and to punish the perpetrators of the cold-blooded murder of Colonel Herring. This service appears to have been most gallantly and successfully performed. Then followed the attack and capture of Khelat. The "zeal and ability" of Major Outram, who volunteered his services on General Willshire's personal staff, are highly commended by that officer.

The major was deputed to take a duplicate despatch, announcing this event, from Khelat to Bombay, by the route of Sonmeance, the sea-port of Lus, and we have the journal of this rather hazardous expedition.

It being of importance to ascertain the existence of a practicable road for troops from Candahar and Shawl, through Beloochistan, *via* Khelat, to the sea, and that by Wudd having been already reported upon by Colonel Pottinger, Major Outram resolved to explore the Nal road. Disguised in Affghan costume, assuming the character of a *peer*, or saint, and accompanied by two holy syuds of Shawl, he departed on the night of the 16th of October, 1839, the party consisting of six persons, mounted on four ponies and two camels. They overtook parties of women (some of whom had never before left the harem) flying from Khelat, and various other fugitives. The sensation created by the news of the fall of this fortress and the fate of Mehrab Khan was very great, and many were the curses poured out upon the Feringhees, and the vows of vengeance and retaliation. It was, however, well understood that no further obstruction to the British arms would be attempted, and that no body of Belooches would venture to unite for that purpose. The travellers were glad to get in advance of the Khelat news, and thus escape questioning, and at length they entered an uninhabited country, without the trace of human abode for thirty miles. Then succeeded mountain ranges, the road winding along beds of dry water-channels, leading to that of a magnificent river, totally destitute of water, the country still exhibiting no signs of inhabitants, except a solitary Beloochee, who surprised our traveller when seated in a dell reading a Bombay newspaper, which he had obtained from a captive at Khelat. An open country succeeded; but, "owing to the want of population, the whole tract, from Beila to the coast, although perfectly level, and containing a rich soil, which is well watered by the Poorallee, is in fact little better than a desert." They arrived at Sonmeance, 335 miles from Khelat, on the 23d, and embarked for Kurachee in the evening, whence Major Outram embarked for Bombay, and learned there, a few days after, that a party had been in pursuit of him, who had missed their prey at Sonmeance only by a few hours.

This simple and unvarnished tale of adventures cannot be unacceptable to the European reader. We have been informed that Dr. Burnes is the editor of the work.

REVIEW OF EASTERN NEWS.

There seems to be a pause in the political movements in the farther East, which may either portend a return to tranquillity, or be a prelude to more aggravated storms. We have no intelligence of importance from China which makes any material addition to that of last month, except the symptoms which the *Peking Gazette* indicates of discontent and insubordination at the capital. The empress, who is said to have been at the head of a party at the court, is dead, but this event is not likely to have any political consequences. The authorities in the interior are still intent upon extinguishing the habit of smoking opium, by the impartial infliction of punishment upon all offenders, whether high or low. The miserable fruits of this vice are described in most appalling colours, in a letter, the writer of which we know:—"The effects of opium," says this gentleman, a respectable missionary, "encounters us 'in the house and by the way-side,' in our domestic arrangements, and in our missionary pursuits. Although we have made the most explicit regulations to debar from our service those who are addicted to this indulgence, and although those who have entered our families have bound themselves by these rules, yet notwithstanding their promises and the fear of expulsion, we have detected some of them yielding to the habit, even in our houses. Some of us have experienced serious embarrassments from having

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the best teachers we can procure stupified and disabled by its influence. The sallow complexion and meagre appearance of hundreds and thousands in the streets betray its deadly inroads on their constitutions. The sufferings of families, from whose scanty support this expensive luxury is deducted, or from whose head its victim is torn away by death, can scarcely be imagined." The religious party at home, we understand, have been reconciled to the measures of hostility adopted towards the Chinese government, by the jesuitical pretence that its resistance to the opium trade is founded not upon moral considerations, but upon its occasioning the "oozing out"* of sycee silver. This suggestion is untrue: it is upon moral grounds that the Chinese government has ever based its repugnance to the opium traffic, though, in some of the documents, those grounds of objection have been corroborated by arguments deduced from the supposed injury which a smuggling trade, where the commodity introduced was bartered for silver, inflicted upon the country in an economical point of view. But whatever be the motives of the Chinese authorities, the question is, are we justified in endeavouring to introduce the commodity contrary to the law of China, and in overcoming their repugnance by force of arms? The trade, it appears, still flourishes; the opium-clippers, as they are called, dispose of their cargoes at a profit of nearly cent. per cent. "Vessels," says the correspondent we before quoted, "built for the purpose, armed and manned as ships of war, are continually forcing this drug upon the empire, and, more effectually to gain their ends, are *supplying with arms and ammunition the Chinese craft engaged to assist them.* If this traffic continues," he adds, "what is to prevent the whole coast of China from becoming a scene of ruthless piracy?"

It is to be feared that the hurricane experienced in the Bay of Bengal may have visited the China expedition.

The progress of the Russians in Central Asia is another branch of Eastern news, in which there is a cessation of authentic intelligence. The particulars received in India, which are collected by native agents, whose fidelity cannot be relied upon, and transmitted, perhaps, through dialects ill-understood, are incongruous in themselves, and do not harmonize with European accounts. Our impression is, that the expedition has altogether failed; it is utterly improbable, if the fact were otherwise, that the news of its success should have been studiously concealed.

The intelligence from Affghanistan holds out agreeable prospects of tranquillity and prosperity. At Candahar, the whole town has changed its appearance, new shops being opened daily, and the commerce by caravans with Bokhara, Herat, Cabul, Cashmere, and India, has greatly augmented. "When we first arrived," says one of the letters, "nearly every thing was of Russian manufacture, but the market now appears to be altogether supplied with English goods; the country is quite settled for miles around Candahar, and we can go to any distance with the greatest safety." A severe brush has taken place between a detachment of our force and some clans of Hazaras, near Bamean, who refused to obey the commands of their new suzerain, Shah Shooja, and, although they had no protection but a mud fort, and had always yielded to the Uzbegs, they appear, from some cause not explained, to have resisted our troops, under hopeless circumstances, literally to the death. These examples of pseudo-magnanimity are not rare amongst some even of the most pusillanimous races in the East. The motive is not patriotism, which is a quality almost unknown, nor probably any very generous or laudable impulse. They denote, however, a trait in the Indian character which is not to be overlooked.

* This ridiculous phraseology is to be attributed not to the Chinese writers, but to their Canton translators; the rendering should be "escaping."

The accounts from Burmah represent the king as under some apprehension from our expedition to China, which he suspects, very naturally, may honour him with a visit on its return. The internal and external affairs of Persia are said to be in a critical state; the Shah has been induced to have recourse to acts of barbarous severity at Ispahan. From Dutch India we learn that the island of Ternate (one of the Molucca or spice islands, about twenty-five miles in circumference) has been totally destroyed by an earthquake.

Amongst the local incidents at the Presidencies, we may notice the prospects of steam communication, (to which we have directed attention elsewhere,) and the rapidity which it has already attained. It appears that the April mail from London reached Bombay in thirty-two days, and would have effected the transit in less than a month but for unforeseen delays at Aden. Measures have been taken to accelerate the speed of the *dak* from Calcutta, and by a co-operation on the part of the London post-office, additional expedition might be gained. The sanguine hopes indulged of the settlements in the Deyrah Dhoon have been disappointed, the settlers having sustained "a heavy pecuniary loss," notwithstanding the aid afforded by the government. The trial of a man named Hughes, at Calcutta, is worthy of notice. Although acquitted (as such offenders usually are, where the witnesses against them are natives) of the main charge, of wilful murder, the judge who sentenced him for the minor offence, termed "assault," characterized it in these terms: "You have been proved guilty of an aggravated and disgraceful offence; if not by your express orders, under your authority and with your concurrence, no less than sixteen persons were, during several successive hours, subjected to tortures of the most revolting kind, and which were only put an end to by the death of one of them. During this time, you were not restrained by the sight of their sufferings, or the hearing of their cries, from your ordinary indulgencies; ate and slept in all the carelessness of confirmed inhumanity." For this "aggravated offence," the offender was sentenced to *two years' imprisonment.* The last Criminal Act, passed for the use of the Supreme Court, enacts, that any person who shall steal any property from the person of another, shall be transported for a term of not less than ten years, or imprisoned for three years. Strange inconsistency!

The Madras territories have been again visited by a terrific storm, said to be one of the most violent which ever visited Orissa, a province in which such calamities have not been rare. The destruction of life has been great; that of property has been immense. The preservation of the temple of Juggernauth, whilst all around, houses, and mighty trees, and cattle, were all swept away in one undistinguished ruin, will produce some effect upon the native mind. The suggestions which are contained in the papers of this Presidency, for improving the irrigation of the country, developing its natural resources, establishing factories, and enlarging its available capital by affording greater scope to banking operations, bid fair to rescue it from the epithet "benighted," which its apparently rearward march entailed upon it.

We refer to the letters of our correspondents at Bombay for an amusing compendium of the gossip at that Presidency. Private intelligence from the same quarter, which we do not publish, leads us to think that a good deal of dissatisfaction prevails amongst that portion of our Indian army respecting the apportionment of merit and of rewards, with reference to the late operations in Affghanistan. Strictures are pretty freely made upon "men and measures," which we should be sorry to think were really deserved. The distinction shown towards the native gentlemen of the Presidency, is another source of dissatisfaction amongst the European community in general, some

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of whom, it is said, have determined to *black their faces* when they wish to ask a favour. This latter complaint we can easily reconcile with a most commendable anxiety on the part of the present head of the Bombay government, to put an end to all distinctions between the respectable and educated portion of the native community and Europeans. If the native-born gentlemen of the country be on that ground excluded from European society, the reproach of keeping up caste distinctions must be transferred from the former to the latter.

From Australasia and South Africa we have no incidents calling for remark.

Some important news have been received from Syria, where an insurrection against the authority of Mehemet Ali has broken out which gains strength every day: the bravery of the insurgents is stated to be as remarkable as the cowardice of the Egyptian troops; they have numerous leaders, including some French officers, and they have hoisted the Turkish flag, proclaiming that they fought for their legitimate sovereign, the sultan. The following remarkable proclamation has been issued by the insurgents:

"To all our Brothers, without religious distinction, in arms for the same cause.

"We have taken arms in order to deliver ourselves from despotism and brutal treatment. God, who is just, will grant us success. Let us prove ourselves worthy of his divine protection. Let there be no pillage, no assassination. Since we are fighting to be restored to the legitimate government of our sovereign, the sultan who reigns at Constantinople, we hoist the metropolitan flag, in order to show that we only want justice. Let him who shall be affected by fear be proclaimed a coward, and let him die by fire. God may permit that we be put to death, but not that we should be slaves like our beasts of burden. God is just!"

This event, in conjunction with the part taken by the four powers, is of fearful omen to the Pashaw of Egypt, and the state of our relations with France, in reference to Egypt, makes it of great European importance.

ASSAULT OF HAZARA FORTS.

A letter from Bamean contains the following narrative of the assault and capture, by a detachment under Captain Garbett, H. A., of a mud fort, about six miles distant from that place. It appears altogether to have been a work of sad, but inevitable butchery. Every thing practicable was done towards an honourable avoidance of the conflict, but the Hazaras were obstinately bent upon resistance, laughed all our threats to scorn, and brought death upon themselves by their insolence and contumacy.

"Bamean, March 16.—Branching off from this, in a S. W. direction, is another valley, that of Fouladi, running to the foot of the snowy hills. At about seven miles distance, are a number of mud forts, the majority situated on some table-land at the base of the mountains. These forts belong to two chieftains, Meer Moheb and Shah Nusser Beg, of whom the former is nominally supreme. The valley of Fouladi is well cultivated, and from it we have lately obtained a considerable quantity of forage. The inhabitants had previously shown themselves very willing to supply our wants; but, on the 13th, as our Commissariat agents were, as usual, employed in the purchase of forage, and a few sowars attached to the mission had gone to a fort belonging to Shah Nusser, to procure a small quantity of grain, the Hazaras not only refused to supply them, but, having assembled in considerable numbers, commenced stoning them, and finally drove them off. To a threat from one of our men, their only answer was, 'that we were *kaffers*, and might bring our *fouze* and guns as soon as we pleased.' The political agent immediately sent to Shah Nusser Beg, to inquire what his intentions were, and to ask whether he wished to be considered a friend or foe; in the mean time, however, troops were held in readiness to march against the refractory Hazaras, should it prove necessary; and about noon, the next day, no conciliatory answer having been received, the party marched out. The detachment consisted of two six-pounder guns, horse artillery (under Lieut. Mackenzie), twenty-five horse artillery troopers, as cavalry, fifty Affghan sowars, and four companies 4th Light Infantry (under Capt. Hay); the whole being under the command of Capt. Garbett. The political agent accompanied the detachment.

"The first fort we reached was 450 yards from the base of the table-land, the summit of which was crowned by men, armed with matchlocks. The inhabitants of the fort immediately shut their gate; and, on Lieut. Rattray (assistant to the political agent) advancing to parley with them, refused either to open it or to come out. All attempts at an amicable arrangement having thus failed, the political agent requested the commanding officer to try what he could do; and, accordingly, the guns were brought up; one was placed in position to bear upon the gateway within twenty-five yards, covered by flanking parties of infantry, and the other gun opened a fire of shrapnell at 400 yards, on the party crowning the heights in front. Unfortunately, the entrance to the fort was directly opposite to this table-land, so we were exposed to fire both from front and rear, and soon after we had commenced, a third fire commenced on us from some heights on our left. Those in front, at first, cheered and seemed inclined to come down, but they contented themselves with keeping up a fire from matchlocks and jinjauls, while they blazed away from the loopholes in the lower bastions. For a short time, the fire was rather warm; but some few rounds of shrapnell and round-shot soon cleared the heights in front, while a party of infantry and Rattray's Affghan horse, charged up those on our left, and drove the Hazaras before them. Meantime, Lieut. Mackenzie had succeeded in breaking down the fort-gate, and had likewise fired several rounds into the lower bastion, from which the defenders kept up an annoying fire. As soon as the entrance was clear, Lieut. Broadfoot led in the storming party; and in less than an hour, from the commencement of operations, the fort was in our possession, but the Hazaras still held out the tower with the most determined obstinacy. The quartermaster-serjeant and some of the Goorkahs made several attempts to force an entrance; but from the narrowness of the door to the upper story (in which the defenders were), they were unable to accomplish this. Yield they would not, but continued to fire on our men, till at last we were obliged to have recourse to the dreadful expedient of setting fire to the *busa* in the lower part of the tower; but even this failed to have the desired effect; they still continued resolute. At length, their fire ceased, and we sent an Hazara to them to tell them to come forth. The answer was, that not a man was living; none but women and children. Such was the case; the obstinate fools had resolutely suffered death, and from among the defenders of the fort, only one man lived to tell the tale; this one was taken prisoner in one of the houses. The women and children, driven up by the fire, seated themselves on the top of the tower, and with considerable difficulty we at length succeeded in getting them down in safety. In the meantime, the men, who had been driven from the hills on our left, were pursued by the Affghan horse, until they sought refuge in some forts on the table-land. These were the property of Meer Moheb, and on Lieut. Rattray meeting that chief, he declared that the men were not acting under his orders, promised that we should receive no further molestation from his forts, and vowed, that Shah

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Nusser was a fool, and that he would bring him in himself—by force, if necessary.

"Although the capture of the fort scarcely occupied an hour, yet, before the works of destruction and of saving were completely accomplished, the day was so far advanced, that it was determined that nothing further could be attempted that day. In order to reach those forts of Shah Nusser situated on the heights ahead, we should have been obliged to haul the guns by manual labour up an exceedingly steep hill-side; this would have occupied so much time, that it would have been nightfall before we could have opened on any of the forts ahead. Such being the case, and Bamean being but little more than six miles distant, the detachment returned to the lines, to await the result of some further endeavours, which the political agent wished to make, to put an end to the business without more bloodshed.

"The troops behaved very well throughout, and the steadiness of the young Goorkah sepoys did them infinite credit. They were for some time exposed to three fires, while they could do but little in return; indeed, with the exception of the flanking parties, who were employed in checking the fire from the fort, they were obliged to remain inactive for a considerable time. As for the Hazaras, those within the fort displayed the most resolute courage; it is difficult to find any reason—any motive for the obstinate resistance which they made. Dr. Lord had, previous to our moving out against them, made every exertion to settle affairs amicably; wishing to investigate into the cause of the quarrel, and promising that justice should be dealt to the offender, of which ever party he might prove to be; but every attempt was fruitless; they were resolutely bent upon resistance, and actually sent to say, that if we wanted *busa*, we must send our guns! Perhaps the fancied security of four walls gave them confidence. However, they have now learnt their mistake, and by all accounts, they are in great consternation, and ready for flight to the hills, should we again make our appearance. Meer Moheb has come in, but Shah Nusser has not yet shown himself; he thinks his head in jeopardy at present, and is, they say, waiting till our wrath shall have cooled a bit.

"Considering the short time that this affair lasted, and the small number of men engaged, our loss has been rather severe. Killed—Artillery.—1 European laboratory man (gunner 4th company 2d battalion.) Wounded—Horse Artillery.—1 trooper, 1 syce, 1 horse (since dead.) Goorkah corps.—14 privates (2 since dead.) Affghan horse.—1 sowar. The European was shot through the head by a jinjaul-ball from the hill in our front, while trailing the gun directed against the fort. All the wounds are gunshot, and most of them severe; two more of the Goorkahs are expected to die. It is difficult to gain any accurate information as to the loss sustained by the enemy; one account says, that they have lost 46 men, *viz.*, 10 killed in the fort, 1 killed and 4 wounded by the Affghan horse, on the heights to the left, and 31 killed and wounded by shrapnell on the hill in our front. Another account states their total loss at 53."

A private letter, which we have seen, fully vouches to the unwillingness of Dr. Lord to proceed to extremities with these wrong-headed and unfortunate Hazaras, whose obstinacy was equally astonishing and distressing. Had our detachment gone on, the work would, in all probability, have ended in the entire extermination of the inhabitants of the parts in the vicinity of Bamean; but, as it is, we trust that the lesson, though terrible, will be salutary in its effects, and that no more opposition will be met with. The European artillery-man, whose name was Brennan, was shot at a distance of about 450 yards, and was buried on the following day in the lines, every European attending. The shrapnell practice is described as having been very effective; the third shell burst right over the heads of the enemy, and killed or wounded about fifteen men. Little or nothing was found in the fort—the entire property was sold for about 400 rupees!—not much in the way of prize-money.—*Hurkaru.*

THE HAZARAS OF BAMEAN.

The *Bombay Times*, May 6, gives some explanatory details respecting this affair.

It would appear that the chief of one of the septs of a Hazara clan, Shaik Nuzur, beat some of the Commissariat servants belonging to the detachment under Dr. Lord, who is invested with full powers from Shah Shoojah, as Hakim or Lord Lieutenant, at Bamean. On Dr. Lord's sending for him, to account for his behaviour, he pelted the sowars, and told them the Feringees might come with their *topees*, for he would give no more grain. Having been on most friendly terms with these people all the winter, and having to trust to them chiefly for food and forage, Dr. Lord was much disinclined to use force. Still, situated as the detachment was, it would have set a dangerous example among the other chiefs, to have quietly submitted to this act of rebellion. Dr. Lord then selected some people, who were known to be friends of the chief, to bring him in to him, if possible, by every fair means. These also returned unable to effect their object, and one of them likewise had been severely beaten. When the detachment then sent against the fort appeared before it, and the officer demanded admittance, assuring the people that no violence should be used if he were admitted, and if refused they must take the consequences, they replied by a shout, which was echoed from the surrounding hills, covered with people, and commenced firing on our troops, wounding several. On this Dr. Lord immediately left further measures in the hands of the officer in command, who wheeled up two six-pounders and cleared the hill, also blowing open the gate of the fort. Still would the Hazaras not give in. One account says even when our troops were forming to storm, one man sat at the gateway, and with his matchlock wounded four of our men. On the troops entering, the Hazaras fled to a tower, refusing to surrender, and kept firing through loopholes on our men. As the entrance was dark as pitch, they had nothing for it but to set fire to the grass and *boosa;* still the Hazaras remained, and consequently were suffocated. One of our sowras carried up a rope to the top of the burning tower, and by this means saved 18 women and children. No one ever expected a shot would have been fired, as it was never contemplated that these men, who had always yielded to the Oosbegs, would have resisted our troops so desperately. It is said they conceived themselves so strong within their fort walls as to imagine that our troops would have run away.

A fine has been since levied on the clan, and as they have seen their fort, on which they relied so much, taken in two hours and a half, and every man killed, they are now very repentant, and though the lesson has been severe, there can be no doubt but the best effects will result on the other chiefs.

THE "VICTORIA" STEAMER.

A very great sensation was created here by the unexpected arrival of the *Victoria* steamer, from her first trip to Suez and back again, which had been performed in the extraordinary short period of 36 days, all detentions included. The *Victoria* left Bombay at 20 minutes past 2, on the morning of the 1st April, and arrived at Aden at noon on the 9th. Here she remained 27 hours, and got

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under weigh at 3 o'clock p. m. on the 10th, and after a delay of four hours at Mocha, reached her destination at Suez at half-past 11 on the 17th; thus completing a voyage of 2,992 miles, with the wind almost all the way unfavourable, in 16 days 9½ hours, of which she was only 15 days 4½ hours actually under steam, making at the rate of 8½ miles per hour, mean velocity. By the unlooked-for celerity of the Alexandria mail, which reached Suez at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st, the *Victoria* was able to get under steam for her return voyage the same evening, at 9 p. m., having till then been unable to communicate with the shore from the unusual violence of the Kam-Sein wind. She reached Mocha, where she was delayed four hours, at five o'clock in the morning of the 27th, and at half-past 10, the same evening, she came to anchor off the coal depôt at Aden, having enjoyed favourable breezes nearly all the way from Suez. In making the requisite detours to and from her anchorage, and working at half-steam, she was delayed nearly 38 hours at Aden, which she quitted at half-past 8 on the morning of the 29th. From this to Bombay, the weather on the whole was favourable, though the winds, light and gentle as they were now, were for the most part adverse. She came to her moorings here at half-past 9, on the evening of the 6th; the greater part of her passengers having immediately landed, the mail remaining on board till 6 next morning: having thus performed her return voyage of 2,992 miles in 16 days 9½ hours, on deducting detentions at Mocha and Suez, having been 321 hours actually under steam. For the return voyage this gives a rate of sailing of 9¼ miles throughout. Letters and papers of the 4th April have been received by her from London (32 days,) and despatches from England of the 5th; while the mail carried by her to Suez, and which left Bombay on the 4th April, would in all probability be delivered in London by the 5th May.

The *Victoria* was launched here so late as October last: she measures 800 tons, and is propelled by beautiful engines made by Napier of Glasgow, of 230 horse power, provided with copper boilers. She is entirely of teak, and cost about £50,000.—*Cour., May* 23.

If unforeseen delays had not occurred at Aden, she would have brought the mail in less than a month from London.

At Aden all was quiet when the *Victoria* left: but a band of trusty hearts was collecting, all sworn to be revenged for the blood spilt in the last attack—so our garrison is in daily expectation of them. This, it is said, is to be the last trial of strength. The road is open and the place well supplied.

GREAT STORM IN ORISSA.

A correspondent at Pooree writes:—"On the 30th of April, one of the most violent storms ever remembered in Orissa visited the station of Pooree, and surrounding district. The wind blew very fresh from the N. E. early in the morning, and towards the middle of the day increased much. The surf was unusually high and roaring; out-offices were levelled and clouds of sand buried every thing. About six o'clock in the evening, the wind lulled, when it was hoped that the worst was over, but the disasters of the day were as nothing in comparison with what the night brought. The wind suddenly shifted round to west and south-west, and commenced in all its fury. Every one sat waiting for the worst, or running from one room to another, as the house gave way, and when the general crash came, it was fearful,—the wind and rain so boisterous that no one could stand erect exposed to them. Ladies then escaped to their palkees, anxiously awaiting the break of day. The darkness of the night totally prevented any communication of one house with another, and it was not until morning that the whole truth could be known. Alas! every bungalow in the station had been destroyed. One solitary puckha-house stood the buffetting of the storm. It was most providential that some families deserted their own houses during the afternoon, and took shelter in any secure place they could find, for, had they remained, they must have perished. Entire roofs and walls came to the ground, other houses went piecemeal, rafters and thatch coming down, and some have disappeared altogether. Some ladies were obliged to desert their bungalows, and remain in their palkees on the sands the whole night. In fact, no one has escaped, and many have lost every thing they possess. The drift of the sand was so great, that every thing was buried several feet in it, and a most difficult task it has been to recover property so imbedded. The ruins of the houses are almost unfit for repairs, except under a cost equal to the original expense of building, and the whole coast presents one scene of destruction. The city has suffered to a great extent indeed; every house has been blown down, but the immortal remains of Juggernauth lie undisturbed in his celebrated temple. The surrounding villages have been equal sufferers, and a camp belonging to the revenue surveyor, about twenty miles distant, was totally destroyed. Large trees strewed the road, and many lives have been lost in consequence. One family, of eight persons, were crushed under one tree; but the loss of life has been much less than could have been expected. I have not heard of more than forty altogether; but accounts may be brought in hereafter. Altogether the scene has been one I never wish to witness again, for, independently of the great pecuniary loss, it has been an awful visitation, which those who have lived and experienced can alone comprehend."

A letter from Balasore, dated 4th May, says:—"We have just escaped a severe hurricane; it blew very hard on the night of the 30th, and the tide rose very high, but luckily the wind did not last long enough to drive the sea over the country. At Pooree they have felt the hurricane most severely. I hear that all the houses and the government cutcheries have been blown to the ground, and much damage has been sustained; great part of the native town has been destroyed, and several lives lost. When the circuit house fell, two men were buried and escaped with broken legs. The natives declare that Juggernauth's august presence alone prevented the sea from washing away the town. The storm was felt at Cuttack also severely, and I much fear it has been destructive on the whole line of coast."

MISERIES OF THE BELOOCHISTAN DESERT.

The following melancholy intelligence of the hardships sustained in the Belochee territory has just reached us from Sukkur, 29th of April. The hardships of the desert, where water proves deficient,—terrible to the natives themselves,—occasion an amount of suffering which is frightful to contemplate to those accustomed to a cool and humid climate:—

"Yesterday an official arrived, stating that Lieuts. Clark and Varnon, with a party of horse, went in pursuit of some Belochees, but arrived too late. In returning, they lost their way in the desert, and after wandering about all day, in the intense heat, at last found the road. Lieut. Varnon was brought in delirious—28 men dropped in the desert, and those that came in with great difficulty saved their lives. As soon as the horses smelt the water, which was only a small muddy pool, they became quite mad and rushed into it, and both men and beast eagerly drank mud. This was near Pullajee, where the heat is truly awful—it is almost death to be out.—*Bombay Times, May* 16.

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BOMBAY LITERATURE.

The publication of Captain Outram's journal in Bombay is creating some sensation; it has been printed in consequence of this officer finding himself aggrieved at not having had his services properly represented in the commander-in-chief's despatches. Captain Outram is quite the idol of the Bombay army, and from his own modest narrative it is sufficiently obvious that his zeal, spirit of enterprise, and talent, demanded the very highest commendation. He touches but lightly upon the fatigues and privations which he endured in his hazardous and rapid journey from Khelat, and does not mention the exhaustion which ensued. Upon his arrival in Bombay, which took place in the middle of the night, he proceeded to the house of an old friend, which he entered unceremoniously, and the owner having retired to rest, he flung himself down upon a sofa. The servants at first believing that it was a drunken native, who had thus entered, tried to eject him, but upon his proclaiming himself to be a British officer, permitted him, though unwillingly, to remain. The next morning, the host being informed of the circumstance, came to the place where his friend was till sleeping, and had some difficulty in recognising the gay and gallant Captain Outram, in the travel-stained, not to say dirty, object before him. However the captain was soon replumed, and as his modesty prevented him from relating his own exploits, the appearance of this narrative has been eagerly looked for by all who took an interest in the romantic adventures in which he was engaged.

Speaking of Bombay literature, it seems incumbent to state, that Captain Harris is sending a superb work to England; it consists of a series of coloured drawings from life, of the various wild animals he has encountered in his shooting expeditions. They are the most spirited and beautiful things imaginable, and the work merits the patronage of all the lovers of natural history at home. It will be illustrated by descriptions from the pen of Captain Harris, who has made himself well acquainted with the habits and manners of the animals represented. The value of faithful representations of rare zoological specimens is much enhanced, in consequence of the fantastic portraitures with which some travelling artists have deceived the public. The late Mr. Daniell unfortunately permitted his imagination too much license, but his exaggerated representation of a boa constrictor has had the effect of producing inquiries into the nature of that creature's attacks, and it has been satisfactorily ascertained that Mr. Daniell must have been misled by the marvellous accounts of natives, who are fond of making the most of any story.

OFFICERS PREACHING TO SEPOYS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ASIATIC JOURNAL.

Sir:—I rely upon your kindness and candour for the insertion of the following communication, which I have received from India, in reply to a report in your Journal for April 1838. The letters referred to in it arrived in course. For obvious reasons, I do not give the name of the writer.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN POYNDER.

Bombay, 1st March, 1840.

My dear Sir:—The steady support you have for years given to the cause of Christianity and of truth, in connexion with the British possessions in the East, at once supplies both inducement to trespass upon you and my apology for so doing, in reference to a speech attributed to the Hon. H. Lindsay in the Court of Proprietors, on the 21st March, 1838, as reported in the *Asiatic Journal* for April 1838, in which Mr. Lindsay is made to declare, "that he knew, from undoubted authority, that officers of the East-India Company's service had, upon parade, after the military exercises were concluded, taken upon themselves to address the sepoys, and to preach to them in disparagement of their religion."

This speech has beaten the rounds of the local papers, and has excited unmingled astonishment and regret. It refers to a class of officers, happily a numerous and still increasing body, in the Indian army, who form its brightest ornament, and whose devotion to the service, integrity, and zeal, have never been impeached, and upon whose tried fidelity and disregard of all personal considerations, in circumstances of trial and difficulty, our Indian Governments have had too frequent proofs, to allow of such an insinuation as that implied in Mr. Lindsay's speech to pass current for a moment. I shall not attempt to describe what I know to have been the feelings of such persons in this army, on such an attempt to bring their fair reputation into discredit. You, my dear sir, will readily understand their position—banished from their native land, in nine cases out of ten for life—when unable to defend themselves, to find one of their honourable masters stand forth to attack them, when their voice and their plea of defence cannot gain admittance. This you may understand, and you have not been insensible to the claims of the injured; but I question if the generous mind itself is in the position to understand the feeling of gratitude and of admiration excited by your endeavour to wipe off the foul stigma* that was so wantonly cast upon the absent. Neither will I offend against delicacy by dwelling upon our obligations to you, both in the particular instance referred to, and in the noble way in which, upon every occasion, you have exposed yourself to that suspicion which you have so frequently and so effectually removed from the injured in this country.

I am fully sensible of what is due to discipline, and how unmilitary a proceeding this for a soldier to appeal for protection in any other way than that laid down by the Act which governs him; but, cautious as I feel on this head, and every way anxious to uphold instead of weakening authority by *agitation*, I have felt too deeply in the present question to remain silent. You will, my dear sir, I am assured, at once recognise the propriety of avoiding any reference to my name.

I have addressed some of the oldest and most respectable officers, all of them either the commanding officers or the staff of the principal military stations of the presidency, as to any knowledge they may have of the circumstance alluded to by Mr. Lindsay. The following copy of a letter from an adjutant-general of the army, to my address, speaks the language of all, and I transcribe it, to show how utterly unfounded the accusation is.

Colonel —— writes:—"I never heard, either privately or publicly, of any circumstances occurring upon the parade of any regiment or body of troops belonging to this army, that could afford even the shadow of a ground for such an assertion as that stated in your note now replied to. Had a rumour of such a thing ever reached me, a sense of duty would have made me, without a moment's delay, use every exertion to satisfy myself upon what foundation it rested, and means would have been taken very soon to convince any party so offending of the grave nature of his indiscretion. And I am, therefore, perfectly satisfied that such a thing was never attempted to be put in practice, if it ever entered the head of the greatest en-

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* We understand the charge to have been, that the officers preached the Christian Religion!—*Ed. Museum.*

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thusiast on the subject, as to preach to the sepoys on parade in disparagement of their religion."

A staff officer at one of our largest stations writes:—"During that period (fourteen years), I have been intimately connected with missionaries and blue-light officers, as they call them, and up to this instant I not only never heard, but I can safely say I never even suspected, such a downright mad act and injudicious proceeding as that of an officer or officers, of any service, having upon parade, after the exercises were concluded, taken upon themselves to address the sepoys, and to preach to them in disparagement of their religion."

Shall I add my own testimony? It is that of an officer who has served twenty-two years, and has more than once faced his country's foes and has bled in her defence, and is prepared to do so again at duty's call; and I can with confidence affirm, that I never heard even a whisper of such a piece of madness attempted, either on or off parade, by any officer of this or any other army. Rely on it, my dear sir, there is too high a sense of duty pervading the service, and too correct and vigilant an eye over the military body here, to render such an act at all possible.

I write from a sick couch: the medical gentlemen tell me I cannot recover in this country, and I know the uncertainty of life every where, to be too sanguine of restoration any where. But I am only one of many, whom I know similarly situated, who have given up to their country that which is most precious to man, their *health* and *strength*, by exposure at duty's call to this ungenial climate, without a murmur, sustained by better hopes and firmer support than can be derived from the sympathy and confidence of their earthly rulers (dear and soothing as this, too, would prove;) and before Mr. Lindsay again attempts to add to the trials of his countrymen so situated, I trust he will pause and reflect on the effect such indiscriminate and ill-founded accusations are likely to produce.

I remain, my dear sir,
With profound respect and esteem,
Your most obedient, most faithful servant,
(Signed) ——— ———
Captain, Bombay Artillery.

P. S.—I will send you all the original documents herein quoted and referred to, by a ship going round the Cape. This goes by over-land despatch.

STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.

No less than seventeen years have elapsed since the first formation of a fund in India for the purpose of carrying into effect a communication by steam-vessels between that country and Europe; and, after a very considerable outlay of funds, a prodigious effusion of sanguine promises, a world of speaking and of writing, the object, as far as private energy and enterprise have gone, remains in the same embryo state as when Capt. Johnston first, and then Mr. Waghorn, began to stir the Calcutta community. It is not our design to review the causes which have retarded the fulfilment of so desirable an object, and for which ample resources were obtained or retainable; but we may observe, that the disputes between the presidencies abroad upon this subject, the perpetual squabbles amongst the same party at the same presidency, the rise and fall of project after project, the conflicting views, the rival interests, the petty jealousies, to which this object has given rise, would afford materials for a narrative at once ridiculous and lamentable.

Upon one point alone the various partisans have been tolerably unanimous, namely, that of ascribing all the blame of the delay to the Government. Now it has always been the policy of the Government to abstain from interference in matters of this kind, and to leave them in the hands of private individuals, upon the principle that commercial energy and enterprise can effect such objects much better without than with the co-operation of Government. This policy has been successfully acted upon in other great lines of steam-communication, by land as well as sea, where the vessels and locomotive engines are the property of private companies, the Government contracting with them for the transmission of their mails and despatches. So far as the exigencies of the state demanded it, in the absence of a private channel of conveyance, the Government have established a steam communication with India, and if letters can now be despatched from England to Bombay in the short space of *thirty-one days*,* who have the mercantile community and people of England and of India to thank for it, but the Government? If the projectors of steam communication at Calcutta, who have been vociferating and abusing each other and the Government for so many years, and *doing* literally nothing themselves, had applied the funds they have wasted to floating a few steamers, even on the Asiatic side alone, the Government would have been glad to employ them, though they might be naturally reluctant to bind themselves hand and foot, by entering into engagements previous to a specific plan being put into operation.

We have at length, however, some prospect of seeing a proper direction given to private energy and exertions in this matter. Two plans are now brought to a certain degree of maturity, which may be carried on either separately, or in conjunction, or as one united scheme. We have been addressed by the projectors of both these plans, and we have both the schemes before us; but we shall observe, as we have endeavoured to do all throughout this protracted controversy, a strict impartiality, submitting to our readers an outline of each plan, with such remarks as they may suggest.

What is termed in Bengal the Comprehensive scheme, has, luckily for its projectors, fallen into the hands of an able and a straightforward man of business, Mr. Curtis, late governor of the Bank of England, and under the management of the Board, of which he is the Chairman, a company is now formed or forming, under the title of the East-Indian Steam Navigation Company, with a capital of £800,000, to be raised in 16,000 shares of £50 each. Although this scheme has been from time to time adverted to in our Asiatic Intelligence, we think it better here to state, that it proposes to establish, by means of large and powerful steam-ships, a connected intercourse between Calcutta, Madras, Ceylon, and England, in one unbroken chain, reducing the communication as nearly as possible to a certainty. Bombay is not embraced at present in the arrangement, but will eventually be included.

To meet the wishes of the Indian public, and looking to an immediate profitable return in the general call for such a preliminary step, it is proposed to purchase and despatch to Calcutta, with the least possible delay, the largest steam-vessel procurable, to be employed between that port and Suez, making four voyages from each place in the year. To carry the entire service into effect for a regular monthly communication, it is intended to build seven steam ships of such tonnage and power as to be applicable to the route by the Cape of Good Hope, in case of any interruption to that through Egypt. The vessels will also be so constructed as to admit of their carrying an effectual armament in case of any warlike contingency. From detailed calculations, which have been made on those data which experience has already furnished, the estimated outlay, charges and revenues, are exhibited in the following abstract:—

* The utmost that Mr. Waghorn promised, when he first projected his steam scheme, was to convey the mails from London to Calcutta in *seventy days*.

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Outlay.

Building and fitting seven steam ships, cost of stations abroad, and incidental expenses	£600,000

Annual Charge.

Wages, coals, victualling, insurance, &c., sinking fund for wear and tear, and renewal of ships, and charges of all kinds	239,000

Income.

Passengers, less victualling and land transport	£281,000	
Freight, consisting of light parcels, periodicals, bullion, &c.	24,000	
		305,000
Yielding a clear annual surplus of		£66,000

or upwards of 11 per cent. upon £600,000.

No contribution for post-office service has been included in these calculations; but there can be no doubt that the company, when once in operation, must be employed by Government to carry the mails.

To carry into effect the plans of the company, the following outline is proposed:—That steam ships shall start on a fixed day in each month from England and Calcutta; the time calculated on for the performance of the route being, from

England to	Alexandria	14 days.
"	Ceylon	35 to 37 "
"	Madras	38 to 40 "
"	Calcutta	42 to 45 "

The route across the isthmus of Suez to be at the charge and under the superintendence of the Company.

£104,000 of the proposed capital has been subscribed in India.

The other plan, proposed by the Peninsular Steam Navigation Company (which has now assumed the additional epithet "Oriental"), proposes to forward mails and letters to and from India by two routes, one a land-route through France *via* Marseilles, and the other a sea-route, by Falmouth and Gibraltar; both uniting at Malta. The outward mails through France will leave London on the 4th, and the sea-packets on the 1st of the month, both reaching Malta on the 13th, and being forwarded to Alexandria on the 14th. On the homeward route, through France, the mails will leave Malta on the 28th of the month: the only difference between the sea-route and the overland is the time required for the transmission of letters between Falmouth and London. Every necessary accommodation is to be provided for passengers by the vessels, and those persons who go by the sea-route will have the opportunity of visiting Spain and Portugal, staying there a longer or shorter time at their pleasure. It is understood that the government will contract with this Company, experimentally, from the 1st of September.

This scheme presents many advantageous features. It is already in operation, and requires merely an extension of capital and means: it admits of union with the other plan, for the Peninsular Company, "so far from entertaining any views of rivalry or opposition towards those who have taken a leading part in advocating the Comprehensive plan of Steam Communication with India, are ready and willing to co-operate with them in carrying out that long contemplated enterprise to its full extent;" and, moreover, it offers to passengers a source of attraction, in the facilities it will afford of visiting Spain, Portugal and Gibraltar.

Our opinion is decidedly in favour of the expediency of union and co-operation between the East Indian and the Peninsular Companies, either by dividing the line betwixt them, the Peninsular taking the line between England and Alexandria, and the East Indian that between the isthmus of Suez and India; or by merging the East Indian Company, which is yet imperfect, in the other, which is complete and organized. It is to be hoped that a new race of rivalry will not be commenced between these two bodies, with the Precursorites (a strange misnomer) still in the rear, which will make the subject of steam communication with India a standing jest.

ANECDOTES,

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

Bahrám Sháh, son of Sultán Mahmúd the Ghaznaví, sent a governor to Ghor, who practised great oppression on the inhabitants. One Ghorian fled, and going on foot to Ghazní, called for justice against the tyrant. Bahrám Sháh ordered a long and prolix letter to be written, reprehending and forbidding his oppression; and the Ghorian, taking the letter, returned to Ghor. The governor, on receiving the letter, tore it in pieces, and compelled the bearer by blows to eat it. The man returned to Ghazní on foot, and again complained. Bahrám ordered a letter to be written full of threats and menaces. The secretary took up a longer sheet of paper than the last, on which to write the letter, when the Ghorian said, "For God's sake, write the letter on a small piece of paper, that I may suffer less in eating it, for I had great difficulty in swallowing the last." Bahrám laughed at these words; upon which the Ghorian said, "Do you laugh at this, when the fact is, that if you had any zeal for the duties of government, you could not but weep bitterly at your own conduct, whence it is that your servant makes no account of your authority and disobeys your commands?" Bahrám was impressed with this address, and, changing his intention, said, "Ghorian, you are right; and I swear by heaven that I will neither taste savoury food nor enjoy pleasant sleep until I have taken vengeance on this tyrant for his insolence." He rose up immediately, girt on his jewelled sword, and set out for Ghor, saying to his retinue, "Follow me quickly, for I am going to the mountains of Ghor on a hunting excursion." Under this pretext, he left Ghazní and proceeded to Ghor. The unjust governor went out to meet him, bringing suitable presents for the king; but, seeing the Ghorian at his stirrup, he trembled for his life, and throwing himself from his horse, he rushed forward to kiss the stirrup of Bahrám Sháh. The king ordered him to be bound hands and neck, and said, "I will not dismount until I have given this tyrant his desert." He then ordered twenty *mans* of lead to be brought and melted, and the tyrant being thrown down on the ground, some one poured the lead down his throat, and said, "This is the recompense of him who treats with disrespect the orders of his majesty, and who gives them as food to the oppressed." He then appointed a just governor of Ghor, exempted the Ghorian from the payment of taxes, and, neither dismounting from his horse nor reposing for a moment, turned the reins, and hastened back to his capital of Ghazní.

When the King of Abyssinia drove Saif ibn Zi 'lyazn, who was King of Yemen, out of that country, he took refuge with Núshirván, and asked succour of him. Núshirván granted him three thousand men. He said, "O Kasrá, how can three thousand oppose fifty thousand?"—"A little fire," said the monarch, "suffices for a great deal of wood."

A rich man said to a philosopher, "I have a hundred dinárs of gold, which I think of bestowing upon you. What is best to be done?"—If you give them," replied he, "it will be best for yourself; and if you give them not, it will be best for me;" meaning that he would be free from the debt of obligation.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

PART XI.

Several legal topics have been touched upon in these papers, which seem to have attracted some little attention amongst legal readers, as, at least, would appear from various communications—some at considerable length, some anonymous, others not—addressed, through the publishers, to "The Author of Ten Thousand a-Year, in Blackwood's Magazine." The principal matters thus discussed are, *the power of an heir, in the lifetime of his ancestor*, (to speak popularly, though not with legal accuracy, since *nemo est hæres viventis*,) *to convey away his expectancy in fee, so as to bind himself, and those claiming under him, by estoppel on the subsequent descent of the estate.* On this point have been received several communications—one of them from, perhaps, the greatest lawyer in England. 'Tis doubtless an important point; and where doctors differ I am not presumptuous enough to volunteer an opinion, though I entertain a pretty decisive one. Those who think that I am wrong, had better, perhaps, again refer to their books. Mine I had consulted pretty anxiously before sending off my MS. to the press. The next point is, the effect given by Lord Widdrington, C. J., at the trial, (in which he is represented as being subsequently confirmed by the decision of the Court of King's Bench,) to the ERASURE in the deed of confirmation. From two letters I learn that three or four clients of the writers of them have conceived great alarm on this subject, and have directed all their deeds to be overhauled, and, in case of an erasure being discovered, submitted to eminent counsel! Such erasures have been discovered, it would seem, in two instances. In one, the counsel differed from Lord Widdrington; in the other he agreed. The question, then, here is, Whether, *when an ancient deed* (*i. e.* upwards of thirty years old, after which period a deed is said to *prove itself*) *is produced from the proper custody in support of the rights of the party producing it, and there proves to be an erasure in it in an essential part of the deed—such deed ought to be rejected, unless the erasure can be accounted for; or admitted upon the presumption that such erasure occurred before the execution of the deed?* Now, upon this point also I have formed a pretty strong opinion, and referred again to the authorities; and venture to give in my adhesion to the opinion of Lord Widdrington and his court. It is rather singular that, about a fortnight ago, Lord Brougham, in delivering the judgment of the House of Lords in three appeal cases from Scotland, each of which was a case depending upon the effect of an erasure, expressly declared the Scotch law to be to the effect laid down in these papers, and decided accordingly, admitting the cases to be full of grievous hardship—in one instance, a widow losing the whole of the provision which had been made for her by her deceased husband. Whether or not my notions of the English law on this subject are antiquated, and contrary to those entertained by the judges and the bar since I ceased practising, I leave for them who are competent to form an opinion to decide. As for several other communications of a different nature—some similarly, others differently addressed—surely, on consideration, the authors of them cannot expect any answer, nor yet construe silence into discourtesy. Z.

——, *near London, 14th August*, 1840.

RANK is very apt to attract and dazzle vulgar and feeble optics; and the knowledge that such is its effect, is unspeakably gratifying to a vain and ignorant possessor of that rank. Of the truth of one part of this observation, take as an illustration the case of Tittlebat Titmouse; of the other, that of the Earl of Dreddlington. The former's dinner engagement with the latter, his august and awful kinsman, was an event of such magnitude as to absorb almost all his faculties in the contemplation of it, and also occasion him great anxiety in preparing for an effective appearance upon so signal an occasion. Mr. Gammon had repeatedly, during the interval, instructed his anxious pupil, if so he might be called, as to the manner in which he ought to behave. He was—Heaven save the mark, poor Titmouse!—to assume an air of mingled deference, self-possession, and firmness; not to be overawed by the greatness with which he would be brought into contact, nor unduly elated by a sense of his own suddenly-acquired importance. He was, on the other hand, to steer evenly between the extremes of timorousness and temerity—that happy mean, so grateful to those able to appreciate the effort and object of those attaining to it. Titmouse was to remember that, great as was the Earl of Dreddlington, he was yet *but a man*—related, moreover, by consanguinity to him, the aforesaid Titmouse—who might, moreover, before many years should have elapsed, be himself Earl of Dreddlington, or at least Lord Drelincourt, and by consequence equally entitled, with the present possessor of that resplendent position, to the homage of mankind. At the same time, that the earl's advanced years gave him a natural claim to the respect and deference of his young kinsman, whom, moreover, he was about to introduce into the sublime regions of aristocracy, and also of political society, Titmouse might derive a few ingredients of consolation from the reflection, that his income probably *exceeded* by a third that of the Earl of Dreddlington. This is the sum of Mr. Gammon's *general* instructions to his eager and anxious pupil; but he also gave Titmouse many minor hints and suggestions. He was to drink very little wine—(whereat Titmouse demurred somewhat vehemently, and asked "How the d—l he was to *get his steam up?*")—and on no account to call for beer or porter, to which plebeian beverages, indeed, he might consider himself as having bid a long and last adieu;—to say "my lord" and "your lordship," in addressing the earl—"my lady" and "your ladyship," in addressing Lady Cecilia;—and, above all, never to appear in a hurry, but to do and say whatever he had to do and say calmly; for that the nerves of aristocracy were very delicate, and could not bear a bustle, or the slightest display of energy of feeling. Then, as to his *dress*—Gammon, feeling himself treading on very doubtful ground, intimated merely that the essence of true fashion was *simplicity*—but here Titmouse grew fidgety, and his Mentor ceased.

During the night which ushered in the eventful day of Titmouse's dining with the Earl of Dreddlington, our friend got but very little sleep. Early in the morning he engaged a handsome glass-coach to convey him westward in something like style, and before noon his anxieties were set at rest by the punctual arrival of various articles of dress, and decoration, and scent—for Titmouse had a great idea of scents. His new watch and its brilliant gold guard-chain—his eyes gloated upon them. What, he thought, would he have been without them. About half-past three o'clock he retired to his bed-room, and resigned himself into the hands of the tip-top hairdresser from the Strand, whose agreeable manipulations, and still more agreeable small talk, occupied upwards of an hour, Titmouse giving the anxious operator abundant notice of the high quarter in which his handiwork was likely soon to be scrutinized.

"Pray-a, can you tell me," quoth Titmouse, drawlingly, shortly after Twirl had commenced his operations, "how long it will take me to get from this infernal part of the town to Grosvenor Square? *Dem* long way, isn't it, Mr. What's-your-name?"

"Grosvenor Square, sir?" said Twirl, glibly, but with a perceptible dash of deference in his tone; "why it *is*, as

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one might say, a tolerable way off, certainly; but you can't well miss your way *there*, sir, of all places in town——"

"My coachman," interrupted Titmouse, with a fine air, "of course, had I thought of it, *he* must know."

"Oh! to be sure, sir. There's none but people of the most *highest* rank lives in that quarter, sir. Excuse me, sir, but I've a brother-in-law that's valet to the Duke of Ding-dong, there——"

"Indeed! How far off is that from Lord Dreddlington's?" inquired Titmouse, carelessly.

"Lord Dreddlington's, sir?—Well, I never! Isn't it particular strange, if that's where you're going, sir; it's next door to the Duke's—the very next door, sir?"

"'Pon my life, is it indeed? How devilish odd!"

"Know the Earl of Dreddlington then, I presume, sir?"

"Ya-a-s, I should think so; he's my—my—relation, that's all; and devilish near too!"

Mr. Twirl instantly conceived a kind of reverence for the gentleman upon whom he was operating.

"Well, sir," he presently added, in a still more respectful tone than before, "p'r'aps you'll think it a liberty, sir; but, do you know, I've several times had the honour of seeing his lordship in the street at a little distance—and there's a —a family likeness between you sir,—'pon my word, sir. It struck me, directly I saw you, that you was like some nob I'd seen at the other end of the town." Here Titmouse experienced pleasurable emotions, similar to those of a cat when you pass your hand down its glossy coat in the right direction. "Will you allow me, sir, to give your hair a good brushing, sir, before I dress it? I always like to take the *greatest* pains with the hair of my quality customers. Do you know, sir, that I had the honour of dressing his Grace's hair for a whole fortnight together, once when my brother-in-law was ill; and though, p'r'aps I oughtn't to say it, but his Grace expressed the highest satisfaction at my exertions, sir."

"'Pon my life, and *I* should say you were an uncommon good hand—I've known lots worse, I assure you; men that would have spoiled the best head of hair going, by Jove!"

"Sir, you're very kind. I assure you, sir, that to do justice to a *gent's* hair requires an uncommon deal of practice, and a sort of *nat'ral* talent for it, besides. Lord, sir! how much depends on a gent's hair, don't it? Of two coming into a room, it makes all the difference, sir! Believe me, sir, it's no use being well-dressed, nay, nor good-looking, if as how the hair a'nt done, what I call, *correct*."

"By Jove, I really think you're nigh about the mark," said Titmouse; and after a pause, during which Mr. Twirl had been brushing away at one particular part of the head with some vehemence. "Well," he exclaimed, with a sigh—"I'm *blest* if I can manage it, do what I will!"

"Eh? What's that? What is it?" inquired Titmouse, a little alarmedly.

"Nothing, sir; only it's what we gents, in our profession, calls a feather, which is the most *hobstinatest* thing in nature."

"What's a *feather*?" quoth Titmouse, rather faintly.

"Why, sir, 'tis when a small lot of hair on a gent's head *will* stick up, do all we can to try and get it down; and (excuse me, sir,) *you've* got a regular rattler!" Titmouse put up his hand to feel, Twirl guiding it to the fatal spot: there it was, just as Twirl had described it.

"What's to be done?" murmured Titmouse.

"I'm afraid, sir, you don't use our OSTRICH GREASE and RHINOCEROS MARROW, sir!"

"Your *what*?" cried Titmouse apprehensively, with a dismally distinct recollection of the tragedy of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, and the Damascus cream, and the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra; matters which he at once mentioned to Mr. Twirl.

"Ah, it's not *my* custom, sir," quoth Twirl, "to run down other gents' inventions; but my real opinion is, that they're all an imposition—a sunk imposition, sir. I didn't like to say it, sir; but I soon saw there had been somebody a practising on your hair."

"What, is it *very* plain?" cried Titmouse, starting up and stepping to the glass.

"No, sir—not so *very* plain; only *you've* got, as I might say, *accustomed* to the sight of it; but when it's properly curled, and puckered up, and frizzed about, it won't show—nor the feather neither, sir; so, by your leave, here goes, sir;" and, after about a quarter of an hour's more labour, he succeeded in parting it right down the middle of the head, bringing it out into a bold curl towards each eyebrow, and giving our friend quite a new and very fascinating appearance, even in his own eyes. And as for the colour—it really was not so very marked, after all; a little purple-hued and mottled, to be sure, in parts, but not to a degree to attract the eye of a casual observer. Twirl having declared, at length, his labours completed—regarding Titmouse's head with a look of proud satisfaction—Titmouse paid him half-a-crown, and also ordered a pot of ostrich grease and rhinoceros marrow, (the one being *suet*, the other *lard*, differently scented,) and was soon left at liberty to proceed with the important duties of the toilet. It took him a good while; but in the end he was supremely successful. He wore black tights, (*i. e.*, pantaloons fitting closely to his legs, and tied round his ankles with black ribands,) silk stockings, and shoes with glittering silver buckles. His white neckerchief was tied with great elegance, not a wrinkle superfluous being visible in it. His shirt-front of lace, had two handsome diamond pins, connected together by a little delicate gold chain, glistening in the midst of it. Then he had a white waistcoat edge, next a crimson one, and lastly a glorious sky-blue satin waistcoat, spangled all over with gold flowers inwrought—and across it hung his new gold watch-guard, and his silver guard for his eye-glass, producing an inconceivably fine effect. His coat was of a light-brown, of exquisite cut, fitting him as closely as if he had been born in it, and with burnished brass buttons, of sugar loaf shape. 'Twas padded also with great judgment, and really took off more of his round-shouldered awkwardness of figure than any coat he had ever before had. Then he had a fine white pocket-handkerchief, soaked in lavender water, and immaculate white kid gloves. Thus habited, he stood before his glass, bowing fifty different times, and adjusting his expression to various elegant forms of address—quite content. He was particularly struck with the combined effect of the two curls of his hair towards each eye, and the hair underneath his chin curved upwards on each side of his mouth in complete symmetry. I have ascertained from Mr. Titmouse himself, that on this memorable occasion of his first introduction to NOBILITY, every item of dress and decoration was entirely new; and when at length his labours had been completed, he felt great composure of mind, and a consciousness of the decisive effect he must produce upon those into whose presence he was so soon to be ushered. His "carriage" was presently announced; and after keeping it standing a few minutes, merely for form's sake, he gently placed his hat upon his head, drew on one glove, took his little ebony cane in his hand, and, with a hurried inward prayer that he might be equal to the occasion, stepped forth from his apartment, and passed on to the glass coach. Such a brilliant little figure, I will take upon myself to say, had never before issued, nor will perhaps ever again issue, from the Cabbage-stalk hotel. The waiters whom he passed, inclined towards him with instinctive reverence. He was *very* fine, to be sure; but who could, they justly thought, be dressed too finely that had ten thousand a-year, and was going to dine with a lord in Grosvenor Square? Titmouse was soon on his way towards that at once desired and dreaded region. He gazed with a look of occasional pity and contempt, as he passed along, at the plebeian pedestrians, and the lines of shops on each side of the narrow streets, till he began to perceive

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indications of superior modes of existence; and then he began to feel a little fidgety and nervous. The streets grew wider, the squares greater, hackney coaches (unsightly objects!) became fewer and fewer, giving place to splendid vehicles, coaches, and chariots, with one, two, and even three footmen clustering behind, with long canes, with cockades, with shoulder-knots; crimson, yellow, blue, green hammercloths, with burnished crests upon them, and sleek coachmen with wigs and three-cornered hats, and horses that pawed the ground with very pride; ladies within, glistening in satin, lace, and jewels—their lords beside them, leaning back with countenances so stern and haughty; oh, by all that was magnificent! Titmouse felt himself getting now within the very vortex of greatness and fashion, and felt a frequent fluttering and catching of the breath. He was, however, now in for it—and there was no retreat. As he neared Grosvenor Square, he heard, ever and anon, terrific thundering noises at the doors, opposite which these splendid vehicles drew up—as if the footmen were infuriated because the doors did not fly open of themselves, at the sound of the approaching carriage-wheels. At length he entered Grosvenor Square, that "pure empyrean" of earthly greatness. Carriages rolled haughtily past him, others dashed desperately onward: at each side of Lord Dreddlington's house, were carriages setting down with tremendous uproar. Mr. Titmouse felt his colour going, and his heart began to beat much faster than usual. 'Twas quite in vain that he "hemmed" two or three times, by way of trying to re-assure himself: he felt that his hour was come; and would have been glad at the moment for any decent excuse for driving off home again, and putting off the evil day a little longer. Opposite the dreaded door had now drawn up Mr. Titmouse's glass coach; and the decent coachman—whose well-worn hat, and long, clean, but threadbare blue coat, and ancient-looking top-boots, bespoke their wearer's thriftiness—slowly alighting, threw the reins on his quiet horses' backs, and gave a modest rat-tat-tat-tat-tat at the door without ringing.

"What name shall I give, sir?" said he, returning to his coach, and letting down the loud clanking steps, with a noise for which Titmouse could have heartily kicked him.

"Titmouse—Mr. Titmouse;" replied he, hurriedly, as the lofty door was thrown open by the corpulent porter, disclosing several footmen, with powdered heads, standing in the hall waiting for him.

"Mr. Titmouse!" exclaimed the coachman to the servants—"When shall I come back for you, sir?"

"D— me, sir—don't bother *me*," faltered Titmouse; and the next moment was in the hands of the Philistines—the door was closed upon him. All his presence of mind had evaporated; the excellent lessons given him by Mr. Gammon had disappeared like breath from the polished mirror. Though Lord Dreddlington's servants had never before seen in the house so strange an object as poor little Titmouse, they were of far too highly polished manners to appear to notice any thing unusual. They silently motioned him up stairs with a bland courteous air, he carrying his little agate-headed cane in one hand, and his new hat in the other. A gentlemanly person in a full black dress suit, opened the drawing-room door for him, with an elegant inclination which Titmouse very gracefully returned. A faint mist seemed to be in the drawing-room for a second or two; but quickly clearing away, Titmouse beheld, at the upper end, but two figures, that of an old gentleman and a young lady—in fact, the Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia. Now, that great man had not been a whit behind-hand with the little being now trembling before him in the matter of dress; being, in truth, full as anxious to make an effective first appearance in the eyes of Titmouse, as he in those of the Earl of Dreddlington. And each had succeeded in his way. There was really little or no difference between them. The Right Honourable the Earl of Dreddlington was an old experienced fool, and Tittlebat Titmouse a young inexperienced one. They were the same species of plant, but grown in different soils. The one had had to struggle through a neglected existence by the dusty, hard, roadside of life; the other had had all the advantage of hot-house cultivation—its roots striking deep into, and thriving upon, the rich manure of sycophancy and adulation. We have seen how anxious was our little friend to appear as became the occasion, before his great kinsman; who, in his turn, had several times during the day exulted secretly in the anticipation of the impression which must be produced upon the mind of Titmouse by the sudden display, in the Earl's person, of the sublimest distinction that society can bestow, short of royalty. It had once or twice occurred to the Earl, whether he could find any fair excuse for appearing in his full general's uniform; but on mature reflection, governed by that simplicity and severity of taste which ever distinguished him, he abandoned that idea, and appeared in a plain blue coat, white waistcoat, and black knee-breeches. But on his left breast glittered the star, round his left knee glistened the garter, and across his waistcoat were the broad blue and red ribands of the Garter and the Bath. His hair was white and fine; his cold blue eye and haughty lip gave him an expression of severe dignity; and he stood erect as an arrow. Lady Cecilia reclined on the sofa, with an air of languor and ennui that had become habitual to her; and was dressed in glistening white satin, with a necklace of large and very beautiful pearls. The Earl was standing in an attitude of easy grace to receive his guest, as to whose figure and height he was quite in the dark—Mr. Titmouse might be a great or a little man, and forward or bashful. "Oh, Heavens!" involuntarily exclaimed the Earl to himself, the instant his eye caught sight of Titmouse, who approached slowly, making profound and formal obeisances. Lord Dreddlington was rooted to the spot he had occupied when Titmouse entered. If his servants had turned an ape into the drawing-room, the Earl could scarcely have felt or exhibited greater amazement than he now experienced for a moment. "Oh, Heavens!" thought he, "what a fool have we here? what creature is this?" Then it flashed across his mind;—"Is this THE FUTURE LORD DRELINCOURT?" He was on the point of recoiling from his suddenly-discovered kinsman in dismay, (as for Lady Cecilia, she gazed at him in silent horror,) when his habitual self-command came to his assistance; and, advancing very slowly a step or two towards Titmouse, who, after a hurried glance around him, saw no place to deposit his hat and cane upon except the floor, on which he accordingly dropped them, the Earl extended his hand, and bowed courteously, but with infinite concern in his features.

"I am happy, Mr. Titmouse, to make your acquaintance," said the Earl slowly. "Sir, I have the honour to present you to my daughter, the Lady Cecilia." Titmouse, who by this time had got into a sort of cold sweat—a condition from which the Earl was really not *very* far removed—made a very profound and formal bow, (he had been taking lessons from a posture-master to one of the theatres,) first to the Earl, and then to Lady Cecilia, who rose about two inches from the sofa, and then sank again upon it, without removing her eyes from the figure of Titmouse, who went on bowing, first to the one and then to the other, till the Earl had engaged him in conversation.

"It gives me pleasure, sir, to see that you are punctual in your engagements. I am so too, sir; and owe no small portion of my success in life to it. Punctuality, sir, in small matters, leads to punctuality in great matters." This was said in a very deliberate and pompous manner.

"Oh yes, my lord! quite so, your lordship," stammered Titmouse, suddenly recollecting a part of Gammon's instructions: "to be sure—wouldn't have been behind time, your lordship, for a minute, my lord; bad manners, if it please your lordship——"

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"Will you be seated, sir?" interrupted the Earl, deliberately motioning him to a chair, and then sitting down beside him; after which the Earl seemed, for a second or two, to forget himself, staring in silence at Titmouse, and then in consternation at Lady Cecilia. "I—I—" said he, suddenly recollecting himself, "beg your par—sir, I mean I congratulate you upon your recent success. Sir, it must have been rather a surprise to you?"

"Oh yes, sir—my lord, most uncommon, may it please your lordship—particular—but right is right—thank your lordship——"

"Oh Heavens! merciful Heavens! How horrid all this is! Am I awake, or only dreaming? 'Tis an idiot—and, what's worse, a *vulgar* idiot. Oh Heavens! *And this thing may be Lord Drelincourt.*" This was what was passing through Lord Dreddlington's mind, while his troubled eye was fixed upon Titmouse.

"It is, indeed, Mr. Titmouse," replied his lordship, "very true; sir, what you say is correct. Quite so; exactly." His eye was fixed on Titmouse, but his words were uttered, as it were, mechanically, and in a musing manner. It flitted for a moment across his mind, whether he should ring the bell, and order the servant to show out of the house the fearful imp that had just been shown into it; but at that critical moment he detected poor Titmouse's eye fixed with a kind of reverent intensity upon his lordship's STAR. 'Twas a lucky look that for Titmouse, for it began to melt away the ice that was getting round the little heart of his august relative. 'Twas evident that the poor young man had not been accustomed to society, thought the Earl, with an approach towards the compassionate mood. He was frightfully dressed to be sure; and as for his speech, he was manifestly overawed by the presence in which he found himself;—that thought melted a little more of the ice. Yet, was it not evident that he had *some* latent power of appreciating real distinction?—the little heart that was under his lordship's star, here lost *all* the ice that had begun so suddenly to encrust it. And again;—he has actually cut out the intolerable Aubrey, and is now lawful owner of Yatton—of ten thousand a-year.

"Did you see the review to-day, sir?" inquired the earl, rather blandly. "His Majesty was there, sir, and seemed to enjoy the scene." Titmouse, with a timid air, said that he had not seen it, as he had been upon the river; and after a few more general observations—"Will you permit me, sir? It is from the House of Lords," said the earl, as a note was brought him, which he immediately opened and read. Lady Cecilia also appearing engaged reading, Titmouse had a moment's breathing time and interval of relief. What would he have given, he thought, for some other person, or several persons, to come in and divide the attention—the intolerably oppressive attention of the two august individuals then before him! He seized the opportunity to cast a furtive glance around the room. It opened into a second, which opened into a third: how spacious each and lofty! And glittering glass chandeliers in each! What chimney and pier glasses! What rich crimson satin curtains—they must have cost twelve or fourteen shillings a yard at least! The carpets, of the finest Brussels—and they felt like velvet to the feet; then the brackets, of marble and gold, with snowy statues and vases glistening upon each; chairs so delicate, and gilded all over—he almost feared to sit down on them. What could the Quirks and Tagrags think of this? Faugh—only to think for a moment of Alibi House and Satin Lodge! Then there was the Lady Cecilia—a lady of high rank! How rich her dress—and how haughtily beautiful she looked as she reclined upon the sofa! She was in fact busy conning over the new opera, coming out the next evening. And the Earl of Dreddlington—there he was, reading, doubtless, some letter from the king or one of the royal family—a man of great rank—with star, garter, and ribands, red and blue—all just as he had seen in pictures, and heard and read of—what must that star have cost? Ay indeed, poor Lord Dreddlington, it had cost you the labour of half a life of steadfast sycophancy, of watchful manœuvring, and desperate exertion! And those ribands—he had never seen any of such a breadth—they must have been manufactured on purpose for the earl! How white were his hands! And he had an antique massive signet-ring on his forefinger, and two glittering rings at least on each of his little fingers—positively Titmouse at length began to regard him almost as a god: and yet the amazing thought occurred that this august being was allied to him by the ties of relationship. Such were the thoughts and reflections passing through the mind of Titmouse, during the time that Lord Dreddlington was engaged in reading his letter—and afterwards during the brief intervals which elapsed between the various observations addressed to him by his lordship.

The gentleman in black at length entered the room, and advancing slowly and noiselessly towards the earl, said, in a quiet manner, "Dinner, my lord;" and retired. Into what new scenes of splendid embarrassment was this the signal for Mr. Titmouse's introduction? thought our friend, and trembled.

"Mr. Titmouse, will you give your arm to the Lady Cecilia?" said the earl, motioning him to the sofa. Up jumped Titmouse, and approached hastily the recumbent beauty, who languidly arose, arranged her train with one hand, and with the other, having drawn on her glove, just barely touched the proffered arm of Titmouse, extended towards her at a very acute angle, and at right angles with his own body—stammering, "Honour to take your ladyship—uncommon proud—this way, my lady." Lady Cecilia took no more notice of him than if he had been a dumb waiter, walking beside him in silence—the earl following. To think that a nobleman of high rank was walking *behind* him! Would to heaven, thought the embarrassed Titmouse, that he had two fronts, one for the earl behind, and the other to be turned full towards Lady Cecilia! The tall servants, powdered and in light-blue liveries, stood like a guard of honour around the dining-room door. That room was extensive and lofty: what a solitary sort of state were they about to dine in! Titmouse felt cold though it was summer, and trembled as he followed, rather than led, his haughty partner to her seat; and then was motioned into his own by the earl, himself sitting down opposite a chased silver soup tureen! A servant stood behind Lady Cecilia and Titmouse; also on the left of the Earl, while on his right, between his lordship and the glistening sideboard, stood a portly gentleman in black, with a bald head and a somewhat haughty countenance. Though Titmouse had touched nothing since breakfast, he felt not the slightest inclination to eat, and would have given the world to have dared to say as much, and be at once relieved from a vast deal of anxiety. Is it indeed easy to conceive of a fellow-creature in a state of more complete thraldom, at that moment, than poor little Titmouse? A little frog under the suddenly-exhausted receiver of an air-pump, or a fish just plucked out of its own element, and flung gasping and struggling upon the grass, may serve to assist your conceptions of the position and sufferings of Mr. Titmouse. The Earl, who was on the look-out for it, observed his condition with secret but complete satisfaction; here he beheld the legitimate effect of rank and state upon the human mind. Titmouse got through the soup—of which about half-a-dozen spoonfuls only were put into his plate—pretty fairly. Any where else than at Lord Dreddlington's, Titmouse would have thought it thin watery stuff, with a few green things chopped up and swimming in it; but now he perceived that it had a sort of superior flavour. How some red mullet, enclosed in paper, puzzled poor Titmouse, is best known to himself.

"The Lady Cecilia will take wine with you, Mr. Tit-

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mouse, I dare say"—observed the Earl: and in a moment's time, but with perfect deliberation, the servants poured wine into the two glasses. "Your ladyship's health, me lady"—faltered Titmouse. She slightly bowed, and a faint smile glimmered at the corners of her mouth—but unobserved by Titmouse. * * * *

"I think you said, Mr. Titmouse," quoth the earl some time afterwards, "that you had not yet taken possession of Yatton?"

"No, my lord; but I go down the day after to-morrow quite—if I may say it, my lord—quite in style."

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the earl, gently.

"Had you any acquaintance with the Aubreys, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired the Lady Cecilia.

"No, my lady—yes, your ladyship, (I beg your ladyship's pardon)—but, now I think of it, I had a slight acquaintance with Miss Aubrey." Titmouse, Titmouse, you little wretch, how dare you say so!

"She is considered pretty in the country, I believe?" drawled Lady Cecilia, languidly.

"Oh, most uncommon lovely!—*middling*, only middling, my lady, I should say"—added Titmouse, suddenly; having observed, as he fancied, rather a displeased look in Lady Cecilia. He had begun his sentence with more energy than he had yet shown in the house; he finished it hastily, and coloured as he spoke—feeling that he had somehow committed himself.

"Do you form a new establishment at Yatton, sir?" inquired the earl, "or take to any part of that of your predecessor?"

"I have not, please your lordship, made up my mind yet exactly—should like to know your lordship's opinion."

"Why, sir, I should be governed by circumstances—by circumstances, sir; when you get there, sir, you will be better able to judge of the course you should pursue."

"Do you intend, Mr. Titmouse, to live in town, or in the country?" inquired Lady Cecilia.

"A little of both, my lady—but mostly in town; because, as your ladyship sees, the country is *devilish* dull—'pon my life, my lady—my lord—beg a thousand pardons," he added, bowing to both, and blushing violently. Here he *had* committed himself; but his august companions bowed to him very kindly, and he presently recovered his self-possession.

"Are you fond of hunting, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired the Earl.

"Why, my lord, can't exactly say that I am—but your lordship sees, cases alter circumstances, and when I get down there among the country gents, p'r'aps I may do as they do, my lord."

"I presume, Mr. Titmouse, you have scarcely chosen a town residence yet?" inquired Lady Cecilia.

"No, my lady—not fixed it yet—was thinking of taking Mr. Aubrey's house in Grosvenor Street, understanding it is to be sold;" then turning towards the Earl—"because, as your lordship sees, I was thinking of getting into *both* the nests of the old bird, while both are warm"—he added, with a very faint smile.

"Exactly; yes—I see, sir—I understand you," replied Lord Dreddlington, sipping his wine. His manner rather discomposed Titmouse, to whom it then very naturally occurred that the Earl might be warmly attached to the Aubreys, and not relish their being spoken of so lightly; so Titmouse hastily and anxiously added—"your lordship sees I was most *particular* sorry to make the Aubreys turn out. A most uncommon respectable gent, Mr. Aubrey; I assure your lordship I think so."

"I had not the honour of his acquaintance, sir," replied the Earl, coldly, and with exceeding stiffness, which flustered Titmouse not a little; and a pause occurred in the conversation for a minute or two. Dinner had now considerably advanced, and Titmouse was beginning to grow a *little* familiar with the routine of matters. Remembering Gammon's caution concerning the wine, and also observing how very little was drunk by the Earl and Lady Cecilia, Titmouse did the same; and during the whole of dinner had scarcely three full glasses of wine.

"How long is it," inquired the Earl, addressing his daughter, "since they took that house?" Lady Cecilia could not say. "Stay—now I recollect—surely it was just before my appointment to the Household. Yes; it was about that time, I now recollect. I am alluding, Mr. Titmouse," continued the Earl, addressing him in a very gracious manner, "to an appointment under the Crown of some little distinction, which I was solicited to accept, at the personal instance of his Majesty, on the occasion of our party coming into power—I mean that of Lord Steward of the Household."

"Dear me, my lord! Indeed! Only to think, your lordship!" exclaimed Titmouse, with infinite deference in his manner, which encouraged the Earl to proceed.

"That, sir, was an office of great importance, and I had some hesitation in undertaking its responsibility. But, sir, when I had once committed myself to my sovereign and my country, I resolved to give them my best services. I had formed plans for effecting very extensive alterations, sir, in that department of the public service, which I have no doubt would have given great satisfaction to the country, as soon as the nature of my intentions became generally understood; when faction, sir, unfortunately prevailed, and we were compelled to relinquish office."

"Dear me, my lord! How particular sorry I am to hear it, my lord!" exclaimed Titmouse, as he gazed at the disappointed statesman with an expression of respectful sympathy.

"Sir, it gives me sincere satisfaction," said the Earl, after a pause, "to hear that our political opinions agree——"

"Oh yes, my lord, quite; *sure* of that——"

"I assure you, sir, that some little acquaintance with the genius and spirit of the British constitution has satisfied me that this country can never be safely or advantageously governed except on sound Whig principles."—He paused.

"Yes, my lord; it's quite true, your lordship."

"That, sir, is the only way I know of by which aristocratic institutions can be brought to bear effectively upon, to blend harmoniously with, the interests of the lower orders—the people, Mr. Titmouse." Titmouse thought this wonderfully fine, and sat listening as to an oracle of political wisdom. The Earl, observing it, began to form a much higher opinion of his little kinsman. "The unfortunate gentleman, your predecessor at Yatton, sir, if he had but allowed himself to have been guided by those who had mixed in public affairs before he was born," said the Earl with great dignity,——

"'Pon my word, my lord, he was, I've heard, a d——d tory!—Oh my lady! my lord! humbly beg pardon," he added, turning pale; but the fatal word had been uttered, and heard by both; and he felt as if he could have sunk through the floor.

"Shall I have the honour of taking another glass of wine with you, sir?" inquired the Earl, rather gravely and severely, as if wishing Mr. Titmouse fully to appreciate the fearful breach of etiquette of which he had just been guilty. After they had bowed to each other, a very awkward pause occurred, which was at length broken by the considerate Lady Cecilia.

"Are you fond of the opera, Mr. Titmouse?"

"Very, my lady—most particular," replied Titmouse who had been there once *only*.

"Do you prefer the opera, or the ballet? I mean the music or the dancing?"

"Oh, I understand your ladyship. 'Pon my word, my lady, I prefer them both in their turns. The dancing is most uncommon superior; though I must say, my lady,

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the lady dancers there do most uncommonly—*rather*, I should say"—He stopped abruptly; his face flushed, and he felt as if he had burst into a perspiration. What the deuce was he about? It seemed as if some devil within were urging him on, from time to time, to commit himself. Good gracious! another word, and out would have come his opinion as to the shocking indecency of the ballet!

"I understand you, sir; I quite agree with you," said Lady Cecilia calmly; "the ballet *does* come on at a sad late hour; I often wish they would now and then have the ballet first."

"'Pon my life, my lady," quoth Titmouse, eagerly snatching at the plank that was thrown to him; "that *is* what I meant—nothing else, upon my soul, your ladyship."

"Do you intend taking a box there, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired her ladyship, with an appearance of interest in the expected answer.

"Why, your ladyship, they say a box there is a *precious* long figure;—but in course, my lady, when I've got to rights a little with my property—your ladyship understands—I shall do the correct thing."

Here a very long pause ensued. How dismally quiet and deliberate was every thing! The very servants, how noiselessly they waited! Every thing done just when it was wanted, yet no hurry, or bustle, or noise; and they looked so composed—so much at their ease. He fancied that they had scarce any thing else to do than look at him, and watch all his movements, which greatly embarrassed him, and he began to *hate* them. He tried hard to inspirit himself with a reflection upon his own suddenly acquired and really great personal importance; absolute master of Ten Thousand a-Year, a relation of the great man at whose table he sat, and whose hired servants they were; but then his timorously-raised eye would light, for an instant, upon the splendid *insignia* of the earl, and he felt as oppressed as ever. What would he not have given for a few minutes' interval and sense of complete freedom and independence? And were these to be his feelings ever hereafter? Was this the sort of tremulous apprehension of offence, and embarrassment as to his every motive, to which he was to be doomed in high life? Oh that he had but been *born* to it, like the Earl and the Lady Cecilia!

"Were you ever in the House of Lords, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired Lord Dreddlington suddenly, after casting about for some little time for a topic on which he might converse with Titmouse.

"No, my lord, never—should most uncommon like to see it, my lord"—replied Titmouse, eagerly.

"Certainly, it is an impressive spectacle, sir, and well worth seeing."

"I suppose, my lord, your lordship goes there every day?"

"Why, sir, I believe *I am* pretty punctual in my attendance. I was there to-day, sir, till the House rose. Sir, I am of opinion that hereditary legislators—a practical anomaly in a free state like this—but one which has innumerable unperceived advantages to recommend it—Sir, our country expects at our hands, in discharge of so grave a trust—in short, if we were not to be true to—we who are in a peculiar sense the guardians of public liberty—if we were ever to betray our trust—Let me trouble you, sir, for a little of that ——," said the Earl, using some foreign word which Titmouse had never heard of before, and looking towards a delicately-constructed fabric, as of compressed snow, that stood before Titmouse. A servant stood in a twinkling beside him with his lordship's plate. Ah me! that I should have to relate so sad an event as presently occurred to Titmouse! He took a spoon; and, imagining the glistening fabric before him to be as solid as it looked, brought to bear upon it an adequate degree of force, even as if he had been going to scoop out a piece of Stilton cheese—and inserting his spoon at the summit of the snowy and deceitful structure, souse to the bottom went spoon, hand, coat-cuff and all, and a very dismal noise evidenced that the dish on which the spoon had descended with so much force—was no longer a dish. It was, in fact, broken in halves, and the liquid from within ran about on the cloth.

* * * A cluster of servants was quickly around him * * * * * * * * *

A mist came over his eyes; the colour deserted his cheek; and he had a strange feeling, as if the end of all things was at hand.

"I beg you will think nothing of it—it really signifies nothing at all, Mr. Titmouse," said the earl, kindly, observing his agitation.

"Oh dear! Oh my lord—your ladyship—what an uncommon stupid ass!"

"Pray *don't* distress yourself, Mr. Titmouse," said Lady Cecilia, really feeling for his evident misery, "or you will distress *us*."

"I beg—humbly beg pardon—please your lordship—your ladyship. I'll replace it with the best in London the very first thing in the morning." Here the servant beside him, who was arranging the table-cloth, uttered a faint sound of suppressed laughter, which disconcerted Titmouse still more.

"Give yourself no concern—'tis only a *trifle*, Mr. Titmouse! You understand?" said the earl, kindly.

"But if your lordship will only allow me—expense is no object. I know the very best shop in Oxford Street"—

"Suppose we take a glass of champagne together, Mr. Titmouse?" said the earl, rather peremptorily; and Titmouse had sense enough to be aware that he was to drop the subject. It was a good while before he recovered even the little degree of self-possession which he had had since first entering Lord Dreddlington's house. He had afterwards no very distinct recollection of the manner in which he got through the rest of dinner, but a general sense of his having been treated with the most kind and delicate forbearance—no *fuss* made. Suppose such an accident had occurred at Satin Lodge, or even Alibi House!

Shortly after the servants had withdrawn, Lady Cecilia rose to retire. Titmouse, seeing the earl approaching the bell, anticipated him in ringing it, and then darted to the door with the speed of a lamplighter to open it, as he did, just before a servant had raised his hand to it on the outside. Then he stood within, and the servant without, each bowing, and Lady Cecilia passed between them with stately step, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her lip compressed, with the effort to check her inclination to a smile—perhaps, even laughter. Titmouse was now left alone with Lord Dreddlington; and, on resuming his seat, most earnestly renewed his entreaties to be allowed to replace the dish which he had broken, assuring Lord Dreddlington that "money was no object at all." He was encountered, however, with so stern a negative by his lordship, that, with a hurried apology, he dropped the subject; the earl, however, good-naturedly adding, that he had perceived the *joke* intended by Mr. Titmouse, which was a very good one. This would have set off poor Titmouse again; but a glance at the face of his magnificent host sealed his lips.

"I have heard it said, Mr. Titmouse," presently commenced the Earl, "that you have been engaged in mercantile pursuits during the period of your exclusion from the estates which you have just recovered. Is it so, sir?"

"Ye-e-e-s—sir—my lord—" replied Titmouse, hastily considering whether or not he should altogether *sink the shop;* but he dared hardly venture upon so decisive a lie—"I was, please your lordship, in one of the greatest establishments in the mercery line in London—at the west end, my lord; most confidential, my lord; management of every thing; but somehow, my lord, I never *took to it*—your lordship understands?"

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"Perfectly, sir; I can' quite appreciate your feelings. But, sir, the mercantile interests of this great country are not to be overlooked. Those who are concerned in them are frequently very respectable persons."

"Begging pardon, my lord—no, they a'n't—if your lordship only knew them as well as I do, my lord. Most uncommon low people. Do any thing to turn a penny, my lord; and often sell damaged goods for best."

"It is very possible, sir, that there may exist irregularities of that description; but upon the whole, sir, I am disposed to think that there are many very respectable persons engaged in trade. I have had the happiness, sir, to assist in passing measures that were calculated, by removing restrictions and protective duties, to secure to this country the benefits of free and universal competition. We have been proceeding, sir, for many years, on altogether a wrong principle; but, not to follow out this matter further, I must remind you, sir, that your acquaintance with the principles and leading details of mercantile transactions—undoubtedly one of the mainsprings of the national greatness—may hereafter be of use to you, sir."

"Yes, my lord, 'pon my soul—when I'm furnishing my houses in town and country, I mean to go to market myself—please your lordship, I know a trick or two of the trade, and can't be taken in, my lord. For instance, my lord, there's Tagrag—a-hem! hem!" he paused abruptly, and looked somewhat confusedly at the earl.

"I did not mean *that* exactly," said his lordship, unable to resist a smile. Pray, fill your glass, Mr. Titmouse." He did so. "You are of course aware that you have the absolute patronage of the borough of Yatton, Mr. Titmouse? It occurs to me, that as our political opinions agree, and unless I am presumptuous, sir, in so thinking—I may be regarded, in a political point of view, as the head of the family—you understand, I hope, Mr. Titmouse?"

"Exactly, my lord—'pon my soul, it's all correct, my lord."

"Well—then—the family interests, Mr. Titmouse, must be looked after."

"Oh! in course, my lord, only too happy—certainly, my lord, we shall, I hope, make a very interesting family, if your lordship so pleases—I *can* have no objection, my lord!"

"It was a vile, a disgraceful trick by which ministers popped in their own man for our borough, Mr. Titmouse?"

Lord Dreddlington alluded to the circumstance of a new writ having been moved for, immediately on Mr. Aubrey's acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, and, before the Opposition could be prepared for such a step, sent down without delay to Yatton, and Sir Percival Pickering, Bart., of Luddington Court, an intimate friend of Mr. Aubrey's, and a keen unflinching Tory, being returned as member for the borough of Yatton, before the Titmouse influence could be brought for even one moment into the field; the few and willing electors of that ancient and loyal borough being only too happy to have the opportunity of voting for a man whose principles they approved—probably the last opportunity they would have of doing so.

"Yes, my lord—Sir What-d'ye-call-him *was* a trifle too sharp for us, in that business, wasn't he?"

"It has succeeded, sir, for the moment, but"—continued his lordship, in a very significant and impressive manner—"it is quite possible that their triumph may be of very short duration—Mr. Titmouse. Those who, like myself, are at head-quarters—let me see you fill your glass, Mr. Titmouse. I have the honour to congratulate you, sir, on the recovery of your rights, and to wish you health and long life in the enjoyment of them."

"May it please your lordship, you're most uncommon polite"—commenced Titmouse, rising, and standing while he spoke—for he had had experience enough of society, to be aware that when a gentleman's health was drunk on important occasions, it became him to rise and acknowledge the compliment in such language as he could command—"and am particularly proud—a—a—I beg to propose, my lord, your lordship's very good health, and many thanks." Then he sat down; each poured out another glass of claret, and drank it off.

"It is extremely singular, sir, the reverses in life that one hears of."

I cannot help pausing, for a moment, to suggest—what must have become of the earl and his daughter, had they been placed in the situation of the unfortunate Aubreys.

"Yes, my lord, your lordship's quite true, 'pon my word! Most uncommon *ups* and *downs!* Lord, my lord, only to fancy *me*, a few months ago, trotting up and down Oxford Street with my yard mea—" He stopped short, and coloured violently.

"Well, sir, however humble might have been your circumstances, it is a consolation to reflect that the Fates ordained it. Sir, there is nothing dishonourable in being poor, when it is not your own fault. Reverses of fortune, sir, have happened to some of the greatest characters in our history. You remember Alfred, sir?" Titmouse bowed assentingly; but had he been questioned, could have told, I suspect, very little about the matter.

"Allow me, sir, to ask whether you have come to any arrangement with your late opponent concerning the back-rents?" inquired the Earl, with a great appearance of interest.

"No, my lord, not yet; but my solicitors say they'll soon *have the screw on*, please your lordship—that's just what they say—their very words."

"Indeed, sir!" replied the Earl, gravely. "What is the sum to which they say you are entitled, sir?"

"Sixty thousand pounds, my lord, at least—quite set me up, at starting, my lord," replied Titmouse with great glee; but the Earl shuddered, and sipped his wine in silence.

"By the way, Mr. Titmouse," said the Earl after a considerable pause—"I trust you will forgive me for suggesting whether it would not be a prudent step for you to go to one of the universities for at least a twelvemonth?"

"Humbly begging your lordship's pardon, am not I too old?"—replied Titmouse—"Besides, I've talked the thing over with Mr. Gammon—"

"Mr. Gammon? Allow me, sir, to ask who that may be?"

"One of my solicitors, my lord; a most remarkable clever man, and an out-and-out lawyer, my lord. It was he that found out all about my case, my lord. If your lordship was only to see him for a moment, your lordship would say, what a *remarkable* clever man that is?"

"You will forgive my curiosity, sir—but it must have surely required very ample means to have carried on so arduous a lawsuit as that which has terminated so successfully?"

"Oh yes, my lord!—Quirk, Gammon, and Snap did all that; and, between me and your lordship, I suppose I shall have to come down a pretty long figure, all on the *nail*, as your lordship understands: but I mean them to get it all out of that respectable gent, Mr. Aubrey. By quietly pressing his questions, the Earl got a good deal more out of Titmouse than he was aware of, concerning Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and conceived a special dislike for Gammon. The Earl gave him some pretty decisive hints about the necessity of his being on his guard with such people—and hoped that he would not commit himself in any thing important without consulting his lordship, who would of course give him the advantage of his experience in the affairs of the world, and open his eyes to the designs of those whose only object was to make a prey of him. Titmouse began to feel that here, at length, he had met with a *real* friend—one whose suggestions were

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worthy of being received with the profoundest deference. Soon afterwards, he had the good fortune to please the Earl beyond expression, by venturing timidly to express his admiration of the splendid star worn by his lordship; who took the opportunity of explaining that and the other marks of distinction he wore, and others which he was entitled to wear, at great length, and with much minuteness—so as that he at length caused Titmouse to believe that he, Lord Dreddlington—the august head of the family—must have rendered more signal service, somehow or other, to his country than most men living. His lordship might not, perhaps, intend it; but he went on till he almost deified himself, in the estimation of his little listener? One very natural question was perpetually trembling on the tip of Titmouse's tongue; viz. how and when he could get a star and garter for *himself*.

"Well, Mr. Titmouse," at length observed the Earl, after looking at his watch—"shall we adjourn to the drawing-room? The fact is, sir, that Lady Cecilia and I have an evening engagement at the Duke of Dunderwhistle's. I much regret being unable to take you with us, sir; but, as it is, shall we rejoin the Lady Cecilia?" continued his lordship, rising. Up jumped Titmouse; and the Earl and he were soon in the drawing-room, where, besides the Lady Cecilia, sat another lady to whom he was not introduced in any way. This was Miss Macspleuchan, a distant connexion of the Earl's late countess—a very poor relation, who had entered the house of the Earl of Dreddlington, in order to eat the *bitter, bitter bread of dependence*. Poor soul! you might tell, by a glance at her, that she did not thrive upon it. She was about thirty, and so thin! She was dressed in plain white muslin; and there were a manifest constraint and timidity about her motions, and a depression in her countenance, whose lineaments showed that if she could be happy she might be handsome. She had a most ladylike air; and there was thought in her brow and acuteness in her eye, which, however, as it were, habitually watched the motions of the Earl and the Lady Cecilia with deference and anxiety. Poor Miss Macspleuchan felt herself gradually sinking into a sycophant; the alternative being that or starvation. She was very accomplished, particularly in music and languages, while the lady Cecilia really knew scarcely any thing—for which reason, principally, she had long ago conceived a bitter dislike to Miss Macspleuchan, and inflicted on her a number of petty but exquisite mortifications and indignities; such, perhaps, as none but a sensitive soul could appreciate, for the Earl and his daughter were exemplary persons in the proprieties of life, and would not do such things *openly*. She was a sort of companion to Lady Cecilia, and entirely dependent upon her and the Earl for her subsistence. She was sitting on the sofa, beside Lady Cecilia, when Titmouse re-entered the drawing-room; and Lady Cecilia eyed him through her glass with infinite *nonchalance*, even when he had advanced to within a few feet of her. He made Miss Macspleuchan, as she rose to take her seat and prepare tea, a most obsequious bow: absurd as was the style of its performance, Miss Macspleuchan saw that there was politeness in the intention; 'twas, moreover, a courtesy towards herself, that was unusual from the Earl's guests; and these considerations served to take off the edge of the ridicule and contempt with which Lady Cecilia had been preparing her to receive their newly-discovered kinsman. After standing for a second or two near the sofa, Titmouse ventured to sit himself down upon it—on the very edge only—as if afraid of disturbing Lady Cecilia, who was reclining on it with an air of languid hauteur.

"So you're going, my lady, to a dance to-night, as my lord says?" quoth Titmouse, respectfully—"hope your ladyship will enjoy yourself."

"We regret that you do not accompany us, Mr. Titmouse," said Lady Cecilia, slightly inclining towards him, and glancing at Miss Macspleuchan with a faint and bitter smile.

"Should have been most uncommon proud to have gone, your ladyship," replied Titmouse, as a servant brought him a cup of tea.

"These cups and saucers, my lady, come from abroad, I suppose? Now, I dare say, though they've *rather* a funny look, they cost a good deal?"

"I really do not know, sir; we have had them a very long while."

"'Pon my life, my lady, I like them amazing!" Seeing her ladyship not disposed to talk, Titmouse became silent.

"Are you fond of music, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired the Earl, presently observing the pause in the conversation to become embarrassing to Titmouse.

"Very, indeed, my lord: is your lordship?"

"I am rather fond of vocal music, sir—of the opera."

This the Earl said, because Miss Macspleuchan played upon the piano very brilliantly, and did not sing. Miss Macspleuchan understood him.

"Do you play upon any instrument, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired Lady Cecilia, with a smile lurking about her lips, which increased a little when Titmouse replied in the negative, that he had once begun to learn the clarionet some years ago, but could not manage the notes. "Excuse me, my lady, but what an uncommon fine piano that is!" said he.—"If I may make so bold, will your ladyship give us a tune?"

"I dare say, Miss Macspleuchan will play for you, Mr. Titmouse, if you wish it," replied Lady Cecilia, coldly.

Some time afterwards, a servant announced to her ladyship and the Earl that the carriage was at the door; and presently they both retired to their dressing-rooms to make some slight alteration in their dress;—the Earl to add a foreign order or two, and Lady Cecilia to place upon her haughty brow a small tiara of brilliants. As soon as they had thus retired—"I shall feel great pleasure, sir, in playing for you, if you wish it?" said Miss Macspleuchan, in a voice of such mingled melancholy and kindness, as must have gone to Titmouse's heart if he had possessed one. He jumped up, and bowed profoundly. She sat down to the piano, and played with exquisite taste, and great execution, such music as she supposed would suit her auditor—namely, waltzes and marches, till the door opened, and Lady Cecilia re-appeared drawing on her gloves, with the glittering addition which I have mentioned—followed presently by the Earl, who had removed the red riband, and added two little foreign orders.

"Well, sir," said he, with dignified affability, "I need not repeat how highly gratified I feel at our introduction to each other. I trust you will henceforth consider yourself no stranger here—

"Oh, 'pon my life, my lord!" exclaimed Titmouse, in a low tone, and with a sudden and profound bow.

"And that on your return from Yorkshire," continued the Earl, drawing on his gloves, "you will let us see you: we both feel great interest in your good fortunes. Sir, I have the honour to wish you a good evening!" He extended his gloved hand to Mr. Titmouse, whose hands he touched with little more than the ends of his fingers.

"We exceedingly regret that we must leave you, Mr. Titmouse; but as we wish to leave the Duchess's early, in order to go to another ball, we must go early. Good evening, sir," and having dropped him a formal curtsy, she quitted the drawing-room followed by the Earl, Titmouse making four or five such bows as provoked a smile from all who witnessed them. The next moment he was alone with Miss Macspleuchan. Her unaffected good-natured address made him feel more at home within the next five minutes, than he had been since entering that frigid scene of foolish state—since being in the oppressive presence of the greatness just departed. She felt at first a contempt for him bordering upon disgust, but which very soon melted into

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pity. What a wretched creature was *this* to be put into such a dazzling position! He soon got pretty communicative with her, and told her about the Tagrags, Miss Tagrag, and Miss Quirk, both of whom were absolutely dying of love for him, and thought he was in love with them, which was not the case—far from it. Then he hinted something about a most particular uncommon lovely gal that had his heart, and he hoped to have hers, as soon as he had got all to rights at Yatton. Then he told her of the great style in which he was going down to take possession of his estates. Having finished this, he told her that he had been the morning before to see a man hanged for murdering his wife; that he had been into the condemned cell, and then into the press-room, and had seen his hands and arms tied, and shaken hands with him; and he was going on into such a sickening minuteness of detail, that to avoid it Miss Macspleuchan, who felt both shocked and disgusted, suddenly asked him if he was fond of heraldry, and, rising from the sofa, she went into the second room, where on an elegant and antique stand lay a huge roll of parchment, on a gilded stick, splendidly mounted and most surperbly illuminated—it was about three quarters of a yard in breadth, and some ten or twenty yards in length. This was the *Pedigree of the Dreddlingtons*. She was giving him an account of Simon de Drelincourt, an early ancestor of the Earl's, who had come over with William the Conqueror, and performed stupendous feats of valour at the battle of Hastings, Titmouse listening in open-mouthed wonder, and almost trembling to think that he had broken a valuable dish belonging to a nobleman who had such wonderful ancestors, not at the moment adverting to the circumstance that he was himself descended from the same ancestors, and had as rich blood in him as the Earl and Lady Cecilia—when a servant entered and informed him in a whisper that "his carriage had arrived." He considered that etiquette required him to depart immediately.

"Beg your pardon; but if ever you should come down to my estate in the country, shall be most uncommon proud to see your ladyship."

"I beg your pardon; you are mistaken, sir," interrupted Miss Macspleuchan hastily, and blushing scarlet; the fact being that Titmouse had not caught her name on its having been once or twice pronounced by Lady Cecilia, and very naturally concluding that she also must be a lady of rank. Titmouse was, however, so occupied with his efforts to make a graceful exit, that he did not catch the explanation of his mistake; and bowing almost down to the ground, reached the landing, where the tall servant, with a very easy grace, gave him his hat and cane, and preceded him down stairs. As he descended, he felt in his pockets for some loose silver, and gave several shillings between the servants who stood in the hall to witness his departure; after which, one of them having opened the door and let down the steps of the glass coach, Titmouse popped into it.

"Home, sir?" inquired the servant, as he closed the door.

"The Cabbage Stalk Hotel, Covent Garden," replied Titmouse.

That was communicated to the coachman, and off rumbled the glass-coach. As soon as Titmouse had become calm enough to reflect upon the events of the evening, he came to the conclusion that the Earl of Dreddlington was a very great man indeed; the Lady Cecilia very beautiful, but rather proud; and Miss Macspleuchan (Lady Somebody, as he supposed,) one of the most interesting ladies he had ever met with, something *uncommon* pleasing about her; in short he felt a sort of grateful attachment towards her, which, how long it would have lasted after he had heard that she was only a plain Miss, and a poor relative, I leave the reader to conjecture.

Mr. Gammon was with him about half-past nine o'clock the next morning, sufficiently anxious to hear how he had got on over-night. He was received by Titmouse in a manner totally different from that in which he had ever before been received by him; and concluded for a few minutes, that Lord Dreddlington had been *pumping* Titmouse, had learned from him his position with respect to him, Gammon, in particular, and had injected distrust and suspicion into the mind of Titmouse concerning him. But Gammon, with all his acuteness, was quite mistaken. The truth was, 'twas only an attempt on the part of poor Titmouse to assume the composed demeanour, the languid elegance, which he had observed in the distinguished personages with whom he had spent the preceding evening, and which had made a very deep impression on his mind. He drawled out his words, looked as if he were half asleep, and continually addressed Gammon as "Sir," and "Mr. Gammon," just as the Earl of Dreddlington had constantly addressed him—Titmouse. Our friend was sitting at breakfast, on the present occasion, in a most gaudy dressing-gown, and with the newspaper before him; in short, his personal appearance and manner were totally different from what Gammon had ever seen before, and he looked now and then at Titmouse, as if for a moment doubting his identity. Whether or not he was now on the point of throwing overboard those who had piloted him from amidst the shoals of poverty into the open sea of affluence, shone upon by the vivid sunlight of rank and distinction, Gammon did not know; but he contracted his brow, and assumed a certain sternness and peremptoriness of tone and bearing, which were not long in reducing Titmouse to his proper dimensions; and when at length Mr. Gammon entered upon the delightful subject of the morrow's expedition, telling him that he, Gammon, had now nearly completed all the preparations for going down to, and taking possession of Yatton in a style of suitable splendour, according to the wish of Titmouse—this quickly melted away the thin coating of mannerism, and Titmouse was "himself again." He immediately gave Mr. Gammon a full account of what had happened at Lord Dreddlington's, and, I fear, of a great deal more that might possibly have happened, but certainly *had* not; *e. g.* his lordship's special laudation of Mr. Gammon as a "monstrous fine lawyer," which Titmouse swore were the very exact words of his lordship, and that he "should have been most happy to see Mr. Gammon," and a good deal to the like effect. Also that he had been "most uncommon thick" with "Lady Cicely," (so he pronounced her name;) and that both she and Lord Dreddlington had "pressed him very hard" to go with them to a ball *at a Duke's!* He made no mention of the broken trifle-dish; said they had nearly a dozen servants to wait on them, (only three sitting down to dinner,) and twenty different sorts of wine, and no end of courses, at dinner. That the Earl wore a star, and garter, and blue riband—which Gammon erroneously thought as apocryphal as the rest; and had told him that he—Titmouse—might one day wear them, and sit in the House of Lords; and had, moreover, advised him most strenuously to get into Parliament as soon as possible, as the "cause of the people wanted strengthening." As Lord Coke somewhere says, in speaking of a spurious portion of the text of Lyttleton, "*that arrow came never out of Lyttleton's quiver*"—so Gammon instantly perceived that the last sentence came never out of Titmouse's own head, but was that of a wise and able man and statesman.

As soon as Titmouse had finished his little romance, Gammon proceeded to the chief object of his visit—their next day's journey. He said that he very much regretted to say that Mr. Snap had expressed a very anxious wish to witness the triumph of Mr. Titmouse; and that Mr. Titmouse, unless he had some peculiar objection—"Oh none, 'pon honour!—poor Snap—devilish good chap in a small way!" said Titmouse; and at once gave his consent—Gammon informing him that Mr. Snap would be obliged

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to return to town by the next day's coach. The reader will smile when I tell him, and if a lady, will frown, when she hears, that Miss Quirk was to be of the party—a point which her anxious father had secured some time ago. Mrs. Alias had declared that she saw no objection, as Mr. Quirk would be constantly with his daughter, and Gammon had appeared most ready to bring about so desirable a result. He had also striven hard, unknown to his partners, to increase their numbers by the Tagrags, who might have gone down, all three of them, if they had chosen, by coach, and so have returned. Gammon conceived that this step might not have been unattended with advantage in several ways; and would, moreover, have secured him a considerable source of amusement. Titmouse, however, would not listen to the thing for one moment, and Gammon was forced to give up his little scheme. Two dashing young fellows, fashionable friends of Titmouse, (who had picked them up heaven only knows where, but they never deserted him,) infinitely to Gammon's annoyance, were to be of the party. He had seen them but once, when he had accompanied Titmouse to the play, where they soon joined him. One was a truly disgusting-looking fellow—a Mr. Yahoo—a man about five-and-thirty years old, tall, with a profusion of black hair parted down the middle of his head, and falling down in long clustering curls from each temple upon his coat collar. His whiskers, also, were ample and covered two-thirds of his face; and he had a jet black tuft—an imperial—depending from under his lip. He had an execrable eye—full of insolence and sensuality; in short, his whole countenance bespoke the thorough debauchee. He had been, he said, in the army; and was nearly connected with some of the first families in the North. He was now a man of pleasure about town—which contained not a better billiard-player, as the admiring Titmouse had had several opportunities of judging. He was a great patron of the ring—knew all their secrets—all their haunts. He always had plenty of money, and drove about in a most elegant cab, in which Titmouse had often had a seat; and as soon as Mr. Yahoo had extracted, from his communicative little companion, all about himself, he made it his business to conciliate his good graces by all the arts of which he was master—and he succeeded. The other chosen companion of Titmouse was Mr. Algernon Fitz-Snooks, a complete fool. He was the sole child of a rich tradesman—who christened him by the sounding name given above; and afterwards added the patrician prefix to the surname, which also you see above, in order to gratify his wife and son. The youth never "took to business," but was allowed to saunter about doing and knowing nothing, till about his twenty-second year, when his mother died, followed a year afterwards by his father, who bequeathed to his hopeful son some fifty thousand pounds—absolutely and uncontrolledly. He very judiciously thought that youth was the time to enjoy life; and before he had reached his thirtieth year, he had got through all his fortune except about five or six thousand pounds—in return for which he had certainly got *something;* viz. an impaired constitution and a little experience, which *might*, possibly, be useful. He had a very pretty face—regular features, and interesting eyes; his light hair curled beautifully; and he spoke in a sort of lisp and in a low tone—and, in point of dress, always turned out beautifully. He also had a cab, and was a great friend of Mr. Yahoo, who had introduced him into a great deal of high society, principally in St. James Street, where both he and Mr. Yahoo had passed a great deal of their time, especially during the nights. There was no intentional mischief in poor Fitz-Snooks; nature had made him only a fool—his prudent parents had done the rest: and, if he fell into vice, it was because he couldn't help it. Such were the chosen companions of Titmouse; the one a fool, the other a rogue—and "he must," he said, "have them down to the *jollifying* at Yatton." A groom and a valet, both newly hired the day before, would complete the party of the morrow. Gammon assured Titmouse that he had taken all the pains in the world to get up a triumphant entry into Yatton; his agents at Grilston, Messrs. Bloodsuck and Son, attorneys—the Radical electioneering attorneys of the county—who were well versed in the matter of processions, bands, flags, &c. &c. &c., had by that time arranged every thing, and they were to be met, when within a mile of Yatton, by a procession. The people at the Hall, also, were under orders from Mr. Gammon, through Messrs. Bloodsuck and Son, to have all in readiness—and a banquet prepared for nearly a hundred persons—in fact, all comers were to be welcome. To all this, Titmouse listened with eyes glistening, and ears tingling with rapture; but can any tongue describe his emotion, on being apprised that the sum of £2500, in the banker's hands, was now at his disposal—that it would be doubled in a few weeks—and that a cheque for £500, drawn by Mr. Titmouse on the London agents of the Grilston bankers, had been honoured on the preceding afternoon? Titmouse's heart beat fast, and he felt as if he could have worshipped Gammon. As for the matter of carriages, Mr. Gammon said, that probably Mr. Titmouse would call that morning on Mr. Axle, in Long Acre, and select one to his mind—it must be one with two seats—and Mr. Gammon had pointed out several which were, he thought, eligible, and would be shown to Mr. Titmouse. That would be the carriage in which Mr. Titmouse himself would travel; the second, Mr. Gammon had taken the liberty of already selecting. With this Mr. Gammon (just as the new valet brought in no less than seven boxes of cigars ordered overnight by Titmouse) shook his hand and departed, saying that he should make his appearance at the Cabbage-Stalk the next morning, precisely at eleven o'clock—about which time it was arranged they were all to start. Titmouse hardly knew how to contain himself on being left alone. About an hour or two afterwards, Titmouse made his appearance at Mr. Axle's. He carried on two businesses, one public, *i. e.* a coach builder—one private, *i. e.* a money-lender. He was a rich man—a very obliging and "accommodating" person, by means of which he had amassed a fortune of, it was believed, a hundred thousand pounds. He never made a fuss about selling on credit, lending, taking back, exchanging carriages of all descriptions; nor in discounting the bills of his customers to any amount. He was generally right in each case in the long run. He would supply his fashionable victim with as splendid a chariot, and funds to keep it some time going, as he or she could desire; well knowing that in due time, after they had taken a few turns in it about the parks, and a few streets and squares in the neighborhood, it would quietly drive up to one or two huge dingy fabrics in a different part of the town, where it would deposit its burden, and then return to its maker little the worse for wear, who took it back at about a twentieth part of its cost, and soon again disposed of it in a similar way. Mr. Axle showed Mr. Titmouse very obsequiously over his premises, pointing out (as soon as he knew who he was) the carriages which Mr. Gammon had the day before desired should be shown to him, and which Mr. Titmouse, with his glass stuck in his eye—where it was kept by the pure force of muscular contraction—examined with something like the air of a connoisseur—rapping with his agate-headed cane, every now and then—now against his teeth, then against his legs. He did not seem perfectly satisfied with any of them; they looked "devilish plain and dull."

"Hollo—Mr. Axletree, or whatever your name is—what have we here? 'Pon my soul, the very thing!" he exclaimed, as his eye caught a splendid object—the state carriage of the ex-sheriff, with its gorgeously decorated panels: which, having been vamped up for some six or seven successive shrievalties—(on each occasion heralded to the public by laudatory paragraphs in the newspapers as entirely new, and signal instances of the taste and mag-

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nificence of the sheriff-elect,)—seemed now *perfunctus officio*. Mr. Axle was staggered for a moment, and scarce supposed Mr. Titmouse to be in earnest—Gammon having given him no inkling of the real character of Titmouse; but observing the earnest steadfast gaze with which he regarded the glittering object, having succeeded in choking down a sudden fit of laughter, he commenced a most tempting eulogium upon the splendid structure—remarking on the singularity of the circumstance of its happening just at that exact moment to be placed at his disposal by its former owner—a gentleman of great distinction, who had no longer any occasion for it. Mr. Axle had had numerous applications for it already; on hearing which, Titmouse got excited. The door was opened—he got in; sat on each seat—"Don't it hang beautifully?" inquired the confident proprietor, swaying about the head of the carriage as he spoke.

"Let us see, who was after it yesterday? Oh—I think it was Sir Goosey Gander; but I've not closed with him."

"What's your price, Mr. Axletree?" inquired Titmouse, rather heatedly, as he got out of the carriage.

After some little higgle-haggling Mr. Titmouse bought it!!!—for there was nothing like closing at once where there was keen competition. Mr. Gammon could not have seen it, when he was making his choice the day before. For the rest of the day he felt infinitely elated at his fortunate purchase, and excited his imagination by pictures of the astonishment and admiration which his equipage must call forth on the morrow. Punctual to his appointment, Mr. Gammon, a few moments before the clock struck eleven on the ensuing morning, drew up to the Cabbage-Stalk, as near at least as he could get to it, in a hackney coach, with his portmanteau and carpet-bag. I say, as near as he could; for round about the door stood a little crowd, gazing with a sort of awe on a magnificent vehicle standing there, with four horses harnessed to it. Gammon looked at his watch as he entered the hotel, and asked which of the sheriff's carriages was standing at the door. The waiter to whom he spoke seemed nearly splitting with laughter, which almost disabled him from answering that it was Mr. Titmouse's carriage, ready for setting off for Yorkshire. Mr. Gammon opened his eyes involuntarily, turned pale, and seemed nearly dropping down.

"Mr. Titmouse's!" he echoed, incredulously.

"Yes, sir—been here this hour at least packing; such a crowd all the while; every body thinks it's the sheriff, sir," replied the waiter, scarcely able to keep his countenance. Mr. Gammon rushed up stairs with greater impetuosity than he had perhaps ever been known to exhibit before, and burst into Mr. Titmouse's room. There was that gentleman, with his hat on, his hands stuck into his coat-pockets, a cigar in his mouth, and a tumbler of brandy and water before him. Mr. Yahoo, and Mr. Fitz-Snooks, and Mr. Snap were similarly occupied; and Mr. Quirk was sitting down with his hands in his pockets, and a glass of negus before him, with any thing but a joyful expression of countenance.

"Is it possible, Mr. Titmouse?" commenced Gammon.

"Ah, how d'ye do, Gammon?—punctual?" interrupted Titmouse, extending his hand.

"Forgive me—but can it be that the monstrous thing now before the door, with a crowd grinning around it, is *your carriage*?" inquired Gammon, with dismay in his face.

"I—rather—think—it *is*," replied Titmouse, slightly disconcerted, but trying to look self-possessed.

"My *dear* sir," replied Gammon, in a kind of agony, "it is *impossible!* It never can be! Do you mean to say that you bought it at Mr. Axle's?"

"I should rather think so," replied Titmouse, with a piqued air.

"He's been grossly imposing on you, sir! Permit me to go at once and get you a proper vehicle."

"'Pon my life, Mr. Gammon, *I* think that it's a monstrous nice thing—a great bargain—and I've brought it and paid for it, that's more."

"Gentlemen, I appeal to *you*, confidently," said Gammon, turning in an agony to Mr. Yahoo and Mr. Fitz-Snooks.

"As for *me*, sir," replied the former, coolly, at the same time knocking off the ashes from his cigar;—"since you ask my opinion, I confess I rather like the idea—ha! ha! 'Twill produce a *sensation;* that's something in this dull life!—Eh, Snooks?"

"Ay—a—I confess I was a little shocked at first, but I think I'm getting over it now," lisped Mr. Fitz-Snooks, adjusting his shirt-collar, and then sipping a little of his brandy and water. "I look upon it now as an excellent joke;—egad, it beats Chitterfield hollow, though *he*, too, has done a trick or two lately."

"Did you purchase it as a joke, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired Gammon, with forced calmness, ready to expire with vexation and anger.

"Why—a—'pon my life—if you ask *me*—wonder don't see it! Of course I did! Those that don't like it, may ride, you know, in the other."

"We shall be hooted at, laughed at, wherever we go," said he, vehemently.

"Exactly—that's the *novelty* I like," said Mr. Yahoo, looking at Mr. Gammon, with a smile of ineffable insolence.

Mr. Gammon made him no reply, but fixed an eye upon him, under which he became plainly rather uneasy. He felt outdone. Talk of scorn!—the eye of Gammon, settled at that instant upon Mr. Yahoo, was its complete and perfect representative; and from that moment he, Mr. Yahoo, felt something like *fear* of the eye of man, or of *submission* to it. When, moreover, he beheld the manner in which Titmouse obeyed Gammon's somewhat haughty summons out of the room, he resolved to make a friend of Gammon. Titmouse proved, however, inexorable for once; he had bought and paid for the carriage; it suited his taste—and where was the harm of gratifying it? Besides, it was all ready packed—all was prepared for starting. Gammon gave it up; and, swallowing down his rage as well and as quickly as he could, endeavoured to reconcile himself to this infernal and most unexpected predicament.

It seems that Miss Quirk, however really anxious to go down to Yatton—to do any thing, in short, calculated to commit Mr. Titmouse to her—was quite staggered on discovering, and shocked at seeing, the kind of persons who were to be their travelling companions. As for Mr. Yahoo, she recoiled from him with horror as soon as she had seen him. What decent female, indeed, would not have done so? She had retired to a bedchamber soon after entering the Cabbage-Stalk, and, seeing her two unexpected fellow-travellers, presently sent a chambermaid to request Mr. Quirk to come to her.

He found her considerably agitated. She wished earnestly to return to Alibi House; and consented to proceed on her journey on the express promise of Mr. Titmouse, that no one should be in the carriage in which she went except Mr. Quirk and Mr. Gammon—unless, indeed, Mr. Titmouse thought proper to make the fourth.

Mr. Quirk, on this, sent for Mr. Gammon, who, with a somewhat bad grace, ("Confound it!" thought he, "every thing seems going wrong,") undertook to secure Mr. Titmouse's consent to that arrangement.

While he was thus closeted for about five or ten minutes with Mr. Quirk, one of the waiters informed Mr. Titmouse that a lad had brought a parcel for him, which, he, the aforesaid lad, was himself to deliver into the hands of Mr. Titmouse. Accordingly there was presently shown into the room, a little lad, in tarnished livery, in whom Titmouse recollected the boy belonging to Mr. Tugrag's one-horse chaise, and who gave a small parcel into Mr. Titmouse's hands, "with Mrs. and Miss Tugrag's respects."

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As soon as he had quitted the room, "By Jove! What have we here?" exclaimed Titmouse, just a *little* flustered as he cut open the string. Inside was another parcel, wrapped up in white paper, and tied in a pretty bow, with thin satin ribands. This again, and another within it having been opened,—behold there were three nice cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, which, on being examined, proved to be each of them marked with the initials "T. T." in *hair;* and Mr. Yahoo happening to unfold one of them, lo! in the centre, was—also done in hair—the figure of a heart transfixed with an arrow!!! Mr. Yahoo roared, and Mr. Fitz-Snooks lisped, "Is she pretty, Tit? Where's her nest—any *old* birds—eh?"

Titmouse coloured a little, then grinned, and put his finger to the side of his nose, and winked his eye, as if favouring the bright idea of Mr. Fitz-Snooks. On a sheet of gilt-edged paper, and sealed with a seal bearing the tender words, "*Forget me not*," was written the following:—

"Sir—Trusting you will excuse the liberty, I send you three best cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, which my daughter have marked with her own hair, and I beg your acceptance thereof, hoping you may be resigned to all that may befall you, which is the prayer of, dear sir, yours respectfully,

"Martha Tagrag.

"P. S.—My daughter sends what you may please to wish and accept. Shall we have the great happiness to see you here again?

"*Satin Lodge*, 18*th May*, 18–."

"Oh! the naughty old woman! Fie! Fie!" exclaimed Mr. Yahoo, with his intolerable smile.

"'Pon my soul, there's nothing in it——"

"Where's Satin Lodge?" inquired Mr. Fitz-Snooks.

"It's a country-house on the—the Richmond road," said Titmouse, with a little hesitation; and just then the return of Gammon, who had resumed his usual calmness of manner, relieved him from his embarrassment. Mr. Gammon succeeded in effecting the arrangement suggested by Mr. Quirk and his daughter; and within about a quarter of an hour afterwards, behold the ex-sheriff's resplendent but cast-off carriage filled by Miss Quirk and Titmouse, and Mr. Quirk and Gammon—the groom and valet sitting on the coach-box; while in the other, a plain yellow carriage, covered with luggage, sat Mr. Yahoo, Mr. Fitz-Snooks, and Mr. Snap, all of them with lighted cigars—Snap never having been so happy as at that moment.

Mr. Titmouse had laid aside his cigar, in compliment to Miss Quirk, who had a long black veil on, and an elegant light shawl, and looked uncommonly like a young bride setting off—oh, Heavens! that it *had* been so?—on her wedding excursion. Mr. Gammon slouched his hat over his eyes, and inclined his head downwards, fit to expire with vexation and disgust, as he observed the grin and tittering of the crowd around; but Titmouse, who was most splendidly dressed, took off his hat on sitting down, and bowed several times to, as he supposed, the admiring crowd.

"Get on, boys!" growled Mr. Gammon; and away they went, exciting equal surprise and applause wherever they went. No one that met them but must have taken Titmouse and Miss Quirk for a newly-married couple—probably the son or daughter of one of the sheriffs, who had lent the state carriage to add *eclat* to the interesting occasion.

With the exception of the sensation produced at every place where they changed horses, the only incident worth noting that occurred during their journey, was at the third stage from London. As they came dashing up to the door of the inn, their advent setting all the bells of the establishment ringing, and waiters and ostlers scampering up to them like mad, they beheld a plain and laden dusty travelling-carriage, waiting for horses—and Gammon quickly perceived it to be the carriage of the unfortunate Aubreys! The travellers had alighted. The graceful figure of Miss Aubrey, her face pale, and wearing an expression of manifest anxiety and fatigue, was standing near the door, talking kindly to a beggar-woman, with a cluster of half-naked children around her; while little Aubrey was romping about with Miss Aubrey's beautiful little spaniel, Cato; Agnes, looking on and laughing merrily, and trying to escape from the hand of her attendant. Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey were talking together, close beside the carriage-door. Gammon observed all this, and particularly that Mr. Aubrey was scrutinizing their appearance, with a sort of half-smile on his countenance, melancholy as it was.

"Horses on!" said Gammon, leaning back in the carriage.

"That's a monstrous fine woman standing at the inn door, Titmouse—eh?" exclaimed Mr. Yahoo, who had alighted for a moment, and stood beside the door of Titmouse's carriage, looking with brutal eye towards Miss Aubrey. "I wonder who and what she is? By Jove, 'tis the face—the figure of an angel! egad, they're *somebody;* I'll look at their pannels."

"I know who it is," said Titmouse, rather faintly, "I'll tell you by and by."

"Now, now! my dear fellow. Our divinity is vanishing," whispered Mr. Yahoo eagerly, as Miss Aubrey, having slipped something into the beggar's hand, stepped into the carriage. She was the last to get in; and as soon as the door was closed, they drove off.

"Who's that, Mr. Titmouse?" inquired Miss Quirk, with a little eagerness, observing—women are very quick in detecting such matters—that both Gammon and Titmouse looked rather embarrassed.

"It's the—the Aubreys," replied Titmouse.

"Eh! By Jove—is it?" quickly inquired old Quirk, putting his head out of the window; "how very odd, to meet the old birds? Egad! their nest must be yet warm—ha, ha!"

"What! dear papa, are those the people you've turned out? Gracious! I thought I heard some one say that Miss Aubrey was pretty! La! I'm sure *I* thought—now what do *you* think, Mr. Titmouse?" she added, turning abruptly and looking keenly at him.

"Oh! 'pon my life, I—I—see nothing at all in her—devilish plain, I should say—infernally pale, and all that!"

They were soon on their way again. Titmouse quickly recovered his equanimity, but Gammon continued silent and thoughtful for many—many miles; and the reader would not be surprised at it, if he knew as well as I do the thoughts which the unexpected sight of that travelling-carriage of Mr. Aubrey had suggested to Mr. Gammon.

As they approached the scene of triumph and rejoicing, and ascertained that they were within little more than a mile of the peaceful little village of Yatton, the travellers began to look out for indications of the kind which Mr. Gammon had mentioned to Titmouse, viz. a band and procession, and an attendant crowd. But however careful and extensive might have been the arrangements of those to whom that matter had been entrusted, they were likely to be sadly interfered with by a circumstance which, happening just then, might, to a weaker and more superstitious mind than that of Mr. Titmouse, have looked a little ominous,—namely, a tremendous thunder-storm. It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon. The whole day had been overcast, and the sky threatening; and just as the two carriages came to that turning in the road which gave them the first glimpse of the Hall—only, however, the tops of the great chimneys, which were visible above the surrounding trees—a fearful, long-continued flash of lightning burst from the angry heavens, followed, after an interval

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of but a second or two, by a peal of thunder which sounded as if a park of artillery was being repeatedly discharged immediately overhead.

"Mind your horses' heads, boys," called out Mr. Gammon; "keep a tight rein."

Miss Quirk was dreadfully alarmed, and clung to her father; Titmouse also seemed disconcerted, and looked to Gammon, who was perfectly calm, though his face was not free from anxiety. The ghastly glare of the lightning was again around them—all involuntarily hid their faces in their hands—and again rattled the thunder in a peal that lasted more than half a minute, and seemed in frightful contiguity, as it were only a few yards above their heads. Down, then, came the long-suspended rain, pouring like a deluge, and so it continued, with frequent returns of the thunder and lightning, for nearly a quarter of an hour. The last turning brought them within sight of the village, and also of some fifty or sixty persons crowding under the hedges, on each side—these were the procession; musicians, bannermen, footmen, horsemen, all dripping with wet, surely a piteous spectacle to behold. Out, however, they all turned, true to their orders, as soon as they saw the carriages, which immediately slackened their speed—the rain, also, somewhat abating. The flagman tried to unrol a wet banner, of considerable size, with the words—

"WELCOME to YATTON!"

in gilded letters; while the band (consisting of a man with a big drum, another with a serpent, a third with a trumpet, a fourth with a bassoon, two with clarionets, and a boy with a fife) struck up—"See, the conquering hero comes!" They puffed and blew lustily; bang! bang! went the drum; but the rain, the thunder, and the lightning wofully interfered with their harmony. 'Twould have made your heart ache to see the wet flag clinging obstinately to the pole, in spite of all the efforts of its burly bearer! First, on horseback, was Barnabas Bloodsuck, (senior,) Esq.; beside him rode his son, Barnabas Bloodsuck, (junior,) Esq.; then came the Reverend Gideon Fleshpot, the vicar of Grilston, the only Radical clergyman in that part of the country; beside him, the Reverend Smirk Mudflint, a flippant, bitter, little Unitarian parson, a great crony of Mr. Fleshpot, and his name singularly enough designating the qualities of his brain and heart. Next to these, alone in his one-horse chaise, (looking like a pill-box drawn by a leech,) came the little fat Whig apothecary, Gargle Glyster, Esq. Following him came Going Gone, Esq., the auctioneer—the main prop of the Liberal side, being a most eloquent speaker—and Mr. Hic Hæc Hoc, a learned schoolmaster, who taught the Latin grammar up as far as the syntax. Then there were Mr. Centipede the editor, and Mr. Woodlouse, the publisher and proprietor of the "YORKSHIRE STINGO," for which, also, Mr. Mudflint wrote a great deal. These, and about a dozen others, the flower of the "party" thereabouts, disdainful of the inclement weather, bent on displaying their attachment to the new Whig owner of Yatton, and solacing each his patient inner man with anticipation of the jolly cheer that awaited them at the hall, formed the principal part of the procession; the rest, consisting of rather a miscellaneous assortment of scot-and-lot and pot-walloper-looking people, all very wet and hungry, and ever and anon casting a look of devout expectation towards the hall. Scarcely a villager of Yatton was to be seen stirring; nor did any of the tenants of the estate join in the procession; even had they not felt far otherwise disposed, they had luckily a complete excuse for their non-appearance in the deplorable state of the weather. Sometimes the band played; then a peal of thunder came; then a cry of "Hurra! Titmouse for ever! hurra!" then the band, and then the thunder, and rain! rain! rain! Thus they got to the park gates, where they paused, shouting, "Titmouse for ever! hurra—a—a!" Mr. Titmouse bobbing about, now at one window, then at the other, with his hat off, in the most gracious manner. Really, it almost seemed as if the elements were conspiring to signalize, by their disfavour, Mr. Titmouse's assumption of Yatton; for just as he was passing under the old gateway, out flashed the lightning more vividly than it had yet appeared, and the thunder bellowed and reverberated among the woods as though it would never have ceased. The music and shouting ceased suddenly; carriages, horsemen, pedestrians, quickened their pace in silence, as if anxious to get out of the storm; the horses now and then plunging and rearing violently. Titmouse was terribly frightened, in spite of his desperate efforts to appear unconcerned. He was as pale as death, and looked anxious at Gammon, as if hoping to derive courage from the sight of his countenance. Miss Quirk trembled violently, and several times uttered a faint scream; but her father, old Mr. Quirk, did not seem to care a pinch of snuff about the whole matter; he rubbed his hands together cheerily, chucked his daughter under the chin, rallied Titmouse, and nudged and jeered Gammon, who seemed disposed to be serious and silent. Having drawn up opposite the hall door, it was opened by Mr. Griffiths, with rather a saddened, but a most respectful look and manner; and in the same way might be characterized some six or seven servants standing behind him, in readiness to receive the new comers. The half-drowned musicians tried to strike up "Rule Brittania," as the hero of the day, Mr. Titmouse, descended from his carriage, Mr. Griffiths holding an umbrella for him, and bounded out of the rain with a hop, step, and a jump into the hall, where the first words he was heard to utter, were—

"What a devilish rum old place!"

"God bless you! God bless you! God bless you!" Titmouse!" exclaimed old Mr. Quirk, grasping him by the hand, as soon as he had entered. Titmouse shook hands with Miss Quirk, who immediately followed a female servant to an apartment, being exceedingly nervous and agitated. Gammon seemed a little out of spirits; and said simply, "You know, Titmouse, how fervently *I* congratulate you."

"Oh! my dear boy, Tit, do, for heaven's sake, if you do want the thunder and lightning to cease, order those wretched devils off—send them any where, but do stop their cursed noise, my dear boy!" exclaimed Mr. Yahoo, as soon as he had entered, putting his fingers to his ears.

"Mr. What's-your-name," said Titmouse, addressing Mr. Griffiths, "I'll trouble you to order off those fellows and their infernal noise. There's a precious row making up above, and surely *one at a time!*"

"Ah, ha, capital joke, by Jove! capital!" said Mr. Fitz-Snooks.

"Ah—Titmouse—by Jupiter!" said Mr. Yahoo, as, twirling his fingers about in his long black hair, of which he seemed very proud, he glanced about the hall, "this a'n't so much amiss! Do you know, my dear boy, I rather like it; it's substantial, antique, and so forth."

"Who are those dem ugly old fellows up there?" presently exclaimed Titmouse, as with his glass stuck into his right eye, and his hands into his coat pockets, he stood staring at the old-fashioned pictures standing round the hall.

"Some of them are ancestors of the Dreddlingtons, others of the Aubrey families. They are very old, sir," continued Mr. Griffiths, "and are much admired, and Mr. Aubrey desired me to say, that if you should be disposed to part——"

"Oh confound him, he may have 'em all, if that's what he wants; *I* shall soon send them packing off!" Mr. Griffiths bowed, and heaved a very deep sigh. By this time the hall was crowded with the gentlemen who had formed part of the procession, and who came bowing and scraping to Titmouse, congratulating him, and wishing him health and happiness. As soon as he could disengage himself from their flattering but somewhat troublesome

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civilities, his valet came and whispered, "Will you dress, sir? All is ready," and Titmouse followed him to the dressing-room which had formerly been young Mrs. Aubrey's. 'Twas the first time that Titmouse ever experienced the attentions of a valet, and he was quite nonplussed at the multitudinousness and elegance of the arrangements around him. Such quantities of clothes of all sorts — dressing-implements, combs, brushes, razors, a splendid dressing-case, scents in profusion, oils, bear's-grease, four or five different sorts of soaps, &c. &c. &c., all this gave Titmouse a far livelier idea of his altered circumstances, of his having really become a gentleman, than any thing that he had up to that moment experienced. He thought his valet one of the cleverest and most obliging men in the world, only he oppressed him with his attentions, and at length Mr. Titmouse said he preferred, *this* time, dressing alone, and so dismissed his obsequious attendant. In about an hour's time, having been obliged to summon Tweedle to his assistance after all, he had completed his toilet, and was ushered into the drawing-room, which, as well as the dining-room, was ready prepared for the banquet, forty or fifty covers being laid in the two rooms, and good substantial fare for at least as many more, in the servants' hall, where operations had already commenced. On entering the drawing-room, his appearance seemed to produce a great sensation, and after a little pause, the only county gentleman who was present advanced and introduced himself, his wife, and daughter. This was Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire, Baronet, a tall and somewhat corpulent man of about fifty, very choleric and overbearing, his countenance showing the hard life he had led, his nose being red and his forehead and mouth beset with pimples. He had been a bitter political opponent of Mr. Aubrey, and had once been a member for the county, but had so crippled his resources by hunting and horse-racing, as to compel the sacrifice of his town amusements, viz. his seat in the House of Commons, and Lady Wildfire's box at the opera. This had soured both of them not a little, and they had sunk, as it were, out of the county circle, in which they had once been sufficiently conspicuous.

Sir Harkaway had an eye to the borough of Yatton on the happening of the next election, as soon as he had obtained an inkling that the new proprietor of Yatton was a very weak young man; and hence his patronizing presence at Yatton, in consequence of the invitation respectfully conveyed to him in Mr. Titmouse's name, through Messrs. Bloodsuck and Son. Besides Lady Wildfire and her daughter, both of whom had inquired with a sort of haughty curiosity about the lady who had accompanied Mr. Titmouse from town—a point which had been at length cleared up to their satisfaction—there were about a dozen ladies, the wives of the gentlemen who had borne so distinguished a part in the triumphal procession. They looked rather a queer set, and, none of them dared to speak either to Lady Wildfire or her daughter till spoken to by them. Never had old Yatton beheld within its walls so motley a group; and had the Aubreys continued there, hospitable as they were, accessible and charitable as they were, I leave the reader to guess whether such creatures ever *would* have found their way thither. By such guests, however, were the two principal tables crowded on this joyous occasion, and about half-past six o'clock the feast commenced, and a feast it certainly was, both elegant and substantial, nothing having been spared that money could procure. Mr. Aubrey had a fine cellar of wines at Yatton, which, owing to some strange misunderstanding, had been sold by private contract, not amongst his old friends, in the neighbourhood, as Mr. Aubrey had intended, and imagined that he had directed, but to Mr. Titmouse. Choice, indeed, were these wines, and supplied on the present occasion in wanton profusion. Champagne, burgundy, and claret flowed like water, and the other wines in like manner; but which last were not, like the former class of wines, confined to the two principal rooms, but found their way into the servants' hall, and were there drunk without stint. Merriment echoed uproariously from all parts of the old Hall, and Mr. Titmouse was universally declared to be a very fine fellow, and likely to become by far the most popular man in the county. The Rev. Mr. Fleshpot said grace, and the Reverend Mr. Mudflint returned thanks; and shortly afterwards Sir Harkaway arose, and his eyes fixed firmly on the adjoining borough, and also on the jolly table which promised to be ever open to him at Yatton, he proposed the health of the distinguished proprietor of Yatton, in certainly a somewhat fulsome strain. The toast was received with the utmost enthusiasm; the gentlemen shouted and jingled their glasses on the table, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs; indeed the scene was one of such overpowering excitement, that Miss Quirk burst into tears, overcome by her emotions; her papa winking very hard to those about him, and using every exertion in his power to point the attention of those present to the probability that a very near and tender relationship was going to exist between that young lady and Mr. Titmouse. Mr. Gammon, who sat next to Titmouse, assured him that it was absolutely necessary for him to make a speech to the company in acknowledgment of the compliment which had just been paid him.

"I shall put my foot in it—by jingo I shall! You must help me!" he whispered to Mr. Gammon, in an agony of trepidation and a mist of confusion, as he rose from his chair, being welcomed in the most enthusiastic manner by applause of every kind, lasting for several minutes. At length when the noise had subsided into a fearful silence, he stammered out, prompted incessantly by Mr. Gammon, something exceedingly like the following, if, indeed, he did not use these very words.

"Mr.—I beg pardon—*Sir* Hark—away, and gentlemen—gentlemen and ladies, am most uncommon, monstrous—particular happy to—to—(eh? *what* d'ye say, Mr. Gammon?) see you all here—at this place—here—at Yatton."—(*Applause.*) "Ladies and gentlemen—I say—hem!—unaccustomed as"—(*much applause*, during which Titmouse stooped and whispered to Gammon, "Curse me if I can hear a word you say!") Happy and proud to see you all here—at Yatton—home of my ancestry—known to you all—centuries. Enjoyed yourselves, I hope—(*great applause*)—and hope you'll often come and do the same—(*still greater applause.*) Particular glad to see the ladies—(*applause*)—often heard of the beauties of Yatton—never believed it—no—beg pardon, mean I now see them—(*applause.*) Am fond of horses—(*applause*)—racing, hunting, all that." (Here Sir Harkaway, extending his hand, publicly shook that of the eloquent speaker.) "Sorry to turn out the—the—old bird—but—nest not *his*—mine all the while—(*emotion*)—bear him no ill-will—(*applause.*) Political principles—(*profound silence*)—good old whig principles—(*loud applause*)—rights of the people—religious liberty and all that—(*vociferous applause*)—found at my post in the hour of danger—enemy stole a march on me—(*great laughter and applause.*) Won't detain you—ladies and gentlemen—drink your good healths, and many happy returns of the day." Down sate Mr Titmouse, exhausted with his maiden speech; and quite overpowered, moreover, by the extraordinary applause with which he was greeted at its conclusion. In due course many other toasts were drank. "*Lady Wildfire and the married ladies.*" "*Miss Wildfire and the single ladies.*" "*Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire.*" "*Religious Liberty,*" (to which Mr. Mudflint responded in a very eloquent speech.) "*The Liberty of the Press,*" "*Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap, the enterprising, skilful, and learned professional advisers of Mr. Titmouse.*" Dancing was now loudly called for; and the hall was speedily prepared for it. By this time, however, it was past eleven o'clock: the free potations of all the men, and indeed of more than one of the ladies, were beginning to *tell*, and the noise and confusion were very great. Fierce confused sounds issued from the servant's hall, where it proved that a great fight was going on between Pumpkin the gardener, and a man who insisted on shouting "Titmouse for ever—down with the tory Aubrey!" Pumpkin had much the best of it, and beat his opponent, after a severe encounter, into silence and submission. Then there were songs sung in all the rooms at once—speeches made, half-a-dozen at the same time; in short, never before had such scenes been witnessed, or such uproar heard, within the decorous, the dignified, and venerable precincts of Yatton. Scenes ensued which really baffle description. Mr. Titmouse, of course, drank a great quantity of wine, although Mr. Gammon never left his side, and checked him fifty times when he was about to fill his glass; and the excitement produced by wine, will, I trust, in some measure mitigate the reader's indignation at hearing of a little incident which occurred, in which Titmouse was concerned, and which, about half-past three or four o'clock in the morning, served to bring that brilliant entertainment to a somewhat abrupt and rather unpleasant termination. Scarcely knowing where he was, or what he was about, I am sorry to say, that while standing, as well as he could, beside Miss Wildfire, to dance for the fifth time with her—a plump, fair-faced, good-natured girl of about nineteen or twenty—he suddenly threw his arms round her, and imprinted half-a-dozen kisses on her forehead, lips, cheek, and neck, before she could recover from the confusion into which this extraordinary assault had thrown her. Her faint shriek reached her father's ears, while he was in a distant part of the room, persecuting Miss Quirk with his drunken and profligate impertinences. Hastily approaching the quarter where his daughter's voice had issued, he beheld her just extricated from the insolent embrace of the half-unconscious Titmouse, and greatly agitated. With flaming eye and outstretched arm, he approached his unfortunate little host, and seizing hold of his right ear, almost wrung it out of his head. Titmouse quite shrieking with the pain it occasioned. Still retaining his hold, uttering the while the most fearful imprecations—he gave him three violent kicks upon the seat of honour, the last of which sent him spinning into the arms of old Mr. Quirk, who was hurrying up to his relief, and who fell flat on the floor with the violent concussion. Then Miss Quirk rushed forward and screamed; a scene of dreadful confusion ensued; and at length the infuriated and half-drunken baronet, forced away by his wife and his daughter, quitted the Hall, and got into his carriage, uttering fearful threats and curses all the way home; without once adverting to the circumstance, of which also Lady Wildfire and her daughter were

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not aware, that he had been himself engaged in perpetrating the very same kind of misconduct which he had so severely and justly punished in poor Titmouse. As for Mr. Yahoo and Mr. Fitz-Snooks, they had been in quest of the same species of amusement the whole night; and had each of them, in pursuing their adventures in the servants' hall, very narrowly escaped much more serious indignities and injuries than had fallen to the lot of the hospitable owner of the mansion.

About half-past four o'clock, the sun was shining in cloudless splendour, the air cleared, and all nature seeming freshened after the storm of the preceding day; but what a scene was presented at Yatton! Two or three persons, one with his hat off, asleep; another grasping a half-empty bottle; and a third in a state of desperate indisposition, were to be seen, at considerable distances from each other, by the side of the carriage-road leading down to the park-gates. Four or five horses ready saddled and bridled, but neglected, and apparently forgotten by both servants and masters, were wandering about the fine green old court opposite the hall door, eating the grass, and crushing with their hoofs the beautiful beds of flowers and shrubs which surrounded it. Mr Glyster's gig had got its wheels entangled with the old sundial,—having been drawn thither by the horse, which had been put into it at least two hours ago; opposite the hall-door stood the post-chaise which had brought Mr. and Mrs. Mudflint and their daughter. The latter two were sitting in it, one asleep—the other, Mrs. Mudflint, anxiously on the look-out for her husband, from time to time calling to him, but in vain; for about half an hour before, he had quitted the room where he, Mr. Fleshpot, Mr. Going Gone, and Mr. Centipede had been playing a rubber at whist, till they almost all of them fell asleep with their cards in their hands, and made his way to the stables, where not finding his chaise in the yard, or his horses in the stalls, he supposed his wife and daughter had gone home, whither he followed them by the footpath leading through the fields which stretched along the high road to Grilston; and along which said fields he was, at that moment, staggering, hiccupping, not clearly understanding where he was, nor where he had last seen his wife and daughter. Candles and lamps were still burning and glimmering in some of the rooms; and in the servants' hall there were some dozen or so, who, having awoke from a deep sleep, were calling for more ale, or wine, or whatever else they could get. Some of the old family servants had fled hours ago from scenes of such unwonted riot, to their bed-rooms, and, having locked and barricaded the doors, gone to sleep. Mr. Griffiths sate in an old arm-chair in the library, the picture of misery; he had been repeatedly abused and insulted during the night, and had fled thither, unable to bear the sight of the disgusting revelry that was every where around going forward. In short, at every point that caught the eye, were visible the evidences of the villanous debauchery that had prevailed for the last seven hours; and which, under the Titmouse dynasty, was likely to prevail at all times thereafter. As for Mr. Titmouse, half stunned with the treatment he had experienced at the hands of Sir Harkaway, he had been carried to bed—to the late bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey—where his excessive, and miscellaneous, and long-continued potations aiding the effect of the serious injuries which he had sustained, he lay sprawling on the bed, half undressed, in a truly deplorable condition. Mr. Glyster, who had been summoned to his bedside upwards of an hour before, sate, now nodding in his chair, beside his patient; and pretty nearly in a state of similar exhaustion were his valet and the housekeeper, who had, from time to time, wiped her eyes and sobbed aloud when thinking of past times, and the grievous change that had come over old Yatton. Mr. Yahoo, Mr. Fitz-Snooks, Mr Snap, Mr. Quirk, and Miss Quirk, (the last having retired to her bedroom in alarm, at the time of Titmouse's mischance,) were in their respective chambers, all of them probably asleep. Poor Hector, chained to his kennel, having barked himself hoarse for several hours, lay fast asleep, no one having attended to him, or given him any thing to eat since Mr. Titmouse's arrival. Gammon had fled from the scene, in disgust and alarm, to his bedroom, some three hours before, but unable to sleep—not, however, with excess of wine, for he had drunk but a very few glasses—had arisen about four o'clock, and was at that moment wandering slowly, with folded arms and downcast countenance, up and down the fine avenue of elm-trees, where it may be recollected, Mr. Aubrey had spent a portion of the last evening of his stay at Yatton.

Such is *my* account—and as fair an account as I know how to give of the matter: but it is curious to observe how very differently the same thing will strike different people. As soon as the grateful Mr. Centipede had recovered from the excitement occasioned by the part he had taken in the memorable occasion above described, he set to work with the pen of a ready-writer, and in the next number of the "Yorkshire Stingo," there appeared the following interesting account of the

"FESTIVITIES *at* YATTON-HALL, *on the occasion of* POSSESSION *being taken by* TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, ESQUIRE.

"Yesterday this interesting event came off with signal eclat. Notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather, about five o'clock in the evening an imposing cavalcade comprising many of the leading gentry and yeomanry of this part of the county, on foot and on horseback, preceded by an admirable band, and a large and splendid banner, bearing the inscription—"*Welcome to Yatton*," went out to meet the above gentleman, whose cortege, in two carriages, made its appearance in the village about half-past five. The band immediately struck up "She Conquering Hero comes!" which, however, was nearly drowned in the shout which welcomed the new proprietor of the noble estate of Yatton. His carriage was of the most tasteful, splendid, and unique description, universal admiration. Mr. Titmouse repeatedly bo[w]ed the carriage windows, in graceful acknowledgment [of] welcome and congratulations with which he was [re]ceived. He was dressed in a light-blue surtout, with velvet coll[ar], stock, and a rich velvet waistcoat of plaid pattern. [Hi]s countenance is handsome and expressive, his eye penetrating, his brow strongly indicative of thought. He appears to be [no] more than twenty-five years old; so that he has before him the prospect of a long and brilliant career of happiness and public usefulness. Tables were spread in all the chief apartments, groaning beneath the most costly viands. All the luxuries of the season were there; and the wines (which we believe were those of Mr. Aubrey) were of the first description. Grace was said by the exemplary vicar of Grilston, the Rev. Mr. Fleshpot; and the Rev. Mr Mudflint returned thanks. Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfire (whose amiable lady and accomplished daughter were present) proposed the health of Mr. Titmouse in a brief, but manly and cordial address; and the manner in which Mr. Titmouse acknowledged the toast, which was drunk with the greatest possible enthusiasm—the simplicity, point, and fervour which characterized every word he uttered—were such as to excite lively emotion in all who heard it, and warrant the highest expectations of his success in parliament. Nothing could be more touching than his brief allusions to the sufferings and privations which he had undergone—nothing more delicate and forbearing than the feeling which pervaded his momentary allusions to the late occupant of Yatton. When, however, he distinctly avowed his political principles as those of a strong and decided whig—as those of a dauntless champion of civil and religious liberty among all classes of his majesty's subjects—the applause was long and enthusiastic. After dinner, the great hall was cleared for dancing, which was opened by Mr. Titmouse and Miss Wildfire; Lady Wildfire being led out by the Honourable Mr. Yahoo, an intimate friend of Mr. Titmouse. We should not omit to mention that Miss Quirk (the only daughter of Caleb Quirk, Esq., the head of the distinguished firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, of London, to whose untiring and most able exertions is owing the happy change which has taken place in the ownership of the Yatton property) accompanied her father, at the earnest request of Mr. Titmouse, who danced several sets with her. Sir Algernon Fitz-Snooks, a distinguished fashionable, also accompanied Mr. Titmouse, and entered with great spirit into all the gayeties of the evening. The 'light fantastic toe' was kept 'tripping' till a late, or rather very early hour in the morning—when the old hall was once more (for a time) surrendered to the repose and solitude from which it has been so suddenly and joyously aroused." In another part of the paper was contained a bitter and abusive paragraph, charging Mr. Aubrey with being a party to the "flagrant and iniquitous job," by which Sir Percival Pickering was returned for the borough; and intimating pretty distinctly that Mr Aubrey had not gone without "a consideration" for his share in the nefarious transaction.

A somewhat different account of the affair appeared in the "YORK TRUE BLUE" of the same day.

"We have received one or two accounts of the orgies of which Yatton Hall was yesterday the scene, on occasion of Mr. Titmouse taking possession. We shall not give publicity to the details which have been furnished us—hoping that the youth and inexperience of the new owner of Yatton (all allowance, also, being made for the very natural excitement of such an occasion) will be allowed in some measure to palliate the conduct then exhibited. One fact, however, we may mention, that a very serious *fracas* arose between Mr. Titmouse and a certain well-known sporting Baronet, which is expected to give employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. Nothing by the way, could be more absurd and contemptible than the attempt at a 'Procession' which was got up—of which our accounts are ludicrous in the extreme. Will our readers believe it, that the chief personages figuring on the occasion, were the editor and publisher of a certain low Radical paper—which will no doubt, this day, favour its readers with a flaming description of this 'memorable affair?'"

Titmouse, assisted by his anxious valet, made a desperate attempt to get up, and make his appearance the next day at dinner. Aided by a glass of pretty strong brandy and water, he at length got through the fatiguing duties of the toilet, and entered the drawing-room, where his travelling companions were awaiting his arrival—dinner being momentarily expected to be announced. He was deadly pale; his knees trembled; his eyes could not bear the light; and every thing seemed in undulating motion around him, as he sunk in silent exhaustion on the sofa. After a few minutes' continuance, he was compelled to leave the room, leaning on Gammon's arm, who conducted him to his bedroom, and left him in charge of his valet, who got him again into bed, where he lay enduring much agony, (Dr Goddart being sent for,) while his friends were enjoying themselves at dinner.

Snap had set off the ensuing day for town, by the first coach, pursuant to the arrangement already spoken of; but I think that old Mr. Quirk would have made up his mind to continue at Yatton until something definite had been done by Titmouse, in two matters which absorbed all the thoughts of the old gentleman—his daughter, and the *Ten Thousand Pounds* bond. Miss Quirk, however, intense as was her anxiety to become the affianced bride of Titmouse, and as such the mistress of the delightful domain where at present she dwelt only as a guest—and in a very embarrassing position—was not so blind to all perception of womanly delicacy as to prolong her stay at Yatton; and at length prevailed upon her father to take their departure on the day but one after that on which they had arrived. Mr. Quirk was perfectly wretched; he

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trusted Titmouse—he feared and detested Gammon. What er gentleman, he had not made any definite advances rds Miss Quirk. He had not afforded to any one the ice of a promise of marriage, either express or im- ..tered to Miss Quirk an infinite deal of civil non- at was all, in spite of the innumerable opportunities by the lady. Was Titmouse acting under the secret deceitful devil Gammon?—thought Mr. Quirk, in an of perplexity and apprehension. Then as to the other mat- ..t there Gammon had as deep a stake, almost in proportion, as Quirk himself. On the morning of his departure, he and Gammon had a very long interview, in which they several times came to high words; but in the end Gammon vanquished his opponent as usual; allayed all his apprehensions; accounted for Titmouse's conduct in the most natural way in the world—look at his position just now, the excitement, the novelty, the bewilderment, the indisposition he was experiencing: surely, surely *that* was not a moment to bring him to book! In short, Gammon at length brought Quirk, who had received the first intimation of the matter with a sudden *grunt* of surprise and anger, to acknowledge the propriety of Gammon's remaining behind, to protect Titmouse from the designing Yahoo that had got hold of him; and solemnly pledged himself, as in the sight of Heaven, to use his utmost efforts to bring about, as speedily as possible, the two grand objects of Mr. Quirk's wishes. With this the old gentleman was fain to be satisfied; but entered the chaise which was to convey Miss Quirk and himself to Grilston, with as rueful a countenance as he had ever exhibited in his life. Mr. Titmouse was sufficiently recovered to be present at the departure of Miss Quirk, who regarded his interesting and languid looks with an eye of melting sympathy and affection. With half a smile and half a tear, she slipped into his hand, as he led her to the chaise, a little sprig of heart's ease, which he at once stuck into the button-hole of his coat.

"'Pon my soul—must you go? Devilish sorry you can't stay to have seen some fun!—The old gent (meaning her father) don't quite seem to like it—he, he!" said he in a low tone: then he handed her into the chaise, she dropping her veil to conceal the starting tear of mingled disappointment, and desire, and disgust—and they drove off, Titmouse kissing his hand to her, as he stood upon the steps; and, as soon as they were out of sight, he exchanged a very significant smile with Mr. Gammon.

The next day, Titmouse rose about ten o'clock, almost entirely recovered from his indisposition. Accompanied by Mr. Yahoo and Mr Fitz-Snooks, with whom he was conversing as to the course he should take with reference to Sir Harkaway—whom, however, they advised him to treat with silent contempt, as he, Titmouse, was clearly in the wrong—he took a stroll, about noon, down the path leading to the park gates. They all three had cigars in their mouths, Titmouse walking between them, as odious-looking a little puppy, sure, as man ever saw—puffing out his smoke slowly, and with half-closed eye, his right hand stuck into his coat pocket, and resting on his hip These three figures—Heaven save the mark!—were the new lord of Yatton and his select friends!

"By jingo, surely here comes a parson," quoth Titmouse: "what the d—l can he want with me?"—'Twas Dr. Tatham, who slowly approached them, dressed in his Sunday suit, and leaning on his old-fashioned walking-stick, given him many, many years ago by the deceased Mrs. Aubrey.

"Let's have some sport," said Fitz-Snooks.

"We must look devilish serious—no grinning till the proper time," said Yahoo.

"Hollo—you, sir!" commenced Titmouse, "who are you?" Dr. Tatham took off his hat, bowed, and was passing on.

"*Devilish* cool, upon—my—soul—sir!" said Titmouse, stopping, and staring impudently at the worthy little Doctor, who seemed taken quite by surprise.

"My worthy old gentleman," said Yahoo, with mock respect, "are you aware who it was that asked you a question?"

"I am not, sir," replied Dr. Tatham, quietly, but resolutely.

"My name is Tittlebat Titmouse, at your service—and you are now in my grounds," said Titmouse, approaching him with an impudent air.

"*Have* I really the honour to address Mr. Titmouse?" inquired Dr. Tatham, somewhat incredulously.

"Why, 'pon my life I *think* so, unless I'm changed lately: and by Jove, sir—*now*, who are you?"

"I am Dr. Tatham, sir, the vicar of Yatton; I *had* intended calling at the Hall to offer my compliments, but I fear I am intruding—"

"Devil a bit—no, 'pon honour, no! your're a very good old fellow, I don't doubt—is that little church outside, yours?"

"It is, sir," replied Dr. Tatham, seriously and sternly; his manner a little abashing the presumptuous little coxcomb who addressed him.

"Oh—well—I—I—'pon my soul, happy to see you, sir—you'll find something to eat in the Hall, I dare say—"

"Do you preach there next Sunday?" inquired Mr. Yahoo, whose gross countenance filled Dr. Tatham with unspeakable aversion.

"I preach there *every* Sunday, sir, twice," he replied, gravely and distantly.

"You see, sir," lisped Fitz-Snooks, "the prayers are so—so—*devilish* long and tiresome—if you could—eh?—shorten 'em a little?"—

Dr. Tatham slowly turned away from them, and, disregarding their calls to him, though their tone of voice was greatly altered, walked back again towards the gate, and quitted the park, for the first time in his life, with feelings of mortal repugnance. On reaching his little study, he sate down in his old arm-chair, and fell into a sad revery that lasted more than an hour, and then he got up to go and see the old blind stag-hound fed—and he looked at it, licking his hands, with feelings of unusual tenderness; and the little Doctor shed a tear or two as he patted its smooth gray old head.

On Saturday morning, Mr. Titmouse, at Mr. Gammon's instance, had fixed to go over the estate, accompanied by that gentleman, and by Mr. Waters and Dickons, to give all the information required of them, and point out the position and extent of the property. To an eye capable of appreciating it, in what admirable order was every thing! but Titmouse quickly tired of it, and when about a mile from the Hall, discovered that he had left his cigar-box behind him; at which he expressed infinite concern, and, greatly to the annoyance of Gammon, and the contempt of his two bailiffs, insisted on returning home; so they re-entered the park. How beautiful it was! its gently undulating surface, smooth, as if overspread with green velvet; trees, great and small, single and in clumps, standing in positions so picturesque and commanding; the broad, babbling, clear trout-stream winding through every part of the park, with here and there a mimic fall, seen faintly flushing and glistening in the distance; herds of deer suddenly startled amid their green pastures and silent shades, and moving off with graceful ease and rapidity; here and there a rustic bridge over the stream; here an old stone bench placed on an elevation commanding an extensive prospect; there a kind of grotto, or an ivy covered summer-house; then the dense, extensive, and gloomy woods, forming a semicircular sweep round the back of the Hall; all around, nearly as far as the eye could reach, land of every kind in the highest state of cultivation, plentifully stocked with fine cattle, and interspersed with snug and substantial farms.

All this, thought Titmouse, might do very well for those who fancied that sort of thing; but as for *him*, how the devil could he have thought of leaving his cigars behind him! Where, he wondered, were Yahoo and Fitz-Snooks? and quickened his pace homeward.

On Gammon the scene they had been witnessing had made a profound impression; and as his attention was now and then called off from contemplating it by some ignorant and puerile remark of the proprietor of the fine domain, he felt a momentary exasperation at himself for the part he had taken in the expulsion of the Aubreys, and the introduction of such a creature as Titmouse. That revived certain other thoughts, which led him into speculations of a description which would have afforded uneasiness even to the little idiot beside him, could he have been made aware of them. But the cloud that had darkened his brow was dispelled by a word or two from Titmouse. "Mr. Gammon, 'pon my soul you're devilish dull to-day!" said he. Gammon started; and with his winning smile and cheerful voice, instantly replied, "Oh, Mr. Titmouse, I was only thinking how happy you are; and that you deserve it!"

"Yes; 'pon my soul it ought all to have been mine at my birth? Don't it tire you, Mr. Gammon, to walk in this up-and-down, zigzag, here-and-there sort of way? It does *me*, 'pon my life! What would I give for a cigar at this moment!"

The next day was the Sabbath, tranquil and beautiful; and just as the little tinkling bell of Yatton church had ceased, Dr. Tatham rose, in his reading-desk, and commenced the prayers. The church was quite full, for every one was naturally anxious to catch a glimpse of the new tenants of the squire's pew. It was empty, however, till about five minutes after the service had commenced, when a gentleman walked slowly up to the church-door; and having whispered an inquiry of the old pew-opener which was the squire's pew, she led him into it—all eyes settled upon him, and all were struck with his appearance, his calm keen features, and gentlemanly figure. 'Twas, of course, Gammon; who, with the utmost decorum and solemnity, having stood for near a minute with his hat covering his face, during which time he reflected that Miss Aubrey had sate in that pew on the last occasion of his attendance at the church, turned round, and behaved with the greatest seriousness and reverence throughout the service, paying marked attention to the sermon. Gammon was an unbeliever, but he thought Dr. Tatham a very sensible man, who was most probably in earnest; and he felt disposed to admit, as his eye glanced round the attentive and decent congregation, that the sort of thing was not without its advantages. Almost all present took him for Titmouse, and watched every turn of his countenance with intense interest; and, in their simplicity, they rejoiced that Mr. Aubrey's successor was, at all events, so grave and respectable-looking a man; and they fancied that he frequently thought of those whose seat he was occupying with kindness and regret. About the middle of the service, the doors of the church being wide open, the congregation beheld three gentlemen smoking cigars, and laughing and talking together, approaching the porch. They were dressed very finely indeed; and were supposed to be some of the great friends of the new squire. They stopped when within a few yards of the church; and after whispering together for a moment, one of them, having expelled a mouthful of smoke, stepped forward to the door, holding his cigar in one hand, and with the other taking off his hat. There was a faint smirk on his face, (for he did not catch the stern countenance of Gammon anxiously directed towards him,) till he beheld Dr. Tatham's solemn eye fixed upon him, while he made a momentary pause. Titmouse blushed scarlet; made a hesitating but most respectful bow; and, stepping back a few paces, replaced his hat on his head, and lit his cigar from that of Mr. Fitz-Snooks, perhaps unconsciously, within view of more than half the congregation. Then the three gentlemen, after Mr. Titmouse had spoken a word or two to them, burst out into a laugh, and quitted the churchyard.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

PRESENT STATE AND PROSPECTS OF BRITISH INDIA.

ART. I.—1. *Sketches of the Relations subsisting between the British Government in India and the different Native States.* By Captain J. Sutherland, 8vo. Calcutta: 1833.

2. *Reports and Papers, Political, Geographical, and Commercial, submitted to Government by* Sir A. Burnes, Lieutenant Leech, Dr. Lord, and Lieutenant Wood, *employed on Missions in the years* 1835–36–37, *in Scinde, Affghanistan, and the adjacent Countries.* Printed by order of the government. Folio. Calcutta: 1839.

3. *Correspondence relative to Persia and Affghanistan: being Papers laid before Parliament.* 8vo. London: 1839.

4. *Personal Narrative of a Visit to Ghuzni, Kabul, and Affghanistan, and of a Residence at the Court of Dost Mahomed; with Notices of Runjeet Singh, Khiva, and the Russian Expedition.* By G. T. Vigne, Esq. F. G. S. 8vo. London: 1840.

5. *The British Empire in the East.* By Count Björnstjerna. 8vo. London: 1840.

The period has not yet arrived for forming a conclusive judgment upon the results of the recent military operations in India. It is questioned by some, whether Shah Shooja be firmly seated upon the throne of Affghanistan; and time alone can prove whether the policy of the courts of Nepal and Ava will be permanently affected by the brilliant success which attended the whole progress of the expedition beyond the Indus, and which was crowned by the storming of Ghuzni and Khelat. The immediate result of that success was, of course, to lower the tone of those courts, and to deter them from breaking with a power which had given, in the promptitude and force of the blow which is struck at so vast a distance, another and most signal proof of its ability to maintain its authority. But in the East, the permanence even of the strongest impressions of this nature cannot be calculated on. With very rare exceptions, every Asiatic despot, who is not, like Hyder Ali and Runjeet Singh, the founder of a dynasty—

"Fortunæ faber ipse suæ,"

is a mere child, puffed up with the most exaggerated notions of his own power; because his own rabble of soldiery is immediately before his eyes, and he is utterly ignorant of the relative resources of his neighbours, whom he regards with the most profound contempt as long as they are out of sight. Having such parties to deal with, in two quarters at least—and it is to be feared that Runjeet Singh has bequeathed his hard-won kingdom to one of the same class—we must needs speak somewhat doubtfully of the ability of our Indian Government to maintain, for any length of time, that peace to which its triumphant settlement of the affairs of Affghanistan has given such an appearance of stability.

Affairs being in this uncertain condition along the whole line of our frontier from the Sutlege to the Irrawaddy; the Russians having advanced upon Khiva, though only, as it would appear, to be defeated by the climate; that and other circumstances having compelled the Governor-General to canton a force to the west of the Indus; and our China rendering it necessary to embark quarter, in order that we may be able effectually with the haughty Tartars whc enormous empire;—it may truly be a Anglo-Indian politics never presented featu interest or more worthy of the attention of ev telligent Englishman.

But this is not all. Many of our fellow-countrymen may care little about the friendship or hostility of the barbarous monarchs whose territories border with our Indian possessions; or whether the revenue of those possessions be wasted in unprofitable war, or employed to the best advantage in creating and extending the blessings of peace. But there are numbers who, if once thoroughly aware of their value, would not be so indifferent to openings for commercial enterprise, and to fields where nothing is wanting but the funds and energy of the British capitalist to ensure large and cheap returns of the most valuable products. The real value of British India is only now becoming thoroughly known even to those who know it best. Formerly, even our statesmen were beguiled by vain dreams of large direct tribute. The heaps of ill-gotten bullion which existed, or were imagined to exist, in the treasure-chambers of the few despots with whom caprice took the form of parsimony, were considered as demonstrative proofs of the wealth of a country, which exhibited in fact every feature of abject poverty.

The rulers of India have become wiser. They have learned, rather let us say, have been taught by that "private reason which always prevents or outstrips public wisdom"—that poor and miserable as long aggravated misgovernment, the worst of false religions, and social institutions the most absurd and degrading, have made her, India possesses, in her soil of unmatched fertility—in the abundant population which has hitherto, generally speaking, tilled that soil for a bare sufficiency of the simplest food—in her numerous ports open at all seasons to vessels from every quarter—in her noble rivers, which afford the easiest communication between these ports and the most remote fields of production—and in the extent of dominion, and variety of climate, which permit the profitable cultivation of many of the most valuable products, both of the tropics and of the temperate zone—the means of realizing to her masters wealth to which no limits can be assigned; and that too by a process inseparably connected with the greatest and most enduring benefit to her own children. The agriculture, the commerce of India, are both as yet in their infancy. There is no limit, at least none that will be reached for centuries, to her power of supplying the great staples of cotton, sugar,* silk, coffee, tobacco, saltpetre, and indigo. Almost every year adds some important article to her long list of capabilities. Oil-seeds, caoutchouc, and wool, are exports of very recent date.† The tea

* Under the encouragement afforded by the reduction of duty from £1 12s. to £1 4s. per cwt., the quantity of East India sugar imported into England has increased from 76,613 cwts. in 1834, to 519,126 cwts. in 1839. Justice and policy equally demand that the duty on East Indian rum should be reduced to the West Indian standard.

† The first shipment of wool from Bombay took place in 1833. The export increased from 59,944 lbs. in 1834, to 2,444,019 lbs. in 1837. "At present, the chief supplies of the article are drawn from Cutch and Sinde, and from Marwar *via* Guzerat. Small quantities also are received occasionally from the Persian

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-ill outstrip them all in value and import-
'ill soon, we trust, render us in a great
ependent of the monopolists with whom
herto had to deal.* There is no doubt
nd care in the growth and preparation are
:ing to render the hemp and flax of India
:o that furnished by the north of Europe. Ex-
iments are in progress with a view to the naturali-
zation of the Cochineal insect. There is little ques-
tion that rhubarb could be grown as well in India as
in China, from which country that which is called
Turkey rhubarb is now brought by Russian caravans.
The highly-intelligent commercial communities of
Calcutta and Bombay, and the planters and merchants
settled in the interior of those presidencies, are ac-
tively engaged in improving and increasing the old,
and in discovering new, articles of export.† With
the exports must increase the means of purchasing
British manufactures. And for many most import-
ant purposes, the gigantic power of steam, though
as yet most inadequately applied, has, in effect, brought
our magnificent possessions in India nearer to England
by two-thirds, than in those, so called, good old times
when the Company's ships achieved a passage to Ma-
dras or Bombay in six calendar months!

Yet, notwithstanding all these motives of interest,
all these attractions, British India is almost a *terra
incognita* to the great body of educated Englishmen.
Though this little island possess an empire in the East,
that the Cæsars might envy—the foundations of which
the servants of a company of merchants were laying
wide and deep, while the ministers of the Crown
were flinging away the affection and allegiance of the
brave men who had created for us an empire in the
West—the ignorance and indifference which prevail
concerning it are well-nigh incredible. The intro-
duction of any subject connected with Indian affairs,
acts as a spell in clearing the benches of either House
of Parliament; and the majority even of the few
who remain, and deem themselves qualified to discuss
such subjects, seldom fail to furnish, out of their own
mouths, abundant proofs that their interest therein has
not been sufficient to lead them to acquire the know-
ledge necessary for the purpose.

But this cannot last. India is rapidly acquiring a
commercial importance which must command atten-
tion; and recent events have so intimately connected
some of her political relations with those of Europe,
that no person with any pretensions to the character
of a statesman, will find ignorance regarding them to
be any longer safe or creditable. We shall endeavour
to encourage and facilitate the first steps of public in-
telligence in the acquisition of knowledge so important
and interesting, by laying before our readers a rapid
sketch of the present state and future prospects of our
Indian empire. And as it is our object to convey this
information in a popular, and, as far as we can render
it so, an attractive form, we shall not be disappointed
if the very few of our readers in this country who are
deeply versed in Indian politics, do not find any thing
very recondite in our observations. It would be time
and labour thrown away, when scarcely one in a
thousand is acquainted with the very elements of the
knowledge which we seek to impart—or rather wish
to stimulate the public mind to acquire—to enter upon
abstruse disquisitions or nice details concerning rela-
tions, claims, and treaties, which could scarcely be
rendered intelligible to the best-informed man who
has not served a long apprenticeship in the political
departments of Indian office. The importance of India
ought to be written in characters which all who run
may read; much injustice has already been done to
the subject by discussing it in a cipher which only
the initiated can readily understand, and which no
one else will take the trouble to master.

Some retrospect is necessary to the satisfactory ful-
filment of the task which we have here set ourselves.
We cannot refrain from considering the circumstances
which placed us in our present relations to Affghanis-
tan and Persia, without appearing to shun questions
of great importance, upon which we are aware that
general opinion—and that, too, supported by the judg-
ment of some of the highest authorities—is opposed to
the line of policy chosen by the Governor-General;
notwithstanding the signal success, in a military point
of view, with which that policy has been carried into
execution. We shall endeavour to form our conclu-
sions upon a calm examination of the points which
appear to be at issue; without suffering ourselves to
be dazzled, on the one hand, by the brilliant exploits
of our troops; or to assume, on the other, that Lord
Auckland did not take the wisest course which circum-
stances left open to him, merely because the course
taken may have entailed some undeniable evils upon
our Indian administration.

As regards the general question of peace or war,
this has been emphatically the case. At no previous
period were the real interests of British India so well
understood, or equal pains taken to advance them.
That wise and benevolent statesman, Lord William
Bentinck—the memory of whose sterling virtues
and earnest endeavours to benefit the millions who
were subject to his rule, will long survive the petty
piques and selfish irritation of those among the subor-
dinate agents of that rule who deemed themselves
aggrieved by his measures—had laid the axe to the
root of many an obstinate prejudice, many a mischiev-
ous custom, and had occupied the ground thus cleared
with the foundation-stones of a sound system of na-
tional improvement. He laid down, and during his
whole administration strenuously acted upon, the broad
principles, that the good of the great body of the peo-
ple, not the selfish interests of the ruling power or of
its servants, ought to be the object of all government;
and that the best mode of rendering men, in the situa-
tion of our Indian fellow-subjects, trustworthy instru-
ments of government, is to employ them, under proper
superintendence, in situations of sufficiently remune-
rated trust. Lord Auckland—of whose pre-eminent

Gulf and the Red Sea. From these sources, and from the active measures taken by Government to improve the fleeces of the sheep in the extensive pastoral country of the Deccan, so well adapted for the carrying of such an experiment into effect—the export trade in wool promises in a few years to be one of the most active and flourishing from Bombay."—*Bombay Trade Report* of 1836, p. 37. We observe from the Commercial Reports published by the Supreme Government in Calcutta, (cited at the head of this article,) that our merchants may expect to draw large returns of wool from Affghanistan, and the countries still further to the northward.

* The Commercial Reports above cited show, that the people of Affghanistan, and of the wide tracts beyond it, as far as Bokhara, including the more remote tribes to which that city is an emporium, will be large customers for tea. If it can be produced as cheaply as is expected, our Indian subjects will be great consumers.

† The researches and experiments of the Agricultural Society of India, which holds its meetings in Calcutta, directed and encouraged by its excellent president, Chief-Justice Sir Edward Ryan, have been most energetic and useful.

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qualifications as an administrator of civil affairs there seems to be but one opinion, and whose calm and sagacious judgment admirably fitted him for giving effect to the principles which his more enthusiastic predecessor had established—was labouring most assiduously, and with the best prospects of success, in the great work of raising and liberating a deeply debased and long enthralled people, when his attention was loudly called from this congenial occupation, by the necessity of providing against the external dangers which threatened our empire. Deeply must the Governor-General have felt this interruption of an employment, worthy at once of the highest talents and of the most earnest philanthropy: more deeply still will India have to lament the expenditure in war of invaluable time, and of those pecuniary means of improvement which would have yielded, if sown in peaceful fields, the richest returns.

But although the Indian government was most sincerely desirous of peace, the necessity of being prepared for war, and that not in one quarter only, was most manifest and urgent. Never, certainly, since Lord Wellesley's administration, had the political horizon been so gloomy and threatening as in 1837-38.

Disregarding equally the advice and remonstrances of the British Resident, and eventually grossly insulting him, the King of Persia had been instigated to undertake the siege of Herat, and to advance ulterior claims of sovereignty over the whole of Affghanistan. This actual approximation of the unfurled banners of Islam to the frontier of India; the general impression that it was the intention of that sovereign to carry them to the Indus at least, if his forbearance were not purchased by the submission of the chiefs of Cabul and Candahar; the equally prevalent belief that he was encouraged and supported in these schemes by the Emperor of Russia; and the exaggerated notions of the power of that potentate to afford such aid to the Shah as would render the resistance of the Affghans and of the British government alike unavailing—combined to unsettle the minds, and to resuscitate the dormant enmity, of the Mahomedan population throughout the peninsula. Their hopes of recovered domination were strengthened by the expectation that our power would be simultaneously assailed from other quarters. A revolution had seated upon the throne of Ava a prince more impatient than his predecessor of that humiliating relation to the British government in which the treaty of Yandaboo, concluded in February, 1826, after a struggle of two years, had placed the descendant of the great Alompra. The conduct of the new monarch towards the representatives of the Governor-General, and the nature and tone of his public observations upon our power, and his own intentions in dealing with it, rendered it extremely doubtful whether the maintenance of peace with that overweening and barbarous court could be made to consist with a due regard for the national reputation. To the government of Nepal, also, the juncture appeared favourable for retrieving the losses of territory and honour to which Lord Hastings had compelled it to submit. It engaged, accordingly, in a correspondence with the Court of Ava;—entered deeply into intrigues both with the *quasi*-independent princes of the peninsula, and with the petty rajahs occupying the wild tracts on the skirts of the provinces of Bengal and Behar; and did its utmost to fan into a blaze the disaffection of that most inflammable portion of our subjects, the idle and dissolute Mahomedan populations of cities. We shall have occasion to mention, at large, in the sequel, our relations with Nepal; but it was necessary to advert, in this place, to the hostile attitudes assumed by the powers on our northeastern, eastern, and southeastern frontiers, at the very time that the cloud was gathering most darkly in the northwest; in order that our readers might form an adequate conception both of the effect which such an apparent combination of enemies was calculated to produce upon the excitable minds of our native subjects, and of the circumstances under which it became necessary for Lord Auckland to choose his line of policy with regard to the affairs of Affghanistan and Persia. He will be well entitled to take high rank as a statesman, if it shall appear that such a crisis neither paralysed his energies nor excited him into rashness.

It seems to us that the state of affairs in the countries to the northwest of India, afforded the Governor-General the choice of but two courses besides that which he actually took.

Firstly, He might have refrained altogether from meddling in those affairs, otherwise than by endeavouring to dissuade the King of Persia from carrying on aggressive operations in Affghanistan—resting satisfied with taking every practicable measure to strengthen the position of the British government within the Indus; or, ***secondly***, he might have formed a defensive alliance with Dost Mahomed Khan of Cabul, and the chiefs of Candahar—engaging to assist them in repelling the attacks of Persia on the one hand, and to stop the further encroachments of Runjeet Singh on the other.

The result of the endeavours made by Mr. Ellis and Mr., now Sir John M'Neill, places it beyond question that the King of Persia—urged on by the representative of the Russian government—was not to be restrained from attacking Herat, and from extending his views of conquest, or of preponderating influence to Cabul and Candahar, by any mere remonstrances on the part of the Governor-General or of Great Britain. His ministers distinctly told the former that they considered the dominion of Persia to extend to Ghuzni, and that they looked beyond Herat to Candahar; and the envoy from the chiefs of the latter place publicly declared at the Persian court, that "the whole of Affghanistan was, with the exception of Herat and its dependencies, ready to come under feudal subjection to the Shah; who, in fact, might, with the aid of the Affghans, push his conquests to Delhi."* We must, therefore, regard the first proposition as a simple one, and form our judgment with respect to the policy of active interference in the affairs of Affghanistan, upon the hypothesis that the power of Persia was the only limit to the execution of her views of aggrandizement in the direction of the Indus.

We have already alluded to the effect of those views—supported as they were assumed to be by the gigantic power of Russia—upon the minds of the millions of Mahomedans of all classes, whether our own subjects or not, throughout India.

As long as they retain their present creed, we never can have any hold upon their affections. They hate

* Mr. Ellis's despatch of 10th April, 1836.

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he intensity of combined political and re-
sity. Forgetting that their power had
ely reverted to the Hindoos — as repre-
e Mahrattas—before we took any general
affairs of the Peninsula, they detest us as
ers of their domination over the fair plains
.. ealthy cities of Hindostan: they detest us with
greater cordiality as the Christian rulers of the followers of the last true Prophet. The Shah of Persia is to them, with all the greater enchantment of additional distance, adding emphasis to the *ignotum pro magnifico*—what Dost Mahomed Khan, the chief of Cabul, called him—"the King of Islam:"—the representative of that mighty power which once swayed the destinies of the fairest portions of Asia and Europe, and but for the prowess of Charles Martel, as displayed in the seven days' conflict on the plain of Tours, would, in all human probability, have subdued the whole of Christendom. They regarded his advance upon India with the same fond aspirations which the Christians of Palestine and Syria must have breathed for the success of the monarchs who led the third crusade. It seems probable that the artillery and military stores recently discovered in the arsenal of the petty principality of Kurnool, almost at the extreme south of the peninsula, were prepared to take advantage of, and to further the expected invasion of the Shah. Of the military power of the Russians, the most extravagant notions were entertained. Captain Conolly, speaking of his stay at Herat, says,—"In comparison with the Russians, I found that neither my countrymen, nor the people of any other European nation, were considered of consequence: indeed, some conceived from his title, 'IMPERATOOR-AZUM'—'The Supreme Emperor,'—that the Russian Autocrat gave the law to the kings of Europe. Wonderful things," he proceeds, "were asserted of the Oroos, particularly about their military deeds. Shumsoodeen Khan, among other things, told the company that no fort could hold out against this people; for that they never stopped at a ditch, marching soldiers into it until it was filled, and so on, over their heads, to the storm: and our host, whom I had credited for better sense, said that on a certain occasion provisions falling short in his army, the General e Oroos gave orders that fifty thousand men should be killed and served out as rations!' 'Is it possible?' exclaimed an old Affghan gentleman among the audience; 'why then they are cannibals, and must have a larger army than Timour had.'" We may be sure that such tales lose nothing of the marvellous as they travel towards the East; and that the people of India are at least as credulous as those of Affghanistan. It is certain that even the timid, shrewd, money-making Hindoos of Calcutta, the oldest of whom remember no other than British rule, and who assuredly have no desire to witness a struggle for the sovereignty of Bengal, nor even to set up a dynasty of their own, began to speculate regarding the effects upon the public funds, of the advance of a Russian army, and Lord Cornwallis's permanent settlement of the land-revenue.*

The mischief, therefore, which the conquest of Affghanistan by Persia, or even the acknowledgment by the chiefs of Herat, Cabul, and Candahar, of the supreme authority of the Shah, would have inflicted upon the British interests in the East, must have been greatly enhanced by the subserviency of that power to Russia; and by the certainty that every extension of Persian dominion or influence towards the Indus, tended to approximate the *point d'appui*, from which the Court of St. Petersburg could operate upon the peace and security of our Indian empire. Mr. Ellis's testimony places it beyond question that such were the views of Count Simonich, however disavowed, as convenience dictated, by his master, in urging the King of Persia to undertake the expedition against Herat; and we have the same unexceptionable evidence (for Mr. Ellis could have no favourite course of future policy to recommend, and no foregone conclusions to justify) as to the evil effects upon British India of the successful issue of these plans, and to the absolute necessity of taking vigorous measures to defeat them. So early as April, 1836, that judicious diplomatist wrote to Lord Palmerston as follows:

"The success of the Shah in the undertaking is anxiously wished for by Russia, and their minister here does not fail to press it on to early execution. The motive cannot be mistaken. Herat once annexed to Persia, may become, according to the commercial treaty, the residence of a Russian consular agent, who would from thence push his researches and communications, avowed and secret, throughout Affghanistan. Indeed, in the present state of the relations between Persia and Russia, it cannot be denied that the progress of the former in Affghanistan is tantamount to the advancement of the latter, and ought to receive every opposition from the British Government that the obligations of public faith will permit."

In another despatch, written in the same month, he stated that he was "quite convinced that the British government could no longer, with safety to its possessions in India, refrain from intimate connexion with the Affghans, whether they be subject to one chief, or divided into principalities."

"The Shah of Persia," he continues, "may, and I begin rather confidently to hope will, be prevented by want of means from attacking Herat this year, and annexing it to his dominions; but he will not abandon this object unless compelled to do so by the declared opposition of the British government. His Majesty has been encouraged, and I have been recently informed has been promised positive assistance in this design by the Russians, who well know that the conquest of Herat and Candahar by the Persians is in fact an advance for them towards India, if not for the purpose of actual invasion, certainly for that of intrigue and disorganization."

* These persons presented to Lord Auckland, on his recent return to Calcutta, an address of congratulation, containing the following remarkable passage:—"My Lord, it has been reserved for us to see the soldiers of our country carry victory into regions towards which India has hitherto looked with no other feelings than those of apprehension. It has been reserved for us to see those regions become the scene on which the power and greatness of the Indian empire have been made memorably manifest, in the vindication of its honour and rights, in the face of Asia and of the world. It has been reserved for us to see the tide of conquest, which for so many ages has flowed towards the East, at length turned back by heroic bands, in whose ranks we proudly recognise the sepoy warrior marching to triumph and renown, side by side with his British fellow-soldiers." More than eight centuries have elapsed since Ghuzni, whose alleged impregnability has been so signally confuted by our gallant troops, opened its gates for the departure of its Sultan, Mahmood, at the head of the first Mahomedan invaders of Hindostan. There has indeed been a strange reflux, and there appears no present prospect that the prophecy of Seneca will be fulfilled, by the Persians drinking the waters of the Elbe.

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Sir John M'Neill, who succeeded Mr. Ellis as our minister at the Persian Court, confirmed in his despatches of the 3d November, 1836, and 1st June, 1837, the information given by his predecessor, as to the earnestness with which Count Simonich had pressed upon the King of Persia the expedition against Herat. On the 8th of August, 1838, he wrote in the following terms:

"At this moment, the united influence of Persia and Russia would seem to be established in all the Affghan dominions, with the single exception of Herat; and the existence of that influence in those countries, viewed in conjunction with the course which those powers have recently been pursuing, and the measures that have resulted from their joint diplomatic exertions, is so obviously incompatible with the tranquillity of India, and even with its security, that no measures can be more unequivocally measures of self-defence than those which the British government is called upon to adopt, for the purpose of counteracting the evils with which India is threatened. Persia has no provocation to complain of. The course pursued by the British government towards this government has been one of uniform friendship and forbearance; and it appears to me that it would be a hazardous and costly line of policy to adopt, were the British government any longer to permit Persia, under shelter of her treaty with England, to open the way to India for another and far more formidable power."

It appears to us that these facts and considerations afford abundant grounds for concurrence in the opinion, so strongly expressed by Mr. Ellis, that the interests of the British government imperatively required that it should connect itself, in the closest relations, with the rulers—one or more—of Affghanistan.

Persia had manifestly ceased to be an outwork of defence against Russian aggression or intrigue, and had become the stalking-horse of that power: and no efforts of mere diplomacy on our part—however much insisted on as all that was necessary, by some who do not consider sufficiently the change that has taken place of late years in the policy of Russia towards her feeble neighbour—could have mended our position in that respect. The Court of St. Petersburg has no immediate views of territorial aggrandizement at the expense of Persia. It is far more for its interest to use it as an instrument which may be taken up or cast off at pleasure, for keeping the hands of one of its great European rivals—of the power that stopped its march from the Balkan upon Constantinople, and which could at any time most effectually baffle its designs upon the Dardanelles—full, to the utmost possible extent, of embarrassing employment: consequently, now,

> "Wiser than before,
> It tempts by making rich, not making poor!"

and applies itself to excite the ambition and religious enthusiasm of a young despot, by holding out to him hopes of re-establishing the empire of Nadir Shah by the subjection of the hated (because Sunni) Affghans—if not of driving us out of India, and reigning there in our stead. To such incentives as these, backed by positive aid, the representative of the British government can oppose no arguments more effective than sage counsel as to the propriety of attending more sedulously to "the internal affairs of the kingdom"—intimations that "it is reported that the exceeds the revenue," and that it is the dient that "the ministers should this y arrangements that the expenditures o may be balanced by the receipts,"—and the time and means of the government shoul devoted to bringing certain old provinces of t dom "into proper order," than to extending its frontier. Who could believe that a young Persian sovereign's passion for conquest and plunder would be repressed by such suggestions as these? and yet we are quite sure that Mr. Ellis used the strongest arguments that were available; for no one, we presume, will be found to regret that more rupees were not poured into the gulf of the Persian treasury, with the vain hope of staving off the attack upon Herat for a season, but really rendering the Shah more competent to undertake it.

It has been urged, however, that we have defeated our own object, by interfering with the affairs of Affghanistan; that, whilst it was our avowed aim, and confessedly our true interest, to keep Persia and, still more, Russia at a distance, we have, in effect, gone out to meet them; and have thus greatly increased the chance of that collision which it is our obvious policy to avoid. It is said, also, that the Indus is our natural boundary and strongest barrier; and that if danger is to be apprehended from the northwest, we ought to array our forces to meet it on the eastern bank of that noble river.

It appears to us, however, that Persia, having become the mere tool of Russia,* it is of vital importance to British India that Affghanistan should be interposed as an effectual barrier between the great Mahomedan power of Central Asia—urged on by Muscovite intrigue, and supported, whenever a favourable opportunity may offer, by Muscovite troops—and all that is inflammable within the peninsula. There is surely a difference of great consequence, whether at a moment when, perhaps, our hands are full in Europe, Russia should be able to place the fulcrum of her lever of mischief at Cabul and Candahar, with the command of the right bank of the Indus; or at Astrabad and Meshid, or even (when she has achieved their subjection) at Bokhara and Balkh. What the Russians desire, in the words of Captain Conolly, is "*to have it in their power* to attack us in India, in case of a quarrel rendering such a measure expedient." Such an enemy upon the Indus, able to play off the bigotry of the whole Mahomedan population against us, would set and keep all Hindostan in a ferment, obliging us to maintain the fullest war establishment at a very petty cost to itself. It has truly been said that Russia possesses, in mere rumour, a powerful engine to employ against British India. Approximation increases the power of this engine in a geometrical ratio: a single boat upon the Indus would excite more hope and more fear than a fleet of first-rates in the Caspian.

On the other hand, the advantages of possessing Affghanistan as a barrier, and, if need be, as the scene of military operations, are great and manifold. Of the former we have said enough, in describing the dangers

* This is unquestionably the case, but no blame is fairly attributable to any British diplomatist or statesman on account of it. As long as Russia conducts herself with common judgment and forbearance from aggression, her local position gives her a commanding influence at the Court of Persia, which it is altogether futile for us to attempt to combat.

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its occupation by others would expose us. statement in regard to the latter, we must aders to Captain Conolly's chapter upon erland Invasion of India." He shows clearly, the Affghans, as a nation, were determined to resist the invaders, the difficulties of the march would be rendered well-nigh insurmountable;"—that "the Affghans could put beyond reach, or destroy, the partial supplies that might otherwise be obtained;"—that they "have but little to gain, and much to fear, from letting the Russians enter their country; that they are natural enemies to the nations by whom the Russians must in the first instance be assisted, whether Oosbeg or Persian; and that they moreover cherish a strong fanatical antipathy against the latter people."* Our author is speaking throughout of the unaided resistance of the Affghans to the invaders of India seeking a passage through their country; and he sums up his opinion upon that hypothesis, after detailing the difficulties and strength for military defence of the several routes, by stating, that he is satisfied that the Russians could not "force their way either from the north or west," (*i. e.* either from Balkh or Meshid,) "through Affghanistan to the Indus, against the consent of the people." We need scarcely add, that a very moderate share of British science and British valour, acting in concert with the Affghans, would enable them, in the defiles of that difficult country, to laugh to scorn any force that Russia could possibly bring into the field.

As to the expense (much to be regretted) of the expedition, it is manifest, we think, from what we have already stated, that there was, in this respect, but a choice of evils; for the question which we are now considering is, whether we ought, or ought not, to have interfered at all in the affairs of Affghanistan—not whether such interference should have been conducted through the instrumentality of A or B. The feeble chiefs of Cabul and Candahar were ready to succumb to Persia; the latter had actually accepted terms, involving the acknowledgment of the Shah's supremacy, guaranteed by Russia; and Dost Mahomed Khan had been for some years an humble suppliant for Persian aid against the Seikhs.

But for our interference, Persia and Russia would have been virtually upon the Indus. Who that knows India will require a formal demonstration that their being established in such a position would have cost us ten times more, in one shape or another, than the expense of interference? And who can calculate the value of the moral effect of our success upon the courts of Nepal and Ava, on the princes of the Peninsula, and on the minds of our native subjects? Even supposing that our inaction would not have given Persia and Russia opportunity to occupy a position from which they might, at any moment and at their own pleasure, have wrought us the greatest annoyance, it would have damaged us in the estimation of our own people, and of our immediate neighbours, to a degree which no mere pecuniary saving could compensate. And the expense of the expedition, and of the subsequent occupation of Affghanistan, has hitherto been met from the ordinary revenue, without borrowing. On the other hand, the humiliating retreat of the Shah of Persia from Herat,

"Foil'd by a *Briton's* hand before a batter'd wall—"

for all parties attribute the successful resistance of that city to the skill and energy of Lieutenant Pottinger,—and the triumphant consummation of the campaign in Affghanistan by the capture of Ghuzni—(the first news of which the Mahomedans of our northwestern provinces loudly ridiculed—saying that "every one knew that Ghuzni could not be taken.")—have quelled the spirit both of foreign and domestic enemies, and established a universal impression of the hopelessness of any attempt to combat our supremacy.

Only one other argument against interference remains, we believe, to be considered. It is said, that if Persia acted as the mere tool of Russia, the injury inflicted, or threatened, ought to have been requited upon the waters of the Baltic and the Euxine, and not left to be avenged by the East India Company, and the simple occupation of Affghanistan. But those who argue thus seem to forget that, in the opinion even of Sir John M'Neill, the Shah of Persia was fully justified in making war upon the Prince of Herat, "an enemy who had given him the greatest provocation;"* that Russia was bound by no treaty to abstain from helping its ally in such a quarrel; that the feeble chiefs of Cabul and Candahar had humbly solicited the assistance of Persia, as brethren in the faith of Islam, to enable them to resist the encroachments of the idolatrous Seikhs; that the one party had the full right to ask, and the other to give, such aid; and that Russia had committed no overt acts of hostility which could have justified so extreme a measure as a European war. Her conduct afforded ground for remonstrance; and the papers laid before Parliament show that such remonstrance was most ably made, and with the most satisfactory results, by Lord Palmerston. Count Simonich was superseded at the court of Persia, and the unhappy Vicowich was recalled to St. Petersburg, where he died—it is said by his own hand—immediately after an interview with Count Nesselrode. In fact, as we have stated, Russia has no present, nor perhaps proximate, desire for collision with the British power in Central Asia. Count Biornstjerna quotes Karamsin, whom he calls "a profound and eloquent Russian historian," as holding that "the object and the character of her foreign policy has universally been to seek to be at peace with every body, and to make conquests without war, always keeping herself on the defensive, placing no faith in the friendship of those whose interest does not accord with her own, and losing no opportunity of injuring them without ostensibly breaking her treaties with them." Such an avowal is candid, at least, whatever may be thought of its profoundness. However, we believe that, in the present case, Russia is quite as much averse to war as we are. What she desired was, to creep, under shelter of her stalking-horse, into such a position that she might be able, should her interests require it at any future period, to embarrass and distress us. That view has been far more effectually thwarted by our new relations with Affghanistan, than if, neglecting to avail ourselves of that barrier, we had lit up the

* The Persians are heretics—Sheahs: the Affghans, Sunnis, or orthodox Mahomedans.

* Sir A. Burnes, writing from Cabul in October, 1837, says, "The outrageous conduct of the ruler (of Herat) and his ministers, in having sold into slavery the greater part, if not the whole, of the Sheah population of the city, would justify any attack on the part of Persia."—*Political Reports published by the Government of Calcutta*, p. 10

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flames of war in Europe. Russia has not only had the mortification of seeing her ambitious designs penetrated and baffled, but has witnessed their counteraction by a course of policy which, as far as human foresight can penetrate, would render utterly vain any attempt to reconstruct the scheme that has been so summarily and effectually broken up.

We come now to examine the second line of policy which was at the choice of the Governor-General; viz. that of alliance with Dost Mahomed Khan of Cabul, and his brothers the chiefs of Candahar. It is a point much nicer than the preliminary question of interference—whether Lord Auckland acted wisely or unwisely in resolving not to form a connexion with those parties, but to ground our Indian relations with Affghanistan upon the re-establishment of Shah Shooja on the throne of his ancestors?

As that restoration could be effected only by British arms, or rather, as any attempt to bring it about by other means would have been attended with the hazard of a mischievous failure, it is certain that measures taken in alliance with chiefs ruling *de facto* over Eastern Affghanistan, and largely in possession of the resources of the country, seemed to promise the attainment of the same ends at a less immediate expense of treasure, and probably of blood than those actually resorted to. It may be assumed, also, that such a connexion as might have been formed with Dost Mahomed Khan and his brethren, (the chiefs of the Barukzye family and tribe,) whilst it might have sufficed to detach those parties from Persia, and to protect British India from all mischief from that quarter, would not have laid us under such indefinite obligations, threatening future embarrassment, as the relations in which we have been compelled to bind ourselves to Shah Shooja.

Having said this, we think that we have stated fairly the strongest ground that can, with truth and reason, be taken by those who, thinking that interference with the affairs of Affghanistan was essential to the protection of British interests, are nevertheless of opinion that the Governor-General acted unwisely in not availing himself of the assistance of the actually established government. But, as is usual, when the merits and demerits of a line of policy actually allowed, are weighed against advantages and disadvantages which can be regarded only as *in posse*, much more is taken for granted in disparagement of the former, and in favour of the latter, than the real state of facts and candid inferences from them will warrant.

It is assumed, for instance, that the chiefs of Cabul and Candahar were not only extremely well affected towards the British government, and disposed to enter into a cordial alliance with it, to the abandonment of all hopes of support from the westward; but that they possessed a firm hold upon the affections of the people over whom they ruled, and were indissolubly bound together by the strongest ties, both of blood and affection, and of mutual interest. Shah Shooja, on the other hand, has been represented as the most imbecile and helpless of pretenders to a throne which he had lost by his own incompetence, and the contempt, if not hatred, of his subjects; and on which he can be maintained, as he has been reseated, solely by British arms and British treasure. Upon such assumptions, rhetorically enforced, it is easy to found an absolute condemnation of Lord Auckland's policy.

But those who will take the trouble correctly to ascertain, and dispassionately to consider the circumstances, will find, we apprehend, cause to question the justice of such a conclusion. The case, however, is confessedly not one where the preponderance of considerations in one scale is so palpable as to render politics a game which can safely be played, off-hand, by every speculator; the crisis demanded, perhaps as much as any that has occurred during the rise and progress of British ascer East, that cool judgment to decide, and spir to public duty to execute, which are essential racter of a statesman qualified to lay his hand helm of our Indian empire.

It appears to us that there is sufficient moral e ence to show, *first*, that Shah Shooja, as the head of the powerful and sacred family of Suddozyes,* is far more acceptable generally to the Affghans, than Dost Mahomed, or any other or all of the chiefs of the Barukzyes; *secondly*, that the latter were not only feeble from division, but were leagued together by no ties that would not have been broken on the instant the chief of Cabul thought that he could possess himself of the territory of Candahar, or that the chiefs of Candahar saw reason to believe that they could eject their brother from Cabul; *thirdly*, that if any of these chiefs ever had any real apprehension of Persia, it was very slight and transient, and that the true object of their negotiations, both with that power and with the Governor-General, was to strengthen themselves against each other, and against the Suddozyes, as represented by Shah Shooja or Prince Kamran of Herat, and to obtain the means of repelling the Seikhs; and *fourthly*, that it our course of policy had been such as to permit Persia, backed by Russia, to furnish those means—which our relations with Runjeet Singh and our obvious interests equally forbade us to afford—the Shah might, by playing off Dost Mahomed against the chiefs of Candahar, and those chiefs against Dost Mahomed, easily have possessed himself of the virtual sovereignty of the country.

Upon the first point, we have the unequivocal testimony of Captain Conolly, given long before the late crisis, that "the right of the Suddozye family to the supreme government has hitherto been considered sacred by the Dooraunees," (the great predominant tribe to which the Suddozyes and Barukzyes belong,) "and that there would always be a strong feeling in their favour, if they put themselves forward." He even says, (after describing in strong terms the demerits of Prince Kamran, of Herat,)—that "notwithstanding all his faults, the people would be glad to see him restored to the throne; the interests of the Suddozye tribe, and of all the old Dooraunee families, are connected with his; and the Affghans, generally, have in every way suffered so much from the consequences of the revolution, that they would hail with joy the resumption of the royal authority, whether by Kamran or any other man of the family." These opinions are strongly supported by Sir John M'Neill, in the following passage:—

"Though the sovereignty of the Affghans has passed out of the hands of the descendants of Ahmed Shah, the Dooraunee tribe appears to maintain an undoubted ascendancy in the nation. The Barukzyes have usurped the greater portion of the power of the Suddozyes; but the latter family still maintains itself in Herat, and has a strong hold on the prejudices, if not on the affections, of a large part of the Dooraunees.

"The Barukzyes, holding Cabul and Candahar in independence, and Peshawur as tributaries to the Seikhs, would appear not to have conciliated the attachment of the Dooraunees, and to depend, in a great measure, for their power on influences foreign to that tribe. Dost Mahomed Khan, of Cabul, descended by his mother from the Kuzzilbashes, or Persians, who have for some generations been settled in Cabul, has connected himself with that powerful body, and in any emergency must trust rather to them than to the native Affghans for the means of pursuing conquest or repelling aggressions."

Major Wade and Mr. Masson entirely concur in these

* Prince Kamran may contest this rank with him, but he is a man of dissolute and abandoned character, and exceedingly unpopular.

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". The latter, who has lived long among the and knows them intimately, wrote in 1835 as

failure of Shah Shooja is now most sincerely I , I myself rejoiced at the time; but the course of events seems to prove that his success would have been felicitous to the countries. The wishes of all classes turn to his restoration." Again—"I confess I am not very sanguine as to any very favourable results from negotiations with the Barukzyes. They are indeed their own enemies; their eternal and unholy dissentions and enmities have brought them to be considered as pests to the country; and the likelihood is, that affairs will become worse, not better. The British government could employ interference, without offending half a dozen individuals. Shah Shooja, under their auspices, would not even encounter opposition; and the Ameer and his friends, if he have any, must yield to his terms, or become fugitives."—"Of Shah Shooja," says Lieutenant Leech, "they (the chiefs of Candahar) stand in the greatest dread, as he is extremely popular in Affghanistan; and the tyranny of the upstart Barukzyes has effaced from the mind of the Affghans that of the Suddozyes, while the former cannot support the dignity, the power, or the show of monarchy."*

The soundness of these views has been abundantly substantiated by the events of the expedition. The difficulties experienced were solely those of toil and privation; owing principally to the natural wildness and desolation of the country between the Indus and Candahar, which is absolutely devoid of vegetation, and where the army was constantly obliged to make marches of twenty miles in order to find water. But the reception of Shah Shooja at Candahar—which is situated in a lovely and very fertile country—was most enthusiastic. The Barukzye chiefs fled before him without striking a blow, and with scarcely two hundred followers. Their most confidential servants deserted them. The whole population, high and low, came out to meet Shah Shooja, bringing garlands of flowers, and strewing the roads with roses. On the march from Candahar to Cabul, Ghuzni was the only place where resistance was offered, and that, probably, only because the garrison was commanded by Dost Mahomed's favourite son. After its fall, Dost Mahomed's army of twelve thousand men deserted him; leaving him to fly almost unattended, and all his guns—twenty-eight in number—to be taken possession of by a single squadron of dragoons. In fact, with the exception of the conflict at Ghuzni, the sovereignty of Eastern Affghanistan was transferred to Shah Shooja without any struggle. Power which had a real basis, either in the affections of the people or in the ability and resources of those who swayed it, and which was fit to be relied upon as a barrier to British India, could not thus have crumbled away from its own want of consistence. The fact that the country was overrun by bands of armed plunderers, who treated English officers, or other stragglers from the British camp, with no more respect than other equally tempting prizes, proves nothing (in a country like Affghanistan, where whole tribes have been predatory by profession from time immemorial, and which has been in a state of disorganization for more than half a century) against the general popularity of Shah Shooja's cause. Life and property were not a whit more secure when Mr. Elphinstone visited the country thirty years ago: his work abounds with anecdotes of habitual rapine; and even the nobleman sent to meet and conduct him to court, very narrowly escaped being plundered. It is no marvel that, in such a state of society, the love of booty should be, with thousands, stronger than attachment to a dynasty. We doubt not, however, that the followers of Dost Mahomed were plundered, as opportunity offered, with great impartiality.

We will say a few words in this place as to the character of Shah Shooja. It has been the habit of those who have blamed Lord Auckland for taking up his cause, to describe him as in the greatest degree weak and timid. This appears to be entirely gratuitous. His history affords many traits of personal energy and resolution—too many for his own interests of moderation, benevolence, and forbearance towards thankless opponents. Had he been more unscrupulous in the use of his power, he would probably never have lost it. Mr. Elphinstone, whose capacity to judge will be questioned by no one, speaks of him throughout his work in high terms. His only qualifying expression is, that he deems him "deficient in the genius and energy which were requisite to restore a government so far sunk into anarchy and decay." He has since had much good training and experience in the school of adversity. We have Sir Alexander Burnes' testimony, that this experience has raised him in one respect at least, above the level of his country and station. Speaking some years ago of Shah Shooja's autobiography, presented to him by the king, Sir Alexander says—"the book gives a detail of his life and adventures, in a simple style, free from extracts from the Koran, metaphors, and other extravagances of Oriental authors. It also dispenses with any mention of those miracles which never fail to be wrought in favour of an eastern despot, according to the account of historians. The work, in fact, was what would be described by us as an interesting detail of events." A Mahomedan prince capable of drawing up such a narrative, and of acting with the skill and resolution which he displayed in effecting his escape, and that of his family, from the clutches of one so vigilant as Runjeet Singh, as well as on other occasions, cannot well be viewed as either a fool or a poltroon.

There is abundant evidence to establish the weakness and disunion of the Barukzye chiefs. We have seen what Mr. Masson says of their "eternal and unholy dissensions and enmities," which had brought them, in 1835, long before the necessity for our interference in the affairs of Affghanistan was contemplated, to be considered as the pests of the country. Captain Conolly, writing at a still earlier period, though he speaks favourably by comparison of Dost Mahomed, reprobates in the strongest terms the conduct of his brothers, at Candahar. They ruled, he says, entirely by military force, and by means of men of low birth and bad character—letting loose their troops [which were all of the Ghilgie race, though they are themselves Douraunees, and Candahar is the chief city of that tribe] to plunder the country. "They have ruined trade by their exactions, and all the people under their sway, groaning under every species of oppression, look anxiously for Kamran, or for any one to relieve them." Lieutenant Leech uses similar language as to their oppression and extortion, and the consequent ruin of trade. "Among their immediate retainers even, they might in vain," says he, "seek for attachment; arrears of salary, unrewarded services, and arbitrary confiscations, forbid the feeling. Possessing no other right to rule than that of fortune and the sword, they have no affection for their country or subjects. Their ambition is the ambition of robbers, and their law the law of caprice. This might seem to be the picture of any small state under an arbitrary government at any time, and in any part of the world; but the existence of this state under a triumvirate of brothers, each jealous of the other, constitutes its peculiarity; and it is a matter of wonder that they should have so long escaped the dagger of the assassin."* It is no wonder, therefore, that Shah Shooja was well received at Candahar. There was no real

* Political Reports, published by the Government of Calcutta.—pp. 53 4.

* Political Reports, published by the Government of Calcutta.—p. 51.

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cordiality at any time between any of the brethren. They were eternally plotting to supplant and ruin each other. Dost Mahomed complained of the treacherous intentions of the chiefs of Candahar; and Major Wade tells us, that, "even after his late success against the Seikhs, such was the feeling of parties towards him, that had it not been for the arrival of the British mission, nothing could have saved him from the combination which his brothers had formed to overthrow his authority." We learn from Mr. Vigne, that it was merely the wink of a friend's eye, cautioning him not to enter a certain tent, which saved Dost Mahomed from being made blind by his brother, the late Shere Dib Khan of Candahar; and it appears from Lieutenant Leech's sketch of affairs in that principality, that its chiefs once proposed to ally themselves with the hated idolater, Runjeet Singh, "in order to root out" their brother, Dost Mahomed.* He, on the other hand, deliberately proposed to Sir Alexander Burnes to eject his brothers from Candahar, and to make himself sole ruler of eastern Affghanistan. But his negotiations with that officer regarding Peshawur, show still more clearly the opinions of the Barukzye chieftains regarding each other, and their utter want of mutual confidence. He said—"if Runjeet Singh reinstates Sultan Mahomed Khan" (his brother) "in the government of Peshawur, I have great apprehension; for in it I see a Mahomedan ruler instead of a Seikh; and had the Maharajah been more conversant with the politics of Affghanistan, and bent on my destruction, he might ere this have succeeded, had he not displaced Sultan Mahomed Khan from Peshawur, and supplied him with funds to corrupt those about me who are inimical, and envy the rise to my present elevation. I see injury to myself in Sultan Mahomed Khan, when restored to his chiefship of Peshawur, being in alliance with Lahore; and, above all, what security am I to have that the chiefs of Peshawur and Candahar will not join to injure me, and be aided in their designs by Maharajah Runjeet Singh?"

What advantage could result to the British interests from an alliance with men so unstable, so untrusting, and so untrustworthy as these? How could such a rope of sand be rendered effectual to close the gates of Affghanistan against Persian and Russian intrigue and violence? We could not have taken up Dost Mahomed, incomparably the best and ablest of the fraternity, without leaguing ourselves likewise with his brethren at Candahar, and thus participating in their weakness and hatefulness; and the death-feud existing between the whole family and Prince Kamran —(he having murdered their elder brother, the founder of the fortunes of their house, and they having dishonoured the females of his family)—forbade the hope of a general alliance with all the powers of Affghanistan, in order to close the gates of its mountain passes against intrusion from the westward. For a few ducats, either party would have turned their arms against the other: for the sake of gaining some petty advantage in their miserable internal disputes, or of coping successfully with the Seikhs, either party would have caught eagerly at the aid of Persian troops, commanded probably by Russian officers. And what could we offer to them, of more ostensible benefit to their short-sighted policy, than such a connexion?

This question brings us to the consideration of our third position; to wit, that the Barukzye chiefs entertained far more dread of the Suddozyes and of the Seikhs, than of the Persians; and that the true object of all their negotiations was to obtain aid against the two former and each other; not to oppose the advance of the latter, from whom they hoped advantage rather than feared any injury.

The papers laid before Parliament show with what eagerness the chiefs of Cabul and Candahar contended for the favour of Persia; how they humbled themse[lves] the Shah, and in what terms they described [the] hension of Runjeet Singh, and their claims [to] aid against the idolatrous Seikhs. The late r[uler] is a Persian in blood by his mother's side. [He] says, in 1833, "it is a part of Sirdar Dost Mahom[ed's] that he ought never to go to war with the Persia[ns]." Alexander Burnes, his warm well-wisher, admits that he "sought for alliance with Persia, as the best means that occurred to him to support his power;" and in all his negotiations with that officer, the recovery of Peshawur from the Seikhs was manifestly his primary object. When he saw that he could not compass that end by means of British interference, his whole demeanour towards Sir Alexander was altered; and he threw himself unreservedly into the arms of Vicowich, (whom he had detained at Cabul for the purpose of playing him off against the British envoy,) and of the Persian party. In one of his last despatches from Cabul, Sir Alexander says—"On this occasion, I was very sorry to observe a tone which I had not before seen exhibited. The Ameer may have authorized his advisers to speak as they have done, and he may entertain the feelings which they expressed," (to wit, a desire of allying himself with the British power for the sake of protection against Persia;) "but I am bound to judge of what he said himself, and this by no means seems to me so satisfactory as I have reported, or had been led to believe." And this, be it remembered, is the language of one personally most friendly to Dost Mahomed, and extremely anxious on that account, as well as for the credit of his own diplomacy, to effect the objects of British policy through his instrumentality. It was necessary to that end, that the chiefs of Cabul and Candahar should be united in a cordial understanding; that they should clearly comprehend—in the words of one of Sir Alexander Burnes's last notes to Dost Mahomed—that "our friendship was entirely dependent on the relinquishment of alliance with any power to the west;" and that they should rest satisfied, as regards their eastern relations, with being secured from the further encroachments of the Seikhs, against which they might not have been able to defend themselves. If any one could have brought them to see their own interests in an acceptance of these terms, and in a hearty coincidence with the views of the British Government in respect to the exclusion of Persian power and influence from Affghanistan, Sir A. Burnes would have effected it. He failed, because the chiefs of Candahar, having no confidence in the affections of their own people, and dreading equally the Seikhs on the east, and the Suddozyes of Herat on the west, were eager to avail themselves of the proffered aid of Persia against both those enemies; and because Dost Mahomed, affecting to contemn the notion that he required protection against the Seikhs, thought his alliance, which Persia and Russia were simultaneously courting, of sufficient value to the British Government, to be purchased at the price of enforcing the cession of Peshawur (which had never belonged to him) by Runjeet Singh. Persia and Russia bid far higher than the Governor-General, who intended to redeem all his pledges, could afford to offer; and therefore their terms were caught at.

Our fourth position has been sufficiently established in the foregoing observations. It only remains to remark, with respect to it, that even if justice had permitted us to purchase the friendship of the Barukzye chiefs, by compelling Runjeet Singh to give up his conquered possession of Peshawur, such a step, which must have deeply disgusted, if not altogether alienated, an old and constant ally, at a time when Ava and Nepal were threatening hostilities, and whilst the latter power was endeavouring to engage the Seikhs in an offensive alliance against us, would have been impolitic in the extreme.

To sum up the whole: the Barukzye chiefs stood in a

* Political Reports, published by the Government of Calcutta.—P. 16.

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n their relations both to their own subjects and ighbours, which, whilst it rendered them the priate instruments of the powers whose princi- was to use them as the means of disquieting a India, disqualified them—even admitting their rwardness for the part—for being serviceable as a trust-worthy and permanent barrier against aggression and intrigue from the west; whilst the raising of such a barrier was, in the words of Sir John M'Neill, "unequivocally a measure of self-defence." We do not say that those chiefs were, in the first instance, positively ill-affected towards the British Government; but they demanded, as the price of their alliance, that which the Governor-General could not properly give, and far more than all that the most sanguine politician could hope from them was worth. There was no assurance of the stable existence of their power; still less was there any reasonable certainty that any means with which we might furnish them for repelling the encroachments of Persia, would not be wasted in the feuds and squabbles of the brotherhood, or still more mischievously misdirected against our ally Runjeet Singh. Mr. Elphinstone, treating thirty years ago of the past, speaks of the extraordinary levity of political character, which a long series of revolutions and perpetual civil dissensions—patched up by hasty reconciliation and incongruous alliances, to be again dissolved with increased violence at the end of a few months, or even days—had generated in the chiefs and people of Affghanistan. We may be sure that there has been no improvement, in this respect, under the shifting policy, the internal intrigues, and the feeble domination of the Barukzye chiefs. The only hope for Affghanistan itself, the only prospect of its becoming an outwork of defence instead of a magazine of combustibles, and a ground on which to plant the engines of the worst mischief against the rulers and people of the great peninsula of which nature has made it the portal, lay in its being united under a popular government, as single and strong as the character of the numerous petty republics of which the national federalism is composed, would admit. The first and most difficult step towards this end, (the importance of which to the interests of British India was strongly urged several years ago by Captain Conolly,*) has been already successfully taken, by the restoration of Shah Shooja to the throne of his ancestors.

We believe that the embarassment and expense of following up this line of policy have been much overrated;—principally, because too ready credence has been given to the bold assertion of Shah Shooja's unpopularity and utter unfitness for his high situation: and to the equally gratuitous assumption, that the Barukzye chiefs possess a strong hold upon the affections and interests of the Affghans. Unquestionably, our connexion with Shah Shooja will cost additional expense, besides that which has been already incurred in establishing his government; but we see no reason to doubt that, in a short time, the restored dynasty will be able to stand alone, upon the strong ground of decided national preference. We hear that Sir William Macnaghten has already indicated the time when our troops may safely be withdrawn. It is much to be regretted, no doubt, that we have been compelled to stretch out our arm beyond the natural boundary of Hindostan, and to interfere at all in the affairs of Affghanistan. It is still more to be lamented that the state of that country, in the hands of the Barukzye chiefs, has rendered our interference unavoidably costly. But we think we have proved (and that by the unbiassed testimony of persons at once so competent and disinterested as Mr. Ellis and Sir John M'Neill, and by opinions expressed, several years before the late crisis, by Captain Conolly and Mr. Masson, as well as by other evidence) both that such interference was indispensable to the effectual protection of British India from evils far greater than the expense which it has imposed on us; and that it was better, on the whole, to make the restoration of the Suddozye dynasty the means to the execution of our purpose, than to trust, in a matter of so much moment, albeit at less immediate charge, to such broken reeds as the Barukzye chiefs of Cabul and Candahar. Lord Auckland's policy cannot justly be condemned, whatever it may cost India, unless it can be shown that less evil would have resulted from some other course.

But whatever difference of opinion may exist with regard to the wisdom of the Governor-General's views, all parties must unite in applauding the promptitude and vigour with which they were carried into execution. We have already drawn a hasty sketch of our relations with Ava and Nepal, at the moment when the course to be taken with respect to the affairs of Affghanistan was to be decided upon. The necessity of being prepared for the active hostility of our threatening neighbours was not permitted to affect, in the smallest degree, the energy of Lord Auckland's preparations for the campaign beyond the Indus. Whilst these were planned and conducted upon a scale and with a completeness which essentially co-operated with the valour of our troops to achieve and secure a triumph, the forces in Arracan and Tenasserim (the provinces ceded by Ava at the close of the last war) were so strengthened as to convince the Burmese court that we were upon our guard, and abundantly prepared to resist and punish aggression by the immediate occupation of all their sea-ports. At the same time, the envoy whom the King of Nepal despatched to Runjeet Singh was arrested: that sovereign was informed that his treacherous dealings both with the princes of the peninsula and with our own subjects had been detected; he was peremptorily required to withdraw the detachments which he had pushed on towards several points of the frontier, and with which he had begun to stockade some of the passes of the lowlands; and in order to enforce this demand, and to convince him that he would be held responsible for these hostile demonstrations, measures were taken for the assembling of a strong corps of observation in the province most exposed to danger from the mountaineers. In both instances, this decided course of policy was completely successful. The King of Ava, though he continued to threaten, exhibited manifold symptoms of being far more apprehensive of an attack, than prepared to act offensively. The submission of the Nepalese was instant and entire. Both powers were effectually held in check, whilst the flower of our disposable forces were engaged in Affghanistan; and it would now, if necessary, be a matter of comparative ease to teach either or both of them the wisdom of being neighbourly. But we earnestly trust that we shall be spared the expense of such instruction: all our time and all our means are demanded by, and ought to be sedulously devoted to, the improvement of our own dominions.

We turn from this long but necessary disquisition on the past, to examine our present position and future prospects; first, in relation to the independent powers upon our frontiers; and, secondly, to those states which may be considered to lie within the general limits of British India.

Of the former, only the Punjab, Nepal, and Ava are of sufficient importance to require notice.

The kingdom of Punjab, so called from the five rivers whose confluence forms the Indus—formed by the ability and energy of the late Runjeet Singh, and most likely to be dissolved into its elements and anarchy in the weak and unskilful hands of his successors—is the only part of the Mogul empire which is not substantially under British dominion. It extends over a wide tract of country pre-eminently favoured by nature, both with respect to the powers of production and the means of transport. It com-

* Travels, vol. ii. p. 333, to end.

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mands the navigation of the Indus, holds in Peshawur the key of Affghanistan, and, but for our interference, its late vigorous ruler would have possessed himself of all the territory lying between his southern boundary and the ocean.

Runjeet Singh, a prince whose sagacity sufficed to restrain his keen ambition within the bounds of discretion, appears to have been impressed, at an early period of his prosperous career, with an abiding conviction of the wisdom of keeping on the most friendly terms with our Indian Government.* Accordingly, after Sir Charles Metcalfe, acting under the instructions of Lord Minto, had compelled him to abandon his design of appropriating the petty Seikh principalities to the east of the Sutlege, abutting upon the British provinces, all his views were directed to the extension of his dominion in the opposite quarter. Even there we interfered to protect Scinde—a Mahomedan state on the lower course of the Indus, and a most tempting acquisition—from his ambition; and he submitted to the check. But we fear, for their own sakes, that his son and grandson (and we mention the latter, because it is believed that he is virtually the sovereign in the name of his feeble father) are not likely to be so prudent; and that they will be tempted to try their strength against our iron battalions.

In this event, the partial organization and discipline of the Seikh army will serve only to make its overthrow more speedy and complete. One, or at the utmost two, pitched battles, will decide the fate of the kingdom;—a conclusion which reliance upon their natural force of irregular cavalry would doubtless considerably protract. But the present rulers of the Punjab have not, we apprehend, discernment enough to perceive that Affghan and British troops are very different enemies, and to be combated by very different means. But whatever course may be taken by the Seikhs, the result of collision must be the extension of our empire to its natural boundary—the Indus; attended probably with the restoration of Peshawur to the Affghans. Both the revenue and the commerce of British India would benefit greatly by such an accession of territory; but we are quite sure that no considerations of interest will tempt our Government into a war of aggrandizement; and it will be altogether the fault of the ruler of the Punjab if he wilfully provoke a contest, which must issue in the extinction of the national independence of the Seikhs.

Nepal, though its power was greatly reduced by the treaty of December, 1815, concluded by Lord Hastings at the close of a well-contested struggle of two campaigns, is still, from several causes, a formidable neighbour. The Goorkhas, the dominant race, have all the pride, courage, and fiery vehemence of character which generally distinguish mountaineers; their country is naturally extremely strong, depriving military science and highly-wrought discipline of a considerable part of their advantages; the whole free population is trained to the use of arms, under a system of service by rotation, which appears to be both effective and popular; they possess, from their situation, the means of comparatively secret communication with the Burmese; and the passes of their mountains lead downwards through a very thinly-peopled belt of jungle, where, consequently, their movements might be in some measure concealed, to our most fertile provinces, and the great cities of Benares and Patna. This latter circumstance would put it in their power to occasion us great annoyance, in the event of the principal part of our disposable forces being required for important service in the northwest. On the other hand, the wild tract at the foot of the hills is only passable, on account of malaria, at certain sea year; and the Goorkhas, besides having a stro cavalry, would, doubtless, maintain but a short less struggle with our infantry on the plains when compared with the gallantry with which fended the fastnesses of their native mountains in

But our best guarantee against being forced into a war with Nepal, from which we should get nothing but hard blows in the first instance, and a number of barren mountains on the winding-up of accounts, consists, in the weakness and unpopularity of the existing government. The reigning prince, a foolish young man, governed entirely, it is said, by female influence, has put to a cruel death the distinguished minister and general to whom the credit of the protracted resistance to the British arms in 1814–15 was principally due. The ablest men about the court have been disgraced and discarded; and the country is said to be misgoverned to such a degree, that the strong national pride and the spirit of independence which characterize the people have given way; and men have begun to whisper that even subjection to the British government would be preferable to the mal-administration of their present rulers. We trust, therefore, that we shall be spared the disagreeable necessity of undertaking expensive military operations for the chastisement of Nepalese aggression.

But blood and treasure might be still more unprofitably expended. The ignorance and arrogance of the court of Ava are almost beyond occidental credence. When its favourite general Bundoola invaded Chittagong, our southernmost district, at the commencement of the last war, he brought with him golden fetters to bind Lord Amherst withal; and had orders, after he had taken Calcutta, to march on to take London! Defeat after defeat seemed to produce little sobering effect upon the drunkenness of Indo-Chinese pride; the officers who were flying before our army in its advance upon the capital, and who must have felt the utter hopelessness of the contest, were obliged, as their intercepted letters vouched, to account in the most absurd manner for their inability to stop us; and the unfortunate wretch who commanded the troops that made the last stand against us, at a place called Pagahm Mew, was trampled to death by elephants on his return with the news of his defeat. It was not until our army arrived within three days' march of the capital, that the king's eyes appeared to be opened to any rational sense of his perilous situation; and there was evidence enough, before we evacuated the country, that the effect even of such severe discipline as the exaction of a million sterling towards the expenses of the war, and the cession of some of his most valued provinces, was not likely to be permanent.

In the fourteen years which have elapsed since these humiliating conditions were imposed upon the Court of Ava, and by the change which a revolution has made in the person of the sovereign, the king and his courtiers, if not the people, appear to have lost much of the benefit of the lesson which it cost us so many valuable lives, and so much treasure, to teach them.

Besides the evidence of recent behaviour towards successive representatives of the British government, we have the testimony to this effect of a very intelligent and unbiassed observer, Mr. Malcom, the superintendent of the American Baptist Missions; who, in his "Travels in Southeastern Asia," lately published, tells us, that "from the monarch, who adopts the most grandiloquent titles he can invent, to the pettiest officer, every man seems bloated with self-conceit. Their haughtiness is manifested as grossly to foreign ambassadors as is done in China. They are treated as suppliants and tribute-bearers. It has generally been contrived to have them presented on the great 'beg-pardon day,' which occurs once in three months, when the nobles are allowed audience with the king, and lay at his feet costly presents." The difficulty

* We observe that Mr. Vigne states that the French officers in Runjeet's service honestly enforced this prudent line of policy upon their master, when the chief of Bhurtpore supplicated his aid at a time when we were embarrassed by the Burmese war. On his refusal, it is said that the Bhurtporians sent him a woman's dress.

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ıg with such inflated barbarians, and of resisting provocation to chastise them, not merely into ... into the due observance of their federal obli-, and the necessary restraint of the plundering pro- ... of their subjects upon our borders, is extreme.

... the dire necessity of entering upon another war with such enemies, must be contemplated with unmixed dislike. There is nothing, either of honour or profit, to be gained; and the process, from the nature of the country, and the remoteness of its vital parts from the stations of our troops, must always be tedious and expensive. The seat and strength of the government is fixed almost at the upper extremity of the long valley of the Irrawaddy. The capital is six or seven hundred miles from the sea. The lower part of the valley is a pestilential swamp during a considerable portion of the year. Though the shortest route to the capital, over the Arracan mountains, would unquestionably be taken by our main army, the expense of transporting a considerable body of troops, with an adequate supply, not only of military appurtenances, but of provisions, (for the Burmese proved to our cost, in the last war, that they could effectually sweep the country of all resources,) through such wildernesses, and by such mere footpaths, would necessarily be great. These were the circumstances which, joined with much ignorance and carelessness, rendered the last war so tedious and costly. Matters would doubtless be better managed, as far as that could avail, on any second occasion; but natural circumstances, quite independent of any resistance that could be offered by the Burmese—whose military qualities have been greatly exaggerated—must always cause their effectual coercion to be long and expensive.

The country owes much to Lord Auckland for the firmness with which he adhered to a pacific line of policy in 1837. The British resident at the Court of Ava, the commissioner in charge of the southern provinces ceded by the Burmese in 1826, and many of the civil and military authorities who were, or professed to be, well acquainted with the character and views of the new sovereign, and the interests of the British Government in relation to the politics of Ava, were loud and earnest in urging the absolute necessity of vindicating our honour by an immediate appeal to arms. The army, naturally eager for active employment, promotion, and prize-money, lent its voice to swell the cry. The local press did its utmost to abet the efforts of passion and self-interest. No language was thought too strong to describe the disgraceful truckling of the British Government, or the impolicy of allowing the King of Ava to insult us with impunity, and to gain time to consolidate his power, to collect and discipline troops, and to prepare for open war at his own convenience. Lord Auckland calmly took the course already described, of preparing, and letting the Burmese know that he was prepared, to resist and to punish aggression. After the lapse of three years, during which the Anglo-Indian army has taken possession of a capital separated by no less than thirty degrees of longitude, intersected by lofty mountains and mighty rivers, from that of Ava, there is certainly no greater danger of our being compelled to chastise the Burmese than there was in 1837. Nor is there any reason to think that they are in any respect better able to sustain their insolence now than they were then. There has been no perceptible increase of their arrogance and folly. And as to troops, every one who is at all acquainted with the history of our contests with the native powers of India must be aware, that (as we have hinted in the case of the sovereign of the Punjab) the better their organization and discipline, the more speedy and complete our victories have been. But the Burmese are much too arrogant even to attempt to improve themselves; and such as their rabble of soldiery is now, such it will be found fifty years hence —utterly unable to stand for a moment against British troops, even when protected by stockades. The Governor-General's judgment has saved us, hitherto, the objectless sacrifice of life and money to which such an inglorious contest would subject us. Though prudence be certainly his characteristic, he has given, by his manner of dealing with the affairs of Affghanistan, complete assurance that no crisis will find him wanting in vigour. But we do not believe that the King of Ava has any mind at present to provoke collision.

It is within the limits of possibility, indeed, that if our dispute with the Chinese be not immediately settled, they may avail themselves of the relations which we know to subsist between the court of Pekin and the sovereigns of Ava and Nepal, to try to stir them up to attack us. In that case, and if successful in the endeavour, we may have to give battle to an army of Tartars on the plains of Behar —in the midst of the obnoxious poppies, or amongst the rival tea-gardens of Upper Assam. But it would be premature, at present, to speculate upon such contingencies. We hope that the necessary demonstration of our power will result in a speedy and bloodless adjustment of that dispute.

We proceed to consider our relations with the princes, more or less absolutely dependent on our power, whose dominions are included within the general boundaries of our empire.

The principal of these are the King of Oude or Lucknow, and the Nizam, whose capital is Hyderabad*—Mahomedans; Scindia, and the Raja of Berar, whose capitals are Gwalior and Nagpore respectively—Hindoos of the Mahratta tribe; and the Rajpoot princes of Central and Northwestern India—Hindoos, in whom the pride of the highest secular caste is sustained by an equal reputation for frankness, honour, and military courage.

Our relations with the states of Hindostan have been thus classed by Captain Sutherland:

First Class:—Treaties offensive and defensive; right on their part to claim protection, external and internal, from the British Government; right on its part to interfere in their internal affairs. There are five states in this predicament, of which the chief are Oude, Mysore (Hindoo,) and Berar.

Second Class:—Same as the first, with the exception that the British government has no right to interfere in their internal affairs. To this class belong only Hyderabad and Baroda (Mahratta.)

Third Class:—Treaties offensive and defensive; states mostly tributary, acknowledging the supremacy of, and promising subordinate co-operation to, the British government: but their princes are supreme rulers in their own territories. Twenty-five states—the principal of which are Indore (Mahratta,) the Rajpoot principalities, Bhurtpore (Hindoo,) and Bhopal (Affghan Mahomedan,)—appertain to this class.

Fourth Class:—Guarantee and protection; subordinate co-operation; but the princes supreme in their own territory. This class comprises five petty states named by Captain Sutherland, and "other protected Seikh and Hill states."

In the fifth class, of amity and friendship, Gwalior stands alone.

The sixth class contains three almost nominal powers—one of which is the fallen representative of the once terrible house of Timour—and another the Rajah of Sattara; entitled to protection, with a right on the part of the British government to control internal affairs.

The territorial possessions of these forty-one, and other

* There is another Hyderabad brought prominently to European notice by the events of the late campaign, situated in the north-west corner of India. It is the capital of the Mahomedan principality of Scinde.

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petty unnamed states, are estimated to amount to 449,845 square miles: their annual revenue is calculated as follows:—

Mahomedan states,	£4,000,000*
Mahratta states,	3,000,000
Rajpoot states,	2,500,000
Other Hindoo states,	1,000,000
Protected Seikh states,	500,000
Numerous petty states and Jagheerdars,	1,500,000
Total	£12,500,000

Let us turn from this brief statement of our relations, to examine the circumstances which have placed us in them, and their effect upon all parties—the people as well as the princes—affected by them. "You cannot stop here; you must go forward;"—were the words in which Lord Clive expressed his prophetic view of the irresistible force of those circumstances which have hurried us on, with or without our will, to the empire of Hindostan. At a period later by some years, the British House of Commons resolved, and subsequently embodied in a solemn act of the legislature, that "to pursue schemes of conquest and extension of dominion, are measures repugnant to the wish, the policy, and honour of the nation." Events have abundantly vindicated the foresight of the sagacious statesman; the speculative and superficial benevolence of our legislators has been barren of any fruits but those of embarrassment and perpetuated misgovernment.

How ineffective has been the attempt to arrest the current, was forcibly shown by Mr. (now Sir Henry) Russell, in 1832, before a committee of the House of Commons. "When once," he said, "we changed the character of our establishments, and relinquished our capacity of merchant for that of sovereign, we entered upon a career in which it was difficult to check, and impossible to stop ourselves. Our largest and most frequent acquisitions of territory have been made since the declaration of the legislature in 1784, that to pursue schemes of conquest and extension of dominion are measures repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of the nation. Lord Cornwallis arrived in India in 1786, with this declaration ringing in his ears, and found Sir J. Macpherson engaged in a negotiation with the Mahrattas and the Nizam, in which the object of those powers was to inveigle us into a war with Tippoo. Lord Cornwallis's first act was to break off this negotiation, under a declaration that the English would engage in none but strictly defensive wars. His second act was to propose an alliance to those very powers, for a war, of which the result produced a large accession to our territory; but this was the fault, not of Lord Cornwallis, but of the circumstances in which he was placed. Events were no longer under his control; he was controlled by them; and the same has been the case with almost every one of his successors."

The result of the Burmese war affords a strong confirmation of this position. The British government was driven into that war by the insolence and aggressions of the court of Ava; intoxicated with the uninterrupted success which had attended all its schemes of aggrandizement from the days of Alompra. The most ambitious of our governors-general had entertained no views of conquest in that quarter: Lord Hastings had anxiously staved off the contest, at the close of his administration, by a political artifice. But Lord Amherst, the most moderate and pacific, was compelled to add vast provinces, covered for the most part with trackless forests, miserably underpeopled, unhealthy, and far beyond our natural boundaries, to our already enormous empire. In this case, there was every thing to dissuade from appropriation. known that the climate of one of the prov equally deadly to our European and to our nati it was known that many years must elapse bef them could support their own indispensable ments: but there was no escape. It was n necessary to interpose sufficient barriers between our peaceable subjects, on a frontier where it was impossible to maintain large military establishments, and their barbarous neighbours; to provide places of refuge for the reluctant tributaries, or half-conquered subjects of the Burmese, from whom we had received cordial assistance during the war; and—not less—to inflict upon Ava a chastisement, the smart of which might protect us from future encroachment and annoyance. These obligations have combined to place us, as the sovereigns of Assam, Arracan, and Tenasserim, among the Indo-Chinese powers. It will be well if we are eventually able to avoid taking rank, beyond the opposite extremity of the peninsula, among the Indo-Tartars.

But though the act of the legislature to which we have referred, and the public feeling which gave rise to, and which remains to this day in general accordance with it, have been powerless to control the force of circumstances impelling us on to the acquisition of paramount dominion, these restraints have operated most mischievously, both to our interests as the real sovereigns of Hindostan, and to the interests of the great body of the people throughout that vast empire; by compelling its delegated rulers to exercise their power indirectly, and by means of the worst possible instrumentality, instead of assuming it openly and directing it, without let or hindrance, to the obvious objects of good government. How this has happened may best be told in the words of the able historian of India, the late Mr. James Mill:—

"Both the British legislature and the East India Company have declared very strongly against extending our conquests; but every now and then it has happened that those conquests were pressed on the Indian rulers as a species of necessity. All our wars cannot perhaps with propriety be considered wars of necessity; but most of those by which the territories we possess have been obtained, and out of which our subsidiary alliances have grown, have been wars, I think, of necessity, and not of choice. For example, the wars with Tippoo and the Mahrattas. The conquests actually made by those wars, the dominion acquired and kept, we have frequently chosen not to acknowledge. There being a certain anticipation, on the part of the conquering government, that the avowed conquest—taking in short the government of the acquired territory simply and frankly, as we took all the military power into our hands—would raise a storm of indignation in England, where, so long as we only made the conquest, but took care to call it by the wrong name, all would be very well received,—the expedient of subsidiary and protective alliances was resorted to. The misfortune is, that to elude this species of prejudice in England, we were obliged to incur all the evil of the most perfect misgovernment in those states in the mean time"*

It is still a greater misfortune that there appears to be no prospect of any termination to this miserable "mean time" of "the most perfect misgovernment;" and that this is no exaggerated expression, Sir Thomas Munro's letter to the Marquis of Hastings, of the 12th August, 1817, quoted by Mr. M'Culloch in his evidence before the House of Commons,† Lord William Bentinck's Minute of the 30th July, 1831, on the affairs of Oude,‡ and the whole

* If Oude and Hyderabad were all managed, this sum ought to be £5,500,000 or £6,000,000.

* Evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1832; answer to question 42.

† Page 1 of the political volume of Minutes of Evidence, as published by the Court of Directors.

‡ Page 459 of ditto.

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history of our recent connexion with Hyderabad, will abundantly demonstrate.

The Mahomedan dynasties of Oude and Hyderabad are altogether worn out. The principal Mahratta powers are much in the same condition. Not to mention petty states, the rajahs of Rajpootana alone have enough of political vitality to be capable of resuscitation; and we are happy to hear that measures calculated to revive a national spirit and feelings of self-dependence, have been taken by the British Government, in relation to the important principalities of Jeypore and Joudpore. The Mahomedan nominal rulers are beyond the power of any moral galvanism: yet we are bound by treaty to uphold them, and to keep down their unhappy subjects; for whose protection or benefit, on the other hand, we possess no means of effectual interference. They suffer accordingly an aggravation of misrule unknown elsewhere. They endure all the evils of a weak and utterly unprincipled government, under a yoke which is forced down upon their shoulders, and kept there by the irresistible momentum of the British power. "The usual remedy of a bad government in India," said Sir Thomas Munro in the letter above cited, "is a quiet revolution in the palace, or a violent one by rebellion or foreign conquest; but the presence of a British force cuts off every chance of remedy, by supporting the prince on the throne against every foreign and domestic enemy. It renders him indolent, by teaching him to trust to strangers for his security: and cruel and avaricious, by showing him that he has nothing to fear from the hatred of his subjects." Such is a very hasty and superficial view of the misery which what is called "the subsidiary system"—originating in the necessity of depriving nominal [illegible] of the means of subverting our real sovereignty—has inflicted upon some of the fairest and most populous [illegible] of Hindostan. Of what the actual state of things [illegible] not personally witnessed it can form an adequate conception. We, whilst travelling through Oude [illegible] the distant booming of cannon for nine [illegible] days. This was nothing more than the ordinary [illegible] to in collecting the revenue. A [illegible] noonday, close to our tents when [illegible] of Lucknow, and the murderer [illegible] an attempt being made to seize [illegible] Mahomedan gentleman, who was our [illegible] with manifest emotion and [illegible] the vengeance of Heaven had [illegible] deservedly deserved the punishment [illegible]

[illegible] miserable fails upon the [illegible] from the mischief [illegible] of its own subjects [illegible] wretchedly mis- [illegible] the expense [illegible] foreign aggres- [illegible] constantly [illegible] for this [illegible] two-thirds of [illegible] annually or [illegible] through [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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India the most frightful crimes excite no horror—kindle no indignation; and that the universal moral darkness prevents any one from perceiving that there is any thing wrong, or any thing which is not venial, in practices which the broad light of Christianity exhibits in all their abominable deformity. No native of India suffers any perceptible loss in the estimation of his countrymen from being convicted of fraud, of judicial corruption, or of perjury. The simple impression is, that his being found out argues folly. No native prince or landholder scrupled, to our knowledge, to harbour Thugs, in full cognizance of their dreadful vocation; or to receive, as the price of protection or concealment, a share of the profits of systematic cold-blooded murder: no infamy attached, in the judgment of co-equals, to such participation in the most horrible crimes.

The institution of Caste produces the effect which Lord Bacon ascribed to superstition. It "dismounts" all the natural motives and emotions, and "erects an absolute monarchy in the minds of men." A Brahmin would sooner eat, drink, and consort with a Brahmin Thug, if he thought his own life secure, than with the most virtuous man of low caste. A few years ago, a man was hung at a station near Calcutta for a dreadful murder. The magistrate superintending the execution heard, to his great surprise, unwonted expressions of indignation against the criminal. "It was, indeed," the English officer remarked, "a most barbarous and unprovoked murder." "That's nothing at all," was the reply; "but the villain, being a man of low caste, has passed himself off in jail as a Rajpoot, and half of his fellow-prisoners have lost caste by their intercourse with him."

Such is the depth of moral degradation from which the regeneration of India has to commence. To be complete, to be such as true benevolence will rest satisfied with, it must, seemingly, be that regeneration which the mighty and purifying power of Christianity alone can effect. This, humanly speaking, and unless the work proceed in an accelerated ratio upon which we cannot at present calculate, must be the work of ages. And it is clear to our judgment, that it is not desirable, upon the highest grounds, even if consistent with its safety, that the government should take part in any direct attempt at conversion. But this restriction observed, two distinct and most important duties devolve upon the ruling power: it should preserve an honest neutrality—doing nothing to foster error, and giving individuals free scope to labour for the promulgation of the truth; and it should dispense to its subjects the greatest possible amount of light, consistent with the necessary reservation.

In both these duties, except as regards the freedom, of late years, of individual exertions, the India Company and its delegates have failed. The obligation of the government to afford the means of secular education, have been most inadequately fulfilled; and it has voluntarily come forward, in many ways, to bolster the idolatry and superstition of its subjects; for it has by law spontaneously bound itself to interfere, in its executive capacity, to secure the due appropriation of endowments for idolatrous purposes, the most offensive and immoral, as well as for those ostensibly indifferent and harmless. Let the temple of Kali have no more and no less protection than the straw-built preaching station of the missionary; let the government take no more and no less account of the funds of Hindoo or Mahomedan religious endowments than of those of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

The government, whilst it leaves the promulgation of religious truth to the zeal of Christian individuals, affording to all parties equal toleration and protection, should make much greater exertions than it has ever yet done for the secular education of its subjects. The extension and elevation of secular education; the improvement of the administration of civil and criminal justice; and the ment of internal and external commerce; shou paramount considerations of the delegated sove India. The former should be made a separate under a Secretary in the Department of Public tion: business so momentous should not be do with all the general questions and all the pettiest details of finance—with the management of the salt and opium monopolies—with the affairs of the post-office, of steam-boats, of the excise, and with hundreds of miscellaneous duties. And means should be afforded with a far more liberal hand for placing the blessing of education within the reach of the higher and middling classes in every part of our provinces; and, at the same time, for stimulating them to avail themselves of it. Such is the general stupor, such the want of inter-communication, such the absence of individuals calculated to lead public opinion, that the government must be emphatically a nursing-mother to the people; left to themselves, they will continue to grovel in the dust: they have to acquire—and we must impart—not merely the power but the will to walk alone.

Room is wanting to indicate, even in the briefest manner, the principal deficiencies connected with the administration of justice. The existing state of things acts with a strongly repressing force upon the developement of the resources of the country; and the best-directed exertions of agricultural and commercial enterprise are deprived of half their due rewards by defective institutions. The circumstances which hold the capitalist and the land-owner apart, demand special consideration. But this subject must lie over until we are able, on some future occasion, to enter upon that ample field—so much darkened and perplexed by the meddling of empirics—the real grievances and the real wants of British India. We will only add here, that the direct drain of money occasioned by the late war, and by our present political relations, is an evil scarcely worth notice, when compared with the mischief inflicted upon the general wealth and prosperity of the country, by the unavoidable concomitant neglect or postponement of the many important matters requiring legislative measures, or administrative regulation.

Our parting reference to commerce must be almost equally short. As regards our own dominions, we remark with great satisfaction the anticipation of the Governor-General—expressed in his valuable Minute on the growth and preparation of cotton, recently printed and circulated in this country—that the inland transit duties of Madras (which we spoke of in a late number) will soon follow to extinction the corresponding cesses of Bengal and Bombay. This is as it should be. We are certain that there will be no eventual loss of revenue from this wise and statesman-like measure.

The successful issue of the campaign beyond the Indus, and the complete freedom of the navigation of that noble river, which must result from the improvement of our relations with the chieftains of Scinde, will open fresh channels for commercial enterprise. From the marts which exist, or which will speedily arise, upon the Indus, our cottons, woollens, and hardware, freed from the enormous charges of a long preliminary land-carriage, and from the successive fiscal extortions of numerous petty princes and governors, will penetrate into Central Asia at a cost which will place them at the command of the general body of consumers. Under a settled government, Affghanistan will be an excellent customer. Its inhabitants, and the Uzbeks beyond them, are distinguished by energy of character, and by a commercial spirit. The observations of Captain Conolly, Sir Alexander Burnes, and Dr. Lord, vouch for this; and the kind and liberal treatment which the former experienced from individuals personally strangers to him, when circumstances placed him in pecuniary embarrassment, demonstrates that the truthfulness and in-

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'tv of our countrymen were known and esteemed be-
: limits of our political power.
is happily no want, even at points more distant
:ghanistan, of that confidence which is the vital
: of commerce. Sir Alexander Burnes says, speak-
ing the traders and bankers of Bokhara,—"We could not but feel gratified at the favourable opinion entertained by them of the British in India. One of them, Sirwas Khan, a Lohanee merchant of great opulence, to whom we were never introduced, offered us any money we might require, and did it in a manner that left us no doubt of his sincerity." We may calculate, without doubt, that this favourable impression will have gained strength from recent political events, and from the general conduct of our troops and civil officers in Affghanistan. Dr. Lord says, that "the restoration of Shah Shooja will give us great renown through the whole Uzbek nation."*

We trust that prompt and effectual measures will be taken to follow out Sir A. Burnes's proposition to establish a commercial entrepot, with an annual fair, at Dera Ghazee Khan, or some more eligible point, if such there be, upon the Indus.† That officer and Dr. Lord clearly prove, that such a plan is entirely accordant with the genius of the people with whom we have to deal; that it has been pursued with eminent success by the Russians; that the Affghans, and Uzbeks, and Toorkmans beyond them, have both a strong taste for many articles of our staple manufactures, and the means, in the wool of their "countless flocks," their silk, dyes, drugs, gold, &c., to pay for them; and that our present position and relations give us the complete command of this great commercial line as far at least as Bokhara. The Commercial Reports published by the Supreme Government at Calcutta, contain much valuable information as to the demands and products of the countries now newly opened to us. They show that the Indus will give us, not as generally misapprehended, customers on its immediate banks, for such do not at present exist to any considerable extent, but the key to the commerce of Central Asia. They show, too, how we may most effectually baffle the schemes of Russia, "by fair commercial rivalry;" and attach to us the nations that occupy the vast tracts between our respective frontiers, by the strongest ties of mutual commercial interest.

In Calcutta, there is reason to believe that the genius of commerce is co-operating with other influences for the moral emancipation and advancement of the people. By raising men of low caste to opulence, whilst at the same time it enlightens and enlarges their minds, and places them in intimate relations with well-informed and benevolent Englishmen, it must tend to render the yoke of Brahminical tyranny, the worship of logs of wood and lumps of stone, and the whole system of caste, contemptible as well as intolerable. The sons of such persons will start with advantages of education which their fathers did not enjoy. It is impossible that they should not feel, towards their priests and more bigoted countrymen, the emotions which made Cato wonder that one augur could meet another without laughing in his face. Even the men of the present generation are rapidly freeing themselves from prejudice. Some of them are keeping abreast of their English fellow-citizens in public-spirited exertions for the general good; and even outstripping them in works of benevolence, altogether foreign to the selfish and exclusive genius of their religion. Whether commerce be the cause or not, the more eminent Hindoo, Mahomedan, and Parsee merchants are far in advance of their countrymen in this honourable race. We gladly mention two of the former, whose names, unmusical though they be, will deserve to be here recorded—Baboo Dwarkanath Tagore, and Baboo Moty Loll Seal—who have recently dedicated the large sum of ten thousand pounds each, the former to the erection of an asylum for the blind, the latter to an hospital for destitute lying-in women. Such fruits as these seem to show, that the Upas tree of Hindooism is now withering; for they could not have been produced beneath its baneful shadow.

* Political Reports published by the Government of Calcutta.—P. 193.

† The mail which left Bombay on the 30th April, and which has arrived since the above was written, brings intelligence that "a great annual fair has been established at Sukher," (a place on the Indus, near Shikarpore,) "to last for one month, and to commence in January, 1841."

From the Asiatic Journal.

ANECDOTE, TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

Ya'kûb ben Laith, before he became king, was one day sitting somewhere in company with the youths of his tribe, when an old man, one of his relations, joined them. He said: "O Ya'kûb, you are become a comely and intelligent young man; acquire a suitable dower, that we may ask for you a fair bride from the nobles of the clan."

"Father," replied the youth, "I have already provided the dower." "What is it?" said the old man. Ya'kûb drew his sword from the scabbard, and replied: "I have asked as my bride the Empire of the East and West; and her dower shall be this bright blade, and this coralet-piercing sword:

He who kisses the lips of the glittering sword,
Will, ere long, clasp in his embrace the bride of empire;"

and the language of his heart was:

River will I ford, and mountain cross:
Simûrgh-like, will I gather underneath my wing both sea and land:
Either, with my wish attained, will I plant my foot on the head of the sphere,
Or else manfully lay down my life in pursuit of my ambition!

KALSOMINE.

The London Atheneum says that a new and inodorous sort of paint, the invention of Miss Fanny Corbeaux, has lately been introduced to public notice. The materials of which it is composed, are at first soluble in water; and while in this state admit of the design being effaced, or a portion of the colouring of a wall or ceiling being removed, if necessary, a subsequent operation renders the paint insoluble, by a chemical change of the properties of the material, which fixes the colour durably. It is free from any offensive smell, dries in a few hours, is not acted upon injuriously by atmospheric influences, and is more durable than oil paint, as well as more agreeable to the eye, and not at all prejudicial to the health; indeed, a room painted with it one day, may be inhabited the next. It may also be made applicable to easel painting.

HEN'S EGGS.

A writer in the Farmer's Cabinet, corroborates a fact mentioned by a writer more than two thousand years ago, viz.: that hen's eggs which are nearly *round*, invariably produce female chickens, and those which are *long* or pointed, produce cocks.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

1. *Papers respecting the North American Boundary between the British Provinces and the United States.* Presented to Parliament. 1840.
2. *Memoranda on the Contest in Spain.* By Sir De Lacy Evans, M. P. 8vo. London: 1840.
3. *Report on the Prussian Commercial Union.* Presented to Parliament. 1840.
4. *An Examination of the Origin, Progress, and Tendency of the Commercial and Political Confederation against England and France, called the Prussian League.* By William Cargill. 8vo. Newcastle: 1840.

It has often been a matter of observation and of just complaint, that, except in extreme cases and under peculiar circumstances, the British public manifest a careless indifference on the subject of foreign affairs, quite unexampled in the history of other nations. Unless when revolutions break out, or when wars are impending, the mass of the people of England do not pause to contemplate the movements of other states: contented in their own repose, they disdain to examine the events which are in progress on the continent, or to form a just and provident estimate of what the future may contain. By foreigners this is attributed, and to a certain extent it is attributable, to a spirit of reserve and national pride, which tempts some among us to treat the British dominions as a species of "celestial empire," and to undervalue, as of minor importance, our relations with those whom some of our country gentlemen and country parsons regard as little better than outside barbarians. The agriculturist considers foreign politics to have some dangerous connection with the corn question; the fate of Poland is associated in his mind with the price of Dantzic wheat; and the very orthodox shrink from foreign alliances, as they do from foreign literature, or foreign systems of education; believing both to be synonymous with Jacobinism, immorality, and irreligion. Another cause tends, also, to the same result. The public schools and universities of England neglect altogether, if they do not specifically exclude from their course of study, those branches of learning which lead to a knowledge of the condition of other countries, of their constitutions, and of their interests. A boy at the head of Eton or Harrow may possibly know something of the strength and organisation of the Roman legion, or the Macedonian phalanx; but of the military power and resources of Prussia or Austria, he has learned nothing, except by mere accident; or by private, unaided, and unrequited study. He may describe the voyages of Nearchus, and remain in ignorance of the voyages of Cook and Vancouver. The cultivation of languages, one of the most useful accomplishments, and effectual modes of facilitating and diffusing a knowledge of foreign countries, and no less the means of enlarging the circle of intellectual acquirements, and multiplying and diversifying literary pleasures, is altogether undervalued and unprovided for. There might have been some insufficient excuse for all this; or at least these strange deficiencies might have been accounted for during the war. The continent was then closed against our travellers. Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, and Sark, with the interesting island of Heligoland, were almost the only regions beyond the seas on which our tourists could expatiate. But since 1815 the case is altered, and no excuse now exists for this national neglect and remissness. Yet we are doubtful whether the facilities of observation which peace affords, have as yet been turned to as useful an account as might be expected or desired. The frivolities, the pleasures, the arts, and the antiquities of the continent, have created more of zeal, and arrested more of attention, than the deeper and more instructive pursuits which ought to engage the minds of statesmen and philosophers. Amusement, rather than instruction, seems to have been the influencing motives of the majority of our tourists; and theatres, salons, and palaces, are preferred as chosen places of study to those calmer scenes of meditation, where a knowledge of the social system of the people of the continent, and of their political condition and interests, might have been acquired. This signal mistake leads to the further evil of an increased importation of foreign frivolity; not only without value in itself, but unfitting and indisposing the minds of too many of our younger travellers from strenuous and generous exertion at home.

> "The fool returns then perfectly well bred
> With nothing but a solo in his head."

Whilst we point out, with regret, these discreditable causes of our national indifference to the subject of foreign affairs, we are far from considering that it is traceable to these causes alone. On the contrary, the increased pressure and interest of our home affairs—the mighty questions which parliament has been called upon to decide—the excited passions which a near balance of parties never fails to produce, all divert public attention from continental interests. Local duties, which cannot be overlooked or neglected when public opinion exercises, as at present, a vigilant control over the actions of all men, engross the time and the attention of many whose minds might otherwise be directed to objects of greater magnitude, though more remote. The smallest insect, close to the eye, may conceal the whole outline of Mont Blanc. The time which, in other countries, is devoted to the consideration of European politics, is occupied in England by a county election, by attendance at quarter-sessions, or in meetings of poor-law guardians.

In these cases the public receive some equivalent for the loss they sustain; but there are other losses for which they do not receive any equivalent whatever. Though reason may be silent, it must not be expected that party spirit should sleep. On the contrary, if we look back at the events of the last ten years, we shall find that the readiness with which "*fools rush in*" has never been more strongly manifested than in the parliamentary proceedings on foreign affairs. If we could condescend to personalities, and exhibit a series of portraits of those individuals who during this period have been the active opponents to the foreign policy of the government—if we were to expose them to the wonder of their countrymen as much as they have exposed themselves, no illustrations by Mr. Cruikshank would be half so ludicrous. In many cases, it is quite true that the legitimate leaders of the conservative party

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have stood aloof. They were too wise to intrust their fortunes to a crazy and a foundering bark. But yet they have never omitted to turn to a party account every circumstance which would furnish an argument against their opponents. To this course, within certain limits, no objection can fairly be made. It is the practice, and it may appear to be the duty, of an opposition, to press upon the government wherever they can do so with effect. But in attacking the foreign minister, a statesman, who really deserves that name, should never wound his country. An assault upon Downing street may be justifiable, but the war should not be against England. Her weight and her authority with foreign courts should not be diminished by exhibitions of domestic dissensions; by attempts to frustrate the course of her policy; by misrepresentations of the most exaggerated kind; and by holding out the false and deceptive notion, that she had made unworthy sacrifices, and submitted to degrading indignities. Yet all this has been done by some of our public men, and done advisedly; contrary to that truer wisdom and those more generous impulses which should have governed the movements of political parties, and proved to all the world, that however Englishmen might be severed by domestic differences, yet when the interests of England in her foreign relations were concerned, and where the national glory was involved, they would speak, act, and feel as one man, regardless of all considerations whatever but those of duty and of an enlarged patriotism.

To show how very efficient and indefatigable has been the working of the evil spirit of party, it is necessary to revert to the state of European affairs in 1830, at the accession of Lord Grey's government. Previously to that event, the foreign affairs of England had been directed in succession by two statesmen of strongly contrasted minds, and avowing principles of a very opposite character. The late Lord Londonderry, the organ of England at the treaty of Vienna, thrown into contact with, and enjoying the confidence of, the sovereigns composing the holy alliance—in intimacy with their advisers, —wielding the authority derived from the military glory and unbounded pecuniary sacrifices of his country—possessing a spirited and manly character, a temper the most imperturbable, and manners singularly pleasing, exercised a vast influence over the politics of Europe. This power was greatly augmented by his association with that illustrious military character whose despatches, now fortunately given to the world, have added to the splendour of his exploits in the field the most exalted attributes of genius in civil affairs. But great as his influence undoubtedly was, it seemed almost exclusively to confine itself within the narrow limits of foreign courts. The holy alliance, it is true, was disclaimed as an unconstitutional association with which a British minister could not connect his sovereign. But the spirit of that alliance was adopted. England became a party to those *abouchemens des rois*, which all the friends of liberal opinions contemplated with mistrust and aversion; and the disappointed hopes of nations who had been led to expect the extension of the principles of constitutional governments, reacted on the reputation of Lord Londonderry, and on the character of the foreign policy of his cabinet.

This state of things was altogether changed when Mr. Canning became foreign minister, and asserted with success his intellectual superiority. Susceptible to all great and generous emotions, boldly avowing the sympathy which he felt for the cause of liberty and of progressive improvement—adorning, with all the charms of his enchanting eloquence, the noble and exalted principles by which his foreign policy was influenced and governed, he infused a new spirit, and gave a higher and a better influence to the councils of his sovereign. Skilful and undaunted, he seemed to possess the art of winning at once the monarch and the people. Resistless in his powers over a popular assembly, he could excite the enthusiasm which he was afterwards able to chasten and to direct; and in explaining and justifying the expedition to Portugal, he expounded those great principles of policy, on which, more than on the force of arms, the power of England was destined to rest. The abilities and strong practical wisdom of his friend and colleague Mr. Huskisson, applying the same principles to the interests of commerce, manufactures, and finance, added to his authority.

But we have no hesitation in saying, and saying with pride, that what gave to the foreign policy of Mr. Canning its great strength and efficacy, was the conduct of the whig opposition. That party felt, as wise men should, and as honest men must, that the reputation and influence which the foreign secretary acquired, was gained rather for the British nation than for himself They felt a reasonable pride in the estimation with all Europe which Mr. Canning had won. A generous and disinterested support was given by political opponents; and he was enabled to meet the assembled diplomatists of Europe, not only as a minister possessing the confidence of his sovereign, but as a statesman wielding the unbroken strength of the commons of the united kingdom. It is true that, in his own ranks, there were found many of those "*sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes*," who viewed his elevation of character with suspicion and aversion. They shook their heads, and hinted their doubts, yielding to their great leader a very reluctant obedience. For a considerable time, they did not dare to raise the standard of revolt. Some were enchanted by the grace of his manner, and by the charms of his eloquence; others were influenced by the calculation of party interests; a third party were subdued by his commanding authority. It was only when he was called to the open possession of that political supremacy, which for some years he had virtually possessed, that he found himself abandoned and bitterly opposed by men who were incapable of commanding, but unwilling to obey him. The result it is unnecessary, and it would be painful to dwell upon. It is sufficient for our present purpose to show, that when Mr. Canning as a minister, expressed his earnest desire that Spain might triumph against French aggression—when, at a later period, he described the duties, the obligations, and pointed to the high destiny of England—he excited on his behalf, both at home and abroad, those feelings of admiration and of respect which at his death were exhibited in the deep-felt sorrow of the wise and the good throughout the world. This power of exciting a warm sympathy for himself and his policy, distinguished him from his predecessor, Lord Londonderry. The one was

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truly formed to be the minister of a great constitutional state; the other to be the zealous and eager organ of an absolute monarch. It was under the auspices of these two masters, that two contrasted schools of foreign policy were founded; but the disciples of each carried the characteristics of their instructors greatly beyond what either instructor would have justified or recommended. It is exaggeration to say, that Lord Londonderry could have been a friend to despotism; it is a still greater absurdity to attribute to Canning any preference for democracy.

An anecdote which we have heard, and heard from authority, will serve as a good illustration of the distinction which existed between the principles and conduct of these two statesmen. When Canning succeeded to the seals of the foreign office, he found that many of the most important branches of the public business had been carried on, not by official despatches, or through the ordinary official and recognised organs of diplomacy, but in the shape of private letters, passing between the secretary of state and the ministers of foreign sovereigns. An intimation was given that the same course would be willingly pursued, and that this confidential correspondence with foreign courts would be continued. The answer, given upon the instant, was such as became a British minister:—"I am the servant of my sovereign, it is true; but I am responsible also to parliament. The records of my office afford the means through which that responsibility can be enforced, and my public conduct can be questioned. It is therefore necessary that all my public acts should appear on the face of my despatches; and though I feel flattered at the confidence you tender me, I must decline an offer which is contrary to the spirit of the constitution of England." It will readily be imagined that a declaration of this description could not fail to produce the strongest effect on the minds of those foreign ministers to whom it was addressed. The secretary of state, who, in place of shrinking from parliamentary responsibility, adopted it as his guiding principle, and as a controlling power co-ordinate with the duty owing to the crown, raised at once the immediate practical inference, that he was resolved so to govern his public conduct as to bear public discussion, and to deserve the approval of the representatives of the people. One act of this kind spoke out, more powerfully, than volumes of diplomatic professions would have done; and it brought home to the conviction of foreign powers that the course of Canning's policy must be, in all respects, consonant to the spirit of our free institutions.

During the interval which occurred between the lamented death of Mr. Canning, and the formation of Lord Grey's government, the policy of the Duke of Wellington (except, perhaps, for the few months during which the late Lord Dudley remained at the foreign office) was an avowed adoption of the policy of Lord Londonderry. The reluctant admission of the Greek treaty, the proceedings in respect to Portugal, the affair of Terceira—all proved, to a demonstration, that the helm was altered;—the vessel was put about, and her head turned towards a new point of the compass. She was, in fact, bound for a very different point from that for which, under Canning's guidance, she had been destined.

Lord Grey's administration was formed in November, 1830, and, among the manifold difficulties with which that government was encompassed, the state of foreign affairs was not the least. True it is, that Ireland was in a most dangerous condition; Orange agitation, and open resistance to the law, consequent upon the passing of the relief bill, perplexed the proceedings of the Duke of Northumberland—a nobleman whose private worth and beneficence of character entitled him to much personal consideration; and the Roman Catholics, unconciliated by a concession extorted, rather than conferred, and which assumed the appearance of the only victory won from the Duke of Wellington, had, on their parts, resorted to violent and exaggerated language, and indefensible proceedings. The government were left without supporters or followers, beyond their mere official dependants.

They had contrived to forfeit the confidence of one side, without gaining the support of the other. England herself was the scene of destructive violence, spreading over nearly one half of the country. Insurrectionary movements, and the new and formidable crime of incendiarism, had taken place without repression or punishment. True it is, that even in the metropolis of London, public safety required on the part of the sovereign an unexampled avowal of weakness, manifested by the necessity of declining the ceremonial of a reception by the city of London. But grave and formidable as were all these symptoms of danger, the state of the continent was still more alarming. A revolution had burst forth in France; a king had been expelled from the throne. A conspiracy against the freedom of the people, had led to the just punishment of the criminals.. The example of July had been followed in Belgium, though on grounds more questionable. This crumbling of thrones, this selection of new sovereigns, this creation of new constitutions, produced naturally and inevitably a sense of insecurity, which, in the palaces of the more despotic sovereigns, assumed the more serious character of alarm. The shock extended from Paris throughout the Peninsula, to Italy, Germany, and Poland. The constitutional philosopher, whilst he might have deplored the necessity of such a violent remedy, rejoiced to think that the liberties of mankind had vindicated their just prerogatives against that combination of fatuity and despotism which sought their destruction. But such could not have been the feelings of the more absolute powers. To them a successful revolution, under any provocation whatsoever, appeared an unmixed evil. The overthrow of a throne, more especially when a first example was successfully followed, was to them an evil portent. All the elements for war seemed to be prepared; and had war broken out, it must have exceeded the horrors of the contest closed by the victory of Waterloo. Such a war must have involved Europe in one common calamity. It was at this period that Lord Ashburton, no inattentive or careless observer, made his memorable declaration, that a statesman who would preserve the general peace, even for three months, would be entitled to the eternal gratitude of his contemporaries and of posterity. The position of England was in some respects a proud one, but it was also one of fearful responsibility. It was her duty to advise where advice was permitted; to win confidence by legitimate means; to act as a friend, a mediator, and so to use her moral strength as to avert any outbreak, or any aggressive

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movement from any quarter. The Duke of Wellington, with wise promptitude, had recognised the change of sovereignty in France; he had also commenced the negociations respecting Belgium, though not taking that position of strict impartiality which could alone render his interposition advantageous, or his diplomacy successful. The government of Lord Grey, at once placed itself in close and friendly alliance with France. This was essential to the great cause of European peace. The consciousness of a good understanding between two great powers, too long the representatives of national antipathies, rendered any aggression upon France, from without, wholly impossible. It was this good understanding and community of interest which secured to France a breathing-time, and enabled her to recover from the formidable excitement consequent on the revolution of July. Nor was this all. In securing France from attack, the neighbouring countries were also secured from aggression on her part. It was the moral influence of the policy of England, at this period, which preserved Europe in a state of tranquillity, and maintained that equipoise on which every hope of peace depended. The cordiality of our alliance with France, necessary as it was for this great end, was frankly avowed, and most sincerely professed. At the same time, the diplomatic interposition of the foreign office was employed—unremittingly employed—in adjusting the disputes of Holland and of Belgium. Fortunately, there was placed in the direction of foreign affairs, a statesman whose abilities, discretion, and application, enabled him to meet and to surmount the difficulties of his position. Attached to the foreign policy of Canning, Lord Palmerston was well chosen to vindicate and to re-assert the enlarged and liberal principles on which that foreign policy had been founded. The highest eulogium which can be tendered to his exertions, is to be found in its complete and undeniable success.

Nor was there made at this exigency, as has been most unjustly asserted, any sacrifice of British interests to our foreign connection. If it was important that France should remain at peace, and secure from foreign attack, this result was the interest of England also. If revolutionary movements against other countries would have produced a war, by that war the permanent interests of England could not fail to have been endangered. But to secure the peace of Europe, it was essential that strength as well as wisdom should appear in the councils of the British government. It was also essential that our government should possess, as it undoubtedly deserved, the confidence of foreign courts. Every act and suggestion to create distrust in those courts, diminished the power of England for good; and not only lowered her station among the sovereignties of Europe, but exposed her, and Europe likewise, to the most formidable perils. Now, we are prepared to state, and to demonstrate, that the whole course and tenour of the conduct of the tory opposition had the object, and for a considerable time had the effect also, of diminishing the weight of this country in its foreign relations—by sowing mistrust and suspicion where common interests, as well as good faith, rendered trust and confidence absolutely indispensable.

There were three objects most essential to British and to European interests; namely, first, the French alliance; second, the settlement of Belgium; and third, the confidence of the great European powers. With regard to each of these points, it seems to have been the object of the tory party to disturb, so far as they were able, the course of our foreign policy. They endeavoured to revive old national prejudices—they represented the good offices and good wishes of the government towards France as a sacrifice of domestic interests. If the duties on French wines were lowered, this politic and wise alteration of the law was stated to be a sacrifice of the ancient principles of England, and the interests of her ally, Portugal. If the legitimate trade in silk were facilitated, and the temptation to smuggling diminished, Coventry and Macclesfield were invited to reject an anti-national government. Even French pears and cherries were to be dealt with as forbidden fruit; and the importation of apples riper and more golden than our own, was to be discouraged; as if the orchards of Kent and Sussex were the true gardens of the Hesperides. Nor was any opportunity lost to disparage the character and station of the king of the French. So far was the British alliance from being any protection to that sovereign against slight and disrespect, it was on the very ground of our alliance that he was made the object of contumely and reproach. Conservative statesmen would scarcely permet him, whom they were pleased to call "the Citizen King," and "the Monarch of the Barricades," to "come between the wind and their nobility." If the flag which France, under its altered constitution, had naturally assumed as a national emblem, was exhibited among the flags of other friendly powers, it was pointed out with reproach as the badge of jacobinism and of revolution. The satires and libels of French republicans and Carlists, were praised and repeated by the tory journals. Every act, however inadvertent or trivial, which could be distorted into a cause of national offence, was dwelt upon and exaggerated. If a shot had been fired inadvertently, or a seaman had been claimed from a post-office packet by mistake—however full and complete might have been the reparation offered, however satisfactory the apology—hostile motions were made in parliament, papers were called for, and the degradation of England was said, by tory orators, to have been consummated. We, who, as the greatest naval power, have carried to the utmost the rights of blockade, were called upon to adopt the most opposite principles in negociation from those which we had asserted in action. All these charges, though disproved as often as they were made, were repeated with the utmost assurance. We trust that such follies can have produced no permanent impression. More particularly do we hope that neither the French people nor the French government can mistake the mischievous agitation of a disappointed party, for a real national movement. On the contrary, they may be well assured that the sound part of the British nation rejoice in that prosperity, which cannot but increase in France so long as constitutional liberty is enjoyed and peace preserved. The king of the French may be well assured, that whatever may be felt by those who claim to reign by Divine right—however ready others may be to consider his as a revolutionary throne, and his dynasty as an usurpation—however eager they may be to exclude him from *la catégorie des rois*, and to treat him as an inferior—no such narrow and unjustifiable feelings can prevail amongst

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a people whose sovereign reigns by a parliamentary title, and who refer to the Revolution of 1688 as the era when their constitution was fixed and consolidated. The principles which our ancestors asserted were the same with those on which the throne of Louis Philippe is founded; and it was a British statesman who declared that "he rejoiced in the resistance of France to the attack upon her liberties. In such a cause resistance was necessary—resistance was noble; and I cannot conceive a more heart-stirring scene than that of a people entering into so holy a contest with courage worthy of the cause, and using victory when achieved with such unparalleled moderation." These were the eloquent words of Earl Grey in November, 1830—these are the opinions of the British cabinet and the British people still; and even if personal vanities or party malignity should, for a moment, disturb the mutual confidence of the two nations, it will yet be shown that it is on England that France may, with the greatest security, rely for real sympathy and efficient support.

The course adopted by the opposition in respect to Belgium, was equally mischievous and culpable. In the king's speech of November, 1830, the administration of the king of Holland was needlessly praised as "enlightened;" the Belgium movement was unwisely stigmatized as "a revolt." These words were not used inadvertently, but, on the contrary, were defended in debate by the Duke of Wellington. Lord Palmerston's negociations, which to a certain extent had been commenced before the change of government, were soon made the subject of discreet parliamentary observation and inquiry. Even after the selection for the throne of Belgium of a king endeared to England by his marriage with that young princess, so justly the object of hope and affection—a king endeared to England also by the admirable qualities and endowments of his character and mind—the attacks of the opposition were continued with increased bitterness. The war of "protocols" was made the subject of vulgar sarcasm by men whose policy might have occasioned a war of blood. In the case of the Russia-Dutch loan, where the government, acting under the advice of its law-officers, desirous strictly to fulfil the obligation of treaties, declined to avail itself of a pettifogging excuse to construe the public engagements contrary to their real import, and to the intention of the contracting parties, the opposition as a body took the field. Anxious to catch the votes of the economists, who were ready, under all circumstances, to diminish the public expenditure, Mr. Herries moved resolutions which would inevitably have brought the Belgian negociations to an abrupt and fatal termination. Again, and at a more critical moment, when the course taken by the king of the Netherlands unfortunately rendered necessary the armed interference of England and of France at Antwerp, attempts were made to perplex and to disturb the proceedings of the ministry. The political feelings, and even the religious passions of this country, were appealed to on behalf of the house of Orange. The siege of Antwerp was described in terms much more applicable to the bombardment of Copenhagen; and yet we feel confident that no observer, who will duly note these events as matters of history hereafter, will fail to see, that when it became ultimately necessary to act authoritatively towards Belgium, it was the very measure adopted against Holland, in the first instance, that subsequently gave power to enforce the pacification of the Netherlands. It cannot be reasonably doubted but that the proceedings of the opposition to which we have adverted, encouraged the court of the Hague in its continued and obstinate resistance: neither can it be denied, that, by such resistance, the peace of Europe was, for years, exposed to the greatest peril. Over all these difficulties, the firmness and ability of Lord Palmerston has enabled him to triumph; but that victory which has secured to the uncle of our queen the possession of his throne, was long postponed, and at sundry times made doubtful, if not hopeless, by the conduct of the tory party of England.

We have stated, as our third proposition, that the conduct of the opposition had, for a certain time, the effect of estranging from England many of the European courts, and diminishing the weight of our influence, and the confidence which she most fully merited from all our allies. When Lord Grey formed his government, adopting the principle of reform, the opposition answered the cry for reform by the charge of revolution. The government were accused of a desire to overthrow all our institutions; the crown was said to be endangered because the rights of the people were acknowledged; the house of lords was said to be threatened with overthrow, because the true doctrines of representation were fearlessly asserted; the church was said to be shaken, because it was proposed to relieve the dissenters from their practical grievances. As the government was popular, it was proclaimed to be democratic. The fiercest denunciations of hostility, the loudest cries of alarm, the most melancholy forebodings of evil, were repeated in every debate. Considering from what quarter these misstatements proceeded, they could not fail to make some impression on men who, from birth and education, were ignorant of the real state of our social system. To foreigners, whether diplomatists in London, or ministers of state abroad, the reform bill was represented as a revolutionary measure, introduced by a revolutionary party, carried by revolutionary means, and leading to the construction of a house of commons, which would violate the public faith—which would compel the government to disregard the obligations of treaties—and render England the centre of all European disturbance. The British government disdained to act on the principles of their opponents, and to recognise the cruel and faithless Miguel, or the equally perfidious Carlos: on no better grounds were they denounced to the courts of Europe as opposed to all legitimate authority. The British nation, at least all who were not tories, felt a natural and a just sympathy in favour of free institutions; they were therefore represented as Propagandists, and as the favourers of conspiracies and revolutionary movements abroad.

No American citizen has, within our knowl dge, been so weak as to believe, because we prefer our constitutional monarchy, that we are, therefore, inclined to encourage a conspiracy to place a crown on the brow of the President Van Buren. Neither are we aware that the nerves of the most excited alarmist were ever shaken by a suspicion, that Mr. Webster, or any other of our late distinguished American guests, desired to prove their sincerity as republicans by projects for dethroning Queen Victoria; yet endeavours were made, and not without success, to

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instil apprehensions, quite as vain and groundless, in the minds of those who swayed the councils of foreign states. We hope and we believe that they are now undeceived. Our love for free institutions is perfectly compatible with the most perfect respect for the forms of government established elsewhere; and it is perfectly compatible also with a fixed determination to abstain from any Quixotic interposition in the internal affairs of independent nations.

It may, however, be suggested, that these suspicions have been pointed at the present government, rather than against their whig predecessors in office; and that it is Lord Melbourne and his colleagues, and not Lord Grey's government, who have alarmed the courts of Vienna and of Berlin. This explanation is contrary to all the facts of the case. It may suit the present policy of the tory party to praise the first reform ministry; but let us remember what was their conduct during its existence. The majority of those who now presume to approach Earl Grey in the language of base and insincere adulation—men who lavish praise on the ministry of 1830, in order to vent their bitter malignity against the present cabinet—had been, from 1830 to 1834, in active opposition. No terms of vituperation, which are now applied to Lord Melbourne and his colleagues, are more harsh, more unmeasured, or more unjust, than those which were formerly lavished on Lord Grey. These revilers must, therefore, have been factious calumniators in 1831, if they are not hypocrites and deceivers in 1840. Yet it cannot be denied that their falsehoods produced a certain temporary effect; and it is probable, if it be not certain, that some foreign powers wholly misconceived the nature of the constitutional changes which have been carried into effect—the principles of the British government and the character of the British people.

We believe that these delusions have now disappeared, or that they are fast wearing away. The character and the conduct of the government have dispelled them. Intelligent and acute travellers, too, have visited our island, and been enabled to report, as the result of personal observation, that the lamp-posts of our streets are used for gas-lighting and not for executions, and that the first commissioner of woods and forests has not as yet planted the tree of liberty in Hyde Park. Nor has the wonderful and most interesting picture which London presented during the coronation of the queen, been thrown away on the diplomatic visiters assembled at that moment from all parts of Europe. For the wealth and splendour displayed in the first commercial city in the world, they might have been prepared; but the peace and order of the assembled multitude, the proofs of general contentedness and well-being, so universally displayed; the joyous welcome freely offered to foreigners, even by the most humble classes of our citizens; the beautiful combination of independence of demeanour with devoted and loyal affection to their youthful sovereign —these national characteristics could not fail to excite astonishment in many and admiration in all. The deep and earnest enthusiasm with which the allegiance of a free people was tendered to their queen, proved to the assembled princes and statesmen, that no falsehood was greater than that which represented the English as a nation of Jacobins, excited rather than controlled by a revolutionary government. A farther and a more salutary lesson may also have been derived from the evidence then exhibited, of the effect of free institutions in insuring the fullest developement of national strength; the compatibility of liberty with order; the obedience willingly yielded to laws framed and consented to by the true representatives of the people: these were results which even those who cannot imitate can hardly fail to appreciate. The increased population poured into the metropolis to share in this great national festival, amounted, it is said, to half a million, a number equal to the inhabitants of some of the greatest capitals in Europe: this multitude, united to the permanent population of three times that amount, seemed animated by one noble spirit, and seemed to require no control beyond that of reason and of sound principles. The military appeared but a part of the decoration, and not the instrument of restraint or coercion; they resembled rather the diamond-hilted sword used for state ceremonial, than the weapon to be used in battle.

These events and these observations have, we confidently believe, removed the impressions which the exaggerated misrepresentations of party violence had spread throughout Europe; and we believe that the whig government no longer appears to foreign statesmen the *bête noir* which it was represented to be by tory politicians. On the contrary, we are inclined to think that in the minds of the intelligent and enlightened men of all nations, a change of ministry, and a consequent change of policy in England, would be considered a calamity abroad as well as at home.

Our readers must not, however, imagine that the evil effects of party spirit are confined within the circle we have described. Though the able and liberal man who guides the councils of France, and the philosophical statesman who represents King Louis Philippe in London, are in themselves personal guarantees for the preservation of the alliance between France and England—though the triumph of Lord Palmerston's policy in the final adjustment of the Dutch and Belgian negociations has been complete—and though all foreign misconceptions and jealousies have been effectually removed, means of mischief have been discovered which tory ingenuity skilfully and gladly turned to its own party purposes. To some of these we shall call our readers' attention. They will illustrate still more forcibly the difficulties thrown in the way of Lord Palmerston's policy, and the additional merit which belong to him for his wisdom, his perseverance, and his success.

We shall next proceed to consider the course pursued by the government, and by their opponents, with regard to the affairs of the Peninsula. The contrasted principles of the two contending parties can never find a more characteristic exemplification; yet it could scarcely have been predicated that the tories would have deserted the cause of Spain; considering that the Peninsula had been the scene of our greatest military successes, and the field on which the cause of European liberty had been won. When it was further considered that, with the recollections of Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria, the imperishable renown of him who is the strength and ornament of the tory party is for ever associated, it might have been expected that sufficient sympathy would have been excited for the cause of Spain, to mitigate, or to neutralise, the bitterness of party ex-

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asperation. The calamities which, after the expulsion of the French invading armies, had befallen the popular party in Spain, might have been presumed to create a deep interest in the hearts of all freemen. The expulsion of the Cortes by Ferdinand was the first-fruits of his restoration to power. After a free government had been re-established in 1820, the invasion of Spain by foreigners in 1823 was the next blessing conferred by Ferdinand on his people. The murders, the executions, the barbarous punishments —the exile of many of the most enlightened Spaniards—were the next honourable distinctions of a monarch for whom his subjects had made innumerable sacrifices. Of all this the tory party were fully aware. They saw in exile men of the most unsullied reputation reduced to want, and supported only by the small pittance granted by the British parliament; yet they felt no sympathy for the cause in which these patriotic men had suffered—no indignation against their oppressors. On the death of Ferdinand, the liberal party in Spain forgot his crimes, and espoused the cause of his successor, the infant queen, recognised as she was by the sovereigns of England and of France. On the other hand, the claimant of the crown, Don Carlos, exhibited, and in a most exaggerated degree, the baseness, the cruelty, and want of faith of the late monarch. After the recognition of Isabella by our court, Englishmen ought only to have considered Carlos as a rebel. Could it have been anticipated that any class would have degraded themselves by assisting his cause; would have palliated his crimes; and sought to place him on a blood-stained and usurped throne? Is it possible that his love of despotism was thought to be sufficient to cover all his other sins?—or is it not a more indulgent hypothesis to suppose that, however atrocious, however perfidious he might be—however grievous to Spain the consequences of his success—still the triumph of the conservatives in parliament, and their return to Downing street, were blessings so great as to justify any loss, or any sacrifice; even the loss of a throne to its rightful possessor, or the sacrifice of the liberties and the happiness of a gallant people.

In May, 1834, the memorable quadruple treaty between England, France, Spain, and Portugal, was ratified. An engagement more honourable to the foreign minister who suggested it, was never entered into between nations. The immediate object of the treaty was the expulsion of the two traitors from the Peninsula; its ultimate object, the establishment of legitimate and constitutional sovereigns at Madrid and Lisbon. Nor was the wisdom of the treaty greater than its success was signal. Miguel retired from Portugal, and his army of twelve thousand men laid down their arms. Carlos owed his personal safety to British protection; he found an asylum on board a British man-of-war, and a refuge in England. Had there existed in the conscience of Don Carlos, a due sense of those obligations which he had received, the success of Lord Palmerston's policy would have dated from 1834. But, regardless of all ties, and of all duties, the fugitive whose life the British authorities had preserved, escaped from England, to renew his work of treason and of bloodshed in Spain. He was accompanied by the good wishes of the tory party; and under their auspices, and the auspices of some foreign princes, the horrors of civil war were renewed. In 1835, the duke of Wellington, acting with the humanity which becomes a soldier, endeavoured to arrest the cruelties perpetrated in Spain. He selected as his organ, a nobleman who, from his character and principles, was a fitting agent on a mission so benevolent. Lord Eliot's conduct was worthy of the trust reposed in him; and it will not be the less gratefully appreciated by his country, when considered in connection with the spirit of honourable independence and liberality which he has since displayed in the discharge of his parliamentary duties. Yet it was unfortunate that, in Lord Eliot's mission, the contending parties in Spain were treated too much upon equal terms; the rebel and the legitimate sovereign were dealt with almost as co-ordinate authorities. An impression could not fail to be produced, however contrary to the intentions both of the Duke of Wellington and of Lord Eliot, that a qualified recognition, or encouragement, was thus given to Don Carlos. That this result was not intended is certain; for the engagements of the quadruple treaty were most faithfully fulfilled by the Duke of Wellington, during his short tenure of office in 1835.

In April, 1835, the change of government occurred. Sir Robert Peel, disavowed by a house of commons elected under his own auspices, felt himself bound to resign; and, fortunately for the Peninsula and for Europe, Lord Palmerston resumed the duties of foreign secretary. An appeal was made to Lord Melbourne's government to permit the levy of an auxiliary legion in England, for the service of the queen of Spain. And let us stop to ask, by whom was this request made? Not by some unknown and inexperienced agent—not by a Spaniard careless of his country's interest—not by some cunning and selfish politician, desirous to entrap the British government into a degrading or unworthy act—not by a man unacquainted with the laws of military honour, and willing to accept auxiliaries who forfeited character in giving their co-operation. The Spanish minister, whose request was frankly and wisely acquiesced in by Lord Palmerston, was in all respects the very opposite to the character we have described. The minister of Spain was General Alava, a brave and enlightened patriot; not less the friend of Spain, because avowedly a friend of England—one who had bled for his country and for ours; one who had been driven into honourable exile, during the ruthless despotism of Ferdinand; one who was the comrade in arms, and the esteemed personal friend of the Duke of Wellington. Generosity, as well as political wisdom, alike justified the decision of the British government. An order in council suspended the provisions of the foreign enlistment act—an odious act which conservative statesmen are pleased to regard as an integral part of our constitution—an act wholly at variance with those better principles laid down in the earliest times, and acted on in the brightest periods of our history. The auxiliary legion was raised; a most gallant and meritorious officer was placed at its head; one whose unexampled rapidity of promotion was sufficient evidence of the just estimate placed by a tory commander-in-chief upon his services. The actions of Washington, New Orleans, and Waterloo, had succeeded each other rapidly; in each De Lacy Evans was distinguished; and the patronless Irish lieutenant,

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found himself raised, by his own merits, to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. This professional distinction, though admitted by the tories, could not, however, atone with them for one inexpiable offence. This brave soldier was a liberal politician, and had given an independent support to the whig ministry. The consequence was, that all the vials of wrath were poured upon his head. How truly might General Evans have applied to himself the bitter complaint of the Duke of Wellington:—"The mode of attacking a servant of the public, absent on the public service, day after day, in speeches in parliament, appears to me most extraordinary and unprecedented." How justly might the absent commander have addressed to his unrelenting enemies the well-merited reproach of the Duke of Wellington to the common council of the city of London:—"I cannot expect mercy at their hands whether I succeed or fail; and if I should fail, they will not inquire whether the failure is owing to my own incapacity, to the blameless errors to which we are all liable, to the faults or mistakes of others, to the deficiency of our own means, to the serious difficulties of our situation, or to the power and abilities of the enemy. In either case, I shall become their victim."* The Carlist fire at Hernani was not directed against General Evans with a hostility more inveterate, than was the sharpshooting practice of the British Carlists in both houses. Nor did they aim exclusively at the general commanding. No feeling of sympathy for their countrymen who were suffering unexampled privations, and were exposed to contest against fearful odds, could restrain the party in opposition from the most unjust, and the most unmeasured attacks upon the British troops. Unpractised and undisciplined, the legion had to learn the art of war in a foreign land, and in the face of an enemy. Left frequently without pay, in want of provisions, unprovided with adequate supplies of clothing, not only was the signal injustice committed of comparing the conduct of the legion with that of the best troops of England, under the most favourable circumstances, but, to render this cruel attack more efficient, truth and history were both forgotten. The Duke of Wellington himself had described the army which he commanded in terms which it was very convenient to forget, when the British legion was to be calumniated:—"Something or other has made a terrible alteration in our troops for the worse. They have lately, in several instances, behaved very ill: whether it be owing to the nature of the service or the want of their pay, I cannot tell; but they are not in the style in which they were. * * A starving army is worse than none; the soldiers lose their discipline and spirit, they plunder even in the presence of their officers. The officers are discontented and are almost as bad as the men; and with the army which a fortnight ago beat double their numbers, I should now hesitate to attack a French corps of half their strength."† Do we mean, by this quotation, to rest any reproach upon our gallant troops, or their heroic chief? God forbid. We, at least, shall not be so deficient in public spirit or in gratitude, as to pervert the misfortunes or casualties of our troops into charges rash, cruel, and unjust. But was it too much to have expected that the degree of indulgence which Sir Henry Hardinge must feel was required even on behalf of the veteran troops which he had himself commanded, should have been extended in favour of the raw soldiers of the legion? No such indulgence was shown; even simple justice was denied.

There was a peculiar absence of generosity in the conduct of the tory party: they acted on the cold-blooded determination of withholding all praise, even when it was most due, and of pressing hardly on their countrymen, whenever any reverse of fortune occurred. The events at Bilboa, and the total defeat of the besieging army, were honourable military exploits. The people of England rejoiced; the tory oracles were dumb. But when General Evans, contending with his nine thousand men against a force of sixteen thousand,* sustained a check;—when, deprived of the co-operation of Saarsfield, on which he was fully entitled to rely, he was driven back within his lines—this was described in parliament as "the greatest disaster that ever befell troops;" and as "another proof of the false policy of the British ministry." More generous was the conduct of a gallant French soldier: "I have used my best exertions," observed General Harispe, "to set the public mind right on an event, vexatious no doubt, but which the hateful spirit of party and interested persons have already turned to their own use *by exaggerations and calumnies*." We might almost believe that this sentence was written after perusing the reports of some of our debates in both houses of parliament.

This was not all. Not contented with attributing a want of discipline, and even of courage to the legion; not contented with making General Evans responsible even for the sickness that unhappily prevailed among his troops; these supporters of the mild and gentle Don Carlos passed but lightly over his "assassin-like decree" of Durango; they seemed as if willing to forget that forty-seven British subjects had, under that decree, been murdered in cold blood;† and that some of these victims had been "tied to trees, and fires of green wood kindled that would not burn too soon, or extinguish life too speedily, whilst the Carlist soldiers amused themselves by throwing cartridges into the fire and exploding them about the tortured victims."‡ Parliamentary orators collected every idle rumour; they listened to every complaint of the discontented; and imputed to Englishmen in arms cruelties of which those Englishmen would have preferred to be the victims rather than the perpetrators. This attack upon the national character was considered justifiable, if it could but influence a debate, strengthen a division, or carry a Westminster election. How noble and how complete has been the refutation! To deny that in the events of war blood must flow, and suffering exist, and that even crime must be too often fearfully developed, would be to believe that war could change its nature. We do not pretend to be so credulous. But war does not, and experience shows it does not, harden human nature, or pervert the character of a humane and generous people.

* Despatches of the Duke of Wellington.
† Ibid.

* Lord J. Hay's Despatches.
† Evans, p. 107.
‡ Somerville.

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On the contrary, how many are the brave men in our army, who have gone near to realise the noble conception of the greatest of living poets!—men

> "Who, doomed to go in company with pain
> And fears and bloodshed, miserable train!
> Turn their necessity to glorious gain;
> In face of these can exercise a power
> Which is our human nature's highest dower;
> Control them and subdue, transmute, bereave
> Of their bad influence, and their good receive;
> By objects which might force the soul to abate
> Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
> Are placable because occasions rise
> So often that demand such sacrifice.
> More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure
> As tempted more; more able to endure
> As more exposed to suffering and distress,
> Thence also more alive to tenderness."

This exquisite picture cannot be a portraiture of all military men, it is true; nor do we pretend that the British legion, any more than the victors at Ciudad Rodrigo, will all bear a comparison with a standard so elevated. But neither have they deserved the reproaches so unjustly cast upon them.

If the fierce passions of a wild soldiery break through all restraint, it is after a successful assault that excesses are most commonly perpetrated. It so happens that the troops of the legion were subjected to this severe trial. After the reverses of Hernani, and whilst yet smarting under the cruelties of the followers of Carlos, the Fort del Parque, near Irun, was taken by storm. Let us inquire, what was then the conduct of these calumniated troops; let us decide, not on the statement of any British officer, or the partial testimony of the Spanish authorities; we shall appeal to the memorial of the Carlist garrison itself, addressed to the traitor who called himself a king: "As the British legion were about to make an assault, death appeared to us inevitable. The fort surrendered—*the English*, reinforced on all sides, gained the ditch. At this time some officers of *the legion* came forward, and with the greatest generosity offered us quarter. It would lead us too far, sire, if we were to indulge in the language of encomium, and dilate on the delicacy and deference which we experienced from men whom, on our side, we have treated with all the rigours of war; and at the same time, when we see our officers and men kindly used, we should be wanting in the noble feelings of gratitude, if we omitted to acquaint your majesty with such heroic conduct."

We need not add any commentary to a statement so conclusive, except the expression of our hope, that some shame and remorse may be felt by those "so-called conservatives, whose chief effort has been vainly directed to affix a mark of dishonour on their countrymen, gallantly contending in arms in a foreign land."—(*Lord J. Russell.*)

The events of the last two years will be strong in the recollection of our readers—the progress of Espartero—the additional strength which was given to the Spanish arms by the appointment of Alaix as minister at war—the desertion of Carlos by his officers and troops, and the conviction of Burgara. We may be allowed to remark in passing, that with admirable consistency the conservatives are pleased to represent as treason the return of a rebel officer to his allegiance. On the same principle, General Monk should have been shot by Charles II., and Marmont committed to Vincennes by Louis XVIII. Carlos had been expelled, the tranquillity of the Basque provinces restored, Morella captured, and the civil war all but extinguished. And let us ask, what is now the general state of Spain? On this subject we may refer to evidence of the most unquestionable authority—to the truly eloquent speech delivered in 1839 by the Earl of Clarendon on his return from the Spanish embassy. "Life and property," observes that nobleman, "(except in places affected by civil war,) are more secure, the revenues of Spain are one half greater than they were ever known to be before; an enormous class of proprietors have been created by the sales of national property; capital flows into more useful channels; education makes rapid advances; agriculture is improving; and notwithstanding the horrors of war, Spain is at this moment laying a foundation for future prosperity infinitely more solid than at the time when, for her misfortune, she discovered America, and lost her stimulus for future exertion."

To what causes are these glorious results attributable? Had other principles prevailed than those which have governed Lord Palmerston, can any man doubt but that despotism and Carlos would now have been triumphant? The quadruple alliance, the aid given by Britain, the services of the legion, the spirit and admirable discretion of Lord John Hay, (who must blush for his conservative friends,) the vigour and ability of Lord Clarendon, but above all the unshaken constancy of the foreign secretary, this rare combination was required to bring to a successful result a struggle which weak and irresolute minds would, long since, have considered as hopeless and have abandoned. Collateral difficulties of the most formidable kind existed. The jealousy of the great military powers, the contributions of money which legitimate sovereigns lavished upon the cause of rebellion, the insurrectionary movements at St. Ildefonso, the rapid succession of ministers, the changes of constitutions, the financial embarrassments,—these created obstacles from which an ordinary mind would have shrunk, and which it required a great capacity and unflinching resolution to overcome. Yet this was not the worst. The most discouraging obstacles were those created by the conduct of the conservative party in England. "Out of office," truly observed Lord Palmerston, "there is no sort of assistance they could give Don Miguel that was not afforded with alacrity. They have, in fact, done all they could to support Don Miguel and Don Carlos; and as it could not be from any regard for the individuals themselves, I can only attribute it to the approval of those principles of government with which those individuals are inseparably connected."

We might have illustrated this branch of our argument, had we been so inclined, with reference to the succession of motions and speeches made on Spanish affairs during the last six years; but had we done so we might have been betrayed into personalities, which it is ever our desire to avoid; yet, to some of the leading orators we must be allowed respectfully to recommend the wise saying of Micromegas, *Pour parleril faut penser, ou à peu près*:—in our last

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analysis, we only reach that conclusion which the Duke of Wellington so admirably expressed, "The fashion and the spirit of the times give encouragement to lies."

To set in motion an important class, in opposition to our political rivals, is always a great stroke in party warfare; and the movement is more likely to be effective if the column which is advanced, or the line which is deployed, can be persuaded that the contest is one in which their own private and personal interests are involved. Adopting this principle, the tories have used their most strenuous efforts to persuade the mercantile world that the foreign office has neglected the interests of British commerce; and that our diplomatists and consuls, following the example of their chief, have allowed wrongs to be committed against Englishmen, and national advantages to be forfeited, in every quarter of the globe. We believe that those who are the most noisy in their complaints, are traders in politics, rather than dealers in merchandise. We have seen experimental voyages undertaken with the intent of forcing nations into war; and the ministry have been censured, when, acting wisely, and under the advice of the soundest lawyers, they declined to defend cases which were indefensible, or to claim reparation where, in point of justice, there had been no violation of any right. Of this character was the memorable case of the "Vixen," in which, because Lord Palmerston would not advise his sovereign to declare war, in order to obtain reparation for a loss sustained in an illegal adventure, it was said that the foreign secretary "degraded Great Britain in the eyes of eastern nations, by procuring the piratical capture and confiscation of a British vessel in the Black sea." —(*Cargill*, p. 32.) As well might the officers of the coast guard be charged with insulting the king of the Netherlands, if a Dutch smuggler was seized in our waters and afterwards condemned by the court of exchequer. In the same publication, which affects to condemn all party spirit, Lord Palmerston is charged with "having connived at the dismemberment of the Turkish empire; while a counter-accusation is directed against him for his over-anxiety that the Turkish empire should not be dismembered. It is farther said, that "he sacrificed the Turkish commercial treaty," when that treaty (of considerable benefit to us in certain ports of the empire, though not so universally) was Lord Palmerston's own work;—he is charged with "sacrificing the Austrian commercial treaty," when that treaty, also, had been negociated under his auspices; and when increased facilities of navigating the Danube have been combined with most advantageous reductions in the tariff of Austria;—he is charged with having "sacrificed the French alliance," and yet, having made undue sacrifices to maintain it;—he is charged with having "shown the dastard heel to the aggressor in central India;"—with having "excited the hatred of the British name and annihilated British influence;—and this, at the very moment when both houses of parliament had unanimously voted their thanks to the brave army of the Indus; when well-earned rewards have been conferred on its gallant leader, and the wise and excellent statesman who directed these gigantic and most successful operations. It is thus that, by simply contrasting the accusation and the fact, the futility and the falsehood of the former are made abundantly manifest.

It seems, however, that these doctrines for which Mr. Cargill contends, and which Mr. Urquhart in his missionary progresses endeavours to propagate, have been lately proclaimed in the good city of Glasgow; and that some wise men of the west have been so dazzled by the high principles and discretion of the lecturer on foreign politics, the ex-secretary of legation, that they have resolved, if they can, to contribute their quota of one tory member towards the vindication of our national honour. They consider themselves entitled to a blessing, if they but throw their mite into the parliamentary treasury. The candidate, who has been most aptly selected, under such circumstances, protests against the disgrace of accepting a seat in parliament, unless he be permitted and enjoined by his constituents to assault the foreign office, "to drag the reluctant statesman back to day," and to inflict some capital punishment on Lord Palmerston for having preferred the blessings of peace to the applause of Mr. Bell; and for having been so very ill-advised as to undervalue the diplomatic qualifications of Mr. Urquhart. We are inclined to believe that the majority of the Glasgow constituency are rather too shrewd in their generation to set much store either on the instructor, Mr. Urquhart, or on his disciple; and that the state of trade on the Clyde will be the best reply to Mr. Monteith's address.

We know not what may be the notions which some persons may connect with a commercial treaty. If they imagine that the foreign office can by a protocol destroy the productive powers of foreign industry; if they believe that the signature of preliminary articles can put an end to free competition; or that the exchange of ratification can ensure for Great Britain a close and unnatural monopoly; and farther, if they conceive that all these miracles, if they could be performed, would be advantageous to others, or even to ourselves, we may easily conceive that they view with discontent and disappointment all the negociations which have taken place under the direction of Mr. Huskisson and Lord Palmerston. To politicians of this school the Methuen treaty, and engagements of that character, will doubtless appear the perfection of human wisdom.

But the true province of a wise commercial policy, so far as treaties are concerned, is of a different nature. To remove restraints, to ensure a reciprocity as relates to shipping, to promote exchanges, to give to foreigners the means of selling in our ports that they may have inducements and means to buy—these are the principles on which commercial treaties ought to be framed. Far is it from our intention to undervalue these as unimportant objects. The results already produced by the Austrian treaty, will be the best evidence of the benefits which a wise diplomatic policy can never fail to produce. Under that treaty, or rather consequent upon it, the restrictive prohibitory laws of Austria have been revised, and British vessels coming with clean bills of health from any port of North and South America and the West Indies, are admitted at once into free pratique, instead of remaining from ten to twelve days in strict quarantine. But the greatest benefit conferred by the treaty is the free admission of British ships and their cargoes from all countries, into Austrian ports. The effect of these changes on the trade of England will appear from the following statement:—

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The whole number of British ships which arrived in Austrian ports in the year 1837, previous to the treaty, was ninety-five, with a tonnage of 17,388. Of these twenty-five ships only were from foreign ports; their tonnage was 4805.

Now, the following is the state of the British trade subsequent to the treaty:—

1838—164 vessels—28,669 tons.
1839—147 " —27,966 tons.

From foreign ports.
1838—67 vessels—13,342 tons.
1839—59 " —11,570 tons.

The estimate of the original cost of the cargoes in the latter of these years, (including British manufactures to the value of £477,418,) was no less than £879,700.

The tariff of nations will never be rationally adjusted if framed on the principle of applying exclusively, what are erroneously considered as the doctrines of protection. Duties should be referred to considerations of finance and revenue. If protection be sought for the interests of one class, the interests of the whole community will be perpetually endangered, if not sacrificed; and every approximation towards freedom of trade will be impeded. Duties on foreign manufactured articles will be kept up to protect our home produces; and as consequent upon the enhancement of price thus occasioned, agriculture, in its turn, will demand protection. The legislation of a commercial country will thus move in a vicious circle, in which every mistake and injustice committed will become the prolific parent of new injustice and new mistakes.

In commerce, much more is to be done by wise legislation at home than by foreign diplomacy. Let a state bottom its commercial code upon sound principles, whether its rivals have or have not the sense and liberality to follow a wise example. To compel Englishmen to pay a high price for French wine, because France is so absurd as to deny to the citizens of Paris the advantage of cheap hardware, is only to inflict a punishment on ourselves, because there are others who have committed a blunder: it is voluntarily to shut our eyes, because others are blind to their own interests.

If parliament could be induced to revise our book of rates in this spirit, much good might indeed be effected. There are also many laws which the altered circumstances of the times render impolitic and indefensible in their present form. Take the navigation laws as an example. The application of steam navigation to the great rivers of Europe, has altered all the relations of states. The position and the capabilities of the countries of central Europe, the navigation of the Rhine, the Danube, the Elbe, and those other great arteries, through which a wholesome commercial circulation may be made to flow, alters, if it does not set aside, the policy of the times of Charles II. Nor need the more vulgar notions of national jealousy restrain us. The fancy of Shakspeare has suggested as a dramatic event, a shipwreck in Bohemia; but the launch of an invading armada from Prague is a fiction, which even the believers in a Russian attack upon Sheerness will scarcely credit. Why should not our laws be so amended as to afford to us, and to the interior of Europe, mutual advantages as consumers and producers; and why should we cling to laws which, in their present state, are in many respects inapplicable and impolitic?

But here we shall be met by a new argument, and a new accusation. We shall be told that the "Prussian league" stands in the way of these arrangements; and for the origin and success of that league, Lord Palmerston and his policy are held primarily responsible. The subject is important enough to deserve a distinct notice.

Mr. Cargill's publication, "on the Origin, Progress, and Tendency of the Prussian League," which has been lauded by the tory journals, is a good exponent of the opinions of the party. It contains internal evidence of having passed through the alembic of Mr. Urquhart, and we need not add more to enable our readers to judge of its statements, or its logic. Who the author is, we are ignorant; but our readers will form their own estimate of the value of his authority, when they find that he makes himself the organ of the peripatetic agitator who has given at Glasgow, Hull, and elsewhere, such miraculous proofs of accuracy and of discretion.

His work begins by assuming in his title-page the whole question at issue. The Prussian league is designated "a confederation against France and England;" and styled "a combination to menace the independence of this country, and produce the destruction of its foreign trade." Mr. Cargill informs us that the object of the league is to procure for Prussia "a preponderating, an unnecessary, and an unjust influence in Germany;" that the means used are "deception towards the minor German states; feigned friendship and co-operation with Austria, with a view to the subsequent destruction of the power of that empire: a contemplated change in the diet, for the purpose of obtaining an unconstitutional ascendency over the other states by military organization." This profound philosopher, carrying his investigations still farther, after solemnly quoting state papers, asks us significantly, whether it is proved that the league "is a measure fostered, suggested, and planned by Russia for the furtherance of her own purposes of aggrandizement, making a tool of Prussia by the gratification of her present short-lived ambition?" Russia, it seems, claims to be "the dictator of the diet, and the protector of the Germanic confederation." These very complicated movements, by which Prussia is, first, to destroy the independence of the minor German states; then with their help to overthrow Austria; and ultimately to be overthrown by Russia in her turn—have all one ultimate object in view—the destruction of the naval superiority, of the commercial industry, and of the constitution of England. The author announces to us hypothetically, that "the greatness, the riches of England, will become matters of history, as she takes her station beside the fallen nations of antiquity;—the warning voice of Vienna, of Geneva, and of Spain, having been unbelieved." We cannot but say—"Well roared, Lion!" Indeed, more than one of Shakspeare's characters are here brought into play at once. "Moonshine" appears in as prominent a place as the "Lion" himself. All this is extremely preposterous: not that we doubt the importance of the Prussian league, and of its effects upon British interests; but because we consider all that we have quoted to be a tissue of stupid exaggerations, exhibited to distract our attention from the real objects to which the efforts, not so much of the foreign office as of the legislature, should be directed.

Let us cast a rapid glance on the league and its practical objects. If the map of Germany is for a moment considered, and the eye is permitted to trace the number of small sovereignties which it comprises;—and if we are informed that a separate system of custom regulations, of transit duties, of money, and of weights and measures, had prevailed in many of these states, if not in all—it must appear almost inconceivable how the affairs of commerce could ever have been carried on. A greater curse

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than these varieties of government and anomalies of law could scarcely have existed. It had become absolutely intolerable; and in checking German industry, it injured all countries with which the people of Germany traded. It limited the markets of the world, by increasing the difficulties of making exchanges and diminishing the means of purchase. Joseph II. found the princes of one single sovereign house so numerous, that he observed *Qu'ils devroient être numerotés commes des fiacres*:—as numerous, and still more inconvenient were the custom-house systems of Germany. Let our readers imagine a navigation law for Loch Lomond or Windermere —custom-house charges levied to protect the domestic industry of the isle of Ely, or the county of Clackmannan—and permits, duties, and drawbacks between Greenwich and the Tower Hamlets. But we need not put any supposititious case. The Highland line, as it formerly existed in Scotland—the union duties, between England and Ireland, as they were too long continued—the distinctive excise laws and regulations respecting spirits, which at present harass and disturb our borders—are all instances in point. The partiality which our southern neighbours formerly felt for the mutton of our lowland farms, now shows itself in the love of the Northumbrian for Scotch whiskey. The smuggling of spirits across the border, gives but a faint picture of the former state of things in Germany. Was it not, then, the act of wise and patriotic German statesmen to sweep away every trace of these absurd anomalies? They have done so; and a district of 8,252 German miles, containing a population of more than 26,000,000, including Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemburg, Baden, Hesse, Thuringia, Nassau, and Frankfort, has been brought within the league. Uniformity of laws and of system now prevails throughout. "It was at first supposed by many persons in this country," observes Mr. M'Culloch, (and we are sorry to add, that the opinion is still maintained by some,) "that the Prussian league was directed against us, and threatened to be very injurious to our trade with Germany; we do not believe that there is any foundation whatever for either of these opinions." "The Toll Verein, (or Toll Union,)" Dr. Bowring informs us, "was not, as it has often been asserted to be, a union formed in hostility to the commercial interests of other states; it was not intended, prematurely, to create a manufacturing population in rivalry with, or opposition to the manufacturing aptitudes of Great Britain; it was by no means the purpose of its founders to misdirect capital to unprofitable employments, to sacrifice agriculture to trade, and to encourage less the field than the factory." On the contrary, in many important respects, and so far as the league was a relief from restriction, the tendency must have been of an opposite description. Unless it can be maintained, that a poor nation will be a better customer than a rich one; unless difficulties of transit, and want of communication throughout the centre of Europe, form the basis on which English commerce is to rest, the Prussian league cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the trading world.

We learn from Dr. Bowring's report, that "the Toll Verein, by directing capital to internal, in preference to external trade, has already had great influence in improving the roads, canals, means of travelling, and in giving additional facilities to inland communications of every sort. At the close of the war, there were no roads of the first class, either in Pomerania, Posen, or Prussia proper. In 1816, the number of German miles laid down in chaussées, was 2408; in 1828, 4889; and in 1831, 5610. This amount has now greatly increased." We should like to know whether English industry does not profit by these local improvements, and by this increased facility and diminished expense of travel. Mr. Cargill, and his fellow-labourer, Mr. Urquhart, will reply in the negative. Good roads and railways would seem to be their objects of abhorrence; and the free navigation of the Danube, appears to them to furnish the natural agency, by which the destruction of the commercial importance of Great Britain is to be effected. A new course of trade with India is, it seems, to be most insidiously adopted; and thereby the empire established by Clive, augmented by Wellesley, and finally consolidated and secured from aggression by the successes of Lord Auckland, is to be annihilated. All this is to be the result of establishing a new patent conveyance company across Syria; and the ruin of British India will be achieved, on the first arrival at Cabul, of a caravan laden with goods on account of the Prussian league!

But these sages will meet our objections by affirming boldly, that our trade *is* annihilated. They will ask—Of what use are roads and canals if they do not convey our commodities, and how do we profit by German wealth, if our goods are no longer purchased? This question turns on matters of fact, and will best be answered by a reference to figures; and to figures we shall accordingly refer. We must, however, first point out, that the happy continuance of European peace, the increased population, and the accumulation of capital abroad as well as at home, cannot fail to produce throughout Europe a great increase of active competition. The commercial rivals with whom we formerly had to contend, fought us with their arms and hands under restraint. They are now released from thraldom, and all their powers are set at liberty. Can we wonder, or ought we to complain, of their increased activity? A division of labour must also take place between us and the nations of the continent. In one branch of trade, we shall advance successfully: in another, we may be left behind. But those classes whose interests are improving by these changes, remain contented and silent; while those who suffer from competition, however slightly, furnish to Mr. Cargill his text and his commentary. To judge fairly, we must view our trade on a large scale; and, that it is not reduced to ruin by the Prussian league, will be evident from the following summary:—

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Trade with Prussia, the Hanse Towns, and other parts of Germany, Holland and Belgi

Years.	Official value of Imports.	Official value of Exports.			Declared Value of British and Irish Produce Exported.
		British and Irish Produce and Manufactures.	Foreign and Colonial Merchandise.	Total Exports	
	£	£	£	£	£
Average of 5 years, 1829 to 1833,	4,126,394	12,762,175	4,950,558	17,712,733	6,996,057
Average of 5 years, 1834 to 1838.	4,804,491	14,432,431	5,407,690	19,842,121	8,550,347*

These facts are conclusive: but if they were otherwise, and if all the disasters foretold by these prophets of ill had occurred, or were impending, we should still ask, upon what ground could Lord Palmerston be held responsible for such results? How could a secretary of state have remonstrated with any foreign power, and have complained of efforts made for improving its own laws, and its own commercial relations? Have our traders and manufacturers such a vested interest in the bad roads, oppressive tolls, prohibitions and restrictions of Germany, that the first attempt made by Prussia to adopt a wiser and more comprehensive legislation, is to be considered either a *casus fœderis* on which we should declare war, or a crime for which a foreign minister should be impeached?

We must guard ourselves, however, from implying any approval of the tariff now in force, because we have answered the absurd objections raised against the league itself. In many respects that tariff is unequal in principle, and excessive in amount. It acts most disproportionately upon the coarser fabrics, though this is a loss to the foreign consumer rather than to the British manufacturer. Can we, however, reproach the league with their tariff when we consider our own? If we should complain of the duties levied on woollens and cottons, are we not answered conclusively by a reference to our own corn and timber duties? We must not be seduced into any consideration of these two great questions, which would require more of time and attention than we can here afford to give them. But were the tariff even more unjust than it is, be it always remembered, that there exists one powerful antagonist to financial mistakes and to all selfish legislation. If the Prussian league collect and maintain too high a rate of duty, we may depend upon it that the smuggler will take the field against such injudicious regulations. The extent of the frontier exceeds 1000 miles; the territory is penetrated by innumerable rivers; roads and railways are increasing; and the league must be rational and enlightened in fixing its scale of duties, or all its objects will be defeated.

The political consequences of the league yet remain to be considered. We can only glance at them. So far from feeling apprehensive of the consequences which this confederation may produce to the peace of Europe, we see in it the elements of peace and of safety. Whenever it was the policy of any of the great states of Europe to become aggressive, what facilities were furnished by the number of independent and contending interests of the secondary states? Intrigues and alliances were all resorted to by Napoleon, and would be again resorted to, by an ambitious military sovereign. What Germany required for her protection was nationality. This was given at the close of the French war, when the German youth rose as one man to resist a foreign yoke. This new and generous feeling was embodied in the *Landwehr* and *Landsturm*; it spoke in the verses of Körner; it combatted at Leipzic and Lutzen. This national feeling, producing national strength, and raising up a barrier which no unjust aggression can hereafter overleap, is contained, though it is not developed fully, in the Prussian league. It must be defensive in its character; nor do we apprehend in its consequences, with Mr. Cargill, a series of political revolutions: on the contrary, we feel confident, that in promoting the improvement, the industry, and the wealth of Germany, it will go far to avert war, and secure the tranquillity of Europe.

There has been of late years cast upon the foreign office an immense weight of public business relating to the suppression of the slave trade by foreign powers. No branch of the public service has required more attention, more discretion, and more firmness; and there is not one in which the sympathies and good feelings of the people of England have been more deeply interested. The extent to which our negociations on this subject have been carried, will best be shown by reference to the number of treaties which have been actually concluded since Lord Palmerston's accession to office in 1830.

Treaty with France,	November	1831.
" "	March	1833.
" Denmark,	January	1834.
" Sardinia,	August	1834.
" "	December	1834.
" Hanse Towns,	June	1837.
" Tuscany,	November	1837.
" Two Sicilies,	November	1838.
" Spain,	June	1836.
" Netherlands,	February	1837.
" Sweden,	June	1835.

And four other treaties have been signed, but of which the ratifications are not as yet exchanged. Thus in ten years fifteen separate conventions have been entered into; —not for selfish or interested purposes, but for the assertion of the rights of justice and humanity. Nor is the

* App. to Rep. on Prussian League, p. 115, Parl. Pap. 1840.

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number of these treaties more worthy of commendation than the important stipulations which they contain, and the mutual rights of active interposition which have been wisely asked for, and properly conceded. Ill-informed partisans may try to depreciate the advantages of such engagements when entered into with the secondary powers of Europe. No person acquainted with the facts of the case will, however, join in such objections. So long as one single flag in Europe is excluded from the great Christian confederacy, the traffic will continue; and the humane policy of England will be incomplete, till every independent power shall have entered into what may be truly called this holy alliance against the slave trade.

It is not our present object (for the limits by which we are confined will not permit it) to enter into any details respecting these measures. But it is essential for the purposes of our argument to refer to the proceedings of the last session, as illustrative of the difficulties with which the foreign office has had to contend, and the manner in which these difficulties have been surmounted.

The atrocities committed under the flag of Portugal, and the extension of the slave trade with Cuba and the Brazils, had of late attained a most disgraceful notoriety. During the last session, Lord Palmerston was repeatedly called upon to propose stronger and more effectual legislative measures to suppress these criminal proceedings. In June, Sir Robert Inglis expressed his anxiety that the foreign secretary should "not lose an hour" in performing this duty to humanity. The faith of treaties had been undeniably violated. The consideration, for which upwards of £800,000 of British treasure had been paid, was pertinaciously withheld, and not less than 100,000 unfortunate Africans were annually carried into the most barbarous slavery, under the protection of the Portuguese flag. A bill was introduced into the house of commons, the object of which was to give to the crown, by legislative enactment, the same powers, with respect to Portugal, which had already been conceded, by treaty, by other states. The bill passed, not only with unanimity, but by acclamation. It was carried to the house of lords, where it encountered a most violent and unexpected opposition;—an opposition the more lamentable, when it was considered from what quarter it proceeded. The bill was thrown out by a majority of six: and the astonishment of the people of England would only have been equalled by their indignation, had it not been for the incalculable debt of gratitude that, for public services of a very different character, was owing to the Duke of Wellington. The conduct of the government was, in this instance, above all praise. Undismayed by the decision of a majority of the house of lords, which refused even to entertain the question, Lord Palmerston, though he lost his bill, did not forget his discretion or lose his temper. Had miserable views of selfish and party interests prevailed—had he, like too many others, preferred a grievance to a remedy, he would have cast on his opponents the discreditable responsibility of their own work. But it would have been base to sacrifice Africa; and a very different course was taken. A second bill was introduced, framed with the hope of meeting all reasonable objections, and securing an unanimous vote. Sir Robert Inglis, a steady and consistent friend to the cause of Africa, supported the proposition in terms of the most generous eulogium. He "rose," he said, "in order that the whole responsibility, or rather the whole glory of the measure should not be left to the statesman whom he had systematically opposed." He characterised the speech of Lord Palmerston "as conciliatory towards the other house of parliament, and towards Portugal itself; and as distinguished for its forcible and eloquent assertion of the great rights of justice and humanity. A speech more worthy of the subject he had not heard from any of the greatest orators who had graced the house during his recollection." With an honourable unanimity of feeling, the bill was sent to the upper house. To the consternation of the people of England, the same unbending opposition which had been previously shown to the former measure, was again given on the second reading of this bill, and the principle of the measure was objected to. That opposition was unsuccessful—thanks be to Providence! But twenty-eight peers of England, headed by the Duke of Wellington, had opposed the bill; laboured and argumentative protests were entered on the journals; and though the act of parliament struck a great blow at what Lord Brougham so justly termed "an infernal crime," the moral influence of the statute was lessened; Portugal was instructed that British statesmen considered her to be an aggrieved and insulted party; and her resistance was consequently encouraged. Yet, we have no doubt that many of the partisans of the men who thus weakened the efficacy of the government measure, will be ready to charge Lord Palmerston hereafter with indifference or inattention to this, one of the most imperative of his official duties.

Before we take leave of this subject, it will be satisfactory to our readers to learn what has been the effect of this bill, so supported and so opposed, when it has become the law of the land. It has not been a dead letter, but, on the contrary, it has been found to contain a living spirit; and already may the friends of humanity congratulate themselves and their country on the fruits of the victory which was so unexpectedly, but so providentially won.

We have hitherto confined our attention to questions of purely European politics. One subject remains to be considered, and that a subject perhaps the most important and interesting of all. We allude to our relations with our brethren beyond the Atlantic, the citizens of the United States. We must, in the first place, dispose of the party argument, in order to reserve for the test of a higher and a nobler standard the question unfortunately at issue between the two governments. It is said, that for the difficulties which encompass this controversy, the present government are responsible. In reply we ask, were they the negociators of the treaty of Ghent? We do not upbraid the British diplomatists on that occasion: in meeting Mr. Clay and Mr. Gallatin, they had to contend against fearful odds, and their local information was unfortunately very defective. Still, at that period the facilities of adjusting this dispute were incalculably greater than at present; the value of the unexplored wilderness was less; few, if any, considerable local interests had then been created; the minds of men were more tranquil; and the border animosities, which have since arisen, were unknown. We do not reproach Mr. Goulburn with any neglect; but we submit it to his friends that they ought not to reproach others for finding it difficult to navigate the ship, amidst rocks and breakers, since they had failed to bring her into port in 1814, when the wind was moderate and the seas were calm. Again, if there are objectors who complain of any delays or irregularities in the latter correspondence, we should press them to move for the despatches of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen from November, 1834, to April, 1835; if they find the returns to be *nil*, perhaps they may be more guarded and measured in their censure of the present government.

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Having now disposed of the party argument, we proceed to consider the question itself. We shall do so with the deepest sense of its importance, and with an earnest anxiety that so far as our observations can avail, we may be permitted to contribute, however humbly, towards a just understanding of the points in dispute, and towards their final settlement.

The interests at issue are of no common magnitude; on the contrary, involving as they do the friendly connection between England and the United States, the importance of the question can scarcely be appreciated.

The position of England among the nations of the world is a proud one; her destiny is glorious; the privileges awarded to her are without parallel. But if there be one characteristic more distinguishing than another, it is the strength and noble nature of her colonial children. The vigour of the root is proved by the strength of the offsets. We have better causes for national exultation and gratitude than in applying to ourselves the Spaniards' boast, that the sun never sets in the territories of our queen. We can point to wealth, more precious than all that is poured forth from India. We can form hopes, more cheering than those which are suggested by the rising commercial greatness of Australia and our North American provinces. We seek not to rest our case exclusively, or mainly, upon increased commerce and production, but upon more elevating considerations. To England it has been granted, in a degree unexampled among nations, to witness the extension, in distant lands, of her laws, of her language, of her literature, of her domestic habits, and of her moral and religious spirit. Her system of colonial government has always had a tendency, and frequently has had the effect, of teaching colonists how to govern themselves in after times. In many cases our colonies were made distinctly the schools of political duty. Governors, assisted by legislative councils, and houses of assembly, familiarized our colonial fellow-countrymen with the principles of our own constitution. Magistrates were accustomed to administer the law; men became acquainted with the trial by jury; free discussion was in almost all cases permitted, and publicity was given to the acts of the executive government. The consequence is well exhibited in the contrasted conditions of the Spanish American colonies and of the United States on acquiring independence. In the one case, war, violence, and revolutions have prevailed; in the other, all the quiet and security of a settled government was at once established. How great must ever be the contrast between freemen made independent, and the subjects of a despotic sovereign emancipated from oppression! If there exist any British subjects who can consider the progress of the United States without feelings of good-will and sympathy, we cannot but pity minds so perverted. The greatest republic that ever existed, established beyond the Atlantic by our own Anglo-Saxon race, though differing with us in form of government, is associated with us in almost every other point which constitutes the life and happiness of a nation. Those who expound their laws in courts of justice, refer to our latest decisions with as much respect as to our ancient authorities. Lord Cottenham and Lord Denman are appealed to, as well as Holt and Hale. Shakspeare and Milton are, as truly, the fountains of national poetry to the citizen of the United States, as to the English scholar; and if the natives of New York and Boston cannot claim Wordsworth, Rogers, Scott, Campbell, and Moore as their own, they claim them as of kindred, and give them a ready and generous naturalization. The same sublime version of the Scriptures, which carries the words of hope and of consolation throughout our land, is received with equal veneration in the United States. Religious liberty was established beyond the Atlantic, whilst prejudice and fanaticism were in Britain contending against simple toleration. The spirit of domestic affection, the ties and sympathies of home duty—all these virtues accompanied the "pilgrim fathers" in their exile. We cannot but consider Britain and the United States—the mother and the child—to be the joint depositories of freedom and of faith. With what truth, then, may we say to these two British nations, "those whom God has joined together let not man put asunder!"

Nor is there a less intimate connection between the moral and political interests of the two countries, than between their material interests. It would seem as if nature had pledged them to a perpetual peace, through the medium of their mutual wants and dependency. In the United States, so long as inexhaustible tracts of the richest lands continue to invite her people to make new settlements, the price of labour must continue high, population must rapidly increase, and an extending market will be provided for our manufactures. So long as our manufacturing industry continues to prosper, the United States will find in our ports improving markets for their raw produce. The white population of the United States has increased to the following extent, as proved by the decennial census:—

1800 . .	4,300,000
1810 . . .	5,800,000
1820 . .	7,800,000
1830 . . .	10,500,000

In three years, from 1833 to 1835, the value of the imports of the United States augmented from 108 millions of dollars to 149 millions; and the value of her exports, from 90 millions to 121 millions: during the same period, her exports to the United Kingdom increased from 32 millions of dollars to 52 millions, forming above five-twelfths of the whole export trade. Carolina and New Orleans are dependent upon Lancashire; Lancashire, is, in turn, dependent upon them—the whole world is dependent upon both. This will be still more evident, if the export trade of America, in its two staple articles, is considered, both in its total amount and in the proportion which is sold in the British market.

Cotton exported, year ending September, 1837.

	Sea island.	All other Cotton.	Value.
Total Export . .	lbs. 5,286,000 . .	438,924,000 . .	$63,240,000
Exports to England . . .	4,257,000 . .	296,713,000 . . .	$41,547,000

Tobacco exported during the same period.

Total Exports, . .	hds. 100,252 . .	$5,795,000
Exports to England, . . .	hds. 20,725 . .	$1,750,000

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The trade in these two articles with the United Kingdom, is as follows:—

	Cotton Wool.	Tobacco.
1837 . . .	lbs. 320,651,000	lbs. 26,763,000
1838	431,437,000 .	. 30,131,000
1839	311,597,000 .	. 34,803,000

Nor is our export trade with the United States less important. During the years 1838 and 1839, the declared value of our principal exports was as follows:—

	1838.	1839.
Cotton, . . .	£1,476,000. .	. £1,467,000
Linen, ...	944,589 .	. 1,268,000
Silk, ...	348,506 .	. 410,093
Woollen, . . .	1,887,177 .	. 2,178,645
Earthenware, . . .	313,764 .	. 400,164

The total declared value of our exports to the United States was:—

1838, . .	7,585,760
1839, . . .	8,839,204

On the average of the last four years, the proportion which the tonnage of ships from the United States, entering the ports of the United Kingdom, bore to the tonnage of our whole trade inwards, (excluding coasters,) was as one to nine and a half. And the corresponding account for the United States shows that the tonnage employed in the trade with the United Kingdom, is no less than one fourth of the whole tonnage employed in the foreign commerce of the Union.

Such are the great interests which would be sacrificed on both sides, were the amicable relations of the two countries to be interrupted.

We trust that the calm and reasonable people of America, and of England, will weigh these matters well; that they will, on both sides, feel the necessity of restraining an excited border population, and of interfering, authoritatively, to bring these *boundary disputes* to a final adjustment, thereby making a rupture between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race impossible. For many years, very scandalous attempts were made to disturb this good understanding between the British nations, by miserable and wretched attacks upon the domestic habits and manners of the citizens of the United States. Because a young community was not found to possess all the characteristics which distinguish the more advanced stage of European society, all was undervalued, ridiculed, and caricatured. As justly might a backwoodsman affect to despise the Falls of the Clyde, or Richmond Hill, because they could not be compared with Niagara or the prairies of the Illinois. But the days of anti-American pamphleteers, reviewers, and novelists have been numbered. The dynasty of the Trollopes has been dethroned. Abuse of America is now confined almost exclusively to the violent tory papers; thus marking the quarters from which such abuse is likely to proceed, and the personages to whom it is presumed to be acceptable. The successful result of the great experiment of Transatlantic steam navigation, has made the two nations more than ever familiar and associated with each other. The Americans who, in greatly increasing numbers, visit the "old country," receive a cordial welcome, which attaches them to the home of their fathers; and we learn daily to estimate more justly, and therefore more highly, the sense, the acquirements, and the eloquence of our visiters from the States. We have become acquainted, too, with many of their greatest statesmen. Van Buren, M'Lean, Livingston, and during the last year Webster, have been our valued and respected guests. American literature is known and appreciated; and American literary men have claimed that station in our social circles which their talents so well merit.

What men will dare to disturb this happy union—to endanger these mighty interests—and to break asunder those ties of affection and respect on which so much of the future destinies of mankind is dependent? What would be an adequate compensation for the ruin and misery which a rupture between England and the United States could not fail to occasion? Such compensation, most assuredly, cannot be found in the possession of a given number of square miles of wilderness on the banks of the Roostook or Madawaska; nor in the annexation either to Maine, or to New Brunswick, of any given number of acres of pine woods. We have endeavoured to put forward strongly the question of those mutual ties and interests which connect the two nations. Such thoughts should lead legislators and diplomatists to approach the question in dispute with a kind and a generous spirit. Causes of irritation on both sides should be avoided. Men ought not to indulge in any idle vapouring, either in their colonial legislatures on the one side, or in their representative assemblies on the other. Great statesmen, whose "words are things," should set a guard on their lips if they venture on after-dinner speeches; and "Philip sober" should repair any mischief which, at a time of excitement, he may have lucklessly occasioned. Above all, the parties contending for power and honour in America should avoid the error, we should rather say, the crime, of raising a cry of hostility to England, as the means of acting on the constituent body—sacrificing permanent interests to the excited passions of a season. Peace, on the contrary, should be the object of all—peace which it is not necessary to purchase by unworthy sacrifices; but peace to be secured by the united efforts of all good subjects and citizens. We are convinced that peace can and must be maintained. But not only are firmness and resolution required, but despatch. Delay must every hour render the solution of this question more difficult.

We shall take a rapid review of the position in which this question now rests, without, however, embarrassing our narrative by the detailed history of early times. There is nothing, however, in that earlier history which does not confirm the conclusions at which we have arrived.

If, up to the present moment, there are considerable doubts in respect to the physical aspect of the country through which the boundary is to be drawn, how much less informed upon the subject must have been the negociators of the peace of 1783. At that period the territory could scarcely have had any intrinsic value; and, if a more distinct and intelligible line of boundary was

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not laid down, this omission did not proceed from any desire to leave in doubt an unsettled point, on which disputes might arise in after times. On the contrary, we believe that no men could have been more anxious than were Adams and Franklin that the treaty to which their honourable names were affixed should correspond with its avowed intention—"that of establishing such a beneficial and satisfactory intercourse between the two countries, upon the ground of reciprocal advantages and mutual concessions, as might best promote and secure to both perpetual peace and harmony." [Treaty of Paris.] In this treaty the boundary intended to be fixed is described as follows:—"From the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, viz. that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of St. Croix river to the Highlands, along the said Highlands, which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river." We need not proceed further in our extract, because it is on the construction of these words that all the existing difficulties arise. The points to be solved are, first, What was the river St. Croix? What was the range of hills designated by the Highlands?—and, as connected with the second question, what rivers were meant by those described as falling into the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence?—and, lastly, what was the north-west head of the river Connecticut?

In 1794, a treaty of amity was made between Great Britain and the United States; the object being to ascertain what river was meant by the name of the St. Croix. By the fifth article, commissioners were appointed and authorised to decide according to evidence on oath; and it was further agreed that their report was to be "*final and conclusive.*" The report of that commission was made. It appears very probable that the point fixed upon by them as the source of the St. Croix, was about twenty miles too much to the eastward, and that there was consequently a corresponding sacrifice of territory made by England. But the award was held to be "final and conclusive," according to the terms of the treaty; and as such it has been acquiesced in. Here we see that one of the points in dispute was very fortunately, though not, perhaps, very correctly ascertained; and it is much to be regretted that, at the same period, the other lines were not struck out before any border quarrels had arisen, and false standards of misplaced national pride had been raised up. In 1814, the unfortunate hostilities between the two countries were terminated by the treaty of Ghent. In the fifth article it is declared, "that neither the point designated in the treaty of Paris as the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, nor the north-west head of the Connecticut, had been ascertained," or the line of the Highlands surveyed. Two commissioners were appointed to declare the boundary, and make surveys of the line of the treaty of 1783; laying it down upon a map—"which map and declaration the contracting parties agree to consider as fixing the said boundary *finally and conclusively.*" A provision is subsequently made, that, in case of disagreement between the commissioners, a reference should be made to a friendly sovereign or state. The commissioners not being able to agree on a boundary line, a convention was entered into at London in 1827, by which it was agreed to refer the question to the decision of a friendly sovereign; and the fifth article provided, in the spirit of the previous engagements, that "the decision of the arbiters, when given, shall be taken as *final and conclusive*, and shall be carried, without reserve, into immediate effect by the contracting parties."

The king of the Netherlands was subsequently named as the arbitrator, and his award was given in 1831. In that award, the king of the Netherlands negatives the line claimed by Great Britain, as well as that claimed by the United States. The award sets forth, "Que la nature du différence, et les stipulations vagues et non suffisantes déterminées du Traité de 1783; n'admettant pas d'adjuger l'une ou l'autre de ces lignes, à l'une des dites parties sans blesser les principes de droit et d'equité envers l'autre." And the arbitrator proceeds to state—"Nous sommes d'avis, qu'il conviendra d'adopter pour limite des deux états une ligne tirée," &c. &c.

Now, let our readers observe how strongly marked was the intention of the parties to the treaties of 1814 and 1827, that the decision, when given, should be final and conclusive; how greatly it was the interest of each country, looking beyond the lesser and mere temporary interests of the day, that a decision should be authoritatively pronounced, agreed to, and carried into effect. This desire is in conformity with the principles laid down by Franklin and Adams in 1783; and is in conformity likewise with the acts of the parties to the convention of amity in 1794. To us it would undoubtedly appear, that the spirit and the letter of the obligations contracted, required the immediate adoption of the terms of the award of the king of the Netherlands.

It must be remembered that this decision imposed upon England a much larger sacrifice than that required from the United States; indeed, above three-fifths of the disputed territory were awarded to the latter.

The conduct of the British government was frank and honourable. The award of the king of the Netherlands bore date 10th January, 1831. On the 9th of February, Lord Palmerston informed the British minister at Washington, "that whatever might be the sentiments or wishes of his majesty on some of the points embraced in the award, his majesty has not hesitated to acquiesce in that decision, in fulfilment of the obligations which his majesty considers himself to have contracted by the terms of the convention, and his majesty is persuaded that such will be the course adopted by the government of the United States." It is very much to be regretted that these expectations were not realised; but on the contrary—and that, in consequence of difficulties which we shall now proceed to describe—this important question has been left for nine years in uncertainty, much to the risk and prejudice of both countries.

The president had nominated as American minister at the Hague, Mr. Preble, who was described in the message to congress in December, 1831, as being "a distinguished citizen of the state most interested, (Maine,) and who had been one of the agents previously employed for settling the controversy." We cannot help thinking that this selection was most unfortunate. Had the British minister been a great proprietor in New Brunswick, and had he already pledged himself to opinions on the subject in dispute—is it not evident that many obstacles would have been thrown in the way of the negociation? A treaty of peace between our country and South Britain, could hardly have been concluded in ancient times by a Percy and a Douglas. The case was one in which calmness and impartiality were requisite beyond all other qualifications; the choice made of a

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plenipotentiary who was rather a party concerned than a public servant, seemed to exclude both.

The result was consequently most unfortunate. When the award was signed, Mr. Preble did not even wait for the instructions of his government;* but assuming at once that the King of the Netherlands had exceeded his authority, he protested officially against his award. The grounds of objection taken were as follows:

That the award set forth, not the treaty-line, but a conventional boundary.

That the award was not a judgment, but a mere expression of advice and of recommendation.

That if the arbitrator found the language of the treaty inapplicable to the topography of the country, no authority was given him to consider what practical boundary could be established.†

We confess that when we compare these objections with the plain and simple language of all the successive treaties, we cannot but consider this protest as being the special plea of an astute lawyer, rather than the work of an enlightened and liberal statesman. The meaning which he attaches to the original reference made to the king of the Netherlands, differs altogether from the construction originally put by the governor of Maine on the arbitration, which he construed to mean, "a submission to some foreign state who shall have the power to decide at pleasure on the whole subject, and who will be under no absolute obligation or effectual interests by virtue of the treaty of 1783." Mr. Gallatin had also stated, at the same period, in language very homely but very conclusive, "that an umpire, whether a king or a farmer, rarely decides on strict principles of law: he has always a bias, if possible, to split the difference."‡ It was further argued, that although the government of the states would have been authorised to have concluded the treaty on the basis of the award, without asking the consent of Maine, if the boundary of 1783 were adhered to, yet, that if a conventional line were drawn, which interfered, in any degree, with the territory of a particular state, the consent of that state must first be obtained before any treaty could be concluded.§

Mr. Preble returned from his mission. He appears to have gone at once to the state of Maine in place of going to Washington. Difficulties and objections arising out of the points to which we have adverted, speedily arose, and were strongly urged. No person can doubt but that, if the central government had been unfettered, this very alarming controversy would long since have been at an end.

That an acquiescence in the award of the king of the Netherlands would have been wise and politic on the part of the United States, we have high authority for believing.‖ "The subject was submitted to the senate, accompanied by the earnest wish of the president, that the award should be agreed to. The message was referred to the committee on foreign relations, who reported their opinion that the president's views should be acceded to. A motion being made that the votes of two-thirds of the senate should be considered necessary for a final opinion, the views of the government were defeated. I am sure," writes the British secretary at Washington, "that the president and his cabinet regret this decision on the part of the senate. If, after more than eighteen months for consideration, General Jackson, Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Livingston, Mr. Forsyth, and Mr. M'Lean, were all desirous that America should come to the very decision taken by Lord Palmerston, within a month after the rejection of the award, it cannot be well suggested that the proposals of England were unreasonable, or, that her conduct can give any just ground of complaint."*

Negociations were renewed by desire of the senate; and here, as on former occasions, we can see nothing on the face of the diplomatic papers which does not prove the sincere desire of England that the question should be adjusted, and that in a manner the most honourable and satisfactory to the United States. In a state paper of the highest ability, addressed by Lord Palmerston to Sir C. Vaughan in December, 1833, the attention of the American government is called to the fact, that, out of three points at issue, two had been actually decided by the award on the strict basis of the treaty of 1783. Lord Palmerston proposed, as no doubt existed on these points, that they should be adopted by both states; and he proposed further, that on the third question, which was still at issue, measures should be taken to discover a line conformable to the spirit of the treaty, and approaching to the intentions of its framers. This too was unfortunately declined. Had the proposal been accepted, the points of controversy would have been lessened, and the ultimate adjustment of the dispute would have been greatly facilitated. The two points remaining at issue, (for, in fact, the source of the Connecticut may be considered as ascertained,) are, what are the *actual rivers* and the *actual highlands* meant by the treaty. Lord Palmerston made repeated attempts to establish definitions between the two countries which would have led to a solution of the dispute; but here, again, he was unable to secure the consent of the government of Washington.

We have not entered into this long detail without a strong sense of its importance. The language most unwisely used in some American public documents has been so violent, that we wish, by a reference to a few simple and undeniable facts, to prove to our American friends, as well as to our British readers, that there has been manifested, throughout the whole of Lord Palmerston's negociations, the most earnest desire to avoid all pretensions that could justly be objected to, or that could rouse any false feelings of national pride. Yet the claims of England are designated by the governor of Maine, (April 30, 1837,) "arrogant, extravagant, and baseless." It is asked, in the same document, "how long the people of Maine are to be trampled down by a foreign people." The conduct of this country is described, in another letter to the secretary of state, as "the existing causes of the anxiety of Maine, and of the cupidity of England;" and so late as January, 1840, Governor Fairfield announces, in his message to the state legislature, that "the pretence of claim set up by Great Britain to the disputed territory is palpably unfounded and unjust." We cannot but hope that, to any person who will attentively consider the official correspondence, it will appear that these unmeasured reproaches are something more than exaggerations; and that the merchants of New York, the citizens of Virginia and of the southern states, will feel some degree of mistrust, when the cause of the border state is pleaded with such intemperate violence.

The uncertainty in which this question is left, has led

* Sir R. Vaughan's Desp. April 20, 1831.
† Parliamentary Papers, 1838, [p. 2, 3.]
‡ Lord Palmerston's Despatch, October 14, 1831.
§ Parliamentary Papers, 1838, (Vol. 39, p. 8.)
‖ Despatch from C. Bankhead, Esq., 13th July, 1832.

* Despatch from C. Bankhead, Esq., 28th July, 1832.

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to the most formidable dangers. The two governments, of Washington and London, have to the utmost endeavoured to enforce such a neutrality within the disputed territory as might avert collision. But this has been scarcely possible. We shall not drag our readers through the events of the last four or five years; it is sufficient to say that there have been alternate charges of intrusion and of aggression made by Maine and by New Brunswick. Attempts have been made to exercise jurisdiction and to claim authority; public officers have endeavoured to take a census, and have been arrested, imprisoned, and set at liberty; and the peace between the two countries has been repeatedly put at hazard by the imprudent acts of a few hot-headed border speculators or enthusiasts. In all these transactions, however, it appears that the central government of America has acted with prudence and with good faith. But it should be remembered that a federal government, with many undeniable advantages, cannot possess the strength or restraining authority of a ministry. "Le plus funeste de tous les vices que je regarde comme inhérent en système fédéral, c'est la faiblesse relative du gouvernement de l'Union." Such are the observations of M. Tocqueville, one of the most enlightened of the modern European travellers in America. His statement never received more striking illustrations than it has done, of late, in the proceedings along the Canadian frontiers, and in the disputed territory between Maine and New Brunswick.

To America, these transactions must read the useful lesson of mistrust with respect to the conduct and pretensions of its border population. Whilst firm in their resolve that the people of Maine should not suffer any wrong, the United States should be equally resolute to prevent them from committing injustice. Above all, the great American community should reject those counsels which may lead to war. A lesson will also be read usefully to England by the same events. They must learn to discriminate between the imprudent acts and unreasonable complaints of a few borderers, and the feelings and the determinations of a great people. *Nequissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero*, is an admission which neither England nor the United States is called upon to make; but each should be prepared to act upon the principle, that any sacrifice which does not compromise national honour and independence should be made, in order to avert that worst of all calamities to England, to America, and to the civilised world—a contest between two kindred nations. If American cities along the coasts were attacked by our fleets; if Canadian insurgents were aided by border sympathisers; if the formidable danger which results from a slave population of two millions were hurried to a crisis; if the trade of both countries were forcibly interrupted—it would be but a slight compensation, and it would be no excuse, to either party, if the result were to secure the possession of a given number of square miles, north or south of the river St. John, and the establishment of the line of boundary contended for by one or other of the disputants. But we go further; for we much doubt whether the value of the state of Maine, or the province of New Brunswick, would be to either country an equivalent for the jealousy and the hatred, as well as the destruction of property and the check to all improvement, which must be the result of war.

If this calamity has, as yet, been fortunately averted, we cannot help thinking that much is owing to the good sense and discretion manifested by the governor of New Brunswick, and the general commanding the troops of the United States. Nothing can be more gratifying than the good feeling manifested on both sides in this military correspondence, which contrasts most favourably with the more polemical tone of the documents proceeding from too many of the civil authorities. Very just and impressive are the observations of the Marquis of Normanby in his despatch to Sir John Harvey, of May 16, 1839:—"The correspondence between you and the secretary of state is honourable alike to you and to him. It is gratifying to observe that the feelings of personal esteem which were established between General Scott and yourself, when formerly opposed to each other in the field, should, after the lapse of so many years, have enabled you both to concur in averting from your respective countries all the horrors of war."

The peace of the American continent should, however, rest on a firmer foundation than the personal character of any two men, however discreet and generous. The president, in his message of 1837, stated "that time has brought about a condition of affairs, in which the true interests of both countries imperatively require that the question shall be set at rest." This is still more true in 1840 than it was at the date of this message. That the territory in dispute can be of no real importance to Maine in a political point of view, is evident from the readiness manifested in 1832 to make the cession to the general government, on obtaining a pecuniary indemnity. To England, it is not for 10,000 square miles of territory that the controversy is maintained, but to secure freedom of intercourse between Fredericton and Quebec. This is a national object to us; it is a most important object to America also; for if the adjustment is not made, there can be no doubt but that future causes of dissension must arise.

The proceedings now to be taken, ought to be final; and if it be requisite, congress and the legislature of Maine should unite to give the central government full authority to negociate and to conclude. Some expectation of this kind was held out so long back as in Mr. Livingston's letter of the 21st July, 1832, when he stated that the "means might probably be found of avoiding the constitutional difficulty; a negociation for that purpose being opened between the United States and Maine." If it be possible to trace the treaty line, this difficulty is surmounted; for the boundary of the treaty cannot involve the cession of any portion of the territory of Maine, and the consent of that state will not be requisite. We earnestly trust and believe, notwithstanding all discouragements, that this treaty line may be found. Lord Palmerston has employed two most able and scientific men, Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Mr. Mudge, to survey and examine the state of the disputed territory. They are prepared to demonstrate that a line of highlands does exist, agreeing with the language of the treaty of Paris; and that there does not exist, within the disputed territory, any other line of highlands complying with these conditions. Their report will negative most conclusively the American line; as it is demonstrable to be physically impossible to connect that line with the northwesternmost head of the Connecticut. If these facts be as stated, (and the characters of the commissioners employed make us place every confidence in their opinion,) all that remains to be done is, that their evidence, together with any which may be offered in refutation of it, should be submitted to some impartial tribunal, by whose decision all parties should be pledged irrevocably to abide. That this course will lead to a final adjustment of the dispute, we are sufficiently sanguine to expect; but of one thing we are confident, that if either of the contending powers were to force a

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war, for a cause, compared with which the *Secchia Rapita* itself would appear a justifying ground of hostilities, the crime of such a proceeding would not be greater than its absurdity;—it would excite not only the condemnation but the ridicule of all the lovers of peace and freedom upon earth.

We have been induced to dwell at considerable length upon this subject. We hope that we have not only succeeded in making it intelligible to our readers, but that we have shown that the British minister has acted with prudence and discretion: and that no effort has been omitted, on his part, that would have brought to a termination a dispute trivial in itself, but which, if permitted to remain longer unsettled, may lead to the most formidable calamities.

We fear we may have outrun the patience of our readers; but they will excuse us when they consider the variety as well as the importance of the subjects we have undertaken to discuss. Many subjects remain to which we should gladly have called their attention. For instance, we should have wished to make some observations on the affairs of the East. Some modern travellers have returned from Egypt, filled with the most romantic notions of the truth, honour, justice, and humanity of Mohammed Ali. They tell us of his great "moral influence"*—they speak of his wonderful power over the "sympathies of the population"—of the "love of improvement, and desire to introduce the arts and knowledge of civilized Europe," which have gained for him the respect of all enlightened people. We cannot but consider all this as somewhat enthusiastic, and as partaking rather more of the fervour of an antiquary in describing a newly discovered curiosity, than the calm impartiality of a philosophic observer. Mohammed Ali is undoubtedly a very surprising man; but we should as soon call him a Christian, as a philosopher or a philanthropist. His empire depends upon some stronger protection than "sympathy and moral influence." But it must suffice us for the present to say, that when we look back at the difficulties in Belgium which Lord Palmerston has overcome, we feel a confident expectation that equal success will attend our diplomacy in the Levant.

It would have amused also to have devoted a paragraph to the episode of the "sulphur monolopy," respecting which Lord Lyndhurst seems to have adopted, alternately, the arguments for war and peace of Milton's "Moloch and Belial,"—names which naturally connect themselves with the brimstone question. Our relations with China might also have required some notice; but we do not touch upon that subject for sundry reasons; among which not the least important, is the recollection of the "heavy blow and great discouragement" inflicted by the Duke of Wellington on Sir James Graham and the conservatives in the house of commons—a blow which leaves nothing to be achieved by other and weaker arms.

The attacks on Lord Palmerston respecting Buenos Ayres, are but the repetition of similar charges made last year on the subject of Vera Cruz. In that case, our interposition not only put an end to all just causes of complaint, but proved the weight justly due to our mediation, and became an additional tie between us and the government of France.

We now close our review of the state of our foreign affairs, and of the policy of the government. We do not pretend to possess information or authority beyond what the official documents presented to parliament place at the command of the whole public. But, from that evidence we think we are entitled to say, that Lord Palmerston has had to contend with difficulties of the greatest magnitude abroad; that these difficulties have been increased and multiplied, by the conduct of a most unscrupulous opposition at home; that his policy has, nevertheless, succeeded in Belgium, succeeded in the Peninsula; that peace has been preserved; that the mediation of England has been accepted and employed for the benefit of our allies, and of the world; that commercial treaties of no ordinary importance have been concluded; and that a foundation for the settlement of the "Boundary Question" has been laid. Great and vigorous measures have been adopted for the annihilation of the slave trade;—and when energetic efforts were required for the protection of our eastern empire, the military resources of the country were put forth on a scale, and with a promptitude unsurpassed in our national history. We have endeavoured to avoid all misstatements or exaggerations; and while we do not flatter ourselves that we can gain tory converts on behalf of principles of foreign policy which have greatly advanced the cause of constitutional freedom throughout the world, we await with confidence the favourable judgment which we are convinced will be pronounced by that large and important class, throughout the world, who are the lovers of liberty, but no less the lovers of order.

* T[illegible]s letters on the Policy of England towards the Mohammed Ali. London, 1840, pp. 4, 5, 7.

From the Examiner.

Washington. By Monsieur Guizot, Member of the Institute, Ambassador of France. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. London. Murray, 1840.

Thoroughly conversant as most of our readers must be with the history of Washington and his times, and little as it will be needed that we should enter into a systematic review of facts and principles with which they are already so familiar, there are yet many things in this work not unworthy of a revived attention. It contains nothing very new to us of "the old country," but there is a peculiar interest in observing the form which our own impressions often take on this subject when seen through a continental medium.

Perhaps the greatest novelty in the book is the comparison between Washington and the Duke of Wellington, propounded by the accomplished translator. Speaking of the original collection of Washington's writings, to which the present volume is an introductory essay prefixed by M. Guizot to the French translation, the translator says—

"Like the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, it exhibits the life of the writer in its actual course; it enshrines the occurrences, purposes, and doubts of the hour, in a monument of imperishable duration; and it sets in the full light of truth one other character, perhaps the only other in modern history, which never sought or needed to cast a shadow of obscurity over any incident of a long and arduous career."

This is rather high praise, and may not find so universal a sympathy in France, if elsewhere, as Mr. Reeve would have us imagine. In his next wish and anticipation we most cordially coincide.

"Happy the time we live in, if we can discard the tradition of former dissensions, in spite of actual differ-

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ences of opinion, and record the past disputes of England and her colonies—of England and her ancient rival,—not in the spirit of perpetuated discord, but in that of united admiration for the high minds and honest actions which have made even such dissensions glorious to human nature, and useful to mankind."

The following remarks on George III, and the consequences of that line of conduct in which he persisted, with the strength as with the closed eyes of a bull, goaded on by his own passions and obstinacy, are worthy of serious consideration.

"George III, indeed, his honour compromised and his passions excited, supported and even stimulated his ministers and the parliament in the struggle. In vain were fresh petitions laid at the foot of the throne, still loyal and respectful, without being hypocritical; in vain was his name still retained in the prescribed services of the church, and the blessing of Heaven invoked upon his head. He took no reckoning of the prayers which were addressed to himself, or of those which rose for him to Heaven; and the war was carried on by his orders, carried on ill, without a powerful or well-combined effort, but with that hard and haughty obstinacy which obliterates affection as well as hope.

"The day was evidently come when sovereignty forfeits its right to allegiance, and when the right of self-defence by force devolves upon a people, who find no security in the existing government, and have no resource from its oppression—that day of dread and doubt, which no human wisdom can foresee, no human constitution regulate, but which nevertheless will sometimes rise, marked by the hand of providential power. If the great trial which is then commenced were absolutely prohibited—if, from the hidden point on which it rests, this great social right did not hang over the heads even of those powers by which its existence is most denied, mankind would long since have fallen beneath the yoke, deprived of all dignity and all happiness."

* * * * * *

"Weakness of conduct is but the consequence of weakness of conviction; for the strongest of all the springs of human action is human belief. No sooner was the contest begun than Washington was convinced that the cause of his country was that of justice, and that to so just a cause, in a country already so great, success could not be wanting. To win the independence of the United States by arms nine years were required; to establish the government by his policy, ten more. Obstacles, reverses, animosities, treachery, mistakes, public apathy, and private annoyances beset, as they must ever do, the steps of Washington during this long career. Not for one moment were his faith and hope shaken."

All this is no doubt true of Washington. We shall, however, offer it as a passing remark that the abstract philosophy of M. Guizot is not always on the soundest and most comprehensive foundations. When he says that "weakness of conduct is but the consequence of weakness of conviction," he forgets that all the conviction in the world will not absolutely ensure a corresponding conduct in one of weak character. In these practical times we are not content to rest upon the old axiom that "knowledge is power," for it may be merely a passive power valuable only in the active speculations of the individual mind. It requires strength of character to render knowledge a practical power. This is proved by the history of all great men, and among these we shall certainly place Washington.

The mode of warfare adopted by Washington, which subjected him to so much animosity in America, is worthy of notice.

"He knew, moreover, a loftier and more difficult art than that of making war—he knew how to control it. War was never to him any thing but a means, constantly subordinate to his general and definitive object—success to the cause, independence to the country.

"It is not difficult for me to perceive that if we enter into a serious contest with France, the character of the war would differ materially from the last we were engaged in. In the latter, time, caution, and worrying the enemy until we could be better provided with arms and other means, and had better disciplined troops to carry it on, was the plan for us. But if we should be engaged with the former, they ought to be attacked at every step, and if possible not suffered to make an establishment in the country, acquiring thereby strength from the disaffected and the slaves, whom I have no doubt they will arm, and for that purpose commence their operations south of the Potomac.

"This system of active aggressive warfare, which at the age of sixty-six he proposed to adopt, was one which, twenty-two years earlier, when he was in the prime of life, neither the advice of some generals, his friends—nor the calumnies of others, his rivals—nor the complaints of those states which were devastated by the enemy—nor the clamour of the people—nor the desire of glory—nor even the remonstrances of congress, could induce him to pursue."

This system proved to be right, and nothing can better attest the strength of Washington's character than the imperturbable continuity with which he carried it out. It reminds us of the conduct of Barclay de Tolly, the general-in-chief of the Russians, who persisted in a regular plan of retreats to draw Napoleon into the heart of Russia, so that his armies might be worn out and conquered without the Russians risking a battle, the consequences of which would have been disastrous. And this system Barclay carried out amidst the rage and execration of his army and the whole population of the country. Of a like strength was the obdurate will of Washington. It rendered him precisely the man most needed for the occasion; but this very fact has led to various speculations concerning him, tending to show that he possessed proportionate deficiencies of capacity. A celebrated wit and essayist of our own day has occasionally been heard to declare himself so unpleasantly impressed with the idea of Washington's imperturbable, grave, and mechanical inveteracy of purpose, that he has never been able to disassociate him from a wooden effigy, or one of those flat, hard-outlined things in a cocked hat on a sign-board, which being set up on a particular post, would either remain stationary, or swing to and fro, as long as its materials held together. This humorous version of such a character is not without a foundation in human nature; but we should never deny the actual amount of strength and virtue of a man merely from his want of versatility of powers. If the mind of Washington was wound up to a certain high pitch, and he could only act according to his foregoing conclusions, or that, like a clock, he felt bound to strike at certain pre-determined hours, and only then, whatever might occur in the interim, we can only say, that he most thoroughly fulfilled the good that was in him, and that this good was the especial thing needed by his country at that time. We agree with M. Guizot, that when he had done his utmost, "he was right in retiring from the government."

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Nor can the memory of a great man be stained by the traces of deficiencies or erroneous views, forming a part of his natural character, and still less can it be flawed by the malevolence of envy, or the prejudices of those who delight in prolonging party animosity. The stones they cast upon him in his grave will only produce the splenetic flashes of their own vain endeavour, while his good name burns on with steady light through progressive generations in the hearts of those who justly appreciate the real amount of good he accomplished.

"When the close of his second presidency was at hand, in all parts of the Union, even in those where the opposition seemed to predominate, a multitude of voices were raised to entreat him to accept for a third time the supreme power by the suffrage of his fellow-citizens. But his resolution was fixed: he did not so much as allow it to be canvassed. Even yet, after the lapse of more than forty years, a theme of popular reminiscence, almost of popular emotion, remains in that memorable farewell address, in which, when he retired into the ranks of the community he had governed, he shed over it the last rays of his long wisdom."

This circumstance of retiring into the ranks is one of the things which puzzles us in our attempt to discover the comparison with Wellington, who is the duke, the baron, the prince, the grandee, and the Lord knows what beside. Not that we object to these rewards for actual service, but simply to "the comparison."

"Washington was right in retiring from the government. He had entered upon it at one of those periods, at once arduous and auspicious, when nations summon up whatever wisdom and virtue they may possess to surmount the perils by which they are encompassed. He was admirably fitted for such a crisis. He shared in the opinions and feelings of his time, but he held to them neither fanatically nor servilely. The institutions, the interests, and the manners of by-gone times inspired him with no hatred and no regret. His thoughts and his ambition plunged not headlong into futurity. The state of the community in which he lived harmonized with his tastes and with his convictions. He trusted in its principles and in its destinies, but his trust was enlightened and tempered by an unerring sense of the eternal principles of social order.

"He did the two greatest things which, in politics, it is permitted to man to attempt. He maintained by peace the independence of his country, which he had conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order, and by re-establishing their sway."

The translation is very felicitous; well combining precision with lucid ease, worthy of the admirable translator of De Tocqueville, independent of the fact that M. Guizot has himself given the finishing touch to the revision of the pages.

From the Spectator.

A RIDE ON MACERONI'S STEAM-COACH.

Hearing that Colonel Maceroni's "improved boiler" had got the steam up, and that under the auspices of a company of shareholders, the new carriage was going ahead at a greater rate than the old one—which, it will be remembered by the readers of the colonel's amusing autobiography, some kind friend borrowed to travel on the continent, and never returned,—in short, that it had mastered Shooter's Hill, as its forerunner did the hills of Harrow and Stanmore,—we expressed a desire to have a ride in the new locomotive, with a view to report progress. Nothing more easy; any morning *before four o'clock* the steam-coach should take us up at Greenwich. This was a condition we were not quite prepared for; but it was indispensable; for the carriage being in an unfinished state during these experimental trips, its strange, uncouth appearance rather startled the horses. Not liking to back out, it only remained to choose between sitting up till four or rising at that early hour; and, being mindful of good old Sir Matthew Hale's advice to his son, "Sometimes be curious to see the preparation the sun maketh in coming out of his chamber," we preferred the early rising; a cool head being desirable to time the performance accurately. An evening excursion to Greenwich, when there was room on the deck of the boat to move about, and the little town, all hospital and tavern, was beginning to cool after getting rid of the crowd of cocknies, was not unpleasant. Having secured the services of that invaluable functionary, all the world's "own man"—who sleeps, if he ever does sleep, with one eye on the clock—the morning-star of the traveller, the constellation "Bootes"—we sipped *one* glass and then to bed. The monitory rap of Boots had not ceased when the chimes of Greenwich church affirmed his punctuality: the sun had thrown off his cloudy nightcap, and his golden tresses, somewhat dishevelled, were floating in the morning air; but, certes, the preparation that the god maketh in "coming out of his chamber," is by no means so splendid as that which ordinarily attends his going into it—at least it was not on this occasion. But your regular "Peep-o'day-boys" are better able to speak to this point.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaimed it a hunting morning:"

instead, however, of getting into the saddle to ride to cover, we were to mount a horse of another kind of mettle. Not long had we to endure the scrutinous gaze of the policeman, who, seeing one emerge from a tavern at four in the morning, and no coach or steam-boat preparing to start, naturally looked for some unsteadiness of gait or Waterfordism of conduct. At the appointed time, a huge dusky mass loomed in the distance; and we thought how the silent town would be startled from its slumbers by its rattling thunder: but not a sound was heard above the low rumble of wheels, less noisy than an ordinary omnibus: the immense machine, elephantine in size and sagacity, and in hue also, turned the corner, and stopped short as quietly as the most accustomed vehicle. What was there to fear? Neither steam, smoke, nor fire, except the lighted cigars of the helmsman and engineer, was visible: on we sped, gliding over the ground at a rapid rate, and threading the intricacies of the narrow streets that lead to the main road: nothing could be more smooth, pleasant, and convenient—only the seats were not cushioned. Blackheath Hill was surmounted in gallant style: a stiff trial for a machine upwards of five tons weight including its freight of water and fuel. But Shooter's Hill was the triumph; and that we could not witness, for then the pumps were all

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locked: perhaps because the thirsty leviathan had swallowed so much water on its first ascent—for its stomach requires some dozen buckets-full to keep up the evaporation. On the Eltham road the pump-handles were not all fettered, but there was some coquetting with the water-carts; and the great barn-looking hall of the old palace being visible among the trees, it was agreed to make for the town. The wonder, which had hitherto only elicited a stare from a stupid wagoner, was now the object of attraction to a motley crowd of old wives, servant-girls, farming-men, and early tradespeople, among whom the white caps and faces of the bakers were conspicuous. Some wondered, others sneered, many laughed, a few pryed and looked knowing about what they could not understand, and one or two ostlers cut stable-jokes; but altogether the Elthamites seemed in a very thorough state of puzzlement, except one jolly old fellow with a merry eye, who evidently enjoyed the novelty. There being plenty of water at Footscray, we had no need to look out for ponds or inquire for wells; and there was better opportunity to time the rate of speed. On the hard level road, without slackening, a mile was done in three minutes; where there were any obstacles, four minutes was the average; and in mounting an ascent, the mile took five minutes. Thus, twenty miles an hour was the maximum, and twelve the minimum ratio. At Footscray a similar scene of wonderment was enacted; and along the road windows were thrown up, doors opened, and men and maids flocked to the road-side to gaze at the strange sight: the very turnpike men threw open their gates to let us pass without demanding toll—though they looked "unutterable things."

The horses were equally astonished at the approach of the unwieldy monster travelling without their aid; but only those that met it coming towards them: it passed such as it overtook without their being aware; the sight, not the sound, startled their senses—and certainly not without reason: a little paint would make all the difference, and should forthwith be applied. The machine is unnecessarily ponderous; but the boiler having proved to possess far greater force than was anticipated, much smaller engines will suffice, and the weight of fuel and machinery will be materially diminished—one third probably. The boiler is only four feet square, yet it has a fifty-horse power, which is much more than even the present carriage requires to propel it: hence a great waste of steam, which, "blowing off," makes a great noise and smother, that is disagreeable, and might be dangerous in a crowded thoroughfare. We stated these defects to Mr. Beale, the engineer; who said that he had contrived a simple apparatus for remedying both—observing that every trip suggested some little improvement.

On returning, we struck off into the road skirting Blackheath, along the wall of Greenwich Park: this road was under repair; and the ease with which the coach ran over the loose Macadamised granite, and the quagmires not yet filled up, tested the power of the engine most satisfactorily. The steep descent of Maize Hill was also accomplished safely; and the road being in a loose sandy condition, yielding considerably to the pressure of the broad wheels, our adventurous engineer must needs make trial of the ascent; though the steam had been let off preparatory to passing through the town. The troublesome task of turning the coach short round on a slope being accomplished, we breasted the ascent gallantly; but, at a soft hollow midway up the steep part of the hill, the machine came to stand-still. "Halloo, what's the matter there?" sung out our engineer: "The clutch is broke," was the reply: "Broke! why what is it made of?"—"Cast-iron." "*Cast*-iron!"—there are no signs by which contempt can be expressed to give effect to the tone of this exclamation—"couldn't ye have made it of glass, while ye were about it? Have one of *wrought*-iron made to-day." Then turning to us, he continued—"And we'll conquer this hill to-morrow." No doubt, Mr. Beale has kept his word. We felt for him as with good-humoured philosophy he tried to conceal his mortification. Giving the word to "reverse her!"—steam-engines, it seems, are of the fair sex—we progressed backwards down the hill, amidst the gaze of peopled windows and the crowd on the foot-way. This accident damped the morning's pleasure; but our engineer seemed only the more resolute; and we expect to hear that he has been running up all manner of hills every day since. This said "clutch," we should observe, is one of the two that set the hind-wheels in motion; only one is ordinarily used, but on an emergency both are applied.

While at breakfast, Mr. Beale satisfied us on one point of vital importance—namely, the safety of the boiler. Maceroni's is a tubular boiler, as are most of the other road-locomotives; all being in this respect modifications of Gurney's, and so far equally safe. Should several tubes give way at once—an almost impossible contingency—there could be no explosion; for no tube contains so much steam as would expand with dangerous violence: its force would be exhausted in opening the tube. The objection to tubular boilers generally, Mr. Beale informed us, was that they were apt to "fur," or accumulate crust inside, and also to "prime,"—that is, the water, by getting mixed with the steam, impeded the action of the engine, and at last stopped it altogether. Both these defects Mr. Beale has got rid of, by a process peculiar to himself.

The result of our observations is, that the "Common Road Steam Conveyance Company," who are working Maceroni's carriage under the guidance of Mr. Alexander Gordon, their consulting engineer—whose high opinion of the colonel's "improved boiler" has been amply borne out by its performance—will soon be in a condition to serve any road, at a certain mileage, as they propose, with carriages that will not startle the most skittish horses.

From the Spectator.

WILKEY'S WANDERINGS IN GERMANY.

Mr. Wilkey is lucky enough to be able to pass his summers in a tour; and the events and observations of the day he is in the habit of writing down at night. In 1837 he travelled through Germany as far as Pressburg in Hungary—starting from Hamburg, passing through Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Prague, and Vienna, and returning by the Rhine: the result of what he saw, thought, and did, on this occasion, he has published in a goodly octavo.

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It required peculiar ability, or a professional knowledge of some kind, to impart much of value or novelty to a tour over so well frequented a route; and Mr. Wilkey's eminence in either way is not conspicuous. Neither were his acquirements or his mode of travel of a nature to enable him to extract the largest amount of profit from the scenes through which he passed. He had small acquaintance with German—getting on by means of a conversation book, where French was not spoken; and so little was he able to follow a speaker, that he rarely visited the theatre, because he could not understand the play. He travelled for the most part by public conveyances, and often by night. Hence his "wanderings" were along the high roads; and not only did the remoter old-fashioned places and people escape him, but many sights: for example, after leaving Dresden in the eilwagen, "we saw," says he, "the summits of a few of the eminences of that interesting district called the 'Saxon Switzerland,' but our route" lay another way. Sometimes, however, he did not see any thing.

"We entered Toplitz," he writes, "as the shades of evening were closing over it. We left Toplitz, (after supper) with three pretty long-tailed grays harnessed abreast, and attached to the vehicle as usual with traces of small rope. It was now dark, and I saw nothing of the agreeable environs of the town, except the small portion illuminated by the lamps in the street and the lights in the places of refreshment, where people were laudably occupied in eating their suppers.

"I can say nothing of the country we passed through, except that it was hilly for some distance, and that it was deluged this evening with pitiless torrents of rain."

And this is by no means the only occasion when the darkness prevented him from seeing the country.

Yet the book is readable, and not without amusement; for Mr. Wilkey, though superficial enough, is fluent and unaffected. He is also a character in his way—a modern Englishman, a successor of the old "John Bull," with the average ideas and acquirements of his class; and his volume reflects the impressions which foreign scenes and manners make upon this description of mind, except that Mr. Wilkey's annual summer tours may have enlarged his intellects and smoothed down his prejudices. A few extracts, however, from the better parts of the book, will convey a clearer idea of the manner and matter of Mr. Wilkey than descriptive criticism.

"SUNDAY AT VIENNA.

"Soon after twelve, I reached the promenade on the glacis; which was thronged with a gay multitude, chattering almost every language of Europe—a multitude engrossed with the fleeting enjoyments of the present hour, of the past and of the future alike unmindful. The band was playing merrily, and the seats around were occupied by listeners; differing in lineament, in manners, and in dress, as in nation and in tongue. I could not help contrasting all this with the quiet aspect English towns usually present on Sundays, and with the comparatively unmixed character of their population. In the afternoon, however, I witnessed a scene still less sabbath-like, and still more variegated. About five I walked to the Prater, which may be described as a kind of Champs Elysées, and answers to the Thiergarten at Berlin. I was surprised to see so few carriages on the drive; but on quitting the roadway, and bending my steps across the green sward, I found no want of life and fun. At the places of refreshment and recreation, the people—emphatically the people—of Vienna were assembled, amusing themselves in every variety of manner: some were swinging, on two or three different plans; others, men, women, and children, were whizzing round in a roundabout, seated in little carriages, on hobby-horses, stags, and cameleopards: in some places were buffoons, jugglers, and singers; in others loud bands of music; and still further were those histrionic performers so well known to all Europe—Punch and Judy—surrounded by a crowd of admiring spectators. At one exhibition of this sort two of the little figures were playing a variety of tricks with a rabbit, which they put into a little coffin, and closed up; they then took it out, and placed it in a swing, when one little fellow stood on either side, and swung it backwards and forwards with all the precision of little men. There were other things, 'too numerous to mention,' equally amusing and ridiculous. Amongst the multitude I observed a few bearded Orientals, surveying the scene in silent and subdued astonishment, and smoking the pipe of satisfaction.

"Whilst speaking of the mode of spending Sunday at Vienna, I should say, that although, after the conclusion of mass at mid-day, most of the citizens seem to devote their whole souls to amusement and recreation at the numerous places of diversion in the neighbourhood and at the theatres, yet the shops remain closed, and the streets, unlike those of Paris on Sunday, have almost as sabbath-like an aspect as those of London on the same day."

"THE SWAN AT PRESSBURG.

"Is by no means the first inn in the place, but it was the one to which we were recommended by the captain, and had the advantage of being situated near the river. It has a table d'hote at one o'clock, and at eight in the evening. The charge for a meal at either hour (including a considerable variety of dishes and a *seitel* of wine) was about sevenpence, a price which is low even for Pressburg—too low, I am told, to pay the provider. It is a new speculation, and time will show how it succeeds. The dining-room is arched like a bomb-proof; and, although it is small, about thirty persons, (ladies and gentlemen) manage to dine and sup in it every day. Some pick their teeth with their forks and the points of their knives; others, of the ungentle sex, to keep themselves cool during the heating and all-important business of manducation, pull off their coats; and all—jovial souls that they are!—talk and laugh as if unhappiness and ennui were feelings they had never experienced. Most of the men wear mustachios; one of the waiters amongst the rest."

"'CLASSICAL' AMPHITHEATRE AT PRESSBURG.

"In the evening, for the first time in my life, I witnessed a theatrical performance in the open air. It was at a place styled the 'Arena,' situated in the promenade across the river; and the performance was a comic one—amusing enough to me, but much more so to those who understood the whole of the dialogue. This arena certainly cannot boast either

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the grandeur or extent of the Coliseum at Rome, nor can it even vie with the Plaza de Toros at Madrid; but it is commodiously arranged with pit, boxes, and gallery, all open to the blue concave of the sky. Much of the scenery consisted of artificial trees, and sometimes the real ones of the promenade were brought into use. The whole edifice is surrounded by lofty trees, which rise far above the highest row of spectators. The arena is the summer theatre of Pressburg, and is the only one open during this season of the year. In the winter it is not used, and the town theatre then takes its place. There is an advantage (if indeed it be so) that the arena possesses over an in-doors theatre, which I should not omit to mention—that of affording an opportunity to smoke. Nearly all the gentlemen are supplied with pipes or cigars, and the ladies sit and inhale the 'curling clouds or incense.' The price of admittance is very moderate, being only eightpence to the first division of the parterre, fivepence to the second, and to the other places in proportion."

"GERMANIC TITLES.

"Speaking of poor noblemen, the captain of the Arpad steamer told me he had a sailor amongst his crew who had that highly-prized monosyllable 'von' prefixed to his name, in token of his aristocratic birth. An English *gentleman*, or even *tradesman*, nay, even a *mechanic*, has little cause to envy many of these men of title. To illustrate how much the inhabitants of this part of the world are addicted to the use of high-sounding appellations, I may mention, that the people of my inn at Vienna wrote at the head of my bill, '*für seiner gnaden*,' (or '*for his grace*,') not a little to my amusement."

"CHEAPNESS OF UPPER AUSTRIA.

"In speaking of the country through which I am travelling, I must not omit to mention its cheapness. At Lambach, I supped, breakfasted, dined, supped again, and spent two nights for three shillings and sixpence English! The fare from Lambach to Salzburg, in that slow conveyance the stellwagen, was four shillings and eightpence: a breakfast of coffee on the road cost less than threepence-halfpenny; and my dinner amounted to eightpence, including a handsome fee to the pretty handmaiden—for which, in her simplicity, she thought the hand of the giver deserved a kiss."

FRANCE AND SYRIA.

From the Examiner of 9th August.

[The Examiner is entirely ministerial; but its French correspondent, whose articles we copy, is independent.]

I must own myself staggered, in common with several liberals of my acquaintance, at the new tone assumed by the tory press with regard to the eastern policy of the government. I am not about to question that policy. It must be for the interest of England, where men of such various opinions, and temperament, and views, as the members of the present cabinet where eastern affairs are concerned, could unite at once in a resolve which must necessarily irritate France to enmity, if not to war. But whence comes it that the tory press has at once ceased its fire upon the foreign policy of the government? Is it from the conviction that it is patriotic and just? I am incredulous. Is it that the old hatred of France still survives and rankles? This may be true, but not sufficient. May it not be rather that the tories see in a quarrel with France, and in an alliance with the eastern powers, a policy so akin to their own, that they welcome it as an abdication of whigism? May they not see in it an ebb of that popular tide which bore liberal principles and the lovers of liberal government to office? We consult merely national interests and pride in Syria, and if the French attack us, they are in the wrong. But if there be war, it cannot be a little one, either in sentiment or in operation. A foe's hatred of constitutional France, and an ally's love of absolutist Russia, will come to blend with it, in despite of us; and the people of England, excited as all nations are by war and its contingencies, will lapse into that hatred to the French and to their democratic feeling which the whigs cannot share in. It requires good haters to make fierce and successful war. At least people will think so; and they may imagine in consequence, that the tories are much fitter than the whigs for carrying on a continental war with France. I fear that all this is at the bottom of the Duke of Wellington's 'and Sir Robert Peel's tacit approbation of a policy which sets us in contrariety with France? Should not this give us pause?

There is another reason which operates in the same way. Of all the parties which pretend to govern France, the Louis Philippist is that, certainly, most inclined to keep France within bounds of ambition and in harmony with England. Louis Philippe's throne and that of his children, cannot but be shaken by war. We know this; we know that he feels it; and we calculate, in consequence, that he will do his best, and risk even unpopularity to avoid a war. But by this policy, too, he endangers his throne. Is it fair to push the king of the French into this cruel dilemma, and to place him between the alternate menace of armed Europe on one side, and his restless people on the other. Here is a strong argument for gentleness.

But how separate Louis Philippe from his spirited and somewhat arrogant country? How give up Syria to France, in order not to disturb the repose of Louis Philippe? How submit to French dictation in transmarine affairs, backed by their threat of outnumbering and defying our fleet? And, in fine, how back out of a solemn treaty, which we have signed with the other powers after six months' consideration, and of long warning to France?

A change, however, has come over the state of things in Syria. Ibrahim Pacha has succeeded in allaying the insurrection. How or at what price does not appear very certain; nor does it yet appear whether calm or subjection have been definitely restored; but, at all events, it materially changes the plans of the four powers. A blockade of the coast of Syria becomes ineffective, and the sending of another Turkish expedition idle. The divan at Constantinople refused to treat, and dismissed Mehemet's envoy, solely on the ground that the four powers were to support the Syrian insurrection, and to humble the pacha; but now the four powers must agree upon some new mode of coercion. This is not to be agreed upon in a day. The divan will grow impatient, and the efforts of France and Egypt will be exerted to induce the divan and the sultan to come to an agreement with the pacha against the will of the four powers. It would be all very well for these if they could

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delay, and hold the sword of the quadruple convention over the head of Mehemet Ali; but there is a weak point at Constantinople, where M. Pontois may resume his ascendency, if the Syrian insurrection be really put down. The difficulties then remain of agreeing upon some coercive measures, effective without being violent, and of keeping the screw firm at Constantinople until these measures be resolved and ready. This is no easy task.

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From the Examiner of 16th August.

A free and representative government brings too many great and manifest blessings to need their enumeration, so that the warmest liberal need not fear to pass for a maligner of such form of government in pointing out their defects. One disadvantage, certainly, is the participation of the ill-informed and inflammable mass in intricate questions of foreign policy, of which the people are always for cutting the Gordian knots with the sword. In England we are very exemplary in this respect; we are always ready to admit that government knows far more than any one else on such subjects, and that the wisest way is to trust to government as long and as far as possible, without bringing in the terrible engine of the popular voice to impel or control it. In fact, the English are an old and experienced people in politics. The French are, on the contrary, a people young to freedom, and so proud to possess and to use it, that they must meddle and mix up their national spirit with every thing. The English have left the eastern question to the government. The French people have taken their policy with regard to the east into their own hands, and, without listening to, or taking count of, any contrary arguments or expediency, have driven king, minister, and a chamber into a direct collision with all Europe. It is this that alarms Austria and Prussia. They see an irrational and democratic mass bursting into the domain of diplomacy with the sword, and rudely menacing war at the least contradiction. England has two powers to deal with, whose foreign policy is under not merely the control but the guidance of public opinion—these are France and the United States; and monstrously difficult has it become to deal with them. When the German powers have representative governments, and Italy too, with Spain awakened to its force, we shall have the menace of war every six months, unless the Teutonic good sense prevail over the headlong tendencies of the Celtic Roman race.

M. Thiers is beginning to be much blamed for his premature and needless appeal to the martial spirit of a population, already too much irritated and irascible. If ever there was a question for diplomacy alone to settle, it was this Syrian question. But by appealing to the masses, and trumpeting to arms, Louis Philippe and M. Thiers have abdicated their royal and ministerial lead. They have called the *comitiæ*, and referred the matter from the senate to the people. Such conduct renders it more incumbent on the rest of the European powers not to yield. It has converted a purely eastern question into one of European dignity, security, and independence. It is no longer a question, whether it was right to form a league against Mehemet Ali in the first instance. The point is, whether it would not now be most pernicious to recede. There exists very little difference of opinion as to the latter point.

The French were at first highly pleased with Lord Palmerston's speech, and drew from it the conclusion that he was not only most anxious for their alliance, and ready to make any concessions for it, but that he would at once give up the treaty and throw Austria, Prussia, and Russia overboard, to gratify the good will or appease the resentment of France, without France ceding an iota. On inquiry, however, the French found that this was not the case; that, on the contrary, our foreign secretary saw, in the maintenance and execution of the treaty, no just cause for exciting either the wordy or the warlike resistance of France; and that the four powers had seen no reason for departing from the treaty or waiving the fulfilment of its stipulations. Hence the French ministerial journals have been obliged to correct themselves and each other. And one of them, having sung too loudly the hymn of peace and satisfaction, was called to order and contradicted by a more official organ, the *Moniteur* itself.

The coercive measures contemplated by the treaty of July the 15th consist, it is well known, of the blockade of the coast of Syria, which, in the event of the Syrian insurrection having lasted, would have been quite sufficient to humble the pacha. But even in the event of the Syrian insurrection having subsided, a permanent blockade of the Syrian coast would be sufficient, it is thought, to render Mehemet's hold of the country impossible. The Egyptian army in Syria requires constant supplies from Egypt. Without these it must starve and rot in Syria, or, by advancing into Asia Minor, call for another mode of repression by military force, foreseen by the treaty. Now the blockade is of all things dreaded by the French government. They must either respect it, and by so doing run the risk of being overthrown by public opinion, or they must break it, and by so doing endanger European peace. They are desirous not to be brought to the alternative; yet brought to it they will be, unless some middle term, some compromise, be proposed. France might be got to accept Egypt as hereditary—Syria for life to the pacha. The four powers cannot consent to any such arrangement, for this would be for them to cede all, and France none. Pacific as you all are in England, I do not see the possibility of a compromise; nor do I see the possibility of not blockading; nor do I think it likely that the French will respect the blockade. All countries are driven on by a power that none can resist. I do think that all will succeed in finally avoiding the enormous absurdity of war, but most certainly all will drive very close to the precipice.

The accounts from Syria represent the only resistance to the Egyptians to have been offered by the demi-mountain districts, at no great distance from the sea, and between Beriout and Seide. The Deir El Kammer seems to have been the seat and nucleus of the insurrection, which not having thoroughly stirred, the fine mountain-race was easily put down. A blockade might resuscitate it at once and far more seriously. The envoy of Mehemet Ali had returned from Constantinople. Our next tidings will no doubt bring word how the pacha will receive the summons of the four powers, made by virtue of the treaty of July 15. A Parisian periodical, not ill-informed, declares the pacha will be advised to make counter-propositions.

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From the Examiner of 23d August.

The French government has published an account of the negociations which have taken place within the last

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year on the eastern question, drawn up, it is said, by the pen of M. Mignet. Nothing can be more temperate or more clear, and if it is one-sided, this is done more by omission than by misrepresentation. Thus it passes over the important commencement of the negociation, when France joined the other powers in forbidding the porte to cede to Mehemet Ali, or treat directly with him, the five powers taking it upon them to procure the sultan better terms. Omitting this altogether, it commences after the period when France turned round, recalled Admiral Roussin, and sent another envoy, M. de Pontois, with contrary instructions—viz., to withdraw from all conference, have no connection with the envoys of the other powers, and to labour to bring about a direct accommodation between the sultan and the pacha, on such terms as the latter would be likely to cede, in order merely to conciliate the sultan. This attempt on the part of France went to erase altogether the wishes and the influence of both Russia and England in the question. It was completely setting them aside, and consequently gave rise to a considerable degree of umbrage both in London and at St. Petersburg. So much was this the case, that M. Guizot, French envoy in London, warned M. Thiers, that if he persisted in hastening an immediate arrangement between the sultan and pacha, by means of intrigues in the divan, and setting aside England and Russia, England and Russia would be forced to retaliate and set France aside. M. Thiers took no note of M. Guizot's advice, and what the latter had foretold actually happened.

There is not one word of all this in M. Mignet's narrative. He begins by saying, truly enough, that England offered, on the part of the sultan, to the pacha, the hereditary possession of Egypt, and the possession for life of the southern portion of Syria bounded by Mount Carmel and the Dead Sea. Marshal Soult refused, and the English government afterwards offered to include Acre, which is outside Mount Carmel, as a frontier fortress for Mehemet. M. Thiers, who had succeeded Marshal Soult, would not hear of this; for Mehemet insisted on keeping the line of the Taurus, and not only Syria, but a province of Asia Minor, the old Cilicia, which he pleased to call "the key of his house." Mehemet's keeping the line of the Taurus implied that he was to be master of all Arabia and the course of the Euphrates, as well as of the holy cities, which M. Mignet allows to be the source of "the great moral influence in the east." In other words, by this arrangement Mehemet Ali became caliph, and the sultan a mere emir. The latter, deprived of all natural sources of strength, must henceforth be dependent on Russia, its nearest neighbour, whilst the new caliph, with his new eastern empire, extending from the Persian Gulf to the mouth of the Archipelago—for he was also to keep Candia, "the queen of the Mediterranean,"—was elevated, under the immediate patronage of France, into an oriental, a territorial, and maritime rival of Great Britain; a rival, too, happily posted to intercept all communication between the two extremities of the British empire.

Could any state of things be more menacing or more embarrassing to a British minister? And how to negociate? France and Egypt affected to be independent of each other. M. Mignet says, "France made no proposal whatever." True enough: and when any proposition was made to her, for instance, that of limiting Mehemet to South Syria, the French government declared that it had no objection, provided Mehemet Ali was satisfied, and provided coercive measures were not required. All that France could do was to ask Mehemet's opinion and offer him advice. There was consequently little use in negociating with France. On the other hand, Mehemet Ali was assured, that, whatever he insisted on, France would at least oppose his being coerced; consequently his best plan was to yield nothing. Thus the English negociator was pitched like a shuttlecock from France to Egypt and from Egypt to France. France declaring that she would yield nothing that the pacha did not consent to yield, and the pacha declaring that he would yield nothing at all because France would not let her be coerced.

Through all this juggle it was impossible not to see that there remained for England but two alternatives. These were, either to yield every thing to France and Egypt (for to yield the line of the Taurus is to yield every thing), or to come to an agreement with the other powers of Europe, and to decide the question fairly with those who remained friends to the sultan, leaving France in the position which it had taken, that of being the uncompromising ally of Egypt. The latter plan was adopted. But France had fair warning. She knew of the first propositions of M. Brunow. She was told that they were far from being rejected, although all decision respecting them was suspended from the month of March to the month of June. M. Thiers, however, made no effort to come to a compromise. M. Bulow and the Austrian envoy had indeed some idle talk with M. Guizot, which led the latter to suppose, he says, that were France and the pacha to agree to accept Egypt hereditarily and Syria for life, Austria and Prussia would force Lord Palmerston to accept their terms. It is plain that General Bulow and Prince Esterhazy were merely sounding, after the fashion of diplomacy, what were the real instructions of M. Guizot and the *ultimatum* of France; and that M. Guizot allowed himself to be deceived by casual remarks, made merely for the purpose of drawing out the French envoy. The French plead that they were led to expect these proposals. If so, they were certainly never led to expect them by Lord Palmerston as a British minister; for never was statesman more resolute in his opinion, or more frank in declaring it, than our foreign minister on this occasion. M. Guizot complains, moreover, that the treaty was not signified to him for two days after its signature. This is to be regretted, for most certainly no profit and great disadvantage can accrue from a want of courtesy to such a country as France. Nor does there seem to have been any object in the delay of communicating the treaty, since it was not ratified for some time after, and seemed destined to receive no part of its execution till after ratification.

The past, however, is not what is most important to consider in this business. Whichever country, France or England, really desires to have an open quarrel, there is cause and pretext enough. There has been a deviation from the alliance on both sides; and the true reason is, that the interests of the countries are diametrically opposite. France feels herself oppressed by the superior maritime force of Great Britain, and she is making a bold effort to be mistress of the whole south and east coast of the Mediterranean, from Ceuta to where the Taurus dips into the sea. She may talk of Mehemet being independent, of his making part and parcel of the Ottoman empire, and supporting its integrity; but this is all nonsense, and she knows it. The new joint empire of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, exists by French support, and cannot refuse a French command. And this empire stands astride the Red Sea and the Euphrates, now the

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only modes of communication with the east. M. Lamartine said in January last, in the debate of the French chamber, "England will wage a war of a hundred years, and spend her last shilling, rather than suffer this." M. Lamartine knows both England and the Levant. For my part, long as I have cherished the idea of a French and English alliance, I believe this alliance impossible as long as France holds the pretensions and the views she does in the Levant. As for the views of England, she cannot waive them, for they are identical with her very existence. And France not abandoning those views, then a war, and a fierce war, with a full trial of the maritime strength of the two countries, becomes inevitable, sooner or later. French statesmen are fully aware of this, and no doubt regret it. They would willingly content themselves with preventing England or any power from monopolising the shores of the Mediterranean, without seeking to seize influence there for France, directly or indirectly. But public opinion in France has espoused the pacha, seeing nothing less than a Frenchman in him; and ministers and chambers, in obedience to a general opinion so vaguely founded, have not only renounced the English alliance, but converted England into a foe.

In the mean time, what are the actual views of the French government? Some would have us believe that it not only contemplates war, but has fixed the point whereon it shall carry it.

The *Post* has frightened, or endeavoured to frighten, the poor English abroad, by telling them they shall all be robbed and have their throats cut. Such a report was no doubt a good quiz for sending home the terrified emigrants of England; and it has had its effect, there being a monstrous demand for passports. Others tell us that France is preparing an expedition for some Mediterranean islands, Candia or Minorca. It is possible. Our restless-minded neighbours will agitate a hundred projects; but for the present moment the views and hopes of Louis Philippe and M. Thiers are bent with much more anxiety towards Konigswart and Dresden than towards Toulon. The king of Prussia there meets Prince Metternich and others. It is, in fact, a congress of all that is at once pacific and influential in Europe, the principals two of the pacific party, whilst those powers bent on extreme resolutions are merely represented by envoys. M. Thiers is said to have proposed himself to this assembly as mediator in the eastern affair. The idea is palpably absurd for so interested a party to expect to be taken as mediator; but, however, something may come of it. We do not see how Austria or Prussia can go back from a treaty solemnly concluded. France, however, may there make final concession, more satisfactory than any she has yet ventured. Let us wait the account from Dresden ere we make up our minds to an immediate break up of the peace of Europe.

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From the Examiner of 30th August.

It would be very false in one sense of the word, and withal unjust, to call the French children, there being in virility and courage no braver race of men. But they seem very children in their impressions; all for war to-day, all for peace to-morrow; moved by every wind: angry they can scarcely tell why, appeased none can say wherefore. They have a political tertian ague, with alternate fits of furious fever, and anon of ague and prostration. If the *Bourse* can be considered as the national pulse, the French have been deadly shaken by late events, the English scarcely at all. The French funds (their three per cents,) very nearly approached the rate of ours a fortnight back; they were upwards of 86. The other day they were down to 77, a fall of nine per cent. In England our analogous stock has been long fixed about 90; the threatening menace of French official menaces and ordonnances brought it down a quarter per cent., at most a half. We have too much equanimity for greater pulsations. This is not because we are more rich, more phlegmatic, or less given to speculation, but simply because, more guided by that common sense which proclaims the trémendous absurdity of war, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that we are serious in risking, or the French serious in menacing it.

The treaty, signed on the 15th of July, for the settlement of the Syrian question, met with the approbation of the tory prints and leaders. This with us formed a very serious objection to the treaty, and we did not shrink from expressing it. But the tories have changed their minds, and the *Times* attacks Lord Palmerston and his treaty. We have, therefore, good reason to conclude that there must be something good in it, something genuinely liberal and wise. Whatever be its character, it has at least this good and singular effect, it has produced from the French government a somewhat clear explanation of its intentions and its views. Up to the time of the treaty, the French government stood, like a higgler at a fair, anxious to make a bargain, but so very cunning that it would never name a price. The French government never, until August 1840, would state what conditions might content it in the affairs of the east. Unfortunately, the French government did not state these conditions until, the treaty having been ratified, its decisions had been forwarded to the pacha, and the admirals of the allied powers ordered and empowered to follow up the rejection of an offer by the pacha, by certain measures of coercion.

Notwithstanding the forwarding of our *ultimatum* to Mehemet Ali, and of these orders to the fleets, great exertions have undoubtedly been made at Windsor to bring the French to some kind of understanding with the four powers. King Leopold took the matter in hand with the moderation and wisdom that have ever marked his character, and, in obedience to his suggestion, M. Guizot came over from the royal residence of Eu, with all the concessions that the French thought they could make. After several days' conference the king of the Belgians returned to his capital, M. Guizot to his town residence, whilst our ministers have scattered, as is their custom in August, in the direction of the four winds of heaven. With the exception of Lord Melbourne, who preserves his family hankering for the metropolis, all have vanished. From such pleasurable movements of statesmen after so solemn a debate on the great question of peace or war, one cannot infer that war, or any thing likely to lead to war, has been decided on. The Duke of Wellington, too, was called to this solemn council, and the voice of the veteran was said to have been *not* for war, yet *for* all those measures considered likely to produce it. We readily believe this, there not being any very great consistency of late years in the duke's opinions on different though connected points of policy. But what did M. Guizot offer? Any thing less than Syria for Mehemet? or any demarcation of Syria which would remove Mehemet from occupying those summits of the Taurus from which a general can survey and command Asia Minor? M. Guizot, we fear, made no offer of the

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kind. Had M. Guizot come to say that France thought so much sufficient for the pacha, and that in case of his rejecting it France would sign the treaty, or a treaty, against him, reducing him to those dimensions, and guaranteeing that he should conquer no more. Had the French envoy held such language as this, the British minister would have gone very far to meet him; but M. Guizot could not go so far. The result, therefore, of the conference of Windsor has been no final agreement which immediately settles the difference; but it has produced a much better understanding, and much mutual concession and explanation with regard to final views. And this has blunted the acrimony of the quarrel. Thus the four powers are ready to take engagements as public and as solemn as may be required, that they will neither look to nor accept any territorial aggrandisement arising out of any result of their interference in this Syrian quarrel. France gains this security. And then French ministers have all along expressed no objection to Mehemet's ambition and empire being limited, provided the means employed to limit them did not excite the jealousy or susceptibility of their nation. France, therefore, cannot object to the coercive measures about to be employed; measures which, we trust, will bring Mehemet Ali to his senses, without giving umbrage to France, and without endangering the peace of Europe.

In the mean time the question is beginning to be discussed in France with less partiality, and with some exceptions to those one-sided views and statements, which have set the French, like a pack of hounds in full cry, after some object of which they have a vague scent, but which they cannot descry or define. M. de Lamartine dared to oppose the general cry, and to point out, in an able political essay, that there is nothing whatever to be gained by the French in supporting Mehemet Ali, and every thing to lose. M. Lamartine, having been in Syria, has, like many persons who have visited that country, returned with a strong sympathy for the anti-Mahomedan population of the mountains, and, in common with the present French consul at Beyroot and many others, desires to see the mountaineers of Lebanon independent. He confesses that they were all but independent under the Turkish rule, whilst the Egyptian has ground them to the earth by carrying away all their youth to war, almost forbidding culture of the earth by over-taxation, and, by monopolising commerce, leaving all those who previously lived by it to starvation. M. de Lamartine might have added to this the rigorous exaction of all those *corvées* which grind an eastern population under any save a pacific ruler. French writers urge that Syria and Egypt are politically united, and that the possession of one implies that of the other; yet they are separated by a desert of ten days' journey. The fact is, the pacha of Egypt, having raised a fleet and army beyond the resources of Egypt itself to man and to pay, has been forced to seek for wealth and population in an adjoining province; and Syria offered itself to his ambition. As to his having civilised it, that nonsense is abandoned even by his friends; and M. de Lamartine has completely put an end to it. The same reason that has impelled the pacha to the Taurus would soon spur him beyond it; and, as he must be stopped somewhere, unless we were to sit idle spectators of a struggle between him and Russia for Ottoman supremacy, the present moment and opportunity are not to be thrown away. The opinion of M. Lamartine, viz., that France has no sufficient object in having Syria an Egyptian more than a Turkish province to warrant her going to war, is shared by Count Molé, as well as by a large portion of the legitimists; and, notwithstanding the accord with which the liberal press supports the contrary opinion, there are symptoms already of the French public growing more enlightened on the subject, and of its finally consenting to some fair and honourable compromise.

As to actual news, it is limited to the fact that the treaty has been ratified by all the powers. Turkey must have done so, since she has already despatched an envoy to present the *ultimatum* to the pacha. Admiral Stopford, with several sail of the line, has gone to Alexandria to learn the pacha's answer. The Austrian admiral has accompanied the English fleet. A few days' will tell us either of the pacha's acceptance or defiance of the four powers. If he has doubts of the efficacy of a blockade, he will no doubt still resist. A very few weeks, however, will suffice to enlighten him respecting the extent and efficacy of coercive measures, directed by the four great powers of Europe.

From the Spectator of 8th August.

[The Spectator is radical and independent.]

Ministers have been forced to break silence—but only to a very limited extent—on the state of our foreign affairs. Mr. Hume moved on Thursday evening, that "an humble address be presented to her majesty praying that she would graciously be pleased to direct to be laid before the house copies of any conventions entered into between the three great powers—namely, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and this country, with reference to the affairs of Turkey." The motion, of course, was withdrawn; Mr. Hume's object being simply to elicit, if possible, an explanation from Lord Palmerston. One part of the secretary's statement was gratifying. "He could assure his honourable friend, that whatever might have been the causes of the revolt in Syria, it was in no way caused by the instigation of British authorities, or by British officers." We wish we could add that the remainder of Lord Palmerston's speech was equally satisfactory, but we cannot. He "denied that there was any disposition on the part of the government of this country to abandon the alliance *or intimate connection* which existed with France. And he alleged in corroboration of this statement, "that with respect to the maintenance of the integrity of Turkey under the existing dynasty, there never existed any difference between France and the other powers. The French government declared in the most positive manner, that it was as anxious for the maintenance of the Turkish empire in its integrity as the other powers." No doubt France has made this declaration; but on the 14th of April last, M. Thiers declared in the chamber of peers, that if the other powers interfered to wrest from Mehemet Ali those territories which he *de facto* held, France would not participate in such policy, and felt herself strong enough to hold an independent course (*de s'isoler.*) It is clear from this, that when France speaks of maintaining the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire, something very different is meant from what Lord Palmerston means when he uses the same vague phrase. The step has been taken by the four powers, which M. Thiers declared at the *tribune* (adding, that the allied cabinets were fully aware of his determination) would drive France "*de s'isoler.*" Lord Palmerston therefore conceals a part of the truth, in order to produce in others a conviction not entertained by himself, that there is no disposition on the

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part of our government to abandon "*the intimate connection*" which has since July 1830 existed with France. The foreign secretary treated with sovereign contempt the allegation that he was falling back upon the holy alliance: "What on earth had the holy alliance to do with this treaty, which was entered into for a specific purpose? The treaty also was not with the same parties that contracted the holy alliance." The "specific purpose" of the treaty is to give effect to the fundamental principle of the holy alliance—the right and duty of *sovereigns* to interfere in the domestic concerns of neighbouring nations, for the purpose of supporting a *sovereign* who, by his inability to support himself, shows that he is not the choice of the people. Then as to the allegation that "the treaty was not with the same parties that contracted the holy alliance," a more miserable and disgraceful equivocation never was attempted in the face of a house of commons. The treaty is concluded *with the same governments* who contracted the holy alliance—these governments adhering to the principles of the holy alliance; and the treaty, as we have shown above, is intended to establish the fundamental principle of the holy alliance. The other points rested upon by Lord Palmerston are of subordinate importance: the extent to which Mr. Mandeville contributed to encourage Mehemet Ali in the belief that Britain would not be an active party to the taking of Syria from him, and the extent to which France had reason to complain of being taken by surprise by the convention between this country, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The foreign secretary was by no means explicit on these points; but they are rather matters of etiquette than essentials. Their consideration may safely be postponed until the documents relating to these equivocal negociations are laid on the table. Meanwhile, Lord Palmerston has confirmed our belief that English relations with France have become more distant and less friendly, at the same time that we have become implicated in the policy of Russia, Prussia, and Austria; that in the great European congress the influence of Britain is in the course of being withdrawn from the cause of national independence and liberal institutions, for the purpose of exerting it in behalf of the old close governments. It is not very creditable to the house of commons that there seems not to have been one member present possessed of sufficient logic and knowledge to detect Lord Palmerston's fallacies.

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From the Spectator of 22d August.

The French war-cry has waxed louder, and again hushed itself like an angry child unheeded. Not that there has been any additional act or even indication of hostility on the part of the French government, beyond the continuance of the war equipments previously ordered, but the Paris journals have been more intemperate. They take offence, forsooth, because France was not once mentioned in our queen's prorogation speech. The real posture of affairs, apart from these vapourings of the press, appears to be more promising for the preservation of peace. Those who are best acquainted with the ruling influences in France, are the least apprehensive of war.

Prince Louis Napoleon's attempt on Boulogne has given rise to an incident which almost had effected his object of removing the head of the present dynasty, without either steel or poison, malice, domestic treason, or foreign levy. The visit of Louis Philippe to Boulogne to thank his loyal subjects for their patriotic repulse of the prince—his shipwreck on the Calais jetty—his remaining on deck till all the passengers and crew were landed—the proceedings at Calais and Boulogne—form a picture which is, in every part of it, peculiarly French. It is also in character with the rest of the drama, that the first public declaration of the French king's sentiments towards England, at this crisis, should have been drawn from him by Mr. Coates, of by-gone spouting notoriety. Much stress is laid upon the king's distinct declaration that while *he* lived there should be peace between England and France.

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There will be no war between England and France, this bout. The vivacious *fanfaronade* of the French journals, and the dogged growling retorts of the English, will not be followed by actual hostilities.

In national, as in private disputes, there are always two things to be taken into account—the real and the professed views and wishes of the disputants. The real are those which determine the actions of the parties; the professed are merely put forward to win the sympathies of bystanders or affect the decision of a judge. The state of affairs in the east, and the doctrines of international law, and conflicting views of French and English interests, are merely the "pleas in law" of the French and English ministries: their real motives have been sedulously kept in the back ground; and it is from these *arrières pensées* alone that we can conjecture what the governments will do.

The feelings and actions of a state are determined by the character of that portion of the community in the hands of which political power is lodged, and of the select committee of that portion to which is left the active exercise of power. King, senate, ministry, are merely names for the organised functionaries who manage the business of a nation in accordance with the opinion of the influential class. History shows that any government, persisting in the attempt to act in defiance of the power-having class of citizens, has uniformly been subverted: and the same teacher tells us at the same time, that the *vis inertiæ* of the controlling body causes its opinions and desires to be materially influenced by those of its active servants—just as a lord may be led by the nose by a clever steward. The first step in our inquiry after the secret motives of the French and English nations at this moment, is therefore to ascertain—what is the distribution of political power, and what the organization of their administrative governments?

The controlling body in both is the class of citizens possessed of the elective franchise; the organised administrative government in both is the ministry, with its array of working clerks. In both countries the elective franchise is to all practical purposes restricted to the class of capitalists. In France, there is no admixture of a privileged aristocracy among this class; in England, the aristocracy is still highly influential. But the effect of this admixture, in so far as the present inquiry is concerned, is almost neutralised by the business habits and mercantile mode of viewing affairs contracted by our English aristocracy. The dominant power in last resort, in both countries, is a class the members of which are either possessed of large fortunes or in the course of acquiring them by the use of credit or capital—a class morbidly averse to any disturbances which interfere with its enjoyments or derange its calculations of gain. With regard to the organized administrative government, in both countries, it consists of a dynasty which "reigns but does not govern," and a ministry which is displaced

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when it ceases to command the support of a majority in the controlling class. Apart from a conviction of the ability and integrity of the members of administration, both ministries possess means of influencing electoral opinion. In France, all the provincial administrative appointments emanate from the central government; a circumstance which enables a ministry, once in office, to conciliate an immense number of supporters. In England, where centralization is less matured, the aristocracy-worship of the *boutiquier* class goes far to substitute a yet more powerful kind of influence. Again, although ministerial responsibility confines within certain bounds the subserviency of ministers to the royal will, yet it leaves a spacious field of contingencies to receive their visible form and pressure from the character of the actual occupant of the throne. The present king of France has a fully-developed will and an ample experience: our most gracious queen may, for aught we know, have a will equally developed, but the experience is wanting. But the materials of French and English ministries differ as widely as the means of influence that are placed in their hands, and the biases to which they are exposed. The English *morgue aristocratique* renders it necessary that a large proportion of each ministry should be composed of men whose only claim to office arises from their rank and birth: the equality before the law, which pervades France, furnishes no such class, and its place is occupied by the most daring and adroit intriguers. An English ministry, strong in aristocratic connections, may disregard to a considerable extent public opinion; but the want of official aptitude in its members forces them to conform to the established routine of the clerks in office. A French ministry is composed of men who have some experience of business, and whose faculties have been invigorated by their struggles to emerge from the crowd; but being surrounded by no aristocratic prestige, their tenure of office depends upon offending as few persons as possible. Thus it appears, after taking into consideration the distribution of political power and the organisation of administrative government in France and England, that the necessary tendency of both nations at this moment is towards a state of peace. In both countries political power is vested in the class of the community most averse to war. In England, the administration is rather less amenable to electoral opinion than in France; but, owing to the incompetency of its apparent, and the want of a stimulus to activity of its real rulers, (the clerks in office,) is most anxious to avoid any state of affairs that may impose upon it extra duties or responsibility. The French administration, more volatile, ambitious, capable, and enterprising, is less able to oppose the sovereign will of its shopkeeper constituency; and that will is to preserve quiet at any price. This is one consequence of lodging all political power in the hands of a class bent almost exclusively upon gain or enjoyment, and organising the administrative government upon such a footing as renders "keeping in" the predominant object of public men.

It is true that the views of foreign policy announced by the French and English governments are utterly irreconcileable; and that there has been an amazing burst of warlike music across the Channel, followed up by an affectation of military preparation. It will be observed, however, that M. Thiers and his colleagues have said comparatively little of the difference between the *principles* avowed by them and those avowed by the English cabinet, and have laid a preposterous stress upon some alleged incivility to France in the surreptitious formation of the convention between Great Britain and the northern powers. It is now evident that the French ministry was not taken by surprise: mutual apologies will be made; and, in the exuberant joy of the two governments at finding they are still good friends, they will bedaub each other with compliments, and mutually agree to pass over disputes regarding the principles of international law, or the interests of their respective countries, as of no consequence whatever. The principle at issue in the Syro-Egyptian question, was more emphatically at issue in the Polish question; yet the French and English governments allowed Poland to fall without a remonstrance. Again the same principle was at issue when the Circassian question was raised; but Circassia has been abandoned. The governments which have twice acquiesced in the violation of so vital a principle of international law, will not quarrel now about the propriety of supporting it. The government of the reform act and the government of the barricades have been long enough in existence to forget their origin—they have existed long enough to admit of the legitimate governments overlooking their origin: like *nouveaux riches*, undergoing the process of absorption into an old aristocracy, the revolutionary governments are being admitted into the tacit alliance of governments against subjects. Their mutual jealousy breaks out at times, when one seems to be making more rapid progress in gentility than the other, and an interchange of reproaches reminding one of their vulgar origin takes place; but they soon kiss and are friends again. And the holders of political power on both sides of the Channel say—"Manage your affairs as you will, provided you do not by going to fisticuffs disturb our banquets or derange our commercial speculations."

The governments of France, England, and Belgium, form an agreeable family-party: King Leopold will settle the question of peace or war between his father-in-law and his niece at the tea-table at Windsor.

N.B.—Lest any one refer us to the warlike movements of England in China and France in Algeria, we beg to remind them of our commentary on M. Thiers's "lightning conductors." France and England go to war with the Arabs and Chinese, upon the principle that makes Mr. Fag kick the errant-boy after having been himself kicked by Captain Absolute.

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From the Spectator of 29th August.

When last we touched upon the question of the east, we expressed ourselves satisfied with Lord Palmerston's declaration that no English agents had been employed to stir up the insurrection in Syria. We still believe that no man of his lordship's rank in English society would directly say the thing that was not—make an assertion which might expose him to a flat contradiction. Some ugly circumstances, however, have transpired since the date of the foreign secretary's negative of the charge of incendiary proceedings in Mount Lebanon. In the first place, Mr. Wood, Lord Ponsonby's secretary, who resided there for a long time some years ago, having been ostensibly despatched to collect information regarding the state of Mount Lebanon, is said on landing to have avoided all communication with the Egyptian authorities, and to have thrown himself among the insurgent mountaineers. In the second place, before Mr. Wood's arrival, the insurgents had been making representations to the Egyptian government, through the medium of Emir Beschir and his family; and the name of the sultan had never

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been mentioned in the dispute. Not long after Mr. Wood's arrival, the party of insurgents in the vicinity of Beyruth hoisted the red flag, and declared they were in arms to assert the sovereignty of the sultan over the disobedient pacha of Egypt. Lastly, we read in Thursdays' *Morning Chronicle*—

"It will be seen from our correspondent from Malta, that 8000 muskets in all, with ammunition and stores of various kinds, have been received from the government stores by some of the ships of war which have sailed from that island to the coast of Syria. *The destination of these muskets may be easily conjectured.*"

Lord Palmerston may be quite secure from a *literal* contradiction; but if there is truth in the statements we have now referred to, he will find it difficult to clear himself from the charge of having tampered with the domestic concerns of an independent state to an extent intolerable in any foreign government, and of having misled the British public by an assertion which was true in words but false in meaning.

Again, our readers have probably not yet forgotten the valorous declaration made by Sir John Hobhouse at a city banquet, *at a rather late hour in the evening*, about great conquests by British arms which we might soon hear of. They may also remember the magnificent reveries about oriental conquests, the overthrow of Tartar dynasties, and the restoration of the Jews, with which the *Globe* not long ago favoured us under the loosely-worn cloak of "a correspondent." These dreams are now openly announced through the editorial column. The *Globe* of Thursday evening indulges in a comment upon M. Lamartine's new plan of "preserving the *integrity* of the Ottoman empire" by partitioning it into four protectorates—Constantinople and the Black Sea under Russia, Egypt under England, the shores of the Adriatic under Austria, and Syria under France. The *Globe* does not venture to approve explicitly of this project; but neither does it "mean to sneer indiscriminately at M. de Lamartine's ideas, after the fashion of some of our Parisian contemporaries." It adds,

"There is certainly too much imagination in them for practical guidance; *but imagination, after all, is the only faculty by which we can gain any insight into the dim future of eastern destinies.* The imaginative flights of M. de Lamartine have been at least taken from eastern ground, and are founded upon local impressions. *Where he errs is, perhaps, chiefly in projecting his views too boldly into the future, and prompting lines of conduct not justified by the necessities, or policy, or rights of the present, however they may or may not result from the slow process of years, or ages.*"

The oracle proceeds—

"It is indeed only an adjournment of the eastern question that is attainable. England has no interest of aggrandisement involved in that question. But she has every interest in opposing *irregular views of aggrandisement* on the part of others. The indulgence of such views over any portion of these regions can only be the prelude to a scramble for the spoil of the Turkish empire. England has no wish for any share of that spoil; *her policy and her interest, which is pacific and commercial, is to stave off the breaking up of the system as long as possible*, and to open the peaceful intercourse of the east with the western world."

Some light is thrown upon the rather vague phrase "as long as possible," by the concluding sentences of the *Globe's* remarks—

"Mehemet Ali, with all his ability, is a semi-barbarian tyrant: the addresses from Mount Lebanon, which appeared exclusively in our columns of yesterday, afford sufficient indications of his system of provincial *government*. *There may be powers of more importance which postpone views of commerce to those of conquest. The only question is, which preponderate; and upon this depends the peace of the world.*"

These passages, with the interjected deprecations of conquest, sound very like Benedick's description of Claudio's half-denial of his love for Hero—"Like the old tale, my lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but indeed God forbid it should be so." The meaning is plain: it is the school-boy joining in an orchard robbery because the apples must be stolen at any rate; or the Cornish parson, after adjuring his parishioners from the pulpit not to plunder a vessel which was drifting on their coast, contrived to get first to the church door, exclaiming, "Well, if you will do it, let us at least all start fair."

Our object at present is merely to direct attention to these indications of the *animus* of ministers and their organs of the press. Parliamentary neglect of duty allowed Lord Palmerston to shuffle off for another year all explanations of ministerial policy. The unauthenticated and contradictory nature of the accounts of foreign affairs which are published, renders rational conjecture as to the future impossible. All that can be done, under such circumstances, is to watch carefully the sayings and doings of ministers and their mouthpieces. In those to which we have at present directed attention, there are indications of a visionary policy combined with dishonest equivocation. We seem to read the effusions of some one who has engrafted Captain Crowe's power of estimating the realities of life upon the morality of Machiavelli. It is hard to say whether the childishness or the dishonesty preponderates.

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The French papers, having had nearly all the war-talk to themselves, are becoming satiated of the subject, and are now beginning to consider what France is likely to get by going to war with England, and what she is more likely to lose. The *Journal des Debats* observes, that in all preceding wars with England, the French colonies have invariably fallen a sacrifice at the very outset: and, despite the formidable naval armaments which we are told France has now at her disposal, the *Debats* contemplates the seizure of the remaining French colonies as the first result of a declaration of war.

Whilst public discussion in France is taking a more pacific tone, Mehemet Ali, the immediate object of the alliance between the four European courts, has become more belligerent. He is making preparations for war with great assiduity, relying, it is said, on the support of the king of the French. The *ultimatum* of the porte, based on the terms of the new quadruple treaty, had been despatched to Alexandia. It requires the immediate evacuation of Syria, with the exception of the pachalick of St. Jean d'Acre, which Mehemet will be permitted to retain on the same conditions as the other pachas of the porte: the island of Candia also to be given up. In return for these concessions, the successful rebel is to hold Egypt in hereditary possession, on the payment of an annual tribute. Twenty days were allowed for acceptance; but the crafty old fox had retired from Alexandria to Damietta, in order to gain delay. The strength of the pacha's army in Syria is estimated at upwards of 100,000 men, all properly equipped and disciplined. With such a force at his command, his easy acquiescence is not expected.

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MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

Mr. Richard Swiveller wending homewards from the wilderness (for such was the appropriate name of Quilp's choice retreat), after a sinuous and cork-screw fashion, with many checks and stumbles; after stopping suddenly and staring about him, then as suddenly running forward for a few paces, and as suddenly halting again and shaking his head; doing every thing with a jerk and nothing by premeditation;—Mr. Richard Swiveller wending his way homewards after this fashion, which is considered by evil-minded men to be symbolical of intoxication, and is not held by such persons to denote that state of deep wisdom and reflection in which the actor knows himself to be, began to think that possibly he had misplaced his confidence, and that the dwarf might not be precisely the sort of person to whom to entrust a secret of such delicacy and importance. And being led and tempted on by this remorseful thought into a condition which the evil-minded class before referred to would term the maudlin state or stage of drunkenness, it occurred to Mr. Swiveller to cast his hat upon the ground, and moan, crying aloud that he was an unhappy orphan, and that if he had not been an unhappy orphan things had never come to this.

"Left an infant by my parents, at an early age," said Mr. Swiveller, bewailing his hard lot, "cast upon the the world in my tenderest period, and thrown upon the mercies of a deluding dwarf, who can wonder at my weakness! Here's a miserable orphan for you. Here," said Mr. Swiveller, raising his voice to a high pitch, and looking sleepily around, "is a miserable orphan!"

"Then," said somebody hard by, "let me be a father to you."

Mr. Swiveller swayed himself to and fro to preserve his balance, and, looking into a kind of haze which seemed to surround him, at last perceived two eyes dimly twinkling through the mist, which he observed after a short time were in the neighbourhood of a nose and mouth. Casting his eyes down towards that quarter in which, with reference to a man's face, his legs are usually to be found, he observed that the face had a body attached; and when he looked more intently he was satisfied that the person was Mr. Quilp, who indeed had been in his company all the time, but whom he had some vague idea of having left a mile or two behind.

"You have deceived an orphan sir," said Mr. Swiveller solemnly.

"I! I'm a second father to you," replied Quilp.

"You my father sir!" retorted Dick. "Being all right myself sir, I request to be left alone—instantly sir."

"What a funny fellow you are!" cried Quilp.

"Go sir," returned Dick, leaning against a post and waving his hand. "Go deceiver go, some day sir p'raps you'll waken, from pleasure's dream to know, the grief of orphans forsaken. Will you go sir!"

The dwarf taking no heed of this adjuration, Mr. Swiveller advanced with the view of inflicting upon him condign chastisement. But forgetting his purpose or changing his mind before he came close to him, he seized his hand and vowed eternal friendship, declaring with an agreeable frankness that from that time forth they were brethren in every thing but personal appearance. Then he told his secret all over again, with the addition of being pathetic on the subject of Miss Wackles, who, he gave Mr. Quilp to understand, was the occasion of any slight incoherency he might observe in his speech at that moment, which was attributable solely to the strength of his affection and not to rosy wine or other fermented liquor. And then they went on arm-in-arm, very lovingly together.

"I'm as sharp," said Quilp to him, at parting, "as sharp as a ferret, and as cunning as a weasel. You bring Trent to me; assure him that I'm his friend though I fear he a little distrusts me (I don't know why, I have not deserved it); and you've both of you made your fortunes—in perspective."

"That's the worst of it," returned Dick. "These fortunes in perspective look such a long way off."

"But they look smaller than they really are, on that account," said Quilp, pressing his arm. "You'll have no conception of the value of your prize until you draw close to it. Mark that."

"D'ye think not!" said Dick.

"Aye, I do; and I am certain of what I say, that's better," returned the dwarf. "You bring Trent to me. Tell him I am his friend and yours—why shouldn't I be?"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't certainly," replied Dick, "and perhaps there are a great many why you should—at least there would be nothing strange in your wanting to be my friend, if you were a choice spirit, but then you know you're *not* a choice spirit."

"I not a choice spirit!" cried Quilp.

"Devil a bit sir," returned Dick. "A man of your appearance couldn't be. If you're any spirit at all, sir, you're an evil spirit. Choice spirits," added Dick, smiting himself on the breast, "are quite a different looking sort of people, you may take your oath of that, sir."

Quilp glanced at his free-spoken friend with a mingled expression of cunning and dislike, and wringing his hand almost at the same moment, declared that he was an uncommon character and had his warmest esteem. With that they parted; Mr. Swiveller to make the best of his way home and sleep himself sober; and Quilp to cogitate upon the discovery he had made, and exult in the prospect of the rich field of enjoyment and reprisal it opened to him.

It was not without great reluctance and misgiving that Mr. Swiveller, next morning, his head racked by the fumes of the renowned Schiedam, repaired to the lodging of his friend Trent (which was in the roof of an old house in an old ghostly inn), and recounted by very slow degrees what had yesterday taken place between him and Quilp. Nor was it without great surprise and much speculation on Quilp's probable motives, nor without many bitter comments on Dick Swiveller's folly, that his friend received the tale.

"I don't defend myself, Fred," said the penitent Richard; "but the fellow has such a queer way with him and is such an artful dog, that first of all he set me upon thinking whether there was any harm in telling him, and while I was thinking, screwed it out of me. If you had seen him drink and smoke, as I did, you couldn't have kept any thing from him. He's a salamander you know, that's what *he* is."

Without inquiring whether salamanders were of necessity good confidential agents, or whether a fire-proof man was as a matter of course trustworthy, Frederick Trent threw himself into a chair, and, burying his head in his hands, endeavoured to fathom the motives which

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had led Quilp to insinuate himself into Richard Swiveller's confidence;—for that the disclosure was of his seeking and had not been spontaneously revealed by Dick, was sufficiently plain from Quilp's seeking his company and enticing him away.

The dwarf had twice encountered him when he was endeavouring to obtain intelligence of the fugitives. This, perhaps, as he had not shown any previous anxiety about them, was enough to awaken suspicion in the breast of a creature so jealous and distrustful by nature, setting aside any additional impulse to curiosity that he might have derived from Dick's incautious manner. But knowing the scheme they had planned, why should he offer to assist it? This was a question more difficult of solution; but as knaves generally overreach themselves by imputing their own designs to others, the idea immediately presented itself that some circumstances of irritation between Quilp and the old man, arising out of their secret transactions, and not unconnected perhaps with his sudden disappearance, now rendered the former desirous of revenging himself upon him by seeking to entrap the sole object of his love and anxiety into a connection of which he knew he had a dread and hatred. As Frederick Trent himself, utterly regardless of his sister, had this object at heart, only second to the hope of gain, it seemed to him the more likely to be Quilp's main principle of action. Once investing the dwarf with a design of his own in abetting them, which the attainment of their purpose would serve, it was easy to believe him sincere and hearty in the cause; and as there could be no doubt of his proving a powerful and useful auxiliary, Trent determined to accept his invitation and go to his house that night, and if what he said and did confirmed him in the impression he had formed, to let him share the labour of their plan, but not the profit.

Having revolved these things in his mind and arrived at this conclusion, he communicated to Mr. Swiveller as much of his meditations as he thought proper (Dick would have been perfectly satisfied with less), and giving him the day to recover himself from his late salamandering, accompanied him at evening to Mr. Quilp's house.

Mightily glad Mr. Quilp was to see them, or mightily glad he seemed to be; and fearfully polite Mr. Quilp was to Mrs. Quilp and Mrs. Jiniwin; and very sharp was the look he cast on his wife to observe how she was affected by the recognition of young Trent. Mrs. Quilp was as innocent as her own mother of any emotion, painful or pleasant, which the sight of him awakened, but as her husband's glance made her timid and confused, and uncertain what to do or what was required of her, Mr. Quilp did not fail to assign her embarrassment to the cause he had in his mind, and while he chuckled at his penetration was secretly exasperated by his jealousy.

Nothing of this appeared, however. On the contrary, Mr. Quilp was all blandness and suavity, and presided over the case-bottle of rum with extraordinary openheartedness.

"Why, let me see," said Quilp. "It must be a matter of nearly two years since we were first acquainted."

"Nearer three, I think," said Trent.

"Nearer three!" cried Quilp. "How fast time flies. Does it seem as long as that to you, Mrs. Quilp?"

"Yes, I think it seems full three years, Quilp," was the unfortunate reply. "Oh indeed Ma'am," thought Quilp, "you have been pining, have you? Very good Ma'am."

"It seems to me but yesterday that you went out to Demerara in the Mary Anne," said Quilp; "but yesterday, I declare. Well, I like a little wildness. I was wild myself once."

Mr. Quilp accompanied this admission with such an awful wink, indicative of old rovings and backslidings, that Mrs. Jiniwin was indignant, and could not forbear from remarking under her breath that he might at least put off his confessions until his wife was absent; for which act of boldness and insubordination Mr. Quilp first stared her out of countenance and then drank her health ceremoniously.

"I thought you'd come back directly, Fred. I always thought that," said Quilp setting down his glass. "And when the Mary Anne returned with you on board, instead of a letter to say what a contrite heart you had, and how happy you were in the situation that had been provided for you, I was amused—exceedingly amused. Ha, ha, ha!"

The young man smiled, but not as though the theme were the most agreeable one that could have been selected for his entertainment: and for that reason Quilp pursued it.

"I always will say," he resumed, "that when a rich relation having two young people—sisters or brothers, or brother and sister—dependent on him, attaches himself exclusively to one, and casts off the other, he does wrong."

The young man made a movement of impatience, but Quilp went on as calmly as if he were discussing some abstract question in which nobody present had the slightest personal interest.

"It's very true," said Quilp, "that your grandfather urged repeated forgiveness, ingratitude, riot, and extravagance, and all that; but as I told him 'these are common faults.' 'But he's a scoundrel,' said he. 'Granting that,' said I, (for the sake of argument of course.) 'a great many young noblemen and gentlemen are scoundrels too!' But he wouldn't be convinced."

"I wonder at that, Mr. Quilp," said the young man sarcastically.

"Well, so did I at the time," returned Quilp, "but he was always obstinate. He was in a manner a friend of mine, but he was always obstinate and wrong headed. Little Nell is a nice girl, a charming girl, but you're her brother, Frederick. You're her brother after all; as you told him the last time you met, he can't alter that."

"He would if he could, confound him for that and all other kindnesses," said the young man impatiently. "But nothing can come of this subject now, and let us have done with it in the devil's name."

"Agreed," returned Quilp, "agreed on my part, readily. Why have I alluded to it? Just to show you, Frederick, that I have always stood your friend. You little knew who was your friend and who your foe; now did you? You thought I was against you, and so there has been a coolness between us; but it was all on your side, entirely on your side. Let's shake hands again, Fred."

With his head sunk down between his shoulders, and a hideous grin overspreading his face, the dwarf stood up and stretched his short arm across the table. After a moment's hesitation, the young man stretched out his to meet it; Quilp clutched his fingers in a grip that for the moment stopped the current of the blood within them, and pressing his other hand upon his lip and frowning towards the unsuspicious Richard, released them and sat down.

This action was not lost upon Trent, who, knowing that Richard Swiveller was a mere tool in his hands and

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knew no more of his designs than he thought proper to communicate, saw that the dwarf perfectly understood their relative position, and fully entered into the character of his friend. It is something to be appreciated, even in knavery. This silent homage to his superior abilities, no less than a sense of the power with which the dwarf's quick perception had already invested him, inclined the young man towards that ugly worthy, and determined him to profit by his aid.

It being now Mr. Quilp's cue to change the subject with all convenient expedition, lest Richard Swiveller in his heedlessness should reveal anything which it was inexpedient for the women to know, he proposed a game at four-handed cribbage; and partners being cut for, Mrs. Quilp fell to Frederick Trent, and Dick himself to Quilp. Mrs. Jiniwin being very fond of cards was carefully excluded by her son-in-law from any participation in the game, and had assigned to her the duty of occasionally replenishing the glasses from the case-bottle; Mr. Quilp from that moment keeping one eye constantly upon her, lest she should by any means procure a taste of the same, and thereby tantalising the wretched old lady (who was as much attached to the case-bottle as the cards) in a double degree and most ingenious manner.

But it was not to Mrs. Jiniwin alone that Mr. Quilp's attention was restricted, as several other matters required his constant vigilance. Among his various eccentric habits he had a humorous one of always cheating at cards, which rendered necessary on his part, not only a close observance of the game, and a sleight-of-hand in counting and scoring, but also involved the constant correction, by looks and frowns, and kicks under the table, of Richard Swiveller, who being bewildered by the rapidity with which his cards were told, and the rate at which the pegs travelled down the board, could not be prevented from sometimes expressing his surprise and incredulity. Mrs. Quilp too was the partner of young Trent, and for every look that passed between them, and every word they spoke, and every card they played, the dwarf had eyes and ears; not occupied alone with what was passing above the table, but with signals that might be exchanging beneath it, which he laid all kinds of traps to detect; besides often treading on his wife's toes to see whether she cried out or remained silent under the infliction, in which latter case it would have been quite clear that Trent had been treading on her toes before. Yet, in the most of all these distractions, the one eye was upon the old lady always, and if she so much as stealthily advanced a tea-spoon towards a neighbouring glass (which she often did,) for the purpose of abstracting but one sup of its sweet contents, Quilp's hand would overset it in the very moment of her triumph, and Quilp's mocking voice implore her to regard her precious health. And in any one of these his many cares, from first to last, Quilp never flagged nor faltered.

At length, when they had played a great many rubbers and drawn pretty freely upon the case-bottle, Mr. Quilp warned his lady to retire to rest, and that submissive wife complying, and being followed by her indignant mother, Mr. Swiveller fell asleep. The dwarf beckoning his remaining companion to the other end of the room, held a short conference with him in whispers.

"It's well not to say more than one can help before our worthy friend," said Quilp, making a grimace towards the slumbering Dick. "Is it a bargain between us, Fred? Shall he marry little rosy Nell bye and bye?"

"You have some end of your own to answer of course," returned the other.

"Of course I have, dear Fred," said Quilp, grinning to think how little he suspected what the real end was. "It's retaliation perhaps; perhaps whim. I have influence, Fred, to help or oppose. Which way shall I use it? There are a pair of scales, and it goes into one."

"Throw it into mine then," said Trent.

"It's done, Fred," rejoined Quilp, stretching out his clenched hand and opening it as if he had let some weight fall out. "It's in the scale from this time and turns it, Fred. Mind that."

"Where have they gone?" asked Trent.

Quilp shook his head, and said that point remained to be discovered, which it might be, easily. When it was, they would begin their preliminary advances. He would visit the old man, or even Richard Swiveller might visit him, and by affecting a deep concern in his behalf and imploring him to settle in some worthy home, lead to the child's remembering him with gratitude and favour. Once impressed to this extent, it would be easy, he said, to win her in a year or two, for she supposed the old man to be poor, as it was a part of his jealous policy (in common with many other misers) to feign to be so, to those about him.

"He has feigned it often enough to me, of late," said Trent.

"Oh! and to me too!" replied the dwarf. "Which is more extraordinary, as I know how rich he really is."

"I suppose you should," said Trent.

"I think I should indeed," rejoined the dwarf: and in that, at least, he spoke the truth.

After a few more whispered words, they returned to the table, and the young man rousing Richard Swiveller informed him that he was waiting to depart. This was welcome news to Dick, who started up directly. After a few words of confidence in the result of their project had been exchanged, they bade the grinning Quilp good night.

Quilp crept to the window as they passed in the street below, and listened. Trent was pronouncing an encomium upon his wife, and they were both wondering by what enchantment she had been brought to marry such a misshapen wretch as he. The dwarf, after watching their retreating shadows with a wider grin than his face had yet displayed, stole softly in the dark to bed.

In this hatching of their scheme, neither Trent nor Quilp had had one thought about the happiness or misery of poor innocent Nell. It would have been strange if the careless profligate, who was the butt of both, had been harassed by any such consideration; for his high opinion of his own merits and deserts rendered the project rather a laudable one than otherwise; and if he had been visited by so unwonted a guest as reflection, he would—being a brute only in the gratification of his appetites—have soothed his conscience with the plea that he did not mean to beat or kill his wife, and would therefore, after all said and done, be a very tolerable, average husband.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

It was not until they were quite exhausted and could no longer maintain the pace at which they had fled from the race-ground, that the old man and the child ventured to stop, and sit down to rest upon the borders of a little wood. Here, though the course was hidden from their view, they could yet faintly distinguish the noise of distant shouts, the hum of voices, and the beating of drums.

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Climbing the eminence which lay between them and the spot they had left, the child could even discern the fluttering flags and white tops of booths; but no person was approaching towards them, and their resting-place was solitary and still.

Some time elapsed before she could reassure her trembling companion, or restore him to a state of moderate tranquillity. His disordered imagination represented to him a crowd of persons stealing towards them beneath the cover of the bushes, lurking in every ditch, and peeping from the boughs of every rustling tree. He was haunted by apprehensions of being led captive to some gloomy place where he would be chained and scourged, and worse than all, where Nell could never come to see him, save through iron bars and gratings in the wall. His terrors affected the child. Separation from her grandfather was the greatest evil she could dread; and feeling for the time as though, go where they would, they were to be hunted down, and could never be safe but in hiding, her heart failed her, and her courage drooped.

In one so young, and so unused to the scenes in which she had lately moved, this sinking of the spirit was not surprising. But, nature often enshrines gallant and noble hearts in weak bosoms—oftenest, God bless her, in female breasts—and when the child, casting her tearful eyes upon the old man, remembered how weak he was, and how destitute and helpless he would be if she failed him, her heart swelled within her, and animated her with new strength and fortitude.

"We are quite safe now, and have nothing to fear indeed, dear grandfather," she said.

"Nothing to fear!" returned the old man. "Nothing to fear if they took me from thee! Nothing to fear if they parted us! Nobody is true to me. No, not one. Not even Nell!"

"Oh! Do not say that," replied the child, "for if ever any body was true at heart, and earnest, I am. I am sure you know I am."

"Then how," said the old man, looking fearfully round, "how can you bear to think that we are safe, when they are searching for me everywhere, and may come here, and steal upon us, even while we're talking?"

"Because I'm sure we have not been followed," said the child. "Judge for yourself, dear grandfather; look round, and see how quiet and still it is. We are alone together, and may ramble where we like. Not safe! Could I feel easy—did I feel at ease—when any danger threatened you?"

"True, true," he answered, pressing her hand, but still looking anxiously about. "What noise was that?"

"A bird," said the child, "flying into the wood, and leading the way for us to follow. You remember that we said we would walk in woods and fields, and by the side of rivers, and how happy we would be—you remember that? But here, while the sun shines above our heads, and every thing is bright and happy, we are sitting sadly down, and losing time. See what a pleasant path; and there's the bird—the same bird—now he flies to another tree, and stays to sing. Come!"

When they rose up from the ground, and took the shady track which led them through the wood, she bounded on before; printing her tiny footsteps in the moss, which rose elastic from so light a pressure and gave it back as mirrors throw off breath; and thus she lured the old man on, with many a backward look and merry beck, now pointing stealthily to some lone bird as it perched and twittered on a branch that strayed across their path, now stopping to listen to the songs that broke the happy silence, or watch the sun as it trembled through the leaves, and stealing in among the ivied trunks of stout old trees, opened long paths of light. As they passed onward, parting the boughs that clustered in their way, the serenity which the child had first assumed, stole into her breast in earnest; the old man cast no longer fearful looks behind, but felt at ease and cheerful, for the further they passed into the deep green shade, the more they felt that the tranquil mind of God was there, and shed its peace on them.

At length the path becoming clearer and less intricate, brought them to the end of the wood, and into a public road. Taking their way along it for a short distance, they came to a lane, so shaded by the trees on either hand that they met together over-head, and arched the narrow way. A broken finger-post announced that this led to a village three miles off; and thither they resolved to bend their steps.

The miles appeared so long that they sometimes thought they must have missed their road. But at last, to their great joy, it led downward in a steep descent, with overhanging banks over which the footpaths led; and the clustered houses of the village peeped out from the woody hollow below.

It was a very small place. The men and boys were playing at cricket on the green; and as the other folks were looking on, they wandered up and down, uncertain where to seek a humble lodging. There was but one old man in the little garden before his cottage, and him they were timid of approaching, for he was the schoolmaster, and had "school" written up over his window in black letters on a white board. He was a pale, simple-looking man, of a spare and meagre habit, and sat among his flowers and beehives, smoking his pipe, in the little porch before his door.

"Speak to him, dear," the old man whispered.

"I am almost afraid to disturb him," said the child timidly. "He does not seem to see us. Perhaps if we wait a little, he may look this way."

They waited, but the schoolmaster cast no look towards them, and still sat, thoughtful and silent, in the little porch. He had a kind face. In his plain old suit of black, he looked pale and meagre. They fancied, too, a lonely air about him and his house, but perhaps that was because the other people formed a merry company upon the green, and he seemed the only solitary man in all the place.

They were very tired, and the child would have been bold enough to address even a schoolmaster, but for something in his manner which seemed to denote that he was uneasy or distressed. As they stood hesitating at a little distance, they saw that he sat for a few minutes at a time like one in a brown study, then laid aside his pipe and took a few turns in his garden, then approached the gate and looked towards the green, then took up his pipe again with a sigh, and sat down thoughtfully as before.

As nobody else appeared and it would soon be dark, Nell at length took courage, and when he had resumed his pipe and seat, ventured to draw near, leading her grandfather by the hand. The slight noise they made in raising the latch of the wicket-gate, caught his attention. He looked at them kindly but seemed disappointed too, and slightly shook his head.

Nell dropped a curtsey, and told him they were poor travellers who sought a shelter for the night which they would gladly pay for, so far as their means allowed. The schoolmaster looked earnestly at her as she spoke, laid aside his pipe, and rose up directly.

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"If you could direct us anywhere, sir," said the child, "we should take it very kindly."

"You have been walking a long way," said the schoolmaster.

"A long way, sir," the child replied.

"You're a young traveller, my child," he said, laying his hand gently on her head. "Your grandchild, friend?"

"Aye, sir," cried the old man, "and the stay and comfort of my life."

"Come in," said the schoolmaster.

Without further preface he conducted them into his little school-room, which was parlour and kitchen likewise, and told them they were welcome to remain under his roof till morning. Before they had done thanking him, he spread a coarse white cloth upon the table, with knives and platters; and bringing out some bread and cold meat and a jug of beer, besought them to eat and drink.

The child looked round the room as she took her seat. There were a couple of forms, notched and cut and inked all over; a small deal desk perched on four legs, at which no doubt the master sat; a few dog's-eared books upon a high shelf; and beside them a motley collection of peg-tops, balls, kites, fishing-lines, marbles, half-eaten apples, and other confiscated property of idle urchins. Displayed on hooks upon the wall in all their terrors, were the cane and ruler; and near them, on a small shelf of its own, the dunce's cap, made of old newspapers and decorated with glaring wafers of the largest size. But, the great ornaments of the walls, were certain moral sentences fairly copied in good round text, and well-worked sums in simple addition and multiplication, evidently achieved by the same hand, which were plentifully pasted all round the room; for the double purpose, as it seemed, of bearing testimony to the excellence of the school, and kindling a worthy emulation in the bosoms of the scholars.

"Yes," said the old schoolmaster, observing that her attention was caught by these latter specimens. "That's beautiful writing, my dear."

"Very, sir," replied the child modestly, "is it yours!"

"Mine!" he returned, taking out his spectacles and putting them on, to have a better view of the triumphs so dear to his heart. "*I* couldn't write like that, now-a-days. No. They're all done by one hand; a little hand it is, not so old as yours, but a very clever one."

As the schoolmaster said this, he saw that a small blot of ink had been thrown on one of the copies, so he took a penknife from his pocket, and going up to the wall, carefully scraped it out. When he had finished, he walked slowly backward from the writing, admiring it as one might contemplate a beautiful picture, but with something of sadness in his voice and manner which quite touched the child, though she was unacquainted with its cause.

"A little hand indeed," said the poor schoolmaster. "Far beyond all his companions, in his learning and his sports too, how did he ever come to be so fond of me! That I should love him is no wonder, but that he should love me—" and there the schoolmaster stopped, and took off his spectacles to wipe them, as though they had grown dim.

"I hope there is nothing the matter, sir," said Nell anxiously.

"Not much my dear," returned the schoolmaster. "I hoped to have seen him on the green to-night. He was always foremost among them. But he'll be there to-morrow."

"Has he been ill?" asked the child, with a child's quick sympathy.

"Not very. They said he was wandering in his head yesterday, dear boy, and so they said the day before. But that's a part of that kind of disorder; it's not a bad sign—not at all a bad sign."

The child was silent. He walked to the door, and looked wistfully out. The shadows of night were gathering, and all was still.

"If he could lean upon any body's arm, he would come to me, I know," he said, returning into the room. "He always came into the garden to say good night. But perhaps his illness has only just taken a favourable turn, and it's too late for him to come out, for its very damp and there's a heavy dew. It's much better he should not come to-night."

The schoolmaster lighted a candle, fastened the window-shutter, and closed the door. But after he had done this, and sat silent a little time, he took down his hat, and said he would go and satisfy himself, if Nell would sit up till he returned. The child readily complied, and he went out.

She sat there half-an-hour or more, feeling the place very strange and lonely, for she had prevailed upon the old man to go to bed, and there was nothing to be heard but the ticking of an old clock, and the whistling of the wind among the trees. When he returned, he took his seat in the chimney-corner, but remained silent for a long time. At length he turned to her, and speaking very gently, hoped she would say a prayer that night for a sick child.

"My favourite scholar!" said the poor schoolmaster, smoking a pipe he had forgotten to light, and looking mournfully round upon the walls. "It is a little hand to have done all that, and waste away with sickness. It is a very, very, little hand!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

After a sound night's rest in a chamber in the thatched roof, in which it seemed the sexton had for some years been a lodger, but which he had lately deserted for a wife and a cottage of his own, the child rose early in the morning and descended to the room where she had supped last night. As the schoolmaster had already left his bed and gone out, she bestirred herself to make it neat and comfortable, and had just finished its arrangement when the kind host returned.

He thanked her many times, and said that the old dame who usually did such offices for him had gone to nurse the little scholar whom he had told her of. The child asked how he was, and hoped he was better.

"No," rejoined the schoolmaster, shaking his head sorrowfully, "no better. They even say he is worse."

"I am very sorry for that, sir," said the child.

The poor schoolmaster appeared to be gratified by her earnest manner, but yet rendered more uneasy by it, for he added hastily that anxious people often magnified an evil and thought it greater than it was; "for my part," he said, in his quiet, patient way, "I hope it's not so. I don't think he can be worse."

The child asked his leave to prepare breakfast, and her grandfather coming down stairs they all three partook of it together. While the meal was in progress, their host remarked that the old man seemed much fatigued, and evidently stood in need of rest.

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"If the journey you have before you is a long one," he said, "and don't press you for one day, you're very welcome to pass another night here. I should really be glad if you would, friend."

He saw that the old man looked at Nell, uncertain whether to accept or decline his offer; and added,

"I shall be glad to have your young companion with me for one day. If you can do a charity to a lone man, and rest yourself at the same time, do so. If you must proceed upon your journey, I wish you well through it, and will walk a little way with you before school begins."

"What are we to do, Nell," said the old man irresolutely, "say what we're to do, dear."

It required no great persuasion to induce the child to answer that they had better accept the invitation and remain. She was happy to show her gratitude to the kind schoolmaster by busying herself in the performance of such household duties as his little cottage stood in need of. When these were done, she took some needle-work from her basket, and sat herself down upon a stool beside the lattice, where the honeysuckle and woodbine entwined their tender stems, and stealing into the room filled it with their delicious breath. Her grandfather was basking in the sun outside, breathing the perfume of the flowers, and idly watching the clouds as they floated on before the light summer wind.

As the schoolmaster, after arranging the two forms in due order, took his seat behind his desk and made other preparations for school, the child was apprehensive that she might be in the way, and offered to withdraw to her little bed-room. But this he would not allow, and as he seemed pleased to have her there, she remained, busying herself with her work.

"Have you many scholars, sir?" she asked.

The poor schoolmaster shook his head, and said that they barely filled the two forms.

"Are the others clever, sir?" asked the child, glancing at the trophies on the wall.

"Good boys," returned the schoolmaster, "good boys enough, my dear, but they'll never do like that."

A small white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the door while he was speaking, and stopping there to make a rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. The white-headed boy then put an open book, astonishingly dog's-eared, upon his knees, and thrusting his hands into his pockets began counting the marbles with which they were filled; displaying in the expression of his face a remarkable capacity of totally abstracting his mind from the spelling on which his eyes were fixed. Soon afterwards another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him a red-headed lad, and after him two more with white heads, and then one with a flaxen poll, and so on until the forms were occupied by a dozen boys or thereabouts, with heads of every colour but grey, and ranging in their ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor when he sat upon the form, and the eldest was a heavy good-tempered foolish fellow, about half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

At the top of the first form—the post of honour in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar, and at the head of the row of pegs on which those who came in hats or caps were wont to hang them up, one was left empty. No boy attempted to violate the sanctity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered his idle neighbour behind his hand.

Then began the hum of conning over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered jest and stealthy game, and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din sat the poor schoolmaster, the very image of meekness and simplicity, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little friend. But the tedium of his office reminded him more strongly of the willing scholar, and his thoughts were rambling from his pupils—it was plain.

None knew this better than the idlest boys, who, growing bolder with impunity, waxed louder and more daring; playing odd-or-even under the master's eye, eating apples openly and without rebuke, pinching each other in sport or malice without the least reserve, and cutting their autographs in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson out of book, looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master's elbow and boldly cast his eye upon the page; the wag of the little troop squinted and made grimaces (at the smallest boy of course), holding no book before his face, and his approving audience knew no constraint in their delight. If the master did chance to rouse himself and seem alive to what was going on, the noise subsided for a moment and no eyes met his but wore a studious and a deeply humble look; but the instant he relapsed again, it broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

Oh! how some of those idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing place beneath willow trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who, with his shirt-collar unbuttoned and flung back as far as it could go, sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling-book, wishing himself a whale, or a tittlebat, or a fly, or any thing but a boy at school on that hot, broiling day! Heat! ask that other boy, whose seat being nearest to the door, gave him opportunities of gliding out into the garden and driving his companions to madness by dipping his face into the bucket of the well and then rolling on the grass—ask him if there were ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of flowers and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business and be manufacturers of honey no more. The day was made for laziness, and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky till its brightness forced one to shut one's eyes and go to sleep; and was this a time to be poring over musty books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself? Monstrous!

Nell sat by the window occupied with her work, but attentive still to all that passed, though sometimes rather timid of the boisterous boys. The lessons over, writing time began; and there being but one desk and that the master's, each boy sat at it in turn and laboured at his crooked copy, while the master walked about. This was a quieter time; for he would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and tell him mildly to observe how such a letter was turned in such a copy on the wall, praise such an up-stroke here and such a down-stroke there, and bid him take it for his model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and such was the poor schoolmaster's gentle and affectionate manner, that the boys seemed quite remorseful

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that they had worried him so much, and were absolutely quiet; eating no apples, cutting no names, inflicting no pinches, and making no grimaces, for full two minutes afterwards.

"I think, boys," said the schoolmaster when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give an extra half-holiday this afternoon."

At this intelligence, the boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were considerate enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath.

"You must promise me first," said the schoolmaster, "that you'll not be noisy, or at least, if you are, that you'll go away and be so—away out of the village I mean. I'm sure you wouldn't disturb your old playmate and companion."

There was a general murmur, (and perhaps a very sincere one, for they were but boys) in the negative; and the tall boy, perhaps as sincerely as any of them, called those about him to witness that he had only shouted in a whisper.

"Then pray don't forget, there's my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster, "what I have asked you, and do it as a favour to me. Be as happy as you can, and don't be unmindful that you are blessed with health. Good bye all!"

"Thank'ee sir," and "good bye sir," were said a great many times in a variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly. But there was the sun shining and there were the birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays and half-holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay, entreating them to come and scatter it to the pure air; the green corn, gently beckoning towards wood and stream; the smooth ground, rendered smoother still by blending lights and shadows, inviting to runs and leaps, and long walks God knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop the whole cluster took to their heels and spread themselves about, shouting and laughing as they went.

"It's natural, thank Heaven!" said the poor schoolmaster looking after them. "I am very glad they didn't mind me!"

It is difficult, however, to please everybody, as most of us would have discovered, even without the fable which bears that moral; and in the course of the afternoon several mothers and aunts of pupils looked in to express their entire disapproval of the schoolmaster's proceeding. A few confined themselves to hints, such as politely inquiring what red-letter day or saint's day the almanac said it was; a few (these were the profound village politicians) argued that it was a slight to the throne and an affront to church and state, and savoured of revolutionary principles, to grant a half-holiday upon any lighter occasion than the birthday of the monarch; but the majority expressed their displeasure on private grounds and in plain terms, arguing that to put the pupils on this short allowance of learning was nothing but an act of downright robbery and fraud: and one old lady, finding that she could not inflame or irritate the peaceable schoolmaster by talking to him, bounced out of his house and talked at him for half an hour outside his own window, to another old lady, saying that of course he would deduct this half-holiday from his weekly charge, or of course he would naturally expect to have an opposition started against him; there was no want of idle chaps in that neighbourhood (here the old lady raised her voice), and some chaps who were too idle even to be schoolmasters, might soon find that there were other chaps put over their heads, and so she would have them take care, and look pretty sharp about them. But all these taunts and vexations failed to elicit one word from the meek schoolmaster, who sat with the child by his side,—a little more dejected perhaps, but quite silent and uncomplaining.

Towards night an old woman came tottering up the garden as speedily as she could, and meeting the schoolmaster at the door, said he was to go to Dame West's directly, and had best run on before her. He and the child were on the point of going out together for a walk, and without relinquishing her hand, the schoolmaster hurried away, leaving the messenger to follow as she might.

They stopped at a cottage-door, and the schoolmaster knocked softly at it with his hand. It was opened without loss of time. They entered a room where a little group of women were gathered about one, older than the rest, who was crying very bitterly, and sat wringing her hands and rocking herself to and fro.

"Oh dame!" said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as this?"

"He's going fast," cried the old woman; "my grandson's dying. It's all along of you. You shouldn't see him now, but for his being so earnest on it. This is what his learning has brought him to. Oh dear, dear, dear, what can I do!"

"Do not say that I am in any fault," urged the gentle schoolmaster. "I am not hurt, dame. No, no. You are in great distress of mind, and don't mean what you say. I am sure you don't."

"I do," returned the old woman. "I mean it all. If he hadn't been poring over his books out of fear of you, he would have been well and merry now, I know he would."

The schoolmaster looked round upon the other women as if to entreat some one among them to say a kind word for him, but they shook their heads, and murmured to each other that they never thought there was much good in learning, and that this convinced them. Without saying a word in reply, or giving them a look of reproach, he followed the old woman who had summoned him (and who had now rejoined them) into another room, where his infant friend, half dressed, lay stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of Heaven, not earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprung up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear kind friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster.

"Who is that?" said the boy, seeing Nell. "I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me."

The sobbing child came closer up, and took the little languid hand in hers. Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

"You remember the garden, Harry," whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dulness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to

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be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, my dear, very soon now,—won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's grey head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them; no, not a sound.

In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green."

He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped owerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head, and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle bat, that lay with slate and book and other boyish property upon a table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward, and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall, and fell asleep.

The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

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CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

Almost broken-hearted, Nell withdrew with the schoolmaster from the bedside and returned to his cottage. In the midst of her grief and tears she was yet careful to conceal their real cause from the old man, for the dead boy had been a grandchild, and left but one aged relative to mourn his premature decay.

She stole away to bed as quickly as she could, and when she was alone, gave free vent to the sorrow with which her breast was overcharged. But the sad scene she had witnessed, was not without its lesson of content and gratitude; of content with the lot which left her health and freedom; and gratitude that she was spared to the one relative and friend she loved, and to live and move in a beautiful world, when so many young creatures —as young and full of hope as she—were stricken down and gathered to their graves. How many of the mounds in that old churchyard where she had lately strayed, grew green above the graves of children! And though she thought as a child herself, and did not perhaps sufficiently consider to what a bright and happy existence those who die young are borne, and how in death they lose the pain of seeing others die around them, bearing to the tomb some strong affection of their hearts (which makes the old die many times in one long life,) still she thought wisely enough, to draw a plain and easy moral from what she had seen that night, and to store it, deep in her mind.

Her dreams were of the little scholar: not coffined and covered up, but mingling with angels, and smiling happily. The sun darting his cheerful rays into the room, awoke her; and now there remained but to take leave of the poor schoolmaster and wander forth once more.

By the time they were ready to depart, school had begun. In the darkened room, the din of yesterday was going on again: a little sobered and softened down, perhaps, but only a very little, if at all. The schoolmaster rose from his desk and walked with them to the gate.

It was with a trembling and reluctant hand, that the child held out to him the money which the lady had given her at the races for her flowers: faltering in her thanks as she thought how small the sum was, and blushing as she offered it. But he bade her put it up, and stooping to kiss her cheek, turned back into his house.

They had not gone half-a-dozen paces when he was at the door again; the old man retraced his steps to shake hands, and the child did the same.

"Good fortune and happiness go with you!" said the poor schoolmaster. "I am quite a solitary man now. If you ever pass this way again, you'll not forget the little village school."

"We shall never forget it, sir," rejoined Nell; "nor ever forget to be grateful to you for your kindness to us."

"I have heard such words from the lips of children very often," said the schoolmaster, shaking his head, and smiling thoughtfully, "but they were soon forgotten. I had attached one young friend to me, the better friend for being young—but that's over—God bless you!"

They bade him farewell very many times, and turned away, walking slowly and often looking back, until they could see him no more. At length they had left the village far behind, and even lost sight of the smoke among the trees. They trudged onward now, at a quicker pace, resolving to keep the main road, and go wherever it might lead them.

But main roads stretch a long, long way. With the exception of two or three inconsiderable clusters of cottages which they passed, without stopping, and one lonely road-side public-house where they had some bread and cheese, this highway had led them to nothing—late in the afternoon—and still lengthened out, far in the distance, the same dull, tedious, winding course, that they had been pursuing all day. As they had no resource, however, but to go forward, they still kept on, though at a much slower pace, being very weary and fatigued.

The afternoon had worn away into a beautiful evening, when they arrived at a point where the road made a sharp turn and struck across a common. On the border of this common, and close to the hedge which divided it from the cultivated fields, a caravan was drawn up to rest; upon which, by reason of its situation, they came so suddenly that they could not have avoided it if they would.

It was not a shabby, dingy, dusty cart, but a smart little house upon wheels, with white dimity curtains festooning the windows, and window-shutters of green picked out with panels of a staring red, in which happily-contrasted colours the whole concern shone brilliant. Neither was it a poor caravan drawn by a single donkey or emaciated horse, for a pair of horses in pretty good condition were released from the shafts and grazing on the frouzy grass. Neither was it a gipsy caravan, for at the open door (graced with a bright brass knocker) sat a christian lady, stout and comfortable to look upon, who wore a large bonnet trembling with bows. And that it was not an unprovided or destitute caravan was clear from this lady's occupation, which was the very pleasant and refreshing one of taking tea. The tea-things, in-

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cluding a bottle of rather suspicious character and a cold knuckle of ham, were set forth upon a drum, covered with a white napkin; and there, as if at the most convenient round-table in all the world, sat this roving lady, taking her tea and enjoying the prospect.

It happened that at that moment the lady of the caravan had her cup (which, that every thing about her might be of a stout and comfortable kind, was a breakfast cup) to her lips, and that having her eyes lifted to the sky in her enjoyment of the full flavour of the tea, not unmingled possibly with just the slightest dash or gleam of something out of the suspicious bottle—but this is mere speculation and not distinct matter of history—it happened that being thus agreeably engaged, she did not see the travellers when they first came up. It was not until she was in the act of setting down the cup, and drawing a long breath after the exertion of causing its contents to disappear, that the lady of the caravan beheld an old man and a young child walking slowly by, and glancing at her proceedings with eyes of modest but hungry admiration.

"Hey!" cried the lady of the caravan, scooping the crumbs out of her lap and swallowing the same before wiping her lips. "Yes, to be sure.—Who won the Helter-Skelter Plate, child?"

"Won what, ma'am?" asked Nell.

"The Helter-Skelter Plate at the races, child—the plate that was run for on the second day."

"On the second day, ma'm?"

"Second day! Yes, second day," repeated the lady with an air of impatience. "Can't you say who won the Helter-Skelter Plate when you're asked the question civilly?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Don't know!" repeated the lady of the caravan; "why, you were there. I saw you with my own eyes."

Nell was not a little alarmed to hear this, supposing that the lady might be intimately acquainted with the firm of Short and Codlin; but what followed tended to reassure her.

"And very sorry I was," said the lady of the caravan, "to see you in company with a Punch; a low, practical, vulgar wretch, that people should scorn to look at."

"I was not there by choice," returned the child; "we didn't know our way, and the two men were very kind to us, and let us travel with them. Do you—do you know them, ma'am?"

"Know 'em, child!" cried the lady of the caravan in a sort of shriek. "Know *them!* But you're young and inexperienced, and that's your excuse for asking sich a question. Do I look as if I know'd 'em, does the caravan look as if *it* know'd 'em?"

"No, ma'am, no," said the child, fearing she had committed some grievous fault. "I beg your pardon."

It was granted immediately, though the lady still appeared much ruffled and discomposed by the degrading supposition. The child then explained that they had left the races on the first day, and were travelling to the next town on that road, where they purposed to spend the night. As the countenance of the stout lady began to clear up, she ventured to inquire how far it was. The reply—which the stout lady did not come to, until she had thoroughly explained that she went to the races on the first day in a gig, and as an expedition of pleasure, and that her presence there had no connection with any matters of business or profit—was, that the town was eight miles off.

This discouraging information a little dashed the child, who could scarcely repress a tear as she glanced along the darkening road. Her grandfather made no complaint, but he sighed heavily as he leaned upon his staff, and vainly tried to pierce the dusty distance.

The lady of the caravan was in the act of gathering her tea equipage together preparatory to clearing the table, but noting the child's anxious manner she hesitated and stopped. The child curtseyed, thanked her for her information, and giving her hand to the old man had already got some fifty yards or so, away, when the lady of the caravan called to her to return.

"Come nearer, nearer still"—said she, beckoning to her to ascend the steps. "Are you hungry, child?"

"Not very, but we are tired, and it's—it *is* a long way"—

"Well, hungry or not, you had better have some tea," rejoined her new acquaintance. "I suppose you are agreeable to that, old gentleman?"

The grandfather humbly pulled off his hat and thanked her. The lady of the caravan then bade him come up the steps likewise, but the drum proving an inconvenient table for two, they descended again, and sat upon the grass, where she handed down to them the tea-tray, the bread and butter, the knuckle of ham, and in short every thing of which she had partaken herself, except the bottle, which she had already embraced an opportunity of slipping into her pocket.

"Set 'em out near the hind wheels, child, that's the best place"—said their friend, superintending the arrangements from above. "Now hand up the teapot for a little more hot water, and a pinch of fresh tea, and then both of you eat and drink as much as you can, and don't spare any thing; that's all I ask of you."

They might perhaps have carried out the lady's wish, if it had been less freely expressed, or even if it had not been expressed at all. But as this direction relieved them from any shadow of delicacy or uneasiness, they made a hearty meal and enjoyed it to the utmost.

While they were thus engaged, the lady of the caravan alighted on the earth, and with her hands clasped behind her, and her large bonnet trembling excessively, walked up and down in a measured tread and very stately manner, surveying the caravan from time to time with an air of calm delight, and deriving particular gratification from the red panels and the brass knocker. When she had taken this gentle exercise for some time, she sat down upon the steps and called "George;" whereupon a man in a carter's frock, who had been so shrouded in a hedge up to this time as to see every thing that passed without being seen himself, parted the twigs that concealed him, and appeared in a sitting attitude, supporting on his legs a baking-dish and a half-gallon stone bottle, and bearing in his right hand a knife, and in his left a fork.

"Yes Missus"—said George.

"How did you find the cold pie, George?"

"It warn't amiss, mum."

"And the beer," said the lady of the caravan, with an appearance of being more interested in this question than the last; "is it passable, George?"

"It's more flatterer than it might be," George returned, "but it an't so bad for all that."

To set the mind of his mistress at rest, he took a sip (amounting in quantity to a pint or thereabouts) from the stone bottle, and then smacked his lips, winked his eye, and nodded his head. No doubt with the same amiable desire, he immediately resumed his knife and

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fork, as a practical assurance that the beer had wrought no bad effect upon his appetite.

The lady of the caravan looked on approvingly for some time, and then said,

"Have you nearly finished?"

"Wery nigh, mum." And indeed, after scraping the dish all round with his knife and carrying the choice brown morsels to his mouth, and after taking such a scientific pull at the stone bottle that, by degrees almost imperceptible to the sight, his head went further and further back until he lay nearly at his full length upon the ground, this gentleman declared himself quite disengaged, and came forth from his retreat.

"I hope I haven't hurried you, George," said his mistress, who appeared to have a great sympathy with his late pursuit.

"If you have," returned the follower, wisely reserving himself for any favourable contingency that might occur, "we must make up for it next time, that's all."

"We are not a heavy load, George?"

"That's always what the ladies say," replied the man, looking a long way round, as if he were appealing to Nature in general against such monstrous propositions. "If you see a woman a driving, you'll always perceive that she never will keep her whip still; the horse can't go fast enough for her. If cattle have got their proper load, you never can persuade a woman that they'll not bear something more. What is the cause of this here?"

"Would these two travellers make much difference to the horses, if we took them with us?" asked his mistress, offering no reply to the philosophical inquiry, and pointing to Nell and the old man who were painfully preparing to resume their journey on foot.

"They'd make a difference in course," said George doggedly.

"Would they make much difference?" repeated his mistress. "They can't be very heavy."

"The weight o' the pair, mum," said George, eyeing them with the look of a man who was calculating within half an ounce or so, "would be a trifle under that of Oliver Cromwell."

Nell was very much surprised that the man should be so accurately acquainted with the weight of one whom she had read of in books as having lived considerably before their time, but speedily forgot the subject in the joy of hearing that they were to go forward in the caravan, for which she thanked its lady with unaffected earnestness. She helped with great readiness and alacrity to put away the tea-things and other matters that were lying about, and, the horses being by that time harnessed, mounted into the vehicle, followed by her delighted grandfather. Their patroness then shut the door and sat herself down by her drum at an open window; and, the steps being struck by George and stowed under the carriage, away they went, with a great noise of flapping and creaking and straining; and the bright brass knocker, which nobody ever knocked at, knocking one perpetual double knock of its own accord as they jolted heavily along.

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CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

When they had travelled slowly forward for some short distance, Nell ventured to steal a look round the caravan and observe it more closely. One half of it—that moiety in which the comfortable proprietress was then seated—was carpeted, and so partitioned off at the further end as to accommodate a sleeping-place, constructed after the fashion of a berth on board ship, which was shaded, like the little windows, with fair white curtains, and looked comfortable enough, though by what kind of gymnastic exercise the lady of the caravan ever contrived to get into it, was an unfathomable mystery. The other half served for a kitchen, and was fitted up with a stove whose small chimney passed through the roof. It held also a closet or larder, several chests, a great pitcher of water, and a few cooking-utensils and articles of crockery. These latter necessaries hung upon the walls, which, in that portion of the establishment devoted to the lady of the caravan, were ornamented with such gayer and lighter decorations as a triangle and a couple of well-thumbed tambourines.

The lady of the caravan sat at one window in all the pride and poetry of the musical instruments, and little Nell and her grandfather sat at the other in all the humility of the kettle and saucepans, while the machine jogged on and shifted the darkening prospect very slowly. At first the two travellers spoke little, and only in whispers, but as they grew more familiar with the place they ventured to converse with greater freedom, and talked about the country through which they were passing, and the different objects that presented themselves, until the old man fell asleep; which the lady of the caravan observing, invited Nell to come and sit beside her.

"Well child," she said, "how do you like this way of travelling?"

Nell replied that she thought it was very pleasant indeed, to which the lady assented in the case of people who had their spirits. For herself, she said, she was troubled with a lowness in that respect which required a constant stimulant; though whether the aforesaid stimulant was derived from the suspicious bottle of which mention has been already made, or from other sources, she did not say.

"That's the happiness of you young people," she continued. "You don't know what it is to be low in your feelings. You always have your appetites too, and what a comfort that is."

Nell thought that she could sometimes dispense with her own appetite very conveniently; and thought, moreover, that there was nothing either in the lady's personal appearance or in her manner of taking tea, to lead to the conclusion that her natural relish for meat and drink had at all failed her. She silently assented, however, as in duty bound, to what the lady had said, and waited until she should speak again.

Instead of speaking, however, she sat looking at the child for a long time in silence, and then getting up, brought out from a corner a large roll of canvass about a yard in width, which she laid upon the floor and spread open with her foot until it nearly reached from one end of the caravan to the other.

"There child," she said, "read that."

Nell walked down it, and read aloud, in enormous black letters, the inscription, "JARLEY'S WAX-WORK."

"Read it again," said the lady, complacently.

"Jarley's Wax-Work," repeated Nell.

"That's me," said the lady. "I am Mrs. Jarley."

Giving the child an encouraging look, intended to reassure her and let her know, that, although she stood in the presence of the original Jarley, she must not allow herself to be utterly overwhelmed and borne down, the

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lady of the caravan unfolded another scroll, whereon was the inscription, "One hundred figures the full size of life," and then another scroll, on which was written, "The only stupendous collection of real wax-work in the world," and then several smaller scrolls with such inscriptions as "Now exhibiting within"—"The genuine and only Jarley"—"Jarley's unrivalled collection"—"Jarley is the delight of the nobility and gentry"—"The royal family are the patrons of Jarley." When she had exhibited these leviathans of public announcement to the astonished child, she brought forth specimens of the lesser fry in the shape of hand-bills, some of which were couched in the form of parodies on popular melodies, as "Believe me if all Jarley's wax-work so rare"—"I saw thy show in youthful prime"—"Over the water to Jarley;" while, to consult all tastes, others were composed with a view to the lighter and more facetious spirits, as a parody on the favourite air of "If I had a donkey," beginning

> If I know'd a donkey wot wouldn't go
> To see Mrs. Jarley's wax-work show
> Do you think I'd acknowledge him? Oh no no!
> Then run to Jarley's—

—besides several compositions in prose, purporting to be dialogues between the emperor of China and an oyster, or the archbishop of Canterbury and a dissenter on the subject of church-rates, but all having the same moral, namely, that the reader must make haste to Jarley's, and that children and servants were admitted at half-price. When she had brought all these testimonials of her important position in society to bear upon her young companion, Mrs. Jarley rolled them up, and having put them carefully away, sat down again, and looked at the child in triumph.

"Never go into the company of a filthy Punch any more," said Mrs. Jarley, "after this."

"I never saw any wax-work ma'am," said Nell. "Is it funnier than Punch?"

"Funnier!" said Mrs. Jarley in a shrill voice. "It is not funny at all."

"Oh!" said Nell with all possible humility.

"It isn't funny at all," repeated Mrs. Jarley. "It's calm and—what's that word again—critical?—no—classical, that's it—its calm and classical. No low beatings and knockings about, no jokings and squeakings like your precious Punches, but always the same, with a constantly unchanging air of coldness and gentility; and so like life, that if wax-work only spoke and walked about, you'd hardly know the difference. I won't go so far as to say, that, as it is, I've seen wax-work quite like life, but I've certainly seen some life that was exactly like wax-work."

"Is it here ma'am?" asked Nell, whose curiosity was awakened by this description.

"Is what here, child?"

"The wax-work, ma'am."

"Why bless, you, child, what are you thinking of—how could such a collection be here, where you see every thing except the inside of one little cupboard and a few boxes? It's gone on in the other wans to the assembly-rooms, and there it'll be exhibited the day after to-morrow. You are going to the same town, and you'll see it I dare say. It's natural to expect that you'll see it, and I've no doubt you will. I suppose you couldn't stop away if you was to try ever so much."

"I shall not be in the town, I think, ma'am," said the child.

"Not there!" cried Mrs. Jarley. "Then where will you be?"

"I—I—don't quite know. I am not certain."

"You don't mean to say that you're travelling about the country without knowing where you're going to?" said the lady of the caravan. "What curious people you are! What line are you in? You looked to me at the races, child, as if you were quite out of your element, and had got there by accident."

"We were there quite by accident," returned Nell, confused by this abrupt questioning. "We are poor people, ma'am, and are only wandering about. We have nothing to do:—I wish we had."

"You amaze me more and more," said Mrs. Jarley, after remaining for some time as mute as one of her own figures. "Why, what do you call yourselves? Not beggars?"

"Indeed ma'am, I don't know what else we are," returned the child.

"Lord bless me," said the lady of the caravan. "I never heard of such a thing. Who'd have thought it!"

She remained so long silent after this exclamation, that Nell feared she felt her having been induced to bestow her protection and conversation upon one so poor, to be an outrage upon her dignity that nothing could repair. This persuasion was rather confirmed than otherwise by the tone in which she at length broke silence and said,

"And yet you can read. And write too, I shouldn't wonder!"

"Yes ma'am," said the child, fearful of giving new offence by the confession.

"Well, and what a thing that is," returned Mrs. Jarley. "*I* can't!"

Nell said "indeed" in a tone which might imply, either that she was reasonably surprised to find the genuine and only Jarley, who was the delight of the nobility and gentry and the peculiar pet of the royal family, destitute of these familiar arts; or that she presumed so great a lady could scarcely stand in need of such ordinary accomplishments. In whatever way Mrs. Jarley received the response, it did not provoke her to further questioning, or tempt her into any more remarks at the time, for she relapsed into a thoughtful silence, and remained in that state so long that Nell withdrew to the other window and rejoined her grandfather, who was now awake.

At length the lady of the caravan shook off her fit of meditation, and, summoning the driver to come under the window at which she was seated, held a long conversation with him in a low tone of voice, as if she were asking his advice on an important point, and discussing the pros and cons of some very weighty matter. This conference at length concluded, she drew in her head again, and beckoned Nell to approach.

"And the old gentleman too," said Mrs. Jarley; "for I want to have a word with him. Do you want a good situation for your grand-daughter, master? If you do, I can put her in the way of getting one. What do you say?"

"I can't leave her," answered the old man. "We can't separate. What would become of me without her?"

"I should have thought you were old enough to take care of yourself, if you ever will be," retorted Mrs. Jarley sharply.

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"But he never will be," said the child in an earnest whisper. "I fear he never will be again. Pray do not speak harshly to him. We are very thankful to you," she added aloud; "but neither of us could part from the other if all the wealth of the world were halved between us."

Mrs. Jerley was a little disconcerted by this reception of her proposal, and looked at the old man, who tenderly took Nell's hand and detained it in his own, as if she could have very well dispensed with his company or even his earthly existence. After an awkward pause, she thrust her head out of the window again, and had another conference with the driver upon some point on which they did not seem to agree quite so readily as on their former topic of discussion; but they concluded at last, and she addressed the grandfather again.

"If you're really disposed to employ yourself," said Mrs. Jarley, "there would be plenty for you to do in the way of helping to dust the figures, and take the checks, and so forth. What I want your grand-daughter for, is to point 'em out to the company; they would be soon learnt, and she has a way with her that people wouldn't think unpleasant, though she does come after me; for I've been always accustomed to go round with visiters myself, which I should keep on doing now, only that my spirits make a little ease absolutely necessary. It's not a common offer, bear in mind," said the lady, rising into the tone and manner in which she was accustomed to address her audiences; "it's Jarley's wax-work, remember. The duty's very light and genteel, the company particular select, the exhibition takes place in assembly rooms, town-halls, large rooms at inns, or auction galleries. There is none of your open-air wagrancy at Jarley's, recollect; there is no tarpaulin and sawdust at Jarley's, remember. Every expectation held out in the handbills is realised to the utmost, and the whole forms an effect of imposing brilliancy hitherto unrivaled in this kingdom. Remember that the price of admission is only sixpence, and that this is an opportunity which may never occur again!"

Descending from the sublime when she had reached this point, to the details of common life, Mrs. Jarley remarked that with reference to salary she could pledge herself to no specific sum until she had sufficiently tested Nell's abilities, and narrowly watched her in the performance of her duties. But board and lodging, both for her and her grandfather, she bound herself to provide, and she furthermore passed her word that the board should always be good in quality, and in quantity plentiful.

Nell and her grandfather consulted together, and while they were so engaged, Mrs. Jarley with her hands behind her walked up and down the caravan, as she had walked after tea on the dull earth, with uncommon dignity and self-esteem. Nor will this appear so slight a circumstance as to be unworthy of mention, when it is remembered that the caravan was in uneasy motion all the time, and that none but a person of great natural stateliness and acquired grace could have forborne to stagger.

"Now child," cried Mrs. Jarley, coming to a halt as Nell turned towards her.

"We are very much obliged to you ma'am," said Nell, "and thankfully accept your offer."

"And you'll never be sorry for it," returned Mrs. Jarley. "I'm pretty sure of that. So as that's all settled, let us have a bit of supper."

In the meanwhile, the caravan blundered on as if it too had been drinking strong beer and was drowsy, and came at last upon the paved streets of a town which were clear of passengers, and quiet, for it was by this time near midnight, and the townspeople were all abed. As it was too late an hour to repair to the exhibition room, they turned aside into a piece of waste ground that lay just within the old town-gate, and drew up there for the night, near to another caravan, which, notwithstanding that it bore on the lawful pannel the great name of Jarley, and was employed besides in conveying from place to place the wax-work which was its country's pride, was designated by a grovelling stamp-office as a "common stage waggon," and numbered too—seven thousand odd hundred—as though its precious freight were mere flour or coals!

This ill-used machine being empty (for it had deposited its burden at the place of exhibition, and lingered here until its services were again required) was assigned to the old man as his sleeping-place for the night; and within its wooden walls, Nell made him up the best bed she could, from the materials at hand. For herself, she was to sleep in Mrs. Jarley's own travelling-carriage, as a signal mark of that lady's favour and confidence.

She had taken leave of her grandfather and was returning to the other waggon, when she was tempted by the pleasant coolness of the night to linger for a little while in the air. The moon was shining down upon the old gateway of the town, leaving the low archway very black and dark; and with a mingled sensation of curiosity and fear, she slowly approached the gate, and stood still to look up at it, wondering to see how dark, and grim, and old, and cold, it looked.

There was an empty niche from which some old statue had fallen or been carried away hundreds of years ago, and she was thinking what strange people it must have looked down upon when it stood there, and how many hard struggles might have taken place, and how many murders might have been done, upon that silent spot, when there suddenly emerged from the black shade of the arch, a man. The instant he appeared, she recognized him—who could have failed to recognize, in that instant, the ugly mis-shapen Quilp!

The street beyond was so narrow, and the shadow of the houses on one side of the way so deep, that he seemed to have risen out of the earth. But there he was. The child withdrew into a dark corner, and saw him pass close to her. He had a stick in his hand, and, when he had got clear of the shadow of the gateway, he leant upon it, looked back—directly, as it seemed, towards where she stood—and beckoned.

To her? oh no, thank God, not to her; for as she stood in an extremity of fear, hesitating whether to scream for help, or come from her hiding-place and fly, before he should draw nearer, there issued slowly forth from the arch another figure—that of a boy—who carried on his back a trunk.

"Faster, sirrah!" said Quilp, looking up at the old gateway, and showing in the moonlight like some monstrous image that had come down from its niche and was casting a backward glance at its old house, "faster!"

"It's a dreadful heavy load, sir," the boy pleaded. "I've come on very fast, considering."

"*You* have come fast, considering!" retorted Quilp; "you creep, you dog, you crawl, you measure distance like a worm. There are the chimes now, half-past twelve."

He stopped to listen, and then turning upon the boy with a suddenness and ferocity that made him start, asked at what hour that London coach passed the corner of the road. The boy replied, at one.

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"Come on then," said Quilp, "or I shall be too late. Faster—do you hear me? Faster."

The boy made all the speed he could, and Quilp led onward, constantly turning back to threaten him, and urge him to greater haste. Nell did not dare to move until they were out of sight and hearing, and then hurried to where she had left her grandfather, feeling as if the very passing of the dwarf so near him must have filled him with alarm and terror. But he was sleeping soundly, and she softly withdrew.

As she was making her way to her own bed, she determined to say nothing of this adventure, as upon whatever errand the dwarf had come (and she feared it must have been in search of them) it was clear by his inquiry about the London coach that he was on his way homeward, and as he had passed through that place, it was but reasonable to suppose that they were safer from his inquiries there, than they could be elsewhere. These reflections did not remove her own alarm, for she had been too much terrified to be easily composed, and felt as if she were hemmed in by a legion of Quilps, and the very air itself were filled with them.

The delight of the nobility and gentry and the patronized of royalty had, by some process of self-abridgment known only to herself, got into her travelling bed, where she was snoring peacefully, while the large bonnet, carefully disposed upon the drum, was revealing its glories by the light of a dim lamp that swung from the roof. The child's bed was already made upon the floor, and it was a great comfort to her to hear the steps removed as soon as she had entered, and to know that all easy communication between persons outside and the brass knocker was by this means effectually prevented. Certain guttural sounds, too, which from time to time ascended through the floor of the caravan, and a rustling of straw in the same direction, apprised her that the driver was couched upon the ground beneath, and gave her an additional feeling of security.

Notwithstanding these protections, she could get none but broken sleep by fits and starts all night, for fear of Quilp, who throughout her uneasy dreams was somehow connected with the wax-work, or was wax-work himself, or was Mrs. Jarley and wax-work too, or was himself, Mrs. Jarley, wax-work, and a barrel organ all in one, and yet not exactly any of them either. At length, towards break of day, that deep sleep came upon her which succeeds to weariness and over-watching, and which has no consciousness but one of overpowering and irresistible enjoyment.

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CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Sleep hung upon the eyelids of the child so long, that when she awoke, Mrs. Jarley was already decorated with her large bonnet, and actively engaged in preparing breakfast. She received Nell's apology for being so late with perfect good-humour, and said she should not have roused her if she had slept on until noon.

"Because it does you good," said the lady of the caravan, "when you're tired, to sleep as long as ever you can, and get the fatigue quite off; and that's another blessing of your time of life—you can sleep so very sound."

"Have you had a bad night, ma'am!" asked Nell.

"I seldom have any thing else, child," replied Mrs. Jarley, with the air of a martyr. "I sometimes wonder how I bear it."

Remembering the snores which had proceeded from that cleft in the caravan in which the proprietress of the wax-work passed the night, Nell rather thought she must have been dreaming of lying awake. However, she expressed herself very sorry to hear such a dismal account of her state of health, and shortly afterwards sat down with her grandfather and Mrs. Jarley to breakfast. The meal finished, Nell assisted to wash the cups and saucers, and put them in their proper places, and these household duties performed, Mrs. Jarley arrayed herself in an exceedingly bright shawl for the purpose of making a progress through the streets of the town.

"The wan will come on to bring the boxes," said Mrs. Jarley, "and you had better come in it, child. I am obliged to walk, very much against my will; but people expect it of me, and public characters can't be their own masters and mistresses in such matters as these. How do I look, child?"

Nell returned a satisfactory reply, and Mrs. Jarley, after sticking a great many pins into various parts of her figure, and making several abortive attempts to obtain a full view of her own back, was at last satisfied with her appearance, and went forth majestically.

The caravan followed at no great distance. As it went jolting through the streets, Nell peeped from the window, curious to see in what kind of place they were, and yet fearful of encountering at every turn the dreaded face of Quilp. It was a pretty large town, with an open square which they were crawling slowly across, and in the middle of which was the town-hall, with a clock-tower and a weathercock. There were houses of stone, houses of red brick, houses of yellow brick, houses of lath and plaster; and houses of wood, many of them very old, with withered faces carved upon the beams, and staring down into the street. These had very little winking windows, and low-arched doors, and, in some of the narrower ways, quite overhung the pavement. The streets were very clean, very sunny, very empty, and very dull. A few idle men lounged about the two inns, and the empty market-place, and the tradesmen's doors, and some old people were dozing in chairs outside an almshouse wall; but scarcely any passengers who seemed bent on going anywhere, or to have any object in view, went by; and if perchance some straggler did, his footsteps echoed on the hot bright pavement for minutes afterwards. Nothing seemed to be going on but the clocks, and they had such drowsy faces, such heavy lazy hands, and such cracked voices, that they surely must have been too slow. The very dogs were all asleep, and the flies, drunk with moist sugar in the grocer's shop, forgot their wings and briskness, and baked to death in dusty corners of the window.

Rumbling along with most unwonted noise, the caravan stopped at last at the place of exhibition, where Nell dismounted amidst an admiring group of children, who evidently supposed her to be an important item of the curiosities, and were fully impressed with the belief that her grandfather was a cunning device in wax. The chests were taken out with all convenient despatch, and taken in to be unlocked by Mrs. Jarley, who, attended by George and another man in velveteen shorts and a drab hat ornamented with turnpike tickets, were waiting to dispose their contents (consisting of red festoons and other ornamental devices in upholstery work) to the best advantage in the decoration of the room.

They all got to work without loss of time, and very

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busy they were. As the stupendous collection were yet concealed by cloths, lest the envious dust should injure their complexions, Nell bestirred herself to assist in the embellishment of the room, in which her grandfather also was of great service. The two men being well used to it, did a great deal in a short time; and Mrs. Jarley served out the tin tacks from a linen pocket like a toll-collector's which she wore for the purpose, and encouraged her assistants to renewed exertion.

While they were thus employed, a tallish gentleman with a hook nose and black hair, dressed in a military surtout very short and tight in the sleeves, and which had once been frogged and braided all over but was now sadly shorn of its garniture and quite threadbare—dressed too in ancient grey pantaloons fitting tight to the leg, and a pair of pumps in the winter of their existence—looked in at the door, and smiled affably. Mrs. Jarley's back being then towards him, the military gentleman shook his fore-finger as a sign that her myrmidons were not to apprise her of his presence, and stealing up close behind her, tapped her on the neck, and cried playfully, "Boh!"

"What, Mr. Slum!" cried the lady of the wax-work. "Lor! who'd have thought of seeing you here!"

"'Pon my soul and honour," said Mr. Slum, "that's a good remark. 'Pon my soul and honour that's a wise remark. Who *would* have thought it! George, my faithful feller, how are you?"

George received this advance with a surly indifference, observing that he was well enough for the matter of that, and hammering lustily all the time.

"I came here," said the military gentleman turning to Mrs. Jarley—"'pon my soul and honour I hardly know what I came here for. It would puzzle me to tell you, it would by Gad. I wanted a little inspiration, a little freshening up, a little change of ideas, and—'Pon my soul and honour," said the military gentleman, checking himself and looking round the room, "what a devilish classical thing this is! By Gad, it's quite Minervian!"

"It'll look well enough when it comes to be finished," observed Mrs. Jarley.

"Well enough!" said Mr. Slum. "Will you believe me when I say it's the delight of my life to have dabbled in poetry, when I think I've exercised my pen upon this charming theme? By the way—any orders? Is there any little thing I can do for you?"

"It comes so very expensive, sir," replied Mrs. Jarley, "and I really don't think it does much good."

"Hush! No, no!" returned Mr. Slum, elevating his hand. "No fibs. I'll not hear it. Don't say it don't do good. Don't say it. I know better!"

"I don't think it does," said Mrs. Jarley.

"Ha, ha!" cried Mr. Slum, "you're giving way, you're coming down. Ask the perfumers, ask the blacking-makers, ask the hatters, ask the old lottery-office-keepers—ask any man among 'em what my poetry has done for him, and mark my words, he blesses the name of Slum. If he's an honest man, he raises his eyes to heaven, and blesses the name of Slum—mark that! You are acquainted with Westminster Abbey, Mrs. Jarley?"

"Yes, surely."

"Then upon my soul and honour, ma'am, you'll find in a certain angle of that dreary pile, called Poet's Corner, a few smaller names than Slum," retorted that gentleman, tapping himself expressively on the forehead to imply that there was some slight quantity of brains behind it. "I've got a little trifle here, now," said Mr. Slum, taking off his hat which was full of scraps of paper, "a little trifle here, thrown off in the heat of the moment, which I should say was exactly the thing you wanted to set this place on fire with. It's an acrostic—the name at this moment is Warren, but the idea's a convertible one, and a positive inspiration for Jarley. Have the acrostic."

"I suppose it's very dear," said Mrs. Jarley.

"Five shillings," returned Mr. Slum, using his pencil as a tooth-pick. "Cheaper than prose."

"I couldn't give more than three," said Mrs. Jarley.

"—And six," retorted Slum. "Come. Three-and-six."

Mrs. Jarley was not proof against the poet's insinuating manner, and Mr. Slum entered the order in a small note-book as a three-and-sixpenny one. Mr. Slum then withdrew to alter the acrostic, after taking a most affectionate leave of his patroness, and promising to return, as soon as he possibly could, with a fair copy for the printer.

As his presence had not interfered with or interrupted the preparations, they were now far advanced, and were completed shortly after his departure. When the festoons were all put up as tastily as they might be, the stupendous collection was uncovered, and there were displayed, on a raised platform some two feet from the floor, running round the room and parted from the rude public by a crimson rope breast high, divers sprightly effigies of celebrated characters, singly and in groups, clad in glittering dresses of various climes and times, and standing more or less unsteadily upon their legs, with their eyes very wide open, and their nostrils very much inflated, and the muscles of their legs and arms very strongly developed, and all their countenances expressing great surprise. All the gentlemen were very pigeon-breasted and very blue about the beards, and all the ladies were miraculous figures; and all the ladies and all the gentlemen were looking intensely nowhere, and staring with extraordinary earnestness at nothing.

When Nell had exhausted her first raptures at this glorious sight, Mrs. Jarley ordered the room to be cleared of all but herself and the child, and, sitting herself down in an arm-chair in the centre, formally invested her with a willow wand, long used by herself for pointing out the characters, and was at great pains to instruct her in her duty.

"That," said Mrs. Jarley in her exhibition tone, as Nell touched a figure at the beginning of the platform, "is an unfortunate Maid of Honour in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who died from pricking her finger in consequence of working upon a Sunday. Observe the blood which is trickling from her finger; also the gold-eyed needle of the period, with which she is at work."

All this Nell repeated twice or thrice, pointing to the finger and the needle at the right times, and then passed on to the next.

"That, ladies and gentlemen," said Mrs. Jarley, "is Jasper Packlemerton of atrocious memory, who courted and married fourteen wives, and destroyed them all by tickling the soles of their feet when they was sleeping in the consciousness of innocence and virtue. On being brought to the scaffold and asked if he was sorry for what he had done, he replied yes, he was sorry for having let 'em off so easy, and hoped all Christian husbands would pardon him the offence. Let this be a warning

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to all young ladies to be particular in the character of the gentlemen of their choice. Observe that his fingers is curled as if in the act of tickling, and that his face is represented with a wink, as he appeared when committing his barbarous murders."

When Nell knew all about Mr. Packlemerton, and could say it without faltering, Mrs. Jarley passed on to the fat man, and then to the thin man, the tall man, the short man, the old lady who died of dancing at a hundred and thirty-two, the wild boy of the woods, the woman who poisoned fourteen families with pickled walnuts, and other historical characters and interesting but misguided individuals. And so well did Nell profit by her instructions, and so apt was she to remember them, that by the time they had been shut up together for a couple of hours, she was in full possession of the history of the whole establishment, and perfectly competent to the enlightenment of visiters.

Mrs. Jarley was not slow to express her admiration at this happy result, and carried her young friend and pupil to inspect the remaining arrangements within doors, by virtue of which the passage had been already converted into a grove of green-baize hung with the inscriptions she had already seen (Mr. Slum's productions), and a highly ornamented table placed at the upper end for Mrs. Jarley herself, at which she was to preside and take the money, in company with his Majesty King George the Third, Mr. Grimaldi as clown, Mary Queen of Scots, an anonymous gentleman of the Quaker persuasion, and Mr. Pitt holding in his hand a correct model of the bill for the imposition of the window duty. The preparations without doors had not been neglected either; for a nun of great personal attractions was telling her beads on the little portico over the door; and a brigand with the blackest possible head of hair, and the clearest possible complexion, was at that moment going round the town in a cart, consulting the miniature of a lady.

It now only remained that Mr. Slum's compositions should be judiciously distributed; that the pathetic effusions should find their way to all private houses and trades-people; and that the parody commencing "If I know'd a donkey," should be confined to the taverns, and circulated only among the lawyers' clerks and choice spirits of the place. When this had been done, and Mrs. Jarley had waited upon the boarding-schools in person, with a handbill composed expressly for them, in which it was distinctly proved that wax-work refined the mind, cultivated the taste, and enlarged the sphere of the human understanding, that indefatigable lady sat down to dinner, and drank out of the suspicious bottle to a flourishing campaign.

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CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

Unquestionably Mrs. Jarley had an inventive genius. In the midst of the various devices for attracting visiters to the exhibition, Little Nell was not forgotten. The light cart in which the brigand usually made his perambulations being gaily dressed with flags and streamers, and the brigand placed therein, contemplating the miniature of his beloved as usual, Nell was accommodated with a seat beside him, decorated with artificial flowers, and in this state and ceremony rode slowly through the town every morning, dispersing handbills from a basket, to the sound of drum and trumpet. The beauty of the child, coupled with her gentle and timid bearing, produced quite a sensation in the little country place. The brigand, heretofore a source of exclusive interest in the streets, became a mere secondary consideration, and to be important only as a part of the show of which she was the chief attraction. Grown-up folks began to be interested in the bright-eyed girl, and some score of little boys fell desperately in love, and constantly left inclosures of nuts and apples, directed in small text, at the wax-work door.

This desirable impression was not lost on Mrs. Jarley, who, lest Nell should become too cheap, soon sent the brigand out alone again, and kept her in the exhibition-room, where she described the figures every half hour to the great satisfaction of admiring audiences. And these audiences were of a very superior description, including a great many young ladies' boarding-schools, whose favour Mrs. Jarley had been at great pains to conciliate, by altering the face and costume of Mr. Grimaldi as clown to represent Mr. Lindley Murray as he appeared when engaged in the composition of his English grammar, and turning a murderess of great renown into Mrs. Hannah More—both of which likenesses were admitted by Miss Monflathers, who was at the head of the boarding and day establishment in the town, and who condescended to take a private view with eight chosen young ladies, to be quite startling from their extreme correctness. Mr. Pitt in a nightcap and bedgown, and without his boots, represented the poet Cowper with perfect exactness; and Mary queen of Scots in a dark wig, white shirt collar, and male attire, was such a complete image of Lord Byron that the young ladies quite screamed when they saw it. Miss Monflathers, however, rebuked this enthusiasm, and took occasion to reprove Mrs. Jarley for not keeping her collection more select, observing that his lordship had held certain free opinions quite incompatible with wax-work honours, and adding something about a dean and chapter, which Mrs. Jarley did not understand.

Although her duties were sufficiently laborious, Nell found in the lady of the caravan a very kind and considerate person, who had not only a peculiar relish for being comfortable herself, but for making every body about her comfortable also; which latter taste, it may be remarked, is, even in persons who live in much finer places than caravans, a far more rare and uncommon one than the first, and is not by any means its necessary consequence. As her popularity procured her various little fees from the visiters on which her patroness never demanded any toll, and as her grandfather too was well-treated and useful, she had no cause of anxiety in connection with the wax-work, beyond that which sprung from her recollection of Quilp, and her fears that he might return and one day suddenly encounter them.

Quilp indeed was a perpetual nightmare to the child, who was constantly haunted by a vision of his ugly face and stunted figure. She slept, for their better security, in the room where the wax-work figures were, and she never retired to this place at night but she tortured herself—she could not help it—with imagining a resemblance, in some one or other of their death-like faces, to the dwarf, and this fancy would sometimes so gain upon her that she would almost believe he had removed the figure and stood within the clothes. Then there were so many of them with their great glassy eyes—and, as they stood one behind the other all about her bed, they looked so like living creatures, and yet so unlike in their grim stillness and silence, that she had a kind of terror of them for their own sakes, and would often lie watch-

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ing their dusky figures until she was obliged to rise and light a candle, or go and sit at the open window and feel a companionship in the bright stars. At these times, she would recall the old house and the window at which she used to sit alone; and then she would think of poor Kit and all his kindness, until the tears came into her eyes, and she would weep and smile together.

Often and anxiously at this silent hour, her thoughts reverted to her grandfather, and she would wonder how much he remembered of their former life, and whether he was ever really mindful of the change in their condition and of their late helplessness and destitution. When they were wandering about, she seldom thought of this, but now she could not help considering what would become of them if he fell sick, or her own strength were to fail her. He was very patient and willing, happy to execute any little task, and glad to be of use; but he was in the same listless state, with no prospect of improvement—a mere child—a poor, thoughtless, vacant creature—a harmless fond old man, susceptible of tender love and regard for her, and of pleasant and painful impressions, but alive to nothing more. It made her very sad to know that this was so—so sad to see it that sometimes when he sat idly by, smiling and nodding to her when she looked round, or when he caressed some little child and carried it to and fro, as he was fond of doing by the hour together, perplexed by its simple questions, yet patient under his own infirmity, and indeed almost conscious of it too, and humbled even before the mind of an infant, so sad it made her to see him thus, that she would burst into tears, and then drawing into some secret place, fall down upon her knees and pray that he might be restored.

But the bitterness of her grief was not in beholding him in this condition, when he was at least content and tranquil, nor in her solitary meditations on his altered state, though these were trials for a young heart. Cause for deeper and heavier sorrow was yet to come.

One evening, a holiday night with them, Nell and her grandfather went out to walk. They had been rather closely confined for some days, and the weather being warm, they strolled a long distance. Clear of the town, they took a footpath which struck through some pleasant fields, judging that it would terminate in the road they quitted and enable them to return that way. It made, however, a much wider circuit than they had supposed, and thus they were tempted onward until sunset, when they reached the track of which they were in search, and stopped to rest.

It had been gradually getting overcast, and now the sky was dark and lowering, save where the glory of the departing sun piled up masses of gold and burning fire, decaying embers of which gleamed here and there through the black veil, and shone redly down upon the earth. The wind began to moan in hollow murmurs, as the sun went down carrying glad day elsewhere; and a train of dull clouds coming up against it, menaced thunder and lightning. Large drops of rain soon began to fall, and, as the storm clouds came sailing onward, others supplied the void they left behind and spread over all the sky. Then was heard the low rumbling of distant thunder, then the lightning quivered, and then the darkness of an hour seemed to have gathered in an instant.

Fearful of taking shelter beneath a tree or hedge, the old man and the child hurried along the high road, hoping to find some house in which they could seek a refuge from the storm, which had now burst forth in earnest, and every moment increased in violence. Drenched with the pelting rain, confused by the deafening thunder, and bewildered by the glare of the forked lightning, they would have passed a solitary house without being aware of its vicinity, had not a man, who was standing at the door, called lustily to them to enter.

"Your ears ought to be better than other folks' at any rate, if you make so little of the chance of being struck blind," he said, retreating from the door, and shading his eyes with his hands as the jagged lightning came again. "What were you going past for, eh?" he added, as he closed the door and led the way along a passage to a room behind.

"We did'nt see the house, sir, till we heard you calling," Nell replied.

"No wonder," said the man, "with this lightning in one's eyes, by-the-by. You had better stand by the fire here, and dry yourselves a bit. You can call for what you like if you want any thing. If you don't want any thing, you're not obliged to give an order, don't be afraid of that. This is a public house, that's all. The Valiant Soldier is pretty well known hereabouts."

"Is this house called the Valiant Soldier, sir?" asked Nell.

"I thought every body knew that," replied the landlord. "Where have you come from if you don't know the Valiant Soldier as well as the church catechism? This is the Valiant Soldier by James Groves—Jem Groves—honest Jem Groves, as is a man of unblemished moral character, and has a good dry skittle ground. If any man has got any thing to say again Jem Groves, let him say it *to* Jem Groves, and Jem Groves can accommodate him with a customer on any terms from four pound a side to forty."

With these words, the speaker tapped himself on the waistcoat to intimate that he was the Jem Groves so highly eulogised, sparred scientifically at a counterfeit Jem Groves, who was sparring at society in general from a black frame over the chimney-piece, and applying a half-emptied glass of spirits and water to his lips, drank Jem Groves's health.

The night being warm, there was a large screen drawn across the room, for a barrier against the heat of the fire. It seemed as if somebody on the other side of this screen had been insinuating doubts of Mr. Groves's prowess, and had thereby given rise to these egotistical expressions, for Mr. Groves wound up his defiance by giving a loud knock upon it with his knuckles and pausing for a reply from the other side.

"There an't many men," said Mr. Groves, no answer being returned, "who would venture to cross Jem Groves under his own roof. There's only one man, I know, that has nerve enough for that, and that man's not a hundred mile from here neither. But he's worth a dozen men, and I let him say of me whatever he likes in consequence—he knows that."

In return for this complimentary address, a very gruff hoarse voice bade Mr. Groves "hold his noise and light a candle." And the same voice remarked that the same gentleman "needn't waste his breath in brag, for most people knew pretty well what sort of stuff he was made of."

"Nell, they're—they're playing cards," whispered the old man, suddenly interested. "Don't you hear them?"

"Look sharp with that candle," said the voice; "it's as much as I can do to see the pips on the cards as it is; and get this shutter closed as quick as you can, will you? Your beer will be the worse for to-night's thunder I ex-

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pect.—Game. Seven-and-sixpence to me, old Isaac. Hand over."

"Do you hear, Nell, do you hear them? whispered the old man again, with increased earnestness, as the money chinked upon the table.

"I haven't seen such a storm as this," said a sharp cracked voice of most disagreeable quality, when a tremendous peal of thunder had died away, "since the night when old Luke Withers won thirteen times running, upon the red. We all said he had the devil's luck and his own, and as it was the kind of night for the devil to be out and busy, I suppose he *was* looking over his shoulder, if any body could have seen him."

"Ah!" returned the gruff voice; "for all old Luke's winning through thick and thin of late years, I remember the time when he was the unluckiest and unfortunatest of men. He never took a dice-box in his hand, or held a card, but he was plucked, pigeoned, and cleaned out completely."

"Do you hear what he says?" whispered the old man. "Do you hear that, Nell?"

The child saw with astonishment and alarm that his whole appearance had undergone a complete change. His face was flushed and eager, his eyes were strained, his teeth set, his breath came short and thick, and the hand he laid upon her arm trembled so violently that she shook beneath its grasp.

"Bear witness," he muttered, looking upward, "that I always said it; that I knew it, dreamed of it, felt it was the truth, and that it must be so! What money have we, Nell! Come, I saw you with money yesterday. What money have we? Give it to me."

"No, no, let me keep it, grandfather," said the frightened child. "Let us go away from here. Do not mind the rain. Pray let us go."

"Give it to me, I say," returned the old man fiercely. "Hush, hush, don't cry, Nell. If I spoke sharply, dear, I didn't mean it. It's for thy good. I have wronged thee, Nell, but I will right thee yet, I will indeed. Where is the money?"

"Do not take it," said the child. "Pray do not take it, dear. For both our sakes let me keep it, or let me throw it away—better let me throw it away, than you take it now. Let us go; do let us go."

"Give me the money," returned the old man, "I must have it. There—there—that's my dear Nell. I'll right thee one day, child, I'll right thee, never fear!"

She took from her pocket a little purse. He seized it with the same rapid impatience which had characterized his speech, and hastily made his way to the other side of the screen. It was impossible to restrain him, and the trembling child followed close behind.

The landlord had placed a light upon the table, and was engaged in drawing the curtain of the window. The speakers whom they had heard were two men, who had a pack of cards and some silver money between them, while upon the screen itself the games they had played were scored in chalk. The man with the rough voice was a burly fellow of middle age, with large black whiskers, broad cheeks, a coarse wide mouth, and bull neck, which was pretty freely displayed as his shirt collar was only confined by a loose red neckerchief. He wore his hat, which was of a brownish-white, and had beside him a thick knotted stick. The other man, whom his companion had called Isaac, was of a more slender figure—stooping, and high in the shoulders—with a very ill-favoured face, and a most sinister and villanous squint.

"Now old gentleman," said Isaac, looking round. "Do you know either of us? This side of the screen is private, sir."

"No offence, I hope," returned the old man.

"But by G—, sir, there *is* offence," said the other interrupting him, "when you intrude yourself upon a couple of gentlemen who are particularly engaged."

"I had no intention to offend," said the old man, looking anxiously at the cards, "I thought that—"

"But you had no right to think, sir," retorted the other. "What the devil has a man at your time of life to do with thinking?"

"Now bully boy," said the stout man, raising his eyes from his cards for the first time, "can't you let him speak?"

The landlord, who had apparently resolved to remain neutral until he knew which side of the question the stout man would espouse, chimed in at this place with "Ah, to be sure, can't you let him speak, Isaac List?"

"Can't I let him speak," sneered Isaac in reply, mimicking as nearly as he could, in his shrill voice, the tones of the landlord. "Yes, I can let him speak, Jemmy Groves."

"Well then, do it, will you?" said the landlord.

Mr. List's squint assumed a portentous character, which seemed to threaten a prolongation of this controversy, when his companion, who had been looking sharply at the old man, put a timely stop to it.

"Who knows," said he, with a cunning look, "but the gentleman may have civilly meant to ask if he might have the honour to take a hand with us!"

"I did mean it," cried the old man. "That is what I mean. That is what I want now."

"I thought so," returned the same man. "Then who knows but the gentleman anticipating our objection to play for love, civilly desired to play for money?"

The old man replied by shaking the little purse in his eager hand, and then throwing it down upon the table, and gathering up the cards as a miser would clutch at gold.

"Oh! That indeed—" said Isaac; "if that's what the gentleman meant, I beg the gentleman's pardon. Is this the gentleman's little purse? A very pretty little purse. Rather a light purse," added Isaac, throwing it into the air and catching it dexterously, "but enough to amuse a gentleman for half an hour or so."

"We'll make a four-handed game of it, and take in Groves," said the stout man. "Come Jemmy."

The landlord, who conducted himself like one who was well used to such little parties, approached the table and took his seat. The child, in a perfect agony, drew her grandfather aside, and implored him, even then, to come away.

"Come; and we may be so happy," said the child.

"We *will* be happy," replied the old man hastily. "Let me go, Nell. The means of happiness are on the cards and in the dice. We must rise from little winnings to great. There's little to be won here; but great will come in time. I shall but win back my own, and it's all for thee, my darling."

"God help us!" cried the child. "Oh! what hard fortune brought us here!"

"Hush!" rejoined the old man laying his hand upon her mouth, "fortune will not bear chiding. We must not reproach her, or she shuns us; I have found that out."

"Now, mister," said the stout man. "If you're not coming yourself, give us the cards, will you?"

"I am coming," cried the old man. "Sit thee down, Nell, sit thee down and look on. Be of good heart, it's

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all for thee—all—every penny. I don't tell them, no, no, or else they wouldn't play, dreading the chance that such a cause must give me. Look at them. See what they are, and what thou art. Who doubts that we must win!"

"The gentleman has thought better of it, and isn't coming," said Isaac, making as though he would rise from the table. "I'm sorry the gentleman's daunted—nothing venture, nothing have—but the gentleman knows best."

"Why I am ready. You have all been slow but me," said the old man. "I wonder who's more anxious to begin than I."

As he spoke he drew a chair to the table; and the other three closing round it at the same time, the game commenced.

The child sat by, and watched its progress with a troubled mind. Regardless of the run of luck, and mindful only of the desperate passion which had its hold upon her grandfather, losses and gains were to her alike. Exulting in some brief triumph, or cast down by a defeat, there he sat so wild and restless, so feverishly and intensely anxious, so terribly eager, so ravenous for the paltry stakes, that she could have almost better borne to see him dead. And yet she was the innocent cause of all this torture, and he, gambling with such a savage thirst for gain as the most insatiable gambler never felt, had not one selfish thought!

On the contrary, the other three—knaves and gamesters by their trade—while intent upon their game, were yet as cool and quiet as if every virtue had been centered in their breasts. Sometimes one would look up to smile to another, or to snuff the feeble candle, or to glance at the lightning as it shot through the open window and fluttering curtain, or to listen to some louder peal of thunder than the rest, with a kind of momentary impatience, as if it put him out; but there they sat, with a calm indifference to every thing but their cards, perfect philosophers in appearance, and with no greater show of passion or excitement than if they had been made of stone.

The storm had raged for full three hours; the lightning had grown fainter and less frequent; the thunder, from seeming to roll and break above their heads, had gradually died away into a deep hoarse distance; and still the game went on, and still the anxious child was quite forgotten.

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CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

At length the play came to an end, and Mr. Isaac List rose the only winner. Mat and the landlord bore their losses with professional fortitude. Isaac pocketed his gains with the air of a man who had quite made up his mind to win, all along, and was neither surprised nor pleased.

Nell's little purse was exhausted; but, although it lay empty by his side, and the other players had now risen from the table, the old man sat poring over the cards, dealing them as they had been dealt before, and turning up the different hands to see what each man would have held if they had still been playing. He was quite absorbed in this occupation, when the child drew near and laid her hand upon his shoulder, telling him it was near midnight.

"See the curse of poverty, Nell," he said, pointing to the packs he had spread out upon the table. "If I could have gone on a little longer, only a little longer, the luck would have turned on my side. Yes, it's as plain as the marks upon the cards. See here—and there—and here again."

"Put them away," urged the child. "Try to forget them."

"Try to forget them!" he rejoined, raising his haggard face to hers, and regarding her with an incredulous stare. "To forget them! How are we ever to grow rich if I forget them?"

The child could only shake her head.

"No, no, Nell," said the old man, patting her cheek; "they must not be forgotten. We must make amends for this as soon as we can. Patience—patience, and we'll right thee yet, I promise thee. Lose to-day, win to-morrow. And nothing can be won without anxiety and care—nothing. Come, I am ready."

"Do you know what the time is? said Mr. Groves, who was smoking with his friends. "Past twelve o'clock—"

—"And a rainy night," added the stout man.

"The Valiant Soldier, by James Groves. Good beds. Cheap entertainment for man and beast," said Mr. Groves, quoting his sign-board. "Half past twelve o'clock."

"It's very late," said the uneasy child. "I wish we had gone before. What will they think of us! It will be two o'clock by the time we get back. What would it cost, sir, if we stopped here?"

"Two good beds, one-and-sixpence; supper and beer one shilling; total, two shillings and sixpence," replied the Valiant Soldier.

Now, Nell had still the piece of gold sewn in her dress; and when she came to consider the lateness of the hour, and the somnolent habits of Mrs. Jarley, and to imagine the state of consternation in which they would certainly throw that good lady by knocking her up in the middle of the night—and when she reflected, on the other hand, that if they remained where they were, and rose early in the morning, they might get back before she awoke, and could plead the violence of the storm by which they had been overtaken, as a good apology for their absence—she decided, after a great deal of hesitation, to remain. She therefore took her grandfather aside, and telling him she had still enough left to defray the cost of their lodging, proposed that they should stay there for the night.

"If I had had but that money before—If I had only known of it a few minutes ago!" muttered the old man.

"We will decide to stop here if you please," said Nell, turning hastily to the landlord.

"I think that's prudent," returned Mr. Groves. You shall have your suppers directly."

Accordingly, when Mr. Groves had smoked his pipe out, knocked out the ashes, and placed it carefully in a corner of the fire-place, with the bowl downwards, he brought in the bread and cheese, and beer, with many high encomiums upon their excellence, and bade his guests fall to, and make themselves at home. Nell and her grandfather ate sparingly, for both were occupied with their own reflections; the other gentlemen, for whose constitutions beer was too weak and tame a liquid, consoled themselves with spirits and tobacco.

As they would leave the house very early in the morning, the child was anxious to pay for their entertainment before they retired to bed. But as she felt the necessity of concealing her little hoard from her grandfather, and had to change the piece of gold, she took

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it secretly from its place of concealment, and embraced an opportunity of following the landlord when he went out of the room, and tendered it to him in the little bar.

"Will you give me the change here, if you please?" said the child.

Mr. James Groves was evidently surprised, and looked at the money, and rung it, and looked at the child, and at the money again, as though he had a mind to inquire how she came by it. The coin being genuine, however, and changed at his house, he probably felt, like a wise landlord, that it was no business of his. At any rate, he counted out the change, and gave it her. The child was returning to the room where they had passed the evening, when she fancied she saw a figure just gliding in at the door. There was nothing but a long dark passage between this door and the place where she had changed the money, and, being very certain that no person had passed in or out while she stood there, the thought struck her that she had been watched.

But by whom? When she re-entered the room, she found its inmates exactly as she had left them. The stout fellow lay upon two chairs, resting his head on his hand, and the squinting man reposed in a similar attitude on the opposite side of the table. Between them sat her grandfather, looking intently at the winner with a kind of hungry admiration, and hanging upon his words as if he were some superior being. She was puzzled for a moment, and looked round to see if any one else was there. No. Then she asked her grandfather in a whisper whether any body had left the room while she was absent. "No," he said, "nobody."

It must have been her fancy then; and yet it was strange, that, without any thing in her previous thoughts to lead to it, she should have imagined this figure so very distinctly. She was still wondering and thinking of it, when a girl came to light her to bed.

The old man took leave of the company at the same time, and they went up stairs together. It was a great, rambling house, with dull corridors and wide staircases which the flaring candles seemed to make more gloomy. She left her grandfather in his chamber, and followed her guide to another, which was at the end of a passage, and approached by some half-dozen crazy steps. This was prepared for her. The girl lingered a little while to talk, and tell her grievances. She had not a good place, she said; the wages were low, and the work was hard. She was going to leave it in a fortnight; the child couldn't recommend her to another, she supposed? Indeed she was afraid another would be difficult to get, after living there, for the house had a very indifferent character; there was far too much card-playing, and such like. She was very much mistaken if some of the people who came there oftenest were quite as honest as they might be, but she wouldn't have it known that she had said so, for the world. Then there were some rambling allusions to a rejected sweetheart, who had threatened to go a soldiering—a final promise of knocking at the door early in the morning—and "Good night."

The child did not feel comfortable when she was left alone. She could not help thinking of the figure stealing through the passage down stairs; and what the girl had said did not tend to re-assure her. The men were very ill-looking. They might get their living by robbing and murdering travellers. Who could tell?

Reasoning herself out of these fears, or losing sight of them for a little while, there came the anxiety to which the adventures of the night gave rise. Here was the old passion awakened again in her grandfather's breast, and to what further distraction it might tempt him, Heaven only knew. What fears their absence might have occasioned already! Persons might be seeking for them even then. Would they be forgiven in the morning, or turned adrift again? Oh! why had they stopped in that strange place. It would have been better, under any circumstances, to have gone on!

At last, sleep gradually stole upon her—a broken, fitful sleep, troubled by dreams of falling from high towers, and waking with a start and in great terror. A deeper slumber followed this—and then—What! That figure in the room!

A figure was there. Yes, she had drawn up the blind to admit the light when it should dawn, and there, between the foot of the bed and the dark casement, it crouched and slunk along, groping its way with noiseless hands, and stealing round the bed. She had no voice to cry for help, no power to move, but lay still, watching it.

On it came—on, silently and stealthily, to the bed's head. The breath so near her pillow, that she shrunk back into it, lest those wandering hands should light upon her face. Back again it stole to the window—then turned its head towards her.

The dark form was a mere blot upon the lighter darkness of the room, but she saw the turning of the head, and felt and knew how the eyes looked and the ears listened. There it remained, motionless as she. At length, still keeping the face towards her, it busied its hands in something, and she heard the chink of money.

Then, on it came again, silent and stealthy as before, and, replacing the garments it had taken from the bedside, dropped upon its hands and knees, and crawled away. How slowly it seemed to move, now that she could hear but not see it, creeping along the floor! It reached the door at last, and stood upon its feet. The steps creaked beneath its noiseless tread, and it was gone.

The first impulse of the child was to fly from the terror of being by herself in that room—to have somebody by—not to be alone—and then her power of speech would be restored. With no consciousness of having moved, she gained the door.

There was the dreadful shadow, pausing at the bottom of the steps.

She could not pass it: she might have done so, perhaps, in the darkness, without being seized, but her blood curdled at the thought. The figure stood quite still, and so did she; not boldly, but of necessity; for going back into the room was hardly less terrible than going on.

The rain beat fast and furiously without, and ran down in plashing streams from the thatched roof. Some summer insect, with no escape into the air, flew blindly to and fro, beating his body against the walls and ceiling, and filling the silent place with his murmurs. The figure moved again. The child involuntarily did the same. Once in her grandfather's room, she would be safe.

It crept along the passage until it came to the very door she longed so ardently to reach. The child, in the agony of being so near, had almost darted forward with the design of bursting into the room and closing it behind her, when the figure stopped again.

The idea flashed suddenly upon her—what if it entered there, and had a design upon the old man's life! She

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turned faint and sick. It did. It went in. There was a light inside. The figure was now within the chamber, and she, still dumb—quite dumb, and almost senseless—stood looking on.

The door was partly open. Not knowing what she meant to do, but meaning to preserve him or be killed herself, she staggered forward and looked in. What sight was that which met her view!

The bed had not been lain on, but was smooth and empty. And at a table sat the old man himself, the only living creature there, his white face pinched and sharpened by the greediness which made his eyes unnaturally bright, counting the money of which his hands had robbed her.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE WAR WITH CHINA.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

"Mistress of herself tho' China fall."—POPE.

"I CAN'T understand it," said my uncle, throwing down on the table the pamphlet he had been reading, and looking up over the fireplace, at the great picture of Canton, painted by his elder brother, when he was mate of an East Indiaman. My aunt was seated beside my uncle, with her cotton-box, playing at working; and cousin Tom was working at playing, in a corner. As for my father and myself, we had dropped in as usual after a walk, to take our tea, which through an old connection with Cathay, was certain to be first-rate at the cottage. "Why on earth," continued my uncle, "why on earth we should go to war about the opium business quite passes my comprehension."

"And mine too," chimed in my aunt, whose bent it was to put in a word and put out an argument, as often as she had an opportunity; "I always thought opium was a lulling, soothing sort of thing, more likely to compose people's passions than to stir them up."

My uncle looked at the speaker with much the same expression as that of the great girl in Wilkie's picture, who is at once frowning and smiling at the boy's grotesque mockery of the Blind Fiddler—for my aunt's allusion to the sedative qualities of opium was amusing in itself, but provoking, as interrupting the discourse.

"The sulphur question," she continued, "is quite a different thing. That's all about brimstone and combustibles; and it would only be of a piece, if we were to send our men of war, and frigates, and fire-ships to bombard Mount Vesuvius."

"I should like to see it," said my father, in his quietest tone, and with his gravest face, for he was laughing inwardly at the proposed grand display of pyrotechnics!

"To go back," resumed my uncle, "to the very beginning of the business; first, we have Captain Elliot, who wishes to give the Chinese admiral a chop—"

"And a very civil thing of him too," remarked my aunt.

"Eh!—what?" exploded my uncle, as snappishly as a Waterloo cracker.

"To be sure," said my aunt, in a deprecating tone, "it might be a Friday, and a fast day, as to meat"—

"As to what?"

"As to meat," repeated my aunt, resolutely. "I have always understood that the Catholic priests and the Jesuits were the first to go converting the Chinese."

"Phoo! nonsense!" ejaculated my uncle. "A chop is a document."

"Well, it's not my fault," retorted my aunt, "if things abroad are called by their wrong names. What is a chop, then, in Chinese—I mean a pork or mutton one—is it called a document?"

My uncle gave a look upwards, worthy of Job himself. He was sorely tempted—but he translated the rising English oath into a French shrug and grimace. My father tried to mend matters as usual. "After all, brother," he said, "my sister's mistake was natural, and womanly—especially in a mistress of a house, who has to think occasionally of chops and steaks. Besides, she has had greater blunderers to keep her in countenance—you remember the needless resentment there was about the 'Barbarian Eye.'"

"To be sure he does," said my aunt, "and why should I be expected to know Chinese, any more than Lord Melbourne or Lord Palmerston, or Lord-Knows-Who? especially when it's such a difficult language besides, and a single letter stands for a whole chapter, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics."

"But what says the pamphleteer?" said my father, deliberately putting on his spectacles, and taking up the brochure from the table.

"Why he says," replied my uncle, "that opium is a baneful drug, that it produces the most demoralizing effects on the consumers; and that we have no right to go to war to force a noxious article down the throats of our fellow-creatures."

"No, nor a wholesome one neither," returned my father, "as the judge said to the woman when she killed her child for not taking its physic. But what have we here—a return of our exports to the celestial empire?"

"The author means to imply," said my uncle, "that if the Chinese did not chew and smoke so much opium, they would have more money to lay out on our Birmingham and Manchester manufactures."

"Pretty nonsense, indeed!" exclaimed my aunt. "As if the Chinese could smoke printed cottons and calicoes, and chew Brummagen hardware, and cutlery, like the ostriches!"

"I believe it is but a Brummagen argument after all," said my father, "a mercantile interest plated over with morality. It's the old story in the spelling-book,—'There's nothing like leather.' The pamphleteer and Commissioner Lin are both of a mind in condemning a drug in which they are not druggists; but how comes it that the deleterious demoralising effects of the article are found out only in 1840?—The opium trade with China is of long standing—it is as old as—"

"Robinson Crusoe," cried a small voice from the corner of the room, where Cousin Tom had been listening to the discourse and making a paper kite at the same time.

"Robinson Fiddlesticks!" cried my aunt, "boys oughtn't to talk about politics. What in the world has opium-chewing to do with a desert island?"

"He had a whole cargo of it," muttered Tom, "when he went on his voyage to China."

"The lad's right," said my father. "Go, Tom, and fetch the book,"—and Defoe's novel was produced in a twinkling! "The lad's right," repeated my father, reading aloud from the book,—"here's the very passage. 'From Sumatra,' says Crusoe, 'we went to Siam, where we exchanged some of our wares for opium and some arrack—the first a commodity which bears a great price

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amongst the Chinese, and which at that time was much wanted there.'"

"That's to the point, at any rate," said my uncle, with a nod of approbation to the boy. But my aunt did not so much relish Tom's victory, and on some household pretence, took herself out of the room.

"It is a sad job, this war, and I am sorry for it," said my father, with a serious shake of his head. "I have always had a sneaking kindness for the Chinese, as an intelligent and ingenious people. We have outrun them now in the race of civilisation, but no doubt there was a time when comparatively they were refined and we were the barbarians."

"It is impossible to doubt it," said my uncle with great animation. "To say nothing of their invention of gunpowder, and their discovery of the mariner's compass, look at their earthenware. For my own part, I am particularly fond of old china. It is, I may say, quite a passion—inherited perhaps from my grandmother, with several closets full of the antique oriental porcelain. She used to say it was a genteel taste."

"And she had Horace Walpole," said my father, "to back her opinion."

"To be sure she had," replied my uncle, eagerly; "and the Chinese must be a genteel people. It is sufficient to look at their elegant tea services, to convince one that they are not made any more than their vessels of the commoner earth. You feel at once—"

"That Slang Whang is a gentleman," said my father, "and Nan King a lady, in spite of their names."

My uncle paid no attention to the joke, but went on in a strain to have delighted Father Matthew. "To look at a Chinese service," he said, "is enough of itself to make one a tea-totaller. It inspires one—at least it does me—with the Exquisite's horror of malt liquor and such gross beverages. Indeed, to compare our drinking-vessels with the Chinese, they are like horse-buckets to bird-glasses; and remembering their huge flagons, and black jacks, and wassail bowls, our Gothic and Saxon ancestors must have been a little coarse, not to say hoggish, in their draughts."

"They must, indeed," said my father.

"Now here is a delicate drinking-vessel," continued my uncle, taking up from a side-table a cup hardly large enough for a fairy to get into. "What sort of liquor ought one to expect from such a pretty little chalice?"

"At a guess," replied my father, very gravely, "nothing coarser than mountain dew."

"Yes," said my uncle, with enthusiasm, "to drink out of such a diminutive calyx, all enamelled with blossoms, is, indeed, like to the poetical fancy of sipping dew out of a flower! And then the Sylph to whom only such a cup could belong!—"

"She must have had thinner lips than an Austrian," said my father.

"And what a ladylike hand!" exclaimed my uncle, "for such a Lilliputian utensil would escape from any but the most feminine fingers."

"Her hand must be like her foot," said my father, "which is never bigger than a child's."

"And there, again, we have a proof of refinement," said my uncle. "Walking is generally considered in Europe as a vulgar and common exercise for a lady, and it shows the extreme delicacy of the well-bred Chinese female, that as far as possible she makes a conventional impropriety a physical impossibility."

"And it is somewhat remarkable," said my father, "that the Chinese gentlemen have an appendage, formerly indispensable with the politest nation in the world in its politest time, the pigtail."

"Exactly," said my uncle. "But here is the lady," and he took up another of his grandmother's brittle legacies, "on a plate that ought to be a plate to Moore's Paradise and the Peri. Just hold it up towards the window, and observe its transparency, softening down the sunshine you observe to a sort of moonlight."

"Very transparent, indeed," said my father, "and yonder is Nan King herself, fetching a walk by that blue river."

"Yes, bluer than the Rhine," said my uncle, "though it has not been put into poetry. And look at the birds, and fruits, and flowers! And then that pretty rural temple!"

"Is it on the earth or in the sky?" asked my father.

"Whichever you please," said my uncle, "and the garden is all the more Edenlike for that ingenious equivocation. There is no horizon you observe, but a sort of blending, as we may suppose there was in paradise, of earth and heaven."

"Very poetical indeed," said my father. "And those curly-tailed swallows, and those crooked gudgeons may be flying or swimming at the option of the spectator."

"Exactly so," said my uncle; "and there you have the superior fancy of the Chinese. A Staffordshire potter would leave nothing to the imagination. He would never dream of building a castle in the air, or throwing a bridge over nothing."

"He would not, indeed," said my father, "even if he could get an act of parliament for it."

"Not he," cried my uncle. "All must be fact with him—no fiction. But it is otherwise with the Chinese. They have been called servile and literal copyists—but, on the contrary, they have more boldness and originality than all our Royal Academy put together. For instance, here is a road, the further end of which is lost in that white blank which may or may not stand for the atmosphere—"

"And yet," said my father, "that little man in petticoats is walking up it, as if he had an errand at the other end."

"For aught we know," said my uncle, "it may be an allegory—and I have often fancied that the paintings on their vessels were scenes from their tales or poems. In the meantime we may gather some hints of the character of the people from their porcelain—that they are literary and musical, and from the frequent occurrence of figures of children, that they are of affectionate and domestic habits. And, above all, that they are eminently unwarlike, and inclined only to peaceful and pastoral pursuits. I do not recollect ever seeing an armed figure, weapons, or any allusion to war, and its attributes, in any of their enamels."

"So much the worse for them," said my father; "for they are threatened with something more than a tempest in a teapot. It will be like the China vessel in the old fable, coming in contact with the brazen one. There will be a fine smash, brother, of your favourite ware!"

"A smash! where?" inquired my aunt, who had just entered the room, and imperfectly overheard the last sentence. "What are you talking of?"

"Of a Bull in a China Shop," said my father, with a hard wink at my uncle.

"Yes; that's a dreadful smash, sure enough," said my aunt. "There was Mrs. Starkey, who keeps the great Staffordshire warehouse at Smithfield Bars—she had an overdriven beast run into her shop only last week. At

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first, she says, he was quiet enough, for besides racing up and down St. John-street, he had been bullock-hunted all over Islington, and Hoxton fields, and that had taken the wildness out of him. So at first he only stood staring at the jugs, and mugs, and things, as if admiring the patterns."

"And pray," inquired my uncle, "where was Mrs. Starkey in the meantime?"

"Why, the shopman, you see, had crept under the counter, for safety, and Mrs. Starkey was in the back parlour, and saw every thing by peeping through a crack of the green curtain, over the glass-door. So the mad Bull stood staring at the crockery, quiet enough; when unluckily with a switch of his tail, he brought down on his back a whole row of pipkins that hung over head. I suppose he remembered being pelted about the streets; for the clatter of the earthenware about his ears seemed to put him up again; for he gave a stamp and a bellow that made the whole shop shake again, and down rattled a great jug on his hind quarters. Well, round turns the Bull, quite savage, with another loud bellow, as much as to say, 'I should like to know who did that?' when what should he see by bad luck but a china figure of a Mandarin, as big as our Tom there, a-grinning and nodding at him with its head."

"Commissioner Lin," said my father, with a significant nod to my uncle.

"Mrs. Starkey thinks," continued my aunt, "that the mad Bull took the china figure for a human creature, and particularly as its motions made it look so life-like,—however, the more the Bull stamped and bellowed, the more the Mandarin grinned and nodded his head, till at long and at last, the Bull got so aggravated, that sticking his tail upright, Mrs. Starkey says, as stiff as the kitchen poker, he made but one rush at the china Mandarin, and smashed him all into shivers."

"And there you have the whole history," said my father, with another nod to my uncle, "of a War with China."

From the Asiatic Journal.

DISCOVERY OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

In proportion as the civilized states of the world are extending their dominion over races unreclaimed, or communities imperfectly acquainted with arts and knowledge, they are taking steps to enlarge their acquaintance with the globe itself, endeavouring to add to its area by completing its geography and zoology, and thus disclosing new worlds to be hereafter conquered. England is stretching the arms of her power over vast countries in the East; Russia is expanding her already overgrown territories by uniting to them the half-civilized nations that touch their confines; America is quietly, and without the fear of provoking political jealousy, appropriating to herself the lands and hunting-grounds of the Red men, who are supplied with the means of exterminating themselves (as a more economical expedient than civilization,) and even France, confined within a political belt of anti-aggrandizement in Europe, is throwing out her *antennæ* towards Africa and Polynesia.

Whilst eagerness to reach the supposed wealthy countries in the East by a shorter route than by the stormy Cape (which has been realized by the magical effects of steam) has, for the last four centuries, directed the stream of maritime discovery towards the Arctic regions in the North, the Southern, or Antarctic Pole, was neglected. It is a singular proof how much the spirit of enterprize is excited by sordid impulses, that the search for a southern continent was first stimulated by a ridiculous notion that it contained a country teeming with wealth and abundance. The author of this hypothesis, the well-known Alexander Dalrymple, hydrographer to the East India Company, and afterwards to the admiralty, who added to mathematical knowledge a strong proneness to credulity, having visited the East and studied the writings of the early Spanish navigators, adopted their theory that there existed an antarctic continent, surrounding the South Pole—the necessity of which he determined, *à priori*, upon the principle that it was required "in order to establish the equilibrium of the earth"—and that it corresponded to the description given of it in the wild romances of those writers, who made it rival their own fallacious pictures of Mexico and Peru. Dalrymple was so infatuated with this notion, that, in 1772, he projected an expedition, at his own expense, to discover the southern continent, which he did not execute merely because the prime minister (Lord North,) with whom he had an interview upon the subject, refused to allow him to retain for five years all the countries he should discover between long. 0° and 60° west. So sanguine was this projector, that he actually composed a code of laws for a republic to be established in the antarctic paradise, those laws being adapted for no other than an imaginary community. The code was to be unalterable; lawyers for hire were proscribed; the public accounts were to be audited in the churches every Sunday; women were to be eligible for public offices, and to be upon an equal footing with men, and bachelors and spinsters were to be heavily taxed.

These visions, however, may be said to have originated the expedition of Captain Cook, whose second voyage, in 1772, was despatched to the high southern latitudes, in order to set the question completely at rest. This commander, on the 17th January, 1773, after threading islands of ice, reached the latitude of 67° 15′ S., where the ice extended from E. to W. S. W., without the least appearance of an opening, and he was compelled to retreat to the north, completely establishing, however, the illusory character of Dalrymple's theory, though not demonstrating the non-existence of a continent of some kind.

Since Cook's time, but not until very recent years, private adventurers, English, American, and Russian, have penetrated to a much higher latitude, and their reports having laid a sufficient foundation for an opinion that land existed about the South Pole, and that it was approachable, two expeditions were despatched in the beginning of the present year, by the United States government and that of France, which have added somewhat, at least, to the sum of our knowledge of this neglected portion of hydrography.

Of the French expedition we have two reports before us, one officially made by Commodore D'Urville, the commander, to the French minister of marine; the other by an officer of the expedition, published (with the sanction of M. D'Urville) at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, to which the vessels returned after their antarctic trip. The facts contained in these two reports we shall combine in a narrative of this expedition.

The vessels were, the *Astrolabe*, under the commodore, and the *Zélée*, commanded by M. Jacquinot. Both were corvettes, properly fitted out for a voyage of discovery to the south of Cape Horn. The crews suffered much

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from dysentery during the passage from Sumatra to Van Diemen's Land, and were reduced in number; but Capt. D'Urville, nevertheless, determined to pay a second visit (*exécuter une second campagne*) to the polar regions,* for the purpose of ascertaining the limits of the icy barrier, and especially to collect positive *data* respecting the true position of the southern magnetic pole.

The two vessels left Hobart Town on the 2d of January, 1840, and were favoured (after the 4th) with regular winds from the W.S.W. and W.N.W., which enabled them to direct their course to the S. ¼ S. W. for more than 450 leagues, without deviation. From the 12th January, the dip of the magnetic needle continued regularly to increase from 74° to about 86°, the highest point it reached. The temperature as regularly decreased till the 15th January, when it was 2° above the freezing-point of Reaumur On that day, according to M. D'Urville, they crossed the route of Cook in 1773; but the other account gives the latitude this day at 59°. Next day, in lat. 60° long. 141°, they saw the first ice-berg, a shapeless mass, 50 feet high and 200 long. From this time, the number and dimensions of the ice-bergs increased daily until the 19th, when they became almost innumerable: on the 17th, in lat. 62° and 63°, they were in masses of 1,900 to 2,500 feet long, and 100 to 130 high. In the evening of the 19th, in 66°, they observed land extending from S. to W. S. W. as far as the eye could reach either way. On the 21st, the two vessels steered towards the land in a S. S. W. direction, through immense chains of enormous bergs, so close together, that sometimes there was a channel of not more than three or four cables' length; occasionally, a spacious basin opened, filled with smaller bergs in fantastic shapes, which the imagination might convert into palaces of sparkling crystal. The sky was clear, the weather fine, and the wind, a light breeze from the E., favourable; and when liberated from the intricate navigation, they reached a space tolerably free from ice, and approached to within five or six miles of the shore, according to one account, but the official report makes the distance about eight or ten. They sailed along this coast, which is described as a strip of land from 1,200 to 2,000 feet high, covered with snow and ice, which was in some parts of a smooth and uniform surface, of a dull white colour; in others, broken and irregular. Many masses of ice had fallen from the high land, and prevented approach to it.

The dip of the needle was now 86°, which indicated the point of no variation not far to the W. The wind being still fair, they approached two miles nearer the coast, farther to the westward, where an excellent observation gave 66° 30′ S. lat., and 138° 21′ E. long. All the compasses on board the vessels now denoted that the newly-discovered land lay under the antarctic polar circle, and very near the southern magnetic pole. The observations were made on a large ice-berg about two miles distant.

The uniformity of colour and appearance presented by the coast, still left some doubt whether it was land or ice, notwithstanding the improbability of a body of ice attaining so great a height. During a calm, therefore, M. D'Urville despatched two boats to a part of the coast which exhibited some black marks, about six miles distant, from whence they returned with specimens of rock from a part which was left bare by the ice. The rock was granite of different colours. They brought likewise some penguins, of a peculiar species, but had seen no trace of any other animal, nor any specimen of the vegetable kingdom. This country was named by the commodore *Terre Adélie*, an affectionate tribute to Madame D'Urville, his lady, "to perpetuate the record of his gratitude for her consent to their long and painful separation."

They continued to follow the line of coast at the same distance of two leagues, favoured by a gentle breeze from the east, the next day. Though the weather was fine, the cold was severe, and in the night of the 22d the mercury fell to 5° below zero of Reaumur. The commodore would have continued to skirt and survey the land, which still stretched to the west, but on the morning of the 23d the ice began to close in, the bergs being connected by a floe from the land, raising a barrier of masses of ice, which was impenetrable, extending from the land to the north as far as perceptible. An attempt was made to work between the land and the mass, but the weather changing, the wind beginning to blow a gale, and snow falling, they were in a perilous situation, hemmed in between the land and the ice; the *Zélée*, in particular, was exposed to danger of wreck upon an island of ice. After very painful efforts, the cordage being stiff with the frost, and a crust of frozen snow covering the crew, all hands being required to work the ships, they emancipated themselves from their confinement on the 25th. M. D'Urville then endeavoured to follow the land in an easterly direction, but the wind again becoming adverse, and the snow still falling, he was forced to desist. He made further attempts in various directions, encountering severe weather, and occasionally being surrounded by bergs, till, on the 28th, steering to the S. W., they were stopped by a floe flanked by large masses of drift ice. They had now followed the coast about 150 miles from the two points, and on the 30th, still standing to the S. W., land was announced from the look-out. This was a perpendicular wall of ice, firm and uniform, flat at the summit, which was 120 to 130 feet high; they followed it very close for twenty leagues, but could not perceive the land, a mist overspreading the horizon, and limiting the view to 10 or 12 miles. Different opinions were entertained respecting this wall; some thought it merely a huge mass of compact ice, not connected with any land; others, M. D'Urville amongst the number, held it to be a crust surrounding a solid base, of earth, or rocks, or shoals in advance of the land.

On the 31st, this icy wall took suddenly a direction to the S. W., and next morning nothing was seen of it, chains of ice-bergs occupying its place, and farther on to the S. W. a field of ice, extending to the W. and N. W. beyond the utmost reach of vision from the mast-head, put a stop to all further progress to the south. M. D'Urville is of opinion that the land of Adelia surrounds the Polar circle, and may be reached in any direction by penetrating through the looser ice and bergs which girdle its inhospitable coast. The variation of the compass, which had been N. E., had become N. W. at this time, showing that the line of no variation had been passed.

On the 1st of February, when in 65° 20′ S. lat., and 128° 21′ E. long., he took his departure, and arrived at Hobart Town on the 17th, after an absence of 46 days.

The following observations upon this newly discovered land are from the non-official account:

The part observed, about 150 miles in extent, is comprised between 66° and 67° of latitude, and 136° W. to the 142° of E. longitude (Greenwich.) Its mean height is about 130 feet. The snow and the ice, which covered

* Capt. D'Urville had visited these latitudes in a previous year.

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it almost entirely, gave its surface a level appearance, ravines, inlets, and projections being occasionally seen. There was no trace of vegetation along the coast. Whales, porpoises of large size, fur seals, and a few penguins, petrels, and albatrosses, are all that the animal kingdom seems to offer. Captain D'Urville was of opinion that the newly-discovered territory was of some extent. The fields of ice put a stop to all further progress westward from the obstructions they presented, but towards the east, or rather south-east, it did not appear impossible to penetrate to some distance, at least as far as the eye could reach from the mast-head. Contrary winds, fresh breezes from the east, and a desire entertained by Commodore D'Urville to afford satisfactory data for the determination of the magnetic pole, are the motives which hindered him from attempting any further search towards the E. S. E.

These reports afford very little hope of realizing the paradisaical picture of Dalrymple.

We now turn to the American expedition, which was prosecuted simultaneously with the other.

Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, of the American Navy, in the U. S. ship *Vincennes*, with the *Peacock*, *Porpoise*, and *Flying Fish*, sailed from Sydney, New South Wales (where they completed their outfit), on the 24th December, 1839, with instructions to proceed south as far as practicable, and cruise within the Antarctic Ocean. In a few days, the *Peacock* and *Flying Fish* parted company, and on the 10th January, in lat. 61°, they fell in with the first ice-island, and were obliged to alter their course frequently, to avoid the bergs, which increased in number as they proceeded to the south. On the 12th, in lat. 64° 11′, long. 164° 53′ E., they ran into a bay of field ice, presenting a perfect barrier to their further progress south, and a fog coming on, the *Porpoise* parted company.

The commander in the *Vincennes* being left alone, after an unsuccessful attempt to penetrate through the ice, turned to the W., and on the 16th rejoined the *Peacock* in lat. 65° 26′, long. 157° 43′. On the morning of the 19th, they saw land (the very day when the French commodore first sighted it, and in the very same latitude), to the S. and E., with many indications of its proximity, such as penguins, seals, discoloration of the water; but the impenetrable barrier of ice prevented a near approach. They were now in lat. 66° 20′, long. 154° 27′.

On the 22d, they fell in with large clusters of ice-bergs, and innumerable ice-islands, and on the 25th they reached the highest southern latitude they could attain, namely, 67° 4′, long. 147° 30′: appearances of distant land were seen to the E. and W., but the vessel was embayed in ice, and an impenetrable barrier precluded their nearer approach.

Magnetic observations were made on the ice. The dipping-needles gave 87° 30′ for the dip, and the azimuth compass was so sluggish, that, on being agitated, it gave nearly three points difference, the variations being 12° 35′ E. A few days afterwards, about a hundred miles farther to the west, there was no variation, and thence it rapidly increased in westerly variation. Mr. Wilkes concludes from these facts, that, when in the ice bay, they could not have been very far from the south magnetic pole.

On the 28th, after many repulses, they reached long. 140° 30′ and lat. 66° 33′, where they again discovered land bearing south. A heavy gale from the S. E., with snow, hail, and thick fog, rendering their situation highly dangerous, compelled them to retreat through ice-bergs of formidable size. On the 30th the gale abated, and they ran towards the land about fifty miles, and reached a small bay, formed by high ice-cliffs and black volcanic rocks, with about sixty miles of coast in sight, extending to a great distance towards the southward, in high mountainous land. The breeze freshened to a strong gale, which prevented their landing, and compelled them to run out, after sounding in thirty-fathoms water; and within two hours afterwards, the ship was again reduced to her storm-sails, with a strong gale from the southward, accompanied by snow, sleet, and a heavy sea, continuing thirty-six hours, and, if possible, more dangerous than that of the 28th and 29th, owing to the large number of ice-islands around them.

Lieut. Wilkes now received reports from the medical officers, representing the exhausted state of the crew and condition of the ship; but, deeming it his duty to persevere, he steered again for the land, which they named the Antarctic Continent.

They reached it on the 2d of February, about sixty miles to the westward of the point first visited, where they found the coast lined with solid perpendicular ice-cliffs, preventing the possibility of landing, and the same mountains trending to the westward. Thence they proceeded to the westward along the ice-barrier, which appeared to make from the land, until the 3d, when they again encountered a severe gale from the south-east, with thick weather and snow, until the 7th of February, when it cleared up sufficiently to allow them to see their way clear, and they again approached the perpendicular barrier of ice, similar to that previously seen as attached to the land, the same land being in sight at a great distance. They stood along the barrier about seventy miles to the westward, when it suddenly trended to the southward, and their further progress to the south was arrested by a solid barrier of field-ice. After an unsuccessful examination for twenty-four hours in all directions, they continued to the westward along the barrier, as usual, surrounded by ice-islands.

On the 8th, being in long. 127° 7′, lat. 65° 3′, they had similar appearances of distant mountains, but the compact barrier extending from E. to W. by S. prevented approach. They followed this barrier closely on the 10th and 11th, and on the 12th, being in lat. 64° 57′, long. 112° 16′, they again saw the distant mountains. Lieut. Wilkes was now again compelled to go on to the westward. The icy barrier trending more to the S. induced him to hope they should again approach the supposed line of coast. On the 13th they reached long. 107° 45′, lat. 65° 11′, with a tolerably clear sea, and the land plainly in sight; but the fixed barriers stopped them about fifteen miles from the shore. Next day, they got three or four miles nearer, but it appeared perfectly unattainable. Several ice-bergs were near, coloured and stained with earth, from one of which they obtained numerous specimens of sand-stone, quartz, conglomerate, and sand, some weighing 100 lbs. Their position was long. 106° 40′, lat. 65° 57′, with upwards of seventy miles of coast in sight, trending the same as that previously seen.

The American commander had now reached the position where his examinations were to terminate, but he resolved to proceed to the westward along the barrier, which continued to be much discoloured by earth; and specimens of rock, &c. were obtained from an ice-island. A sea-leopard was seen on the ice, but the boats sent did not succeed in taking him.

On the 17th of February, in long. 97° 30′, lat. 64°,

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land was again seen at a great distance from the S. W. They were now closely embayed, and unable to proceed in a westerly direction; the ice-barrier, trending round to the northward and eastward, compelled them to retrace their steps. They had entered a deep gulf on its southern side, and it required four days' beating along its northern shore to get out of it. During this time, the weather was changeable, and there was little room in case of bad weather; it fortunately held up until they were again with a clear sea to the north.

The ice-barrier had now trended to about sixty-two degrees of latitude; the wind having set in from the westward, with dark weather, and little prospect of seeing the land or making much progress to the westward prior to the 1st of March, he determined to proceed to the north on the evening of the 21st.

The result stated in this report leads Lieut. Wilkes to the following conclusions:—

1st. From our discoveries of the land through forty degrees of longitude, and the observations made during this interesting cruise, with the similarity of formation and position of the ice during our close examination of it, I consider that there can scarcely be a doubt of the existence of the Antarctic continent extending the whole distance of seventy degrees from east to west.

2d. That different points of the land are at times free from the ice-barrier.

3d. That they are frequented by seal, many of which were seen, and offer to our enterprising countrymen engaged in those pursuits a field of large extent for their future operations.

4th. That the large number of whales of different species seen, and the quantity of food for them, would designate this coast as a place of great resort for them. The fin-backed whale seemed to predominate.

A brilliant *aurora australis* was seen on the 17th of February, the very day on which, sixty-seven years before, Captain Cook had witnessed the phenomenon, in nearly the same latitude, that able navigator not supposing that such an appearance had ever before been seen in the south.

Thus, then, the problem of an Antarctic continent has been so far satisfactorily solved, as that there can be no doubt of its existence. The coincidence of the two descriptions is a guarantee of the fidelity of both.—Whether science, commerce, or civilisation, be likely to reap any important fruits from the discovery, remains to be seen.

From the Metropolitan.

THE EVENING VISION.

Here are two letters which fell into my hands under rather curious circumstances, which it would take too much time here to relate: they were found, one in copy, the other in original, among the papers of a young German whom I knew well, and who died a year or two ago at Basle in Switzerland—that Basle in which Holbein lived a great many years ago, and in which he painted his ever-memorable Dance of Death, (the prototype of all subsequent "*danses Macabres*,") upon sundry rough planks, combined into a kind of paling—a paling open to all the winds of heaven, and which, were it now in existence, would be worth its weight in gold.

This young German, Hermann Von G., was one of those earnest-minded men, of whom there are not very many in the present day—he was a long-haired, light mustachioed youth, with a tobacco-pipe sticking out of the front pocket of his extremely ill-fashioned coat, it is true—but these were mere conventional absurdities, which he could not very well escape, having been educated at Gottingen, and taken his degree in the *Burschenschaft* as other men of his age; but where he was unlike the common herd of bragging, swaggering, beer-drinking, *renowning*, students of his time, was in a certain quiet intensity of thought and action, which prevented him from ever leaving any thing half done, and which caused him to follow up every thing which he undertook, with a resolution that very generally carried him to the point at which he aimed. I have mentioned this peculiarity in his character, simply lest, after having read his letter, you should say he was but a dreamer and a visionary; if you please to think him such, I cannot hinder you from so doing, but at the same time you will have formed an extremely erroneous estimate of the man.

You must know, that after several years passed in the university I have before mentioned, during which he was much domesticated in the family of the celebrated professor Crump, (who had one only daughter, beautiful, I am told, as the *Blumine*, who so pleasantly yet wofully dazzled the intellect of Diogenes Teufelsdröck, as Carlyle has told us in the most poetical of prose,) he was forced to retire for the sake of his health to the small town of Spangenberg, in the Lower Rhine, from whence is dated the epistle you are about to read.

"*Spangenberg, March* 1, 1838.

"Lieber Freund,

"I have now been nearly three months in this town, and have pursued my studies with as much diligence as my health has allowed, never forgetting those lessons which were inculcated in me by you, during the pleasant time whilst I was under your care. I cannot say that the companions with whom I am here obliged to associate, at all compensate to me for those whom I have left behind—more than all do I miss you, my dear friend and tutor, who, with an almost fatherly kindness, allowed me to consider myself as a son while under the roof of your hospitable abode—and also your fair and much esteemed daughter, the Fraulein Margaret, to whom I commend myself, by your permission, with all due sentiments of respect and regard.

"I must confess to you that my health has not of late improved as I could wish. I think the air of this place too keen for me. I have found also that, after long reading a kind of nervousness often comes over me—a feeling which I do not remember ever to have experienced until the last few months. During the moment of excitement which this nervousness produces, I have recourse to our old relaxation of smoking tobacco, which I find has a calming effect, and I also then solace myself with the perusal of those poets whom I was in the habit of reading aloud during those happy and bygone hours when I was seated by your fireside, with your deep-eyed daughter working at the little table before us. Apropos to your daughter, I must tell you, my friend, of a somewhat strange and startling incident which occurred to me the other night, and which I have examined by all the rules of philosophy, but which, nevertheless, I cannot explain. I mention it to you, as to one who has learning sufficient to search out those things which are hidden from the commoner race of men, and also as to a friend who, at all events, will not laugh at me, or call that folly, which is, however, strictly and uncompromisingly true,

"You must know, then, that on Friday evening last, it having been a very beautiful day, with an almost summer clearness of atmosphere, I was sitting in my chamber,

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reading Jean Paul, (being utterly fatigued by several hours' hard study,) and inhaling a fragrant cloud from the *meerschaum* you were kind enough to present me with on the day when we parted at the gates of Gottingen; when coming to a certain passage descriptive of a shady garden at evening tide, where 'the moon was sleeping as a dead one, and beyond the orchard the sun's red evening clouds had fallen like summer rose leaves, and the evening star, the brideman of the sun, hovered like a glancing butterfly above the rosy red, depriving no single starlet of its light,' I was not unnaturally carried away by my imagination, and transported in fancy to our little summer-house just beyond the walls of *Georgia Augusta*;* when letting the book drop upon my knee, I fell into a deep and unprofitable, though not unpleasing revery, in which many mornings and evenings of pleasure were traced back in glowing colours upon my heart, and the memory of words, which will not be forgotten until my dying day, passed with a soothing influence over me, and I felt once more as I was wont to feel when, after wishing you and your daughter good night, I used to seek my quiet lodging over the good gardener Müller's, there to slumber with scarce a dream.

"I sat for a considerable time, having allowed my pipe to go out, whilst gradually the impressions I have described to you faded away from my mind, and a kind of vague and undefined sadness stole over my bosom, and usurped their place. The fire had burned rather low, and as I gazed listlessly upon it, the embers—(for you know, my esteemed friend, that my early residence in France has inspired me with a hatred for stoves of every description)—the embers, I say, took all sorts of fantastic shapes, some of which were curious to a great degree, and struck me so forcibly that I cannot refrain from mentioning them to you.

"In the first place, I saw a form resembling that of a woman dressed in flowing garments, who, as the flame flitted and flickered about her, seemed to wave her hand as though beckoning to me, and while I looked with a feeling of curiosity and wonder at the accuracy of the representation, it suddenly fell away, and nothing remained but the dark mouldering logs of wood which hissed upon the hearth. I took the tongs and built the fabric up again, and presently a sprightly flame sprang up in the chimney; but while I sat with my eyes fixed on this, the cunning hand of fancy carved out for me other forms yet more singular and perfect than those I had seen before. This time I perceived a great many figures, all dressed in the same loose garments as the one I had previously seen; these appeared to be walking two and two, and holding each other by the hand, and to be following a number of men, four of whom carried something which I could not make out, between them, while first of all marched a priest who bore a cross. I will not conceal to you, my dear friend, that a species of nervous feeling came across me as this vision flitted, or I should rather say swept, slowly before my sight; I, however, attributed it to having remained too much at home all day, and so, rising from my chair, I determined, although it was late, to go forth and breathe the fresh air of the Market Platz, for half an hour or so, before I retired to my bed.

"With this intention I reached down my cap and cloak, and was about to open the door, when suddenly I felt a kind of *waff* upon my cheek, as if something had rapidly passed me. I paused and turned round, but could see nothing, and at that moment the only candle which was burning on my table went out, and I was left in total darkness: for, although it was a moonlight night, my window curtains were closely drawn around.

"I slowly walked across the room to the window, and put my hand upon the curtain to draw it back, when I heard in the direction of the fire-place what sounded to me like a faint sigh. I threw back the blind, and as the full rays of the moon streamed into the apartment, I distinctly saw a white figure seated upon the very chair which I had just left—it was a female figure; the face I could not see, for it was hidden between both the hands, but what struck me forcibly was, that on the forefinger of the right hand was a green ring, precisely similar to that which you, my dear professor, allowed me to place upon your daughter's finger on the day when I left your kindly roof.

"I may confess to you, although I would do so to no one else, that a thrill of fear shook me to the very heart's core. I tried to speak, and I called '*Grettchen!*' I know not why, but that name was the first which came to my lips: the figure moved—it did not take away the hands, which prevented my seeing the features, but it rocked itself to and fro, as though in grief, and by the convulsive motion of the shoulders and bosom I saw that she was weeping bitterly.

"'*Grettchen!*' said I again; and then she rose, and, dropping her hands, came towards me. She had the features of your daughter, but pale and attenuated. I was rooted to the spot. She came close to me, and laid her finger upon my arm. 'My father will send you back this ring,' she said, pointing to it, 'when I am gone. Give it not to any other, but keep it for my sake.'

"I tried to take the hand which was held out to me, but it eluded my grasp, the sound of the clock striking an hour made me start and turn my head; when I looked again, nothing met my eyes save the still smoking candle on the table, the empty tea-cup from which I had been sipping my evening beverage, and my book which had fallen on the floor. I shook myself, and tried to believe it was all a dream, a delusion of the heated imagination, and I partially succeeded. I went out and walked for a time, and the cool air was pleasant to my forehead; I felt, however, a strange dread of returning to my chamber, and I actually had the weakness to spend the remainder of the night at an inn in the adjacent street.

"The next morning I returned home, and smiled at the folly of the night before; but I will confess to you that I have sometimes since felt uneasy when, the studies of the day over, I have sat alone by my fireside, and memory, (despite of my efforts) has retraced the scene of that evening.

"I must now apologize to you for having detained you by so long and so dull an epistle, but, knowing the kindliness of your disposition, I do not despair of being forgiven. Place me, I beseech you, at the feet of your all-fair daughter Margaret, whom I hope soon to see in more real form than I did a few nights since. I am, my dear friend and professor, ever your devoted disciple,

"HERMANN VON G."

REPLY OF PROFESSOR CRUMP TO HIS FRIEND AND PUPIL.

"*Göttingen, March* 2, 1838.

"Weep with me, Hermann—I am bereaved of all that remained to cheer me in my old age. My daughter was taken ill last week, and, after much suffering, she departed this life on Friday night, the 27th ultimo. She died as the clock struck ten; with her last breath she spoke of you, and willed that I should return you the betrothed ring which you gave her at parting, and trusted that you would keep it in memory of her.

"Come to me, that we may weep together over the fair, the innocent, the beautiful—over her who is gone before, and who, in the empty dusk, remains a pure angelic figure, godlike, and mounting to the godlike, where she will hover, beckoning us to mount to her.

"Thy friend in sorrow,

"CRUMP."

* Georgia Augusta; i. e. the University of Gottingen.

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SIR JOHN HARVEY AND GEN. SCOTT.

[FROM AN ARTICLE IN FRASER'S MAGAZINE ON THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.]

* * * Another portion shows to great advantage beside the first;—it is that carried on by the veterans, Sir John Harvey and General Scott. In the last page of the work there is the following extract from a letter addressed to our gallant countryman by Lord Normanby—an extract which, as honouring the brave and true on either side (it is a dubious phrase, but we do not mean to include Lord Normanby), we gladly quote:—

"Her majesty's government have received with much satisfaction your report of your negotiations with Major-General Scott for the provisional adjustment of the boundary question, and approve and sanction the terms on which you ultimately agreed. The correspondence between yourself and that officer is honourable alike to you and to him. It is gratifying to observe that the feelings of personal esteem that were established between General Scott and yourself, when formerly opposed to each other in the field, should, after the lapse of so many years, have induced and enabled you both to concur in averting from your respective countries the calamities of war. Having laid these papers before the queen, I have been honoured with her majesty's commands to signify to you her entire approbation of your conduct on this occasion."

The truth is, that if it had not been for the good sense and good feeling of General Scott, it would have been impossible, in spite of all the wisdom and forbearance of the lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, to prevent that singularly indiscreet and reckless functionary, Governor Fairfield, from raising, at the head of the desperate band of adventurers over whom he presides, a flame upon the border, difficult to extinguish without considerable loss of blood and treasure on our part, and, in all probability, permanent injury to the institutions and growing prosperity of the United States of America.

EARLY WOO'D AND WON.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Early woo'd and early won,
Was never repented under the sun!"
German Proverb.

O! sigh not for the fair young bride,
Gone in her opening bloom,
Far from her kindred, loved and tried,
To glad another home;
Already are the gay brief days
Of girlish triumph done,
And tranquil happiness repays
The early woo'd and won.

Fear shall invade her peace no more,
Nor sorrow wound the breast,
Her passing rivalries are o'er,
Her passing doubts at rest;
The glittering haunts of worldly state
Love whispers her to shun,
Since scenes of purer bliss await
The early woo'd and won.

Here is a young and guileless heart,
Confiding, fond, and warm,
Unsullied by the world's vain mart,
Unscathed by passion's storm;
In "hope deferred" she hath not pined,
Till Hope's sweet course was run:
No chains of sad remembrance bind
The early woo'd and won.

Her smiles and songs have ceased to grace,
The halls of festal mirth,
But woman's safest dwelling-place
Is by a true one's hearth;
Her hours of duty, joy, and love,
In brightness have begun;
Peace be her portion from above,
The early woo'd and won.

IDLE WORDS.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

The strongest love hath yet, at times,
A weakness in its power;
And latent sickness often sends
The madness of an hour!
To her I loved, in bitterness
I said a cruel thing:—
Ah me! how much of misery
From idle words may spring!

I loved her then—I love her still,—
But there was in my blood
A growing fever, that did give
Its frenzy to my mood;
I sneered, because *another's* sneers
Had power my heart to wring;—
Ah, me! how much of misery
From idle words may spring.

And when, with tears of wonder, she
Looked up into my face,
I coldly turned away mine eyes,
Avoiding her embrace;
Idly I spake of idle doubts,
And many an idler thing:—
Ah me! how much of misery
From idle words may spring!

'Twas over soon the *cause*,—not soon
The sad *effects* passed by:—
They rule me 'neath the summer's sun,
And 'neath the winter's sky!
I sought forgiveness. . . . She forgave,
But kept the lurking sting!
Alas! how much of misery
From idle words may spring!

Month after month—year after year,
I strove to win again
The heart an idle word had lost,
But strove, alas! in vain.
Oh! ye who love, beware lest thorns
Across Love's path ye fling;
Ye little know what misery
From IDLE WORDS may spring!

THE EVENING BELLS.

'Tis Malmaison; and summer breathes
Its balm on all around;
And scented flowers, in wanton wreaths,
With fruits together bound,
And trellised vine and eglantine,
Bedeck the favoured ground.

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'Tis summer fair; the leaves are spread
Broad, beautifully green;
'Tis silent eve; and, glowing red,
The west may yet be seen;
There is a sigh throughout the sky,
But not of wo, I ween.

Who in the shade of yon tall trees
Stands thoughtfully alone,
Nor lavish summer round him sees,
Nor that the day is done?
With arms in fold, a figure bold
He seems, of sculptured stone.

'Tis he, the People's King, their choice;
The second Cæsar he!
Who gave to new-born France a voice
Was heard from sea to sea;
Who shook the thrones of despot ones,
Yet Ruler of the Free.

He ponders long. Reflects he now
On Egypt's arid sky;
Or Italy, where first his brow
Was bound by victory?
Does he descry, with prophet eye,
An empire yet to be?

'Tis solemn eve; the village bells
Are tolling to and fro;
And now their mingled music swells,
Now distant 'tis and low;
Anon more clear, it seemeth near—
Now far, and sad, and slow.

His mood is changed. He may not dwell
On glory's bright career;
But, conjured by a newer spell,
Let other scenes appear!
Another time; an earlier chime
Has risen on his ear.

The scenes of youth before him pass:
The bower upon the hill,
The sea below—a sea of glass—
The evening calm and still;
'Mid hill-paths wild, the island child,
He wanders at his will.

He bares his brow; a tear is shed,
A tear that may not stay;
The night-winds moan, the light is sped,
The dew is on the spray;
The bells are hushed, the tear is brushed;
He sternly stalks away.

REFLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

Flown are the days—alas! for ever flown,
Which saw me reign supreme in mighty France;
The noble warriors who around me shone
Shall draw the sword no more, nor hurl the lance;
Fate has decreed that they a glorious death should die,
But for Napoleon, nought but abject slavery.

Where is my kingdom? where my subjects, lands,
For which I oft have fought, nor fought in vain?
All, all, are lost; and barbarous northern bands
Have revelled in fair France's fertile plain.
Where are my generals? Ney, "the bravest of the brave,"
They say has met a traitor's death, a traitor's grave.

Cursed is the hour when first Ambition stirred
My mind to deeds which cannot be undone;
If, when with Fortune crowned, I had not erred,
The diadem had *graced* my victories won;
Then had my name been honoured, as when, first unfurled
Freedom's proud banner gleamed o'er the astonished world!

But for the dead I mourn. O Josephine!
You, whom I fondly loved in happier days,
How deeply I have wronged! yet thou hast seen
That this fond heart around thy image plays.
Truce to the past! henceforth shall unborn ages all
Think o'er Napoleon's rise, his progress, and his fall!

A ROYAL DEATHBED.

A curious circumstance occurred whilst the Queen [Caroline] was on her deathbed. The night, or rather the morning, on which she expired, a boat passed down the river, filled with some of those religious sectarians who had taken a peculiar interest in her fate. They were praying for her and singing hymns, as they rowed by Brandenburgh House; and, at the same moment, a mighty rush of wind blew open all the doors and windows of the Queen's apartment, just as the breath was going out of her body.—*Diary of the Times of George IV., &c.*

In cælo quies.

THE RIVER.

A bark is o'er its waters going,
Bearing men of solemn mien,
Who ever, to their measured rowing,
Shoreward send a holy strain;
"Dust to dust—but death to life;
Sorrow passes not the grave;
Wearied woman, widowed wife,
Hear ye words that, blessing, save."

THE PALACE.

Within its walls, all sadly sighing,
Mourning men and maidens stand;
And, wearied, watch where one is lying,
Smote to death by kingly hand.
Damps her forehead pale are steeping;
Dark'ning earth-lights may not stay;
Slowly, surely, death is creeping,
Midst *that* pomp, upon *his* prey.

THE RIVER.

Yet that song of hope is pealing
O'er the water's silent wave—
Beneath yon roof, its echo stealing,
Bearing "*words that, blessing, save:*"
"O come to me, ye heavy laden,
Stricken sinner, wearied, rest;
Where the wicked cease upbraiding,—
Still, oh, still, thy throbbing breast."

THE PALACE.

Nearer yet; those words are straying
Up the purple couch of death;
Stranger joys her lip o'erplaying,
Tell of bliss in parting breath.
Hark! the night-wind wide is throwing
Door and casement—lights are fled.
The strain of hope in distance flowing;
The listeners look—*their Queen is dead!*

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

As a fitting sequel to this article, we extract from Carleton's "Father Butler" the following Rhanh or pious hymn, in use among the peasantry. We believe it to be perfectly genuine; a fact, indeed, for which Mr. Carleton's authority is sufficient to vouch. The chronological mistakes are scarcely more ridiculous than we have quoted above.

"THE BLESSED SCAPULAR.

A holy Rhanh composed by St. Patrick, St. Colm-Kilh, an' St. Bridged, and havin' been lost to the faithful for centhries, afterwards revealed to a blessed friar in a dhrame.

"Och! St. Jozeph was a carpenther iv credit and renown,
St. Pether was a fisher-man an' lived in Jeroozlem town:
St. Paul to be a tint-maker he willin'ly did choose,
And in passin' thro' the Wildherness he made them for the Jews.
Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.
Whack! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht!

"When first the holy Scapular St. Abraham had got,
He gave it to his daughter Madge, an' she gave id to Lot,
An' Lot bein' now a Carmelite, he gav'd id to his wife,
Who for the mere refusin' id had like to lose her life.
Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.
Whack! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht!

"St. Augustus meetin' Lot wan day, afore he was convarted,
Begun to scoff the Scapular an' all that Lot assarted,
Bud, says Lot, says he, id's plain that you're an Antithrinitaarian,
Bud afore you die, it'll come to pass that you'll die a Scaperlaarian.
Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.
Whack! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht!

"Then came the flood for forty years, an' swept away the arth,
In which the chronicles does tell there was a mighty darth,
Bud all this time the Scapular was never in the dark,
Bekase that St. Mathoosalem he wore it in the Ark.
Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.
Whack! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht!

"Then next upon this blessed Rhanh does come St. Simon Stock,
Who the blessed Virgin did pronounce the flower iv the flock;
'Twas he that first invinted id, as you may understand,
And resav'd the blessed patthern from the Virgin Mary's hand.
Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.
Whack! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht!

"When Jonas he sojourned in the belly iv the whale,
Twas he that had the Scapular upon 'im I'll be bale.
Duv ye think that af he hadn't id the whale 'ud be so slack,
As that he would be the customer to ever let 'im back?
Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.
Whack! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht!

"Then glory to the Scapular, an' may id never fail,
May every wan that wears id be as pious as the whale,
Whoever has the toothache will meet a good reward,
For if they wear the Scapular they'll never get it hard.
Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.
Whack! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht!

"All pious Christhens that repate this Rhanh wud thrue devotion,
They need not be afeard iv all the wather in the ocean:
The blessed Virgin, too, will grant whatever they desire,
An' they'll be always saved both from wather an' from fire.
Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' Jahn,
Purtect the bed that we lie an.
Whack! vanithee astore wuil boiroh orht!"

From the United Service Journal.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

MR. EDITOR,—As we are still without intelligence of hostilities having actually commenced in China, and are kept so completely in the dark as to the instructions that have accompanied the expedition thither, perhaps a few words of advice from one who has served on that coast, and has had some opportunity of judging of the Chinese character, may yet be timely offered.

Among naval men who have ever been in those seas, as well as all merchants who have ever traded to Canton, there can be but one opinion as to the plain course to be followed up at this moment, that is a vigorous war all along the coast. Seizing on all islands, forts, and good stations, from the Tigris to the Yellow Sea; not allowing ourselves to lose time by taking Formosa, till the more astounding impression is made on this singular people on their very shores, and as far up their rivers and inland as we can safely come at, with our comparative handful of troops. There is nothing whatever to fear or provide for but the feeding our troops, and the supply of our transports and men-of-war on the coast, which may be well done, and surely, by proper arrangements, on passing Malacca and Singapore; from whence supplies might be sent in fresh and fresh. Formosa might serve as a store-house, properly frightened into submission. Nay, the Chinese towns, here and there on the coast, might be managed in the same way—"Supply us (with water and some things) or we land and burn you."

This may appear monstrous, but all war is so, and the sooner it is begun and ended, when imperative, the better. Our first grand attack should be Canton, taking Macao and the forts at the Bocca Tigris as we proceeded up, and which need not detain the ships a tide. As to delicacy about the Portuguese at Macao, they should not for one instant be considered more than a dependent colony, or what they are really, part and parcel of the Chinese themselves; in fact, the town is Chinese, the Portuguese Governor being a mere cipher—but always a very inimical cipher to us. The whole of the Islands, those of the Typa, Lintin, &c., are quite at our service, as they are barren spots, and thinly

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inhabited, but might be useful and of importance as depôts, or stands from which we could not be driven—not that we need keep at all at so great a distance from the dense population (much inclined to favour us) and the cultivated shores.

I repeat, we must make some great and dire impression at starting: the Admiral and General must not fritter away time by small annoyances of villages or the fisheries; they, on the contrary, should be treated as much as possible as friends; for, in fact, all the aquatic population (millions) are almost strangers to the internal *esprit* and interests of the empire. The voyage of the Amherst some years ago proved that the whole coast and coast towns were in favour of intercourse with us.

Any quantity of tea might be smuggled on board. The mandarins themselves asking only for an ever so small a show of force, by way of excuse for their most willing connivance and good will, and to save their heads. This is the universal sea-coast feeling from Macao to Pekin; all is held by an iron despotism, which our armed appearance would crumble to nothing. The Amherst, a small merchantman, had not even a show of any force (besides that, they did not dare attempt even to arm a boat), and yet, in their unarmed boat and half-dozen men, they pulled up rivers, landed at cities, ran about the streets, found out the hiding, frightened mandarins, and with importunity and forced audience got provisions—were even done a trembling honour to; and besides, got smuggled on board lots of tea under these high officers' noses, who could only beg for God sake they would "go away," that they dared not favour them, or they would be too happy; all this while the people, the population, undertook all sorts of tricks and contrivances to get tea, or any thing they had, on board, and received them every where with open arms. Now, in the face of these facts, what can our contrary opinions signify? We have in London ten thousand opinions about every thing—we talk and talk, and nothing assumes the name of action without some strong counter-check of opinion. It is really amusing to read all the ignorant nonsense set forth by our daily press on the Chinese question, as if the experience of a century, the plainest facts, and the invariable workings of human nature, whether in China or England, were all to go for nothing. While the whole world is governed by passion, folly, madness, some innocents are for debating the justice or the crime of whether a musquito which settles on your nose is to be killed suddenly or not by a good hearty slap; and so it is just now with one set who are shocked and alarmed at the bare report of having hastily declared war with China. It ought, in common sense, to have been declared years and years ago. We have been insulted and provoked enough a thousand times over, which still would not be enough for so great an evil, so great a crime, had we any choice left short of being cut off altogether from them, and laughed at by all other nations, who would enjoy the trade, and dole it spitefully to us at 100 per cent. profit—notably, the Americans and Portuguese; while the Chinese would kick us, despise us, abuse us, and would not be one grain thankful for our forbearance; which they would of course call our fear and our impotence. It is so at Pekin—it is so at Washington! —*vide* one Mr. Forsyth's replies to Lord Palmerston and Mr. Fox: *vide* the insolence of the State of Maine, which the whole Republic are patting on the back and cheering on to provoke us—to dare us to the scratch. All this wordy war, as yet, is gravely wound up on both sides by the expression of the undersigned's "high consideration." No man in England but must see where the insolent aggression lies, and talking should be scouted—we must act. So, if we are not quite done for as a nation, we must up and be stirring. Our course is plain as *a b c* in China; and with a good head and common results the war cannot be a long or expensive one. The Chinese may be very right to have nothing to do with us, and call us dirt, and the "poor begging red-haired devils (fanqui) of the west," but as we cannot be in a worse "fix" with them, we may, by serving them out a bit, try and better ourselves; worse we cannot make it as to anger and contempt: and it is certain, could we burn a dozen or two of their large cities and kill 200,000 of their nominal army, we should be very much nearer an amicable treaty of peace, commerce and good will.

They are naughty children, rather sick; we must force a little wholesome medicine down their throats to cure them for the time being. In this affair, (and the sooner our ships and troops are up at Chuenpee, the Bocca Tigris, or Whampoa, the better,) we cannot be too prompt in the action—never mind the village-bound coast, be kind to them and their swarms of fishing-boats; not forgetting to cultivate an alliance with the rebel Ladrones of the islands outside—we must push for Canton. Forms will be wholly useless beyond the threat of instantly burning it and every city in the empire, if within an incredibly short time we have not a proper submission, and a grand treaty of peace and commerce, with free access to all cities on the whole coast—a treaty offensive and defensive—as we must be very terrible and very loving at the same time: nor can we talk too big; backed by ten ships of war and ten thousand men we may do any thing; always taking care not to engage in long marches, or being drawn into distant manœuvres of any sort, or frittering our force by many detachments.

If they hesitate or bully, burn Canton without one instant's hesitation; it would burn like a pile of straw! It would be conclusive as a lesson, and, without the loss of a hundred lives, a terrible one! The news would upset all edicts of "respect this and tremble," and shake the Emperor so that he would find himself forced to do whatever we pleased. If not, so much the worse for them. Attack us they would not—could not. The Chinese are not individually at all cowards; but as an immense army, they would be inert masses, without head or conduct. If they advanced at all, it would be but to get into some scrape. They could not even move their masses across the vast spaces of country. The troops would disband, or produce violent disorganization of some sort among themselves, or among the thick population, who have but just enough rice for a quiet and exact consumption. Any thing disturbing this exact balance will produce confusion beyond all calculation. We have nothing to do but shift our troops round the coast, here and there occupying their strong places, laying their towns under contribution, or burning them, as they pleased. Their population scattered about the country would help to increase the confusion and distress to such a degree, that no force of the Emperor's had he ten millions of men in arms could withstand it. They could not stir, simply because they could have nothing to eat! Nor indeed could we, nor should we reckon on any supplies. It would be more cruel to seize their rice than burn their towns. Our grand aim must be a war positively against the authorities; the people have nothing to lose or fight for except their rice, and sweet potatoes and pigs, which we above all things must respect. A good beginning (as in all wars) will be half the battle. Burning a town and great stores of goods, including tea, will have a great moral effect, without really doing much harm. The very poor will lose nothing, and they make up the great mass of the population,—and they are the very part which will best assist us (by their clamour) in bringing the Emperor and his yellow silk, long-nailed Court to their senses.

Practically, with the aid of three or four steamers up the rivers, we may have it all our own way, and do what we like with their cities and towns, even within ten or fifteen miles of the water. Keeping within that range, we can produce effect enough for our purpose,—and that most

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suddenly. Begirt in this fashion, the empire, though indeed so vast, could not go on. They are like a swarm of bees; once well shook and disturbed, confusion gets worse confounded. But I do think—nay, am sure—that half-measures, nibbling here and there, tearing the boats or the villages, writing long letters to Governor Ling or Fo, or sending despatches full of English reasoning, (knowing, as we should, that we have no single idea of right and wrong alike,) will be all sheer nonsense and sheer failure. The Chinese are quite as subtle, and can beg the question as cleverly, and can exaggerate or sink out of sight as cunningly and as doggedly, as the most gifted European Ambassador, or Secretary of State,—including our friends of the United States. Besides, in good sooth, we cannot hide from ourselves the broad state of the question—the immutable law of right,—held only, however, in the stars; for right or wrong on earth seems, speaking nationally, exactly to be what each separate nation pleases to think and make its own law about the matter. Thus the Chinese stand in their own right that we have no business to go there at all, that they have told us so a thousand times, that they do not ask us for our trade, or any thing whatever: and that, like beggars, we have still hung about their doors, though told over and over to go away. But, say we, you are very foolish and very insolent. You're a mere child, and know nothing. You dare despise us—eh? You are necessary to us; we wish to do you good and be good friends; and, faith! you shall. You did once admit us more freely, and our exclusion now is doubly provoking by your stupid insults. You favour others to our prejudice, too; we who have poured so many million dollars into your coffers—we won't stand it. You shan't insult us and do us harm by keeping your twankay from us, and causing us to be taken advantage of and laughed at by others who you choose, in your imbecility, to prefer. You laugh at our greatness, reject our good wishes and friendship, and insult us in every way you can. Very well,—since we can stand no worse with you, you shall now have a taste of the consequences; still, in the good pious hope of its bringing you to a sense of the wrong you do us, and the folly of shutting your ports to an evenhanded and most beneficial commerce.

There is another point of view in our favour in these hostilities,—the external commerce to Japan and through the Chinese seas. To be sure, they can do without it, and it forms but a small portion of their wants or their luxuries; but, like their tea to us, it is a question how far the heads of the empire and great men will like to be cut off from their birds' nests and their sharks' fins, and how far the sea-fishery of an immense extent of coast may be of vital importance as food for a great proportion of the people,—all which may be perfectly stopped and sealed up by half-a-dozen frigates and sloops kept on the blockaded coast. Then comes the next question, of how the Americans will stand it? Why, there is (as in Maine) quite enough to quarrel on, if they are so inclined; and we have no hole short of disgrace—and, worse, disaster—to creep out of, if we evade the simple "Do if you dare!"

TONAWANTA.

POOR JACK.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

With those powerful agents, fire and water, we contrive to escape from a French prison.

After more than an hour of confusion and loud talking, it was at last proposed and agreed to, *nem. con.*, that the prisoners should be confined in the old church; the twelve invalids to be divided into two parties, who were to be sentinels over them, relieving each other every four hours. The mayor immediately went forward with the village blacksmith to examine the state of the church doors, and ascertain how they might be secured; while the prisoners, having been summoned out of the privateer, were escorted up between two files of the privateer's men with their swords drawn, and followed by the whole population. As soon as we arrived at the church door, the name of every prisoner was taken down by the mayor, attended by a notary, and then he was passed into the church. Bramble and I of course were marched up with the others; the captain of the privateer talking with us the whole way, through the young man who interpreted, informing us that an express had been sent over to Morlaix, to which town we should be escorted the next day, and then have better accommodation. As we stood at the huge doors of the church, which were opened for our reception, we perceived that the altar and all the decorations had been removed; and that, with the exception of the large wooden screen of carved oak, near the altar, the church was completely bare. Bramble spoke to the interpreter, and said that he hoped the captain would request the mayor to allow the prisoners to have straw to lie down upon, as the pavement would be very cold. Although the mayor at first demurred at this demand, yet the captain of the privateer, probably out of good will to Bramble, insisted, and the straw was ordered to be sent in. At last, the mayor became impatient, we could delay no longer, and the doors were closed.

I had surveyed the church as we were escorted up to it; it was very large, capable, I should think, of holding more than two thousand people. The walls of the church were very massive, and the windows had but very few panes of glass remaining in them, but they were so very high as to prevent our climbing out of them, even if there had not been six sentinels guarding us outside. At one corner, to the right of the end of the church where the altar-piece had been, was a narrow stone tower, apparently an addition made to the lady's chapel, long after the church had been originally built. When we were shut up, we were enabled to survey the interior at our leisure. The whole was completely bare to the pavement until you came to the chancel part near to which the altar had been, where the wooden screens and seats still remained, in a sad dilapidated state; but they must have once been very handsome, for the carving, where it was perfect, was very beautiful. A small, thick wooden door, loaded with iron work, communicated with the narrow tower, which had a flight of stone steps running up to the top, and narrow loop-holes to give light as you ascended. While the majority of the prisoners were sitting down here and there on the pavement, few of them entering into conversation, Bramble had, with me, taken a full survey of our locality.

"I tell you what, Tom, if you once get to Morlaix, all chance is over," said he; "we must either get out of this church this very night, or we must make up our minds to remain in prison Heaven knows how long."

"Have we any chance?"

"I'll tell you more about that in a little while."

The door of the church now opened, and the people brought in the straw for the beds, which they threw all in a heap in the centre of the church, and the doors were again closed.

"I see daylight now," said Bramble. "Tom, find the mate and boatswain, and bring them here to me quickly."

I did so, and Bramble asked them whether they were inclined to make an attempt to get clear.

They replied that they would join us in any thing, they did not care what it was, and against any odds.

"Well, then," said Bramble, "my idea is this. You see there are but twelve old soldiers to guard us; for you may be certain that, before long, all the privateer's men will be as drunk as owls—that's but natural; not that I think of coming to any fight with them, but I make the observation

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because, if we get out, we shall have little to fear afterward. Now, you see, I asked for the straw because the idea came in my head that it might be useful. You see, what I propose is, as there is plenty of wood in this part of the church, that we should wait till about three hours after dark—that is, until ten or eleven o'clock—and then set fire to the church. They must come and let us out, you know; at least I take it for granted that they will before the roof comes down: if they don't we must force the doors ourselves—I've looked at them—and until we do, there is no fear of suffocating, for there are no panes to the windows; so, after all, it will only be a bonfire, without danger to any body."

"Well, but what shall we gain by it?" said the mate; "we shall be walked out with the other prisoners, and how shall we then escape?"

"There it is: we will not be walked out with the other prisoners; and, in the confusion and hurry of taking them away to one place or another, they will not be likely to miss us. We will all go up this narrow tower, where we may remain, till the church falls in, with perfect safety, and then, when all is quiet again, and the people have left the spot, we will make for the pier, get one of the fishing boats, and be off. How do you like the idea?"

We all agreed that the plan was very feasible, and would attempt it.

"Well, then, we must remain quiet for the present; all you have to do is to fetch as much straw this way as you can by degrees. I expect they will bring us something to eat before long."

We removed a large portion of the straw to the chancel; in half an hour afterward the doors were opened and rations of bread were brought in. What still more assisted our plans was, that the captain of the privateer at the same time, very good-naturedly, brought a demijohn of brandy, which he gave to Bramble.

Bramble thanked him through the interpreter, and told him that he would get well drunk that night.

"Yes, drive away care, captain says," replied the interpreter.

Once more the doors were closed, and we had no chance of further interruption.

By Bramble's direction, the mate, assisted by me and the boatswain, cast loose the remaining bundles of straw and shook them down as beds for the prisoners at the end of the church nearest to the door; and as soon as they had eaten their bread, Bramble gave them all a portion of the brandy, advising them to turn in soon, as we were to march very early the next morning. We remained with them at first, having taken our seats on the straw as if we also intended to repose. At last it became dusk and then dark; the prisoners settled themselves to sleep; we left them and joined Bramble. Having arranged our straw so as to secure ignition, and leaving the mate and boatswain down below, Bramble and I, now that there was no chance of our being seen by the sentinels, ascended the tower. It commanded a view of the town and harbour: we looked down upon the main street—all was mirth and revelry; fiddling and dancing, and singing were to be heard from more than one house; women in the street laughing, and now and then running and screaming when pursued by the men.

"This is all right," observed Bramble; "in an hour or two you'll see how quiet every thing will be; but I shall not let them all go to bed before I set fire, for there may be some difficulty in waking them. I don't see that there's any lights down at the pier, where the vessels lie."

We stayed up there till about eleven o'clock, Bramble watching the lights and sounds; and when he considered that they had sufficiently decreased, he said, "Now, we'll try it, Tom, and may success attend us!"

We descended and found the mate and boatswain anxiously waiting for us. Bramble struck a light with his flint, and we carried it to the screen where we had piled the straw under the seats and against the panels.

"Now, then, messmates," said Bramble, "as long as the others sleep, the better; but if they waken, in the confusion, bring here all the straw you can collect, for we must not fail for want of fuel."

But of this there was no chance, for the wood of the screen and benches was so dry that it was a-light immediately. For ten minutes the other prisoners and the guard outside did not appear to be aware of what was going on; but at last the church was so filled with smoke that they were roused up: still the principal smoke was in that portion of the church where we were; at the other end they were not much inconvenienced, as it found vent by the windows. What the invalids were about outside I do not know, but they did not perceive it; probably they had left their guard to go and carouse. At all events the flames had climbed up from the screen and had caught a portion of the roof before the Frenchmen knew that the church was on fire; the smoke was now exchanged for a bright, clear flame, which had already found its way through the slating, and the prisoners were hallooing and screaming as loud as they could. We went to the part of the church where the others were, and joined the outcry. The voices of the people outside were now to be heard, for men and women had been summoned by the cry of the church being on fire: still there was no danger until the roof fell in, and that would not be the case for perhaps an hour, although it was now burning furiously, and the sparks and cinders were borne away to leeward by the breeze. The screams of the prisoners now became dreadful; frightened out of their wits, they fully expected to be burnt alive; still the door was not opened, although we heard a loud consultation of many voices without.

"Well," said Bramble, "I hope they really don't mean to let us burn here; at all events, if they do, I can save the poor devils, for there's room enough on the stairs of the tower for twice as many. At all events we must hold on till the last moment.

As he said this we heard them outside put the key in the door, and immediately Bramble, the boatswain, mate, and I, retreated from the crowd and gained the other portion of the church, which was most in flames. As the door opened we hastened to the tower door, and closing it after us, gained the staircase near the top, where we remained quiet; there was no want of smoke there, but still we could breathe pretty freely, as the fire from the roof was borne down by the wind from us and toward the people, who were at the front of the church. How they disposed of the other prisoners we do not know, as we dared not show ourselves; but in about half an hour the whole of the roof fell down upon the pavement, and nothing but the bare walls of the church were left standing.

After the roof fell in, the light from the flames was so small that we ventured to the top of the tower to look out. There were still many people standing about, but the major part of them were gone. As the fire sunk down, so did the people go away; at last there was no one to be seen: we remained more than half an hour watching; light after light disappeared, and all was quiet as death.

"Now's our time," said Bramble, "but still we must be cautious; let us follow one another at about ten yards apart: if we meet with any one, pretend to be reeling as if drunk, and they may think we are privateer's-men not yet gone to bed."

We followed him down the stairs, gained the church, and trod over the still burning embers; as soon as we were clear of the walls, we turned to the right in our way down to the harbour, keeping in the gloom as much as possible.

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We arrived safely at the pier, for there was not a soul stirring; all our fear was, that we should find some one keeping a watch on board of the vessels, which we must pass after we had possession of one of the fishing boats, as they laid inside of them. But fortune favoured us every way; the boat we selected had her sails bent, and was not fastened with a chain: we were, therefore, in the stream in a moment; the tide was also running out strong, and we passed the vessels without having occasion to use our oars. The battery at the entrance of the harbour was also without its usual sentry, for the men had been called up to guard the prisoners. In half an hour we were clear of the harbour, and steering with a fine breeze for the English coast; and when daylight broke, the French land was but just perceptible.

"Well," said Bramble, "praised be heaven for all things! I expected to have lost my precious liberty for years, and I have only lost two shirts, one pair of trousers, and three pairs of worsted stockings."

We had nothing to eat or drink, but that we cared little for, as the wind was fair: about ten o'clock that night we landed at Cawsand Bay near Plymouth, where we sat down to a hearty supper; and when we went to bed, I did not forget to thank Providence for my unexpected escape.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Another escape, more fortunate than the one recorded in the preceding chapter.

From the time that I had passed my examination and worked as a pilot on my own account, until the period of our escape, which I have narrated in the preceding chapter, I had continued to live in the cottage with Bramble, without contributing any share to the expenses. I had at first proposed it, but Bramble would not listen to any such arrangement; he considered me, he said, as his son, and who knowed, he added, but that the cottage would be mine after he was gone. The fact was, that Bramble ardently wished that Bessy and I should be united. He continually hinted at it, joked with Bessy about me; and I believe that, in consequence, Bessy's feelings towards me had taken the same bent. She was prepared for the issue; the regard naturally felt for me from her long intimacy, now that the indulgence of it was so openly sanctioned by him whom she considered as her father, was not checked on her part; indeed there was no doubt but that it had ripened into love. She showed it in every little way that her maiden modesty did not interfere with, and old Bramble would at times throw out such strong hints of our eventual union, as to make me feel very uncomfortable. They neither of them had any idea of my heart having been pre-engaged, and the strangeness of my manner was ascribed by Bramble to my feelings towards Bessy.—Bessy, however, was not so easily deceived; my conduct toward her appeared, to say the best of it, very inconsistent. So often had I had opportunities, especially when I was at home and Bramble was away, of speaking on the subject; and so often had these opportunities been neglected, that it filled her mind with doubt and anxiety. After having accepted my addresses at first, Janet had once or twice written to me; latterly, however, she had not written herself—all her messages were through Virginia's letters, or, perhaps, she would add a little postscript. Had letters arrived for me in any other handwriting than that of Virginia, Bessy, after her suspicions were roused, might have easily guessed the truth; but it was the absence of any clue to guide her as to the state of my feelings which so much puzzled her. She was fully convinced that my heart was not hers, but she had no reason to suppose that it was in the possession of another. Thus did my passion for Janet Wilson in every way prove to me a source of anxiety. I knew that it was my duty to undeceive Bramble and Bessy, yet the task was too painful, and I could not make up my mind to make them unhappy. I felt that I had no right to remain under Bramble's roof and live at his expense, and, at the same time, I could not find an opportunity of telling him what my feelings and wishes were, the very mention of which would at once explain to him that the desire of his old age would never be accomplished. I often accused myself of ingratitude, and felt as if it were my duty to make every sacrifice to one who had been so kind a protector; but I was bound by vows to Janet Wilson, and how was it possible that I could retract?

Virginia's letters were not satisfactory; at first she told me how much she had been annoyed by the attention of the young nobleman, and how very indelicate my mother had been in her conduct; eventually she informed me that she had been insulted by him, and that, upon complaining to my mother, the latter had, much to her surprise and indignation, not only laughed at his extreme forwardness, but pointed out to Virginia a line of conduct by which he might be entrapped into marriage; that her refusal to accede to such unworthy devices had created a serious breach between her mother and herself. She stated the young man to be extremely silly and weak, and that my mother had gained great influence over him; and were it not that the presence of the tutor, who seldom quitted the house, had proved a check, that there was little doubt but, as far as the young man was concerned, the disproportionate match would be readily acceded to; that the only person she had ventured to consult was her dear friend Mrs. St. Felix, who had promised her, if the persecution did not cease, that she would make Mr. Somerville, the tutor, aware of what was going on. Virginia described the latter as an amiable, modest young man, who did all in his power to instruct his pupil, but who was treated with any thing but deference in return.

Relative to Janet she said little, except that she generally called there every day to make inquiries after me; once or twice she did say that it was a pity that I was not able to come oftener to Greenwich, as Janet was not very steady; indeed, considering how young she was, without a mother, and so little controlled by her father, it was not to be wondered at.

Such was the state of affairs when I made up my mind that I would speak to Bramble about my paying my share of the expenses, which I thought would open his eyes to the real state of my feelings towards Bessy: I did so; I pointed out to him that I was now earning money fast, and that I considered it but fair that I should support myself, and not put him to further expense; that, perhaps, it would be better that I should take a house for myself, as I must give a great deal of trouble to Bessy and Mrs. Maddox.

"Well, Tom," said Bramble, "you've been at me about this before, and I believe it's a proper feeling, after all. It certainly does seem to me to be a matter of little consequence, as things stand; however, I can't consent to your leaving us. You have been with me since you were a lad, and I should feel like a fish out of water if I were to be without you or Bessy; so pay just what you please—I'll take it, since you wish it; and there's an end of the matter."

This was not the end to which I was driving; but Bramble's eyes would not be opened, and I could not help it. He had never directly spoken to me about a union with Bessy, and therefore it was impossible for me to say any more. Bramble, however, did not fail to communicate what I had said to her; and one evening when we were standing on the shingle beach, she said to me: "So Emer-

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son has been convicted for smuggling, and sentenced beyond the seas."

"I am sorry for it," replied I.

"His house is to be let now, Tom; would it not suit you? for my father told me that you wished to leave us."

"Why should I live upon you, when I am able to support myself?"

"Certainly not. If it were not that I could not bear to see father miserable, I think it would be better if you did take Emerson's house; but it would vex him, poor good man."

"But not you, Bessy; is it that you mean?"

"Perhaps it is. Tell me yourself, Tom; would it not be better?"

I made no reply.

"Well," said Bessy, "think of me as you please; I will speak now, Tom. I am not considering you, Tom, nor am I thinking of myself; I am only induced to do so on account of my father. We have been brought up together as children, Tom, and, as children, we were great friends, and I believe, sincerely attached to each other. I believe it to be very true that those who are brought up together as brothers and sisters do not change that affection for any other more serious in after life. It is therefore not our faults if we cannot feel as, you must know, Tom, my father wishes we should. Am I not right?"

"You are, I believe, Bessy," replied I.

"My father, therefore, is deceiving himself with the hopes of what never can take place; but I know him even better than you do, Tom; it is the object of his daily thoughts—his only wish before he sinks into his grave. I cannot bear to undeceive him; nor can you, if I have truly judged your feelings."

"You have judged right, Bessy."

"The very circumstance of our knowing his wishes, the hints which he throws out, his joking on the subject, have been a source of annoyance to both of us; and not only a source of annoyance, Tom, it has estranged us—we no longer feel that affection which we should feel for each other, that kindness as between brother and sister, which might exist—on the contrary, not being exactly aware of each other's feelings, we avoid each other, and fearful that the least kindness might be misconstrued, we do not really treat each other as we otherwise would; in fact, it has destroyed our mutual confidence. Is it not so?"

"It is, I acknowledge, but too true, Bessy, and I thank you for having entered into this explanation—"

"Which, as I said before," continued Bessy, "I should not have done except for the sake of my father; but now that I have done so, (and here Bessy's voice became tremulous,) let us consult at once how we shall act so as to secure his happiness, and that in future we may return to the former confidence and regard which should exist between us as a brother and sister."

"Point out how this is to be done, Bessy, and I will cheerfully enter into your wishes."

"We must laugh when he laughs, Tom, even if not inclined; we must gain time—that is very easy—I may refuse as long as he lives—you may put it off; and then, Tom, circumstances may help us—who knows what even a day may bring forth?"

"Very true," replied I, "there's only one thing—"

"What is that!"

"Suppose I was to marry!"

"Then," replied Bessy, in a voice half choked, as she turned away, "my father would be very unhappy."

I looked round to reply, but she had gone into the cottage. This conversation gave me great satisfaction. I felt convinced that if I had at one time formed the idea that Bessy was attached to me, I had been mistaken, and I was as indifferent to her as she was to me. I was just as anxious as she was not to vex Bramble, and equally glad that confidence was restored between us. Alas! I must have been very blind not to have perceived what was the true state of her feelings; but I did not, and after some reflection I determined that I would make her a confidant of my passion for Janet Wilson; and then I walked to the post-office to see if there were any letters from Virginia. There was a letter for me—a double one: as soon as I had paid the money, I opened it; it was very closely written, and evidently Virginia had much to communicate to me. I forgot for the moment Bessy and Bramble, thought only of Janet, and put the letter to my lips as I walked away that I might go home and read it. I hurried past Bessy, who was in the parlour, and went up the stairs into my bed-room, where I took my letter out of my pocket and commenced it.

15th April.

"My dear Tom: I shall begin a letter to you now, and fill it up as a sort of diary; as it is the best plan, I think, to narrate circumstances as they actually take place. It is unpleasant to say any thing against my mother, the more so as I believe that she thinks she has been doing right, and has my interest sincerely at heart: she appears to consider that an alliance with people of rank cannot be purchased too dear, and that every attempt is justifiable to secure for me such an advantage. Little does she know me; if she forgets, I never shall, that I am the daughter of a Greenwich pensioner, and never would ally myself with those whose relations would look upon me as a disgrace to their family—no, Tom; even if I were so heedless as to allow my affections to be enthralled, I would at any sacrifice refuse to enter into a family much beyond my condition. I have thought of this often, and I confess that I am sometimes unhappy. I have been brought up and educated above my situation in life, and I do not think I ever could marry a person who was not more refined and educated than those who are really and truly my equals. But as, at the same time, I never will enter into a family who might look down upon my parentage, I presume your little Virginia must remain unmarried. If so, I am content—I have no wish to alter my present condition. I am happy and respected; and with the exception of the trifling annoyances which we all must expect and submit to, I have no reason to be dissatisfied; on the contrary, I have to be grateful for many blessings, and I trust that I am so. My poor mother is the cause of all my present vexations. She tells me that my beauty, as she is partially pleased to call it, is sufficient for my aspiring to the hand of a duke, and that it will be my own fault if I do not make a high connexion. Every night she has been overwhelming me with alternate reproaches and entreaties to permit the attentions of the gay gentleman who is now lodging at our house, stating that it was on my account only that he took the apartments, and that, if I play my cards well, he will be caught in his own trap, which, I presume, is as much as to say that he came here with different intentions, and finding that he cannot succeed, will secure his intended prize or victim by marriage rather than not to obtain her at all. Very flattering, truly! and this is the man to whom my mother would induce me to confide my future happiness—a man who, independent of his want of probity, is a fool into the bargain. But the persecution on his part and on that of my mother now becomes so annoying, that I have requested Mrs. St. Felix to speak to Mr. Sommerville, the tutor, who, if he does his duty—and I have every reason to believe that he will do so—will take some measures to remove his pupil from our house.

17th. Mrs. St. Felix and Mr. Sommerville have had a meeting. He generally walks out every afternoon in the park; and Mrs. St. Felix and he have already been introduced; she therefore went out and met him, and after exchanging a few words she introduced the subject, stating that she did so at my request. Mr. Sommerville, although

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he had not been blind, had had no idea that things had proceeded so far; and he promised Mrs. St. Felix that he would soon put an end to the persecution, or remove him from our house. Janet has been here to-day, and I told her what had passed; she very much approved of the steps which I had taken. I must, however, say, that latterly she has not appeared to take that interest about you that she used to do, and I fear that your continual absence is injurious to your prospects. She is very young and very giddy, Tom; I wish she had been older, as, even when she is your wife, she will require much looking after, and a firm hand to settle her down into what a married woman in my opinion ought to be. Mr. Sommerville has requested me to favour him with a few minutes' conversation; and as I cannot do it in our house, for my mother never leaves me a minute to myself, I told him that I should be at Mrs. St. Felix's this afternoon, and he could speak to me then. He knows that I have no secrets from Mrs. St. Felix; and although it is not pleasant to resort to such means, still there can be no impropriety in my hearing what he has to tell me in her presence.

"I have seen Mr. Sommerville—he thanked me very much for having communicated, through Mrs. St. Felix, my mother's plot against his *protégé*, and paid me many compliments upon my behaviour, which were quite unnecessary. He told me that he had spoken to his pupil, who had most positively denied his having any such intention, and stated that he was merely amusing himself; and he had pledged himself not to take the least notice of me for the future. 'I am well aware,' said he, 'that what he has stated is not correct; he has not deceived me by his assertions; and were it not that I feel confidence in you, Miss Virginia,' continued he, 'I would write to his father that he might be immediately removed. I hardly need say, that should any thing of this kind take place, I should be most severely blamed: it is not the first time that I have been compelled to interfere, for my pupil is of a very susceptible disposition, and has fancied himself in love with at least five young people since he has been under my charge. In this instance,' continued he, making me a bow, 'he has some extenuation to offer. Will you oblige me by informing me if he adheres to his promise? or do you wish that I should speak to your mother?'

"Mrs. St. Felix replied, that it would be unnecessary; indeed, that if Lord —— left the house I should only be subject to fresh persecution. Mr. Sommerville, at her request, stayed to drink tea, and is certainly a very pleasant, well-informed, amiable young man.

"23d. I have received no molestation since the explanation with Mr. Sommerville, except from my mother, who accuses me of having affronted Lord ——; and although I deny it, she asserts that he never could have so changed his conduct towards both of us if I had not so done. I have not seen Janet this week—I cannot imagine what has become of her.

"30th. You may imagine my joy, my dear Tom: Mr. Sommerville has received a letter, stating that his lordship is to go down to his father's seat in the country, as he will be of age in a month, and he is to make acquaintance with the tenants;—there are to be great rejoicings there upon his coming of age. I am sure no one can rejoice more than I shall when he leaves, which is to be next Saturday. I am also very glad to say that the Marquis has presented Mr. Sommerville with a valuable living, now that he gives up tutorship. I really think he will do justice to his profession, for I have seen more of him lately, and esteem him very much.

"27th. They are gone, much to my mother's mortification, and to my delight; and now, as I have written so much about myself, I shall leave this letter open till I see Janet, that I may tell you something about her, otherwise I know my letter will not be interesting to you.

"31st. My dear Tom, you must prepare yourself for painful intelligence:

"Janet has disappeared—She left her father's house last night after the family retired, but no one knows where: she left a few lines on her table, stating that they would hear from her soon. Poor Mr. Wilson was here to-day—he is half distracted—and the whole town is full of the scandal. Mrs. St. Felix told me this morning that she has discovered that within the last week she has been seen walking on the London Road with Lord ——. Is it possible?

"2d May. It is all true—Mrs. St. Felix has a letter from Mr. Sommerville, stating that Janet was brought up to town and married to Lord —— twe days ago. It appears, that from the time I repulsed his attentions, he fixed them upon Janet; that she encouraged him, and used to meet him every night, as Mrs. St. Felix was informed. Mr. Sommerville has seen his father, and fully exculpated himself; but the Marquis declares, as his son is a minor, that the marriage shall not be binding. How it will end, Heaven only knows; but she is much to be pitied. This will account for her not coming to me as usual. Now, Tom, I do not suppose you will pay attention to me at present, but from what I knew of Janet, and which her conduct has fully proved, she was not worthy to be your wife, and could not have contributed to your happiness. I pity you from my heart, as I know what you will feel; but still I congratulate you, and eventually you will congratulate yourself at your fortunate escape.

"I will say no more at present, except that I am, and ever will be, Your truly attached sister, VIRGINIA."

I had courage to finish the letter, and then it dropped from my hands—I was bewildered, stupified, maddened. As my sister said, I did indeed feel. Was it possible?—Janet, who had——Mercy on me! I threw myself on the bed, and there I remained till the next morning in a state most pitiable.

It is only those who have been deceived in their first attachment who can appreciate my agony of feeling. For the first few hours I hated the whole world, and had then the means been at hand, should in all probability have hastened into another; but gradually my excitement abated:—I found relief in tears of sorrow and indignation. I arose at daylight the next morning, worn out with contending feelings, heavy and prostrated in mind. I went out—stood on the beach, the keen breeze cooled my fevered cheek. For hours I leaned motionless upon an anchor—all hope of future happiness abandoned for ever.

From the Britannia.

THE JEWS.

The persecution of the Damascus Jews has been followed by an attempt at another in Rhodes; but there the enemies of this unfortunate people failed in bringing home their charge of murder, and the character of the accused stands clear. Yet all those persecutions, accusations, and clearances have extraordinary features in them. We, by no means, go the length of some contemporaries, who pronounce that they are direct evidences of a "great revolution about to take place in favour of the unhappy people of Israel." Yet, with all our reluctance to turn every public incident of this order into a Providential interference, we must acknowledge, that if such interference might be looked for in the instance of any people of the earth, it might especially be looked for in that of the Jews. Their whole national career was a perpetual developement of Providential action; and since they have ceased to be a

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nation, their existence has been scarcely less out of the common course of things. It has been a miracle, though a miracle of another order—a long, unbroken palpable contradiction to nature. Their union; their continuance under dispersion; the general and cruel stigmas heaped on them, especially in the more barbarian countries, which can have no historic hostility to their being; their influence, notwithstanding those stigmas; their unwearied observance of their Law, though all its public forms of worship dependent on the Temple have been at an end for almost two thousand years; their national physiognomy so peculiar, so marked, and so unchangeable—all constitute a character to which the world has seen nothing similar.

There can be no doubt that the Jews have suddenly become the objects of general European attention, and that for the first time since their dispersion European courts have exhibited a public and general interest in their condition. At this moment France, Austria, Russia, and England have addressed memorials to the Sultan, or the Pacha of Egypt, making the sufferings of the Eastern Jews matters almost of diplomatic importance. In Europe the whole body of Judaism is suddenly and anxiously awakened to the state of their people throughout Asia. A sort of commission from the British Jews, under the guidance of Sir Moses Montefiore, a very respectable and estimable person, has arrived at Alexandria, to claim the rights of his people at the court of Egypt; and the eyes of the Christian world are turned on his proceedings with strong sympathy. There have even been proposals rumoured for repurchasing a portion of Palestine, and settling colonies of Jews in the land of their fathers; and, however improbable and even rash such a scheme might be, at this early period of the change, it is not yet laid aside. But the not less striking circumstance is the actual state of Western Asia, as connected with the great political machinery of Europe. A vast tract of land, which hitherto has been almost wholly disregarded by Europeans—the coast of the Mediterranean extending from Jaffa to Lebanon, with its cities in ruins, its population beggars, and its fields scarcely traversed but by a chance traveller or a robber—has suddenly become the great prize for which the two chief Mahometan powers of the world are contending,—the scene of great battles, negotiations and insurrections, and engrossing the most eager attention of all the leading governments of Europe.

Still we would not draw wider conclusions from these facts than they may fairly supply. For instance, we disclaim all idea of regarding them as direct steps to the Jewish restoration. On the contrary, we believe that events of a magnitude, terror, and influence to which those of our day are dust in the sunbeam, will occur long before any material and palpable change in the condition of Israel; that those events will be chiefly European; that they will involve an incalculable height and depth of European society in convulsion; and that when the actual crisis is at hand, there will be evidences of its nature and purpose wholly superior to the most startling of those which now occupy public conjecture. Still the present transactions are extraordinary; for they are the work of circumstances, have been almost wholly unexpected, have awakened the general eye more and more from day to day, and are daily increasing in importance. Who could have conceived, in 1830, that in the year 1840 the armies of Turkey and Egypt should be encamped on the shores and mountains of Syria, ready to struggle for the mastery of Western Asia; that the fleets of France, England, and Russia, should be watching the event; and that, with every cabinet of Europe, the grand question should be, which of the contending powers should remain Lord of Palestine? If this was beyond calculation ten years ago, was it less beyond calculation that, in the midst of this din of cabinets and armies, of negotiations and conflicts, the affairs of the proverbially scorned and trampled race of Israel, should suddenly start into importance; that those haughty bearers of sword and sceptre, should have found themselves compelled to bring forward the interests of the Israelites among the great questions of State; and that those interests are actually assuming a shape which seems about to supersede even those of policy and war?

We admit that all this excitement may pass away; it is even our idea that it will, and that after negotiation has done its work, and war, if it must come, is found to be fruitless and unwise, both the soldier and diplomatist will leave Syria to its original silence, and forget the tumult of the time. But we still think that Syria will never be the same to us again; that the events of our day will have their effect on the future,—that it will be a powerful one, however tardy; that a first *Divine* step has been taken towards the mightiest of all consummations; that the earth is preparing for events nobler than it has ever yet witnessed; and we shall yet hear the voice, "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

[*This article is made up from The Britannia, and from other papers quoted therein.*]

August 15th, 1840.

After twenty years of peace we have new taxes; and those taxes, we will admit, not arising from any financial frolic of the Administration, but rendered necessary by the peril of the country; and only to be objected to on the ground of their total inadequacy to the purpose of providing for the defence of the empire.

After having held the first rank of Europe, we are now gradually sinking into the second or third, or still lower; and this depression is not due to any failure in the spirit of the country, of the activity of the population, or the public sense of the necessity of retaining our station, and the public will to pay for it, but to the feebleness, selfishness, and shortsightedness of a Cabinet, who have suffered the principal Governments of Europe to get before us in every thing; to carry on the most outrageous acts of their ambition totally unrestrained; to act as if there were no power in Britain to protect either the liberties of other nations or the privileges of her own; and, finally, to equip immense forces which can have no other object than the coercion of England. It is even acknowledged that on this subject there is no concealment whatever, and that to awe us into submission, or crush us for resistance, is the standing principle of those powers.

It is an undeniable fact, that the naval strength of Russia has been suffered to grow before our eyes to a force which now menaces the safety of England; that while those enormous fleets were thus growing, no remonstrance was made by the Cabinet, or none that was ever attended to; that while a Ministry, fit for its duties, would have instantly demanded that fleets which could have no other object than to menace England should be built no longer, or in case of refusal should have instantly prepared a force adequate to meet the enemy on the first menace; the public only know that the British fleet has been kept on an establishment which the most competent judges have pronounced too low even for the duties of peace. Russia has at this moment 37 sail of the line in the Baltic, ready to start at the moment; provisioned for four months, and provided with quarters for 30,000 men, who can be on board within twenty-four hours; the whole being within ten days' sail of the mouth of the Thames. Of her Black Sea fleet we shall now say nothing more, from its distance, than that it consists of not less than 20 great ships close to their own dock-yards, capable of being largely reinforced, and, in

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case of defeat, retiring to fortifications which are now almost impregnable.

But the cry of the PALMERSTON people is, "Oh, war with Russia is out of the question. What quarrel have we with her? We have no idea of hostilities; and we are willing to go to all depths of concession before the occurrence of any thing of the kind." Of that we are perfectly sure. But why, then, does Russia keep up this enormous force, and continue to increase it? Certainly from no fear of our intending to bombard Cronstadt. The plain answer is —Because she sees our ready submission; because she knows that concession will give her what she never could have hoped from conquest; and that she has only to increase her force to see England gradually giving way in every thing, until the idea of resisting her most outrageous aggressions in either the East or the West shall, by habit, have been put as far away from our minds as the idea of insurrection among slaves tied hand and foot. But, do we wish for war? No!—quite the contrary. But we know that the only true security for peace, is to be prepared for war. And what is our condition at this instant! If a Russian fleet were to blockade the Thames, have we a fleet to drive it off? Have we a dozen ships, ten, five? We have scarcely a ship nearer than the Mediterranean; and who can doubt that if these ships moved, the Russian fleet would instantly follow it from the Euxine, while the Russian fleet from the Baltic would meet it in the Channel, and the Russian army would march in the mean time into Constantinople, whatever were the result of the great battle? We have no desire to anticipate evil; but there is not a statesman in Europe who does not see the feasibility of this event; nor ought there to be an Englishman who could contemplate the convulsion without horror. All that we ask is, that the country should be put in a state of defence. But can we hope this from the miserable junta, who are more afraid of losing their places than of any other public contingency on earth? Russian and Frenchman are arming themselves with gigantic weapons for the assault; every petty nation of Europe is only waiting to join the shout and share the spoil; yet our statesmen are thinking only of the opinions of MR. DAN O'CONNELL and MR. JOSEPH HUME.

August 22.

A French paper the *Journal des Debats*, whose correspondent at Alexandria has uniformly shown himself well informed as to the projects and resources of Mehemet Ali, says, in reasoning upon the course likely to be taken by Ibrahim in opposition to the four allied powers,—

Mehemet Ali will not yield without fighting: the guarantee for this is his well-known character and energy. Certain not to be attacked by the south, nor by the Red Sea, he concentrates all his forces on the difficult coast he holds on the Mediterranean. His prudence has already provided against the flat and sandy coasts where disembarkations might be made. The English must have learnt by their expedition of 1807, that it is not easy to take possession of this country when a determined enemy is found in the interior to defend it, and the season of inundation is now coming on, a circumstance which is about to render all aggressive operations against Egypt inoperative for some months. In Syria an administration, oppressive it is true, but no less foreseeing, has never ceased since 1833, to accumulate military means in this country, already so easy to defend by nature. With the exception of the Gulf of Alexandretta, protected by the marshes, steep mountains, and desert valleys, there is not on the coast of Syria a point where vessels of war can approach near enough to effect a disembarkation under the fire of their artillery. And, moreover, all the posts have been fortified and provided with cannon. Thus on the seaside there is little to fear, and the attack must come from the north. But the defiles of the Taurus have been covered with defensive works. Immense stocks of provisions, of munitions of war, of *materiel* of every kind, have been long since collected by Ibrahim's care, who has now under him an army of 100,000 men—that is to say, after the pacification of the mountains—he has at his disposal means much more considerable than is necessary for him to defend the territory inch by inch. It may be looked upon as certain that the moment war is declared, and once the frontier crossed by a Russian army, Ibrahim will descend from the summits of the Taurus, and will fall upon Constantinople, where a powerful party is calling him. Who will stop him? Where are the soldiers of the Sultan? Will the Russian army arrive in time, which has to traverse an enemy's country? for we must be convinced that under whatever pretence a Christian army penetrates into Asia Minor, the first cradle and last asylum of the Ottoman race, it will be there treated as an infidel invasion. Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim, on the contrary, possess immense influence with this population, as may have been seen in 1832, when on the mere reports of Ibrahim's march the towns drove out every where the Turkish agents. Very little is known of the spirit and passions of these people, if it be thought for a moment that Mehemet Ali and his son, and not the Sultan, are regarded as the true defenders of the faith and its last supporters. It is the father who drove away the Christians from the Mussulman soil of Egypt, and acquired in Africa vast countries for the Crescent; it is the son who purged the holy cities from the presence of the Wahabites, and restored the tomb of the Prophet to the faithful, who are bound once in their lives to visit it; it is Mehemet who has made of Egypt and Syria a country where the Turks are certain to find employers and to make fortunes; it is Ibrahim, always victorious in the field of battle, whom destiny and the will of God point out to the believers as the rampart and sword of the faith.

The French version of the recent negotiations respecting Egypt.

The following article appears in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and is attributed by authority to M. Thiers' immediate dictation:

"During the existence of the ministry of the 12th of May, England proposed a plan which consisted in leaving to Mehemet Ali the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt, and the government of the Pachalic of Acre, except the towns of St. Jean d'Acre, for his life. That proposition could not be accepted. Even amongst barbarians it was not just to take away half his possessions from the viceroy as the price of the victory of Nezib. The ministry of the 12th of May refused the proposal. When the ministry of the 1st of March took office, the negotiations were but feebly continued. It appeared as if all parties by common consent wished all angry feelings to subside, in order to reconsider the question more coolly. When the negotiations were resumed, Lord Palmerston renewed his offer of the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt, and of the Pachalic of Acre for life, but to give it a novelty which might render it admissible, he added the possession of the town of St. Jean d'Acre. This offer was scarcely more admissible than the other, for it only gave the conqueror of Nezib Egypt and the lesser part of Syria, and took from him, besides the greater part of Syria, Adana, which Mehemet Ali calls the key of his house, Candia, the Queen of the Archipelago, and the holy cities, which give so much moral influence in the East.

"To take all those possessions from the Viceroy after a victory, was to force him to extremities, and to expose Europe to serious dangers. The cabinet of the 1st of March had, by great efforts, obtained considerable concessions from the Viceroy, and almost induced him to give

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up Candia and the holy cities. They were less fortunate with respect to Adana, but they had still hopes of inducing him to concede that on condition that they gave him the hereditary government. But it was evident that the Viceroy would not surrender any portion of Syria unless compelled by war; and when it was proposed to deprive him of what he had a right to retain possession of, the French ministry would not yield, and the Chamber of Deputies with acclamation told them not to yield. Even those who now blame the ministry at that time accused them of weakness towards England, and said that they did not know how to refuse any thing.

"The present ministry consequently refused this offer. They declared that if reasonable terms were proposed, they would endeavour to induce the Pacha to accede to them; but that if the great powers only made proposals which would make him desperate and compel him to march against Constantinople, and thus provoke the Russians to come there, that in that case France would resist.

"This happened in the month of May. The proposal to give Egypt and a portion of Syria was refused, but Lord Palmerston appeared willing to concede something more. What proves the correctness of this opinion is, that the Austrian Ambassador at London gave France to understand that perhaps Lord Palmerston might be induced to give the Pacha the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt, and the government of Syria for life, reserving Adana, Candia, and the holy cities, but that this would be the last concession.

"M. Guizot immediately apprised the French government of this overture. An answer was sent to M. Guizot, that, in case such an offer should be made to him, he was neither to accept nor refuse it; but that he was to wait the result of an application that would be made to Mehemet Ali to endeavour to gain his consent. It would, in fact, have been highly imprudent to have accepted that proposal at London, before it was known whether it would be adhered to at Alexandria; because if France had agreed to this proposal, and the Viceroy refused to accede to it, the consequence would have been that France would have been obliged either to withdraw her consent, or to join the other powers to destroy Mehemet Ali.

"France, however, did not intend to submit entirely to the Pacha's ambition; there was a point at which she was determined to make a stand—this was when equitable proposals should have been made, and the entire of Syria, even for his life, would have been considered nearly so.

"After this hint from the Austrian Envoy, it was expected that the offer of the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt and the government of Syria for the Pacha's life would have been made in London, or, at least, that the Pachalic of Acre would have been again offered; but there nothing more was said. Lord Palmerston observed the most profound silence, until all at once, at the news of the insurrection in Syria, the other powers assembled and deliberated in secret; the secret, was, however, discovered by the French Ambassador; but without saying, 'Will you, or will you not, agree to the last proposal made' (which was the hereditary government of Egypt and the Pachalic of Acre for life), they sign a treaty, and then they tell France that they have signed it.

"This, it must be admitted, was a most strange proceeding, and one in which France has much to complain in the eyes of the world, and which Lord Palmerston's explanations have neither explained nor justified.

"This is an exact exposition of the negotiations, for the truth of which we can vouch.

"But for what purpose do we recapitulate these facts? Not for the purpose of exciting animosity between the two nations, but that the truth should be known, and that France should neither exaggerate the proceedings, nor that England should consider that every thing was conducted regularly.

"Did Lord Palmerston wish to insult France? No, no. But Lord Palmerston saw that he was almost obliged to make a concession contrary to his political opinion, whether erroneous or otherwise. In the meantime the pretended insurrection in Syria was announced; he saw an opportunity of escaping from the difficulty; he assembled the commissioners; he showed them a method until then unknown of reducing the Pacha, and he signed without France a treaty which up to that moment was considered inadmissible. He concealed it from France, for the purpose either of concluding it more quickly, or perhaps to send orders to Admiral Stopford, which remained eight days a secret, and which orders arrived too late, for the Egyptian fleet had returned to Alexandria.

"Upon this hope, so slightly founded, of an insurrection in Syria, Lord Palmerston has compromised the French alliance.

"The consequences are, that England, after an alliance of ten years, quits France for Russia, and endeavours to settle the most important political question of modern times in conjunction with the avowed adversaries of France, and even of England.

"France is excluded from a question which comprises all the interests of the Mediterranean. She is excluded, whilst Austria, which has but Trieste on that sea, and whilst Prussia, which has no harbour there, is invited to deliberate on it.

"What ought France to do under such circumstances?

"France ought to recollect, that even when she stood alone she was able to defend herself against all Europe: she ought to recollect, that if it be her revolution that is threatened, or her interests in the Mediterranean, she ought to prepare to defend them without noise or boasting.

"Every one says to her, 'We do not wish for war.' Be it so. France ought to answer, 'If you do not wish it, do not do what will infallibly produce it.'

"France ought to arm herself without ostentation, but with activity and effect. It is for the four powers to consider whether, having deceived themselves as to the first consequences of the convention of London, they may not deceive themselves as to the final results."

The *Times* of yesterday contains the following paragraph. The *Times*, in alluding so briefly to the subject, seems to act on the principal of "a word to the wise:"

The correspondent of a morning paper, in a letter from Constantinople, dated the 29th of July, asserts that it is known from official authority that the Russian army to be employed against the Circassians will very speedily be raised to 200,000 men, and that the whole force of the empire is to be concentrated in the southern provinces. The armies, indeed, of Wosnesensk and Bessarabia have long since taken up their ground; but, heroical as has been the resistance, and extraordinary as has been the success of the Circassians, armies of this magnitude cannot be collected only to subdue their span of mountain coast. They are destined to a larger field; and, with whatever anxiety we may view the armaments of France as opposed to England on the eastern question, the greater preparation of our confederates are a ground of far more serious distrust and apprehension. Despatches have reached the Foreign-office from Constantinople and Vienna, which have, doubtless, conveyed more distinct information to the government than we at present possess.

From our own Correspondent.

Paris, Wednesday, August 10.

Me Voici!—Watching the course of events in the French capital, and hearing in every corner but one universal

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question: "Are we to have war."—"What war?" asks a new comer from the Indies, ignorant of the startling events of the last month. "A war between France and England," is the reply. "Ridiculous!" Yes; such a war may seem ridiculous, but its absurdity does not destroy its probability. Never was there in history a crisis more urgent, and yet the most anxious endeavours are making, by the wilful perversion of the actual position of affairs, to inspire a confidence which has no just foundation. It shall not be my fault that you, *Britannia*, shall be added to the weatherling and interested journalists whose sole effort is to suppress the truth. Now permit me to state to you the particulars of the real relations between France and England. The five powers, that is, Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, and England, in a collective note* thought proper to guarantee the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, when its downfall was apparent from the successful inroads of a fortunate rebel. At that period the Soult Cabinet existed in France. The Opposition, comprising the ancient "221," or Conservative portion of the Chamber of Deputies, the moderate Liberals, the ultra Liberals, the Republicans, the Legitimists, the Bonapartists, and the convenient *Doctrinaires*, found it expedient, by the mouthpiece of their respective leaders, to dictate to the Ministry its foreign policy. It was called upon to sustain the Pacha, and the respective party organs began a wordy warfare, which in its origin was purely a Parliamentary struggle. It was then that M. Thiers, an anxious aspirant for place, made the Eastern Question his *cheval de bataille;* and it was on the discussion of the address in reply to the Speech for the Crown that he compromised himself in upholding the Pacha, with whom he almost intimated an alliance offensive and defensive was necessary. Still there was nothing very serious in this course of action. It is by no means a novelty amongst the French statesmen of the July era, in imitation of the British Whigs, to make pledges out of office which they do not find it convenient to fulfil when in place and power. The Eastern negotiations were making slow progress, and bade fair to rival in duration the Dutch and Belgian protocols, when a new actor suddenly appeared in the scene. The name of a wily diplomatist, Brunow, resounded through Europe as the proposer, on the part of Russia, of an arrangement which was to set at nought all the provisions of the famed Unkiar Skelessi treaty—all the dangers to be apprehended from a Russian occupation of Constantinople by the isolated action were to be dispelled by a coalition. Lord Palmerston entered into the views of the new combination; but although, not once but twice and thrice, it was given out the *basis* of an arrangement had been come to which reduced the Pacha's sway to a nonentity, and which consequently excluded France, still, by farseeing politicians, it was said, "Lord Palmerston is not sincere; he is merely trifling with France to gain other advantages by her alliance, and this treaty with Russia's views he will never agree to." This mode of regarding the Brunow propositions was indeed accepted by the Chamber of Deputies, and so confident was the 1st of March Ministry in the success of M. Guizot, at London, to break off the negotiation with Russia, that M. Thiers did not hesitate to confirm his appointment as ambassador. M. Guizot himself, in quitting Paris, said to a friend—"In respect to the Brunow treaty, I will forfeit my reputation if it is ever signed." Poor Guizot! an excellent schoolmaster, an innoxious pedant, a good man, but no diplomatist. M. Thiers made his celebrated clap-trap on the French and English alliance, and it was upon the strength of this speech last March, in the debate on the Vote of Confidence, the granting of the extra Secret Service Money, that he relied to break off the Russian alliance. It was then that M. Thiers committed himself without redemption to the Chambers and to France, that he would wage war with England, should French interest—that is, the upholding of the Pacha—be compromised by the treaty. And let it be borne in mind, that there is not a public man of any note in the Peers and Deputies who did not sympathize with this declaration, which was of course well known to Lord Palmerston.

In this outline it is not my purpose to pursue the minute thread of the negotiations. But one or two important points must not be overlooked. The first is, that although the *hereditary possession* of Syria was much insisted upon by M. Guizot, Lord Palmerston was well aware that France would modify the article by limiting the possession of Syria for life to the Viceroy. I state this distinctly and unequivocally. And although this modification was not openly made, yet it will hereafter appear that Lord Palmerston could have made no mistake as to France's disposition to come to a mutual arrangement. When France refused the terms submitted by Lord Palmerston, she had no longer any *official* information of what was going on. The insurrection in Syria broke out, and Lord Palmerston was so wretchedly informed of events there, that he actually relied on letters from the *British Consul* to form his opinion of its extent and chances of success. I assert that within a week of the signing of the Quadruple Treaty he had no *data* but this unofficial correspondence. The treaty was signed, and two days afterwards communicated to France. The manner with which the astounding news was received, is known to you. It was one outbreak of deep indignation—indignation which has subsided in its frenzy, but remains deep-rooted in the hearts of the French people. Lord Palmerston's explanations in Parliament have been accepted, that he meant no studied insult, but no healing balm has been found in the Queen's speech, which has been construed as the "farewell" of the French and English alliance. One remarkable coincidence in this discourse has been overlooked. There are two paragraphs succeeding each other, both referring to Quadruple Alliances. The first announces the termination of that treaty which "pacified" the Peninsula, by destroying the ancient and legal code of succession;—the conclusion of that treaty pronounced by Lord Palmerston to be the banner of Liberalism against the Northern Powers—the line drawn between constitutional Europe and despotic Europe; the second, announced the breaking of the Alliance with France, and the formation of a new one with that despotic Europe, so denounced by our versatile Foreign Secretary, who in his treaties is so far consistent with his political career, "Open to all cabinets for the time being." But now for the future;—to return to the ques-

* The following is the declaration of July 27, 1839:—The undersigned have received this morning from their respective generals, instructions by virtue of which they have the honour to inform the Sublime Porte, that the mutual understanding (*accord*) on the Eastern question is affirmed (*assure*), between the five great powers, and to engage it to suspend every definite determination without their concurrence, by waiting the effect of the interest which they entertain for it.

(Signed) Ponsonby, British Ambassador.
Baron de Sturmer, Austrian Internuncio.
Count de Koenigsmark, Minister of Prussia.
Baron Roussin, French Ambassador.
Boutenieff, Russian Minister.

Constantinople, July 27, 1839.

The assurances contained in the above declaration were officially confirmed in the British Parliament on the 27th of August following, in the speech from the Crown:—

"The same good understanding which has accomplished the pacific solution of these complicated questions, exists relative to the affairs of the East; the Five Powers are equally decided upon maintaining the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire."

Louis Philippe, at the opening of the French Chamber, on the 23d of December following, thus referred to the note:—

"Our flag, in concert with that of Great Britain, and faithful to the spirit of that union which is *always so advantageous* to the interests of the two countries, has watched over the *independence* and safety of the Ottoman Empire. Our policy is still to ensure the preservation and integrity of that Empire, whose existence is so necessary for the maintenance of general peace."

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tion, is there to be peace or war? M. Thiers has officially rejected the pacific construction put by some of his indiscreet organs on Lord Palmerston's speech—he has only on Monday last officially told the world, in the *Moniteur*, that there is no mistake about the armaments; that they are progressing (and I have full reason for knowing the truth of this assertion) with unabated activity. M. Thiers has sent word to the French fleet to be on their guard against any surprise. Any attempt to seize the Egyptian and Turkish squadron, or to commit some hostile act against the Pacha, is to be immediately resented and resisted. So far the minister gained a triumph over Louis Philippe; but, on the other hand, the latter obtained from Thiers the sending most earnest instructions to the viceroy not to be rash, but to preserve his temper. After all, he was to gain time by the half promise of making concessions. But will the Pacha yield to this advice? Will he not rather execute one of his favourite *coups de main*, and advance upon Constantinople. These are questions which will be answered at the end of this month, or the first week in September. We must not be unprepared for events; the Pacha's obstinacy is well known; he may not choose to be made a political puppet of by France, and any violent act of his at the actual crisis would plunge Europe into a general war.

The most curious feature of the present position of affairs is, that France is arming at all points; that the ministerial agents are making use of the most violent and threatening language towards England; and yet there is good reason to believe that the British Cabinet has asked for no explanations—has delivered no note of complaint at the hostile attitude of France. M. Thiers, on the other hand, has not communicated to the English Government that he will offer resistance to the treaty of July 15; he has sent in no *ultimatum* as to what modification he will agree to, to insure peace. Here, then, is a quadruple treaty, excluding France, about to be executed by England and Russia, the former blockading the ports of Syria and those of Alexandria, the latter marching into Asia Minor, if it should be required; and here is France, preparing to afford means of resistance to the Pacha. But the *ultima ratio*, barring accidents, is in the hands of Louis Philippe. He has reserved to himself the ulterior proceeding, after the result of the mission of M. Perier, brother of Eugene Perier, lately returned from Alexandria. M. Perier will report what effect the pacific advice offered to the Pacha has produced. It would thus seem that the peace of Europe is dependant upon Mehemet Ali and Louis Philippe; for, with M. Thiers as prime minister, *war is fortune*. If Mehemet commits no overt act, the King of the French flatters himself that he can extricate himself from his difficulties by diplomatic delays. I believe this to be a vain hope; it is puerile policy which insures nothing but discomfiture to its author. What is Louis Philippe to do? To risk war when there is *Henri Cinq* to offer a crown to. The elder branch of the Bourbons might be restored by the same foreign agency as in 1814–15. No! Louis Philippe will have peace at any price; he will prefer a domestic insurrection, or continued agitation at home, to war abroad. His mock indignation does not deceive those persons who have watched him narrowly. Bestow a glance on the *Journal des Debats* of yesterday. Madame Adelaide, the King's sister and chief adviser, is the largest shareholder of that paper. Well! there is an article got up evidently to frighten the great shipping, mercantile, and colonial interests of France. A French paper—a court agent—actually tells its readers that at the first outbreak of war the colonies will be lost to France, that they must inevitably fall into the hands of England. And to crown the whole, advice is tendered to us as to the easiest mode we may cause a rising of the negroes in the back colonies, namely, by pointing out to them the emancipation which would follow their enrolment under the British flag. Louis Philippe, again and again do I say, will avoid war as a pestilence. Thiers will embark into it from necessity. His pledges in and out of office, and the storm he has lately raised here, urge him on. Who then will triumph in this struggle between the Crown and the Premier? Here is the difficulty of coming to a conclusion; but if no accidental collision should take place in the Levant, I am of opinion that Louis Philippe will succeed in turning out Thiers; and if, by a lucky stroke of fortune, the quadruple treaty should receive only partial success in its execution, Count Molé will return to power to negotiate; for it must be remembered that the Northern Powers would feel disposed to negotiate with the ex-15th-of-April Minister, whilst with Thiers *a compromise is impossible*. Much has been said and written the last fortnight in this capital of the propositions made by M. de St. Aulaire, the French Ambassador to Prince Metternich; but there is good ground for asserting that they have all come to nothing. Indeed, the notion of France acting in mediation in a treaty which she has refused to sign, is so superlatively absurd, that I am astonished that it ever could have been thought of. The first quality required of an arbitrator is impartiality; and what could be expected from France in a quarrel where she talks of her *supremacy* in the Mediterranean being at stake?

In respect to the treaty itself, and its ultimate effects as to British interest, I shall have something to say on a future occasion. But what is clearly established is, that Lord Palmerston has acted with singular rashness and deplorable want of foresight in this affair. With the smallest exercise of diplomatic skill he might have gained the signature of France to the treaty by the simple concession of giving Syria to the Pacha *for life*; and at his advanced age its reversion to the Porte was not far distant. This was the enormous blundering as to the treaty: in respect to the form of proceeding, it was, to say the least, most indiscreet to withhold official communication from M. Guizot. And the basis of the signing of this treaty was the insurrection in Syria; and yet, three days before the treaty was signed, the Pacha had made terms with the insurgents, and the pacification of the revolted provinces was insured. So much for the prophetic wisdom of our Foreign Secretary, rendered reckless by a flippant career in Parliament, owing, I regret to say, to the indisposition of members to discuss foreign politics!

The news of the day, as to the Eastern dispute, is not of immediate importance. All eyes are directed towards Alexandria, from which we daily look with the deepest interest for the manner the Pacha will learn the existence of the treaty. The advices from the Viceroy, as I have before said, will determine the respective fortunes of Louis Philippe and M. Thiers—war or peace. In the meanwhile the accounts from Toulon, Cherbourg, and Brest describe the naval preparations as on the largest scale, and every thing has been done, short of the convocation of the Chambers, to prepare for war.

From the Standard, 20th August, 1840.

The Morning Post renders a useful and most seasonable public service in publishing a letter of Lord Palmerston, addressed to M. Guizot, and bearing the date of the 15th of July. It is manifest, from Lord Palmerston's statement, that so far from France being contemptuously neglected in the negotiation upon the Egyptian and Syrian question, as M. Thiers and his journals have assumed to say, France was invited, and even importuned, to take part in the proposed arrangements. It is no less clear that this invitation and this importunity were not employed in an adverse or insulting spirit; for Lord Palmerston distinctly asserts that the proposed arrangements were based on principles suggested by the French ambassador at London himself. The question is thus cleared of every thing that can affect the point of honour. Nothing more could be done than was

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done to show respect to the French nation and its government. Every thing was done that France could require—unless she claims to compel Europe not merely to adopt her more deliberate views, but to follow all the capricious changes of humour in her government; for, as we have said, they are views originally and deliberately proposed by France herself that the five powers have embodied in the late treaty. But the question of the point of honour being thus satisfactorily set at rest, what apology remains for the war-cry of M. Thiers and his journals—the virtues or the rights of Mehemet Ali? Let M. Lamartine speak of his virtues—his rights are the rights of an usurper, a tyrant, and an oppressor. Well, then the value of his alliance to France? How long could France count upon his alliance after he should have established himself as the despot of Syria. Not one month. England could, if she would, buy him to her service, in less than the time; and if the moral principle can ever be safely despised in political arrangements—which experience happily proves it cannot be—it were clearly the interest of England to buy him. The price would cost us nothing—it would be merely a treaty of alliance; but to the Egyptians it would be inestimably precious, England having, more than any other nation, the power to aid or to injure him. But though the Egyption alliance would cost us nothing, the facilities it could afford to a direct intercourse with India must give it great value. Setting justice on one side, the *natural* alliance—the alliance guaranteed by reciprocal interests—is between England and Egypt; and should France, by her successful interposition, remove the question of justice, the natural alliance would form itself.

From the Times.

Determined Hostility of Mehemet Ali to the Quadruple Treaty.

In spite of the apparently pacific assurances of the government press, that the "result of M. Guizot's proposal may easily be anticipated," the intelligence from the Levant is of the most serious character. Our original opinion is fully corroborated, that the policy of the four powers already baffles the control of human statesmanship, and that we are borne irresistibly onwards in a course in which the worst misfortunes are possible, and the peace of the world is staked against the obstinacy of a Mussulman, and that Mussulman Mehemet Ali. The instructions to the fleet and to the British ambassador at Constantinople were despatched from London on the 17th of July. They appear to have arrived at Constantinople on the 3d of August, (some accounts say the 6th). Rifat Bey set sail for Alexandria on the 7th with the ultimatum of the four powers. He would reach his destination on the 10th or 11th, and, allowing time for the communication to be made to the Pacha, and twenty days for deliberation, we presume that on or about the 1st of September the execution of the treaty will actually commence. The last courier who brought this intelligence probably brought the Turkish ratification of the convention, so that literally, before all the powers were well aware of what was to be done, the preliminary steps to the execution of the plan had been taken.

This, then, is the crisis. This very day is, perhaps, the supreme moment on which the event will turn; and, without reverting to the topics of dissension between ourselves and the French, we propose to pass in review the several positions of the most prominent actors in the transaction.

Admiral Stopford, with at least three British ships of the line, an Austrian frigate and an Austrian archduke, has reached Alexandria. In the mean time, attempts are made, obviously proceeding from and directly connected with Lord Ponsonby himself, to revive the Syrian insurrection, and to encourage the unfortunate tribes of Mount Lebanon to struggle against the vast preponderating power of Ibrahim. To support them, we are informed by the Chronicle, that 8000 (!) stand of arms have been sent from Malta, and a blockade will be attempted. We shall not pause to argue the question of the legal possibility of the sultan and the sultan's allies (if that is the formal fiction on which the treaty of London proceeds), establishing a blockade of his *own* ports in Syria, by way of asserting an indefeasible right to the sovereignty of them. We venture to assert, without any fear of contradiction, that this blockade is simply to consist in the interception of military supplies transmitted by sea to the Egyptian army in Syria. There will be no interruption of commercial intercourse at all; the commerce of English and French vessels to these "blockaded" ports will not be hindered. Consequently, no pressure will be applied to the ordinary exports or the commercial profits of the Pacha; and the inventors of this notable plan cannot even prevent their own countrymen or the French from buying a cargo of cotton of the man from whom they demand a province. These are the means on which Lord Palmerston rests his confident expectations of safe and certain success.

We presume that all expectations of the Pacha's immediate and willing submission to the conditions of the four powers are already dissipated, even in the sanguine minds of the Foreign-office. Mehemet Ali, abandoning Arabia to the Wahabees, is bent on concentrating his forces in Syria, where, according to his own most recent declarations, they will not amount to much less than 150,000 men. The rising of the Nile, which occurs exactly at the present time of the year, will not, we presume, facilitate military operations in the Delta: the pacha has retired to Damietta to be present at the annual solemnities which accompany that event, but in reality to decide between the two alternatives of defensive and aggressive war.

The defensive system consists in remaining in his present positions. The army of Ibrahim, covered by the now fortified passes of the Taurus, would continue to menace Asia Minor. The fleets would continue to ride within the harbour of Alexandria, until such time at least as the four powers shall resort to those ulterior measures, known only to themselves, which will neither provoke the hostile remonstrance of France, nor call down to Constantinople Count Orloff and the armies of Russia. But it is by no means certain that the Pacha will adhere to the defensive system: actual aggression may be the answer he will make to the four powers, confident that an European war will be the result, eager to force France, however unwilling, to make a demonstration in his favour, and ready to play out the last chance of his wild and successful life, in the desperate act of occupying Asia Minor from the Taurus to the Bosphorus. By our last accounts direct from Alexandria, his mind was not yet made up between these two lines of conduct: the whole influence of France had been used to confine him to the strict necessities of defence; but very little attention seemed to be paid to Lord Palmerston's alternative of immediate surrender.

But whilst we receive accounts from Paris, from Constantinople, and from Alexandria, which only confirm the doubts and apprehensions felt nearer home, at the court of St. Petersburgh every thing wears the aspect of triumphant success. The Emperor Nicholas is at no pains to conceal the satisfaction he feels, or the result he anticipates. That alliance of France and England which he long ago declared to be "the pest of Europe"—that alliance which even Lord Durham assured him, in 1833, that he would never shake—has been dissolved on the very point which most affects his own interests. From that instant the barrier falls behind which the whole power of Russia lay fettered and controlled, and from the very instant at which a manifestation of her power become possible, it may be too late to prevent her from displaying it. The emperor expresses his confidence in open and unmeasured lan-

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guage; for, however wily and discreet he may be in the pursuit, he is fierce and vehement when he strikes his prey. It is no secret at St. Petersburgh that he declares his intention, if necessary, of *executing the treaty of London alone.* The most vigorous efforts are made to hasten the still incomplete preparations of the army in the south. Count Orloff immediately assumes the chief command.

This much, then, is certain—that whilst France and England, deeply interested, as all free and civilized nations must be, in the maintenance of peace, are endeavouring to lay aside their differences on a question from which neither of them seeks nor anticipates any other benefit than the pacification of the East, in the meanwhile two warlike, fierce, despotic powers, represented by two men who have nothing to govern them but their own lust of fame and dominion, are uncaged, at the northern and southern extremities of the Turkish empire, and preparing for that struggle which may confer on either of them the prize of empire.

Such is the state of things to which the Ministers of England have assented. Careless of the result, or ignorant of the chances which may instantly arise, the Cabinet naturally indulge in their wonted relaxations. The Colonial Secretary and the President of the Board of Trade visit the Highlands; the Lord President crosses the Irish Channel; the Lord Chancellor retires to the Isle of Man; the Secretary at War is at the *Bureau de la Guerre* in Paris, instead of the Horse Guards; the Ministers nearest the Metropolis are not supposed to be the most cordial supporters of these measures, and on Lord Palmerston alone rests the burden of these transactions; from him, first and foremost, will the nation demand a reckoning at the proper time.

From the Morning Chronicle.

Our correspondence from Malta states that 8000 muskets in all, with ammunition and stores of various kinds, have been received from the government stores by some of the ships of war which have sailed from that island to the coast of Syria. The destination of these muskets may be easily conjectured.

It appears, indeed, from various concurrent accounts, that the insurrection in Syria has been very partially put down, and that the mountaineers in many districts are still holding out. The severities to which they have been subjected who were induced to submit will only serve to stimulate to more determined resistance in other quarters. The operations of late years in the Basque provinces are sufficiently instructive as to the means which such countries possess of carrying on a protracted warfare; and, from the extent of the Lebanon, and the character of its valleys, a determined population of hardy mountaineers must have great advantages over the troops of the Pacha. Now that the Pacha seems to have made up his mind to resistance to the demands of the powers, means will, no doubt, be adopted of supplying the mountaineers with what they most want, arms and ammunition.

Two letters have been addressed by the inhabitants of the Lebanon to the French and English ambassadors, which detail oppressions of the most insupportable nature to which they have been subjected by Mehemet Ali. These people enjoyed comparative independence till his time, under the Turkish government. Who has not read with delight the description given by Volney of the industry and happiness he every where witnessed in the Syrian mountains? A people who have known the blessings of independence, and have been suffered to enjoy in peace the fruits of their industry, will never submit to the iron rule of the Pacha. The moment that these mountaineers hear that the four powers have declared against Mehemet Ali, they will all be animated by one spirit. The Pacha will, by the blockade, be prevented from communicating with Syria, and then the people of that country will soon rid themselves of their oppressors.

War against the Pacha of Egypt.

The London treaty has been communicated to Mehemet Ali, and perhaps even at the present hour that treaty has been officially notified to him by the four powers whose signatures are appended thereto. That which is positive is, that the Viceroy, confiding in his good fortune and his arms, has refused and will refuse to submit.

With a foreknowledge of the London treaty, coercive measures must be employed to compel him. Whence—what will those measures be? Where and how will he be attacked?

The first means which offers is the plain and simple blockade. But it is known how far the value of that demonstrative rather than efficacious operation may be reckoned upon. Applied with extreme rigour for years at Algiers, and in countries like Mexico or the Argentine republics, the Governments of which only subsist but upon the duties of the customs, the blockade produced nothing, and it has always been necessary to resort to offensive operations—the greater the reason why the blockade would be ineffectual in a country which draws upon itself for every object of consumption, which only reckons upon the customs duties but as a feeble sum in its puny budget, and which is the exclusive domain of a single proprietor and a single merchant, Mehemet Ali! He alone will suffer from the effects of the blockade, but he is better prepared than perhaps he is thought to be to abide the consequences. At the late crisis which affected the cotton trade, the principal and almost only article of its exports, Mehemet Ali, rather than submit to the depreciation which weighed on that commodity, preferred resigning himself to a sort of blockade, by keeping for entire years the produce of his crop warehoused. It then happened to him that he owed twenty or thirty months' salary to both his civil and military *employés*, and nevertheless his administration always went on, and his army was not disbanded, for he always distributed provisions which the soil of Egypt produced abundantly.

The plain and simple blockade will, therefore, not cause great embarrassment in the Viceroy's position, and on the other hand it will deprive England of the rapid and regular communication which steam has established between India and Europe by means of the Red Sea and the Euphrates.

It is, therefore, indispensable to complete the blockade by a system of active operations. But what will those operations be?

Will any attempt against Egypt, in the very heart of the Viceroy's power, be renewed, after the wretched experiment which the English made in 1807? We do not think so, for it would be an enterprise that would require at the present time immense efforts and expenses. Surrounded by impracticable deserts for an army, Egypt can only be attacked by sea, and on that score it only offers the enemy but a single city, Alexandria, and a single point at which a landing could be effected, Aboukir. Formed by the patient work of ages, the soil of Egypt continues to increase under the double influence of the earth which the Nile has carried before it, and of the sands brought by the two north and west currents which dash into the Mediterranean at that extremity. It results from those local circumstances that for a number of miles, taking from the sea, Egypt presents but a low coast, without depth, strewed with slime, marshes and lakes, where an invading army would never venture before as vigilant and resolute an enemy as Mehemet Ali; it would perish there, without its being necessary even to fire a single shot. The different causeways, which unite between them some points of the soil (for they are far from being all united,) are but dykes raised by the work of man, and which a few hours' labour would be sufficient to render completely impracticable. A single point

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is an exception; it is the mass of rocks on which Alexandria is situated, and the few square leagues of sands which surround it.

Such is the shore of Aboukir which ships of war can come alongside in order to attempt a landing; but the Viceroy, enlightened by experience, has had works upon works constructed, guns upon guns mounted, to such a pitch as to render any enterprise of that nature impracticable, according to the testimony of Marshal Duke of Ragusa. As to attacking Alexandria by sea, such a thought must not be entertained, surrounded as it is by a semi-circular *enceinte* of submarine rocks, between which there are but two exceedingly narrow passes, one of which only admits frigates. Vessels that draw more water are obliged, before they enter, to discharge their water and artillery. That *enceinte* which forms what is called the old port of Alexandria, is sufficiently extensive to enable Mehemet Ali, by uniting his fleet in the centre, to place it out of the reach of the enemy's guns; as he is likewise able, by stationing his vessels at anchor near the passes, in the still waters of that basin, to present a front which no fleet in the world would dare to bid defiance to. The sea beating constantly up against it, the ridges in the old port occasion an extraordinary agitation in the waves, which even produces on the largest vessels such a rolling as to render their guns almost of no effect, whilst, on the contrary, the fleet at anchor in the interior can play upon without more difficulty than in the polygon, and destroy successively, as they are obliged, owing to local circumstances, to go through the passes one by one. On the land-side the fortifications of Alexandria have been considerably increased for a number of years, and it would require, in the present day, a siege in due form in order to take possession of it. In short, suppose that a landing on the shore of Aboukir, and an entrance to Alexandria were effected, the Viceroy could yet, by cutting through the narrow dyke which joins that city to *terra firma*, convert the lakes Mareotis and Madych into a gulf through which it would be difficult to attack him. Let there be added to all those natural defences the presence of a regular army of 80,000 men (40,000 of the line, 20,000 sailors, and besides 20,000 militiamen who have been organized for the last year,) provided with a formidable *materiel*, for a length of time the Pacha has prepared himself for the present crisis, supported by the contingent of the wandering tribes, who have never refused their assistance, and a pretty exact idea will be formed of the obstacles which will stop an invading army directed upon Egypt.

All those matters appear to have been seriously weighed in London, for we do not perceive that any preparations are being made in England, and it would be impossible in the present day to organize secretly, and also without a very long delay, an expedition which would require such powerful means.

The latter motive makes us believe also that there is no longer any intention of attacking Syria by sea. For the last seven years that that country has been governed by Mehemet Ali, he has employed all the resources to organize it in a military point of view, with a forethought as to the present aspect of affairs. Requisitions of every kind, taxes, husbandry, service, and compulsory labour, all the violent measures of his government—his pitiful government—have been employed by him to cover the country with warehouses and fortified posts, to plant defensive works on that inaccessible coast on nearly all its length, and which has not a port wherein a frigate can enter, and which is not exposed to all the gusts of wind so frequent and so dangerous in those seas.

Will a landing be effected on that inhospitable coast? It would be necessary to take to the mountains, where it would be impossible for an army to maintain itself in the presence of an enemy knowing the country, speaking the language, and disposing of considerable resources as well for the attack as for the defence. The true means of attacking Mehemet Ali in Syria was by causing an insurrection with the mountaineers; the Egyptian army would thus be paralysed and dangerously compromised; but, notwithstanding all the zeal that has been displayed, the attempt has fallen to the ground.

At the present time Ibrahim has at his disposal in that province, an army of more than 100,000 men, instructed, disciplined, and provided with all that might aid them in carrying on a fortunate war, without calculating upon the reinforcements which he receives every day, nor upon ten or fifteen thousand men of those irregular troops that have always performed so conspicuous a part in the Asiatic war—that is to say, that the Viceroy has double and treble the forces in Syria of those that would be necessary to ensure the preservation of that province.

It cannot be thought that with such powerful means at his disposal, Ibrahim would wait patiently for the arrival of a Russian army, which, having come through Armenia or Asia Minor, by landing at Samsoun or Trebizond, is to attack him in the valley of the Euphrates. He might have waited for the Turkish army in the plains of Nezib, when he trusted to the equity of Europe—when he wished to show it that the aggression was not an act on his part; but to act in the present day as in 1839 would be a gross error, for he considers he has a right to spare nothing, since he is refused an honourable arrangement. It is in an enemy's country, in Asia Minor, that it is so easy for him to cause an insurrection in the name of religion against infidels—it is under the walls of Constantinople, where he is called by a powerful party, that the quarrel can be settled. Thirty thousand men will be more than sufficient for him for that enterprise. Could not his army in Syria supply them, and even beyond that?

For illusion must not be made in that respect. It is not to the four powers, but to Ibrahim, to whom the state of affairs, if he wishes to avail himself of it, gives the power to fix the spot for the contest. Before the Russian army has had time to embark on board its fleet, to arrive at, and to be organized, in order to advance in the midst of a country inimical to every Christian army, Ibrahim will have time to arrive on the banks of the Bosphorus, unless, before any other demonstration, Constantinople is placed under the protection of a Russian army.

That is to say, that, in whatever light the question, which the London treaty has the pretension to resolve, is viewed, this inevitable result is invariably arrived at—the presence of the Russians at Constantinople, preceded by the insurrection of the only province where a population resembling in a slight degree the Turkish race remains, and followed very probably by the revolt of the Christians, who still recognize the authority of the Grand Seignior.

From the Constitutional.

The English press begins to comprehend the situation imposed on us by the treaty of July, and to acknowledge the legitimacy of the precautions which France has seen herself under the obligation of adopting. Lord Palmerston's journals, the Morning Chronicle and Globe, alone persist in misrepresenting facts, and resisting all evidence. There are scarcely any but these two papers on the other side of the channel which imagine that Russia, in proposing the basis of the new treaty, has benevolently renounced all thoughts of aggrandizement. There are only these two journals who do not understand that, if Russian ambition abdicates the benefit of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, it is only because the Brunnow treaty gives her other facilities, by breaking the alliance which could only prevent the realization of her projects. We hope much from the good sense of the English nation; and as soon as it shall have understood that it has more to lose than to gain from a

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crisis in the East, it will return to the thesis which the French Government has constantly defended, and will then render good and prompt justice to the miserable arguments of the Ministerial papers. The press is beginning to regard the Eastern question with a good faith and impartiality which confers honour on it. It is the Tory press which plays the finest part—the honest part in this affair. We are sorry for it for the sake of the Whigs, for whom all our sympathies had been engaged. The conduct of Lord Palmerston has compromised their policy abroad. We sincerely desire that it may not have, for the internal affairs of England, serious and lamentable consequences.

From our own Correspondent.

Paris, Wednesday, August 26.

What a week of excitement since my last letter! What a period of uncertainty—what hopes and fears—what trembling and anxiety—what apprehensions for the future!—and all based upon one question—Peace or War? Is it really so dependent upon accidental causes; do two men really hold in their hands the destinies of Europe? I reply, in the affirmative, we are at the mercy of chance collisions—we look with breathless attention at the actions of two mortals—a Monarch and a Minister. We see the balance between Louis Philippe and M. Thiers, and fearfully do we watch which way it will come down. The quasi-dictator and the sceptre of straw are realities here—not figures of speech. What will be the end of this? In this constitutional or rather unconstitutional struggle, who will be the victor? It is that important question I am about to discuss; but to begin from where I left off last, let me recall the fact of the arrival of the French government steamer *Etna*, this day week, at Toulon, and the tremendous fall of the funds on Thursday's Stock Exchange. On Thursday evening ministerial organs made not the slightest allusion to the scandalous scenes on the Exchange, and they confined themselves to the simple announcement of the arrival of the Etna steamer, from Alexandria. On Friday morning, the *Constitutionnel* had a semi-official article denying the various monstrous stories current the day before. On Saturday, the Louis Philippe organ, the *Débats* had some stinging comments on the silence of the regular ministerial papers. On Saturday evening, the *Moniteur Parisien* came out with a short reply that the intelligence from the East received by the government was confined to the arrival of the Etna, and at 6 P. M. no despatches had been received. On Sunday morning, an opposition paper published Alexandria correspondence of the 7th, brought by the Etna, of the most important value; and finally, on Sunday evening, after the the news had got wind, the *Moniteur Parisien* came out with a paltry paragraph, stating that the Pacha had received the news of the Quadruple treaty (no official communication of the fact was made to him) with much calmness, but that he was continuing with great activity his armaments, and that there had been no revival of the insurrection in Syria. Now, to explain the burst of indignation in Paris, at this delay at publishing the news, it must be stated that there is an agent at Toulon and at other French ports, expressly charged with the mission of transmitting intelligence by the telegraph. The weather had been fine, in fact the telegraph *did* work on Thursday, as it announced the arrival of the vessel. How came it then that at such a momentous crisis, the French government, knowing that it had despatched the Etna with the news of the existence of the Quadruple treaty, that the Etna's return with despatches was looked for with the deepest anxiety, should be without information before it had reached the public in Paris and in Lyons, Toulon and Marseilles, by private sources? Five minutes' walk in any society in Paris would find a reply to every query. "You, M. Thiers, child of the Revolution of July, ex-journalist, actual historian, and present Minister of Foreign Affairs, and President of the Council of the King of the French, are accused by one common voice, of having speculated on the Paris *Bourse*, and, master of early and exclusive news, you have been the cause of ruin to hundreds. When you ascend the tribune to explain the part you have played in the Cabinet, it will be for you to say how the funds fell two per cent. on Thursday in consequence of a telegraphic despatch, announcing the arrival of a steamer from Alexandria, of which the summary of news only was given to the world on Sunday night." Leaving this disgraceful episode of the week, let me refer to the intelligence that has arrived from Constantinople and Alexandria. From the Egyptian capital we learn that the Pacha has received with a calm attitude of defiance the intention that the Four Powers were about to adopt coercive measures against him. He has already virtually replied by redoubled activity in his warlike preparations, and on the 9th he took his departure for Lower Egypt to avoid an interview with Colonel Hodges, the British Consul. The private letters differ as to the tone assumed by M. Cochelet, the French Consul, who had an interview with the Pacha to state the course of the French Ministry on this emergency. It has been said that France advised him to yield, and assured him that she would remain neuter during the execution of the coercive measures. I am enabled most unequivocally to deny this statement. M. Cochelet's instructions were to recommend the Pacha to gain time by offering concessions. The old Pacha rejoined that he wanted no advice, and that if he were to stand singly he would at least fall with honour. We have thus the assurance that Mehemet Ali will not yield, and that he will offer resistance to England and Russia. Now comes the news from Constantinople. On the 3d instant, the Treaty was communicated to the Porte, and as may be imagined, most gladly accepted. On the 7th, the Sultan sent off an Envoy to Alexandria to deliver the *ultimatum* of the Powers, and the most active measures were adopted to send the Turkish troops to the points which might be menaced by surprise, should Ibrahim march on the capital. The Porte communicated the Treaty to the English, Russian, Prussian, Austrian and French ambassadors; the latter (the Count de Pontois) immediately sent off despatches to Alexandria. But the most curious portion of this Constantinople news is, that it is affirmed the *Austrian* and English squadrons were about to sail directly to blockade Alexandria, should the Pacha prove refractory—not even waiting for the ratification of the treaty. I doubt the correctness of this statement, as it is understood the Pacha was to have twenty days to give his reply, and in that time the ratifications might arrive (that of Turkey is the only one wanted). Well, then! the treaty of July 15th has already had its initiatory process of execution. Will France realize the threats of her ministerial organs, and offer an armed resistance? Will she respect the British blockade? or will she *sneak* out of her violent language, admit her impotency, and be covered with the sneers and sarcasm of Europe? The four Powers will not shrink, that is clear. The treaty will be presented. Does France mean to throw down the gauntlet, and risk a general war? Does M. Thiers intend to retire from the Ministry, discomfited and disgraced, or does he purpose to leave office to be the leader of an opposition unable to carry into effect a natural policy? Let us consider carefully the respective positions of Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers. Lord Palmerston broke up the French and English alliances for the sake of Russia. He is her minion, for he has repudiated France. It is curious, in looking back at the career of this versatile statesman, to observe how completely he has yielded on two more important occasions to the influence of a master mind. The quadruple treaty for the pa-

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cification of the Peninsula, the conception by the Spanish Minister, Martinez de la Rosa, but the carrying into execution of the wily Talleyrand, was agreed to by Lord Palmerston through the persuasions of the veteran diplomatist. The quadruple treaty for the pacification of the East, the conception by Nesselrode, but the carrying into execution of the cold and calculating Brunow, was agreed to by Lord Palmerston, through the coaxing of the Russian envoy. Lord Palmerston has thus personified two principles: one of illegitimacy, by upholding the pretensions of pretenders to the Spanish and Portuguese thrones; and one of legitimacy, by sustaining the rights of the Sultan against the claims of his vassal. Lord Palmerston has accepted the Russian alliance, and, *bon gré, mal gré*, he must pay the penalty. Without eternal disgrace—without, it may be added, infamy, the Foreign Secretary cannot shrink. He must resort to force to coerce the Pacha—he must go to war with Eygpt. M. Thiers, on the other hand, stands solemnly pledged by engagements, in and out of office, to sustain the viceroy. M. Thiers has naturalized himself—he is an Egyptian. He has declared that the collective note of the five Powers to preserve the integrity of Turkey meant that half of her dominions should be held by the Pacha, because the Pacha had conquered them by the sword. M. Thiers refused to be a party to the quadruple alliance, and by his organs defied the powers, signers of that treaty. M. Thiers has increased the naval and military forces of France. He has proclaimed her policy of isolation—he has vowed vengeance against all who attempted to molest his idol—he has all but officially declared that France alone should make war for the cause of Mehemet Ali. "The Mediterranean! the Mediterranean!" shouts M. Thiers in his *salon*, extended upon a couch with eastern magnificence around him; and "the sea! the sea!" echo his obedient organs. M. Thiers has appealed to his country to acquire a maritime supremacy—he has reminded his countrymen of their glory, that dangerous theme, to awaken the warlike passions of the French. If M. Thiers now shrunk, France would be dishonoured, and he would be annihilated as a public man. Without disgrace of the deepest dye, M. Thiers cannot yield. I therefore believe he will leave office, because he will be unable to execute his policy, owing to the opposition of the King; and M. Thiers no longer minister, will play a demagogue's part, and revolutionize revolutionized France. One anecdote, the authenticity of which may be depended upon, illustrates his character. Thiers and Chateaubriand were walking together near the Tuileries, talking over the various phases of French revolutions. Suddenly stopping, Thiers exclaimed to Chateaubriand, "There (pointing to the Tuileries) is the greatest democrat of France." "*Comment?*" asked Chateaubriand. "Yes!" rejoined Thiers; "Louis Philippe is the greatest democrat, for he wishes to level or destroy you and me, and all the talents." (*Toutes les capacités.*)

To return to the question of peace or war. After the Eastern news which arrived yesterday, I looked with some interest to the perusal of this morning's journals to watch the effect. The *Constitutionnel*, which represents M. Thiers's interests, very cautiously abstains from saying a word. The *Courier Français*, the editor of which sees the minister daily, expresses its belief, absurdly enough, that the order of blockade will be revoked; but, if it is not, France ought not to acknowledge it. This is significant, but perhaps I may say something more decisive before I close this letter.

Paris, Wednesday Evening.

From all that I can collect, the fall of M. Thiers is certain. He is only preparing matters to go out with flying colours, to keep his position with his party. There may be a delay of a few weeks before he resigns office, but out he goes, and Louis Philippe will be again chief of his own cabinet. I now entertain no apprehensions of a war, as the contingency I looked for has arrived. The monarch has prevailed over the minister. Thiers has played a double game, but not a dexterous one, and it will go hard against him in the tribune, that whilst he was exciting France at home, his assurances were most pacific abroad. He has never ceased, it is said, to assure foreign powers that he would not resist the treaty, whilst his language in the *salons* has been most violent and menacing, and that of his organs most furious.

The *Moniteur* announces that the Keeper of the Seals is to institute an inquiry into the scenes of last Thursday's Stock Exchange. This is a mere farce, as the investigation will not affect the leading offenders, who are not likely to inform against themselves. The King holds daily Cabinet Councils, and although resolved to preserve strict neutrality in the execution of the treaty, he holds a strong opinion that Russia and England will find insurmountable difficulties to coerce the Pacha to submission.

From Fraser's Magazine.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL BETWEEN CHILI AND JAMAICA;

INCLUDING NOTES ON PERU, GUAYAQUIL, PANAMA, AND THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

PART II.

Puna—Lancasterian school—the master—pilotage—arrival at the city of Guayaquil—visit to its governor—General Wright, and General Santa Cruz—Ex-president Orbegoso—General Braune—Irisarri—domestic arrangements—accommodation for strangers—the launch party—ladies of Guayaquil—fragment from the history of Don Vicente Rocafuerte and his country—descent of the river of Guayaquil—"Dead Man" Island—the Bay of Panama—the city—the governor—land travelling over the Isthmus of Darien—canoe travelling—a dinner in the savage style—an untoward discovery—an alarm—Cruces on the Chágres—English functionaries in certain foreign parts—voyage to Jamaica.

PUNA AND GUAYAQUIL.

At about 8 A. M., we came to anchor off the island of Puna, in front of the village of the same name. There cannot be any where softer or more beautiful scenery than you have there. It is the mouth of the great Guayaquil river; which, as it flows down from the heights of mighty Chimborazo to the ocean, is intercepted in its course by numberless islands, every acre of them clothed with verdure and foliage down to the very margin of the water. From the anchorage looking up the river, the scenery is that of a large inland lake, with its numerous bays and promontories all fringed with forests. Ever and anon from some shady creek shoots forth a slender canoe, or the blanched sail of a native bungay. The west coast of South America, all the way from southern Chili to this river, is bold and bleak: and after voyaging along those barren shores, the lavish luxuriance of this sylvan sea-board seems to the traveller even more beautiful by the contrast it forms to what he has been accustomed to.

The landing-place of the village of Puna is at the opening of a retired creek. Never until this day has a place so romantic and unique presented itself to my sight, nor even to my imagination. How shall I describe its houses? They do, literally and precisely speaking, resemble *nests*, quite as much as they resemble ordinary human habitations. Picture to oneself an irregular fabric of canes, interwoven together like wide open hurdle-work, into a shape and proportion something between a chamber and a cradle; and for a covering for this, a kind of matted clustering head-dress, formed of branches and leaves of the cocoa-tree blanched to a delicate white, and fringing down at the

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basis like the flounce of an old-fashioned lady's gown; and this roofed basket to be stuck up aloft on the tops of some poles, at an elevation of ten or twelve feet from the ground; the sides, and the floor, and the door, all made alike of plaited bamboos; the only means of ascent being a large notched pole, adjusted at an inclination only about fifteen degrees declined from the perpendicular. Can one call such a strange combination as this of leaves and bamboos, rocking about aloft on the tops of a few poles, by the name of house, or cottage, or hut? No. I see not how to classify it, except in the family of *nests*. But how pleasant these nests are, as they are, in their own place! Clamber up into one of them, you'll fancy at first it is going to give way with you, 'tis so frail and elastic, every step and motion of your body makes it rock and recoil so. But take courage to throw yourself down into one of the grass-platted hammocks which are suspended there across from one side to the other—let them set you gently swinging—enjoy the soft eddies of the cooling breeze that thus will be wooed to fan you—revel in the confident assurance that snakes and reptiles will not mount there to do you harm, and that mosquitoes, in their vexatious flutterings, soar not to the altitude of your hovering felicity—look out on all sides, through the open wicker-work sides of the habitated cage, that you may feast your eyes with the beautiful scenery spread out beneath—after five minutes familiarization has released you from all apprehension of toppling over, house and all, and has initiated you to a perception of all these advantages,—then admit to me that a human habitation at Puna, nest as it is, after all, is a pleasant one.

Among the most interesting things in the village, we found a school, conducted on the Lancasterian plan. There were twenty-two boys in it: most of them could read and write; and some were even striding into arithmetic and grammar. The master was ill in bed. I went into his chamber. He was a young man, formed in a frail and delicate mould. The bold and finished developement of his head and features seemed to indicate mental activity and power; but the languor of his expressive eyes, and the hollowness of his pale cheeks, told a tale of suffering and sorrow. He was one to make you wish that either he had been born of a grosser and less sensitive temperament, or else to a higher and more satisfactory destiny. Aspiring to high things, he had coveted and gained distinction among the compeers of his young days,—a cruel and ruinous distinction, which removed him from the fat contentedness of vulgar labour, only to consign him over to the refined sufferings of an ill-appreciated self-sacrifice. There he was in the comfortless room behind the school-house, sick and neglected—pining in obscurity—alone; his young wife cannot be there to tend upon him, and his father's heart must not be cheered with the endearments of his only little one—poverty compels them to be separated: she is living with her family in the far-away city, till her husband shall be better able to maintain her. Poor young man! if a pale face, and an emaciated frame, and a lustreless eye, have any meaning, I fear you will sooner cancel for ever the bond which binds her to you, than you will beckon her back to you this side the grave, to be the partner of your hoped-for prosperity. It was, indeed, a privilege to me to have the power of doing some small service to this unfortunate schoolmaster.

The church of Puna is an edifice which can only be dignified with that title in the sense in which Lord Brougham called the Duke of Cumberland "illustrious;" it is a church, if you like,—*by courtesy*. There is no resident cure either; so it is to be feared that the moral and religious condition of the villagers is as equally dilapidated as the church is.

You can get no provisions or refreshments at Puna, although the soil and situation admit of an almost incalculable abundance of fruits and vegetables. But the people are too torpid to plant or sow. They have their pigs, which increase without any trouble to the owners; and their cocoa-trees, which spontaneously flourish; and they pick up oysters *ad libitum* on the beach; and so they take no pains for themselves, and the natural capabilities of the place are left wholly unimproved. Sharks and crocodiles swarm in the rivers and creeks; and creatures of an objectionable character are numerous on shore. Such things as centipedes, scorpions, "salmanguezas," and tarantilla spiders, are said to abound; and during a season of the year mosquitoes are perplexingly plentiful. During our stay in this country, we were but little molested with noxious animals.

We picked up a pilot at this island, and a very knowing fellow he was. He informed us, with the grave consequentiality of one who had been let into important state secrets, that the British Consul would be very glad of our arrival there, for that he had despatches of consequence in forwardness for transmission to England. Leaving us a little interval to marvel at the mysteriousness of his information, he condescended to explain it to us confidentially, by intimating further that her majesty's consul had been several months in the capital negotiating a treaty, and had finally succeeded in accomplishing it. In some of these statements the pilot "might have been further out." He conducted us skilfully up that beautiful river, and brought us to an anchor in front of the esplanade, or, as they call it, "malajon," of the city of Guayaquil, about ten o'clock of the same evening; the moon having most lovingly lionized us all the way up through its charming scenery.

Upon going on shore at Guayaquil, I proceeded directly to the British consulate. Mr. Cope's reception of us was of the kindest and most agreeable; and his estimable lady seemed resolved to do her share in the kind business of making us welcome. The paramount purpose which I had in visiting this place, as well as Lima, made me desirous of forming a personal acquaintance with certain of the most influential South American chiefs and statesmen, whom circumstances had thrown together at Guayaquil. I had letters to several of the principal personages among them. The consul entered cordially into my views; and conducted me forthwith to the palace of the celebrated governor of the place, Don Vicente Rocafuerte. It stands nearly in the centre of the esplanade. As we passed along, we saw signs of life and public improvement. Workmen were busy in mending and beautifying the terrace and streets; the corn-punishing uncouthnesses of ancient Gothic paving-stones were being jostled out of their beds to make way for the modern convenience of Macadam's invention. The handsome but uneasy old causeways were re-echoing the strokes of the leveller's pickaxe; and even the crossings rejoiced with the sounds of preparation for covering them over with Piazzas. All this may be of common occurrence enough in our cities at home; but you shall visit a great many Spanish cities before you light upon such another instance of energy and public spirit. I observed also, that we met not a single cocked-hat or pair of epaulettes; and this circumstance of itself is a rare token of promise in a South American town.

After following the clattering of our footsteps through two or three half-furnished apartments of a huge official building, we found ourselves in one of immense dimensions, whose walls were lined with an unusual multitude of chairs, and a few old-fashioned mirrors nodding down upon them. In the centre of the room there was a writing-table; and at that solitary and forsaken-looking piece of furniture sat Rocafuerte. He led us into an inner apartment, which was rather less bare of the appurtenances of elegance and comfort. He received me with particular kindness. He went almost immediately to the subject of religious toleration; and his manner of speaking on it was strikingly powerful and eloquent. It is saying but little to state that he delighted me: I was prepared for him by

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his writings. I went away from this visit under an engagement to return in two or three hours afterwards; and from that time I saw him constantly during my stay in this city. I shall give some account of him in a subsequent page of this journal.

Our next visit was one of form, to the commander-in-chief, Gen. Wright. He was one of that distinguished clique of foreign officers which surrounded Bolivar in his splendid career. With a reputation for great bravery, he unites the character of an amiable and honourable gentleman. We found him in a genteel establishment, and unostentatious in his civilities. He is very respectably connected by marriage in the country of his adoption; and seems to be greatly and deservedly esteemed.

We then went to see General Santa Cruz; the man who has filled the public eye, and whose name has been traced by every pen, and bandied by every tongue, in this continent, for several years past. That he has raised his native country, Bolivia, to the rank of an independent nation—that he has given her peace for more than eight years, and drawn forth her resources, and created her commerce, and established her credit—that his government owed its strength not to ferocity and rigour, but has ever been characterized by enlightenment, and moderation, and mildness—that he has shown himself to be the only man of weight and capacity enough to save Peru from anarchy, the only man among them honest and strong enough to overawe revolutionary licentiousness, to discourage official profligacy, to disallow prescriptive corruption, and to chastise treachery—that he has always chosen the career of civilization to march in—that he has attracted to himself the favourable notice of the leading governments of Europe, and known how to conciliate honourable enemies,—all these things were well known to me, and naturally prepared me for the presence of an extraordinary man. But as it pleases my fancy to picture forth the portraits of extraordinary personages, Santa Cruz's personal appearance is by no means orthodox. The quick, lively eye, which indicates an intuitive promptness of perception, and which seems to scan your meaning sooner than you can express it, is not the eye of Santa Cruz. His whole countenance expresses a good deal of thoughtfulness, but nothing at all of genius. The habitual posture of his features is that of one who listens attentively, and takes in all that is said even by the humblest person in the company, and who meditates dispassionately, and decides resolutely. His manners are natural, easy, and courteous; his habits, temperate and industrious. In his domestic relations he is virtuous and happy. We found him engaged with his secretaries, whom he gently dismissed upon our entering. Our conversation soon became animated and interesting. My personal acquaintance with the governing powers in Chili, and the Chileno generalissimo in Peru, and my recent intimate intercourse with these parties, induced a great deal of inquiry on the part of the ex-protector of the Peru-Bolivian Confederation; and the discussion which ensued was marked by much candour and openness to conviction on his part. The following day he returned my visit; and I had frequent intercourse with him afterwards. Two days before we left Guayaquil, I dined with him: his señorita was present; and two generals of his staff completed the party. I hardly know when or where I have enjoyed a more agreeable and well-arranged party; and I ought to add that the lady's contribution to its satisfactoriness was by no means insignificant. Madame Santa Cruz is a pleasing and interesting person, conspicuous among her countrywomen for being domestic in her tastes and unblemished in her conduct. About eight months ago I sent her, by the hand of a mutual friend, a Spanish copy of our prayer-book; and I was delighted and thankful to find that the gift had not been unvalued or neglected.

A conference which I had with General Santa Cruz just before I left, caused me some surprise at the peculiarity of the great man's ideas relative to the policy and actual powers of the great European nations. In some points I had to combat him: and at last, where I did not succeed in persuading him as fully as I wished, I was forced to content myself with promising him that his projected visit to England would disabuse his mind of some important misconceptions.

I had to make a visit to Orbegoso, the man who has been figuring so frequently, in the character of president, in the vicissitudes of Peru; and who lately acted so conspicuous a fighting part before the walls of Lima. He is a person of no exemplary character, with talents of a very mediocre class, and views rather confused and circumscribed. In various periods of his administration he has committed egregious blunders, and done a large amount of mischief. Every one in these countries knows thus much of him. It was only when I came to see his noble figure, and handsome commanding appearance, that I could at all understand the mystery of his popularity in Peru. Moreover, in mere justice, let it be told in his favour that he has proved himself a brave man. His recent demonstration of desperate courage, in fighting a Chili army of three thousand men at Guia, when he had a force not amounting to eight hundred men, and the obstinate determination which put him at the head of that hopeless onset, the first to strike, and made him to be the last among the few who disputed the powerful invaders' progress over the bridge of the city—this last passage in his public life has blotted out from the recollection of his countrymen a multitude of his antecedent sins; and just in proportion as they are exasperated against the foreign army which took forcible possession of their city and country, so do they now cherish the name of Orbegoso, because he is the man who vigorously opposed it. Comparing what I saw in Peru, and what this gentleman told me of his ideas, with all that I had heard in Lima, I came to the conclusion that he and his partisans are not inactive, and that it is a probable contingency that we shall hear of his being reinstated in the government of his country.

General Braune's personal appearance accords well with the high military fame which he has acquired. Though he has been so long in the field at the head of an army, and so recently and incessantly engrossed with the concerns of active warfare, you can find nothing in his mild and urbane demeanour which would lead you to suspect his identity with the brave and warlike chief who has baffled all the aggressions of Buenos Ayres on Bolivia, and made the tyrant Rosas desist from his insolent attempts. You can easily trace in General Braune the decisiveness of a military commander; but none of that dictatorial imperativeness which is often associated with long service and high command.

Santa Cruz made me acquainted with that extraordinary man, Irisarra. His face indicates some of the bad qualities of which his career has afforded too many demonstrations; but it gives very scanty signs of the singular talent, and vivacity, and wit, which are stereotyped in every page of his writings. He gave me a complete copy of his various publications, which are more to my taste than his company.

So much concerning the men of note whom I fell in with at Guayaquil.

Our party on shore from the ship amounted to three; and we did not think it would be considerate to avail ourselves of the consul's hospitality so far as to take up our lodgings at his house. We therefore invoked the aid of some commercial gentlemen to whom we had brought letters of introduction, and who were extremely kind to us; and under their guidance we perambulated various quar-

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ters of the city in search of dormitories. This pursuit gave us an opportunity of observing the interior arrangements of several houses; and I remarked one peculiarity above the rest, in the disposition of the rooms. In most cases, the edifice consists of three stories. The lowest of these is on a level with the street, and is partly sacrificed to a broad, ponderous piazza, which covers the public *trottoir*. The rest of the ground-floor is portioned out into shops and store-rooms. The next story, which we should call the first floor, is low and ill-appointed; comprising a range of miserable rooms, which all open out upon one common balcony, and are all accessible from the street by one common stair-case. These first-floor rooms are so many tenements, let out separately to lodgers of the lower orders of society. The upper story of all is the only one which presents the appearance of a gentleman's residence. It is generally lofty and handsome, girthed round by a fine broad balcony, and containing spacious drawing-rooms, and the other chambers appropriate for the accommodation of a genteel family. The proprietor of the mansion lives exclusively in this upper compartment: he mounts to his abode by a detached series of wide flights of steps, and maintains no kind of intercourse with the inferior floors, excepting always, as I take for granted, at certain periodical seasons of rent-paying. We thought ourselves particularly fortunate to succeed in procuring the use of sleeping apartments in the *top* story of a house. I should very reluctantly incur the responsibility of recommending any decent person to a berth on the *lodgers' floor*.

There are no hotels in Guayaquil. The "Fondas" are merely refreshment rooms, where you may go and sit down at a little wooden table, and be served with iced lemonade, or pine-appleade, and cigars, and other articles of tropical luxury. In the gastronomic department, the place has many commendable things; but nothing so much so as its beautiful pine-apples. I had often heard that they are the best in the world; and during this visit I acquired a *well-digested* conviction that they must be so. For a coin of less value than an English sixpence, they give you a pine-apple weighing from six to nine pounds without the head, as highly flavoured as any epicure can dream of, and as sweet and innocuous as the weakest stomach can reasonably require. They may be eaten in any quantity short of absolute surfeit, and at any time, without risk of compunctious visitings. The cigars of Guayaquil cannot fairly be admitted to class among its superior productions; they are decidedly bad.

During our stay a small vessel of war was launched. The day happened to be a "dia de fiesta;" and a large concourse of people was attracted to witness the operation. The scene of the launch happened to be almost contiguous to the consul's residence, and he invited a large party on the occasion. At this entertainment we met the most distinguished people of the place. There were present the Governor and Santa Cruz, and all the bigwigs already mentioned; and we had the pleasure of being introduced to a considerable portion of the fair ladies of Guayaquil. The average of beauty among them appeared to me to be decidedly as high as fame has represented it. But what pleased me most was a certain modest and chaste demeanour which seems to characterise these fair ones, and to distinguish them from many members of their sisterhood of the great Spanish family in South America. But their style of dressing is outrageous: they disfigure their persons with some of the monstrosities of the last century. I saw several handsome women of fine figure, whose petticoats were stiffened and protruded in the most hideous manner imaginable, by the Gothic manœuvre of wires sewn in under the hems and flounces of the skirts. A more graceless and unbecoming arrangement was never inflicted on the natural dignity of a well-formed female figure.

Another absurd fashion prevails among these good ladies. They came to this launch-party, an out-of-door performance, each of them attired in *outré* ball-dress! The consul's lady informed me that it is a universal rule with these pretty and evidently amiable creatures to adopt a similar state of equipment for all kinds of visits and morning calls; and no dress is permitted to do duty on any second occasion. This preposterously foolish fashion must have the effect, I should think, of dealing a heavy blow on the popularity of marriage among the *celebses* of that society; excepting, perhaps, the very few who could conveniently minister to such extravagance.

I accompanied a friend to the top of the wooded hills which overhang the city of Guayaquil. The view from the spot where the powder-house stands is a very magnificent panorama. Immediately under you, on one side, at the foot of the hill, lies the city, stretching round a fine bend of the bank of the river, and hedged in on all other sides with picturesque groves of tropical variety and luxuriance. On the opposite bank of the stream, at the distance of about a mile's breadth, there is a sweet undulating island, whose wilderness of shrubs is studded here and there with groups of orange trees, and cocoa-nut trees loaded with fruit, and whose drooping branches kiss the waters in a million of places. Looking eastwards towards the interior of the country, you see an infinite expanse of wooded plains, intersected by the river; in which, as far as the eye can reach, it traces an endless variety of creeks and islands. If the evening be clear, as it was for us, the spectator will descry, in the extreme background, the snow-cap of huge Chimborazo blushing back the parting glance of the setting sun. And then turning away towards the west, his eyes will be greeted by the far-away hills of North Peru, and the waters of the Pacific slumbering at their feet. General Wright took us to a party at the house of a relative of his wife's. The house was fitted up in the European style, tastefully, and at great expense. I could not omit to remark it, as a case of rare occurrence in this continent, that the care and good taste expended upon it had not been exclusively employed on the principal rooms; every chamber and passage, even down to the lowest step of the broad stairs, were as handsome and clean as paint, and floor-cloth, and carpet, could make them.

It was bad taste in me to devote myself nearly all the evening to the conversation of the governor, Don Vicente Rocafuerte, instead of seeking a place in some coterie of those very particularly fair ladies. Let me be allowed to throw all the blame of such ungallant preference on the charms of that good man's eloquence, and on the cogency of the serious reasons which made me anxious and assiduous to cultivate an intimacy with him. I pay a large price for the choice I made on that occasion, by my present inability to inform my readers particularly and precisely concerning the conversation, graces, and mental accomplishments of these Guayaquilanians, who are reckoned to be the nicest ladies in all South America. Not to suppress any thing of the truth, however, I will confess that though I was conversing with Rocafuerte, I did ever and anon contrive to cast a contemplative eye, as it were, parenthetically, on the figurantes in the quadrilles, and it struck me that they made rather a solemn duty of the business; certainly, they seemed to have but little to say for themselves with their respective caballeros.

It was pleasing to observe how much esteemed and respected her majesty's consul has made himself among the people of the country. Many evidences of this fell within my cognisance. Among others, I stumbled upon his name one day, mentioned in a printed public document, in such terms of respect and regard, as made one glad to look upon him as the British representative.

I will conclude these few notices of Guayaquil with a

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short account of certain remarkable passages in the life of his excellency Don Vicente Rocafuerte, its present patriotic governor and benefactor.

Rocafuerte's family was established in South America in the time of the old Spanish *régime*, one of considerable opulence and distinguished respectability. He was one of the first, and has been one of the most effectual, champions of South American independence. While he was yet quite a young man, his earliest thought of such an enterprise was suggested to him in a London street at midnight. He had been dining at the Spanish Ambassador's, and had met there another young Spanish gentleman, like himself, from South America. After leaving the ambassador's house, they were walking together towards their hotel, when Rocafuerte casually remarked to his companion that he had not been quite pleased with the diplomatist's manner of treating them—that it had been too much of a patronizing and condescending kind to suit his feelings. His friend's reply was this: "What should prevent us sending ambassadors of our own from the states of Spanish America to the nations of the earth, without troubling peninsular Spain at all further in such matters?" The man who threw out this suggestion was Simon Bolivar. Upon the mind of Rocafuerte it flashed like a gleam of light revealed to one who hitherto has been feeble-sighted or blind. In a few years afterwards he was resident in London again—as the representative of a South American free state at the court of St. James's.

Without attempting to follow him through all his long and honourable career, I shall pass on to a comparatively recent date—say less than half a dozen years ago.

The president of the country was General Flores; a tried, good soldier, and an honourable man. But he was violently opposed by Rocafuerte and his party, on the ground of his not being enlightened enough to lead on the "Patria" towards civilization; nor even, in fact, independent enough to avoid becoming a tool in the hands of the bigots and anti-improvement men. In a civil war, which was the consequence, the liberal party got terribly worsted; and Rocafuerte, after many narrow escapes from peril, and some season of concealment, was discovered, and seized, and brought in a prisoner loaded with irons. He was thrust into a cell; and expected nothing else but the fate which falls to those who attempt what he attempted, and fail in it.

General Flores arrived; and the prevailing opinion was that Rocafuerte would be shot on the morrow. But Flores had heard some account of his captive's character and conduct, which induced him to pause and consider how he shall deal with so respected an enemy.

That night an officer entered the cell of Rocafuerte, and informed him that the president, General Flores, was outside the door, only waiting his permission to come in and speak with him. Their conference lasted long. At first Flores behaved towards his prisoner with the condescension of a pitying interest; but before the interview was over Flores treated him as one to be looked up to and admired. All bitter recollections of bygone rivalry between them were that night sacrificed to their love for their common country; and terms and arrangements of an alliance were forthwith drawn up and agreed upon between the parties.

When the morning dawned, last night's captive was sitting, quitted of his chains, in his own house; and the chief, who had captured and clutched his foe, was proclaiming that foe the political head of the country, and declaring himself to be a military servant under him! By this honourable and high-minded transaction, Rocafuerte was transferred from a dungeon to the place of highest authority.

But not so soon was peace restored to the country. The bigot party in the capital, whose tool Flores had been, began to fear for themselves when they heard that the apostle of liberty was thus actually invested with power. So they sent down a strong remonstrance to Flores against what he had done, and menaced him with their fiercest opposition unless he immediately consented to undo his own act. But General Flores, to his great credit be it recorded, held fast by his new confederate, and defied the hostility of his old party. The fanatic faction then mustered an army, and marched from the capital to invade Guayaquil, determined to extinguish the other party, and to get rid of Rocafuerte altogether. General Flores collected what forces he could, and calling General Wright to the command of his infantry, went forth to meet the enemy. The two armies encountered on the wilds of Chimborazo. An impetuous, irresistible charge made by Wright and his infantry decided the fortune of the day; and the army of the fanatics was scattered.

Here, then, was General Flores, flushed with a new victory, and at the head of a conquering army. Who was to stand in his way? He gave none an opportunity of doing so; for, hastening back to Guayaquil, the first thing he did was to restore the chief power into the hands of Rocafuerte. Two months of his presidential term yet remained at that time unexpired. He employed them in giving force to his endeavours towards conciliating the prejudices of the ignorant or mistaken in favour of Rocafuerte. On the due day of their expiration, he formally laid down the supreme authority, and had much happiness in seeing Rocafuerte properly elected to be his successor.

During the four full years of the latter's administration, Flores steadily and consistently supported him. They worked cordially together in all matters which they believed might advance the interests of their country; and at last, when Rocafuerte's term of government was expired, he in his turn laid down his office in favour of Flores, and is now serving under him, in the second place of power and trust in that republic. They yet emulate each other might and main; but it is now the emulation of friends, each endeavouring to surpass his competitor only in doing good to the "Patria."

As an instance of Rocafuerte's disinterestedness, I can state positively that, during the years of his presidency, he gave up 6000 dollars a-year, the half of his official income, towards the exigencies of the State. There is not an institution of charity or beneficence there which he does not liberally support; and his private acts of benevolence are on a scale, and of a frequency, which would hardly have been credible to me on any testimony less authoritative than that with which I was favoured.

FROM GUAYAQUIL TO JAMAICA, TAKING IN PANAMA AND THE ISTHMUS.

It is necessary to take advantage of high-ebb tides to get down the river of Guayaquil, with a vessel that has any considerable draught of water. To comply with this necessity, we got up our anchor in the middle of the night, and commenced our descent down the stream. It cost us four long beating, baffling days before we could congratulate ourselves on being fairly clear of the river: the vessel seemed to sympathize with us in our reluctance to quit a place which we had found so pleasant. Such slow progress was too tedious to be compensated for even by the opportunity which it afforded us of contemplating the charms of the scenery. Nothing particular attracted my attention, except that one day there was an extraordinary stir among the monsters of the deep. We were surrounded by a large company of whales, who were assembled evidently on some occasion of joy and merry-making; for I cannot imagine that such huge, unwieldy gambols as we witnessed can constitute any portion of the serious and ordinary proceedings of those very well-behaved animals.

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An adverse wind drove us down on the North-Peruvian coast, where we found ourselves almost close to the little port of Tumbez; the place where Pizarro, with his little band of adventurers, first effected his landing in the country, and strengthened his position. Off the mouth of the river, outside of the island of Puna, we were placed well for observing the singular form of an island there, called Amortajada, which means "laid out for burial." It is remarkably like one of the marble effigies in churches, which lay so cold and still upon the tombstone slabs, with their heedless heads laid upon the hard pillows, and their hands folded all so unresistingly upon their bosoms. Viewed from the south and east, this island looks like a giant effigy, reclining on an elephantine tomb in the middle of the sea. To me there was something impressive in the appearance of that island; the waves dashed fiercely about its foundations, and the insidious surge attempted again and again, in vain, to scale its unyielding sides. But let the billows beat never so furiously, let the surfs assault it never so untiringly, there lies the dead man's figure still on its mighty unmoved couch, still untouched and undisturbed, with its face turned steadfastly towards heaven! It presented itself to my imagination as a triumphant colossal monument, reminding me that "the sea also shall give up its dead."

We touched, in passing, at a little port called Santa Helena, where they have nothing but superfine grass hats, and a scanty allowance of fishing-boats.

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At noonday we crossed the equator. What a strange pervasive sentiment is the love of home and country! It adapts itself to circumstances which would seem, to those who have not been for years far away in stranger lands, incapable of awakening a sympathy. Even the consciousness of being in the northern hemisphere made my heart more light and buoyant; simply because it is my hemisphere, and that of those I most care for.

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A very agreeable breeze carried us expeditiously through the "variables," and did every thing that was kind for us, excepting cooling the temperature, all the way down to Panama. On the eighth day from Guayaquil we were entering the spacious bay which derives its name from the city of Panama. The bay is, however, far too vast in its proportions to admit of being seen simultaneously as one entire spectacle. You learn that you are within its compass from the wide-seeing luminaries of heaven, before any object meets your eye to let you know the fact. But by successive stages you eventually come upon one island, and then another, which prove that your celestial observations gave true tidings to your understanding, while yet your five senses were no witnesses to the fact. Afterwards, comparing each object with the other, and combining all together in their due relation, and proportion, and mutual bearings, you come to spread out before your mind's eye a panoramic representation of the *tout ensemble*. And thus it is that beauty in scenery, like beauty in woman, should not be too large in its dimensions, or else it loses much of its delectableness. The beauty developes itself to your apprehension, in the first case, slowly and unimpassionedly—a mere constructive conclusion arrived at by a syllogism; but where the proportions are more modest and meet for the limited vision of mortal beholders, so that the eye may look on it altogether and at once without aching, then the beauty takes your admiration by storm, and carries you away the willing captive of an agreeable surprise.

The Bay of Panama, too, beautiful as it is, has its inconveniences. We experienced there a distressing coalition between rain and heat, in opposition to our comfort. It was a sorry choice between being stifled in the cabin or drowned on the deck: we were as effectually steamed as we could have been in a patent vapour-bath. On the morning of —— we were close upon the Isla del Rey, which is the principal of the group called the Pearl Islands. We had no time to stop and see the performances of the celebrated divers, who bring up the precious shells from the bottom of the sea. Pursuing our course up the bay, we passed a great number of islets; and sailed close under the very beautiful one called Taboga, with its hanging sides all covered with pine-apple trees. Half-a-dozen miles further on, in the inmost recess of the bay, were two or three little green insular hills; and within them we cast anchor, in the midst of a violent squall, and with the rain so thick that it was difficult to descry the mountainous mainland, though not more than two miles distant from us. It was a great disappointment that the inclemency of the weather during the rest of the afternoon prohibited communication with the shore. Knowing that it was of much consequence to me not to be detained long at Panama, or at any other point of this aguish isthmus, more especially at this season, when rain and miasma are exercising most freely their periodical prerogative to fever and kill, I could not help being impatiently anxious to have tidings from the town concerning my chance of getting speedily forwarded on from the Atlantic side.

Very early on the following morning, while I was lying asleep on the cabin-locker, I heard the master announce to the commander that a shore-boat was approaching; and immediately after I was called up on deck to act as interpreter. I found there a functionary, who said he was come from the governor in his excellency's boat, with orders to put it and himself at our disposal. He was accompanied by a messenger sent to us by the English consul, to inform us that we had arrived just at the very nick of time; that the courier was to leave for Chágres the same day, and that I must hasten on shore immediately.

Now this was a case of what men call "good luck," and "bless their stars" for: I confess that I was superstitious or presumptuous enough to ascribe it to the kindness of Providence, and to raise my heart in thankfulness to God for it. It may be an undertaking too great for my confined capacities to explain how the hand of the Almighty guides and controls those occurrences which we so vaguely designate "accidental;" but, for all that, I will not part with belief in the fact. There is enough of comfort in such belief amply to indemnify me for all the sneers which sceptics or philosophers may please to bestow on it.

I sent my heavy baggage on shore in the governor's boat, and we followed soon after. No custom-house officers interfered with me or mine: a polite instance of non-intervention, much to be commended. We were very frankly and hospitably received by the consul; with whom after breakfast I sallied forth to see the town. It may safely be asserted that, for singularity of appearance and antiquity of character, there is not in all South America a town better worth the trouble of exploring. Approaching it on the seaward side, you cannot help admiring its unique and original features. The battlements are not, like those of Lima and the rest of these fortified places, half-antique and half-modern, battered here and plastered there, and bearing every where the look of a mud-fort pretension: they are grim-visaged, old battlements, with their iron bases bathed in the waves of the sea, and their veteran fronts made warlike and respectable by the bronzing of time. Each bastion and angle is crowned with a right old-fashioned overhanging sentry-tower, with its loopholes all round, and its smooth stone-cased roof, like the crown of an ancient helmet, and here and there, from some crevice in the masonry, there thrusts up its aspiring head a green grass-tuft, waving saucily in the breeze, as if it were conscious of the pride of a warrior's plume. And all the buildings you see within the walls are in strict uniformity of style and age. They are not the new-built green-and-yellow-painted mushroom edifices of prosperous Valparaiso; not the decayed lath and

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plaster dusty flat roofs of Peruvian houses: they are solid and sombre buildings of old gray granite, their steep roofs embossed with moss, and their painted gable-ends each crowned with a crucifix of stone. The landing-place is not less in character. Under a lofty battery there is a small ragged promontory of rock, on which a few rugged steps lead up to a low-arched postern. Within this postern the visiter finds himself in a long, low-vaulted corridor, or cloister, used as a market-place; and he has to wind his way through the noisy crowd of half-dressed hucksters, and to pass through another gateway before he sets himself within the city. As he passes on from that inner gate, let him hold up his head, and, like Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, "look as virtuous as he conveniently can," because the old, sad-looking house that fronts him just there is the *governor's residence;* and as the governor may not have a great deal of business on hand, and *may* be in an observant humour, it is just possible that his excellency may be peeping out at the new-comer from behind one of the window-shutters. At all events, this "unbending of greatness" took place in my case, as I afterwards discovered in the course of a visit to the governor; though any flattering inference that I might have drawn from the fact in my own proper favour was disallowed by a further discovery, that the chief object of their surreptitious reconnoitrings was my faithful and much-to-be-admired old dog. I called with the consul on the governor, both on the ground of general propriety, and particularly for the purpose of acknowledging his civility in sending his boat for me, and in ordering my baggage to be passed free from all inspection or expense. I found him a man quite in keeping with the place,—an antique, grass-grown specimen of the olden times, stately in his courtesies, and scanty in his nether apparel. There was one trifling circumstance, however, in his excellency's household arrangements, which, being brought into juxtaposition with the dignity of his own personal deportment, formed rather a ludicrous antithesis. It was simply the presence of several of his children in the audience-chamber with us—some of them by no means piccaninnies—all of them gambolling about in a state of absolute nakedness! I would have masked this blushing record under a language little familiar to lady's eyes—I would have put it that the children were *in puris naturalibus*—but that would have been to misstate the fact, for they were by no means in a "pure" state. The son and heir of the tall, long-waisted old dignitary by no means took after the symmetry of his father's figure: there were some prominences about his unswathed person truly surprising, and, in so far as the curved line is the line of beauty, of a very beautiful outline.

Panama is a very unhealthy place. Out of a small body of soldiers quartered there at the time of my visit, more than one-sixth portion was in the hospital. Our consul, a man apparently of a robust, sound conformation, had contracted there such serious ailments as to make it necessary for him to withdraw to a better climate for a time. I saw hardly one healthy-looking person in the streets. Its beauty to the eye is but one indication of its treachery to the constitution. If not a crevice on the housetop is unproductive of vegetation—if the public places of the city, and the very steps of the cathedral, and the tops of the ramparts, show you the flagstones carpeted over with verdure,—what is the cause of this luxuriance? Why, simply the same agency which operates so prejudicially on the animal system of human creatures—the agency of a *steaming* atmosphere. Constant rains and excessive heat co-operate to produce an exuberant vegetation; and this in its turn, by the exhalations of its ripeness and corruption, furnishes back to the atmosphere an added fund of distempering miasma. And although the destructive effects of these influences in the city, where there are the paved streets and unobstructed drains, and where water runs off, are yet developed to a lamentable extent, much more malignant must they be among the forests and morasses of the isthmus, where there has been no clearing away of Nature's rankest products, and where in a thousand places the waters are pent up and sluggish, prolific producers of reptiles and noisome vapours. * *

Almost before daylight we were roused by the purveyor of men and mules, who had engaged to convey us over the land-transit part of the Isthmus of Darien. The cavalcade provided for us comprised seven mules, and three men on foot. In proportion to the quantity of our baggage, this number of mules seemed to be needlessly large; but we had not to proceed far on our journey to learn that a poor beast ought not to be expected to bear more than a third of the ordinary load on a track such as this was. We halted at the gate of the city to admire its peculiar comeliness. Its appearance, as you go out of it on the land side, is as interesting as it is from the sea. Directly fronting the great gate, within side of it, there is an ancient church, and a fantastic but picturesque shrine under the open sky; so that the first object which presents itself to the eye of one entering the city is the consecrated altar of its tutelar saint. As you go out of the city, you are, as it were, in the country at one stride. You find *not* outside the gate, as is so commonly the case with walled towns, any filth heaps, or places of bones, or prescriptive haunts of rascality and rubbish: while one foot yet lingers within the lintel of the gate, the other treads on a green grass field. The foss is like a binding of evergreen lawn round the battlements, smoothly sweeping round their bases, as I have seen it done by a gardener's skill round the ruins of some fine feudal castle in my own country. But the perfection of verdant decoration, which is practicable enough in the private grounds of a petted old castle, looks like an effect of magic when you see it displayed on public ground, and on a large scale, embracing an inhabited city. You pass on by a winding military road over a field, whose herbaceous honours on either side of you are seemingly as unintruded on by the step of man as if they pertained to the seclusion of some inaccessible valley of the Andes.

After that you come out upon a kind of little suburban town, the great square of which shows you a shabby church and a noisy market. We availed ourselves of the latter to buy a stock of bread, which we took *personal charge of.* Let no traveller disdain to do the same; for he will get no more of that first necessary of life till he finds himself munching ship's biscuit on the bosom of the Caribean Sea. And now we will suppose ourselves clear of the town and the suburbs. We have left in the rear all those pretty stray cottages, with their tall beehive-roofs hiding among the branches of the fruit-trees. Our guides stopped before a human habitation, and asked us coaxingly for a couple of reales to get a drink there: the plea was that "this was the last house we should see." "The last" of any thing is an affecting idea; so we gave them the reales to cheer them. I ought to say something about the style of the journeying, and the character of the country of the isthmus. But I feel a presentiment that it will be almost as hard to travel over it satisfactorily thus mounted on a pen, as it was to do so bodily bestriding a mule.

While I am thus hesitating, however, one preliminary has been performed. The guides have divested their persons of almost all those coverings which are worn in cold climates for the sake of comfort, and in hot ones from a respect for decency. One man is in a state of nudity; and the other two are encumbered with no other raiment than a very laconic shirt a-piece. Considering that every other step they are plunged up to the knee in mud and water, this may be on the whole a convenient travelling equipment in those parts; that is, on the supposition that one's skin has been sunned and tanned to the due degree of musquito-proof, dreadnought durability. The route lay

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through a forest all the way; and reveals occasional glimpses of exceedingly beautiful scenery. If the horned cattle, of which we saw several herds, were tame animals, we must conclude that the territory of the isthmus is not absolutely unprofitable. But even then, how neglected and unimproved! A rich productive soil, with a climate in the utmost degree fertilizing, lying between two oceans, with an immediate access to a convenient port on either side,—surely such a property, if made any thing of, would be a source of great wealth to enterprising owners, with capital. But the point of view from which this locality assumes the most interesting aspect is in reference to the undertaking now in course of consummation, of a steam-ship communication between Panama and all the countries which lie between it and Cape Horn. The object is to bring those countries into a readier and more extensive intercourse with Europe, by adopting the passage of the isthmus, instead of voyaging round by the tedious and hazardous circuit of Cape Horn. Valparaiso is thus to be placed within less than half its present distance of Europe—calculating distance by time—and all the other ports on the coast in their proportions. The natural resources of these countries are immense. Chili, with her surplus corn, with her unascertained abundance of mines of copper, silver, and gold; Peru, with her plantations of sugar, of coffee, of tobacco, of cocoa, with her plains of saltpetre, and forests that yield the valuable bark; Bolivia, with her Potosi, and other mines of precious metal unnumbered; and Guayaquil, pouring forth, or capable of pouring forth, an immense supply of all the costly productions of a rich soil, under a tropical sky—or, if she must pay the foreign trader in money, weighing out her treasures of gold dust;—all these countries have the capabilities of benefiting and being benefited by intercourse with other nations, to almost an unlimited extent. But they want the advantages which accrue from civilization, and capital, and knowledge; and these advantages they can only acquire by means of intercourse with people superior to themselves. Slowly, and by little degrees, they are gaining them at present from the strangers who, spite of the danger of doubling Cape Horn, and the disadvantages of the distance, visit their coasts to traffic with them. But if you can shorten the distance materially, and diminish the risk and loss of long voyages, you will greatly increase the number of such visiters to those shores, and, consequently, you will multiply the means for benefiting those people, and for enlarging the useful operations of commerce.

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To connect the foregoing remarks with the present chapter of my journal, I have only to call attention to the fact, that the success of that enterprise must needs be more or less affected by the character of the passage over the isthmus. The steam conveyances in both oceans may be expeditious and convenient; but if the land-transit intervening be very objectionable, unavoidably it will operate as a drawback on the superiority of the whole line of communication. I paid particular attention to the character of the country over which the land-journey passes. I am no engineer, and consequently my opinion may be hardly worth relating; but it appeared to me that there is no obstacle in the way of forming a good road across. You pass over no plains, or table-lands, it is true—you are perpetually ascending or descending; but the inequalities of the surface are not on a giant scale—there are no fathomless ravines or insurmountable ridges.

About three years ago, a citizen of the United States, a Col. Biddell, a brother of the Mr. Biddell of Bank notoriety, obtained from the government of New Granada, to whom the territory belongs, a license to form a railway across the isthmus; and, upon certain conditions, an exclusive privilege of transit for ten years. This gentleman died soon afterwards, and so his project fell to the ground. Now, whether it would pay to make a rail-road over the neck of land in question is a point on which I cannot pretend to have an opinion. But I cannot doubt of its being practicable. The distance from Panama to Cruces is twenty-one miles; and from Cruces, the river Chagres is navigable down to the Carribean Sea. Whether stone pervades the whole line, I cannot say; but the timber necessary for such a work is on the spot in great abundance. But will it answer, perhaps, to adopt the means of land transit at present in use, rather than lumber the navigation enterprise with any attempt to alter and improve it? I should think decidedly not. My reasons for thinking so will be illustrated and enforced by the few notes which I have yet to make of our experience of travel between Panama and Chagres. As I have already mentioned, the distance from Panama on the Pacific to Cruces on the Chagres, a river which flows into that part of the Atlantic called the Carribean Sea, is computed at only twenty-one miles. Yet it cost us, though we were fairly mounted, and all the beasts of our caravan were laden lightly, and we made the best of our way,—it cost ten hours and a half of vigorous and incessant jee-uping, and coaxing, and spurring, to accomplish that distance.

But this, simply this alone, implies nothing absolutely astounding to the nerves of a traveller; a tedious, wearisome ride say, and there's the worst of it! No—that's *not* the worst of it; your ride is under a sun which scorches fearfully, and through forest thickets where not a breath of air is stirring, and through marshes and quagmires such as cause every individual step of your progress to be a separate and anxious struggle, and among holes and rocks that keep your calculating faculties continually on the rack to estimate the chances of your getting ten yards farther without breaking down entirely. My mule was the only one which clambered over it without falling. Then again, there descends upon you, at short intervals, such a pour-down of water from the upper firmament,—*rain* is no proper name for it, because *rain* conveys the idea of water coming down in drops, whereas, the showers of the isthmus, as we experienced them, are more like wide sheets of water falling bodily upon the earth. They send before them no *avant courier*—scattered drops to warn you that they may be expected immediately; they are their own messengers, and before one can put on a cloak the liquid enemy has pounced on him, and he is drenched to the skin almost in a moment. Upon that condition of the outward man, directly afterwards, the sun resumes his fervid operations, and the forcing system is exemplified in the person of a man in so striking a manner, that one of modest stature may well be excused, if in consideration of so effectual a steaming he bargained for acquiring an added inch or two of altitude. However, no such expectation was realized. Another source of great inconvenience, and doubtless, also, of some risk, in this unpleasant journey, was the prevalence of a poisoned atmosphere. The air was surcharged with rank exhalations of fetid vegetable matter; and there is no dependence at all to be placed in the scientific pretensions of a due and proper olfactory organ, if the vegetable products of that soil do not comprise a vast proportion of those which are noxious and unwholesome. But, perhaps, the most objectionable circumstance of all in the transit is the necessity of stowing the legs away in postures more ingenious than easy, and which would be considered decidedly unhorsemanlike any where in the world except at Mr. Astley's Amphitheatre, performed by "the fool." The track frequently leads through deep ditch-like defiles, like clefts in the earth; and the traveller finds himself so straitened for space on either side of him, that he is obliged to make some other arrangement with his nether members than the usual one of leaving them pendent over the flaps of the saddle. To save his legs from being crushed, he must

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elevate them to the altitude of his seat, which is inconvenient on horseback, and manage to bestow them in the vicinity of his animal's neck. But the legs thus placed find but little support; and there is no landing-place, or *terra firma*, about a mule's shoulder for them to rest upon; so that the feet very soon acquire a level force gravitating downwards, equal to the weight of a couple of ordinary portmanteaus; and let the rider possess what muscular powers he may in his lumber sinews, his feet will be "too many" for him, and he will have to relinquish his efforts to maintain them against their will, in contiguity with the ears of the mule. But since they may not hang down at the sides, and will not protrude horizontally forward any longer, there remains but one alternative; they must be doubled up *behind, under* one. With some people it takes a good deal of straining and compressing to effect this operation, and when effected the result is not generally pleasing. It may suit well enough with the supple pliancy of the limbs of an Arab, or of an ourang-outang, to deposit the feet in the hollow of the saddle, and then sit upon them; but to people set firm upon their pins, whose joints have grown into their places under the bracing influences of cold climates, it is neither safe nor comfortable to bestride an animal in the said position. My travelling companion and myself had been accustomed to horse exercise, having lived for some years in a country where horsemanship is an indispensable condition of society; and having been inured by practice to exertion of that kind to an uncommon extent, it may be supposed that we were likely to feel comparatively lightly the difficulties and inconveniences of that ride. But, indeed, we were both extremely tried and exhausted by it: we arrived at Cruces sore, and weary, and worn-out by it. I observed not many interesting objects by the way. The timber was surpassingly fine, and the appearance of the pendulous parasites was remarkable, which, hanging perpendicularly in straight lines from the great branches down to the ground, and taking root therein, mark the sylvan shades with white vertical stripes, looking at a distance like gleams of light penetrating the thick canopy of foliage. We saw, also, two of those giant ant-hives which are so well described in little books of natural history. A few wigwams which we passed appeared to me notable for nothing but the unclad, filthy appearance of the Indians, and the bustling activity of the women. The man-Indian also *works* in his way, and marvellous work he performs. The larger classes of commercial bales and boxes sent out from England are very cumbrous and weighty. In other countries, they transfer such from place to place in carts or wagons; in this country it is not possible; there are no carts or wagons on the isthmus; no mule is capable of bearing their burden over such a track. But what the strength of the beast of burden is not competent to perform, one of these poor Indians accomplishes. He makes a kind of wickerwork frame, to fit upon his shoulders, something similar to the frame which glaziers use to carry glass on, and upon that frame he adjusts the huge burden with fastidious nicety, so as to balance it exactly; and with his staff in his hand he starts from the river's side, engaging to deliver it at Panama; and after days of groaning and sweating, he reaches the city, and receives his scanty recompense. One of these Indian carriers that I met struck me as being the most stupendous human animal I ever saw; he was almost in a state of nudity, which allowed me to see to advantage the Herculean proportions of his body and limbs. A tremendous hydraulic-pressed, iron-bound, Manchester bale was poised upon his shoulders; he groaned, as if unconsciously, with each slow measured step, and his great arched chest vibrated. But I should think he was the only man in the world who could have moved twenty paces under such a burden. We were beginning to despair of ever arriving at the end of our tiresome journey, when we passed a little stone crucifix romantically placed by the side of a brook, which at that part of our progress constituted the highway. One of the guides told us that a poor widow of the village had set up that crucifix, to mark the spot where her helpmate met an untimely death. We inferred that the village was not far distant; and a few minutes afterwards we merged from the wood, and came suddenly on Cruces. The *point d'appui* is the green brow of a beehive-shaped hill, around whose base, for more than half a complete circle, the river Chagres sweeps; and down the easy slopes on all sides the cone-roofed cottages, at little intervals, form the lines of streets which radiate from the top of the mound as their common centre, and gradually diverge as they descend to the bank of the river. If you were to take an open umbrella, and cut away something less than half of its hemispheric spread, the portion remaining would constitute a pretty correct model of the ground-plan arrangement of this singular village,—the whalebone ribs, of course, representing the streets. But to understand at all adequately the peculiar beauty of this place, you must know that every cottage stands separate and detached, and that every yard of intervening space between the houses, including the streets and crossways, is covered with lawn-like herbage. The ground on the other side of the river rises precipitately to the height of two or three hundred feet, and is covered with an infinite variety of superb forest trees; and behind this, in the distance, a succession of lofty mountain-peaks, all covered with park-like timber. If the reader of this has the organ of "arrangement" sufficiently developed on his knowledge-box to enable him to put properly together the unshapely fragments of my disjointed description, so that there be the village stretching down at his feet over the greensward slopes, and the sweeping bend of the river silently circling the base of the hill, and beyond the huge amphitheatre spread all around, and peopled to its summit with the giants of the forest, looking down over each other's heads upon the sheltered settlement below;—so! there will be presented to his imagination a fair conception of the picturesque beauty of Cruces. My jumbled recollections of the component parts of that charming scene being thus put on paper, may be, I dare say, to the uninitiated—I won't say the clumsy—like the quaint-shaped, unintelligible triangles and polygons of a Chinese puzzle in a state of disorganization; but, gentle reader, have you but the skill of a puzzle-defying talent for *arranging*, and I have given you, after all, a very beautiful picture.

We were a little way in advance of our cavalcade when we found ourselves in the village; and we pushed on into it, not knowing exactly where to go, but expecting every moment that our guides would overtake us, and give us the desirable information. Somewhat to our surprise, and amazingly to our annoyance, they tarried behind an unaccountable while: and we were forced to retrace our steps in quest of them. We found them just outside the place, engaged very leisurely in the "duties of the toilette." The naked man was reassuming the garb of a civilized animal, and all three were donning their garments with apparently much zeal for the cause of decency, and a due understanding of the sensation which they were going to cause in the village. Whether it was that familiarization had too much reconciled us to savage life, or that our weariness could ill brook any delay in the process of getting housed, and refreshed with food,—I must confess the fact, that this clothing performance appeared to me and my companion at the time in the light of a vexatious sacrifice to an ill-timed sense of delicacy. There is no "house of entertainment" at Cruces. There is but one house entitled to be ranked above the category of mere cottages; and that mansion of distinction owes its envied eminence to the extravagant enterprise of its founder, who

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made it to consist of two rooms and a cupboard-place, and roofed it over with pantiles? In the presence of such an edifice, the bamboo-built, cocoa-branched neighbours naturally hide their diminished heads; and it was not without a show of importance that the chief guide conducted his travellers to the *great house* of the place. The lord of the mansion, a rhomboidal figure, in very short jean trousers, and very large white jacket—both articles having enjoyed, evidently, a long-standing immunity from forcible immersion in soap-suds, and his beard unmolested since the last "*dia de fiesta*," or holyday—stood forth in front of his abode in a lounging and imposing manner, seeming to contemplate the sky, in order that no one might suppose that *he* would gape curiously at the strangers; and ostentatiously picking his teeth with a small piece of stick, to show that he was a man of leisure and refinement." "Who is the señor?" inquired I of one of the attendants. "*Es el dueño de la casa, señor!*" "He is master of the house, sir?" I rummaged in my pocket for a letter which I had for him from the English consul at Panama, commending us to his attentions. He opened it consequentially, conscious that reverential eyes were bent upon him from twenty points of the village eminence; and as he slowly and gravely deciphered its contents, he continued to dig the toothpick twig into the recesses of his mouth with so much force and assiduity, that I, who was looking down into the opening from my mule's back, and could see that inside there was more material of gaps and gums than of teeth for him to work upon,—I began to fear that he would insert the twig into some cavity, and have difficulty to extract it again. The letter was deliberately refolded, and deposited in an ample pocket of the jean trousers, before Don Antonio Parra conceived that enough had been done to impress the world with an opinion of his dignity, and that at length something ought to be performed to vindicate his good breeding and hospitality. He accordingly assumed a very urbane manner, and desired us to alight, informing us that he and the consul were great friends, and that we might therefore "command him in all things." Stiffly and painfully we divorced our persons from the saddles, and entered the house. There were two apartments, as I mentioned before; one of them was the *sanctum* of the family, wherein Mr. Parra and Mrs. Parra, and five or six little Parras, and divers half-Indian domestics, were accustomed to sleep during the night, and to eat, lounge, and smoke through the hours of the day. The other apartment was occupied by piled-up stores of mercantile bales, awaiting their turn to travel over the isthmus on some Indian's shoulders. It served, also, as a thoroughfare, and a place of resort for sundry dogs, and fowls, and earthen pans, and such like household appendages. In this store-room our baggage was deposited, and ourselves on the top of it. It was impossible to wait patiently the result of the people's slow proceedings towards getting us some supper; we therefore very prudently found something to do in bathing ourselves in a large pan of water, and afterwards rubbing our bodies over with eau de Cologne. After that, we found ourselves so refreshed, that we were able to open two hermetically sealed tin cases of concentrated soup, and to boil it up in scrupulous conformity with the printed directions. And fortunate for us that we had such a subsidy! When supper came, it was some indescribable compound teeming with garlic; nothing but an ostrich's or a Spaniard's stomach could have taken it without creating spasmodic remonstrances. My half-famished dog ventured upon it, and evidently suffered from dyspepsia in consequence. For ourselves, we swallowed the soup, and half-a-dozen eggs a piece; and in less than half an hour were both sound asleep. I tumbled myself diagonally across a grass hammock which hung there; and when the cock that was perched a yard from my ear crowed his shrill greeting to the morning dawn, I awoke, and found myself in the same identical position, with my clothes on. *I* cannot say what constituted the couch of my compañero: but we agreed that we never slept so sweetly before.

We got some excellent chocolate for breakfast, and were early on the move to pursue our journey. Parra charged us very moderately for our "board and lodging;" for which effort of honesty he indemnified his finances by giving me in exchange for my doubloons a quantity of bad coin, which I never could pass any where, except in the way of gratuities to necessitous persons. Our mode of conveyance was now by the river, which they navigate with Indian canoes, some of which are of large dimensions. Ours measured more than fifty feet in length; its depth about four feet; breadth about as much; all one single timber, made out of an individual tree; there was not a patch upon it from stem to stern, excepting the thwarts! The canoe was worked by four people besides the owner, whose part of the performance was confined to smoking and sleeping; but he was very earnest and persevering in those duties. For the first hour of our progress, our attention was engrossed with admiration of the soft and charming scenery; but the endless succession of such beautiful views eventually sated our appetites for the picturesque. This result was expedited, no doubt, by the recurrence, at intervals of an hour or so, of heavy showers; and, moreover, there was something in the monotonous plashing of the oars, and the even more monotonous chant which the rowers everlastingly accompanied it with, which acted as an opiate on one's sensibilities; and, to tell the whole truth, I doubt if the master of the canoe had ever before carried passengers so nearly rivalling himself in powers of somnolency. In the afternoon, they pushed the canoe upon a landing-place on a pretty green bank, and informed us that they were going to take their meal there. We saw an Indian wigwam under the trees, a little way above us, tenanted by two or three human creatures, and a multitude of dumb ones good for food. We had hopes, therefore, of being enabled to imitate our yam-devouring canoe-men. On approaching the Indian shed, we found there a decent notable poor woman, vigorously pounding some rice between two stones; and her little daughter by her side, maintaining vigilant defensive operations against sundry encroaching cocks and hens, who displayed a decided partiality for farinaceous diet. On our making known that we very much needed some food, a poor young chanticleer, who had made himself conspicuous as a ringleader in the petty larceny affair, was immediately taken into custody, and summarily visited with capital punishment. The rest of the cocks and hens watched the execution with grave complacency, as being quite satisfied that the criminal deserved his fate, and, perhaps, not sorry in their hearts to get rid of one whose activity had sometimes disappointed them of the capture of some stray grains of rice.

Don Antonio Parra, at Cruces, gave particular warning not to expose ourselves there to the night air. He said there was one particular house, that of one Señor Ramos, in which we might safely pass the night because it was air-tight, but that we must not on any account put our heads out of doors. These, and other similar notes of preparation, had preoccupied us with very strong impressions of the undesirableness of night exposure at that particular stage of our travels; and it may be imagined that we were a little dismayed at finding ourselves, when night closed in upon us, yet three or four hours distant from the solitary refuge afforded by Mr. Ramos's air-tight edifice: but there was no help for it, so we fell asleep again. I had a long sleep, and was dreaming of a dying dog, and alligators that croaked in a very unnatural manner, when the chant of the boatmen ceased, and I was aroused to a state of partial consciousness. I heard a plash in the water; then another, and then another; and afterwards all was silent and still. On rubbing my eyes I perceived

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that it was too dark to see any thing; and, after elevating my voice in a multiplicity of inquiries addressed to the people of the canoe, I became aware of the fact that it was waste of breath. In short, it was near midnight; we were arrived at Chàgres; the canoe-men knew that it was too late to get admittance into any house; and, in order to avoid the storm of vexation which they expected from us as soon as we should learn how matters were, they just moored the canoe in a pool before the village, and then quietly slipped over the sides and waded on shore. So we were left there uninformed, sleeping in blissful ignorance of the friendlessness of our situation. Our first impulse was, of course, to startle the silence of the night with vociferous proclamations of the very interesting and pertinent fact, that the owner of the canoe and all his gang richly deserved to be hanged. The point being established, it next occurred to us that we might as well shout for help from the shore, which we did with great earnestness for about a quarter of an hour without any effect. At length the man of the air-tight house flitted across my mind: he must be a man of consequence, or else why should his house be tighter than other people's houses? And if so, his name, emphatically bellowed forth in the dead of night, was likely to attract some one's attention. I applied myself to the task of shouting at the top of my voice, in a most exciting tone, "Señor Ramos! Señor Ramos!" After a little perseverance in this performance, some lights were seen moving about, and by and by a man came wading to us through the waters, and asked us "*Por el amor Dios, qué hay?*" We bribed this man to go and kick at Señor Ramos's door, and to inform that gentleman of our predicament. An immense deal of kicking of doors and barking of dogs took place before our ambassador effected a parley. He returned to tell us that Señor Ramos was away, and that the man in charge of the air-proof house dared not admit any one so late at night. So it was evident that we must remain in that canoe on the bosom of a filthy pool the whole of the night. We shrugged our shoulders at the thoughts of it, and adopted the only precautions in our power. First we sent our new ally for some water; at the expiration of half an hour he returned with that necessary of life in an earthen pan, which it would have been easy for a moderate-sized man to bathe in, but it was not possible for any man to drink out of it. Another journey brought us a calipash; and in this we mixed a small quantity of cognac brandy which remained in our bottle, with a large proportion of water. We then set to, very energetically, to create an artificial atmosphere around us, and to kill the miasma with cigar-smoke; and, having considerable faith in this antidote to infection, we not only exerted ourselves to the utmost in producing a cloud, but also engaged the man's services for the night in the same department of industry. We were agreed that it would be dangerous to sleep, and we resolved to keep awake and be continually smoking cigars until the morning. In less than an hour afterwards, a little alarm that occurred surprised us both in the act of resigning ourselves to Morpheus. There was a noise, as of something moving about stealthily in the water; sometimes approaching our canoe, and at last seemingly attempting to scramble into the bow of it. At this crisis I threw the first thing that I could get hold of in the dark with all my force in the direction of the supposed intrusion. It happened to be the empty calipash which made a good deal of clatter when it pitched, and then all was silence. We discussed what it could be, and then came to the conclusion that it was probably a crocodile desirous of joining our party. We were again beginning to doze off in a state of unconsciousness when the splashings in the water were heard again. My companion started up and reconnoitred; and, after a few seconds of silent observation, he exclaimed, "Good gracious! it is a crocodile!" The beast was just paddling and pausing alongside of our canoe; now approaching a little way, and now again retreating a stroke; we could see his great grim head from the neck upwards out of the water; I had no arms, offensive or defensive. My fellow-traveller had a sword. The crocodile came nearer: he smote it with the sword. Has he fled? No! He smites again, and it moves not! Now I make it a condition with any lady or gentleman who peeps into this journal, that she or he shall not presume to say "Pshaw!" or to use any word or gesture which might imply contempt for the heroic conduct of my friend and myself, when I tell him or her that the crocodile was an exceedingly large log of wood, washed down from the forest by some mountain-torrent, and then floating on the eddies of the tides near the mouth of the river that had brought it there.

The remainder of that night passed without any more waking alarms. I slept soundly and dreamed again of crocodiles that croaked in a most ugly key; but the phenomenon no longer disturbed my peace, for reason sustained sufficient ascendancy to let me know that the croaking proceeded from a concert of frogs in the marshy banks of the pool, and that the crocodiles were but wooden ones.

Early in the morning we were transferred to the shore on men's shoulders; and how thankful I ought to be for being able to record that this night's exposure to the perils of the Chàgres atmosphere did us no damage whatever! Again let me recognise the merciful kindness of God's Providence, and be grateful.

Nor have I yet told all the reasons for thankfulness that fell to our lot at this stage of our progress. The first thing we heard on being put on *terra firma*, was the valuable intelligence that the packet had arrived the preceding evening, and was at anchor in the offing. So we might expect the commander's boat on shore in two or three hours, and we should suffer no detention in that miserable place. The Jamaica packets touch there only once a month, and some travellers have had to wait in Chàgres three and even four weeks. If we had been only one day later, we should have had to remain there one month for the next vessel. When in Lima I met at the United States' Legation a young American, who was being despatched to New York *via* Panama, as a government courier. He left Lima ten days before me, and proceeded direct to Panama; whereas I made a *détour* into Guayaquil, and spent several days there, yet I overtook this gentleman at Chàgres: he had arrived there ten days before us, and had spent those days in a disagreeable and unprofiting expectation of a vessel to go on in. His satisfaction at her arrival at last was somewhat alloyed with a feeling of vexation at my having overtaken him, but no doubt the former sentiment preponderated. He congratulated me warmly on the prospect of soon reaching Jamaica, where it was his firm expectation we should be able to get some "mint julep." This delicacy, as I have been informed, is a spicy cordial drink, compounded of mint with gin, and other luxuries, to which the Yankees are enthusiastically partial.

There was a solitary vessel lying within the bar, a schooner, whose captain I fell in with on shore. He looked like a man at death's door, it was impossible not to ask what ailed him; and he informed me that he had been afflicted with the fever, and that all his crew were then "down" with the like disease. There was no doctor; he had no medicine chest; it was out of their power to get away from the place, and if they remained they were likely to die there! Fortunately I was furnished with some fever powders, and emetics, and laudanum, and castor oil. Of course these few resources were appropriated to the service of the poor emaciated skipper and his men, along with sundry simple instructions, the best that I was competent to give.

We procured a cup of coffee at a filthy tenement which does duty as the hotel of the place, and transacted business

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at another which rejoices in the dignified title of the custom-house. The presiding functionary spared us the trouble of disembowelling our trunks, in consideration of my having conversed with him rather largely on politics, and having presented him with my last bundle of "real Havannahs."

The boat came from the packet, and by noonday we were safely embarked on board her majesty's schooner, bound for Jamaica.

Chagres, notwithstanding its pestilential infamy, is a spot pleasing to the eye of any who delights in the picturesque. The village, or town it may be, is prettily backed by little wooded hills. From one side of the small bay you have a glimpse up the river; and on the bluff promontory which marks the other side, there stands an old, feudal-looking, time-worn castle. They told me that, including a few soldiers stationed in this castle, the place has a population of about fifteen hundred souls. By far the greater proportion of them are people of colour. On the afternoon of —— the packet sailed from Chagres, and got becalmed almost immediately afterwards. In taking leave of the continent of South America, a host of recollections crowded into my mind. It were bootless to record them: some of them were too subtle to be easily seized hold of and embodied in words; some of them were too sacred to be properly bandied about in these miscellaneous pages.

There was one reminiscence among them, however, which needed not to "be born to blush unseen." It arose out of my own knowledge and personal experience of the characters of the official agents and representatives of the British government in all the countries of South America, bordering on the Pacific. Take them all, from Cape Horn to Mexico, and I affirm of them, almost without an exception, that they are as able and respectable a set of gentlemen as can be found together in any department of the public service. In Santiago de Chili, the Hon. Colonel Walpole has taught all people to attach notions of high feeling and refined correctness of deportment to the name of an English gentleman; at the same time that he enjoys the confidence of the government to an extent which no other diplomatic functionary has attained to. In Valparaiso there is Mr. Rouse, whose well-merited *sobriquet* is, *El querido do todos*,—"the man whom every body likes." In Coquimbo, Mr. Colin Campbell discharges his vice-consular duties under favour of great personal popularity, not undeserved. At Tacua, Mr. Hugh Wilson enjoys generally an enviable reputation. At Islay, Mr. Frampton has recently, in the case of Santa Cruz's rescue out of the hands of mutineers and murderers, and in the consequent controversy, afforded surprising evidence of his firmness and ability. At Lima, there is Mr. Belford Hinton Wilson, a son of Sir Robert Wilson, of whom I have heard the high functionaries of France and North America there declare that no government in this world could have a more efficient and useful public officer than he is. At Guayaquil, we have Mr. Cope, of whom I have already spoken. At Panama, Mr. Cade's conduct and demeanour struck me as being precisely such as might account for the high character which I had heard of him in every quarter. I believe that not a respectable Englishman has crossed the Isthmus since Mr. Cade's occupation of his present post, who cannot testify to the consul's unaffected kindness and great hospitality. My appreciation of the credit which all these gentlemen, each in his place and sphere, reflect on the English name, is probably enhanced by the personal information which I possess also of another fact; which is, that other governments are by no means in all cases equally happy in the character of their respective representatives.

All this about the *corps diplomatique* and the consuls may be a very tedious entry, I dare say; but, for all that, let it be. I have received much kindness from the parties referred to, therefore I will not suppress my humble but honest testimony in their favour. No! not to humour any one's impatience.

The distance from Chagres to Jamaica would not exceed an ordinary run of four or five days, if it were practicable to shape a direct course; but Jamaica lies to windward, in relation to this part of the Spanish main; and, consequently, we were obliged to steal along the coast for five days, with calms and squalls, and contrary wind, as we could, always steering as if we were going to Trinidad. We saw Porto Bello at a distance, and had a near and unhurried view of Carthagena, off which place we lay like a lifeless log nearly one entire day. The situation is very bold. The Convent of the Popa on the summit of the high hill, and the fortress of Lazarus beneath it, objects which the deeds of Bolivar have invested with a classical interest, were both perfectly visible.

On the fifth afternoon, when we were off Santa Maria, we met with the strong east wind which regularly blows up the Caribbean Sea into the Gulf of Mexico. This enabled us to make, at last, a fair course; and, on the next morning, we came to an anchor in Port Royal Harbour. I cannot say that this ten days' passage was the pleasantest part of my voyagings. The weather was intensely hot, the accommodations cramped, and the vessel ill-ventilated. Two or three foreigners, passengers as well as myself, complained bitterly of a scanty table and short supply of drinkables, a complaint which had certainly more reasonableness in it than a similar one would have had in any other ship I was ever in; and this is the more to be deprecated, that the rate of passage is very high in those packets.

For myself, I did not feel at liberty to join in such complainings, however much they were justified by the facts, because the commander treated me with particular civility, and did what he could to promote my comfort. I shared his cabin with him instead of being huddled promiscuously into a berth among the rest of the passengers; but it is a punishing navigation, that! One passenger kept up an incessant and vociferous salivation, two more got tipsy as often as they could manage to do so, and the ship's company and the commander were but too evidently on terms of hostility.

Then again, cockroaches of the largest growth ever seen, were countless in their multitudes, and proportionally insolent and overbearing in their behaviour. Ants swarmed in every hole and crevice, and displayed a ubiquitous activity which it was not possible to counteract. They filled your tooth-brush instead of tooth-powder, and went down your throat with your potations, and held market in one's gloves. Worse than all, they established their head-quarters in my rose-wood writing-desk: I was fairly dislodged from it! They are fearful Philistines among the wafers. Until I got some camphor and inserted it amongst my papers, I really could not use them. I was brought to feel the value of those humane attempts made by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd to protect copyrights, but the camphor recovered my rights. As if all these aforesaid petty persecutions were not enough, I was favoured with that condition of body which produces what is called "prickly heat," and then aggravated continually by being assured that it was a "sign of excellent health!" Oh! if you want me to be cool and contented, place me in a temperature *something lower* than ninety-five degrees of Fahrenheit. If you wish to have me kept out of harm's way and innocently employed in my own little plans and pursuits, defend me my escritoire from invading ants and hopper-flies' intrusions! If there is any moral turpitude in a system of vigorous and perpetual scratching of all parts of the body, from the nape of the neck to the soles of the feet, up and down, fore and aft; if it is essential to human happiness that the fingers and nails shall not do violent rasping lacerations on the proper person of him to whom they pertain; then defend me for pity's sake, from mosquitoes and "prickly heat!"

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

(Continued from our last.)

AUBREY's sudden plunge into the cold and deep stream of trouble, had—the first shock over—served, as it were, to brace his nerves. 'Tis at such a time, and on such an occasion, that the temper and quality of the soul are tried; whether it be weak in seeming strength, or strong in seeming weakness. How many are there, walking with smiling complacent confidence along the flowery bank, who, if suddenly bidden to *strip and enter*, would turn pale and tremble as they reluctantly prepared to obey the stern mandate; and, after a convulsive shudder, a faint shriek, a brief struggle, disappear from the surface paralysed, never to be seen again! In such a point of view, let me hope that the situation of Aubrey, one of deepening difficulty and danger—the issue of which, hid in the darkness of the future, no earthly intelligence can predict—will excite in the thoughtful reader an anxiety not unmingled with confidence.

The enervating effects of *inactivity* upon the physical structure and energies of mankind, few can have failed to observe. Rust is more fatal to metal than wear. A thorough-bred racer, if confined in stable or paddock, or a boxer, born of the finest muscular make, if prematurely incarcerated in a jail, will, after a few years, become quite unable to compete with those vastly their inferiors in natural endowments and capabilities; however, they may, with careful training, be restored to the full enjoyment and exercise of their powers. Thus is it with the temper and intellect of man, which, secluded from the scenes of appropriate stimulus and exercise, become relaxed and weakened. What would have become of the glorious spirit and powers of Achilles, if his days had all melted away in the tender, delicate, emasculating inactivity and indulgence of the court of Lycomedes? The language of the ancient orator concerning his art may be applied to *life*, that not only its greatness, but its enjoyment, consists in action—*action*—ACTION. The feelings, for instance, may become so morbidly sensitive, as to give an appearance of weakness to the whole character; and this is likely to be specially the case of one born with feelings of superior liveliness and delicacy, if he moves only in the regions of silent and profound abstraction and contemplation—in those refined regions which may be termed a sort of paradise, where every conceivable source of enjoyment is cultivated for the fortunate and fastidious occupants, to the very uttermost, and all those innumerable things which fret, worry, and harass the temper, the head, and the heart, of the dwellers in the rude regions of ordinary life—most anxiously weeded out; instead of entering into the throng of life, and taking part in its constant cares and conflicts—scenes which require all his energies always in exercise, to keep his place and escape being trodden under foot. Rely upon it, that the man who feels a tendency to shrink from collision with his fellows, to run away with distaste or apprehension from the great practical business of life, does not enjoy complete moral or intellectual health—will quickly contract a silly conceit and fastidiousness, or sink into imbecility and misanthropy; and should devoutly thank Providence for the occasion, however momentarily startling and irritating, which stirs him out of his lethargy, his cowardly lethargy, and sends him among his fellows—puts him, in a manner, upon a course of training; upon an experience of comparative suffering, it may be of sorrow, requiring the exercise of powers of which he had before scarcely been conscious, and gives him presently the exhilarating consciousness that he is exhibiting himself—a man; "ay, every inch"—A MAN.

"It is probable," says a very acute and powerful writer of the present day, Mr. Foster, in his essay on "Decision of Character"—"that the men most distinguished for decision, have not, in general, possessed a large share of tenderness; and it is easy to imagine that the laws, according to which our nature is formed, will with great difficulty allow the combination of the refined sensibilities with a hardy, never shrinking, never yielding constancy. Is it not almost of the essence of this constancy, to be free from even the *perception* of such impressions as cause a mind, weak through susceptibility, to relax, or to waver?—No doubt, this firmness consists partly in overcoming feelings—but it may consist partly, too, in not having them." The case I am contemplating is perhaps the difficult, though by no means, I am persuaded, uncommon one—of a person possessing these delicate sensibilities, these lively feelings; yet with a native strength of character, beneath which, when the occasion for its display has arisen—when it is placed in a scene of constant and compulsory action, will fully evince and vindicate itself. It is then "that another essential principle of decision of character," to quote from another part of the same essay, "will be displayed; namely, a total incapability of surrendering to indifference or delay the serious determinations of the mind. A strenuous WILL must accompany the conclusions of thought, and constantly urge the utmost efforts for their practical accomplishment. The intellect must be invested, as it were, with a glowing atmosphere of passion, under the influence of which the cold dictates of reason take fire, and spring into active powers."

There is, indeed, nothing like throwing a man of the description we are considering upon his own resources, and compelling him to exertion. Listen, ye languid and often gifted victims of indolence and *ennui*, to the noble language of one gifted with as great powers as perhaps were ever vouchsafed to man—Edmund Burke!

"DIFFICULTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better, too. *Pater ipse colendi, haud facilem esse viam voluit.* He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is our helper. This amicable contest with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations; it will not suffer us to be superficial."

The man whose disposition is one of sterling excellence, despite the few foibles which it may have contracted in comparative solitude and inactivity, when he is compelled to mix indiscriminately with the great family of man, oh, how patient and tole-

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rant becomes he of the weakness and errors of others, when thus constantly reminded of, and made to feel, his own! Oh, how pitiful! how very pitiful is he!—how his heart yearns and overflows with love, and mercy, and charity, towards his species, *individually*—whose eye looks on their grievous privations, their often incurable distress and misery!—and who penetrates even to those deserted quarters—

"Where hopeless anguish pours her moan,
And lonely want retires to die!"

It may be that some of the preceding observations are applicable to many individuals of the purest and most amiable characters, and powerful and cultivated intellects, in the higher classes of society, whose affluence exempts them from the necessity of actively intermingling with the concerns of life, and feeling the consciousness of individual responsibility, of having a personal necessity for anxious care and exertion. A position of real precariousness and danger is that which is requisite for developing the energies of a man of high moral and intellectual character, as it will expose to destruction one of a contrary description. I have endeavoured, in previous portions of this history, to delineate faithfully the character of Mr. Aubrey—one (how idle and childish would have been the attempt!) by no means *perfect*, yet with very high qualities; a noble simplicity, generous, confiding, sincere, affectionate: possessing a profound sense of religion, *really influencing his conduct in life;* an intellect of a superior order, of a practical turn, of a masculine strength—as had been evidenced by his successful academical career, his thorough mastery of some of the most important and difficult branches of human knowledge, and by his superior aptitude for public business. He was at the same time possessed of a sensibility that was certainly excessive. He had a morbid tendency to pensiveness, if not melancholy, which, with a feeble *physical* constitution, was partly derived from his mother, and partly accounted for by the species of life which he had led. From his early youth he had been addicted to close and severe study, which had given permanence and strength to his naturally contemplative turn. Permit me also to observe, that he had not, moreover, with too many of his means and station, entered, just at the dawn and bloom of manhood, upon that course of dissipation which is a sure and speedy means of destroying "the freshness of thought and of feeling," and inducing a lowered tone of feeling, and a callousness which some consider necessary to enable them to pass through life easily and agreeably. He, on the contrary, had stepped out of the gloom and solitude of the cloister into the pure and peaceful region of domestic life, with all its hallowed and unutterable tendernesses, where the affections grew luxuriantly; in the constant society of such women as his mother, his sister, his wife, and latterly, his lovely children. Then he was possessed, all this while, of a fine fortune—one which placed him far beyond the necessity for anxiety or exertion. With such tastes as these, such a temperament as his, and leading such a life as his, is it surprising that the tone of his feelings should have become somewhat relaxed? The three or four years which he had spent in parliament, when he plunged into its fierce and absorbing excitement with characteristic ardour and determination, though calculated to sharpen the faculties, and draw forth the resources of his intellect, subjected him to those alternations of excitement and depression, those extremes of action and re-action, which were not calculated to *correct* his morbid tendencies. Therefore there came up to him a messenger from heaven, with trouble and affliction in his countenance, telling him to descend from the happy solitude of his high mountain, into the dismal hubbub and conflict in the plain beneath. He came down with humility and awe, and with reverent resignation; and was instantly surrounded.

A weak man would have been confused and stunned, and so sunk helpless into the leaden arms of despair. But it was not so with Aubrey. There was that dormant energy within, which, when appealed to, quickly shook off the weakness contracted by inaction, and told him to *be up and doing;* and that, not with the fitful energy of mere impulse, but the constant strength of a well-regulated mind, conscious of its critical position; and also of a calm inflexible determination to vanquish difficulty, and escape the imminent danger, however long and doubtful might prove the conflict. Above all, he was consoled and blessed by the conviction, that nothing could befall him that was not the ordination of Providence,

——"supremely wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies;"

that His was the ordering of the sunshine and the gloom, the tempest and the calm of life. This was—this is—as the humble writer of these pages (who has had in his time his measure of anxiety and affliction) has in his soul a profound and intimate persuasion and conviction of—the only source of real fortitude and resignation, amidst the perplexities and afflictions and dangers of life. Depend upon it, a secret and scarce acknowledged disbelief, or at least doubt and distrust of the very existence of God, and of his government of the world—HIS REAL PRESENCE AND INTERFERENCE with the men and the things of the world—lies at the bottom of almost all impatience and despair under adverse circumstances. How can he be impatient, or despairing, who believes not only the existence of God, and his moral government of the world, but that He has mercifully vouchsafed to reveal and declare expressly that the infliction of suffering and sorrow is directly from Himself, and designed solely for the advantage of his creatures? *If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness, unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore, lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees.* While thus benignantly teacheth the voice of God, thought Aubrey, shall I rather incline mine ear to the blighting whisper of the evil one—*a liar, and the father of a lie*, who would fain that I should become *a fool*,

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saying within my heart there is no God—or, if I cannot but believe that there is one, provoking me to *charge him foolishly*, to *curse him and die?* Not so, however, had Aubrey read the scriptures—not so had he learned the Christian religion.

The last time that we caught a glimpse of the ruined family of the Aubreys, they had arrived nearly at the end of their long and melancholy journey from Yatton to the metropolis. When before had such been the character of their journey to town? Had they not ever looked forward with pleasure towards the brilliant gaieties of the season; their re-union with an extensive and splendid circle of friends—and he to the delightful excitement of political life—the opening of the parliamentary campaign? Alas, how changed now all this! how gloomy and threatening the aspect of the metropolis, whose dusky outskirts they were entering! with what feelings of oppression—of vague indefinite apprehension—did they now approach it: their spirits heavy, their hearts bleeding with their recent severance from Yatton! And distress, desertion, dismay, seemed associated with the formidable name of "London." They had now no place of their own awaiting, thoroughly prepared for them, their welcome arrival—but must drive to some quiet and unexpensive family hotel for temporary shelter. As their eyes caught familiar point after point in their route through the suburbs—now passed at a moderate pace, with a modest pair of horses; formerly dashed through by them in their carriage-and-four—there were very few words spoken by those within the carriage. Both the children were fast asleep. Poor Kate, as they entered Piccadilly, burst into tears: her pent up feelings suddenly gave way, and she cried heartily; Mrs. Aubrey also shedding tears. Mr. Aubrey was calm, but evidently oppressed with profound anxiety. Still he affectionately grasped their hands, and, in something designed for a cheerful tone and manner, besought them to restrain their feelings, and thank heaven that so far they had got on safely.

"I shall be better presently, Charles," said Miss Aubrey passionately, burying her face in her handkerchief, "but I feel quite *afraid* of London!"

Over the pavement they rattled, meeting carriages rolling in all directions—for it was about the dinner hour, and in the height of the season; and it was the casual but vivid evidence thus afforded of their desolate position, this sudden glimpse of old familiar scenes, which had momentarily overcome the fortitude of Miss Aubrey. They drove to a quiet family hotel in a retired street running parallel with Piccadilly; they were all wearied, both in mind and body, and after a very slight repast, and much anxious and desponding conversation, they bade each other affectionate adieus, and retired to rest. They rose in the morning refreshed with repose, and in a much more tranquil mood of mind than could have been expected.

"Now, we enter," said Aubrey, with a cheerful smile, "upon the real business of life; so we must discard sentiment—we must not think of the past, but the future."

At their request, they, shortly after breakfast, accompanied him to the house agent, who had been commissioned by Mr. Runnington to look out two or three residences such as, on their arrival in town, they might easily select from. One was particularly recommended to them; and, after due inquiry, within three days after their arrival in town, they engaged it. 'Twas a small, but convenient, airy and comfortable house, within five minutes' walk of Hyde Park, and situated in Vivian street—a recent street—and as quiet and retired as they could have wished. The rent, too, was moderate—fifty pounds a-year. Though none of the houses in the street were large, they were all strictly private residences, and had an air of thorough respectability. Mr. Aubrey's house had but one window to the dining-room, and two to the drawing-room. The passage and stair-case were sufficiently commodious, as were the rooms. At the back of the house was a small garden, about twenty yards in length, and about ten yards in width, with several lilacs, laburnums, and shrubs; and a considerable portion of the wall was covered with ivy. Was not this a delightful place for the children to play about in? The back parlour, a somewhat small room certainly, looked into this garden; and that room was at once appropriated to a study for Mr. Aubrey. Within a week's time, all their luggage, furniture, &c., had arrived in town from Yatton; and they had quite sufficient to furnish their little residence out of the wreck of the furniture and equipments of the old hall—adapted, as it was, under the tasteful superintendence of Mrs. and Miss Aubrey, with equal regard to elegance, simplicity, and economy. How busy were they all for a fortnight! Many and many an irrepressible sigh, and rebellious tear, would the sight of these old familiar objects, in their new situation, occasion there! Some half-dozen family pictures hung upon the wall. Over the mantel-piece was suspended a piece of beautiful embroidery—by poor old Mrs. Aubrey, many years before—of the arms of the family. In the dining-room was the old high-backed chair in which she had sate for twenty years and more. In the drawing-room was Miss Aubrey's favourite cabinet, and Mrs. Aubrey's piano; and in both the rooms were to be seen every where the delicate traces of dear, dear, graceful, and elegant *woman*—touching nothing that she adorns not! What with the silk curtains, and a carpet of simple but tasteful pattern, and the various articles of furniture and ornament, all possessing a kind of *old family air*—all from Yatton, I declare there was a kind of richness about the general aspect of the room; and when Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey came to fetch Mr. Aubrey out of his study to witness the completion of their labours, he gazed round him, looked at each object, and then at the two dear fond beings standing beside him, awaiting his opinion with womanly eagerness; but he could not express his feelings. He kissed each of them very tenderly, and in silence, and then they were a little overcome. His study, also, though *very* small, was as snug and comfortable as a book-worm could desire. All the sides were covered with books, and in the middle was the library-table and arm-chair which he had used in Grosvenor street. That they were not incessantly and very painfully reminded of the contrast afforded by their present to their former circumstances, I do not pretend to assert; but it very, very seldom formed a topic of *conversation* between any of them. When, however, the little bustle and occupation of arranging their house was over, and Mrs. Aubrey and Kate were left a good deal to themselves—Mr. Aubrey being either absent from home, or in his study, engaged in matters of the last importance

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to them all—then they would talk together with increasing eagerness and excitement about past times, and their recent troubles and bereavements; not displaying, then—sweet souls!—*quite* that degree of resignation and fortitude which they strove to exhibit in the presence of Mr. Aubrey.

"Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon." They passed a good deal of their time indoors in needle work, *practical* family needle work, an art in which they were not particularly accomplished, but which they quickly acquired from a sempstress whom they kept engaged constantly in the house for several weeks. Then sometimes they would sit down to the piano; at other times they would read—on all occasions, however, frequently falling into conversation on the all-engrossing topic of their expulsion from Yatton. Sometimes, they could scarcely refrain from a melancholy smile, when they remarked upon their shrunken personal importance, "Really, Agnes," said one day Miss Aubrey, "I feel just as one can fancy a few poor newly shorn sheep must feel! So light and cold! So much *less* than they were half an hour before! Surely they must hardly know what to make of themselves!"

"Then, I suppose, mamma," said Charles, who was sitting on a stool beside them—making believe to write on a small slate—"I am a *little* sheep." They both looked at the child, and frequently thought of Him who "*tempers the wind* to the shorn lamb."

Their proximity to the parks was delightful, and many a pleasant hour did they pass there with the children; and then returning home, would occupy themselves with writing letters—and long ones they usually were—to early and loved friends, especially to Dr. Tatham, with whom Miss Aubrey kept up a constant correspondence. I ought to have mentioned before, that Mr. Aubrey, in bringing his favourite valet up to town with him, had no other design than, with that kind thoughtfulness for which he was remarkable, to have an opportunity of securing for him a good situation; and that he succeeded in doing, after about a fortnight's interval; but the poor fellow was quite confounded when he first heard that he was to quit the service of Mr. Aubrey, and, almost falling on his knees, begged to be permitted to continue and receive no wages, and he should be a happy man. Mr. Aubrey was, however, firm; and on parting with him, which he did with no little emotion, put two guineas into his hand as a present, and wished him health and happiness. The poor fellow's deep distress at parting with the family sensibly affected them all, and reminded them vividly of one of the latest and bitterest scenes at Yatton. On his departure, their little establishment consisted but of three female servants, a cook, a housemaid, and a nurserymaid. It took them some little time to familiarise themselves with the attendance of a female servant at dinner! That was one little matter—and another was Charles now and then complaining of being tired, and inquiring why his mamma did not drive in the carriage as she used to do, and how he liked to go with her! which brought home to them, in a lively manner, their altered circumstances—their fallen fortunes. Many, many were the anxious calculations they made together, of the probable amount of their annual expenditure—which at length, inexperienced as they were, they fixed at from £300 to £500, including every thing; Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey eagerly assuring Mr. Aubrey, and each other, that as for clothes—their wardrobe would, with care, last them for three or four years to come—so that *that* was an item which might be almost altogether excluded from the account; except, by the way, the children—yes, *they* should be always well-dressed; that all agreed upon. Then there was their education—oh, Kate would see to that! Could they, in this manner, with rigid, systematic economy, hold on their way for a-year or two? was a question they often asked one another, with beating hearts. If they could, then, they said, they should be happy; for they had *health*—they had peace of mind; their consciences were not oppressed by a sense of misconduct—and they were able to put their trust *in* Providence.

Mr. Aubrey resolved to live in strict privacy; and they communicated their residence to but one or two of their numerous friends, and to them, only in confidence. To have acted otherwise, would have seriously interfered with the arrangements which, long ago contemplated, he had now fixed upon; it would be perpetually calling their attention to the contrast between former days and scenes, and the present; it would disturb their feelings, and might, moreover, subject them to kind and generous importunities and offers, which, however delicate, would be exquisitely painful and trying to an honourable pride. But it is time that I should proceed to give a more particular account of the position, the personal feelings and purposes and prospects of Mr. Aubrey.

From the moment when Aubrey received the first intimation of the desperate assault about to be made upon his fortunes, he felt a conviction, whether arising from weakness, or superstition, or any other cause, it concerns me not here to say—that the issue would be a disastrous one for him; and, the first alarm and confusion over, with serious calmness, with deep anxiety, addressed himself to the determination of his future course of life. A man of his refined taste and feeling would inevitably appreciate exquisitely—with a most agonizing intensity—the loss of all those superior enjoyments—the *deliciæ* of life—to which he had been from his birth accustomed. *Semper enim delicatè ac molliter vixit.* I speak not here of the mere exterior "appliances and means" of wealth and station, but of the fastidious and sensitive condition of *feeling* and temper, which such a state of things is calculated to engender in a person of his description. He could part with the one; but how could he divest himself of the other? Even had he been alone in the world, and not surrounded with objects of the tenderest regard, whose safety or ruin was involved in his own—one of the results of his opponent's success—namely, his claim to the mesne profits—was calculated to fetter all his movements—to hang like a mill-stone round his neck; and that effect, indeed, it had. Still he played the man—resolved to act promptly, and with the best consideration he could give his critical position. He had not yet reached the prime of life; had a fair share of health; had been blessed with the inestimable advantages of a thorough—a first-rate education—and, above all, had followed out his early advantages by laborious and systematic study; and had not only made accurate, extensive, and valuable acquisitions, but learned how to use them—to turn

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them to practical account. What would, he thought, have become of him, had he—or those before him—neglected his education? Then he had acquired a considerable familiarity with business-habits, in the house of commons; and had friends and connexions, who might be of essential service to him, if he could but first succeed in acquiring a position that would enable him to avail himself of them. Surely all *these* were cheering considerations; subject, however, always to the dreadful drawback to which I have alluded. Had he not even advantages superior to those possessed by many in entering upon some one of the scenes of honourable struggle for a livelihood, and for even distinction? He surveyed them all with much deliberation. The army and navy were of course out of the question. There was the *church:* but no—his soul recoiled from the degradation and guilt of entering that holy calling from mercenary motives, merely as a means of acquiring a livelihood; and he would rather have perished, than prefer the prayer of one whose lamentable case is left on record—who *came and crouched for a piece of silver, and a morsel of bread, saying, put me, I pray thee, into one of the priest's offices, that I may eat a piece of bread.* A personage of very high distinction in the church—of eminent piety and learning—who was aware of the misfortunes of Aubrey, and well acquainted with his pure and exemplary character—his learning and acquirements—his fitness for the ministerial office—wrote to him, offering him every facility for taking orders, and assuring him that he need not wait long before very suitable provision would be made for him. Though he assured Mr. Aubrey that he believed himself consulting the best interests, both of Mr. Aubrey and of the church—the scruples of Mr. Aubrey were not to be overcome; and he wrote to the kind and venerable prelate, a letter declining his offers, and assigning reasons which filled him with profound respect for Mr. Aubrey. Then literature, for which—for real substantial literature—he possessed superior qualifications, was proverbially precarious. As for *teaching*—he felt quite unfit for it; he had not the least inclination for it; 'twas a cheerless scene of exertion; in which, as it were, he felt his energies *perishing in the using.* The BAR was the profession to which his tastes and inclinations, and, he hoped, his qualifications, pointed him. One of the first things he did, on reaching London, was to apply for information to one consummately qualified to guide him in the matter. He wrote to the attorney-general, soliciting an interview at his chambers upon the subject of entering the profession; and received an immediate answer, appointing ten o'clock on Saturday, on which day the attorney-general expected to be free from public engagements. Precisely at that hour, Mr. Aubrey entered the chambers of that distinguished person, whose arrival he anticipated. Poor Aubrey felt a little nervous and depressed as the fussy clerk showed him into the room—*as he fancied*, and only fancied—with an air of patronising civility, as if aware of diminished personal consequence. He stood for a minute or two very close to Mr. Aubrey, with a sort of confidence in his manner, as he rubbed his hands, and observed on the innumerable engagements of the attorney-general, which slightly—*very slightly*—displeased Mr. Aubrey, suggesting the idea of undue familiarity. He answered him therefore courteously, but with an evident disinclination to prolong the conversation, and was quickly left alone. Poor Aubrey's pride had taken the alarm. Was it possible that the man had been presuming to give him a hint not to occupy much of the attorney-general's time? Was it even possible that it had been done in consequence of an intimation from the attorney-general himself? Oh, no—his own good sense came presently to his assistance, and banished so absurd a notion. There were three tables in the room, and each was laden with briefs, some of them of prodigious bulk. Seven or eight very recent ones were placed on the table opposite to which his vacant chair was standing; the very sight of them oppressed Aubrey; how could one man's head manage so much? He was ruminating on such matters—and especially upon the powerful, versatile, and practised intellect which was requisite to get through so much, amidst all the harassing responsibilities and occupations of political office, when the attorney-general entered. He was a tall and handsome man, about forty-five, with an extremely graceful and gentleman-like carriage—a slight dash of negligence in it; his manner fraught with cheerful composure. He looked quite a man of the world; you would have thought that he could have nothing to do but lounge at his club, ride round the Park, and saunter into the house of lords for an hour or two. There was not a trace of anxiety or exhaustion about him; yet he had been engaged during the whole of the preceding day conducting a great political cause, and not concluding his reply till nine o'clock at night! There was a playful smile about his mouth; his ample forehead seemed unfurrowed by a wrinkle; and his bright penetrating hazel eye seemed never the worse for wear with all the tens of thousands of brief sheets on which they had traveled for the last twenty years.

"Ha—Aubrey—I'm a few minutes behind time, I'm afraid!—How are you?" said he, with a cheerful air, grasping his saddened visiter by the hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Attorney—*Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia, salus;*" commenced Aubrey, pointing to the piles of briefs.

"Pho, my dear Aubrey; nonsense! They've enough of my time, surely, without grudging me half an hour's conversation with a friend—ah, ha!" They were both quickly seated—and within a minute or two's time the attorney-general had *got to business*—the business of the visit. Aubrey perceived the rapidity of the movement; but nothing could be *kinder* than the manner of his companion, however distinct and decisive his intimation that time was very precious. He approved entirely of Mr. Aubrey's coming to the bar, and strongly recommended him not to lose one day in entering upon the serious practical study of it; informing him, that within three years' time he would be eligible to be called to the bar. "I'll call you myself, Aubrey, if you will allow me," said he; but before that period had arrived, he had taken his seat upon the Woolsack, as Lord High Chancellor of England.

"Undoubtedly," said he, amongst other things, when pressed by Aubrey about the difficulties he should have to encounter, "the acquisition of the technical knowledge will be for some little time rather troublesome; but a twelvemonth's steady study by a man who is in earnest and accustomed

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to work, will make a vast inroad on it. Every thing you master, you see, helps to master much more. Three years' serious application to the law by a man like you, will place you far a-head of the bulk of men at the bar. Besides, 'tis not the study but the *practice* of the law that teaches law most effectually. Always have an eye to *principle*, and resolve thoroughly to understand the smallest details; and it will be a wonderful assistance in fixing them for practical use in your mind, to learn as much as you can of the reasons and policy in which they originated. You'll find Reeves's History of the English Law of infinite service to you; I should read it in the evenings; 'tis full of interest in every point of view. I read every word of it, very carefully, soon after I left college; and, by the way, I'll tell you another book, by which I did the same—the State Trials: ay, by Jove, Aubrey, I read every word of them—speeches, examinations, cross-examination of witnesses, reply, and summing up. That's where I first learned how to examine and cross-examine a witness. Consider, the counsel employed were, you know, generally first-rate men. And then you learn a great deal of *constitutional* law. You ask how I get through so much? To be sure, one has enough to do, and I'm afraid I neglect a good deal; but the great secret is—*attention*, and to *one thing* at a time. The sun's rays scattered are comparatively powerless; condense them, they are irresistible:—but all this you know as well as I do. Certainly, law is difficult; but its difficulty is often greatly overrated, especially by imperfectly educated and ill-disciplined, *quick*, *sharp* men. *You* will find it a very different matter. What is wanted is a clear head, a good memory, strong common sense, an aptitude for analysis and arrangement; before these combined, the difficulties of law fly like the morning mist before the sun. *Tact* with the court and a jury is acquired by practice, to a considerable extent, in the absence even of natural endowments. And as for *you*, Aubrey—upon my honour, I've often listened with great satisfaction to you in the house; few ever made clearer statements of facts, or reasoned more closely and cogently than you did; with practice, you would have become a formidable debater. In your new profession you will find *facts* become quite different things; flexible, elastic, accommodating—you may do any thing with them—twist, and turn, and combine; ha! ha! Aubrey!" [Here the attorney-general laughed in the plenitude of his own conscious power.] "In a word, Aubrey, if you determine to get on at the bar, you will; and if you can but get a bit of a start at beginning; now there's Runnington's house—one of the very first in London—why if *they* would push you—your fortune's made. But you must make up your mind to wait a little: you can't get into a great business by a hop, step, and a jump, believe me. Certainly *I* have no cause to be dissatisfied; I've done pretty well; but I can tell you that eight years passed over me before I earned enough a-year to pay my laundress! With me, accident supplied the place of *connexion:* but only suppose how I must have worked in the mean time to be able to do business when it came to me. I know it's said that I was always an idle man; but people were a good deal mistaken about that matter, I can promise them! What *idiots* they were to suppose such a thing! Why, the first start I got lifted me into a business of a thousand a-year: and in the name of common sense, how could I have got through it, if I hadn't worked beforehand? Bah! Now, if Runnington will stand by you, I'll guarantee your making £500 your first year! and if they *won't*, why don't despair, you'll have to wait a little longer; but it will come at last, depend on it, if you continue on the look-out! Besides, you can help *me* a little bit, eh? It will be a sort of introduction, you know; but we've time enough to see about that. I recommend you to get at once into the chambers of some hard-working man, with a good deal of general business, particularly pleading—let me see"—Here the attorney-general paused and stroked his chin for about a minute, in a musing manner, "Ah! yes, there's Weasel, the very man for your purpose. He's a good pleader, and a very neat draftsman; gets through his work very *cleanly*—ah! Weasel's a clear-headed pains-taking man—all for law; and he's got a good deal of it. He's not a very polished person, Weasel, ha! ha! but he's an honourable, right-minded man—shall I introduce you? Well, by and by, I'll walk over with you. Books? oh! why—I suppose you've looked into Blackstone? He's a fine fellow, Blackstone, and deserves all that has been said in his praise. Many think that it's only to be glanced at, at the beginning of their studies; never believe it, he's good to the end of the chapter! I've a profound respect for Blackstone; it's the only book I've read four or five times through—ay, from cover to cover; he makes law lovely! Stick to Blackstone by all means! Reeves—oh! I mentioned *him*, you know. Then I should go, I think, to Coke on Littleton; but we shall have several opportunities of talking over *these* matters. I really believe, Aubrey, that you are doing a very wise thing in coming to the bar. If you've health, and the average opportunities, (though I think you will have *more*,) I'll undertake to say that in a few years' time you will realise an income—which you'll *earn*, as you did not the one you've lost; and you'll enjoy it, Aubrey, ten thousand times more! All that I can do for you, in every way, I will—command me! By the way," he added, assuming a somewhat anxious expression of countenance, and a manner very different from the free, buoyant, off-hand manner in which, for the last twenty minutes he had been speaking, (Aubrey feeling all the while the easy commanding power and simplicity of the splendid intellect with which he was communing,) "I'm almost afraid to ask; but how do you come on, about the——the Mesne Profits?"

"I have heard nothing whatever about them, as yet," replied Aubrey, sighing; his face suddenly overshadowed with gloom. A moment's pause ensued; which was interrupted by the Attorney-General saying, in a very earnest and feeling manner, "I hope to God you'll be able to get some favourable arrangement made! You've not seen any thing of Mr. Titmouse's attorneys, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! nor heard any thing from them."

"I've had very little to do with them, Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; these are the people, eh?" Mr. Aubrey nodded. "Old Quirk is a stubborn old wooden-headed fellow—an old hedgehog! Egad! that man's compounded more felonies, the old scamp, than any man in England! I should like to have him in the witness-box for a couple of hours, or so!

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I think I'd tickle him a little," said the Attorney-General, with a bitter smile! "They say he's a confidential adviser to a sort of Thieves' Association. But there's Gammon: I have had several things to do with *him*. He is a superior man, that Gammon; a very superior man. A keen dog! I recollect him being principal witness in a cause when I was for the plaintiff; and he completely baffled Subtle—ah, ha, and well I recollect it —Subtle lost his temper at last, because he could'nt make Gammon lose *his!* Ah, how cleverly the fellow twisted and turned with Subtle for nearly an hour! ah, ha—Subtle looked so chagrined!—Have you seen Mr. Gammon?"

"No, I've had no occasion."

"He has a pleasing, gentlemanlike appearance; rather a striking face. *He's* the man you'll have to deal with in any negotiations on the subject I named. You must mind what you're about with him. You must'nt think me intrusive, Aubrey; but, have they sent in their bill yet?"

Mr. Aubrey involuntarily shuddered, as he answered in the negative.

"I'd give a trifle to know how the plague such people ever came to be concerned in such a case. 'Tis quite out of their way—which is in the criminal line of business!—They'll make their client pay for it through the nose, I warrant him!—By the way, what an inconceivable ridiculous little ass that Titmouse is—I saw him in court at York. If he'd only go on the stage, and act *naturally*, he'd make his fortune as a fool!"—Mr. Aubrey faintly smiled at this sally; but the topics which the Attorney-General had just before touched upon, had not a little oppressed his spirits.

"As this is comparatively an idle day with me," said the Attorney-General, "and I've got ten minutes more at your service—suppose I go with you at once —nothing like the present moment—to Mr. Weasel's?"

"I am greatly obliged *to* you," replied Aubrey—and both rose to go. "Say I shall be back in a few minutes," said the Attorney-General, in answer to his clerk, who reminded him, as he passed the clerk's door, that Mr. Serjeant Squelch and Mr. Putty would be there in a moment or two's time. As they crossed the court—"How do you do, Mr. Putty," said the Attorney-General, with lofty civility, to a a grinning little confident personage who met him, exclaiming with flippant familiarity—"How do you do, Mr. Attorney!—Coming to your chambers—you don't forget!—Consultation—eh?"

"I perfectly recollect it, Mr. Putty, I shall return presently"—replied the Attorney-General, somewhat stiffly, and passed on, arm-in-arm with Mr. Aubrey.

"Now, that forward little imp's name, Aubrey, is Putty. He was a glazier by trade; but just as he finished his apprenticeship, an uncle left him a few hundred pounds, with which—would you believe it! —nothing would suit him, but coming to the bar—ha, ha!—The fellow's creeping into a little business, positively! They say he has a cousin who is one of the officers to the Sheriff of Middlesex, and puts a good many little things in his way! He's my junior in a criminal information against a newspaper, for charging his father-in-law—a baker, who supplies some work-house with bread—with making it of only one-third flour, one-third rye, and the remainder sawdust—ah, ha, ha!—I dared hardly look at the judges while I moved the Rule Nisi, for fear of laughing! This is the case in which we're going to have the consultation he spoke of—but here's Mr. Weasel's." They mounted a narrow dingy-looking, well-worn staircase—and on the first floor, beheld "Mr. Weasel" painted over the door. On the Attorney-General knocking, as soon as his clear silvery voice was heard asking for Mr. Weasel, and his dignified figure had been recognised by the clerk, who had one pen in his mouth, and another behind his ear—that humble functionary suddenly bent himself almost double three or four times; and with flustered obsequiousness assured the great man that Mr. Weasel was quite at liberty. The next moment the Attorney-General and Mr. Aubrey were introduced into Mr. Weasel's room —a small dusky room, wretchedly furnished, the walls lined with book-shelves, well filled—and the table at which he was writing, and a chair on each side of him, covered with draft paper, which he was covering at a prodigious rate. He was, in fact, drawing a "Declaration" in an action for a *Breach of promise of Marriage;* (taking a hasty pinch of fiery Welsh snuff every three minutes;) and his task was rendered very difficult, by the strange conduct of the defendant—surely the most fickle of mankind—who, with an extraordinary inconsistency, not knowing his own mind for a day together, had promised to marry Miss M'Squint, the heart-broken plaintiff, *firstly*, within a reasonable time; *secondly*, on a given day; *thirdly*, on the defendant's return from the continent; *fourthly*, on the death of his father, (both of which events were averred to have taken place;) *fifthly*, when the defendant should have cut his wise teeth, (which it was averred he had,) and lastly, on "*being requested*" by the lady—which it was averred she had done, and in the most precise and positive manner, had been *ready and willing, and then* [what will the ladies say?] *tendered and offered herself to marry the said defendant*," who had then wholly neglected and refused "to do any such thing." One notable peculiarity of the case was, that all these promises had been made, and all these events had transpired in one particular place—and that rather an odd one, viz., in "*the parish of Saint Mary Le Bow, in the ward of Cheap, in the City of London.*" If you had been better acquainted with Mr. Weasel's associations and mode of doing business, you would have discovered that in his imagination, all the occurrences of life took place at the same spot! But to return—thus was Mr. Weasel engaged when they entered. He was a bachelor, upwards of forty; was of spare make, of low stature, had a thin, sharp, sallow face; there was an appearance about the eyes as if they were half-blinded with being incessantly directed to white paper; he had a furrowed forehead, a small pursed-up mouth—one hardly knew why, but really there was something about his look that instantly suggested to you the image of the creature whose name he bore. He was a ravenous lawyer, darting at the point and pith of every case he was concerned in, and sticking to it—just as would his blood-thirsty namesake at the neck of a rabbit. In *law* he lived, moved, and had his being. In his dreams he was everlastingly spinning out pleadings which he never could understand, and hunting for cases which he could not discover. In the daytime, however, he was more successful. In fact, every thing he saw, heard, or read of—wherever

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he was, whatever he was doing, suggested to him questions of law that might arise out of it. At his sister's wedding (whither he had not gone without reluctance) he got into a wrangle with the bridegroom, on a question started by himself, whether an *infant* was liable for goods supplied to his wife before marriage; at his grandmother's funeral he got into an intricate discussion with a proctor about *bona notabilia*, with reference to a pair of horn spectacles, which the venerable deceased had left behind her in Scotland, and a poodle in the Isle of Man; and at church, the reading of the parable of the *Unjust Steward*, set his devout, ingenious, and fertile mind at work for the remainder of the service, as to the modes of stating the case now-a-days against the offender, and whether it would be more advisable to proceed civilly or criminally; and if the former, at law or in equity. He was a hard-headed man; very clear and acute, and accurate in his legal knowledge: every other sort of knowledge he despised, if, indeed, he had more than the faintest hearsay knowledge of its existence. He was a Cambridge man; and there had read nothing but mathematics, in which he had made a decent figure. As soon as he had taken his degree, he migrated to the Temple, where he had ever since continued engaged in the study, and then the successful practice, of the law, as a special pleader under the bar. He had a very large business, which he got through ably and rapidly. He scarcely ever went into society; when (as was seldom the case) he ventured out for a walk, he went (muttering to himself) at a postman's pace, to get the greatest quantity of exercise, in the smallest space of time. He was not a bad-tempered man, but had become nervous, fidgetty, and irritable. His tone of voice was feeble, his utterance hesitating, his manner hurried. What a laughable contrast between him and his visiter! The Attorney-General coming to Mr. Weasel's chamber, suggested the idea of a magnificent mastiff suddenly poking his head into the little kennel of a querulous pug-dog; and I suppose Mr. Aubrey might be likened to a greyhound accompanying the aforesaid mastiff! On seeing his visiters, Mr. Weasel instantly got up, with a blush of surprise, and a little hurry and embarrassment of manner. His clerk put out a couple of chairs, and down they sate. The Attorney-General came to the point in half a minute, and the matter was very quickly settled; and it was arranged that within a day or two's time, as soon as the forms necessary for admitting Mr. Aubrey to an Inn of Court should have been completed, he should commence his attendance at Mr. Weasel's, from ten o'clock till five, daily.

"It's a comical looking little animal, isn't it?" quoth the Attorney-General, with a laugh, as soon as they had got out of hearing.

"Certainly, I don't feel particularly prepossessed"——

"Oh, pho! He's the very man for you—the very man. There's no nonsense with Weasel; you may learn an infinite deal of law from him, and that is all you want. He's a very inoffensive fellow; and I've no doubt you'll soon like his chambers greatly, if you're in earnest in studying the law. You go or not, of course, as you choose; whatever you do is perfectly voluntary; pay him his hundred guineas, and then, if you like, you may get many thousand pounds' worth out of him in the twelvemonth. Now, I *must* bid you good morning—I've really not another moment to spare. God bless you, my dear Aubrey; and," he added, with great kindness, and a very pointed manner, "whenever you may think it worth your while to talk over your affairs with me, come without notice or ceremony—wherever I may be, I shall be delighted to see you!" Then they parted. Mr. Aubrey was not aware of a certain stroke of delicacy and generosity on the part of the Attorney-General; viz. that immediately on the *Rule* being discharged, he had sent for Mr. Runnington, and insisted on returning every sixpence of his fees—upwards of six hundred guineas—desiring that Mr. Aubrey should not be made acquainted with it, if by any means Messrs. Runnington could conceal it from him!

A little fatigued and harassed by several important matters, which kept him engaged till a late hour in the afternoon, he reached Vivian Street in a depressed and desponding mood. Just as he turned the corner, he beheld, at about twenty yards' distance, Mrs. Aubrey and Miss Aubrey slowly walking homeward, on their return from the Park. Mrs. Aubrey held Charles by the hand, who was dancing and frisking wildly about, and Miss Aubrey's beautiful little Cato she was leading along by a slender chain. They were in half-mourning; there was such an air of elegant simplicity about them—their figures, their carriage, so easy and graceful! Aubrey, as he neared them, gazed at them with mingled feelings of pride and tenderness.

"O, my papa! my papa!" suddenly exclaimed Charles, who, in turning round, had caught sight of his father, and ran eagerly down to him: with what a thrill of love did he take in his arms the beautiful breathless boy, and how his heart yearned towards his wife and sister, as they also turned quickly round to meet him, after a long day's absence! How inexpressibly dear were they to him—how, that day, he enjoyed their quiet little dinner-table—the romp with his children afterwards—and a long evening of eager and interesting conversation, after the little ones had gone to bed, Mrs. Aubrey and Kate busy the while with some slight matter of needlework! They had received several letters from Yorkshire, which they read to him. One was from poor Doctor Tatham, who, though he concealed a good deal that would have occasioned needless pain, yet gave them a melancholy notion of the altered state of things at the Hall. Though it was rather late before they retired to rest on the evening of the ensuing Sunday, Mr. Aubrey was to be found seated in his study by half-past four on Monday morning, perusing with profound attention, stimulated by the strong observation of the attorney-general, the second volume of Blackstone's Commentaries—a work with which he had already a very tolerably familiarity. 'Twas really a thing to be proud of, that Mr. Aubrey, with so many absorbing anxieties, such distracting apprehensions concerning the future, *could* command his attention in the way he did. To be sure, he felt that it was plainly life-and-death work with him; but he might have derived great encouragement from perceiving himself possessed of that faculty of concentrating the attention, which the attorney-general had spoken of as so essential an attribute of a lawyer. The way in which he parcelled out his time was this: From the time that he entered his study till break-

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fast time, he resolved to read law—from ten o'clock till four or five, was to be spent at Mr. Weasel's chambers—and the evenings were to be devoted to the society of his children, his wife, and sister, and also to certain occasional literary efforts, from which he hoped to derive some little increase to his means. This was severe work; but it was probably the most fortunate and salutary thing in the world for Aubrey, that his energies should be thus occupied, and his mind kept from the corroding effects of constant reflection upon his misfortunes, and dismal apprehensions concerning the future. After he had spent a few days in Mr. Weasel's chambers, a good deal of his prejudice against that gentleman began to wear off. Mr. Aubrey found him all that the attorney-general had described him as being—a very acute and able lawyer, with a constant current of important, varied, and instructive business running through his chambers, and every disposition to render his utmost assistance to Mr. Aubrey, whom he quickly found out to be a man of very superior intellect, and most seriously bent upon acquiring a knowledge of the profession. Mr. Weasel was not blessed with the power of formally communicating elementary knowledge; Mr. Aubrey had, as it were, to *extract* from him what he wanted, with something like a painful effort. The advantages of his position were the innumerable practical hints and suggestions as to the mode of dealing with miscellaneous business, which he derived from a watchful attention to whatever passed in chambers—to the mode in which Weasel hunted up and applied his law, and reduced the facts involved in litigation into legal shape and language, in the process of pleading. The penetrating eye of Mr. Aubrey, thus closely fixed on every thing that came under his notice, quickly began to discover and appreciate the good sense, the practical utility of most of the positive rules of law which he saw in operation; and at the end of a fortnight or three weeks, he began to feel interest in the study upon which he had so vigorously entered, and in which he felt himself making real progress. Mr. Weasel, during even that time, perceived the prodigious superiority of Mr. Aubrey over another pupil, who had nearly completed his second year in Mr. Weasel's chambers, after a twelvemonth spent in a conveyancer's; not, of course, in respect of legal knowledge, but of intellectual power and aptitude for business. He would return to Vivian street about six o'clock each day, a little fatigued with a very long day's work, (for he was never later than five o'clock in entering his study in the morning;) but quickly cheered and refreshed by the sight of the fond and lovely beings whom he there rejoined, and who had been counting the very minutes till he returned. Every day knit that little family together, if possible, in stronger bonds of love; for they clung to each other with a feeling of having been thrust out of the great gay world together, and sent, as it were, upon a pilgrimage afar, amidst scenes of increasing difficulty and danger. Every day that bore them further from their expulsion from Yatton, as it were, mellowed their recollections of past scenes, and poured upon their wounded feelings the soothing balm of pious resignation; and sometimes, also, faint and trembling beams of hope concerning the future would steal across the gloomy chambers of their hearts. Thank God, the view of the past presented to them no occasion for shame, for remorse, for self-condemnation! They trusted that, in their day of wealth and distinction, they had not been found wanting in the discharge of the duties imposed upon them. Therefore they had consolation from a view of the past. But the FUTURE—indeed—

"Shadows, clouds, and darkness rested on it."

Their hearts involuntarily fluttered and shrunk within them, when they gazed upon the threatening gloom that hung over it. Their straitened circumstances—an honourable poverty—had been a burden light, indeed, to bear. They were very happy in one another's company; their house, though small, was convenient, and even elegantly comfortable; they had health; Mr. Aubrey had constant exercise for an active and vigorous mind, in the acquisition of the learning of a noble profession, the practice of which might possibly hereafter raise all of them to even affluence and distinction—at all events, might secure them the substantial comforts of life. But Mr. Aubrey would have moments of heaviness and trepidation. When engaged in his little study, in the profound solitude and silence of the early morning, while he was thus straining his faculties to their utmost, on behalf of the sweet innocent beings—his wife—his children—his sister—sleeping above, he would sometimes lean back in his chair, with a very deep sigh, and sink into a reverie—oh, how sad and painful!—deepening occasionally into agony; but he would suddenly arouse himself, and resume his studies with a powerful effort at abstraction—with additional intensity of application. How could he be otherwise than momentarily *paralysed*, when he surveyed his alarming and tremendous pecuniary liabilities? Bills of costs—Heaven only knew to what amount—due to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; to his own attorneys, Messrs. Runnington; and to Mr. Parkinson: and then—sickening and fearful object!—the Mesne Profits—what *was* to become of them all? The mind that, in the presence of such disturbing forces as these, could apply its energies so successfully as did that of Mr. Aubrey to the acquisition of knowledge, with any degree of calmness, must surely have been of no common order, and have undergone no slight discipline; but, alas! alas! what could all this have availed him, unless he had been vouchsafed assistance from on high? When the *waters were come in unto his soul;* when he was *sinking in deep mire, where there was no standing;* when he was *come into deep waters, where the floods overflowed him*—whither was he to look but to one quarter, and that ABOVE, with earnest, and faithful, and constant supplication to the Almighty?

The constant apprehension of very great evil—*suspense*—is a state almost as terrible and insupportable, especially to those of lively susceptibilities, as that produced by the infliction of the evil. Every morning when Aubrey left home, he dreaded to think of what might happen before his return; and when he quitted the Temple, he felt a sinking of the heart when he thought of what might have transpired in his absence. In fact, they all of them felt like those whom the ominous silence and repose of surrounding nature—a portentous calm and gloom overheard—fill with trembling apprehension of the coming storm. Their fears are quickened by the occasional falling of

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large spreading drops of rain through the sultry sky, not a breath of air stirring. Upward is oft turned the pale cheek and apprehensive eye towards the black accumulating clouds, from which may soon flame the destructive lightning—what, in such a case, is there to rely upon, but the mercy of Him around whose throne are clouds and darkness, and the whirlwind and tempest his ordering?

They were sitting one morning at their usually early and simple breakfast, and Mr. Aubrey was reading aloud, for his wife and sister's suggestions, a second article which he had commenced overnight, designed for one of the Reviews—having about a fortnight before sent off his first effort, about which, however, he had as yet heard nothing; and Kate was playfully patting his cheek, and telling him that, for all he might say to the contrary, a particular expression was not, in her opinion, elegant English.

"It *is*, you puss of a critic," insisted Aubrey, with a good-natured laugh; and then, turning to Mrs. Aubrey, "What do *you* say, Agnes?"

"Oh—why—I really like it very much as it is."

"I sha'n't alter it," said Aubrey, laughing.

"Then I'll alter it when you're gone," quoth Kate, with affected pertness, and, bringing her beautiful laughing face so near his own, with a kind of air of defiance, that he kissed her forehead, and said it should be as she chose.

Just then a knock at the door announced a visiter, who proved to be Mr. Runnington. Why it was, they hardly knew; but they all slightly changed colour. He had called so early, he said, to insure seeing Mr. Aubrey before he went to the Temple; and, though he had been shown into the study, Mr. Aubrey insisted on his joining the breakfast table.

"We've very plain fare for you, however," said he, as Mr. Runnington yielded to his wishes.

Mr. Aubrey perceived, with some uneasiness, that his kind and thoughtful countenance wore rather an anxious expression. And indeed so it was. When he looked at those who sate before him—interesting, elegant, yet with a plainly forced cheerfulness—reflected on the sufferings which they had passed through, and that which was in store for them—and for the first bitter instalment of which he had come to prepare Mr. Aubrey—could he but feel very deep sympathy for them? As soon as he had retired with Mr. Aubrey to the study, in a low tone he informed Mr. Aubrey of his errand, which was to apprise him that, the evening before, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's BILL had come in.

"Well, show it me, if you please," said Mr. Aubrey, calmly, extending his hand.

"My dear sir, why do you suppose I have it with me?" inquired Mr. Runnington, with a concerned air. "You are not accustomed to such matters—God forbid you should! It is too bulky for me to have brought with me, and lies at our office."

"What is the *amount* of it, then?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, dreading to hear the answer; while Mr. Runnington took out of his pocket-book a slip of paper, which he handed to Mr. Aubrey, and on which the latter read:—"L 3946 14s. 6d." He gazed at it for some moments in silence, and became very pale. Mr. Runnington could *hardly* bear to look at him, and think of the two lovely women in the adjoining room, who were so fearfully interested in the intelligence which had so dismayed Mr. Aubrey.

"This is a very—large—amount," said he, at length, with forced calmness.

"It is a most serious affair," replied Mr. Runnington, shaking his head, and sighing.

"Then there is yours—and Mr. Parkinson's."

"Oh, Mr. Aubrey—*sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.*"

"Will you oblige me, by saying, what is the probable amount of *your* bill?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, with a calmness which seemed lent to him by despair.

"Oh! I assure you we have thought nothing at all about it, nor shall we for some time to come, Mr. Aubrey. We have not the slightest intention of troubling ourselves, or you, with the matter till you may be in a position to attend to it without serious inconvenience."

"But *do* favour me with something like a *notion*," pressed the unhappy Aubrey.

"Why—perhaps I am hardly doing right in mentioning it; but whenever our bill is sent in, it will be less by some six hundred and fifty pounds, by the noble generosity of the attorney-general, who has returned all his fees"——

"Returned all his fees!" echoed Mr. Aubrey, starting, while the colour rushed into his cheek, and the expression of his countenance was of pride struggling with astonishment, and gratitude, and admiration. He exquisitely appreciated the conduct of his distinguished friend; and at the same time felt a totally new and very painful sense of pecuniary obligation.

"I feel, Mr. Aubrey, that I have broken my promise to the attorney-general, who extracted from me a solemn pledge, to endeavour so to manage the matter as that you should never know it. What is it, after all—noble as it is—to the attorney-general, with his £12,000 or £15,000 a-year?"

"Oh—do not talk so, Mr. Runnington; I am overpowered, oppressed. Never in all my life have I experienced feelings like those by which I am now agitated!" He rose, and stood opposite the window for a few minutes—neither of them speaking. Then he returned to his seat.

"How much does that leave me your debtor?"

"Why—really it is hard to say, unprepared—I should imagine that our account is reduced to some £1500 or £1600—about which"——

"Then there is Mr. Parkinson's," said Aubrey, in a low tone, but with a desperate air; presently adding—"Here are some £6000 or £7000 to start with; and *then* we come to the mesne profits—gracious, gracious God!" he suddenly added, with a visible shudder. He folded his arms convulsively, and gazed, for a second or two, at Mr. Runnington, with an eye whose expression was overpowering. In his face Mr. Runnington beheld no longer the mild and melancholy expression to which he had been accustomed, but a sternness and power were apparent in his features, which he had not imagined them capable of exhibiting. They told of a strong soul thoroughly roused, and excited, and in agony. At that moment a knocking was heard at the door, as of very little fingers. "Come in!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, with unusual quickness and sternness. The door was gently opened, and Charles' little face peeped into the room timidly, quite startled by the tone in which he had been addressed. "Come in,

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my child!" said Mr. Aubrey, rather tremulously, when he observed the apprehensiveness overspreading the little features of his son. Charles immediately advanced, with a serious submissive air, saying—"This letter is just come—Mamma sent me with it."

"Give it me, Charles," said Mr. Aubrey, extending his hand for it, while with the other he gently placed the child upon his lap—kissed him. "I'm not angry with you, Charles," said he tenderly.

"I've not been naughty, you know, dear papa?" said he with innocent surprise.

"No, no, my little love." The FATHER could say no more; but putting aside the child's flowing curly locks from his temples, as it were mechanically, he gazed on his little face for a moment, and then folded him in his arms with unspeakable tenderness. Mr. Runnington rose, and stood for some moments gazing through the window, unwilling that his own emotion should be observed. When Mr. Aubrey opened the letter, it proved to be from the publisher of the Review to which he had sent his article, enclosing a cheque for forty guineas, expressing an earnest desire that he would continue his contributions, and assuring him that the editor considered the article "in every way admirable." As soon as he had glanced over the letter—"You little messenger of hope and mercy!" he thought, again kissing his son, who sate passively gazing at the agitated countenance of his FATHER—"I cannot, I will not despair! You have brought me, as it were, a ray of light from heaven, piercing the fearful gloom of my situation: 'tis a token, surely, that I am not forgotten: I feel as though an angel, momentarily brightening the night of sorrow, had come and whispered in my ear—'COURAGE!'" His features began to resume their natural serenity of expression. "Take it in to your mamma," said he, kissing little Charles, and despatching him with the letter.

Shortly afterwards, as soon as he had recovered the command of his manner sufficiently to avoid occasioning uneasiness to Mrs. and Miss Aubrey, he proposed to Mr. Runnington that they should walk towards the Temple; and bidding adieu to those whom he left behind him, without giving them an opportunity to ask him as to the nature of Mr. Runnington's errand, but leaving them in high spirits at the letter which he had sent into them, he quitted the house arm-in-arm with Mr. Runnington. I am persuaded that if that gentleman had had no one to consult, he would have relieved Mr. Aubrey altogether from liability to *him;* but he had four partners; their own pecuniary outlay had been considerable; and, therefore, the thing was really out of the question. As they walked along, in the course of much anxious conversation Mr. Runnington told Mr. Aubrey, that he considered Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's bill to be extortionate; and that it might, on taxation—a process which he explained to Mr. Aubrey—be reduced, probably, by at least *one-half.* But he also reminded Mr. Aubrey of the power which they held in their hands, in respect of the mesne profits; and intimated his opinion, that in all probability they had made out their bill with an eye to such considerations, namely, that it should be discharged without rigorous scrutiny into its constituent items, before they would listen to any terms whatever for the payment of the mesne profits; and that Mr. Aubrey's position, with respect to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, was one which required the greatest possible deliberation and circumspection on his part, especially in the matter of the bill just delivered in by them.

"I see the whole," said Mr. Aubrey, "comes to this: they will relieve me from liability to Mr. Titmouse, for as much of what may be due to him as they can divert into their own pockets!"

"That certainly seems very much like it," replied Mr. Runnington, shrugging his shoulders; "but you will leave all such considerations and matters to us; and rely on our honour and our discretion. At what may appear to us the exact moment for doing so with effect, depend upon our most cautious interference. We know, Mr. Aubrey, the kind of people we have to deal with. Mr. Titmouse is very likely to be merely a puppet in their hands—at least in those of Mr. Gammon, who is a very long-headed man, and with whom, I have no doubt, our negotiations will have to be carried on."

"That is just what the attorney-general said—and he invited me, moreover, to converse with him whenever I might consider that his advice would be useful."

"Could you have a better adviser? He has a most penetrating sagacity, long exercised—in short, his qualifications are consummate; and I should not heeitate about consulting him whenever we feel at a loss."

"Why should I disguise any thing from you, Mr. Runnington?"—said Aubrey—"you ought to know the exact state of my affairs. I have a little family plate, which I could not bear to part with; my books, and the remnants of the furniture at Yatton, which I have saved in order to furnish our present residence. Besides this, the outside of all that I am possessed of—and I have no expectations, nor has my wife nor my poor sister, from any quarter—is a sum of about £3000 in the funds, and £423 at my banker's. Those are my circumstances; they appal me merely in stating them:—Why, I owe double the sum I have named, for lawyer's bills only. I have not enough, without parting with my books and plate, to discharge even Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's bill!"

"It would be cruel and absurd in me not to express at once, Mr. Aubrey, my conviction that your situation is fearfully critical; and that your sole hope is in the treatment which may be expected from Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, and their client, Mr. Titmouse. Serious as are, at present, your other liabilities—to that one, they are but as a bucket of water to the Thames. As we are talking, Mr. Aubrey, in this candid and unrestrained manner, I will tell you my chief source of apprehension on your account, with reference to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap: namely, that they may possibly speculate on your being able, if placed in real peril, to call around you, in your extremity, a host of wealthy and powerful friends—as security, or otherwise"—

"They will find themselves, then, utterly mistaken. If they and their client are really capable of such shocking brutality—such wanton oppression—let them do their worst: I am resigned. Providence will find out a shelter for my wife and children, and my dear, devoted, high-spirited sister; and as for myself, rather than satiate the rapacity of such

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wretches, by plundering good-natured and generous friends, I will end my days in prison."

Mr. Aubrey was evidently not a little excited while he said this; but there was that in his tone of voice, and in his eye, which told Mr. Runnington that he meant what he said; and that, as soon as it should have come to the point of oppression and injustice, no man could resist more powerfully, or endure with a more dignified and inflexible resolution. But Mr. Runnington would fain hope that it would not come to such an issue. He consoled Mr. Aubrey with assurances, that as for their own demand, it might stand over for several years; and that so, he was sure, would it be with the far lesser demand of Mr. Parkinson; and that if, by a great effort, sufficient could be raised to discharge promptly the bill of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, some much more favourable arrangement respecting the amount and mode of payment of the mesne profits might be effected—leaving Mr. Aubrey, in the mean time, leisure to apply himself vigorously to his studies for the bar, for which Mr. Runnington assured him that he considered him peculiarly qualified; and pledged himself to back him with all the influence he had, or could command.

"Gracious heaven, Mr. Runnington!" said Aubrey, with a little excitement, "is it not very nearly intolerable that I should pass the prime of my days in thraldom to such people as these? and be encircled by the chains of such a man as this Titmouse is represented as being? I will not call myself his foe, nor his victim; but I am the one through whose sudden destitution he has obtained a splendid fortune. I did not knowingly deprive him of it—he must be bereft of all the ordinary feelings of humanity, to place me, whom he has already stripped of all, upon the rack—the rack of extortion! Oh! put me in his place, and him in mine—do you think I would not have been satisfied with what I had gained? Would *I* have alarmed and tortured him by calling for an account of what he had spent with a firm, a reasonable persuasion that it was his own? Oh, no! I could not only have forgiven him all, but endeavoured to secure him from future want." He sighed. "Oh, that I were at this moment a free man! *pauper—sed in meo ære;* that I had but five hundred pounds to keep me and mine for a year or two—with a mind at ease and fit for study! but here we are, at the Temple. When shall we meet again—or shall I hear from you?"

"Very shortly," replied Mr. Runnington, who for the last few minutes had been listening to Mr. Aubrey in respectful and sympathising silence; and, shaking him warmly by the hand, with much cordiality and fervency of manner, he pledged himself to do all in his power to promote his interests.

When Mr. Aubrey arrived at Mr. Weasel's chambers, he looked dejected and harassed; but, with a noble effort of self-command, at once addressed himself, calmly and vigorously, to the business of the day. From time to time he peremptorily excluded the harassing thoughts and recollections arising out of his morning's interview with Mr. Runnington; and succeeded in concentrating his attention upon a case of more than usual intricacy and multifariousness of details, which Mr. Weasel, having glanced over, had laid aside for a more leisurely perusal. He handed it, however, to Mr. Aubrey soon after his arrival, with something approaching to a secret satisfaction, in the expectation of its "proving too much for him;" but he was mistaken. Mr. Aubrey left a little earlier than usual; but not before he had sent in the voluminous "case" to Mr. Weasel's room by the clerk, together with a half sheet of draft paper, containing a brief summary of the results at which he had arrived; and which not a little surprised Mr. Weasel. The case did not happen to involve much technical knowledge; but in respect of the imperfect manner in which it was drawn up, and the confusion worse confounded of the transactions themselves, out of which the question arose, required patient, persevering attention, strength of memory, and great clear-headedness. In short, Weasel owned to himself that poor Aubrey had taken a very masterly view of the case; and how would his estimate of his pupil's ability have been enhanced, by a knowledge of the situation in which he was placed—one so calculated to distract his attention, and prevent that hearty and complete devotion to legal studies, without which Mr. Weasel well knew how vain was the attempt to master them?

"Read Aubrey's opinion on that troublesome case—I mean the Cornish Bank?" inquired Weasel, taking a pinch of snuff, of Mr. Thoroughpace, another pupil who had just taken his seat beside Mr. Weasel, to see him "settle," [*i. e.*, score out, interline, and alter,] a pleading drawn by the aforesaid Thoroughpace. That gentleman replied in the negative. "He's got a headpiece of his own, I can tell you. Egad, somehow or another, he always contrives to hit the nail on the head."

"I'd a sort of notion, the very first day he came, that he was a superior man," replied Thoroughpace. "He makes very few notes—seems to trust entirely to his head"—

"Ah! a man may carry that too far," interrupted Mr. Weasel, thrusting a pinch of snuff up his nose.

"Then I wish *I* could," replied Thoroughpace. "Isn't there such a thing as making the hand engross the business of the head?" Mr. Weasel—recollecting that in his library stood twelve thick folio volumes of manuscript "precedents," which he had been fool enough to copy out with his own hand during his pupilage, and the first year or two of his setting up in business—hemmed, and again applied to his snuff-box. "How do you get on with him in the pupil's room?" he inquired.

"Why, I didn't like him at first. Very reserved, and has a little *hauteur*. Even now, though very courteous, he says little, seems entirely absorbed by his studies, and yet to have something or other on his mind."

"Ah! I dare say, law's no trifle, I warrant him. I dare say it teases him."

"By Jove! but I don't think it *does*. I never saw a man to whom it seemed to *yield* so easily. He's a particularly gentlemanlike person; and there's something very attractive in his countenance. He seems highly connected. I've seen several notes come here for him with coronets on the seals, and several well-known"—

"You've heard of the great cause of *Doe d. Titmouse* v. *Jolter*, a Yorkshire ejectment case, tried only last spring assizes? Well, he's the defendant, and has, I hear, lost every thing."

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"You astonish me! By Jove, but he had need work!"

"Shall we set to work, Mr. Thoroughpace?" said Weasel, suddenly, looking at his watch lying on his desk. "I've promised to let them have this plea by six o'clock—or they'll be signing judgment;" and plunging his pen into the inkstand, to work he went, *more suo*, as if such a man as his pupil, Mr. Aubrey, had never existed. He was not a particularly hard-hearted man; but I believe that if a *capias ad satisfaciendum* (*i. e.* process to take the body into custody) against Charles Aubrey, Esquire, had come into Mr. Weasel's chambers to settle, as requiring special accuracy,—after humming and hawing a bit—and taking an extra pinch of snuff, he would have settled it, marked his *seven-and-sixpence* in the corner, and sent it out with the other papers as a matter of course.

On Mr. Aubrey's return home to dinner, he found that his sister had received another long letter from Dr. Tatham, to which was appended a postscript mentioning Mr. Gammon in such terms as suggested to Mr. Aubrey a little scheme which he resolved to carry into effect on the morrow—namely, to call himself at the office of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, and seek an interview with Mr. Gammon, who, Dr. Tatham stated, had quitted Yatton for town only the day before the doctor had written to Miss Aubrey. After a very restless and unhappy night, during which he was tormented with all kinds of dismal dreams, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap figuring in each as the stern and mysterious arbiters of his earthly destiny, he resolved to put an end to his present insupportable suspense—to learn at once the extent of what he had either to hope or to fear—by calling that very afternoon at Saffron Hill. For that purpose, he quitted Mr. Weasel's at the early hour of three o'clock; and straightway bent his steps through Fetter Lane to Hatton Garden, and thence inquiring his way to Saffron Hill. He was not long in finding the house of which he was in quest, his eye being soon attracted by the great, gleaming brass-plate with "QUIRK, GAMMON, and SNAP," as prominent and threatening as ever those names had appeared to Titmouse in the day of his agony and suspense. *He* had stood gazing at them with idiot longing and vulgar apprehension, as the reader has seen. How very different a person now looked at them with feelings of intense interest and overmastering anxiety, as at the names of those who had him completely in their power—his fortunes, his *liberty*, his livelihood, and that of the dear beings whose interests, whose all on earth, whose personal safety were bound up in his. Mr. Aubrey, with a jaded air, dressed in a buttoned black surtout, and with an umbrella under his arm, entered the hall, where were sitting and standing two or three strange looking people—one suffering evidently great agitation; in fact, relatives of prisoners, whose trials for capital offences were coming on the next day at Newgate—and made his way into a room, on the door of which he read "Clerk's Room."

"Now sir, your business?" said a showily dressed Jewish-looking youth, lolling at a desk from which he did not move, and speaking in a tone of very disagreeable assurance.

"Is Mr. Gammon within?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, taking off his hat; and there was a certain something in his voice, countenance, and bearing that induced the personage he addressed to slip off his stool, and exhibit as courteous an air as he could possibly assume.

"Mr. Gammon is in his room, sir, and alone. I believe he is rather busy—but I've no doubt you can see him."

The fact was, that at that moment Mr. Gammon was engaged drawing up "Instructions to prepare Declaration" in an action for mesne profits, against Mr. Aubrey! He had only the day before returned from Yatton, where circumstances had occurred which had quickened their intended proceeding against Mr. Aubrey—as the first quarter to which, at Mr. Titmouse's suggestion, they were to look for a considerable supply of ready money. That morning, in the very room into which Mr. Aubrey was to be presently shown, had taken place a long discussion between Mr. Quirk and Mr. Gammon, on the subject which had now brought to their office, Mr. Aubrey. Mr. Quirk was for making short work of it—for "going straight a-head"—and getting the whole £60,000, or security for the greater portion, and £20,000 down! Gammon, however, was of opinion that that was mere madness; that by attempting to proceed to extremities against so unfortunate a sufferer as Mr. Aubrey, they could not fail of drawing down on themselves and their client universal execration; and, moreover, of driving Mr. Aubrey desperate, and forcing him either to quit the country, or accept the protection of the insolvent laws. He had, at length, satisfied Mr. Quirk that their only chance was in gentleness and moderation; and the old gentleman had, as usual, agreed to adopt the plan of operations suggested by Gammon. The latter personage had quite as keen a desire and firm determination as the former, to wring out of their wretched victim the very last farthing that there was the slightest probability of obtaining; for Titmouse had pointed to that quarter for the discharge of his ten thousand pound bond to the firm, and also their bill of costs to him, (which contained some three hundred items, slightly varied in language, that were also charged in their bill to Mr. Aubrey;) then twenty—or at least fifteen thousand pounds, were to be handed over to himself, Titmouse; and all the rest that could be got, Mr. Gammon might appropriate to his own use. His inquiries into Mr. Aubrey's circumstances, had completely convinced him, that it would be impossible to extract any considerable sum from that unfortunate gentleman; and that if they could contrive to get their bill paid, perhaps substantial security for four or five thousand of the mesne profits, and his own personal security for the payment of any portion of the remainder, hereafter—they had better rest satisfied—and look for liquidation of their own heavy claim to a mortgage upon the Yatton estates. Mr. Gammon had also proposed to himself certain other objects, in dealing with Mr. Aubrey, than the mere extraction of money from him; and, in short, prompted by considerations, such as those above intimated, he had come to the determination, an hour or so before Mr. Aubrey's most unexpected visit, to be at once prepared with the necessary means for setting in motion legal proceedings for the recovery of the arrear of mesne profits.

"Have I the honour to address Mr. Gammon?"

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commenced Mr. Aubrey, courteously, on being shown into the room—not announced by name, where Gammon sate busily engaged writing out the "Instructions" for framing the rack on which it was designed to extend the as yet unconscious Aubrey.

"Sir, my name is Gammon," he replied, colouring a little—rising from his chair, with an expression of very great surprise—"I believe I have the honour of seeing Mr. Aubrey?—I beg you will allow me to offer you a chair"—he continued, placing one as far as he could from the table, and then, getting another, he sate down between Mr. Aubrey and the table; expecting to hear his visiter at once open the subject of their bill, which they had so recently sent in.

"Will you suffer me, Mr. Aubrey," commenced Gammon, with a bland and subdued air, not fulsome, but extremely deferential, "before entering on any business which may have brought you here, to express deep and sincere sympathy with your sufferings, and my *personal* regret at the share we have had in the proceedings which have ended so adversely for your interests? But our duty as professional men, Mr. Aubrey, is often as plain as painful!"

"I feel obliged for your kind expressions of sympathy—but I cannot for a moment conceive any apology necessary. Neither I nor my advisers have ever had cause to complain of harsh or unprofessional treatment on your part. Your proceedings certainly came upon me—upon all of us—like a thunderstroke," said Mr. Aubrey, with a subdued sigh. "I trust that you have given me credit, Mr. Gammon, for offering no vexatious or unconscientious obstacles."

"Oh, Mr. Aubrey, on the contrary, I am at a loss for words to express my sense of your straight-forward and high-minded conduct; and have often expressed my sentiments on that subject to Messrs. Runningtons,"—Mr. Aubrey bowed—"and again anxiously beg that you will give me credit for feeling the profoundest sympathy"—he paused, as if from emotion: and such might well have been excited, by the appearance of Mr. Aubrey—calm, and melancholy—his face full of anxiety, and his figure, naturally slender, evidently somewhat emaciated. ["I wonder," thought Gammon, "whether he has any *insurances on his life*. He certainly has *rather* a consumptive look: how could one ascertain whether he has insured? And where?"] "I trust, most sincerely, Mr. Aubrey, that the mental sufferings you must have undergone have not affected your health?" inquired Gammon, with an air of infinite *concern*.

"A little, but thank God, not materially; I never was very robust," he replied, with a faint sad smile.

"[*How like his sister!*"—thought Gammon, watching his companion's countenance with real interest.]

"I am not quite sure, Mr. Gammon," continued Aubrey, "that I am observing etiquette in thus coming to you, on a matter which you may consider ought to have been left to my attorneys, and who know nothing of my present visit—but"——

"An honorable mind like yours, Mr. Aubrey, may surely act according to its own impulses, with safety! As for etiquette, I know of no professional rule which I break, in entering into a discussion with you of any topic connected with the action which has recently been determined," said Gammon, cautiously and particularly on his guard, as soon as his penetrating eye had detected the acuteness which was mingled with the sincerity and simplicity of character beaming in the countenance of Mr. Aubrey.

"I dare say you can guess the occasion of my visit, Mr. Gammon?"

["There goes our bill—whew!—What now?" thought Gammon.]

Mr. Gammon bowed, with an anxious, expectant air.

"I allude to the question yet remaining between your client, Mr. Titmouse, and me—the mesne profits"—

"I feared—I expected as much! It gave me infinite anxiety, as soon as I found you were approaching the subject!"

"To me it is really a matter of life and death, Mr. Gammon. It is one pressing me on almost to the very verge of madness!"

"My dear Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, in a tone and with a look which touched the heart of his agitated companion, "don't magnify the mischief. Don't—I beg—imagine your position one so hopeless! What is there to stand in the way of an amicable adjustment of these claims? If I had my way, Mr. Aubrey—and if I thought I should not be acting the part of the unjust steward in Scripture—I would write sixty thousand farthings for sixty thousand pounds!"

"You have named the sum for which I believe I am legally liable to Mr. Titmouse," said Mr. Aubrey, with forced composure; "It is a sum as completely out of my power to pay, or secure—or even a quarter of it—as to give him one of the stars."

"I am aware, Mr. Aubrey, that you must have had many calls upon you, which must have temporarily crippled your resources"——

"Temporarily!" echoed Mr. Aubrey, with a sickening smile.

"I devoutly trust that it is only temporary! For your own and family's sake," he added quickly, observing the watchfulness with which his every look and word was regarded by his companion. "Any proposal, Mr. Aubrey," he continued, with the same apparent kindness of manner, but with serious deliberation, "which you may think proper to make, I am ready—eager—to receive and consider in a liberal spirit. I repeat—If you had *me* only to deal with—you would leave this room with a lightened heart; but, to be plain and candid, our client, Mr. Titmouse, is a very difficult person to deal with. I pledge my word of honour to you—[*Oh Gammon! Gammon! Gammon!*]—that I have repeatedly urged upon Mr. Titmouse to release you from all the rents received by you previously to your receiving legal notice of the late proceedings." I suppose Gammon felt that this declaration was not received by Mr. Aubrey as implicitly as the former desired and expected: for with a slight stiffness, he added, "I assure you, sir, that it is a fact. I have always been of opinion that the law is harsh, and even faulty in principle, which, in such a case as yours—where the possessor of an estate, to which he believed himself born, is ousted by a title of which he had no previous knowledge, nor MEANS of knowledge." Gammon uttered this very pointedly, and with his eye fixed searchingly upon that of Mr. Aubrey,—"requires the ousted party to make good the rents he had so innocently appropriated to his own use. That is my *opinion*, though it may be wrong. I am

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bound to say, however, that as the law now stands —if Mr. Titmouse should, contrary to my advice— determine to stand upon his strict rights"——Gammon paused, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and looked with melancholy significance at Mr. Aubrey.

"I am entirely at his mercy! I understand. I do trust, however, that in the name of our common humanity, he will have some consideration for the helpless—the miserable situation in which I am so unexpectedly placed," said Aubrey, with mournful energy. "Never having imagined it necessary to save money"——

"Oh no—nor with such an income as yours was, to resort, I fear, to any of the ordinary modes—insurance, and so forth," interposed Gammon, with an easy air.

"No—no! nothing of the sort"—["Ah! the deuce you have not!" thought Gammon]—"and I confess it was improvident of me. My situation is so deplorable and desperate, that disguise would be absurd, even could I stoop to it; and I declare, in the presence of Heaven, Mr. Gammon, that without parting with the little remnant of plate I have preserved, and my books, I am unable to make up even the amount of your bill sent in the day before yesterday"—Gammon gazed at Aubrey, earnestly, but in silence— "and if my miserable remnant of means *be* so appropriated, we are *literally beggars*"—he paused, and his voice faltered.

"Indeed—indeed, you distress me beyond measure, Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, in a low tone.

"If you can but secure me a merciful interval, to prepare myself for the profession which I have entered—the Bar—whatever earnings I might obtain, after saving a bare maintenance for myself and family, shall be devoted faithfully to liquidate the heavy claims upon me! For myself, Mr. Gammon, I do not care about living upon bread and water for the next ten years; but there are others—" his voice trembled. "Sir, by every consideration which a gentleman may be influenced by, I conjure you to interfere between me and utter immediate ruin!" This was the real thrilling language of the heart; but it failed to produce the least impression upon Gammon, exciting only intense chagrin and disappointment. "Oh that it were but in my power," said he, with great energy, "to send you out of this room a free man! If I alone were to be consulted, I would instantly absolve you from all demands—or at least give you your own time, and take no other security than your honour."

"Oh! what a happy—happy man! what a happy family should we be if only"——he could not finish the sentence, for he was greatly moved.

["Here's a kettle of fish," thought Gammon to himself, and bending down his head, he covered his eyes with his hands;—"worse, far worse than I had suspected. I would take five pounds for all my reversionary interest in the sixty thousand pounds! I've not the least doubt that he's speaking the truth. But the *bill* part of the business is highly unsatisfactory! I should like old Quirk to be here just now! Surely he must be able to get security? Such friends and connections as his. If one could only get them to join him in security for ten thousand pounds—stay —that won't exactly do, either; I must have my thumb upon him."]

"I am so profoundly affected by the situation in which you are placed, Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, at length appearing to have subdued his emotion, and feeling it necessary to say something, "that I think I may take upon myself to say the instructions which we have received shall not be acted upon, come what may. Those must be really monsters, not men, who could press upon one in your position; and that such should be attempted by one who has succeeded to your former advantages, is inconceivably shocking. Mr. Aubrey, *you shall not be crushed*—indeed you shall not, so long as I am a member—perhaps not the least influential one—in this firm, and have any influence with your formidable creditor, Mr. Titmouse. I cannot do justice to my desire to shelter you and yours, Mr. Aubrey, from the storm you dread so justly." There was a warmth, an energy in Gammon's manner, while saying all this, which cheered the drooping heart of poor Mr. Aubrey. "What I am about to say, Mr. Aubrey, is in complete confidence," continued Gammon in a low tone. Mr. Aubrey bowed, with a little anxious excitement in his manner. "May I rely upon your honour and secrecy?"

"Most implicitly, sir. What you desire me to keep within my own breast, no one upon earth shall know from *me*."

"There are serious difficulties in the way of serving you. Mr. Titmouse is a weak and inexperienced young man, naturally excited to a great pitch by his present elevation, and already embarrassed for want of ready money. You may imagine, sir, that his liabilities to us are of considerable magnitude. You would hardly credit, Mr. Aubrey, the amount of mere money out of pocket for which he stands indebted to us; our outlay during the last two years, having considerably crippled our pecuniary resources, in an extensive practice like ours, and driven us to incur liabilities, which are beginning to occasion my partners and myself considerable anxiety. Of course, Mr. Aubrey, we must look to Mr. Titmouse to be speedily reimbursed; he insists upon our immediately calling upon you; and I have reason to suspect that he has at his elbow one or two very heartless advisers, who have suggested this to him; for he follows it most pertinaciously. That he cannot meet the liabilities I have alluded to, out of his annual income, without swallowing it up entirely for eighteen months or two years, is certain. I regret to say that Mr. Quirk and Mr. Snap encourage his disposition to press you;—do not be alarmed, my dear sir!" he continued, observing the deadly paleness of Mr. Aubrey, whose eye was riveted upon that of Gammon, "for I declare that I will stand between you and them, and it is enough for me to say that I have the power of doing so. I am the only person living who happens to possess the means of influencing Mr. Titmouse; and I am determined to avail myself of them. Now, bearing in mind that I have no legal authority from him, and am, at the same time, only one of a firm, and assuring you that I am entailing a serious responsibility upon myself in what I am doing, let me throw out for your consideration my general notion of what I think ought to be done— merely my off-hand notion."

"I perfectly understand; I listen with inexpressible anxiety," said Mr. Aubrey.

"Had I been consulted, we should have proposed

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to you, with reference to our bill (which I candidly acknowledge contains a much more liberal entry than would be allowed on taxation, and which is none of *my* doing,")—Gammon knew the credit for candour which this acknowledgement of a fact of which Messrs. Runnington would quickly apprise him on looking at the bill, was likely to obtain for him with Mr. Aubrey—"I say, I should have *proposed* to you, in the first instance, the payment of our bill by instalments, during the next three or four years, provided you could have obtained partial security. But I am only one of three, and I know the determination of Mr. Quirk and Mr. Snap, not to listen to any proposal with reference to the mesne profits, which is not based upon—in short, they say, *the bill must be paid without being looked into*—I mean," he added quickly, "without its being subjected to the harassing and protracted scrutiny which a distrustful, an ungrateful client, has it too frequently in his power to inflict. Oh, let me disguise nothing from you, my dear sir, in a conversation of this kind between two gentlemen," continued Gammon with an admirable air of frankness, for he perceived that Mr. Aubrey looked slightly staggered. "I am ashamed to acknowledge that that bill does contain exorbitant entries—entries which have led to very frequent and fierce disputes between me and my partners. But *what is to be done?* Mr. Quirk is the monied man of the firm; and if you were to glance at the articles of our partnership"—Gammon shrugged his shoulders and sighed,—"you would see the tyrannical extent of power over his partners which, in virtue of that circumstance, he has secured! You observe how candid I am—perhaps foolishly so."

["I've not quite mastered him—I can tell it by his eye,"—thought Gammon—"is this a game of chess between us? I wonder whether, after all, Messrs. Runningtons are aware of his being here—knowing his ability—and have put him thoroughly on his guard? He is checking strong feelings incessantly, and evidently weighing every word I utter. Misery has sharpened faculties naturally acute."]

"Pray do not say so, Mr. Gammon; I fully appreciate your motives. I am devoured with anxiety for an intimation of the nature of the terms which you were about, so kindly, to specify."

"*Specify* is perhaps rather too strong a term; but to proceed. Supposing, Mr. Aubrey, the preliminary matter which I have alluded to, satisfactorily arranged, I am disposed to say that if you could find security for the payment of the sum of ten thousand pounds, within a year, or a year and a half,"—[Mr. Aubrey's teeth almost chattered at the mention of it.]—"I—I—that is, *my* impression is—but it is only *mine*"—added Gammon earnestly—"that the rest should be left to your own honour, giving at the same time a personal undertaking to pay, at a future—a very distant day—in the manner most convenient to yourself—the sum of ten thousand pounds more—making in all only one third of the sum due from you; and receiving an absolute release from Mr. Titmouse in respect of the remaining two thirds, namely, forty thousand pounds."

Mr. Aubrey listened to all this with his feelings and faculties strung to the utmost pitch of intensity; and when Gammon had ceased, experienced a transient sense, as of the fearful mountain that had pressed so long on his heart, moving.

"Have I made myself intelligible, Mr. Aubrey?" enquired Gammon, with a kind but serious air.

"Perfectly—but I feel so oppressed and overwhelmed with the magnitude of the topics we are discussing, that I scarcely at present appreciate the position in which you would place me. I must throw myself, Mr. Gammon, entirely upon your indulgence!"

Gammon looked a little disappointed.

"I can imagine your feelings, sir." He took a sheet of paper and a pencil; and while he made a few memoranda of the arrangement which he had been mentioning—"You see—the great result of what I have been hastily sketching off is—to give you ample time to pay the sums which I have named, and to relieve you, at once, absolutely from no less a sum than FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS," said he, with emphasis and deliberation, "for which—and with interest—you would otherwise remain liable to the day of your death—there could be no escape—except, perhaps, into banishment, which with your feelings would be worse than death—for it would be a *dishonourable* exile—to avoid just liabilities—and those who bear your name"—

"Pray, sir, be silent!" exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, in a tone that electrified Gammon—starting from his chair. His face was whitened; his eye glanced lightning at his companion. Dagon-like, Gammon had put forth his hand, and touched the ark of Aubrey's honour. Gammon lost his colour, and for the first time quailed before the majesty of man; 'twas also the majesty of suffering; he had been torturing a noble nature. Neither of them spoke for some time—Mr. Aubrey continuing highly excited—Gammon gazing at him with unfeigned amazement. The paper which he held in his hand trembled; he was obliged to lay it down on his lap, lest Mr. Aubrey should perceive his agitation.

"I am guilty of great weakness, sir," said at length Mr. Aubrey—his excitement only a little abated. He stood erect, and spoke with stern precision; "but you, perhaps unconsciously, provoked the display of it. Sir, I am ruined; I am a beggar; we are all ruined; we are all beggars: it is the ordering of God, and I bow to it. Do you presume sir, to think that at last my HONOUR is in danger? and consider it necessary, as if you were warning one whom you saw about to become a criminal, to expatiate on the nature of the meditated act by which I am to disgrace myself and my family?" Here they seemed suddenly standing around him, his lip quivered, his eyes filled, and he trembled with excessive emotion.

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From Tait's Magazine.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

BY THE REV. HORATIO SOUTHGATE.*

This we consider the most interesting narrative of Travels in the East which has appeared for many years, whether we view the novelty and extended range of the route, the powers of observation possessed by the traveller,—a man of a singularly candid and enlarged mind,—or the prospective results of his mission journey. The Rev. Horatio Southgate, a minister of the American Episcopalian Church, travelled under the direction of the Board of Missions which that church has instituted. His main or ostensible object was to survey and report upon the actual state of Mohammedism, and its probable bearings upon the advancement of Christianity in the regions which fell under his observation, and generally in the East. But another object arose, which Mr. Southgate thus describes, and which he was probably stimulated to investigate, by the exertions zealously, and, as he believes, insidiously, making, by the Church of Rome, from its head and centre, to promote Romanism.

"While the author was pursuing his inquiries among the Mohammedans, he soon found his mind drawn, almost unconsciously, to the state of the Eastern Churches, and his interest became, at length, so deeply excited in their behalf, that he devoted to them all the attention which the more immediate duties of his work permitted. The information which he collected and the views which he formed, are, so far as his limits allowed, embraced in the following narrative."

Mr. Southgate returned from the East to America, whence he came to England, where he still remains, labouring to engage the Church of England in the cause, and where he has published the Travels, of which we mean to give a brief, and necessarily an imperfect, account; referring, moreover, in our slight notices, rather to general humanity, as exhibited among the tribes the traveller encountered, and universal Christianity, than to sectarian views and interests.

How the Church of England, with its deep corroding taint, arising from the common corruptor of all churches —overgrown wealth and inordinate power—is to lead the way in the enterprise of re-uniting "the dissevered members of the body of Christ in a primitive and apostolic communion," we leave to those who, like Mr. Southgate, are believers in Apostolic Succession existing, and existing only, in the mother-Church of England and her daughter in America. The latter is an unendowed, and, therefore, a poor and a pure church; but how the Archbishop of York or Canterbury, or even, in lesser degree, the Bishop of London or of Exeter, or any other "purple prelate," luxurious dean, or most comfortable rector, are to fraternize with the venerable, and primitive, and truly apostolic Archbishop of the Mesopotamian Church, with whom Mr. Southgate sojourned for a time at Mossoul, it is not easy to guess. This good man—

"Lived in the most unostentatious and temperate manner, as became in the eyes of his people, the sanctity of his office. Some of his priests apologized repeatedly for my humble accommodations, and reminded me that I must not expect more in the house of a Bishop.† The house itself, which he held rent-free, had but three rooms. In one of them the Bishop lodged, another was occupied by a servant, and the third was assigned to me. Mutran Isai [the Bishop] suggested, immediately upon my arrival, that I should procure my food, and have it cooked without, as he had not the means of providing for me within. His domestic establishment was indeed of the most humble order. A few metallic plates, a fork and spoon, a drinking-glass, and a napkin, constituted the entire furniture of his table.

"He spent the day in his room, excepting the hours of morning and evening prayers. When these approached, he put on a neatly arranged turban and an ample cloak, and taking the crozier, a simple silver-tipped staff, in his hand, walked slowly to the church, and commenced the services. His room was open to all, and I seldom found him alone. The poorest of his flock came and knelt before him, and kissed his hand, and the aggrieved brought their complaints. I had access to him at all hours: but as he did not speak Turkish all our conversations were carried on through the tedious medium of an interpreter.

. . . . . .

"My intercourse with my host, the Syrian Catholic Archbishop of Mossoul, had been of the most friendly and gratifying character, and when the hour of parting came it was a painful one. How gladly would I have remained with him, as he repeatedly invited me to do, and have commenced at once those efforts for the improvement of his people, in which he said I should have his cordial approval and co-operation. But my work was that of a pioneer, and I had yet other fields to explore. Happy, indeed, shall I be, and but too high honoured of God, if others more worthy than myself shall enter into my labours. Mutran Isai came into the court before his house, to bid me farewell, and when I was about to mount, threw his arms around me, affectionately pressed both cheeks to mine, and sent me away with his blessing."

Such is an Archbishop—a successor of the Apostles—in Episcopal Churches of the East.

In order to study Mahometanism at the fountain-head, Mr. Southgate, whose ulterior field of inquiry was Persia, repaired in 1836 to Constantinople, which he reached after a journey replete with interest; and where he remained for a considerable time, studying the character of the Turks, their manners, institutions, and religion, and acquiring a knowledge of the Oriental languages. Of the spoken language of Turkey he appears to have acquired a competent knowledge; and it is every where the language of the government, and generally of trade, throughout the vast dominions of the Sultan. It is understood in Syria and Egypt, and is the vernacular tongue of northern and western Persia. Mr. Southgate found it more generally useful, and much less difficult than Arabic, which would have served him better only in Mesopotamia; as would the Kurdish language in Kurdistan. Where this diversity of tongues cannot be conveniently acquired by the traveller, Mr. Southgate is inclined to believe that Turkish will always be found the most valuable, because the most extensive medium of communication.

The reader will receive a favourable and, we think, just opinion of this traveller from the candour of the admission with which he sets out.

"At the end of my first month's residence in Constantinople, I might have promulgated my opinions on Turkish institutions and customs with the utmost confidence. At the end of three months, I began to perceive the fallacy of most of my conclusions; and when six months had passed, I found that I knew next to nothing of the object of my study. But one useful lesson I had learned. I saw that my first judgments had been inaccurate, because they had been formed from a false position. I had begun to study the East with a Western mind. I had applied a standard of judgment which necessarily presented a false measurement. Maturer observation showed me the incorrectness of my results, and led me at once to the cause. I had assumed the office of a judge without having learned the rules of right judgment. . . . . .

* Two volumes, with a Map of the traveller's route through Greece, Turkey, Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia. London: Tilt & Bogue.

† What antediluvian ideas of a Bishop these clergy must have!

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"I endeavoured, to place myself in the position of an unprejudiced inquirer, to consider that my only object was to learn the truth, to throw off those antipathies which the Christian world has too freely cherished against the followers of Mohammed, and to regard them as men and immortal."

The same candour, impartiality, and charity never deserts the traveller, who certainly is not less a Christian that, as we shall presently show, he can discern and admit much that is worthy of commendation in the precepts of the Koran, and in the practice of many of the followers of Mahomet.

Mr. Southgate must have known little of the manners and prejudices of the Turks, when he at first imagined that he—a Christian, a Frank—might, nevertheless, be received into any Turkish family as a lodger. He, however, gained several estimable acquaintances and friends among the more liberal Mussulmans of Constantinople. Of these, one to whom he says his thoughts never revert without a pang, was "Hassuna d'Ghiz, an Arab by birth, but who had been partly trained in France, whose language he spoke with fluency. There, too, he had received enough of the light of European learning to give an enlarged and elevated range to his naturally strong mind. After various reverses of fortune, he had been called to Constantinople to assume the editorial care of the Royal Gazette, upon the decease of its first and very able editor, Blacque. It was in this station that I knew him. As a Mussulman, he could hardly have fallen into a sphere of higher usefulness. Free himself from the narrow prejudices of his religion, he was qualified to be an able coadjutor in recommending and defending the great work of reform commenced by his master. He had already laboured well and successfully in this department. Both by his pen and his tongue he had ably advocated the royal schemes of improvement, aiming chiefly to show them to be consonant with the doctrines of Islamism. His ground was a weak one, but he defended it manfully. I have never seen an Oriental so thoroughly imbued with a generous ambition for improvement. But it was of short duration."

He was cut off by the plague during the winter of 1836–7, and in a single day. Mr. Southgate's experience of language-masters did not tend to raise either Turks or Franks in his esteem; though, at Constantinople, and throughout the entire course of his travels, we fear that, in nominal Christians and Jews, he uniformly met the most worthless characters. The latter have even corrupted the Turks.

"Traffic, at least in Constantinople, is polluted by contact with European trickery and fraud, and many a Turkish tradesman in the capital can cheat with as great dexterity as a foreigner. On the whole, however, the word of a Turk is more to be trusted than that of a native Christian."

Nor are the Turks always immaculate, though their religion has much more universally and uniformly a direct influence upon their conduct than the purer and more spiritualized faith professed by the Franks and Hebrews. Mr. Southgate passes what we consider a very high eulogium on the followers of Mahomet when he says:—

"Truth, requires me to add, that I have never known a Mussulman sincere in his faith, and devout and punctual in his religious duties, in whom moral rectitude did not seem an active quality and a living principle."

The head of the religion of Mahomet, the late Sultan, was at this time openly violating the commands of the Koran, and indecently offering the grossest outrage to whatever sincere and devout Mahometans deem most sacred.

Mr. Southgate's long residence in Constantinople, and his active American habits and boundless curiosity, have enabled him to give a fuller and more minute account of that great capital in its various bearings than any we have lately if ever seen; but the reader is, notwithstanding, more interested by the more remote countries through which he has wandered. While he was in Stamboul the plague was raging; and without settling the vexed question of contagion or non-contagion, he has said enough to show that the inconvenience and cruelty of the precautions employed by the Franks, must be attended with worse effects than the abolition of all but the needful care which experience and prudence dictate. A drought is regarded at Constantinople as a greater calamity than the plague, which it often produces or aggravates. Water is the most favourite beverage of the Turk, and he is an epicure in its qualities. The praises of "fresh and cool fountains," for which certain places are celebrated, are ever on the lips of the native attendants on journeys and during long droughts; public prayers for relief from drought are ordered by the Sultan, the head of the church. A celebration of this sort took place while Mr. Southgate was in the city. Many corruptions have crept into Islamism, as well as into other religions, and are, on public occasions, as conspicuous. The *Sunneh* prescribes, that the people shall assemble in the open air, and that each individual shall offer his supplications apart, without any *Imam* or priest to preside and conduct the worship. But the priests must, to speak vulgarly, have their fingers in the pie, or what would become of their vocation? Among those who obeyed the Sultan's order for holding what we should call a day of fast and humiliation, were fifty teachers of the common schools, with their pupils, who repaired to the celebrated valley of Sweet Waters.

"Having selected a large open plot, the whole company marched thrice round it in procession, with an Imam at their head. The teachers then seated themselves upon the grass, with their respective pupils around them. Before each teacher were placed two small bags, one of which was empty, while the other was full of clean pebbles. The service commenced. Each one of the fifty took a pebble from the full bag, repeated over it a short prayer, and then breathing upon it three times, deposited it in the empty bag. This act was performed simultaneously by all, and at the close of each prayer the whole company of boys responded, AMEN. When the *Imam* found by computation that 72,000 prayers had been offered, he gave a signal for the ceremony to cease. The bags containing the pebbles over which prayers had been said, were then collected and emptied into one large leathern sack, the mouth of which was then closed, and the whole, with a rope attached to it, was thrown into the stream which runs through the meadow, there to remain till the intercession should prove effectual."

This superstition, this departure from the rigid simplicity and spirituality of worship, has crept in in late centuries. But in the East, Christians and Mahometans are alike superstitious; which is presumed to originate in that universal love of the marvellous which pervades the Oriental mind.

Readers will find an exceedingly good account of the Mahometan religion, and its rites and ceremonies as it is practised, in Mr. Southgate's Travels. It has in its *Ramazan* an equivalent for the *Lent* of the Church of Rome; and there is even a *religious retreat*, which the ultra-devout observe in the mosques. Mahometism has also its carnival, or feast of *Bairam*, corresponding to the Easter Fast; and instead of original and pure Mahometism, which, in its worship of the one God and Mahomet his Prophet, excludes all sorts of idols and paintings, relics and saints, being a purely spiritual religion, it has now many superstitious observances, though it is still regarded by Mr. Southgate as more spiritual than the present corrupt Christianity of the East. Mahometans

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appear to learn their religion, as we fear too many Christians do.

"A child learns at home or from his teacher to repeat his creed, and to enumerate the five duties required of him as a Mussulman. He is shown how to perform his ablutions before prayers. He imbibes the spirit of his religion from its manifestation in the society of his own people, and gathers some superficial knowledge of its ceremonial from the vague information which is floating through the community. With this he contents himself, unless he becomes a student."

During the Ramazan, while the poor must labour as usual, and fast in addition, the rigidly devout frequent the mosques, and read the Koran; but the far greater number satisfy their consciences by sleeping until the evening gun announces that the fast is concluded for that day. The following picture of the longed-for hour of sunset will afford our readers a fair specimen of Mr. Southgate's descriptive style:—

"In the city, the hour of sunset is the most interesting of the day. As the sun declines, the whole Mussulman population seems suddenly to awaken. The cafés, which during the day are abandoned to the Christians, begin to be filled with Turks, who may be seen sitting with their tchibouks in their hands, silently awaiting the sound of the evening gun. The streets, in their own quarters, are thronged with them hurrying in every direction with unusual alacrity of movement. The bakehouses are beset with customers. The confectioneries, arranged and decorated with extraordinary care, display their choicest delicacies. A multitude of eager inquirers are gathered before the windows of the little apartments connected with many of the mosques, in which clocks are set exactly indicating the hour. Neighbour is seen gathering the same information from his neighbour. The harbour, as indeed is usual at this hour, is thronged with hundreds of caiques, shooting towards every landing-place along the Golden Horn. All this movement is without noise. It is only when the suspense is broken by the distant roar of the sunset gun that tongues are unloosed. And even then there is no clamour or vociferation. Approaching by water at the moment, one hears no other sound of festivity than a busy hum rising from the rejoicing city.

"As the twilight deepens the illumination begins. For this purpose preparations are made before the commencement of the fast, by suspending cords between the minarets of the mosques. Upon these cords, figures, formed by lamps arranged in various shapes, are let out. These, however, appear only on particular nights. The common illumination consists in nothing more than rows of lamps around the little galleries of the minarets, from which the Muezzin calls to prayers. The 21st of December, or rather the 13th of Ramazan, was the birth-day of the Sultan. The solemn stillness of the fast was broken at each hour of prayer during the day by the roar of cannon, and at night the whole city presented a gayer scene of rejoicing than had before appeared. Every ship in the fleet was gorgeously illuminated by lights at the portholes, and along the rigging. In front of the *Admiralty* were displayed illuminations in the form of anchors, vessels, and other shapes appertaining to sea-craft. Along the bridge which had lately been thrown across the harbour were lines of lamps, which produced a singular and most brilliant effect when viewed from the water. Between the minarets of the mosques, were swinging glittering forms of various descriptions:—Here a huge crescent; there, among the noble spires of the Sulimanièh, the words Ya Osman, O Osman, in characters of monstrous size; on the beautiful temple built by the Sultan, a barge formed by lights of different colours, and of the same shape and size with that which ordinarily conveyed his majesty.

"But all this splendour was eclipsed by the magnificence of the Bosphorus. Along both its banks, through the greater part of its whole length from the city to the Black Sea, palaces, *kioshks*, cafés, and private dwellings, were bathed in glorious effulgence. The whole appeared like one immense spectacle, and it seemed at the moment the very fulfilment of some early dream of Oriental magnificence. The effect of every part was heightened by the excessive darkness of the night. The rows of lamps around the minarets seemed to hang like golden bands against the sky. The figures swinging above the mosques appeared as if resting unsustained in mid-air. The brilliant line of the bridge and the glittering shapes of the frigates seemed, while the objects themselves were hidden, like the work of enchantment. The streets were also lighted, though more sparingly. The cafés were thronged. In some, story-tellers were amusing the crowd. In others, music, though, like its sister art, forbidden by the harsh law of Islamism, was beguiling the hours of the night. A rare favour was granted to the population on this anniversary of the Sultan's birth. The streets were open throughout the night, and I availed myself of this unwonted act of royal benignity to spend the greater part of it amidst the scenes that I have described.

"On all the nights of Ramazan, the principal streets were dimly lighted and the interior of the mosques brilliantly illuminated. The Mahometan liturgy contains a special service for Ramazan, which is performed by night in the mosques. . . . . .

"This splendid season of humiliation closed at sunset on the 7th of January, when the first day of the tenth month, the month of Shaval, begun. The approach of the feast was announced, as the fast had been, by the discharge of cannon several hours before evening. From this moment universal joy began to prevail. The spacious courts of the imperial mosques were thronged with crowds of Mussulmans in greater agitation than I had ever before seen a Turkish assemblage. Urchins were running in every direction, crying *Bairam*, *Bairam*, with as merry a voice and face as lads of our Western world exhibit when just released from the imprisonment of the school-room. The poor were enforcing their appeals for charity by the magic word *Bairam*—one, doubtless, of tried potency in opening hearts and purses."

The Mahometan fasts are considered of divine obligation; the feasts are optional; nor are they noticed in the Koran. The religious ceremonies connected with these festivals are conducted with great splendour: the Sultan, (the successor of the Prophet) and all the great officers of state assisting in them. The regal part of the ceremony, imposing though it be, is less interesting than the popular rejoicing and festivity which, from the Court, spreads to every class and condition of the people.

"On the first day, the Call to Prayer at the five canonical hours was followed by a salute from the fleet. During the whole of the first feast and the first three days of the second, shops were shut and all labour suspended. The entire Mussulman population was poured into the streets. The cafés were thronged. Every man, woman, and child, appeared in a new dress. The white turbans were never so clean and neatly plaited. Turkish females, in groups of five or six, with their children, in the gayest and richest dresses, strolled through the streets. Friends visited friends and wished them a happy Bairam, or embraced them as they met without, kissing each other on both cheeks. The inferior paid the same deference to the hand of his patron or superior. Effendis on horseback and ladies in arabas covered the bridge between Stamboul and Galata. Strolling players performed with impunity on the highways. The sellers of sweetmeats proclaimed their delicacies, and the beggars again plied their importunities in the name of *Bairam*. There seemed in the very word an incentive to mirth and light-

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heartedness. Yet all was quiet. There was no boisterousness, no indecorum, no extravagant merriment, no loud laughter, much less those contentions, and babblings, and wounds without cause, which are the invariable accompaniments of our more civilized festivities. The reason of the difference is to be found in the habitual moderation and self-command of Turks, and in the absence among them of the grand source of the wo and sorrow which generally follow our own seasons of hilarity. Special care is exercised by the Turkish authorities during Bairam to keep Mussulmans from the grog-shops, which I am sorry to add, are chiefly tenanted by Christians. The only part of the population which give free vent to their mirth are the boys. You may see them riding double on donkeys, racing on horses, or turning on swings, of which there are at least four kinds in use at Constantinople. You may see them playing and tumbling in the courts of the mosques, firing crackers, and eating sweet-meats as New England boys do on the fourth of July.

"Another feature of the Bairam is too strongly indicative of the present spirit of Islamism to be omitted. A Turk is never more a Mussulman than during his feasts and fast. He seems then to be recalled to himself and his religion. However negligent in his devotions he may be through the rest of the year, he seldom, if ever, neglects the extraordinary services which these seasons bring with them, or remains unaffected by the spirit which every where prevails. If he has formed acquaintance with unbelieving Franks, he is apt at these times to keep aloof from them. If he is a bigoted Mussulman, his bigotry is deepened. An old and respectable Christian of Constantinople informed me that until within a few years antecedent to the time of which I write, Christians always felt themselves in jeopardy during the Ramazan and Bairam, and went as seldom as possible into the streets. Those times, every one knows, are changed."

The decay of religious, or of ceremonial observances, is often remarked upon, in the course of the traveller's narrative; and, from coldness and neglect, every faith seems to suffer alike. The whole world is waxing indifferent.

It must have been deeply mortifying to a man bent on the errand of Mr. Southgate, to find throughout the East, that so many of the mosques had been originally, like St. Sophia at Constantinople, Christian temples. Most of the mosques are built on the model of St. Sophia; of stone painted white; though some are much more elaborately decorated than others; and all have, of course, fountains or tanks where the prescribed ablutions are performed by the worshippers. Before Mr. Southgate left America, it had been proposed that he should have a colleague in his pilgrimage through the little-known and inhospitable regions in which his route was chosen. A medical friend was to join him; but the plan was changed, and he resolved to proceed to Persia alone and to shape his course as Providence and duty might direct. He started early in June, 1837, accompanied by a young Armenian, a native of Constantinople, who had previously travelled over the East, and had just returned from a second journey into Persia, whither he had conducted the English Ambassador. This man was very intelligent, and had considerable colloquial knowledge of several Eastern languages, besides French, Italian, and a little English. He was found perfectly faithful; and, though apt to grumble under the privations of travel, acute and serviceable. Furnished with a *firman* of the Sultan, and with as small a quantity of baggage as possible, a few books, and a suit of clothes for cities, made after the mongrel fashion introduced by the Sultan, Mr. Southgate embarked in a steamer for Trebizond. Among its numerous passengers was a legate from the Sultan to the court of the Shah of Persia, who, with his suite, were deck passengers.

"He seemed entirely unconscious of any derogation from his rank in occupying a position on deck, although he well enough knew our own distinctions in this respect. His food for the voyage was put up in two or three figdrums, yet the place where he sat was distinguished from all others by being close in the stern of the boat, and a little elevated above the deck. I made, during the passage, some acquaintance with him and the Colonel, which was afterwards increased in Erzroum. Neither of them used the tchibouk, but both were inveterate snuff-takers. The two habits are not unfrequently combined in a Turk, but I believe none of them have yet reached the civilization of the *quid*. It used to be one of my standing tales of the wonders of the West, that people are there found who chew tobacco, and the information was generally as astounding to my listeners as a story of a railroad.

"I must not forget another character on board, who honoured me with his acquaintance. He was a Tatar, or Government courier; a profession with which my reader will become more familiar, if he continue with me to the end of my tour. The individual in question was one of that class of Mussulmans for which this profession is distinguished; a neglecter of prayers, one who drinks *rakee*, the Eastern substitute for rum, and is not over-scrupulous in telling the truth. He wished to accompany me from Trebizond to Erzroum. He was just returning from Constantinople, whither he had been to take a wife. He had another, he said, in Trebizond, so that, as his business called him most frequently to these two places, he might be always at home. I subsequently knew another Tatar, who had the full number of wives allowed by the Koran, and these were distributed along the route which he generally travelled; one at Constantinople, another at Tocat, a third at Diarbekir, and a fourth at Bagdad."

This respectable Mussulman was as well wived as Dibdin's Christian, "Bold Jack"—

> "I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth Straits;
> A pigmy at Goree;
> An orange tawney up the Straits;
> A black at St. Lucie."

The passengers for Trebizond had a pleasant and easy voyage on the Black Sea and the Euxine, touching at different towns on their way. Trebizond, as is well known, is an important station for the commerce of many eastern countries, to which the recent establishment of steam communication with Constantinople has given a fresh impulse. But the value of this entrepôt, (which excites Russian jealousy,) especially to the British manufacturer, is already known at home; and commerce was not so much the direct object of Mr. Southgate, as that great civilizer and cementer of nations ought, perhaps, with his opportunities, to have been. At Trebizond he was received into the house of an American missionary, and from this point he reckons the true commencement of his labours. A few glimpses of the country between Trebizond and Erzroum, will give the reader an idea of the region traversed. Mr. Southgate had hired a muleteer, and travelled at the very slow rate — for an American—at which merchandize is transported in the East. On leaving Trebizond, he says, he and his servant overtook the muleteer—

"And followed him down into the Deyerman Dereh, or Mill Valley, through which runs a stream of the same name. We pursued our way along its right bank amidst scenes of great loveliness. The hills on either side were cultivated nearly to their summits. The shingle-roofed houses, scattered along the steep declivities, wore a newer and neater appearance than I had ever observed before in the country places of Turkey. These were the abodes of the Lazes, of whom our guide said that they were Mussulmans, and spoke a corrupt Greek. Foot-paths alone lead to their dwellings. Formerly they were notorious robbers, subject only to the Lords of the Valleys who ruled over these regions. The seat of one of those old chieftains

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was pointed out about nine miles from Trebizond, perched on the summit of a tall, sharp ridge, rising boldly from the midst of the valley and dividing it into two branches. This aerial palace was now the mansion of the Ayan, who rules the district around, under the Pasha of Trebizond. These Ayans are the peaceful successors of the lawless chiefs who once held free sway in these wild mountains, or, as in some instances is the fact, they are the same chiefs reduced to the condition of loyal rulers. Partly by intrigue and partly by violence, the Pasha has succeeded in bringing them all into subjection.

"We took the right branch of the valley, and followed it until we reached Jevizlik, a hamlet some eighteen miles from Trebizond, where we tarried for the night. Soon after sunset we received a visit in the coffee-shop where we had taken lodgings, from one of the Ayans of the neighbouring valleys. He was stuck round with pistols, and appeared as wild and uncultivated as the scenery amidst which he dwells. About twenty attendants followed at his heels, who were even more wild and uncultivated than himself."

On the second day, cultivation was left behind, and they plunged into a forest of spruce and hard-wood trees. In the rugged passes of the road they overtook companies of peasants dragging field-pieces. They were accompanied by pipers, whose rude music cheered on the work, to which conductors goaded the compulsory labourers with long sticks, as if they had been cattle. Several just remarks, suggested by this spectacle, concludes thus:—

"In Turkey, and still more in Egypt, the object in view has been military strength, while the only sure grounds on which such strength can rest were overlooked. It was forgotten, or rather it was the last thought to enter the mind of an Eastern ruler, that there can be no true elevation unless the people are elevated; and that there is no foundation for national power of any kind, while individual industry is repressed by innumerable discouragements, and the sources of production are withered by oppression and misrule. Compelled, by the necessity of their position, to gather around them a large military force, Mohammed Ali and Mahmoud II. aimed at the effects before they had the rudiments of European civilization; and hence it is that one sees the implements of war dragged over a country without roads, by peasants violently impressed, who are thus taught to hate improvement by the new hardships which it brings.

"A more peaceful and a more grateful sight were the long trains of caravans, with from thirty to fifty horses in each, that came winding down the mountain path at short intervals, each horse walking free under his burden, and carefully smelling and choosing his way among the stones. Four hours' travel brought us to Kara Kaban, a cluster of small buildings with dram-shops and stables for the refreshment and repose of travellers."

On the third day of this snail's progress they were joined by a *Kaimoham*, the equivalent, in the Turkish army, for our major; who, with his new-made wife, and her mother, were going to Erzroum from Constantinople; this being the first time that the young bride had left that city, or ventured on horseback. Though it was the middle of June, the weather was cold and stormy in the mountains, and the Turkish major did all that either Turk or Christian could do to cheer and sustain his partner and his mother-in-law; but human nature, and especially female nature, is "much the same everywhere."

"The ladies rode in advance; and as they were entirely unaccustomed to journeying, every brook that ran across our path, and every difficult ascent or declivity, was a subject of alarm and exclamation. At length the younger of the party broke forth in petulant displeasure, and began to reproach her new spouse with having deceived her in bringing her so long and perilous a journey. 'Is this your country,' she exclaimed, 'which you told me was so beautiful? There are nothing but rivers, and mountains, and rocks. Alas, that I ever left Stamboul!' The officer acted the part of a good husband, and endeavoured to appease her by kind assurances that this was not his country, and that when they should come to it, she would find that he had told her the truth."

Wherever he sojourned, Mr. Southgate made a point to observe the rest of the Sabbath. At Gumush Khaneh, a place celebrated for its silver mines, which he reached on a Saturday, on his Armenian companion, John, showing the firman, a lodging was assigned to the traveller in the house of the superintendent of the mines.

This is a wretched place, swarming with beggars; the mines having failed, while an edict of the Sultan prevents the miners from emigrating and becoming husbandmen in some other part of the empire. A population of eight hundred families is made up of mixed races; one-half being Greek, and the others in equal proportion, Mussulman and Armenian. Mr. Southgate, who admires the Turkish character much more than that of the modern Greek, was surprised to learn that his hospitable entertainer, who wore the yellow slippers and white turban, in virtue of his office, was a Greek.

The observances of religion had fallen into such neglect throughout his dominions, that the Sultan, like a British sovereign, by advice of the prelates, at the beginning of a new reign, had issued a royal order, enjoining all true Mussulmans to perform their regular devotions in the mosques, in which duty they are waxing negligent. Mr. Southgate says:

"The general confession that the religion is waning, has been made to me by numerous individuals among them in different parts of the empire. By some the present is regarded as the approach of that season of universal apostacy when, as the Koran, receiving the hint from Christianity, predicts, Jesus shall reappear on the earth and subdue all nations, not to himself, but to Mahomet. The indication most commonly alleged in support of this belief, is the prevailing neglect of prayer; and this was the evil which the imperial edict was intended to correct."

The Sultan's order had the ordinary effect of other plans to coerce the mind; and pious Agnewite, or New Police measures were adopted, to force the people to worship. At Constantinople, after his return, Mr. Southgate tells that he "One day, saw a kavass walking through the bazars at the hour of prayer, with a whip in his hand, rousing the Turks as he passed, and driving them off to the mosques. In the mean time I was curious to know whether it had been promulgated elsewhere, and made inquiries for it in every part of the kingdom. I found that it had been every where proclaimed, and heard various comments upon it in different quarters. An old Turk at Baibout, to whom I applied for information, bore a high testimony to the religious character of his townsmen. 'There is no need of such orders here,' he said, 'for we all go to the mosque five times a day.' His boast led me to observe how far his own practice was conformable, and I noticed that, during the day which I spent there, he did not perform his devotions at any one of the prescribed hours. Whether his testimony respecting others was any more veracious, I cannot tell farther than that I passed the day among them, and saw no one at his prayers.

"Several copies of the Turkish edition of the Royal Gazette are received and read in the town. It was these, probably that had excited the great curiosity which I found to exist respecting the new doings at the capital. Many inquiries were made concerning the Sultan's army and navy, his fire-vessels, as they termed his steamers, and his new bridge. They listened with marked surprise to John's stories, and exclaimed, 'Sultan Mahmoud is a great king!' I was pleased to see that the effect upon them was to give

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them higher ideas of his greatness and power rather than to arouse their prejudices, especially as they were themselves Mussulmans of the old stamp, unreached by the hand of reform.

"It is one of the most beneficent, though one of the silent influences of the changes which are working in Turkey, that, even in the most retired parts of the interior, where every thing remains outwardly as it has remained for centuries, men's minds are awakened by the distant rumours of reform, and led to expect and wait for its introduction among themselves. The struggle of the enterprise will be in the capital, where it has been *suddenly* brought into *immediate* contact with the most *bigoted* population of Osmanlees any where to be found, and has been compelled to stand in opposition to the most powerful array of Mussulman learning (which is, as now cultivated, the parent of Mussulman prejudice) that can be found in the world. When it has once triumphed here, it will easily extend its sway over the empire. It will nowhere meet with the same prejudices or the same learning, nor, I may add, with the same independence of character, as in Constantinople; it will be recommended by the all-powerful influence of the capital, and the people will long since have been familiarized with it by report before it appears among them.

"My attendant John, observing the rising popularity of the Sultan at Baibot, and thinking that his own dignity would be increased by every new accession to mine, took occasion, while I was stealing an hour's sleep, to proclaim me to some visiters as the *Hakim Bashi*, or chief physician to his majesty. The report soon spread, and when I awoke, a group of Mussulmans were standing round me in most respectful silence. Among them was an old man holding a little child by the hand, to whom he directed my attention. He told his complaints, and, addressing me by my new title, asked my advice. John saw my astonishment, and whispered a confession of his falsehood. I immediately disclaimed the honour intended for me, assuring my Turkish friends that I was a simple traveller from Frankland. John, however, had already prevented any credit being given to me on this point, by informing them that, to avoid troublesome applications, I was travelling incognito. I consented, therefore, after repeating my disclaimer, to render such aid as was in my power, and began by asking what had been done for the child. The old man went through a statement of the treatment pursued by a Frank physician that had lately resided in the place, one, doubtless, of those European adventurers who are sometimes to be met with in the interior cities of Turkey, where, with the smallest conceivable capital of medical knowledge, they contrive to gain a decent livelihood, become sometimes the physicians of Pachas, and the talk of all the country round."

It is remarked that no signs of church extension were visible in the dominions of the Sultan or the Shah; no new public edifice for religion being met with, save once, either in Turkey or Persia. Mr. Southgate has no favourable report to make of the country between Trebizond and Erzroum. It is imperfectly cultivated, by the rudest implements, and the people are ignorant, filthy, and poor.

Erzroum, from its position and trade, is one of the most important cities in the Sultan's dominions. It is the great thoroughfare of all the trade with Persia by the Black Sea, and also by the overland route through Tocat. It has a population of about 35,000; thirty-six khans, and the largest custom-house in the empire. The narrow, filthy, ill-paved streets, are thronged and bustling; and here are to be seen Persians, Kurds, Georgians, Armenians, and Turks; and also the few English and Russians connected with the Consulates. Erzroum suffered considerably from the Russian invasion in 1829.

Here the British Consul, Mr. Brant, procured for the traveller, a provincial or local firman from the Pacha; and a letter of introduction recommending him to the favour of the Pacha of Van, who was requested to see the stranger safely conducted into Persia. The observations that he makes on leaving Erzroum on the more difficult part of his expedition, will be very useful to all future travellers by the same route. He now assumed the complete garb of a Turk, which, except in Persia, when he assumed the Persian dress, he never afterwards laid aside, though conformity went no farther. He says:

"It was my uniform custom, while sojourning in any place, to introduce myself as an American and a Christian, and to excite inquiries respecting my country and my faith. These were always the first topics of conversation. During my tour, hundreds, I am sure, heard of the New World who had never heard of it before, and most of whom probably will never hear of it again.

"But I had a higher reason for assuming the native dress. It was absolutely essential to the success of my mission. The expediency of it for comfort's sake will be at once seen by imagining a Turk to visit our shores, and to walk through the streets of our cities in his Oriental robes. The habits of the country also render it necessary. In general, it is the best suited to the climate, and can be procured with the least difficulty and expense. The traveller can replenish his wardrobe in any city through which he may pass; whereas, if he does not submit to this act of conformity, he must encumber himself at the outset with all he may need during his tour. If his outfit fails, he is reduced to an unpleasant dilemma."

Many more cogent reasons are produced for the assumption of the Turkish dress. We are contented with those we have adduced above, reinforced by the following:

"A Western in Turkey, appearing as a Western, stands on still less advantageous ground, than a Turk in America. He is not received into such free communication with Orientals as an Oriental would be with us. Religious prejudice, the naturally reserved disposition of Turks, and contempt for his ignorance of Eastern manners, would keep him much farther aloof. If his object, then, is to learn the East, he must become, in all lawful respects, an Eastern. He must know the language, he must wear the dress, he must perfect himself in the manners of an Eastern. In fine, he must act in what is undoubtedly the true spirit of the Apostle's words, '*We become all things to all men.*'"

On the onward route, through a bare and mountainous country, pleasing glimpses of pastoral and primitive manners are often obtained. On the day that Mr. Southgate left Erzroum, he "Stopped for the night at Denizli, the ruins of a Kurdish village, with only a single inhabited house. From this an old Kurd came out, and greeting us with the ordinary salutation of the Mussulmans,* offered us a shelter. Wearied with our long march, we asked for a draught of milk. He replied that the cows were still abroad, and called for some one within to go in search of them. Upon this a Kurdish girl appeared and stepping lightly forward, darted away like a phantom. As she was the first female of her race that I had seen, her appearance excited some curiosity. Her face and feet were bare, and her hair was hanging in long braids behind. Her dress was a single white frock bound at the waist. Her form was erect and slender, and her step peculiarly light and graceful. Her face was dark, but pale and expressive, her eyes large and full. In the meanwhile our host conducted us to our lodging-place. In reaching it, we first passed the apartments of the family, then through a large stable, and afterwards through a long alley to a dark room some one hundred feet from the entrance, and all the way under

* *Selam aleikum*, God give you peace. Mahomet taught his disciples to use this form in saluting each other. It is seldom extended to Christians.

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ground. Here we lighted a fire, while our host spread before us a pastoral meal of yoghourt, bread, and eggs, and then sat down to share our coffee and pipes.

"Before sunrise the next morning we had recommenced our march."

They wandered on, over bare high lands presenting only mountains and streams, by the banks of the Aros, (the head waters of the Araxes of the ancients,) till, from the top of a hill, they suddenly descried a cluster of Kurdish tents in a valley below, looking like black spots sprinkled upon the grass. The picture has a charming freshness.

"This first picture of truly Kurdish life that I had seen, brought vividly back the romantic images which I had early drawn from books, and excited a desire to scrutinize it more closely. We descended, therefore, directly towards them and dismounted in front of the first tent. Some old Kurds standing there bade us welcome, and one invited us into the tent. A seat at the inner extremity was offered, and when we had all sat down, those present repeated their salutations. The tents, about twenty in number, were arranged in a line, and all were of the same construction. The covering was of a cloth of fine black wool, impervious to the rain. This was supported at the corners by poles five feet high, and in the centre by one nearly double that height, giving to the roof a slope in every direction. The interval between the lower edge of the cloth and the ground was filled up, on three sides, by a lattice of light reeds painted in figures. The other side was entirely open. In one of the corners stood the arms of the master of the tent, the curved sword, the spear, and the small round shield.

"The news of our coming soon spread among the other tents and brought around us all the men of the party. The boys seated themselves behind, peeping over the shoulders of their seniors, and the women, none of whom were veiled, surveyed us through the lattice, from the next tent. As each one entered, he seated himself in the circle and exchanged greetings with us. I observed that all their ceremonies were Turkish, and they lavished them with Turkish profusion. I was both surprised and pleased with the perfect etiquette which prevailed, for it was altogether above the demeanour of Turks of the same rank. The more honourable among them sat farther within the tent than the others, and special deference was shown to them. When they spoke, all were silent, and when one of them entered the tent, the company rose and remained standing till he was seated. The same respect was shown to the aged. The company were very sociable, without being noisy, and although their curiosity was evidently excited by our appearance, they kept it under proper restraint.

"As we were about to depart, they told us that food was preparing, and insisted upon our eating with them, to which, as a pledge of amity and good-will, I gladly consented. Two circular wooden *sofras*, or waiters, were laid upon the ground, around one of which we sat with the chief men of the party, while the rest of the company were accommodated at the other. Five or six different dishes were brought, some of which were new to me; all of them, however, were clean and excellently cooked. One of the best consisted of dried mulberries warmed in honey.

"Everything about the tents and the people wore a neater and more thrifty appearance than is often found among the common population of the East. Their numerous flocks were feeding on the hill, and herds of horses in the vale. The men were large and robust, with fine, open, and cheerful countenances. Most of the boys and girls were comely, and some of them even handsome."

On a subsequent day other parties were met, and Mr. Southgate spent the Sabbath under the following circumstances:

"On the plain, a few hours from the Bin Gul, is Kheunneus Kalesi, a small fort with a few houses, where the chief of the district resides. He has under his jurisdiction all the villages of the plain, twenty-eight in number, of which twelve are Armenian and the rest Kurdish. We crossed two small streams, passed one village, and stopped at a second, called Arous, where I determined to spend the morrow, which was Sunday.

I could find nothing better than a cattle-house: but, as all the inmates spent their days in the pasture, I was made welcome to that. In the evening, the cattle came in, and we spent a very disagreeable night with them. The day I also preferred to spend abroad, and finding a tree near the village, passed my Sunday quietly beneath it. It was the first tree which I had seen since leaving Erzroum, and it seemed set in that lonely spot to shelter and refresh a way-worn traveller. . . . .

"The men of Arous wore the tall, white, conical cap of the Kurds, and spoke their language, but their features and their manners bespoke another race. They were Armenians. I had come to their village in preference to Kheunneus, to spend Sunday, because they were Christians. They had no church, but there was a priest among them whom they regarded as a learned and holy man. I sent to him on Sunday morning, inviting him to come and take coffee with me. He came, approaching us with a look of timidity and apprehension, as if he suspected that some evil was plotting against him. He was distinguished from the rest of the villagers only by a black turban, and an *abba*, or cloak, of the same colour. His demeanour was, like theirs, dejected and cringing. He seated himself at my request, drank the coffee that was offered to him, answered all my questions with an indistinct murmur, and retired without having uttered a word. This is very commonly the character of the Armenian village priests. They are as ignorant as the people around them, poor and filthy in their persons, and extremely abject in appearance. Their ministrations are confined to the performance of the daily services of the Church, and the parochial care of their parishioners, which consists in baptizing, marrying, and burying. They gain an uncertain and meager livelihood from parochial fees and the contributions of the villagers."

On Monday the traveller had better fortune.

"At two and a half hours from the village, we crossed the Kizzil Tchai, or Red River, a small stream running to the Euphrates. On its bank we met with a party of Kurds, gaily dressed, who were on their way to attend a marriage-festival at Kheunneus. An hour farther on our course, we stopped for our morning repast, in a green dell, where we found water.

"We had hardly seated ourselves before we heard some one hailing us from above, and a horseman immediately descended, followed by a single attendant. The former was a young Kurd in the full dress of his people. He wore a red tunic, reaching to his waist, and white shalvars, the great nether garment of the East. His sugar-loaf cap was bound with a turban of the gayest colours, and in its folds the long tresses of his auburn hair were twisted. He wore in his girdle a brace of pistols and a dagger, and, hanging from it about his person, were a ramrod, a small powder-horn for priming, a cartridge-case, and numerous little trinkets for the care and repair of his arms. In his right hand was a spear, with a wooden shaft about ten feet long. One end was pointed with iron, that it might be stuck in the ground, and the other was ornamented with a large black ball of light feathers, from the middle of which projected the head of the spear, about five inches in length, and of a rhombic form. At his back hung a small round shield or targe, intended to be used in single combat with the sword. It was studded with small pieces of brass resembling coin, and was decorated with silken tassels of various colours, hanging from the circumference, and a larger one suspended from the centre. Thrusting his spear into the ground, he dismounted, and

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sitting down by us without ceremony, drew out his bread and cheese, and offered to join meals with us. We accepted the proposal, and were at once good friends with him. We soon learned from him that, though his beard was not yet grown, he was the Bey of a village on the plain of Moush, which we were to pass."

Of the Kurds they at this time saw no more.

The Traveller's next halting-place of any importance was *Moush;* a town perched on an eminence, and containing about 5,000 souls—a mixed population, and exceedingly Irish in their externals.

"The number of poor, insane, and diseased persons is astonishing. Boys and girls are seen running with a single rag, and often entirely naked, through the streets. The Christians appeared to be the most thriving part of the population: but all complained of poverty. . .

"Our coming excited a great stir in the town. Our dresses being after the fashion of the capital, every one knew us to be from Stamboul. Crowds collected as we passed through the streets, and gazed after us until we were out of sight. Various conjectures were started to account for our visit."

Some of these conjectures were of an unpleasant and even alarming sort.

The Armenians have, in this poor town, an abundance of churches for their numbers. One of them, said to be 1300 years old, is called *The Church of the Forty Steps*, from the approach to it being by a flight of that number of steps. Here a priest was found teaching twenty-five boys, who were learning their lessons on the flat gravestones around, like the little girl in Charles Lamb's beautiful tale of the *Sailor Uncle;* and here, when asking for a sight of relics, Mr. Southgate was thus gratified:—

"One of the priests conducted us to a small upper room, and taking a bundle from a niche in the wall, began to open it. One by one, twenty-five silk handkerchiefs were unfolded, when a large volume appeared. This the priest took and, reverently kissing, opened. It was the New Testament, beautifully written on parchment in Armenian characters. We inquired its origin, and were told it was a mystery. When the church was built, the book had been found there and had been carefully preserved from that time to the present. It had, they said, the power of working miracles, and many instances were known of the sick having been restored to health by laying it upon them. My Mussulman guide was appealed to for the truth of the assertion, and, to my surprise, acknowledged that Mussulmans even had tested its healing efficacy. As the priest was about to return the book to its place, an old man bowed with infirmities pressed eagerly forward, and seizing it in his hands, kissed it and rubbed his aged head upon it. May the day speedily arrive when all the poor and despised Christians of the East shall have this blessed book in their possession, and draw from it those spiritual truths which heal and purify the soul."

On the route to Bitlis, the traveller passed through several Armenian and Kurdish villages. The peasantry inhabiting the former are nearly in the same condition that Xenophon described, 2,200 years since. Their houses are generally made "by excavating the earth, and raising a wall of loose stones to the required height. Trunks of trees are then laid across for rafters and covered with branches. Then the earth is piled on until the whole is covered, and the fabric attains a semi-globular shape. Sometimes the whole is built upon the surface, but, in both cases the external appearance is that of a bare mound of earth. As the traveller approaches one of these villages, he discerns nothing at first but an apparent unevenness in the ground. Soon the rounded tops become distinguished. These in summer are covered with cakes of manure formed by the hand and drying for the winter fire, a feature which gives the whole at a distance the appearance of a magnificent collection of dung-heaps.

"The houses have generally two apartments, one for the family, and another more inferior for the cattle. These are almost entirely without furniture, and are not remarkable for cleanliness. Sometimes there is a rude fire-place, or a hole in the ground which answers the same purpose, the smoke being of too little importance to have special provision made for its egress, excepting a small aperture through the centre of the roof, where, at the same time, a few rays of light seize the opportunity to struggle in. On the plain of Moush many of the houses have a pole on the top, which supports the nest of a stork.

"The villagers are mostly herdsmen. They have the buffalo, but of a species unknown in America; the cow, horse, ass, and goat. They subject the cow to burdens. A man's property is estimated by his herds. The produce, yoghourt, cheese, and milk, furnish the chief articles of food. The villagers are poorly clad, timid and servile in demeanour, and their faces are unintelligent and spiritless. They do not appear the same race with the same people of Constantinople, or even in the cities of the interior. In some of the villages which suffer most from the Kurds they wear the aspect of deep misery, and one often wonders at the degradation which can endure such a position without an effort to change it. They are extremely ignorant, and unclean in their persons and houses. The women are especially ugly and filthy, and their domestic condition is as evil as can well be imagined. They are servilely treated, brutish, idealess; of peevish, complaining tempers, and doing no service without a murmur. They have in many of the villages the care of the herds, besides their domestic labours. Both men and women are generally unwilling to give lodging or food, or do it in so slow and sullen a manner as to render their hospitality hardly endurable. There are some exceptions to this picture, especially in the large villages. In some I have been cheered by the sight of domestic industry, cleanliness, and thrift; in some I have been cordially received. But such exceptions are rare." . . . . . .

This is a painful picture; and in this condition these wretched people linger on from age to age. Bands of Kurds—robbers, in fact—were sometimes met by the travellers, to the deadly terror of the muleteer. One day, after leaving Moush, on halting for refreshment, they heard that a villager had been murdered that morning in the mountains; and, in the same day, in a desolate place, they were stopped by a party of those fierce mountaineers, who, on discovering them, had changed their course and galloped towards them. The alarming encounter is thus naturally described:—

"The movement threw our muleteer into great terror, He suddenly ordered us to draw up into a body and to move forward slowly, while he hastened to meet the advancing horsemen. A warm parley ensued. The party eyed us keenly as we approached. My spirits sank very perceptibly when I encountered the same ferocious looks that I had seen in Moush. The conversation between the muleteer and the horsemen became more earnest, but being in Kurdish, we could understand nothing, excepting by their looks and gestures, that it related to us. The poor muleteer, who had served us most faithfully from the first, looked as if he were upon the rack. He succeeded, however, by what arguments I know not, in effecting his object, for, after some delay, we were suffered to proceed in safety. The Kiahya's story revived the recollection of the adventure, and, as if this were not enough, I began to feel some self-reproach for having undertaken the journey. John, too, became gloomy; called himself a fool for having exposed his life for the paltry consideration of monthly wages; and wished himself in Constantinople.

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All this induced a fit of loneliness; and, for the first time since my journey began, I lay down upon my grass couch with a heavy heart.

"How healing is sleep! How repulsive of care are the bright beams of the morning! John rose a new man, and I found in the protection of the night something still to be grateful for. . . . . .

"In the course of the day we passed four old and deserted khans of an ancient and solid architecture. The principal one was built of hewn stone, with round towers or abutments at the angles and sides. I was in the Saracenic style, and had doubtless been erected many ages back, for time had now decorated its walls with green tresses waving from every gaping chink. A stone fountain, which still furnished refreshing water, stood before it, and a merry cascade played near by."

A wealthy Armenian at Bitlis, to whom Mr. Southgate had a letter from Erzroum, gave him a very inhospitable reception; pretending to know nothing whatever of the person by whom it was written. In these circumstances, returning the letter into his pocket, he desired to be conducted to the Bey, a Kurd, who chanced to be found in one of the khans.

"In a few minutes I was in his presence. He sat in one corner of the room, gayly dressed in the Kurdish costume. His whole apparel was white, and his peak cap was bound with shawls of the liveliest colours. He was young, with a fine open face and a good form. He saluted me gracefully as I entered, and pointed to a seat near him. Pipes and coffee were brought, and he began by asking some commonplace questions as to my country, name, &c. He was more curious, however, to know my real design in travelling, and pressed the question with considerable importunity. I told him in plain terms that my object was to see different people and countries, and to observe manners, characters, and religions. He could not understand it—an Oriental never can understand the motive of one who travels either for information or pleasure. I have sometimes heard Turks speak of the locomotive propensity of the English as a species of insanity. The Bey was not satisfied, and asked what had brought me into so strange a place as Kurdistan. I replied that its very strangeness was my motive, that I wished to see what nobody else had seen. He was not contented, and grew suspicious. Finding that nothing else would avail, I intimated that I was travelling with proper credentials, and directed John to exhibit the firman of the Sultan. It was received by his secretary, who opened it and offered it to the Bey, pronouncing at the same time the single word '*Mahmoud*.' The Bey, instead of receiving it with the customary demonstrations of respect, waved his hand contemptuously in token of refusal. I then drew forth the bouyouroultou of the Pacha of Erzroum, and handed it to the scribe. When the Bey heard what it was, he ordered it to be read, and at the close, drawing himself up, made some remark in Kurdish to the crowd who had gathered about the entrance. The meaning of course I could not understand, but the tone and expression of face which accompanied it, showed that it was of a bold character. The bouyouroultou, however, had its desired effect. The Bey added in Turkish that I must be provided for, and looking round upon the crowd who thronged the entrance, added, "We must assign him to some one who is able to show him proper attention;" and then, as his eye fell on the Armenian to whom I had brought the letter, "M——, will you receive him as a guest?" My Armenian, laying his hand upon his heart, professed himself all zeal to comply with the wishes of the Bey, and, turning to me with an equivocal smile of welcome, requested me to follow him. I did so, with a secret feeling of vexation at being thus unceremoniously thrust upon his reluctant hospitality, but I endeavoured to console myself with the thought that I was an instrument of justice to punish him for his parsimony. When we had arrived at his house, he conducted me to a balcony looking out upon a garden, and shaded with magnificent fruit trees. Here carpets and cushions were spread for us, and we were invited to repose. The motive for forgetfulness being now removed, my host's memory suddenly revived, and I delivered him the letter which I had brought for him. Though an Armenian, he could not read it himself, but, with the aid of his son, contrived to make out a lame interpretation, which gratified him so much that he afterwards showed the letter to all his friends.

"In the evening another Armenian, the banker of the Bey, came in to make our acquaintance. He welcomed us to Bitlis with the warmest cordiality, lavished upon us compliments in overwhelming profusion, made the most unbounded offer of his services, and concluded by insisting upon our being his guests on the morrow. I hardly knew to what to attribute this profuse kindness, but I was very grateful to meet with so warm a friend, and began to feel quite at home. The next morning he called again, but, alas, how changed! There was no welcome, no compliment, and the invitation for the day seemed entirely forgotten. The melancholy truth at last came out, that our new friend had come to us the evening before from the midst of his nightly potations, and it was under their influence that he had made all the fair speeches which the soberness of the morning had dissipated.

"Bitlis cannot fail to interest and surprise a stranger at first sight. Its picturesque situation among the mountains and the singular internal appearance which the peculiar construction of its buildings gives it, make it entirely unlike most other eastern towns. The mountains form three deep valleys, which come down from the north, southeast, and west, to a junction where the city stands, extending its arms up into each of them. Three little streams, following the same course, descend, unite, and flow off together in one river emptying into the Tigris, which is said to be twenty-four hours distant. The streets of the town run in terraces along the steep sides of the valleys, and the passenger in looking up is often surprised to see houses and walls above his head. Most of the houses have gardens attached to them, which give to the city, from some points of view, the appearance of a paradise in the midst of bare and verdureless mountains. The mosques, houses, garden walls, and every other structure about the city, are built of a fine kind of sandstone, with which the region abounds. It is cut into cubic blocks for building, and imparts to the city an air of remarkable regularity and solidity. . . . . .

"The trade of the city is with Persia through Van, with Erzroum, Diarbekir, Mossoul, and Bagdad. The road to Mossoul is a dangerous one of eighty hours, or fifteen days. Jizireh is distant forty-eight hours, Diarbekir the same, Bagdad 220, and Busra 300. These are the estimates which I received from good authority in the place, but I cannot vouch for correctness in a matter where it is so difficult to procure authentic information."

A great variety of excellent fruit is found in the gardens of Bitlis. Mr. Southgate, during the day, went about every where, and spent the nights on the balcony of his churlish host, who placed him thus agreeably, merely not to have him under his roof. The following adventure becomes almost comic:—

"As I was sitting there one evening, enjoying the gentle calm and stillness of the hour, I heard distant music and a song, which gradually approached the house, and at length ceased before the gate. Soon after, our old friend the banker appeared upon the balcony, followed by two or three companions and a train of musicians and singers.

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He seated himself familiarly by my side and ordered the music and song to commence, while our host hastened away to prepare an entertainment for his guests. Our banker was even more profuse in his compliments and offers of service than on the evening of our arrival. He particularly pressed upon me the use of his horses in my perambulations about the town. Thinking that a compliance would be the most effectual lesson for him, as well as conduce greatly to my own comfort, I accepted the offer on the spot, promising to send for them the next morning. When morning came, the banker had, as before, quite forgot the events of the evening, and appeared mortified upon being reminded of his promise. He permitted the horses to be taken away by the servant whom I sent for them, but was afterwards more cautious in his words.

"I availed myself of this new facility to visit some of the more remote parts of the town and, first of all, went to pay my respects to the Armenian bishop. . . . .

"We found the bishop seated upon a carpet under the tree of a garden adjoining the church. He would have arisen, with the aid of his servants, to receive us as we approached, if we had not hurried forward to prevent him. 'I am old,' said the venerable man, slowly passing his trembling hand over his silvery beard. The Armenians say that he is a hundred and twenty years of age. He spoke, in feeble tones, of some of the events of his long life, while we sat by him on the carpet. He had formerly exercised the Episcopal office in Constantinople, but for the last twenty years had been resident in Bitlis. He gave me several items of information respecting his people, which will be found scattered about in other places, as occasion may call them out. While we were conversing, two or three of his presbyters came in, and, after making their obeisance, remained standing in reverent silence before him. This deep respect appeared to be both appropriate and impressive. I have often witnessed it elsewhere in Turkey. Though a peculiarity perhaps, no one, I think, will be disposed to account it one of the *corruptions* of the Eastern Churches. . . . . .

"The manners of the people of Bitlis are more free and gay than is common in Turkish towns. As I sat in my balcony I could often hear the sound of music and the voice of merriment breaking upon the stillness of the evening. This gayety, however, is mingled with no extraordinary refinement of manners; on the contrary, one is often annoyed by an indelicacy extremely offensive. I was astonished, on waking the first morning after my arrival, to find all the male part of the family assembled on the balcony to see me dress, and my confusion was not a little increased on perceiving that the female portion had stationed themselves, for the same purpose, behind the lattice which separated the balcony from the inner apartments of the house. When I ventured to remark upon these and other such like novelties, the universal apology was, 'What else can you expect? This is Kurdistan.' I have nowhere found the Armenians more respected and influential than in Bitlis, and consequently have seldom found them more intelligent and truly respectable. They have eight churches and four priests."

Some families of *Jacobites* are found here, a denomination of Christians rather numerous in certain parts of the East; and not to be confounded by our Scottish readers with the adherents of the Stuart dynasty. The Jacobites, like the Lutherans, the Calvinists, and Wesleyans, take their appellation from their founder.

At Bitlis, Mr. Southgate, who met individuals of all religions, became acquainted with a Yezidee or Devil-worshipper.

"He was a farrier, and being in the employ of my host, occasionally made me a visit, and sometimes ate with me. I endeavoured to glean something from him respecting his religion: but, although he received my inquiries with good-humour, he could be induced to make no confessions. I observed nothing singular in his habits, beside a practice of holding his little cup of wine with both hands. I did not, at the time, suppose it to be any thing more than an awkward habit of his own, but I afterwards found in Mesopotamia, that the same was a universal practice of the Yezidees. Their great reverence for every thing Christian is well known, and this custom may have arisen from a superstitious fear of spilling upon the ground a liquid used in a Christian sacrament."

Our traveller enjoyed his sojourn in Bitlis, and left it to the great and evident delight of his host, who cordially speeded the going guest, and his own regret. The evening before his departure, he had an opportunity of witnessing the in-door manners of the higher orders in Bitlis. He was invited to dine with one of the principal Armenians of the place. He says:—

"I went at sunset, and found several guests already arrived. They were seated in two rows on opposite sides of the room, and the master sat below them all. They all rose as I entered, while the host conducted me to a seat in the recess of the window at the head of the apartment. When all were again seated, sherbet, followed by rakee and sweetmeats, was sent round—a ceremony which was often repeated before dinner. This important meal was at length announced. Two waiters of great size were placed upon stools, around which the guests seated themselves in two companies. Dinner was served up in Oriental style. One dish rapidly succeeded another until it became a task to taste of those which followed. Rakee was served, at the same time, in small glasses, but with a frequency which threatened to endanger the sobriety of the company. I thought it my duty, at the hazard of seeming to slight the hospitality of my entertainer, to set an example of abstinence. The master did not sit at meat, but stood by, attending to the wants of his guests and giving directions to his servants. The compliments with which I was greeted were as Oriental as the scene about me. My coming was a gift from God; it was the appearance of a rose in a garden where it had never before been seen. John, who was present, was complimented as a Constantinopolitan by a health to Sultan Mahmoud, whose virtues were extolled with a formality and vehemence which seemed not a little suspicious. After dinner, the company resumed their seats, and an hour was filled up with music and song from a Kurdish musician. The scene, although orderly, was of a lighter kind than I would have chosen to be in if I had foreknown its character. But I went away hoping that some good might have been done, by giving them, perhaps, the first idea they had ever received of temperance in the use of strong drinks. The party broke up at an early hour. The host accompanied me into the street and, on parting, seized and kissed my hand."

As this is the first account any European has given of this city, which has rarely, if ever been visited by the people of the West, we have dwelt upon it. Shortly after leaving Bitlis, they came suddenly in view of the lake of Van, encircled by a continuance of the Nimrod range of mountains. At Ourtab, a village on its borders, they halted. The waters of the lake are brackish, and of a milky white. An amusing circumstance occurred here, which is exactly the counterpart of many of those stories of the *unco gude* carriers still current in Scotland, and also probably in New England. A field of red clover was seen in full luxuriance; and as the Koran enjoins that prayers neglected at the proper time should be said afterwards, the muleteer insisted on stopping to perform his devotions. Mr. Southgate relates:—

"As he had not said them at noon, the most meritorious hour of the five, as it was not now a canonical hour, and as I never knew him to say them afterwards, during the whole journey, I am inclined to believe, what John sug-

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gested at the moment, that his sudden devotion was excited by the thought that the time necessary for it would afford his horses a fine opportunity to regale themselves on clover. The delay was probably more beneficial to them than to me. I had felt, before leaving the village, considerable indisposition, which had now increased to a fever. While we stopped, my position on my horse became so irksome that I dismounted and flung myself upon the grass. It was fresh and moist, and doubtless added to my disorder, for I journeyed on the rest of the afternoon with great difficulty. Our course skirted the lake, and lay over rugged hill sides which descended to its brink. Most of the ground was covered with dwarf oaks: but here and there we passed through open groves of fruit trees apparently growing without culture amidst the wilder vegetation.

"We reached, a little past six, the Armenian village of Elmaleu, nestling amidst a grove of fruit trees at the head of a little cove, itself completely sheltered by the surrounding rocks and trees. The scene was so retired and quiet that it seemed the very home of peace. The women were uncovered, as they generally are in the villages, and were spinning cotton before their doors. They appeared more neat and thrifty than I had been accustomed to see. But, what was best and strangest of all, they were kind to me. I wished to spend the night in the open air, but they dissuaded me from it by saying that the vicinity of the lake rendered it damp."

A very great difference was also visible in the Kurdish villages; and those of that people who have even but very lately renounced a nomadic life, appear superior both to the Turks and Armenians, who regard them as intruders.

"They are chiefly husbandmen, and apparently industrious and good ones. They are far more cleanly in their houses and persons, and generally better dressed. Their faces are open, cheerful, and intelligent. Their women go unveiled, but are modest and often beautiful. Their children are well formed, active, and bright. As a people they are the best-looking peasantry that I found in the East. I never saw a mosque in their villages: but they profess themselves good Mussulmans, and have an Imam who conducts the prayers in his own house. They are on the whole more strict in their devotions than the Turks: but they have hardly any intelligent idea of the religion which they profess. . . . . .

"We turned out of a valley into an extensive plain which conducted us once more to the shore of the lake. The Kurdish husbandmen were at work. In one place they were cutting *grass* with a *sickle*. I never before or afterwards, in the East, saw grass cut for fodder, excepting in the northern parts of European Turkey; nor did I ever, in any other instance, see an agricultural implement in form like the sickle. The food commonly given to cattle in Turkey is barley-straw, and the most common provender is barley. This is the most extensive product of agriculture in the empire. Wheat is next. Oats and rye I have seldom seen, and corn is abundant only in European Turkey, where the meal is made into bread equal to the brown loaves of New England. The grain that was growing on the border of the lake of Van was now ripe and nearly six feet high. In another part of the plain a party were ploughing, and singing right merrily at their work. An Eastern peasant singing at his work! This too was strange. I never heard it elsewhere, in those lands, than among the Kurds."

Mr. Southgate, after this period, suffered considerable indisposition, brought on and greatly aggravated by the fatigue of travel, and the numerous privations to which he was exposed. This beautiful incident occurred at Vastan, or rather a village occupying the site of what had anciently been Vastan:—

"Besides the few houses near the lake, were an old mosque and medresseh, the first I had seen since leaving Bitlis. One of the houses was the residence of a Bey, of whom we asked shelter for the night. We were received into a comfortable building adjoining the house, and evidently intended for the reception of guests. It had in the middle a platform or stage, with a balustrade around it, where we could repose without danger of being trodden upon by our horses in the night. As the sun had not yet gone down, we preferred to sit for awhile before the door, where carpets were spread for us. The Bey did not make his appearance for some time after our arrival, but I observed him eyeing us from a small window in the wall of his house. He sent us, however, a present of cherries, and a bouquet of roses, in token of hospitality, and at last came himself. His sons, who had gathered round us, rose as he approached, and his appearance was so venerable that I almost involuntarily did the same. He was slightly bowed with age, but his figure was still tall and commanding. His beard, long since whitened by the frost of Time, descended to his breast. His face wore a grave, but kindly aspect, and his whole appearance bespoke the simplicity of patriarchal times. He laid his hand upon his heart and bade us welcome. We pressed him to a seat upon the carpet, while his sons stood respectfully before him. The eldest was about forty years, and the youngest just entered into manhood. So, I thought, the patriarch Jacob may have often sat at even-tide before the door of his tent, surrounded by his manly sons. The old Bey knew no language besides his own, but one of the young men was able to serve as interpreter.

"When the sun had set, we retired to our apartment, and the Bey came in and ate and spent the evening with us. I have often met with Mussulmans who seemed to possess a deep religious feeling, and with whom I could exercise something of religious communion. I have sometimes had my own mind quickened and benefited by the reverence with which they spoke of the Deity, and have sometimes mingled in harmonious converse with them on holy things. I have heard them insist with much earnestness on the duty of prayer, when they appeared to have some spiritual sense of its nature and importance. I have sometimes found them entertaining elevated views of moral duty, and looking with contempt on the pleasures of the world. These are, indeed, rare characters, but I should do injustice to my own conviction, if I did not confess that I have found them. In these instances I have uniformly been struck with a strong resemblance to patriarchal piety. That reverence for God, that spirit of simple trust and resignation to his will, that disposition to observe the operations of his hand in the works of nature, and that kindly and beneficent feeling towards all which are the prominent characteristics of the faith of prophets and holy men of old, are also the peculiar traits of Islamism, whenever it assumes any thing of a spiritual character. And why should it not be so? It is essentially a transcript of the religion of the Old Testament, corrupted no more than that was corrupted when Mahometanism arose. I would not appear as the panegyrist of the religion, nor would I deny to it what I sincerely believe to be its due. On the contrary, I exalt the religion of the Bible, when I show that even its corruptions may sometimes have a beneficent tendency.

"These thoughts are suggested by my recollections of the Kurdish patriarch. When we sat down to eat, he implored a blessing with great solemnity, and rendered his thanks when we arose. Before he left us, he spread his carpet and offered his evening devotions with apparent meekness and humility; and I could not but feel how impressive are some of the Oriental forms of worship, when I saw his aged head bowed to the earth in religious homage. I have not scrupled to adopt the same form, when necessitated to perform the same duty in the presence of Mussulmans."

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Mr. Southgate was seriously indisposed when he reached Van; but the curiosity of the Pasha to see the Frank would brook no delay; and sick, desponding, and travel-stained, he was dragged into the presence of the great man. The Pasha arrayed himself for the interview in the new costume invented by the Sultan, and had a chair placed for his guest; one of those flimsy articles made at Malta, and borrowed for the occasion. Poor Mr. Southgate appears to have been almost ashamed of himself. "What an idea of western customs," he exclaims, "must that tall, straight-backed, narrow-seated body-bearer give to an Oriental!"

"The Pasha asked many questions on America, and my object in visiting his country; to all which I answered discreetly. He then sent for John, who made a low obeisance as he entered, and, at the Pasha's bidding, knelt at the foot of his carpet. His examination ended, the Kurd was called. He went a degree farther in his respects than John, for he approached, knelt, kissed the border of the carpet, and then rising to his feet, stood with his hands folded before him. Upon being questioned, he had the assurance to say that he had been deputed by the Bey of Bitlis, in whose service he professed to be, to convey us into the presence of the Pasha. The whole story was a fabrication, and his conduct had been an incessant torment to me, from the moment of our leaving Bitlis. The Pasha, however, believed him, and according to custom, ordered a present of fifty piastres to be made to him by his treasurer.

"The Pasha offered me a room in the palace, which looked out on the pavilion and court, and at noon sent me a rich breakfast from his own table. Finding myself however, exposed to constant observation, and feeling the need of retirement and repose, I begged the Pasha to assign to me a place of residence in the midst of the gardens."

He was afterwards assigned a lodging in the house of a wealthy Armenian, of a character very opposite to his host at Bitlis. This man's story and position gives a complete picture of social life in the East, under one frequent aspect:—

"He received me at the outer gate with as unconstrained a welcome as if he had invited me thither himself. A room was already prepared for me in the most elevated part of the house, overlooking, on three sides, the forest of gardens beneath, and commanding a distant view of the city and the lake. The grounds belonging to the house, though but a speck in the midst of the gardens, themselves covered many acres, and were cultivated by no less than thirty-six labourers. My host was still a young man, but had passed through some interesting vicissitudes of fortune. His father had been the banker of the tyrannical Pasha before mentioned, who had put him to death with the design of seizing his riches. The son, however, anticipating the event, had gathered his father's wealth and fled to a place of security, where he remained until his enemy was removed or dead. The catastrophe, he said, had been a warning to him to avoid public stations. He had, therefore, returned and purchased an estate among the gardens, where he could spend his life in retirement and quiet.

"Near the house was a kiöshk, or summer pavilion, where my host sometimes entertained a party of friends. On one occasion I was invited to be present. The pavilion was embowered among trees, and opened, upon one side, on a square tank or reservoir, like those often seen in the courts of Persian houses. The floor was covered with carpets and cushions, where the guests, twelve in number, could repose at their ease. Around the reservoir musicians were seated, who played while we ate. Some of the instruments were new to me. One in particular attracted my attention. It was in form like the body of a piano, though so small that it could be lifted with ease by the player. Its construction and notes also resembled those of the piano: but its cords were struck by two pieces of wood or cork attached to sticks held in the hands of the performer.

"Two large sofas were placed for the party. When we had seated ourselves, a narrow cloth, sufficiently long to extend across the table, was spread in our laps, and a napkin richly embroidered was thrown over the left shoulder of each guest. Previously, however, servants came in with napkins on their shoulders, a ewer containing water in one hand and a basin in the other. The ewer is generally metallic, and somewhat resembling in form an old-fashioned tea-pot. The nose, however, is so small that only a slender stream of water is emitted, which is poured upon the hands of the guest by the servant kneeling before him, while the basin receives it below. To avoid the offence which the sight of the foul water might give the guest, the basin has a metallic cover covered with holes, through which the water passes and is concealed beneath. From the centre of this cover rises a cylindrical post, three or four inches high, on which the soap is laid. The guest, having performed his ablution, takes the napkin from the servant's shoulder, wipes his hands, replaces it, and the servant passes to the next. By this process fingers are made as fit to be thrust into a dish as knives and forks can be.

"Generally a kind of soup is first served, into which each guest, the most respectable taking the lead, dips his spoon. Pieces of bread are placed in profusion around the sofa. There is no clashing of knives and forks, no changing of plates. Each dish is placed in the centre of the table, and they follow one another in rapid succession. Each one takes a portion from the side nearest him, so that the numerous fingers thrust in together do not interfere with each other. The guest has hardly time to fill his mouth before the dish is snatched away and another takes its place. Each dish is distinct in its kind. There is no intermingling of different articles. If there are vegetables they follow separately and alone. A Turkish sofra is almost always furnished with pickles, which are esteemed a great provocative of appetite. Sherbets, though common, are not so often found as at a Persian board. The variety of dishes is very great, and the number is proportioned to the rank and ability of the host. I have seen nearly twenty follow each other in the course of half-an-hour. Mutton is the meat most commonly eaten by the Turks. I have been served with a dinner in which there were brought forward about twelve dishes, each different from the other, but nearly all of them preparations of mutton. The last dish is the pilav. When this appears, the guest may understand that whatever remains of appetite he possesses must be satisfied upon that.

"The etiquette of a Turkish repast is minute in the extreme. One can hardly imagine, without observing it, how much refinement there may be in eating with one's fingers. The radical difference between Oriental and Occidental manners is, that the first are formed upon nature, the second upon art. . . . . .

"When our dinner at Van was ended, candles were brought, roses were thrown upon the water, and the music was continued until the guests were ready to depart. The spot won so much upon me, that I frequently afterwards retired thither alone, to repose during the heat of the day, and to listen to the music of the birds and the gurgling of the water, as it fell into the reservoir."

The government of this province was formerly hereditary; but, in 1831, the governor rebelled, was defeated in arms, and his government taken from him and his family. The present governor is of the new school; and, though a strict Mussulman, is a friend of reform, or of innovation.

The only European that has visited the towns of Bitlis and Van, and the neighbouring country, is Schultz the

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German, of whom Mr. Southgate received the following account from the Pasha of Van, where the unfortunate traveller had spent a month:

"The Pasha described him as, in stature, the tallest man he had ever seen. He travelled through the country in lordly style, making magnificent presents wherever he went. He was accompanied by an interpreter, several servants, and no less than seven sumpter-horses. In this manner he went into Kurdistan, where, doubtless, that upon which he depended for his security proved his ruin. His display of wealth tempted the cupidity of a Kurdish Bey who was entertaining him. His host dismissed him, when he was ready to depart, with a powerful guard, ostensibly as a mark of consideration and honour; but he gave the escort secret instructions to murder him on the road. On the second day of their march, the chief of the party invited him to turn aside, on pretence of visiting some ruin near at hand. As soon as they had reached a convenient place, the guard fell upon him unawares, and, before he could offer resistance, despatched him on the spot. The lesson was so instructive a one, that I thought it worthy of being recorded. Still I could not but regret, in my own case, that I had not some presents with which to repay the courtesy of the Pasha of Van. He was unwearied in his attentions during my stay. Whenever I wished to go abroad, he sent me horses, and gave me free permission to go where I pleased. In this way, although still in a weak state, I was able to visit every part of the town and pursue my inquiries among all classes. The place has all the appearance of a Persian town, excepting its Turkish minarets."

Van is at the head of a district of seventy-five villages, and the principal place in the Pashalik. The bulk of its inhabitants are Turkish, but the Armenians are also numerous. The observations which Mr. Southgate makes upon the inferiority of the Mussulmans and Christians, applies to all mankind. The Christians have been degraded by long ages of oppression.

"From a people more elevated than their masters now are, they have become slaves. Generous and manly feeling has been long since crused by the iron hand of tyranny, and they have become churlish and inhospitable. Accustomed to seek every expedient to escape the incessant extortions of petty rulers, they have learned both to cringe and to deceive. Their circumstances, not their religion, have made them what they are.

"Wherever their condition is more free, their character rises in proportion. So it is among the Christians of Mesopotamia, and still more remarkably among the independent Nestorians, who inhabit the mountains of Kurdistan. So it is among the Christians of European Turkey, who, though most blindly devoted to superstition, are generally cheerful, industrious, and hospitable. In all these instances their civil condition is more easy, and the influence which it exerts upon their moral and intellectual character is obvious to the most casual observer. In recording, therefore, the degradation of the Christian peasantry of Turkey, I would not be understood as detracting aught from the beneficent tendencies of our holy religion, even in its lowest estate; but would rather show thereby how deeply malignant is the influence of that false faith whose features it is the main design of these pages to delineate.

"Still as an honest reporter, I cannot deny to Islamism whatever of good I have found in it, and, in this character, I must acknowledge that I have seldom seen it presenting a less repulsive aspect than in the interesting region which we have just surveyed."

The route from Van was rendered so unsafe by the predatory Kurds, that the traveller gladly accepted the Pasha's offer of a guard. On the first day he was amazed by his escort performing, for pastime, the mimic evolutions of war; scouring over the plain, wheeling, attacking, and defending. This day, too, he saw, for the first and last time, the peak of *Ararat*. In the middle of the afternoon, the guard halted for prayer, and to perform their ablutions, which are all of religious obligation, though they are of varying kinds. The Mussulmans imagine that the Franks never pray, because they are never seen engaged in prayer.

Before leaving Kurdistan, Mr. Southgate takes a general survey of the character and condition of its tribes, which is full of interest. He anticipates no advantage from establishing missions among them, compared with the results which might be anticipated from the labours of devoted western missionaries among those people of the East called Christians.

The Kurds have no written language, and, with the exception of a few books of poetry, written in Arabic, no literature. Mr. Southgate has, however, a high opinion of their natural genius and intellectual vigour; regarding them, indeed, as superior to all the people of the East.

The traveller was now at Salmus, within the borders of Persia, and symptoms of a different people, and of very different customs, became more and more rife.

(To be continued.)

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Kong Carl Johans Historie. Hvad Tidsrummet fra hans Valg til Svensk Thronfolger betræffer forfattet* af Henr. Wergeland. (The History of Charles John: the period after his Election as Crown Prince of Sweden, by WERGELAND.) Christiana, 1837, pp. 92, 32mo.
2. *Histoire de Charles XIV.* (*Jean Bernadotte*) *Roi de Suède et de Norvége*, par TOUCHARD LAFOSSE. Paris, 1838, 3 tom. 8vo.
3. *Bidrag till Sveriges Historia efter den 4 November*, 1810. (Contributions towards the History of Sweden since November 5, 1810.) [By Captain Lindeberg.] Stockholm, 1839, 2 vols. 12mo.

THE carcer of CHARLES JOHN, now King of Sweden and Norway, is one of the most extraordinary in the whole compass of ancient or modern history. It strikes the imagination more as a legend from the middle ages, or a saga of the old Northman warriors, or a *lais* of the paladin princes of chivalric song, who overran the world as with a fairy wand, or conquered kingdoms with naught but their good spear-point,—rather than the serious and unexaggerated description of real sober facts occurring in our own time. Ninus, it is true, warred against and took "Nineveh, that great city," and Cyrus founded Persia, overcame Crœsus and seized Babylon "that Eastern Queen," —but myriads of Asiatics served under their banners. Alexander, like a second Bacchus, ruled in sovereign splendour from the limits of fair Greece to the centre of the gorgeous Ind,—but his genius-sabre swept along supported by the inflamed nationality of revenging Hellas, and the all-conquering discipline and impenetrable masses of the Macedonian phalanx. Cæsar could boast of "Germania subjugata," though not of our "Insula Britannia," bowing before the cagles of the eternal city; of victories many and of liberty subdued,—but the Roman legions guaranteed his fame. In short, Napoleon and numerous other chiefs have held worlds or provinces in chains,—but countless armies or wide-spreading insurrections, or the fierce breathing *enthusiasm* of knights in holy war, accomplished all their feats.

But that the son of a decent, quiet attorney of Gascony, born at the foot of the Pyrenees, and nurtured in the bosom of "sunny France," should rise from nothing to be

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Maréchal de France and *Prince de Ponte Corvo*, should almost peril the diadem of Napoleon himself, and should at last (without the voice of a single musket or the sight of a single bayonet asserting his claims) be *elected* by acclamation to the thousand miles of snowy thrones of the great Vasas and of the fair-haired Harold, and should there govern in peace, during thirty summers, two kingdoms which he had never seen, of whose languages he knew nothing, and in which even babbling fame had scarcely breathed his unknown name and titles—this is indeed an event so wonderful, that a slight and rapid sketch of the causes which guided him to his sceptres and of his after-fortunes cannot be without interest to every reader.

Jean-Baptiste-Jules-Bernadotte was born at Pau in Bern, on the 26th of January, 1764.* The harshness of his mother, who preferred her eldest son, added perhaps to his own impatient temperament, disinclined him to the law, which his father had wished him to follow and in which he might have had fair prospects, and drove him to that great refuge for all discontented spirits—the army. On the 3d of September, 1780, he entered, as volunteer, the regiment *Royal-la-Marine*, which, under its colonel, the Marquis de Lonse, was then quartered in his birth-place. After having passed two years of garrison life in Corsica, eighteen months of furlough at home in consequence of ill-health, and a similar period of *hanging-on* in service, he at last decided, in 1785, to devote himself seriously and entirely to the field of arms. It is during this interval (from 1780 to 1785) that most writers of his life have ignorantly attributed to him a campaign in America under Lafayette, and (like the first article in our list, and Crichton† among ourselves) long employment in the *East Indies* also. As the origin of this latter rumour has hitherto remained unexplained, and as it affords a striking characteristic of our hero's disposition, we will here insert it. In 1804 Bernadotte was Marshal of France and Governor of Hanover:—

"Among the Hanoverian officers received by the Marshal-Governor, he particularly distinguished General Von Gonheim, an amiable old man universally esteemed. He had formerly served in India in an English company, and like all old veterans took great pleasure in recounting 'how battles then were fought,' particularly those in which he himself had taken part. One day at the governor's table the conversation turned upon the siege of Kuladore in 1783, and the unfortunate sortie attempted by the commandant, M. de Bussy, at the head of a reinforcement brought him by the squadron of Suffren. Suddenly the brave old soldier grew animated in speaking of a young serjeant of *Royal-la-Marine* who was wounded and among the prisoners that had fallen into the hands of the English. 'I was then colonel,' continued Von Gonheim, 'and this *militaire*, who was brought to me, attracted my attention as much by his conduct as by the manner in which he expressed himself. I caused him to be transported to my tent, my surgeon lavished the same care upon him as he would have done upon myself, and in short this young Frenchman merited my affection so well that I kept him with me long after his recovery, and until he was exchanged. Since then'—added the aged general affected—'I have been unable to hear any news of him.' 'I will give you some,' cried out Bernadotte with eagerness; 'this serjeant wounded under the walls of Kuladore, this prisoner whose life you saved is——the marshal who speaks to you at this moment. He esteems himself happy in publicly acknowledging what he owes you, and will let no opportunity escape of proving to General Von Gonheim his gratitude.'

"The scene which followed may be easily imagined. The embraces, the tears, the expansive declarations of the good Hanoverian were the natural consequences of so singular a recognition. The officers of Bernadotte, who knew that he had never served in India at all,—kept countenance and said nothing.

"When Von Gonheim had retired, the aides-de-camp of the marshal hastened gayly to ask him what could be his object for so far taking upon himself the debts of the serjeant of 1783 as to become his substitute. . . . . 'Did you not see,' replied Bernadotte, 'how happy this excellent old officer was in recalling to his recollection the obligations rendered to a soldier of the regiment in which I passed my first years of service? I wished to continue his happiness. What does it matter that *an error* continued it to him? . . . . . I have restored to our honest Hanoverian one of the most fortunate events of his life. Who knows? Perhaps Von Gonheim accused of ingratitude the favoured prisoner of the *Royal-la-Marine!* It was a good recollection of *esprit de corps* to justify my old comrade.'

"In reading this episode in the life of the Bernese general, we shall discover perhaps a trait of his country. But reflection will teach us to recognise more particularly the overflowing of a good heart, and that bounding of a generous soul which could not brook the idea of a debt of gratitude not yet paid."‡

Such undoubtedly *may* be the opinion of a panegyrizing Frenchman, but we doubt not that every English reader will agree with us in denouncing it as an unworthy and heartless trick—as *gasconading* of the worst description.

The Revolution opened to Bernadotte, as to so many other low-born *braves* of France, free scope for advancement to the highest ranks. His fearless and opportune bravery, in saving the life of his colonel, M. D'Ambert, during an *émeute* at Marseilles, gave him well-earned advantages and a flattering compliment from M. Barbaroux, the procureur of the commune, "who was not, however, destined to see the fulfilment of his prophecy concerning Bernadotte; an illustrious child of the revolutionary Saturn, he was to be ere this devoured by him."† At a later period he was, much to his dissatisfaction, transferred to a lieutenancy in another regiment, and refused the permission he had asked to serve in the West Indies. "Bernadotte hastened, therefore, though sorrowfully enough, to join the regiment of Anjou in Bretagne; for the decree was positive he must either obey or retire. But in this new corps he managed to gain the respect of his comrades and the esteem of his chiefs more rapidly than he had expected. When the regiment *Royal-la-Marine* returned to France, the adjutant of 1790 was already colonel, whereas he would have been a captain at the most if he had accompanied it to the colonies."‡

In 1793, our republican soldier of fortune, now high in command under Kléber, performed good service in the army of the Rhine, and again developed great energy and presence of mind by suppressing a dangerous mutiny of the troops besieging Landrecies, after the murder of General Goguet. "More than once since then, this officer will show, on similar occasions, the fortunate ascendency which military eloquence may have when properly applied."§ This is true: not even his enemies, and their name is Legion, have ever attempted to deny it. Personally brave, calm, calculating and brilliantly impetuous (though sometimes imprudently so), educated in a school of excitement

* He was, like Keppler, and many other distinguished men, a weak and sickly seven-months' child; his mother had been alarmed during the wild freaks of the Carnival.—*Lafosse*, t. i. p. 31.

† Scandinavia, by *Wheaton and Crichton*, v. 2. p. 269. This elegant work is weakest after 1812. As regards Sweden, details as well as engravings would have been much improved by a residence in Stockholm.

* *Lafosse*, t. i. p. 291.
† Id. p. 44.
‡ Id. t. i. p. 47.
§ Id. t. i. p. 56.

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and revolution fitted to develope all his distinguished qualities, and lured on by partaking in the honours and the spoils showered upon the conquerors *and plunderers* of almost all Europe. Bernadotte gave early indications of a superiority which his after-life has fully verified. But we cannot help observing here, with an author rather his eulogist than his critic:—"In all the remarkable circumstances of his life, Bernadotte had the advantage of increasing the effect of his *actions d'éclat* by some solemn measure taken either by the officers of the army or by bodies regularly constituted. If it is to the devotion of some intimate friends that we must attribute this, we must confess that he had the art of meriting *warm* attachments; if it is to his personal *savoir-faire*, we must conclude that he well understood how necessary it is, in order to reap the fruit of one's *better actions*, not only to do them, but also to labour once more to prevent their being forgotten or misunderstood. He undoubtedly found himself in an excellent school for adopting such a maxim as this, and for the rest, we know that he was born *dans la terre classique*."*

Shortly after the day of Landrecies, he rallied a corps in disorder, by tearing off his epaulettes, throwing them into the midst of the retreating group, and exclaiming, "I am no longer your chief, since you will permit yourselves to be dishonoured,—and, having again displayed his talents on the field of Fleurus, was created general by Kléber, who wrote in his brevet, "*Promu à ce grade pour traits de bravoure et actions d'éclat.*"

His exploit in taking the fortress of Wich gained Bernadotte his stars of *Général de division*, and in the campaign of the year III. he seconded Kléber in the German war. Several successes gained him great distinction, but none more so than the *coup de main* of Bendorf, which is so prettily described by our French biographer (himself a military man) that we extract it entire:—

The great art of the strategist is to calculate whether the importance, and above all whether the probability, of the results which he proposes to acquire can compensate sufficiently the sacrifices which they will cost him. Valour and audacity are only warlike virtues, in so far as they are of service to useful projects. We must declare then, with all that sincerity which ought to be the first law of the historian, that Bernadotte, in the brilliant *fait d'armes* which we shall now relate, sacrificed too much blood to the chances of a success far too uncertain. The facts themselves will justify this assertion.

"Our intrepid general had glanced at the possibility of carrying off an Austrian corps in the plain of Neuwied. He had just been informed that he had boats sufficient to transport at once to the right bank eight hundred men, thirty-six horses, and two pieces of artillery; and that by this means, the half of his division would be thrown upon the other side of the river in less than two hours. A more exact examination proved that all the boats they could dispose of would scarcely hold three hundred men, and that even those had no oars. '*N'importe*,' cried Bernadotte, carried away by his favourite project, 'even though I should not carry more than one company to the other side, I will attack the enemy's camp notwithstanding!'

"It was in the month of *Messidor* [19th of June to 19th of July]; in this season the dawn is early. Bernadotte could not commence his bold embarcation at two o'clock in the morning without being perceived by the enemy, who immediately began firing from their redoubts on the expeditionary detachment. Ten thousand Austrians are there: to pass the Rhine in their presence is a design which astonishes the chiefs and the French soldiers. Notwithstanding, five out of the ten companies of grenadiers assembled by the general, embark under a deluge of fire; the chief of this first detachment has orders to seize a redoubt which particularly incommodes the passage. . . . The redoubt is carried, and with their feet in the blood of two hundred men whom they have butchered, our grenadiers turn the cannons of this advanced work against the Austrians who hasten to defend it.

"During this first action, the five other companies pass the river; Bernadotte puts himself at the head of these brave men, and they march directly on the village of Bendorf, occupied by the Austrian lieutenant general Finck. Our grenadiers make their way into this village by main force; the guard of the general quarters is taken; the equipments, registers, plans and maps are seized; and Finck himself escapes with great difficulty.

"But the ten thousand men who compose the Austrian corps, soon recover from the stupor into which they had been thrown by an attack so unexpected. Bernadotte is quickly obliged to defend himself in the position of Bendorf, attacked by four battalions . . . . It then became difficult to disguise from our grenadiers the peril of their situation; many threw down their arms; others are about to imitate them: discouragement is the most contagious of all diseases. At this sight, Bernadotte, *rugissant comme un lion*, and seeing captivity inevitable unless he succeeded in exciting the courage of despair against this frightful extremity, points out to his soldiers several of their comrades whom the enemy massacred although disarmed, and cries out with a thundering voice: 'You see that you cannot escape death by throwing down your arms; snatch them up once more, and know how to die bravely, defending your lives and your general!'

"At this moment a third transport of troops arrives; Bernadotte can only oppose about eight hundred men to ten thousand Austrians. His grenadiers fight like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, and, more fortunate than those heroes of antiquity, they triumph . . . . In vain do the Generals Finck, Kilmayer and Witgenstein unite their efforts to recover the redoubts and the general quarters; after four hours of an Homeric combat, the republicans force their enemies to retreat, and remain masters of the shore. The trophies of a feat of arms almost incredible are, four hundred prisoners, two thousand sacks of oats, thirty wagons loaded with bread, and a hundred and fifty baggage-horses.

"Success justifies every enterprise; but it ought not to authorize their example, when it was obtained beyond the limits of prudence. 'Impossibilities,' as Napoleon said at a later period, 'are rare conquests.'"*

The army of the *Sambre and-Meuse* continued to advance, and gained Bernadotte an order from the Directory to lead 20,000 men into Italy. During his march he again distinguished himself for the discipline of his troops, and is not inaptly complimented by *Lafosse*, as being "the Jupiter Stator of mutinies." At last he met that mighty genie whom God had commissioned him, when the time should come, to paralyze and destroy. And here we quote once more:

"Before we follow the divisions of Bernadotte across the Piave, we must detail some particulars of this general's first interview with Buonaparte. There was something solemn in the meeting of these two distinguished men, for, as we shall very soon see, they mutually penetrated each other's character at this their first rencontre. Buonaparte was exceedingly free in conversing with his new lieutenant: Bernadotte was less so; perhaps his reserve arose from his having already divined the secret of the young captain. That he had done so, we may judge from his observation, on returning to head-quarters, to the officers who asked him concerning Buonaparte:—'I have seen a man twenty-

* Extrait de la Biographie des Hommes du Jour. Par *MM. Sarrut et Saint-Edme*, p. 4.

* *Lafosse*, t. i. p. 89.

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six or twenty-seven years old, who wishes to be thought fifty, and this does not augur well for the republic.'

"Buonaparte, on his side, did not characterize Bernadotte with less justice and originality. 'He has,' said he, 'a French head and a Roman heart.'"*

If to this we add the remark of the same great Corsican at another period—"*Il a du sang maure dans les veines*"—we shall obtain a psychological description on which it would be difficult to improve.

In Italy, the Arch-Duke Charles again found more than his match in the commander of Napoleon's van-guard, who, at the battle of Gradiska, again harangued his troops in that style of laconic eloquence so common among the heroes of the Revolution:—"My friends," he exclaimed, "do not forget that you belong to the army of the *Sambre and Meuse*, and that the army of Italy beholds you!" The troops replied by gaining him the battle, and afterwards added to it several other victories, particularly the capture of the Idrian mines, where five millions (of francs) worth of ore became the spoil of the army. Shortly after, the chief of the avant-garde performed an action worthy of all praise, by causing some salt-magazines seized by the troops to be sold, and the proceeds, 200,000 livres, to be given to the inhabitants of two villages, which had been razed to the ground by his engineers in order to assure the defence of Palma Nuova. He was shortly after left by Napoleon governor of Friuli, in which post he behaved with great prudence and moderation. Every where he procured himself admirers and supporters; indeed the suavity and attractiveness of his manners, and the scarcely-to-be-resisted charm of his conversation, gave him a power dreaded by Napoleon himself. It might be said of these two generals, in the words of the old Italian proverb respecting the Prince of Condé and the great Coligni,—"God save us from the Condé's tongue and from the Coligni's tooth-pick!" To all this must be added his profound and accomplished craft, and his instinctive knowledge how and when to employ the weapon—whether of gold (though not without a pang!) or of steel—most fitted to accomplish whatever object he may have had in view.

But we may as well here, once for all, enter our protest against the sweeping applause sometimes bestowed upon this commander, as though he had been in his campaigns a paragon of civic virtue, a warrior altogether uninfluenced by the principles displayed by the captains and Directory of France in the first heat of the national explosion. Such was by no means the case. *Audi alteram partem.* The disagreeable details, however, of this period of his career, have been so carefully suppressed by all his modern biographers that we might be tempted to suppose the picture had no shades. In order to give a little relief to such bright colours, we cannot help quoting passages from two summonses of Bernadotte preserved in an old and awkward English compilation long since forgotten except by the military student. The first was to the governor of Gradiska, and commenced thus:—

"Sir,—You have defended yourself like a brave man, and, by doing so, have acquired the esteem of military men; but a longer resistance on your part would be a crime, which I would revenge principally on you; and to justify myself in the eyes of posterity, I must summon you to surrender in ten minutes: if you refuse, I shall put your garrison to the sword."†

This demand was successful, and the garrison were made prisoners of war.

The second, in 1797, after his ambassador-exploit at Vienna, was to the Rhingrave of Salm, governor of Philipsburg, and concluded in these terms:—

"Should you oblige me to give orders for the assault, I am sure I cannot but succeed, as the number of troops I have with me, and the other means I possess, render it impossible I should fail. But the punishment of those who have been the cause of resistance to the French Republic shall be terrible; *nor will I restrain the rage* of the soldiers, who will give way to their fury against you."*

Notwithstanding the impossible in the Rhingrave's defence, (whose answer was as calm and manly as the summons was insolent,) Bernadotte was compelled to turn the siege into a blockade, and at last to raise it altogether.

In 1797 our hero had another interview with Buonaparte at Passeriano, and to the views he there developed may probably be attributed the peace of Campo Formio, which the great captain soon after concluded. But fire and water are seldom long at peace. A new meeting was followed by new intrigues, and the ambitious master of the Directory, jealous of his rival's power as well as glory, caused the appointment to the army of Italy, which they had conferred upon him, to slip through his fingers. This event was followed by Bernadotte's indignant quasi-resignation, a "consummation" cleverly evaded by the celebrated embassy to Vienna. The affair of the tri-coloured flag, and the revenge taken by the populace on the insult, are so well known that we need not dwell upon them here.

On his return from Vienna, in the month of August, 1798, Bernadotte, who had refused the post offered him by the Directory, married the present Queen of Sweden, Désirée Clary,† the daughter of a rich French merchant established at Genoa, whose sister was united to Joseph Buonaparte, and who had even once been wooed by the future Emperor himself. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to the command of an army of observation on the Rhine, and was offered the appointment in chief of the army of Italy, but as he regarded the number of its troops to be insufficient, he declined this post.

We have now arrived at one of the most important events in the life of Bernadotte,—his assumption in 1799 of the portfolio of the minister of war. The machinery which procured him this high office was Buonapartean; Joseph and Lucien Buonaparte judged him a fit person to serve the army, at the same time probably considering him as one willing to serve their brother and himself. In the latter opinion, however, they were mistaken; his career was too parallel to become at once subordinate, and consequently the same power which had lifted him so high, threw him back again into the common military circles. It is well known how remarkably his talents and enthusiasm succeeded in restoring order and a certain degree of plenty to the scandalously chaotic and bankrupt departments of the French defence. Two short months sufficed for him to procure and transmit supplies of all kinds to the various armies of his country. His great

* *Lafosse*, tom. i. p. 124.

† *Philippart's* Memoirs and Campaigns of Charles John, Prince Royal of Sweden. London, 1814, p. 28.

* Ibid. p. 51. Mr. Philippart adds, "I cannot avoid drawing a comparison between this summons and the conduct of General Moreau, in 1794. When General Moreau summoned the town of Sluys to surrender, its governor, Vanderduyn, replied, 'The honour of defending a place like Sluys, that of commanding a brave garrison, and the confidence reposed in me, are my only answer.' It was early in the month of July that General Moreau first sat down before Sluys, and the brave garrison, determined on resisting the rapid advances the French had made in their occupation of the Flemish Austrian provinces and towns, continued to make a most vigorous defence until the 25th of August, when it surrendered. The soldier-like resistance which they displayed induced General Moreau, with Roman greatness of mind and true glory, to grant advantageous conditions to the garrison, and he strongly expressed his pride and satisfaction in having been opposed to soldiers of such determined gallantry."

† The fruit of this union was Oscar, now Crown-Prince of Sweden and Norway, who was born July 4th, 1799. His rather remarkable name was given him after the hero in Ossian's poems (which Buonaparte had just then brought into fashion) by the First Consul himself, who even honoured his father so much as to be inscribed godfather at the baptism.

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weapon was, appealing to the passions and glory of the people. As a specimen of his language, we add extracts from two proclamations of the period, which are rare in French, and have never yet, we believe, been published in an English dress :—

"The soldier of the monarchy was the blind instrument of a capricious will; all his labours had but one great end —to establish the more firmly a tyrant upon his throne."*

"The soldier of liberty took up arms, only to defend his rights; it is the knowledge of this which is in him the motive to great actions, and liberty is their lever. To this creative movement we owe all the illustrious men who are at this moment the glory of the republic. . . . . Some of you are called to overthrow thrones, some of you to preserve liberty in your own country. I have now laid bare the secret of your strength, and you now see with what eyes you should regard the Austrians and the Russians."† . . . . . "Freemen! Let us unite! Republicans! be vigorous but wise, and only see your enemies in royalism. The day when we discover the power of union,—the coalition of kings is no more!"‡

While upon the head of proclamations, we cannot help adding a sentence from that to the division in Switzerland, which had just lost their commander, the brave and brilliant Schubert:

"While we had kings it was often said, that after the production of a great man, Nature needs repose. But in your ranks I behold many a Schubert and many a Buonaparte; for in our days Nature herself is changed by liberty."

Napoleon never forgot this magnificent pique. Indeed it was afterwards repeated by Bernadotte, when he took leave of the troops he had commanded in La Vendée in the year X.:—

"Peace will restore you to a life more sweet; enjoy in repose the remembrance of your triumphs, and never lose sight of the fact, *que l'élan de la liberté vous a conduits*. You may preserve your glory, but with difficulty will you ever be able to increase it. Each of you may with pride raise his soul to ideas the most noble; almost all the generals who have led you to victory *sont sortis de vos rangs*."§

After the events of the 18th Brumaire, when the race was literally "neck and neck" between the two great rival generals, but when Napoleon again showed how alone he stood in real depth and grandeur of soul among the giants pigmies to him—whom the revolution had assembled around him, our republican accepted fresh honours at the hands of—the First Consul. These, however, he forfeited, through his connexion with the conspiracy of Marbot. Other causes contributed to extend the breach, till Napoleon seized a favourable opportunity of neutralizing altogether the influence of his dangerous subject, and offered him the governorship of Louisiana. A variety of delays prevented Bernadotte from hastening to his post, and in the meantime the cession of the province and the war with England put a stop to the whole plan. Lafosse here treats us with an amusing episode of the prophesies of a "*pythonisse*," anglicé, fortune-teller, who predicted an empire to the consul and a kingdom to his lieutenant. As the story, however, is somewhat of the longest, and probably apocryphal (at least in its present shape), we cannot here insert it.

"A reconciliation afterwards took place between the general and Buonaparte, and, on the nomination of the latter Emperor of France, General Bernadotte was one of the first who signed the document. He is also reported to have made the following address to Buonaparte on this occasion:

"'I thought for a long time, Sire, that France would not be happy under any but a republican form of government. To the hearty persuasion of the excellence of this paradox, your majesty may attribute the conduct I have pursued for more than three years. Enlightened by happy experience, I feel much satisfaction in assuring you that my illusions are entirely dissipated. I beg you to be persuaded of my eagerness to execute any measures that your majesty may prescribe for the good of the country. I moreover declare to you, as well as to all my friends here present, that I share the sentiments which General Murat has just delivered to you in the name of the army, not politically and by word of mouth, but with heart and soul.'

"Buonaparte rewarded General Bernadotte for his support by appointing him one of the marshals of France, and gave him a command at Hanover."*

In 1805 the marshal, who had displayed great moderation in his government of Hanover, marched to partake in the German campaign, and served with distinction in the battle of Austerlitz. This, in addition to his other qualities *vis-à-vis* the Emperor, gained him in 1806 the princedom of Ponte-Corvo, in Italy. Lafosse has some very pertinent reflections on this system of rewarding "*une valeur toujours éclatante, mais entachée de servilisme*," with "a perspective of titles, dotations, principalities, and even thrones."† When he afterwards was about to leave France and assume his Swedish sceptre, he sold his principality to the Emperor for the sum of 2,000,000 of francs.

The campaigns of 1806 and 1807 raised still higher the military renown of the Prince of Ponte-Corvo. Though it was not always the "Veni, vidi, vici" of the latter biographers, he still gained many important victories. One was at Saalfeld. At Halle he defeated the Prussian reserve under Eugene, Prince of Wurtemberg, with a very inferior force. In the bulletin of the battle of Jena, gained by Napoleon just before, the Emperor had pompously announced that he was in full march with an army of upwards of 60,000 men to engage and destroy *this very corps of reserve* shortly after annihilated by Bernadotte at the head of 15,000. The courier could not be overtaken, and Buonaparte could never forget or forgive the bitter lesson given to his arrogant vanity by this unseasonable victory. He was also triumphant at Lubeck (which was plundered) and at Radkan, where Blucher himself capitulated to his forces united to those of Murat and Soult. The battle of Mohringen, which the Norwegian memoir-writer calls "*en glimrinde Træfning*" (a brilliant engagement), was at the very least *a drawn game*. Indeed one circumstance in this "affair" could not but have been disagreeable to the marshal personally :—

"During the action, Prince Michael Dolgowick, with his regiment of dragoons, went round to the rear of the French, made his way to head-quarters without being perceived, and carried off Marshal Bernadotte's equipage, his plate, and some ladies."‡

At the attack by the allies on the *tête du pont* of Spanden on the Passarge, the marshal received a wound which, though slight, obliged him to quit the army for the remainder of the campaign, an event of the less importance, as the victory of Friedland put an end to the war.

After the treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, Bernadotte was entrusted with the command in chief of the Hanse Towns, and resided for the most part in Hamburgh. While in

* *Proclamation aux Conscrits.* † Ibid.

‡ *Proclamation aux Administrateurs.*

§ We may as well take this opportunity of remarking that a complete collection of the speeches and proclamations, &c., of Charles John, from his first stepping on shore in Sweden on the 10th of October, 1810, to January 28th, 1825, may be read in a very elegant English translation by *Mr. Meredith*, appended to his "Memorials of Charles John," 8vo. London, 1829.

There have been two editions, both published in Stockholm, of the originals in French. The last goes down to November 8th, 1837. But, for reasons which our readers will well understand, those *prior* to his arrival in Sweden have never been collected, and must be hunted for in all sorts of publications on the wars of the revolution, &c.

* *Philippart*, p. 67. † Ibid. tom. i. p. 314. ‡ Ibid. tom. i. p. 118.

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this city he behaved very generously to a poor old French *émigré*, who had inserted in a German Grammar, as an example in the syntax, "*On dit que Buonaparte est un grand général; mais ce n'est qu'un brigand heureux.*" On the incorporation of the Hanse Towns with France, he had fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire by changing *Buonaparte* to *Bernadotte*, just as the latter happened to receive the command in chief of his asylum. The white-haired old professor, however, escaped with a fright and a present. Lafosse adds another amusing story, which he calls "*atticisme à la Henri IV.*," about the witty method employed by the marshal to obtain some improvement in his lodgings, but the length of this article will not permit its insertion.

It was shortly after this, that 6000 of the Spanish auxiliaries, under the Marquis de Romana, who had been marched to Denmark and placed under the marshal's own command, made their escape to Spain, an event for which Buonaparte accused the marshal of great negligence. He nevertheless employed his military talents in the campaign of 1809, where he partook in the victory at Wagram, although not without being again severely censured by Napoleon for being tardy in his movements, and for his columns having displayed great confusion, even firing upon each other by mistake, which occasioned much slaughter.

The next and last military employ entrusted to the French marshal, was the command of the army at Antwerp, after the landing of the British at Walcheren. The Prince was now living in Paris in full disgrace with Napoleon, but as the need was pressing and his military talents were universally acknowledged, the royal council conferred upon him a command full of difficulty, but which he filled with honour and complete success. In consequence, however, of a proclamation in which he took great merit to himself and hinted at great faults in the dispositions of Napoleon, he was recalled, returned to Paris, ordered to confine himself to his princedom, spiritedly refused, and hastened instead to Vienna, where he reconciled himself to Napoleon, who conferred on him the governorship of Rome—but subsequent events prevented his entry upon its functions.

It is here that we are introduced to the second or Scandinavian half of the life of Bernadotte. The honest and economical, but obstinate and narrow-minded Gustavus IV. had, fortunately for Sweden, just been deposed. The constitution of 1809, the work of some chiefs rather than of the nation, and which did so much at the same time that it left so much undone, had been hastily adopted, and the vacant throne filled by the late king's uncle, now Charles XIII. The Swedish people hastened to give their childless monarch a presumptive successor, and their choice fell upon Charles August of Augustenbourg, with whom they had become acquainted during his command of the troops in Norway. The talents, but still more the virtues, of this noble youth, his simplicity of manners, his affability, and his almost Spartan parsimony—a duty still more admirable and necessary as Sweden was then almost exhausted by the war—attached to him the hearts of all his people, and would probably have ended, as was the plan of the revolutionary chiefs, in attaching Norway to Sweden in voluntary union for ever. But

"Heu miserande puer!"

or rather—*Heu miseranda populo*—he was to be the Marcellus of the north, and died suddenly in Scania on the 10th of May, 1810.

This melancholy event rendered imperative a second election, and as its results was to raise the subject of our memoir from the *tabouret* of the Buonapartean feudatory to the throne of the great Gustavus, and as the real history of these transactions is wilfully or from ignorance suppressed in the various memoirs of Bernadotte, and is consequently unknown except to a few among the initiated of our countrymen, we shall go more into detail on the subject.

The aspirants to the vacant dignity were three:—1. *The King of Denmark*, supported by the wisest among the Swedes, who knew the vital importance of such a union among the three Scandinavian nations as would not only compensate Sweden for the loss of Finland, but guarantee the future existence of the three states amidst the threatening revolutions of continental Europe and against the despot Czar. But unfortunately, the prejudices of a large party, added to the jealousies of many of the chiefs, who justly feared that such an event would deprive them of all their factitious consequence, succeeded in influencing Charles XIII. to oppose and deprecate the election of his brother sovereign.—2. *The Prince of Augustenbourg*, brother of the late Charles August, and brother-in-law of the King of Denmark. This candidate was patronized by King Charles himself, and *by the men of* 1809, as the revolutionary chiefs called themselves. His character, however, was that of a scholar rather than of a soldier, and his political position offered no advantages to Sweden in case of his election.—3. *George Duke of Oldenburg*, brother-in-law of Alexander, and a relative of the Queen of Sweden, who supported his claims. His principal adherents were General Adlercreutz and his partizans, whose interest was gained rather through the influence of the Queen and their jealousy of Adlersparre (who was strongly in favour of the second candidate) than by any particular views of superior advantage to the country. The late dynasty had, singularly enough, no supporters. Not one noble held up his hand to confer the crown forfeited by the father on his unoffending son! But this resulted from the well known dishonest birth of the late king himself, and from his having too grossly insulted the patrician pride of the higher orders, especially the military chiefs, most of whom were nobles.

Napoleon, the principal great power interested in the question, affected to keep his inclination secret. He had already decided on the gigantic efforts afterwards made against the always false, the always fickle, the always selfish Russia; but the moment of explosion was not yet come. As yet, he needed Alexander's friendship. But the formation of a consistent northern monarchy under the protection of the eagles of France, would, he imagined, close the Baltic against all the attempts of British convoys, lock the gates of the sea against Russia herself if necessary, and assist in the subjugation of that insolent power by co-operating in the invasion of her western provinces. Consequently, although the ambassador at Stockholm was instructed to act with great caution, the demi-official gazettes of Paris were allowed to give hints which Europe could well understand. "*Sans doute*," said the *Journal de l'Empire* for the 9th of June, "*on va proposer un prince de la maison d'Oldenbourg souverain d'un état voisin.*"

While affairs were in this state of uncertainty, the Swedish diet was convened at Orebro, instead of Stockholm, which it was feared was too agitated after the late murder of the Count Fersen, who had been suspected by the populace of being the poisoner of the favourite Crown Prince, Charles August. At the same time the King despatched two couriers to Paris, bearing copies of his letter of the 2d of June, 1810, to the Emperor, in which he begged the assistance and protection of that great chief in favour of the election of the Prince of Augustenbourg.

The one of these two couriers was a young lieutenant in the infantry, a certain Baron *Mörner*, an individual of no consequence, wealth or birth.—To this "*jeune homme étourdi et enthousiaste*," as the Baron Wrede shortly afterwards denominated him, this baronling, almost as unknown in Stockholm as he was in Paris, Bernadotte was indebted for his election to the throne of Sweden. So inscrutable

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are the ways of Providence! So are the wisdom, the strength of this world mocked by the ignorance of the foolish!

On arriving in Paris the young baron was informed on all sides of the approaching election of the King of Denmark as successor to Charles XIII. The news alarmed him. Visions of the Calmar union, Christian the tyrant, Danish bailiffs and foreign tax-gatherers, in short all the bugbears of a school-boy's reading, immediately crossed his imagination. Besides, like the army in general, he burned for the humiliation of perfidious Russia, the recovery of Finland, and the restored lustre of Swedish arms. This, he knew, could not be accomplished by the unwarlike Frederick VI. He therefore turned his thoughts to the generals of Napoleon, and, by the advice of M. Signent, a man of talent and liberal principles, who was then Swedish consul at Paris, fixed his choice upon—Bernadotte. Having procured through M. Signent an interview with the Prince, he explained to him his views, assured him of the support he would receive from the officers of the army, and prayed him to lose no time in preparing for his success by enrolling his name among the candidates. The Prince was not inattentive to these *démarches*, but explained himself more fully some days later, on being visited by Baron Wrede, who was then visiting in Paris in the capacity of an extraordinary diplomatic agent:—

"As to my religion, which you make a motive for my exclusion, I belong, by my family, and especially through my mother, to that professed among yourselves, although I have hitherto followed the religious principles of my father. For the rest, I was born in the country of Henry IV.; what he did not hesitate to execute, I myself am capable of doing.* The study of your language offers difficulties, it is true; but surrounded by Swedes, I hope that I shall soon be able to master it.† And lastly, as to my standing with the Emperor, I am convinced that what you have told me is entirely without foundation."‡

This last expression, which apparently assured him of the support of Napoleon—a view confirmed by the diplomatic caution exhibited by the Duc de Cadore, the French minister of foreign affairs—assisted in giving some kind of substance to the imaginary propositions made by Mörner. The latter having first arranged with the Prince of Ponte Corvo, that an emissary should follow him, so as to reach Sweden after the opening of the diet, dexterously eluded both the Swedish mission and the French police, and arrived in Stockholm without accident. When there, all the individuals most intimately connected with the foreign department were highly indignant at his unauthorized and extravagant conduct. "Young man," cried out the Count Essen, marshal of the army and of the kingdom, "you deserve to be shut up in a dark cell, and to be deprived for ever of the light of heaven!" However, intelligence of what had passed in Paris gradually spread, the officers and anti Russian party and the movement, or French faction, began to declare in his favour; and at the opening of the diet, (thanks to the care of this lieutenant of infantry) some score of its members began to be aware *of the existence* of a certain Marshal Bernadotte!*

Fortunately for the latter, his secret agent arrived at this moment in Orebro; *one day later* and he would have been too late. He brought with him a portrait of Prince Oscar, and various verbal communications from Bernadotte; among others, the very proper and prudent one, that, in case of his election, he would only accept the title on condition of the king giving his consent. The arrival of this messenger threw all the parties into confusion. The partisans of Oldenburgh began to give way. Both the king and the people imagined that all these measures of the French marshal (of whom his master daily showed more and more jealousy and hate) must have presupposed both the consent and the wishes of the mighty Emperor. Wrede continually extolled the brilliant qualities of the new aspirant, whose mildness to the Swedes taken prisoners in Germany was continually repeated and exaggerated, and Charles XIII. was old, feeble, and irresolute.

At last, after all these intrigues—and though Mörner had been arrested, and Desaguiers, the French envoy, disavowed and recalled by the Duc de Cadore for supporting the King of Denmark; a formal punishment, which could not disguise the real sentiments of Napoleon—*the men of* 1809 had still a decided majority. They reckoned 109 votes; the Prince of Ponte Corvo had only 88; and 50 or 60 were still uncertain, and waited the King's own decision. A little more firmness, and his own candidate would have been triumphantly elected. *But he feared Napoleon and the movement party;* and resolved at last, though only after many a pang, to support Bernadotte. This, added to the conduct of Adlercreutz, who went over to the marshal's party (from hatred to Adlersparre, the great chief of Prince Christian's supporters) as soon as he found that Oldenburgh had no more hopes, immediately gave the immense majority in favour of the Prince of Ponte Corvo. The king, adding to those around him, "*J'enleve, par cet acte, la couronne de Suède à toute ma famille,*" proposed him to the states; and this his nomination was "carried by acclamation" in the four chambers of the realm, and the documents of vice-regal sovereignty and adoption were immediately transmitted to the fortunate republican consular imperial military adventurer—now heir to the throne of Sweden—at his residence in Paris. So ended this remarkable election.†

"Such was the splendour of France in 1810, that one of its generals was summoned to support the throne of the great Gustavus and of Charles XII., without her perceiving, in this event, either that she lost one of her greatest captains, or that she ought to glory in a choice which opened out to him a destiny so noble."‡ At Elsineur Bernadotte embraced the Lutheran faith, before the Archbishop of Upsala and the Bishop of Lund, and on the 5th of November, 1810, was publicly received by the king and the diet in the great National Hall (*Rikssalen*) at Stockholm. His speech on this occasion was, as usual, very judicious and very brilliant, especially in the original French, without exhibiting signs of any thing profound.

But we must again hasten with rail-road speed. The situation of Sweden at this period is sufficiently well known. If we take facts as our guide, and not the boastings so often indulged in of late years by Charles XIV. John, we shall find that the country was in great want of repose and re-organization after such heavy losses and such

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* At another period Bernadotte happily varied this expression, by saying—"If Henry IV. could change his faith to obtain the mass, surely I can do the same to get rid of it!"

† *Crichton* (Scandinavia, vol. ii. p. 268) gives us the remarkable intelligence that Bernadotte, almost immediately after this wish, found it so miraculously fulfilled, that after landing at Helsinborg, on the 20th of October, 1810, he "gratified the crowds that awaited his approach" on his journey to Stockholm, by "addressing the peasantry in their vernacular language!" If this language was any other than "the unknown tongue," or the original language discovered by the Eastern king, as narrated by Herodotus, we may safely assert, that neither the prince nor the peasants had much edification from their dialogue; for even at this moment—after the lapse of thirty years—Charles John cannot even read, much less speak, the language of the country.

‡ Dépêche du Baron de Wrede, en date du 28 Juin, 1810.

* The peasants especially were exceedingly puzzled in their deliberations "Ponte Corvo," (which means, in Swedish, *Ponte Sausage,*) "we will not have; Bernadotte is our man!"

† There is a very elegant, though rather short article, on the election of Marshal Bernadotte, in the "Revue du dix neuvième Siècle," t. v. p. 733. Paris, 1838. The author is Herr Lunblad, a Swedish littérateur of great merit.

‡ Lafosse, tom. ii. p. 161.

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a sudden revolution, and longed for a policy founded upon national faith, public liberty, and rigid parsimony, it is true —but that it still retained its honour, and all its real principles of vitality, strength, and independence. Whether these former conditions were fulfilled by the actions of the new sovereign—for the feebleness of the old king rendered him the actual ruler almost from the moment he entered the Swedish council—we shall see hereafter. Still nothing could exceed the tender and devoted care, and the exact regard for all the forms of royalty, lavished on the aged monarch by his adopted son. In this respect his honourable loyalty was unimpeachable.

In 1811 the Emperor appeared determined to compel Sweden to enter into the continental system. But we will now, at length, give a specimen of the Norwegian biographer:—

"The crown-prince now felt himself at a loss from the haughty advances of Napoleon, and reduced to a complete dilemma by his extravagant demands, which were besides represented in that insolent tone so common among the French diplomatic agents of this period. These disadvantages, ignorance of the language, which forced the crown-prince to make use of the court nobility to whom French was their second nature, and, in general, the oppressive rivalry of the nobility to obtain his favour—rendered it difficult for him to be so useful for Sweden as he wished and might have been. The crown-prince made the French minister keep within his limits and prayed the king and council to decide, without any reference to him, as to the various demands of Napoleon, who especially insisted that Sweden should declare war against England, close its ports against its ships and goods, and confiscate the same wherever they might be found within the kingdom. A nearer approach to Napoleon and his policy was certainly advisable, but such blind obedience was neither honourable nor advantageous, and was impossible to the extent called for by Napoleon. The king, however, agreed thereto, and the crown-prince communicated this intelligence to Napoleon in a document which gave him to understand that Sweden had made a sacrifice which must be acknowledged. But Napoleon, inflamed by his hate-breathing idea of annihilating Great Britain by shutting it out from the Continent, (the continental system,) only went still further in his exactions. . . . . Sweden was treated with the scorn befitting a conquered nation, and it resented the indignity; the crown-prince was regarded as a suspicious vassal: and it is even said, that a plan was formed to gain possession of his person and carry him back to France. Napoleon, indeed, began to dread every thing from him; he knew that Carl John might become his most terrible enemy—and he became it."*

Yes! the situation of Sweden, and the "signs of the times," and of its accomplished military ruler, demanded that Sweden should become not only the obedient limb, but the subsidied and secret-service-monied ally, of one of the two great powers which then held their mighty struggle. Buonaparte, fatally blind and blindly fated, neglected the auspicious moment—and Bernadotte turned elsewhere.

The treaty of Petersburgh, dated March 24th, 1812, laid the ground-work of the future explosion. The crown-prince, of course, "made his terms." But why Norway, the territory of a friendly power, was fixed upon by the two sovereigns, at their famous interview at Abo, as the future booty of Bernadotte, instead of that precious and still bleeding "shield of Sweden," Finland, which Russia had gained more by treachery than arms, is a mystery not yet revealed. Alexander, we know, was a "generous" prince; perhaps he was so in more senses than one; at all events, history proves him to have been *at least* equally "wise" and "prudent."

* Wergeland, p. 47.

In 1813, Bernadotte, at the head of 30,000 Swedish troops was enabled, thanks to an English subsidy, to commence his celebrated campaign of liberation, commanding in chief the combined army of the north of Germany. We have no space, however, to detail the transactions of truce and war occurring in 1813 and 1814. Suffice it to say, that the victories of Gros-Beeren, Dennewitz, and Leipsic, &c., gained under the prince royal, together with the various other successful movements of the allies, drove Buonaparte back upon France, and at last led him to exile and to Elba. The conduct of the Crown-Prince of Sweden, in reference to France, was as unobjectionable as could have been expected. He opposed the invasion of the French territory from the beginning to the end of the war, denouncing its injustice no less than its impolicy in no measured terms. At last he retired altogether from the field of war, which was assuming a character inconsistent with the interests of Scandinavia, and commenced his operations against Denmark. His successes were as rapid as they were to be expected; and that power—which had neither *moral* nor *material* forces sufficient to resist him—was compelled at last gladly to rescue its capital by the surrender of the *terra vexata*—Norway. This was a heavy blow. No compensation of moment was ever afterwards obtained, and all the intrigues of the court of Copenhagen failed in averting its fulfilment. Norway, and its rich overplus revenues, will never be Danish more!

The question of Norway, its revolution, its confederation with Sweden, and its remarkable developement since that period, would be an episode impossible to do justice to here. However interesting the subject, therefore, or tempting the occasion, we must shut our eyes and stop our ears, and pass onwards. Perhaps some more favourable opportunity may occur hereafter of entering upon a subject so little known in Great Britain.

Suffice it to say that Bernadotte, impelled by the pressing necessity of closing with Norway, *coûte qui coûte*, and thereby throwing the question at once out of the forum of the allies (whose tendencies and whose falseness he knew too well), and thinking, Frenchman-like, in his profound ignorance of the Norwegian character, *nous changerons tout cela*, sanctioned after a short campaign the nearly republican constitution of Eidsvold in August, 1814, and thereby assured to himself and his dynasty *one throne more*, and to Sweden, in exchange for all its expensive efforts, all its sacrifices, and all its generous confidence, *a valuable negative western frontier!*

Having now despatched every thing relative to the campaigns and warlike deeds of our illustrious hero, we can follow with greater calmness the stream of his civil government during a period of thirty years, without having our attention distracted by the din of arms or the sound of the hoarse-voiced trumpet.

One of the most important measures of the new government was ill-omened for the liberties of Sweden. On the 16th of July, 1812, the Diet was induced, partly during the enthusiasm of the opening campaigns, and partly from the *express assurance* of the court chancellor, Count Wetterstedt, that it was only a temporary measure, and would be almost immediately repealed—a royal promise the government has not yet thought proper to fulfil—to sanction a new law relative to the liberty of the press, whereby, among other regulations, the power of confiscating the public journals, &c. "without judge or jury," was entrusted to an organ of the government.

The ordinance published the same year prohibiting Swedish subjects "on pain of death, confiscation, and dishonour," having any the most slight or necessary communication with the late royal family or their descendants, had at this diet occasioned much bitter disputing. Certain it is that during the present king's reign the country has

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seen a *very great number* of accusations and punishments for high treason, &c.; many of them no less ridiculous in their origin than objectionable in their execution.

One of the greatest stains upon Bernadotte's government is the disgraceful *liquidation* of the foreign debt of Sweden, as by a kind of Swedo-Hibernicism, a measure of national bankruptcy *quoad hoc* was denominated. The personal interference of "his majesty's very dear son, the crown-prince," in this transaction, whereby he procured "to himself and his heirs," an annuity for ever of 200,000 rix-dollars, banco, and the disagreeable mystery in which *the details* of the "liquidation" have always been surrounded, render the whole subject particularly unpleasant to every admirer of the famed honour and good faith of the Swedish people.

We may also as well mention here, in connexion with the above, the extraordinary transactions connected with the sale of Guadaloupe and of Pomerania, &c. Charles John, by a most unheard-of interpretation of the treaty of London, the 3d of March, 1813, assumed the transfer of the island of Guadaloupe, as being to himself personally and his heirs. Consequently, when he arranged the repurchase thereof by France, on the restoration, he quietly put the proceeds, 24,000,000 of francs, into his pocket, *generously* giving back the half of this sum towards the (alleged) payment of the foreign debt. But not content with this, Pomerania and Rugen also, though conquered by the gold and blood of Sweden two centuries (and not two years) before, was in the same manner—without the diet being called upon for their consent, and also by some sort of mental doctrine of the national provinces being the *private property* of their illustrious ruler—disposed of to Prussia, for the sum of 3,500,000 riksdaler courant. This was in June 7, 1815. *Two* millions of this sum were, *out of grace and favour*, and with another flourish of trumpets, applied to the service of the state. We really cannot understand what principles can have governed the representatives of those times to tolerate such illegal scandals. The enthusiasm, however, in favour of their new revolutionary chief, and the late union with Norway, the *actual* amount of whose benefits for Sweden were as yet scarcely dreamed of by the people, surrounded the administration and its head with a kind of *gloria*, a halo-brightness, which later years have only slowly, though too surely, dispelled.

The "rouble fund" is another transaction in the same taste. A million and a half of riksdaler banco were the *douceur* appropriated to himself by the chief of a state, whose tax-paid forces constituted his power. These transactions, by which nearly 2,000,000*l.* sterling have been appropriated to the royal house of Sweden, together with a clear annuity of 4,000,000*l.*, prove how very far *north* Bernadotte is, and that southern sovereigns are vastly his inferiors in the art of extracting money from their people, since the civil list is quite distinct from these "petites affaires." If we consider the poverty of Sweden in relation to other countries, Bernadotte is unquestionably the most richly endowed sovereign in Europe.

The only remaining colony of Sweden, the island of St. Bartholomew, would have shared the fate of its predecessors. But "when the government in 1818 drew up a plan for selling Bartholomew also, the states-general were this time consulted upon the project, and although they sanctioned the scheme, made it a condition that the proceeds should be disposed of to the state's advantage. Whether it was this proviso, or whether it was a want of purchasers, we do not know; but in one word, no bargain has yet been made, and Bartholomew is consequently to this day a possession of the Swedish people."*

In 1812, the government procured the adoption of a plan for excepting this island from the control of the common authorities, &c., and placing it under the immediate jurisdiction of his majesty! From this period many abuses date themselves! lately, especially, complaints have been made of the local authorities having favoured piracy in the seas around it.

On the 5th of February, 1818, the old king, Charles XIII., a weak but ambitious man, who had twice been called to direct the vessel of the state, died quietly in his bed, followed by the regrets of his people. The crown-prince immediately succeeded him, under the name and title of Charles XIV. John King of Sweden and Norway. His coronation in Sweden took place on the 11th of May, at Stockholm, and in Norway on the 7th of September, at Christiana. The people every where expressed their delight and enthusiasm. A feeling of hope and confidence in the future, from the character and abilities of the new sovereign, filled every breast, and inspired the most lively popularity. It was indeed an occasion full of important lessons, this elevation of the low-born republican of France to the thrones of Oden and of Nore; and we perfectly agree in the observation of Lafosse:—

"There is something unwonted and full of intoxicating charms for the imagination, in the homage rendered to the sovereign dignity decreed to the illustrious man, when he owes all his renown to himself alone. It is the triumph of merit and of justice consecrated by gratitude, and nothing is so satisfactory to noble spirits as the spectacle of a whole people discharging such a debt."*

Shortly after this period we find the king directing his attention to several objects useful for the country. Foreign sheep were imported, and the production of fine wool encouraged; literary works of importance for the annals of Sweden obtained some support; and military pensions and education received several additions and improvements. Charles John also again gave a very favourable specimen of his powers as a writer in a letter dated April 3, 1824, and addressed to Prince Oscar on his departure for Norway, which land the king himself had before, as he has again since, visited with so much pleasure. His letter is full of counsels and instructions on the duties of a legislator and a ruler; many of the sentiments are full of weight, and a great dignity of style pervades the whole.

But, as if again to mock our satisfaction, and destroy our confidence in the more active efforts of the administration, the Swedish government, in 1825, was guilty of another scandal, famous "the whole north over." The South American States were in rebellion against the mother country, and had as yet been acknowledged by none among the great European powers. But Colombia, which required a navy, commenced certain measures with European houses (for the most part Jewish bankers, &c.), whereby it should obtain, under the disguise of their being for a merchant expedition, first *two* and then *three more* ships of war, armed up to the teeth, and with Swedish government crews, for employment in its service. His majesty and his ministers were tempted by the price, which exceeded their value in Sweden, besides allowing "pickings," and the expedition would always give employment and experience to the officers and men on board. In the mean time, however, the affair "took wind;" the Spanish ambassador in Stockholm protested against such a barefaced violation of the interests of a friendly people, and of the rights of nations, and at last *appealed to the Russian ambassador for his interference.* This last step, in consequence of the peculiar position of Charles John in respect to the holy alliance, which still flourished, and of which Alexander was the chief, was instantaneously effectual; an exceedingly determined note from that power demanded the immediate abandonment of the whole design.

* Lindeberg, tom. i. p. 185.

* T. iii. p. 169.

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The king was indignant and enraged, threatened war or any extreme rather than suffer the indignity and humiliation of a non-fulfilment of his obligations, and expressed great surprise at what was very naturally to be expected beforehand; but the council were cowardly unanimous in abandoning a plan which they had before as unanimously supported, and he was obliged to give way. The bargain was broken, the money and fraudulent "expenses" returned, and the Swedish government *lost in compensation* to the ostensible buyers, the Swedish Jewish house of Michaelson and Benedicks, the sum of *half a million* of rixdollars banco. As usual, however, the power of the government shielded at the diet all the criminals. In the mean time it was fortunate for Sweden that it instantaneously branded the transaction with all the infamy it deserved. Exposing *men* and *materiel* to the speculation of Jew and Christian usurers in direct opposition to the rights of nations and to common decency, selling war-ships, whether new or old, to foreign states, under pretence of their being worthless or merchantmen, and bargaining with intriguing agents for the "best bidder" on the stores of the kingdom, might, if tolerated in a civilized country, at any moment leave the state *sans* fleet, *sans* troops, *sans* honour, *sans* every thing!

Charles John is a Frenchman; France is a great land power, and the army has consequently always been his favourite weapon. This might all be very well; "*non omnia possumus omnes*," one thing at a time, "*festina lentè*." But we naturally expect from such a great captain the introduction of every possible reform, simplification and improvement, which so experienced a general could have approved for his new country. And to a certain extent, and we admit it with pleasure, such must be acknowledged to have taken place. The spirit and discipline of the troops are excellent; the arsenals of the kingdom are full of military supplies; the education of the officers is much improved, and the engineering and artillery departments especially are now on a very respectable scientific footing. But still innumerable changes, perpetual and most expensive uniform alterations, the multiplication of officers, the lavishing of enormous sums upon all sorts of buildings without the least regard to economy or necessity, and a general spirit of waste and extravagance acceptable to a few of the highest grades, who enjoy comparatively luxurious incomes, but ruinous to the lower class of employés, who subsist upon almost nothing, and consequently are perpetually in danger of demoralization and of debt—have completely undeceived the nation as to their king enjoying those invaluable *organizing* talents for which it had given him credit. On the whole, considering the immense budget now disposed of by the government, compared to that of 1810, the situation of the army, and more especially of the navy after thirty years of peace, is such as by no means to call for the undivided satisfaction or security of the nation they must defend.

On the 26th of September, 1832, the king had the satisfaction of opening the Great Gotha Canal, which flows through the heart of Sweden, and connects the North Sea with the Baltic. This magnificent undertaking had been planned and commenced before his arrival in the country, and was generously supported by the grants of the diet; but his majesty supported its distinguished chief, Count Platen, on many trying and difficult occasions, with the whole influence of the government (which thereby obtained in the count a zealous convert), and may therefore boast of having, in no inconsiderable degree, contributed to the happy completion of this gigantic work. For the rest, his majesty has just reminded us that fifteen millions of dollars banco have been expended in public works since his assumption of the government. The merit of this, however, for the most part belongs to the diet.

The fine arts also have on many occasions experienced his majesty's assistance. On one occasion, we remember, he displayed *un élan de sentiment* much more to our taste, and, in our opinion, much more "*à la Henri IV.*" and really magnanimous, than any of the anecdotes related by Lafosse. The Swedish academy had resolved to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation by Gustavus III. Accordingly they made several arrangements for that purpose, and, among the rest, caused a medal to be struck in honour of his majesty, and a deputation of the academy, headed by the late celebrated Archbishop Wallin, had the honour of presenting it for his acceptance. On this occasion Charles XIV. made the following reply, which we will *this once* give entire, and in his own words:"*

"Messieurs!

"Instruit par votre secrétaire que les membres de l'académie avaient l'intention de perpétuer par une *médaille*, à mon effigie, l'appui que j'accorde à vos honorables travaux, je l'ai chargé de vous faire connaître l'étendue de ma reconnaissance; mais en même temps je lui observai que si la protection commandait la gratitude, la création avait le droit d'aînesse.

"Protéger une institution qui existe, est un devoir facile pour celui qui est investi du pouvoir; mais pour créer, il faut joindre au pouvoir qui autorise, le génie qui conçoit et le courage qui fonde. Un sentiment intérieur, que vous approuverez, m'a porté, en acceptant votre médaille consacrée au protecteur, à en faire frapper une qui rappelle le foundateur.

"Je vous la remets, Messieurs, et je vous prie de la distribuer à chacun des membres de l'académie, en les assurant de la continuation de mes sentimens affectueux."†

The course of events now leads us to another and the last *great* faux-pas of the Swedish government—the trial and punishment of the celebrated assessor Crusenstolpe,‡ in 1838. This individual, whose personal character it is by no means our intention here to discuss or to defend, had first risen rapidly into public notice as a member of the opposition in the Swedish House of Nobles. Having, however, doubtless for *substantial* reasons, gone over to the government party, he displayed in their service the same zeal and talent which had already gained him such public notoriety, being their tactician general at the diets, and editing in their interest a newspaper, called "Fäderneslandet." But probably finding himself disappointed in the expectations he had formed from the government promises, he suddenly turned round, and commenced the publication of works which have constituted an epoch in Swedish literature for the playful, light, conversational, kalcidoscopic beauties of their style, mixed with the most bitter attacks upon the person and family of the king, and the whole policy of the government at large. The mixture of anecdote and small talk, of scandal and of "secret history," in these publications, rendered them at once

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* Gentlemen—Being informed by your secretary that it was the intention of the members of the academy to perpetuate by a medal, containing a portrait of myself, the support that I afforded to your honourable exertions, I instructed him to express to you my grateful sense of your kindness; but at the same time I remarked to him that if the patronage of art commanded gratitude, the creation of it had an elder claim. To protect an existing institution is an easy duty for one who is invested with power, but to create it we must add to the powers of authority the genius of conception, and the firmness requisite to carry conception into effect. An inward sentiment, which you will approve, has induced me, on accepting your medal commemorative of patronage, to order one to be struck which may recall the founder. To you, gentlemen, I consign it, and request you to distribute it to every member of the academy with the assurance of my affectionate regard.

† Recueil de Lettres, Proclamations et Discours de Charles Jean: Seconde Partie. Stockholm, 1838, p. 255.

‡ There is no doubt that Charles John is not so much to be blamed for his prosecutions against the press as his councillors, weak and interested blinders of his judgment.

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excessively popular, and their frequent mistakes or misrepresentations were only dishonourable to the author, without making them less acceptable to a curious, astonished, and delighted public. But such was the caution of the writer, such the prudent wrapping-up of the most caustic insults in the most mellifluous panegyrics, that it was difficult to imagine any other method of reaching the writer than prosecuting the *tendency* of whole passages in several of his latest productions. This the government omitted to do; instead thereof it commenced, after long delays, an action for *high treason* against *a single sentence* in one of his letters, in which he had with great truth and in *an innocent, jesting style*, accused the *council* of Sabbath-breaking, for having issued a certain officer's commission of advancement on the Sunday. This was so extraordinary, that the people could not believe their own ears and eyes. The *council* is responsible, the king is sacred; if it be high treason to state facts or arguments relative to the council, (although the king be a member thereof,) then is his majesty who governs through this unimpeachable council, a sovereign despot. The conclusion is plain and irresistible. The action, however, proceeded. A jury,* even according to the Swedish law, illegally and dishonourably chosen, gave their sentence of *guilty*, and the prisoner was condemned to three years' solitary imprisonment! This decision outraged every feeling of dignity and right in the nation; sympathy was excited for the liberty of the people and of the press, so foolishly attacked in the person of a favourite author, and large crowds cheered him in the court and on his road to prison. But the day of his deportation arrived. Circumstances occurred which excited well-grounded suspicions of agitation and discontent among the lower classes. The moment of his transportation was imprudently delayed, the crowds increased, the military force was ridiculously small, and was left to its fate, though only some hundred yards from the garrison troops, and the natural result was a kind of vulgar *émeute*. During this coarse but not unexpected expression of the instinctive hatred of the mob and the masses to injustice and oppression, the town-house (where the prisoner was confined) and its guard were attacked; the military were compelled to fire in self-defence; and *after* Swedish blood had for the second time flowed in civil tumult during the reign of Charles John, a reinforcement cleared the streets, and put an end to the disorder.

This is the epoch of the rapid fall of the fame and character of the king and his servants. Since then, scores of books, hundreds of pamphlets, increasing poverty, and general dissatisfaction have so far enlightened the public mind of all parties, that the voice of the opposition has become the voice of the nation, the enchanted palladium glory of the aged monarch is waning fast away, inquiry into all departments of his administration brings forward daily discoveries of neglect, abuse, and imbecility, and the diet now sitting will perhaps become the instrument of constructing *de novo*, the representation, the constitution, and the council.†

That Charles John should have omitted the brilliant opportunity presented him by Sweden and by Providence of giving life and freedom to the languishing trade, commerce, manufactures and legislation of his country, and of re-constructing the present worn-out political form of government, in which four chambers each sixth year—

"Like wounded snake slow draw their length along,"

with a want of power, unity, and efficiency alike destructive to the interests of king and people, must excite the surprise and regret of every admirer of his remarkable career. It is true that a fear for his throne and of the intrigues of the holy alliance may have kept him back during the former part of his reign, but twenty years have since then elapsed, and nothing has been done. There has been a perpetual and unworthy nibbling at the laws and rights of the people, a supine neglect of all the higher duties of the legislator and the statesman, a system of corruption by showers of stars and titles, a luxury of administration and of living, in a poor and exhausted country, and an evident leaning to a military despotism abroad,* and to tyranny at home, which have very naturally *at length* produced feelings of great discontent and bitterness among the mass of the people. In general, the details of the administration are in as great confusion at this moment in Sweden as they were thirty years ago. And how valuable is the interval? A generation of profound, of uninterrupted peace! It is true that the population has increased; but this is not always a benefit; and at all events this at least can scarcely be boasted of by a government whose best characteristic is, to have done but little, and that little seldom well! A few laws and improvements have certainly been made, but they have been mostly at the wish and after the plans of the diet itself. In short, without, like Lindeberg, blindly denying the government *any* merit, and we have freely acknowledged that many changes for the better date themselves from Charles John, we may safely conclude, that the immensely costly, however otherwise amiable dynasty of Bernadotte, has as yet been productive of few advantages to Sweden, many to itself.

In Norway, on the contrary, we meet a very different picture. Instead of increasing, we find almost vanishing taxation. Instead of commerce in ruins, we see a vastly extended merchant-fleet ploughing every sea. Economy, trading liberty, and a free representation have lifted the country to a rank worthy its old renown in the annals of Scandinavia. It is true that his majesty, no doubt from good motives, has repeatedly attempted to persuade the Norwegian *Storthings* to sacrifice to him the great bulwarks of their republican organization, and to admit a system which would have nearly assimilated them to Sweden; but it is also true that they have at each successive diet calmly and magnanimously refused, and that the admiration of Europe and the prosperity of their beautiful land has been the result. In Norway the king is the

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* The only case in which a jury is allowed, by the Swedish law, is in connexion with the liberty of the press; and even then, it is a partial and mangled misrepresentation of that great bulwark of national freedom. It consists of nine members, of whom six must be unanimous to procure a verdict of guilty. But three are chosen by the prosecutor, three by the prisoner, and three by the presiding court. Consequently, in government prosecutions, the jurymen nominated by the crown and the court may reasonably be supposed to be unanimous, and the prisoner's doom is fixed. Besides, the jury have to decide only respecting the *law* and not the *fact* of the case!

† Since writing the above, a law has passed the diet, making the council a regular, responsible ministry, and most of its former members have been replaced.

* Amongst those events which most wantonly and unwarrantably shocked every feeling most sacred and most natural to the Swede, was the baptism of the fourth son of the Crown Prince Oscar in 1831, by the name of *Nicholas*, in homage or compliment to the illustrious czar. This, too, to the *occupiers of Finland!* The silent and yet alarming progress of Russia in every direction is quite evident *now*, and we do not know one European or Asiatic power on which she does not meditate similar incursions. Poor Turkey is almost her own: and so is Greece. Circassia holds her at bay, but will share the fate of Poland, if not assisted. Persia is with her; India and China are obviously next in contemplation; Prussia and Austria must keep a sharp look-out; and even France is narrowly watched, in the hope of some convulsion in the unpopular dynasty of Orleans, to push forward a candidate for the throne, such as Prince Louis Napoleon, were he sufficiently facile (and he knows full well the feeling of his correspondent at St. Petersburg, the *Chevalier St. George*, alias the *Czar*) to sink into a satellite of the great northern planet, and to wind about her political centre, partaking of all her mutations and affected by her influences. We shall never cease to point attention to the extreme danger to be apprehended from her upon every point of European or Asiatic territory.

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patron of improvement, because it is a happy and highly-developed country that makes its president (whether he be chosen or hereditary) *strong*. In Sweden, the king, or his interested minister, jealously guards every thing in a *status quo*, because the monarch of a highly-taxed and ill-represented people must govern rather by intrigues and corporate interests than by national votes. In Norway we find the government friendly to reforms, and popular among every class; in Sweden we see fast-rooted abuses and increasing discontent.

In the mean time, to give an idea of the gradual development of the government system of Sweden, we append an outline of the budgets fixed at the successive diets from 1810, when the French marshal was elected crown-prince, to the diet of 1840, which is at this moment sitting in the capital.

Outline of the Budgets fixed at the successive Diets from 1810 *to* 1840.

Year.	First Head. — Civil List.	Second Head. — Provincial Employés.	Third Head. — Army.[a]	Fourth Head. — Navy.	Fifth Head. — Fine Arts.	Sixth Head. — Benevolent Institutions.	Seventh Head. — Pension List.	Eighth Head. — General and Extra Grants.	Ninth Head. — Agriculture, Trade, &c.	Tenth Head. — Ecclesiastic & Education.	Ad interim section.[b]	Total.
	Dollars Banco.	Dollars Banco.	Dollars Banco.	Dollars Banco.	Dollars Banco.	Dollars Banco.	Dollars Banco.	Dollars Banco.	Dollars Banco.	Dollars Banco.	Dollars Banco.	Dollars Banco.
1810	467,823	448,489	1,493,816		10,453	18,414	30,290	368,264	100,000	6,953	489,774	3,434,276
1812	574,982	566,746	2,285,273		10,453	19,303	30,290	449,155	21,786	6,593	327,765	4,292,718
1815	618,153	748,353	2,526,278		11,870	26,743	30,290	484,627	100,000	6,793	271,659	4,824,769
1818	623,468	754,898	3,267,888		20,018	30,559	36,000	331,001	100,000	21,168	289,844	5,474,844
1823	738,549	1,813,808	3,072,530	1,039,025	26,487	115,751	51,000	417,872	113,389	403,614	288,894	8,121,357
1830	719,263	2,056,417	3,274,486	1,212,517	27,085	119,198	63,000	678,657	134,348	544,307	306,217	9,136,200
1835	719,250	2,354,480	3,392,500	1,242,180	26,430	161,630	63,000	759,890	164,930	565,620	248,280	[c] 9 698,190
1840[d]	719,250	2,354,480	3,529,886	1,301,180	48,316	164,630	65,000	864,890	182,930	594,500	260,800	10,015,862

[a] This head embraced both the land and sea departments up to the diet of 1823, when they were stated separately. The fourth head was previously devoted to ecclesiastical and educational grants. For the sake of simplicity, however, we have transferred these last to the tenth head, which they now constitute.

[b] This section is for offices which expire with the present owners, or till they obtain some other appointments, &c.

[c] By the extra loan from the government-debt bank, the actual annual budget after 1835 amounted to 10,898,190 dollars.

[d] The sums for 1840 are the budget *demanded*, not the grant *made*. As far as can be judged at present, the grants will not exceed those of 1830. The exchange averages twelve dollars banco to the pound sterling.

But we must here say some words respecting the literary and historical qualities of the works at the head of our list. The first is by a Norwegian writer of some celebrity, who began his career as a violent enemy to the details of the union, and who some time after the publication of his Life of the King received a pension from his majesty to assist his literary studies; and it is written with meager details, but with tolerable correctness for a hastily compiled work, great liveliness of style, and an *approach* to impartiality uncommon in the biographers of Carl Johan.

The production of M. Lafosse* is, up to 1810, moderately complete, and generally worthy of credit. But after that period it is for the most part a continued running panegyric on "the hero of the north." *Not one single fact* at all calculated to injure the fame of the great Bernadotte in the eyes of admiring Europe, is allowed circulation through his pages. For the rest, the style is pretty enough, and the author is a man of sense and experience. In such a case, a few glaring misrepresentations must be looked for, as inevitably connected with his purpose.

The volumes of Captain Lindenberg, which have produced an immense sensation in Sweden, may be regarded as the exact chemical opposites to those of Lafosse. The one is alkali; the other naught but a tartish acid. The captain's book, however, is the most valuable source we know for enabling the historical student to complete his knowledge of the real character of the Bernadottean epoch in Sweden. But his style is too prosy, heavy, and hard; his views are often exaggerated and one-sided; and the personal pique of an injured man is visible enough in his calm statistics. Still, we repeat it, no investigation of this period can be complete, without the assistance of the laboriously compiled and, *as far as they go*, trustworthy volumes presented to us by this great opposition champion.

But this reminds us, that we have as yet given no important specimen of the captain's paragraphs. We therefore close this article with a very appropriate *summing-up* by our Swedish Cobbett, which we extract from his second volume, page 74, &c.

" . . . . If we are to judge from the words of our state chief, no Swedish ruler, according to his opinion, so far at least as it has yet been publicly expressed, has done so much for his country and has such wide-spread claims to the love and gratitude of the people as—himself . . . . . A single phrase is often full of meaning on this point, and the remark perhaps is not therefore without importance, that the motto of the present king is of a quite different character from that of all preceding sovereigns. Thus, for instance, that of *Frederick* was—*God my hope; Adolph Frederic's—The general weal my weal; Gustavus III.'s* was—*Our fatherland;* that of *Gustavus IV. Adolphus—God and the people;* and *Charles XIII.'s—The People's weal my highest Law;* but *Charles John's* motto is—*The People's love is my reward.* All preceding kings thus displayed their feeling of their duty, or the hope humbly living in their hearts. The present king alone advances a claim to a reward, and that the most brilliant any regent can desire or gain—the people's love. But we

* The work of Lafosse has also appeared in a German dress.

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willingly admit, that a word is often nothing more than a word, and sometimes much more is wanted by which to judge the action. But complete speeches, after mature deliberation, made to the whole people assembled through their representatives,—surely say much more. Thus when Gustaf Wasa, that man whom no one has dared call *the great*, as this might be in some measure comparing him to others, although no one can be found to be compared to him, on completing his 70th year, felt his strength decreasing and imagined his end to be at hand, he thus addressed the states, on the 16th of July, 1560:—'I do reverence the care of eternal Providence, which has been willing in and through me again to call to life the ancient and well-beloved stem of King Magnus Ladulås and of Carl, after it had been compelled during so many hundred years to lie despised and beaten down; through the tyranny and violence of foreign masters. It is surely one of the works of God that, even as David from the herdsman's cottage, I should be sought out, drawn forth, and at last anointed as the king and governor of this realm. That I should reach such honour I never could have imagined, when my birth was as yet forgotten, and I was driven to hide me behind the mountains from the cruel sword of bloodthirsty Christian. But God and the commons of Sweden have been my help. And therefore do I give you thanks, my dear beloved children and my faithful subjects, for that ye should show favour unto me, and lift me to royal dignity, and acknowledge and proclaim me as the father and founder of our royal house. If, my dear subjects, I have been able to work out aught good, give God the praise thereof; but all wherein human weakness hath made me fail, belonging to me alone, and is such the which ye must pardon me for Christ his sake.'—With a pardonable pride he further uttered the persuasion that posterity, which he trowed would not soon forget him, would do him justice, and that the time would come when they would dig him up again out of the earth if that they could so do—a prophesy which was too soon fulfilled—but as a protection against all threatening dangers, he counselled his people to hold fast by God's word, and prayed them to follow him to God with their prayers.

"When the great Gustaf Adolph, after a reign of nineteen years filled with perpetual struggles and dangers, out of which nevertheless he himself and his kingdom rose triumphant, and in spite of which both had become established in strength and in fame,—after he had recovered a peace with Denmark which was purchased dear, but with undiminished borders,—after having acquired by the peace with Russia the districts of Ingermanland and of Kexholm,—after having conquered Livonia, and though endeavouring in vain to make peace with Poland, having still at last compelled it by his exploits to a truce which left the Swedes in possession of all they had subdued;—when after all these employments, he marched to dare the most perilous of all contests against the mightiest monarch then in Europe, a contest, however, for the light and liberty of the world,—*he* also collected around him the chambers of the kingdom, recommended his infant daughter to their care, and thanked them for their readiness to grant the taxes asked for carrying on the war, especially as he well knew 'that only with great difficulty could they be paid.' Nevertheless they should thank God—not his sword—for having kept their kingdom during so many years from the ravages of war, and for having lent them such good fortune in victory and in conquest. Thereafter spoke he of the approaching war, its dangers, and its lofty objects, straightway adding:—'For what regards myself, I know full well all that can befall me; already have I many times and oft for Svea kingdom spilled my blood, and one time or other shall doubtless spill my life, for so long the pitcher goeth after water, till that at the last it be all cracked and broken. Therefore, before I this time separate from my fatherland I will with fervent prayer commend ye all, inhabitants of Sweden, present as well as absent, to the protection both for life and soul of our God most high, hoping that when our time shall come we may all meet each other in a joy that never perisheth!'—To his placemen gave he counsels and warnings many, wishing them strength and understanding to fill well their offices. Then to the clergy spoke he of union and real piety, while to the nobles he pointed out the road to his favour and to unfeigned knightly lustre and renown through bravery and exploits. To the people he spoke thus:—'And you burgesses and commons here assembled, wish I all kinds of happiness and good fortune. May your humble cottages be changed to durable houses built with stone, your little boats to large capacious ships, and may your fields and meadows fill your barns and stores a thousand fold, to the great enrichment of yourselves and country. Yes! all of ye, beloved inhabitants of Sweden, do I pray God mercifully to comfort and protect, and now give to you my hearty farewell,—perhaps never to say it more!' The king had in all this not one word about his own great deeds, not one word about his ceaseless labours, during the short intervals of battle, for the domestic organization and for every thing that could tend to the gain and glory of Sweden; he did not even mention how he had given the whole fortune he had inherited from his father to the university of Upsala, thus making himself poor that his country might be rich in knowledge and in wisdom;—in one word, he thought not at all of himself, although his coming fate hovered before his spirit, and he had already given orders to begin building his tomb: No! it was to God alone he attributed what he had done; and to him therefore gave he the glory.

"When Charles XIV. John, after nineteen years of residence among the people which had called him, an unknown foreign soldier, to the throne of Sweden, which had now been his own for twelve years, dismissed the representatives of this people in 1830, he said to them among other things: 'That he had been called to defend you,' and that the constitution framed by the state 'required to be confirmed by war and victory. The same good fortune has followed my endeavours in the path of the administrator as in that of the warrior, and Providence has extended the success of my efforts further than your wishes dared to stretch themselves.'

"We are further informed how the ancient Sweden, twenty years ago, only reckoned 2,400,000 inhabitants, whereas its numbers now reach nearly 3,000,000; that the kingdom then had fifty-three millions of dollars of National Debt, of which forty-four millions have been extinguished, and that while the benevolence tax amounted in 1812 to 2,650,000 dollars, it had been since reduced gradually by nearly a fifth part. The king congratulates himself on having done away with the hindrances to the completion of the Götha Canal. 'My administration has seen itself induced to check its career, to seek the origin of its hindrances, which meet it, and not expose to dangerous accidents the new energies and the national spirit it has called forth. It has succeeded in extricating this peninsula from the misfortune of civil discord and its unhappy consequences. I have subdued the irritations of ambition and of force of arms, and have made them obedient allies to the laws. Rather a mediator than a monarch, rather protector of the law than a prince, I have endeavoured to uphold all legal and legislative rights, without in the meanwhile losing sight of the moral force of the monarchy. In a word, I have sacrificed all to the union and prosperity of the two kingdoms. Persuaded of their common wants, Swedes and Norwegians have ceased to shed each other's blood and to destroy each other's property. . . . After having consolidated your political rights, my whole anxiety has been directed to the support

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of the fundamental law. I have preserved it uninjured. Let us calm all interests, and so arrange our situation that he who lives by his labour may not need to fear that to-morrow he may find the resources for his existence cut off from him. Should it be that our representation requires an improved organization, still let us never forget, that the four chambers of the realm have constituted during three centuries the pillars of the legal monarchy. . . Before I go to unite myself with that king who adopted me as his son, I feel myself happy in having acquired the right to say to you—understand your government; the good it has accomplished gives you cause so to do.' . . . . [Similar language pervades the speeches from the throne at the diets of 1835 and 1840.] . . . . The difference of tone in the addresses of these three kings to the nation is so remarkable, so strongly contrasted, that we need not direct the attention of our reader to it. . . . .

"In the former volume of this work we endeavoured to discover to what height of glory, power and happiness it really was, to which the country since 1810 had been 'lifted up.' The result of our inquiries has been, that Sweden during this time has won no victories on the field of glory, has not extended its territory, but instead thereof has lost the opportunity for so doing which in all probability occurred,—has seen its old conquests sold away, and the new one, which it might perhaps have obtained, changed, not a gain for Sweden, but to a present to its king individually. We have seen the advantage afforded by a fortunate conjuncture—that of a foreign colony being made over to our country, transformed into a benefit for the Crown Prince himself. We have seen the royal majesty, in order to uphold its dignity, develope a severity as yet without example in our history. We have seen the liberty of discussion which was appropriated to itself by the Swedish people before the 5th of November, 1810, after this period suffer frequent mutilations, partly by the laws being illegally modified, and partly by their being applied in a different spirit from that in which they were enacted. Lastly, we have seen the taxes levied in the kingdom, since the above-named epoch, trebled in amount. All this is, after the common ideas of mankind, no benefit to a country, either in boundaries, in money, or in freedom. As, however, in developing the plan of this work, in order to do away with every just accusation of partiality,—we have followed the principle to extend mildness and liberality as far as the limits of justice possibly can permit, so we acknowledge that a government may be one neither of conquest nor of victory, and still honourable and useful to the country by upholding its dignity abroad and increasing its prospects at home;—that it can lay increased burdens on the people, when at the same time it increases their resources, their trade and their prosperity, and consequently the ease with which they can be borne, —nay! that even, led by a lamentable but not uncommon policy, it may dread freedom of discussion as something liable to oppose its views, and yet love the people and labour for their benefit. Such conduct, for instance, cannot be denied to Napoleon and to the Russian government, although both by no means favoured the liberty of the press. This fear must always be a stain on the real greatness of a government, but it can be disguised by the lustre of other and substantial merits. We will examine, then, how far the government possesses such in reference to the improvement of the country materially and morally. In spite of the faults we have already been forced to point out, it might have been able to advance commerce, agriculture, manufactures, arts, sciences, and the defensive force of the kingdom;—it might have taken care that its placemen exactly fulfilled their duties, and that its people gained more and more in comfort, prosperity, content, enlightenment, and intellectual and moral strength, and thus—partly by a prudent calculation and partly against its own plan—have created all these elements which in their developement lay the foundation of the real glory and power of a state, because they lay the foundations of a people's pride, energy and independence, and thereby of its feelings of liberty also. Let us now see what it has done for these objects in general, or for any one of them in particular!"

The answer to this inquiry must be, in the judgment of every impartial observer, very unsatisfactory. It is true there have been many excuses for the lamentable neglect. His majesty's ignorance of the vulgar tongue, (although a fact more to his dishonour than his excuse, for after thirty years of residence he should at least have been able to *read* the language,)—the strength of the parties interested in the abuses of the country—the *royalistic* and unmeasured flattery dealt out to him for so many years, not only by all who approached his person, but by the diets themselves, (a flattery resulting from the miserable representative system, and the falseness and want of sound manly character unfortunately too common at present among the higher and middle classes in Sweden)—and the obstinacy of approaching age on the one hand, together with the power of his favourites, and the ruling camarilla on the other,—all these and many other reasons must plead in mitigation of the severity of our sentence against him.

Let us hope, however, that this old hero, this general so illustrious during so many campaigns, this chief of the army of liberation which struck the mighty tyrant to the earth, this remarkable and accomplished founder of a new dynasty in two great northern kingdoms,—will not outlive his fame, or permit the sun of his career to set in opprobrium, hatred, or contempt! He has yet time before him. Providence seems to have lengthened out his days beyond the number of the years of the children of men, and to have given him a "green old age,"—even uncommonly remarkable for its spirit, vivacity, and vigour—that he might happily finish the important work he commenced thirty years ago. The law just adopted and sanctioned by his majesty for commencing in Sweden a real *bonâ fide* system of ministerial responsible government, and the dismissal of so many of the councillors and ministers most obnoxious to the diet and the people, are, we hope, tokens of good both to prince and peasant. No one admires the bright qualities of Charles John more than we ourselves, and to them we appeal against the narrow and unworthy policy of his later years. Let who will lament—we, in common with his faithful subjects and all lovers of the north and its prosperity, should hail with unfeigned delight the reviving lustre of his crown, and the re-establishment of his "fame and name and exploits" on a foundation so firm and sure, that it never should be moved from the one generation even to the other. He has still time to *die a-propos*. Yes! the recording angel of history stands ready, ere he goeth down into the house of the tomb and is no more seen for ever, to inscribe on the tablets of Scandinavia hopes deceived, broken promises, and the unregarded prayers of an indignant people, or an immortality of glory freshly springing up from renewed institutions, enlightened and remodelled laws, trade and commerce freed, and a fresh impetus—whose goal none can see—given to the energies and liberties of an ancient, brave, illustrious, and still core-sound nation. One power at least, who is daily adding province to province, satrap to satrap, and crime to crime, whose cannons can even now be heard in the Swedish capital, who has every where her agents, and who subsists only on the weakness and disorganization of the states around her, is—"*ready, aye ready.*"

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From the Monthly Review.

An Account of the Recent Persecution of the Jews at Damascus; with Reflections thereon; and an Appendix. By DAVID SALOMONS, Esq. 8vo. pp. 122. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

The interest that has lately been attached to the subject of this volume will in no way subside after a perusal of the able defence of the Jews of Damascus now published by Mr. Salomons. This work is penned in a manner calculated to remove all suspicion that the Jews were the perpetrators of the horrible murder supposed to have been committed upon the person of Father Thomaso. But as yet it is by no means certain that any murder has been committed at all. It is true that in England a judge not very long ago tried a man for murder, when neither the body nor any remains of the person who was supposed to have been assassinated were produced, and that the accused, under the direction of this infamous judge, was hanged. Some time afterwards it was discovered that no murder had been committed in the case—farther than the public murder of the innocent man accused by the judge: and that the individual, who was supposed to have been killed, was alive and well. The same result *may* arrive in respect to Father Thomaso; but whether he be murdered or not, there is not the slightest evidence to criminate the Jews. Whom, then—supposing that a murder has taken place—shall we suspect? Mr. Salomons tells us:—

"It was known, that a day or two before the disappearance of Padre Thomaso and his servant, a violent dispute had taken place between them and a certain Sheikh, El Mukan, leader of the Muleteers, of the name of Iba Trieb, in a much-frequented place, the Khan Astad Bastad, when, while the robust servant seized the man by the throat, and held him till the blood came, his master, Padre Thomaso, cursed him in his faith (he being a Mahometan). This caused a great sensation amongst the bystanding Mahometans, and peculiarly called forth some violent language from a respectable Mahometan merchant of the name of Abuyekych el Khaphar; while the muleteer swore that Father Thomaso shall not die but by his hands. This is a very material circumstance! And now it happened, that when the report circulated of the disappearance of the monk and his servant, the last mentioned merchant also disappeared. At first the suspicion of the murder of this merchant was also thrown on the Jews; but the attention of the public being arrested by the shop of the merchant being and remaining closed, the door was forced open, and the man was found dead, hanging in his shop, the door being carefully secured from within. The Jews at that time expected, as other reasonable men would, that an investigation would take place, and that it might then appear that the merchant, in consequence of the dispute mentioned, was the murderer, either by himself, or together with the ill-used enraged Muleteer, or others; and that he destroyed himself to escape torture and disgrace. But, alas! no investigation took place; the Muleteer was not even examined, on whom the suspicion rests so heavily, even independently of the merchant!"

It is not necessary to recapitulate the narrative of a transaction which seems to be so well known to all persons, and which has attained to such publicity through the medium of the newspaper press. Suffice it to say that several Jews were accused by the French Consul and Sheriff-Pasha of having murdered Father Thomaso (because he and his servant had disappeared); that they were put to the most hideous tortures; that they at first all resolutely denied any acquaintance or connexion with the crime; that torture alone induced them to criminate each other; and that, under the same diabolical influence, they confessed to a participation in a crime of which they are really all entirely innocent. We must however notice that it was stated by the enemies and accusers of these unfortunate Jews, that the Jews murdered Father Thomaso and his servant because they required the blood of some Christian victims to mix up with their bread for the Passover. A Jew, who has lately embraced the Mussulman creed, and whose name is Mussa Abulafi, undertook to prove that the *Talmud* recognises and requires the use of human blood in this manner. Mr. Salomons thus answers this allegation:—

"He asserted that those blanks in the Talmud, which every Rabbinical scholar knows formerly contained allusions to our Lord, some even very good ones, others very doubtful, but which passages are, however, obtainable, and may be had separately, notwithstanding they were suppressed by the strict Rabbinical excommunication, which forbade the printing of every allusion to our Lord and his religion—whether the allusion be good or bad—these passages, he said, now not printed, but still acted upon, contained the bloody injunctions on which he and his fellows had acted. Rabbi Yacob Anthabi, however, explained the matter, denying the assertion. Upon this a certain Frenchman, called in the Italian document from which I quote this—'Il Lazariste Francese P. Fusti'—who having long fatigued himself by night, for by day he had to serve his master, the French Consul, searching, I presume, through the books, which the Convents so readily afforded him for the purpose, in order to find something against the Jews, produced some garbled quotations (I believe, four in number), from what my Italian informant calls 'La prompta Bibliotheca di Lucio Ferrari, tom. iii. p. 297, ed. di Bologna.' These quotations, however, do not in any ways speak of blood. The monks, however, were very industrious to distribute these quotations in Arabic amongst the vulgar throughout the country, accompanied with the most malignant calumnies and misrepresentations of the affair at Damascus. I found some of these extracts in Arabic, in Tyre (Tiour): in Beyrout there is scarcely a person without them; and in Alexandria I find them equally common in the Italian language.

"Before I quit the affairs of Padre Thomaso, I would notice that, upon my arrival at Damascus, March 30th, and having some knowledge on the subject, I challenged any one to produce a single well-founded suspicion against the Jews, to show a reason why the Jews were arrested; which they could not. At the same time I strongly protested against the calumny that the Jews use human blood, and was able to refute certain false allegations which had been circulated; such as, that Jews dip a handkerchief in Christian blood, dry it, and burn it to ashes; and the day after a Jewess is married, these ashes are strewn on a hard-boiled egg, which is eaten by the young couple. This invention, I am grieved to say, gave rise to new tortures, and new investigations concerning the murder of the monk, which for the last month had been considered as settled. It was in vain to conjecture, as some gentlemen gratuitously did, that the Jews elsewhere may not do it, and that those of Damascus may form a fanatical sect by themselves. It was equally vain to say, that though the murders might not have been committed for the sake of blood, the Jews might still be guilty—for all the confessions extorted by the most abhorrent cruelties from a few cravens, rested exclusively on the assertion, which was attempted to be proved by the apostate Abulafi, alias Mahommed Effendi, 'That the Jews, as a religious body, make use of human blood.'"

Before we proceed any further in our investigation of this extraordinary matter, let us observe that the Jews of the present day and of many centuries back have been characterized by a strong and general forbearance from any deeds of cruelty. The Jews of the ancient times, according to their own writings, were the most sanguinary monsters that ever disgraced this world—"ripping up the

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women with child," destroying in wholesale cruelty "the old men, women, and young children," and practising horrors which never even disgraced, the conquests of Timour, Mahommed II., or even Vlad, that waiewode of Wallachia who was denominated Drakul, or the Devil. All this did the Jews in the pursuit of their conquests, when they first became a nation: but time and misfortunes have tempered their dispositions, and rendered them *throughout the world* a race remarkable for tranquillity of disposition, peacefulness, and an abstinence from all measures of violence. The Jews of the present day are much too calculating a race to commit so dreadful a crime as that of the murder of Father Thomaso, for they are as much attached to their individual safety as they are to the gains of commerce. The Jew is not vindictive for the sake of mere vengeance; his vengeance is never the result of a pecuniary consideration, and is never practised to gratify the mere passion of revenge or the love of retaliation. We should say that of all men, the Jews are the least calculated to commit murder—and that an *unnecessary murder* (which this, if there be one at all, of Father Thomaso evidently is), is totally incompatible with the prudence, the calculating habits, and the disposition of the Jews. But to think that several thousands of Jews could all know that a Christian was to be murdered upon a particular day—that the assassination was to take place at the house of a rich Jewish merchant—that any one of the fraternity was enabled to proceed thither and witness the deed if he chose—that a barber was coolly sent for and offered a price to murder the victim—that the blood was caught in a silver vessel, and conveyed quietly through the streets to a neighbour's house,—to attach credence to all this is to manifest a greater degree of credulity than even characterizes the Jews themselves; and their credulity—if we may believe the Roman Satirist—was proverbial;—*Credat Judæus Appella, non ego.* To imagine that if two or three, or even seven Jews had determined upon the commission of this crime, that they would permit its intended consummation to be absolutely bruited abroad, is ridiculous in the extreme. The confession was wrested from the mouths of the miserable men by the following means:—

1st. Flogging.

2d. Soaking persons in large tanks of cold water, in their clothes.

3d. The head machine, by which the eyes are pressed out of their sockets.

4th. Tying up the tender parts, and ordering soldiers to twist and horribly dispose them into such contortions that the poor sufferers grew almost mad from pain.

5th. Standing upright for three days, without being allowed any other posture, not even to lean against the walls; and when they would fall down, are aroused up by the by-standing sentinels with their bayonets.

6th. Being dragged about in a large court by their ears, until the blood gushed out.

7th. Having thorns driven in between their nails and the flesh of fingers and toes.

8th. Having fire set to their beards, till their faces are singed.

9th. Having candles held under their noses, so that the flame arises up into their nostrils. This last brutality was one night carried on with such pitiless perseverance, that the wax dropped upon the poor sufferer's breasts: it was in the night, and the Pasha being present could no longer endure the sight: he then went away, but put no stop to it.

It happens that the French Consul acted a most prominent part in the whole transaction, because the Christians of Damascus are under the especial protection of the French government. The narrative of the whole affair imputes the most terrible acts of cruelty and tyranny to the French Consul; and, if these imputations be correct—and we have no reason to doubt their veracity—we then do not hesitate to declare, that the French Consul deserves the utmost punishment that can be inflicted upon *him* by his government. We admire the French generally—we know that they are a humane and a courteous race—and we are surprised at this demonstration of opposite feelings on the part of one of that great and gallant nation. It is therefore with pain and regret that we peruse the following paragraph in the work now before us:—

"Sunday, March 1st.—The two brothers, David and Yetskhack Arari, were again brought up for further trial, when they again deny their last day's confession of guilt, which, they say, was extorted from them by torture, and made in the hope of a speedy execution, instead of an excruciating and lingering death. The remaining five were now also brought up; and now let humanity shudder, and turn her eyes from the refined bloodshed that was now executed—a bloodshed, however, not by quickly despatching, but by demoniacly extracting the life of innocent men by torments not inflicted on the most guilty,—and more than a brute beast could bear. Yetskhack and David Arari are again reduced to make their former confessions. Mussa Abulafia is now tortured to give up the blood; he then said, I have secreted it at home in my house. The French Consul, always alive to cruelty, then accompanies Mussa Abulafia to his house, followed, as usual, by large crowds, and Mussa Abulafia, having now undertaken to give up what he never possessed, unlocked a cupboard, and feigned to examine it. He then asked his wife, who was in despair all this while to see her husband so lacerated and apparently quite beside herself, 'What have you done with the blood?' The poor woman, as in a fit of frenzy, exclaimed, 'What blood had you?' He answered, 'I have blood—only give me a knife, and you can take my life's blood, and then say—this is it.' It is stated, that when the French Consul heard this, he, like a madman, attacked both Abulafia and his wife. He then laid a rope round his neck, threatening to strangle him; and in the attempt to pull the rope, he laid his poor victim prostrate at his feet; and not satisfied with this, it is related that he dragged him about in the court-yard with the rope around his neck. The French Consul then ordered both M. Abulafia and his wife to be conducted to the Court of the Pasha. I ought to mention that this wanton and ungenerous proceeding of the French Consul was the means of throwing an additional victim into his hands; for Abulafia, almost as dead, through the infliction of maddening torture, had implicated his wife when he said that he had entrusted the blood to her."

The extraordinary and mysterious property of the human mind which incites mankind to feel an aversion against those whom they injure, is fully exemplified in the treatment of the humiliated Israelite. In only one nation in the civilized world are the Jews really treated as if they were our equals and brethren,—and that country is France,—the very one to which belongs this consul—this M. de Cochelet—who appears to be at the bottom of the villanous persecutions in the Syrian capital. In France the Jews enjoy the same rights and privileges as the Christians: they are there eligible for the magistracy or the senate, and can undertake all municipal or corporation offices. In England the Court of Aldermen would not admit a Jew, although a Jew may be a Sheriff: but a Jew cannot sit in the House of Commons; nor would the minister venture to raise a Jew to the House of Peers. See, then, the wretched Israelite—moving on the face of the earth, hardly tolerated by his neighbours, dragging on a life of degradation—compelled by his fellow-men to bear upon his person the emblem of persecution—marked, like another Cain, with an infamous badge, except that the brand of obloquy is more strikingly exhibited than the sign of protection;—and can it be a matter of wonder that he was suspected of conduct equally hateful with that

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which was so undeservedly and unmercifully exhibited towards him? Degraded because he was oppressed, and despised because he was degraded, is it surprising that the oppressor thought that the Jew would not scruple to commit any possible crime? We all know how deeply—disgracefully prejudiced are the generality of the world against the Jews? And wherefore should such prejudice exist? The Jews are proverbially a money-getting race; but have they never done any good with their money? Is there no incident on record of a generous action by a Jew? Are they all Shylocks? are they all anxious to secure the pound of flesh—and will they neither grant accommodation to their creditors, nor charity to their poor? Do not the Jews invariably assist each other with a *proverbial generosity*? Will they not rescue whole families, to whom they may take a liking, from poverty and wretchedness? Is not their charity invariably munificent, when it is given? And how often have the docks of the criminal tribunals of the civilized world been filled by Jews accused of murder? There has not been a murder committed *in Europe* by a Jew for these two years past—save one instance at Berlin, we believe; and when we reckon the myriads of Jews that are interspersed over the continent and its contingent islands, is not this an extraordinary fact? Prejudice is so strong against the Jews—that prejudice, which is the spider of the mind—as to induce the world to put faith in any accounts that may be told of them. But when to this feeling are added those strong emotions which arise from pre-conceived ideas, either of religious or national antipathy, it cannot be a subject of wonder that the belief should prevail that the Jews did actually and daily practise every conceivable enormity.

A propos of these observations we shall quote the following just remarks of Mr. Salomons—remarks that will corroborate that which we have already stated, and that will teach the Christian world to pause and reflect in the midst of its enmity towards the unfortunate Jews:—

"Can it be necessary to the truth of Christianity, that a portion of God's creatures should be abased and held up to the contempt of their fellow-men? Presuming that the Creator has decreed a punishment on a portion of the human race, should it not be the duty of a man to mitigate, not to aggravate, their fate? The precepts of the Almighty ever point towards charity and mercy, and in no part of the Scriptures is an authority given to man to afflict or mortify his brother man. Such conduct is expressly prohibited. Can the treatment of the Jews, for ages past, be reconciled with the principles of revealed religion, or the dictates of human nature? Much has been said of the obstinacy of the Jew, and of the exclusiveness of his religion: but what has society done to abate these prevailing causes of complaint and animadversion? How could the Jew raise himself in the social scale, except by the aid of the law, or the influence of education? Whose duty was it to take the lead, that of the oppressor or the oppressed? Surely it could not have been supposed that one held so cheap amongst the nations of the world, should have exerted himself to attain a position in which his social degradation would have been more deeply felt? It has been gravely stated that some of the writers of books much venerated by the Jew, instil no kindly feeling towards his Christian neighbour. How lightly is this observation made! Little have the emotions of the human heart been examined by those who make the remark. These objectors forget that love and hatred are both influenced by circumstances. The Almighty has implanted a feeling in the human breast to sympathize with distress, and to pity the unfortunate. Who has ever heard a tale of sorrow without feeling in his breast sentiments of pity?—emotions which exhibited most strongly the desire of the Creator that we should be kind to our brother man, and relieve his misfortunes. The human heart may again be appealed to in confirmation of the fact, that emotions the contrary of these are sure to be elicited by acts of cruelty and oppression. When man is exposed to these evil influences, the principles of religion happily interfere to restrain the passions, to subdue the impulse of hatred, and to prevent the rising spirit of revenge, which would otherwise direct the human mind. It is a part of the duty of religion to inculcate amongst men the love of mankind. This precept is universal, but the Jew has always been especially excepted from its blessed influence. Persecuted, degraded, and despised, it is brought against the Jew that he is suspected of not viewing his Christian fellow man in that sweet and blessed spirit of kindness and charity that should prevail amongst all the members of the human family. Whence is the reciprocal feeling of regard to have arisen? Where was it cultivated? How promoted? As well might we expect a bountiful crop of the most delicate grain from the hardened surface of the turnpike road. The well-tilled field, and the macadamized road, formed originally a portion of the soil to be appropriated to their several purposes. Each has been devoted to its separate use. The labour of man, in both instances, has prepared and fitted the ground for the purpose which his wants dictated. The surface of the one, required for seed, has, by the efforts of man, been worked and prepared, so that it shall in due season return to him the fruits of his labour. The other, covered with stone, and hardened by his exertion, was equally fitted by him for its distinct and peculiar purpose. The well-ploughed field was as unsuited to the rough wear of the grinding load, as the hardness of the road itself was inapplicable to the use and wants of the industrious husbandman. This humble comparison may in some measure describe the position of the Jew with the rest of society. Mankind may be compared to the tillage-land, every where prepared and ready to repay the genial influences which the care of man may have directed towards it. The hardened surface of the macadamized road would well describe the effect of the policy of man towards the unfortunate Jew, every where exposed to bear the severe measures which his fellow man's uncharitable aversion, or his misapplied prejudices, have inflicted upon him. Receiving no kindness, he was nowise fitted to return any. Suffering under repeated indignities, he was only prepared to endure the contumely which was so plentifully awarded him; and as no kindly disposition was exhibited towards him, so it may be presumed that he also had none to offer. Spurned by his neighbours—shunned by society, he was considered below the standard of man; and, if sympathy were indeed expected from him under such circumstances, his nature ought rather to have partaken of the divine essence of an angel than of the ordinary temperament of the members of the human family."

Decidedly the French Consul must be called to an account for the part he has acted in these terrible persecutions. Shall a man revive all the horrors of the Inquisition—and enact the office of inquisitor-general himself—and trifle with the physical and moral feelings of his fellow creatures, to this extent, and yet be amenable to no law? Oh! no—the French government, which is just and impartial in its retributions, will take proper notice of the transaction. But it must not be at Damascus that M. de Cochelet should be tried; because the Christians there are ready to fall upon their knees before him and applaud all he has done against the Jews; and because the Pasha has himself said that he would willingly have put a stop to the atrocious cruelties practised under the eyes of the French minister, had he possessed the power to counteract the influence of the Christians.

The volume before us naturally reminds us, by a transition easily imagined, of the present condition of the East. When the Ottomans chased away Toumanbai, the last of the Mameluke Sultans, from the turreted palaces of Cairo,

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they placed one of their own Pashas in his place; and from that moment was Egypt an Ottoman province. But never did a period of five years pass away without some attempt, more or less successful at the moment, of rebellion against the authority of the Porte; and never was the tribute collected without difficulty or bloodshed. If a nation can maintain its conquests, let her keep them; but if it be apparent that those conquests are overgrown excrescences upon the face of the parent-country, then let them be cropped off. That the pretensions of Mahommed Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, are outrages in many respects—especially with regard to Syria, which up to late years was invariably ruled by Beglerbegs who were alone responsible and tributary to the Porte, and altogether independent of the Pasha of Egypt, who held no superior rank, but merely a place of higher trust than themselves—that the pretensions of Mahommed Ali are extravagant and offensive to the dignity of the Padishah, we will admit. Egypt should however be restored to its former independence; and Mahommed Ali should be continued as its ruler, and recognised as independent. As to his wish to be ensured in his possession of Tripoli, that view is as preposterous as his desire to retain Syria, and for the same cause. Tripoli was invariably governed by an Ottoman Beglerbeg, and should be considered either an independent state or an appendage to the Porte. If the Porte can retain it, let the governor of Tripoli be tributary to the Sultan; if the Porte, by reason of its innate weakness, cannot retain possession of those provinces, let not Tripoli for that reason be given over to the Pasha of Egypt.

And chiefly of all let not the policy of Lord Palmerston—prudent as it hitherto appears to have been with respect to the difficult question of the East—involve us in a war with France. England has neither the inclination nor the power to cope with a nation which is just regenerated by the means of a revolution, and which is purged of its dross by the purifying furnace of a grand national reform. Could England muster five hundred thousand bayonets? and even if she could, how long does it take to train English soldiers? French soldiers are *ready made:* English soldiers must be taught long and arduously before they are fit for use. And, then, again, if England had collected a vast army, and had succeeded in disciplining it, whence is to come the money for its support? France could carry on the most disastrous war for at least five years without borrowing a farthing, and without increasing the taxes of the country. Then again, let us look at the comparative state of the two navies. All the English ships are old in age and in fashion—and are badly manned. All our best sailors have passed over to the Americans, or are employed in our merchant ships, from which they could not be spared without ruinous consequences to the commercial interests of the nation. On the other hand the French navy is composed of new and large ships, well-armed, well-equipped, and well-appointed. French sailors must not *now* be laughed at: the English always had great trouble to worst them; and now they have had immense practice, and are as able as any mariners in the world. Be it therefore well understood that all national prejudice on our part would not prevent us from being entirely defeated by the French, either by sea or land, did the policy of Lord Palmerston involve us in a war.

From the Metropolitan.

CANNING IN RETIREMENT.

"To exhort to sacrifices—to stimulate to exertion—to shame despondency—to divert from untimely concession—are stern but needful duties to be discharged in gloomy times."—*Burke.*

"He knew nothing of that timid and wavering cast of mind which dares not abide by its own decision."—*Lord Brougham.*

"It is a severe but salutary lesson for human vanity to observe the venom which party spirit can scatter over the aims and *intentions* of eminent men. The actions of the best and most highly-gifted of our race, when viewed in the mirror of party-feeling, become instantly distorted. Conciliation is called cowardice; courtesy is termed hypocrisy; high and unbending principle is pronounced pride; and religious feeling branded as cant. No epithet is deemed too bitter—no insinuation too base. By his own party the minister of the day is viewed as a demigod; by his opponents as a demon."

"I was present," writes Mr. Hastings to a friend, "and heard Sheridan's analysis of my character, inquisition of my motives, and condemnation of my government. For the moment I thought myself unworthy of the name of man, and that monster ought to be my future designation. The delusion lasted not long. The impression produced by this splendid instance of the perversion of oratory gave way before the response of conscience; and

'Conscia mens recti temnit mendacia *linguæ*.'"

Some few years elapsed, and the whole House of Commons rose as a tribute of involuntary respect to this very man upon his entering it to give evidence upon some disputed question!

Of Lord North, Junius writes, "I will now leave you, my lord, to that mature insensibility which is only to be acquired by steady perseverance in infamy. Every principle of conscience you have long ago been hardy enough to discard."

Of the same statesman another and very competent authority* affirms, "Lord North, was a man of public ability, the delight of every private society which he honoured with his presence, second to none in conducting the debate, possessed of an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry, and of a temper the last to be ruffled, and the first to be appeased."

The malevolence of party Canning did not escape. The author of the celebrated suppressed letter thus opened his attack upon him.

"I shall address you without ceremony, for you are deserving of none. There is nothing in your station, in your abilities, or in your character, which entitles you to respect. The first is too often the reward of political, and frequently of private crimes. The decency of your character consists in its entire conformity to the original conception formed of you in early life. It has borrowed nothing from station, nothing from experience. It becomes *you*, and would disgrace *any other man*."

These are harsh and ungrateful assertions. They are worse than this—they are unjust. In private life Mr. Canning was as exemplary as in social intercourse he was delightful. As a son, his care for his widowed parent—the provision which he made for her out of the small pension first settled on him for his public services—his affectionate attention to her wishes during the busiest and most successful portion of his intoxicating career—the long weekly letter which he wrote her, according to an early promise—a promise never broken even in the most anxious and stormy period of his life—prove his to have been a heart alive to the noblest impulses of our nature. But more than this: To the sentiment of filial affection, which he preserved unimpaired throughout the whole course of his advancement, he delighted to do homage to others. Two days before his departure for Chiswick, whence he never returned, he sent for a young man whom he had heard favourably spoken of, and who, he learnt upon inquiry, had for years supported a paralytic mother and idiot sister.

"I have requested to see you, Mr. ——," was his opening address, when the young man, in utter ignorance of his intentions, presented himself at the premier's resi-

* Professor Smythe.

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dence, "in the hope you may be able to tell me how I can serve you."

A vague and not very intelligible reply was confusedly given.

"Then perhaps you will allow me to make a suggestion? Would such a situation," naming one, "be at all compatible with your views?"

It was cordially and thankfully accepted.

"The appointment will be made out to-morrow. I give it you entirely from respect. I respect your abilities much, but I honour your devotion to your family still more."

This feeling, so identified with his character, many of his political antagonists were unable to understand. Some of them were even base enough as to make it an object of attack, and sought to wound him through his filial affection. His sensitiveness on this point was peculiar. Any unfeeling allusion to Mrs. Hun galled him to the quick. No attack did he resent so fiercely. For one *who did not on occasion spare others*, his temperament was singularly irritable. The point of indifference was never reached by him. He was never able to conceal that sensitiveness to political attacks which their frequent occurrence wears out in most English politicians.

The period which he spent at Hinckley, during the interval which elapsed between his retirement from office after the duel with Lord Castlereagh, and his entrance upon the Lisbon embassy, was a remarkable epoch in his life. It was with him undoubtedly a season of comparative seclusion, but it was one also of great and successful preparation. He lived at Burbach, a little village distant about a mile from the town, which he had sought mainly for the benefit of his eldest son, whose health was in a most precarious condition, and whom he had placed under the care of the well-known Mr. Cheshyre.

This son—he died at the age of nineteen, and Mr. Canning's tribute to his memory is the most touching of all his writings—was a youth of remarkable promise, and indescribably dear to his father. He was indisputably his favourite child. In all his plans for the future, in all his visions of ambition, this son occupied a foremost place. He was an embryo statesman. His genius, discernment, quickness, and judgment, were topics on which Canning delighted to dwell. The opinion and expectations which his father had formed of him may be gathered from this single fact, that whenever he had spoken at any length in parliament, the best and fullest report of the speech was sent down forthwith to George, who was required to write his father an elaborate and lengthened criticism upon it, pointing out where it was forcible and where it was defective, where the language was happy, and where it was commonplace—and distinguishing between what was mere declamation and what was solid argument.

"Can I think too highly of that child?" was the remark addressed by Canning on one occasion to his son's tutor, Mr. Hay.

"You not only can, but do," was the honest and unhesitating reply. "Your second son is but little inferior to him in point of capacity: and after all it may be that this infant"—pointing to Charles, who was born at Burbach—"may be the child destined to carry down to the succeeding generation your name and honours."

"*I am persuaded he will not*," was Canning's quick rejoinder. He was wrong. The random remark has proved prophetic. Captain Canning's career closed early; and upon Charles, the infant adverted to and scarcely noticed, have devolved the honour of his name and the associations it recalls.

With the exception of his struggles in early life, Canning's residence at Hinckley extended over one of the most gloomy periods of his life. Retirement from office, under circumstances of painful notoriety, had been the result of his duel with Lord Castlereagh. Early in May, 1812, Mr. Percival was shot by Bellingham. The Prince Regent then laid his commands on Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning to form an administration. The project failed. The task was then entrusted to Lord Liverpool, who strongly urged Canning to join him; and such was the anxiety of the existing administration to secure his services, that the Foreign Office was offered him—Lord Castlereagh being a consenting party to an arrangement which would leave it open to Mr. Canning's acceptance. This tempting proposal was firmly negatived, solely upon conscientious grounds. It was understood that the administration was pledged, *as such*, to oppose Catholic Emancipation. To this compact Canning declined being a party—and thus, while he preserved his consistency, and showed, by the costly sacrifice which it entailed, the sincerity of his desire to carry the Catholic question, he lost the opportunity of presiding over the foreign relations of the country, at a period when "events crowded into a few years the changes and revolutions of an age."

But this interval, though spent in retirement, was fraught with preparation. There is a walk as beautiful as it is secluded, stretching from Burbach towards the village of Stoke Golding, known as Canning's walk. Along this he was seen, morning after morning, wending his way, always alone, absorbed in thought, and not unfrequently thinking aloud. He invariably declined having a companion for his walk, disliked amazingly being interrupted in the progress of it, and to any chance salutations by the way, his invariable reply was a silent bow.

It was his hour of study. He was then forging weapons for the coming fight, inspecting his stores, and polishing his armoury. No weather deterred him. Through shower and sunshine he paced rapidly on. What subjects might not these long silent walks embrace! In them how many a topic, argument, simile, invective, rebuke, was deliberately sought out and carefully laid up. Of the exquisite and elaborate finish bestowed on many of his lengthened speeches, who shall say how much may be traced to the severe scrutiny and repeated revision of his solitary rambles! The music of his periods, the easy flowing language with which he rounded the most unmanageable details, the remark of caustic irony, and the flash of cutting sarcasm, the epigrammatic point of a crushing reply, when a word more or less would have marred its force,—these are excellences which could not have been attained, in the perfection which he possessed them, without long and severe study. *Was this his workshop?*

About a mile and a half from Burbach stands an old hall, to which some interest attaches as being the residence which peculiarly attracted Canning's attention, and which he was most desirous to purchase as "an asylum for *his old age*." Alas!

The offers which he made to induce the infatuated possessor to part with it were far beyond its value, and can be justified only by the extraordinary predilection which Mr. Canning had conceived for it. The more you examine Wykin Hall, the greater difficulty you experience in discovering its attractions for the statesman. It is a quaint old building in the Elizabethan style, with huge and somewhat unshapely wings, much dilapidated by time, and when I saw it, rapidly sinking to decay from continued and undeserved neglect. It stands close upon the horse-road leading to Stoke Golding, in an exposed and rather bleak situation. On each side of the principal entrance are two yew trees of prodigious growth and great age, which throw a sombre air over the building, and materially darken the lower rooms. A plantation rises on one side, and some unsightly farm-buildings on the other. In the back ground is the straggling, filthy, poaching village of Stoke Golding, perched on the summit of a high hill, topped with its handsome church and splendid spire. In the foreground is a home view of rich pasture land, skirted to the

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left by Burbach Wood, and embracing to the right the town of Hinckley, its parish church and tapering spire.

Wykin Hall is now a farm-house; the little lawn before the principal entrance is converted into a fold-yard. Poultry ravage the pleasure garden—weeds flourish *ad libitum* in the plantation—the litter of a large farm is scattered thickly around the premises; and not one feature does it present, within or without, to corroborate the fact that it was once the coveted residence of one of the most accomplished of British statesmen.

The passion for farming cherished by Lady Canning at that period, might in some degree, account for his wish to purchase Wykin. Some valuable grazing land was attached to it; and a dairy, not in theory but in practice, was then her ladyship's hobby. Some very pleasant and good-natured stories are current of her devotion to her calling, while the fit lasted—of her anxiety respecting the produce of her dairy—her quickness in calculating her gains, and her shrewdness in baffling the cunning of those who, on more than one occasion, sought to make her their dupe.

"She had a brave tongue and a clear head had that Lady Canning," said an old yeoman to me.—"The ways of Providence are inscrutable: but I've aye thought to mysel while I've been listening to her, that the bonniest farmer's wife in all Leicestershire had been spoiled by making a lady on her!"

Canning's readiness as a parliamentary debater is now matter of history. In reply, he stood confessedly without a rival. His quickness in detecting and instantly fastening upon a broken link in his opponent's argument—his skill in unveiling a specious sophistry, or exposing a plausible fallacy, have once and again drawn forth involuntary cheers, even from those who eschewed his political creed. One peculiarity he possessed, which is but partially known—*his thorough remembrance of a voice*, and his ability of connecting it, at any interval of time, with the party to whom it belonged. More than one instance of this faculty is remembered at Hinckley.

He was dining with a large party at Mr. Cheshyre's, the medical gentleman before referred to, when a note was brought in and handed to the host, with an intimation that the bearer begged to see him for five minutes. Mr. C. left his party with reluctance, and was absent some time. When he returned, he prefaced his lengthy apologies by observing, he "had been detained by one of the most remarkable men of the day;" that the gentleman "was by accident passing through Hinckley, and could not pause on his route;" that he "purposed placing one of his family under his (Mr. Cheshyre's) care;" and that "he (Mr. C.) was obliged to listen to all his arrangements."

"I will name him," said Canning gayly, "and then drink his health."

"The latter point may be very easily managed; but the former will, I believe, baffle even your acuteness, Mr. Canning."

This was said with some degree of tartness; for among other affectations which the wealthy quack indulged in, was that of profound mystery with respect to the most trivial occurrences.

"Your visiter, sir, was Wilberforce," said Canning stoutly.

"How could you possibly discover that?" cried his annoyed host. "We conversed with closed doors—he sent in no card—as we parted, he spoke but five words."

"Of which I heard but two."

"What were they?"

"Conventional arrangement," said Canning, imitating Wilberforce's distinct enunciation, and dwelling on each separate syllable.—"I needed nothing more to tell me that the man with the magic voice was hovering near us."

Within a few months after this conversation, Sir Evan Nepean passed through Hinckley; he was proceeding to Holyhead, on some government business connected with the Transport Board, which admitted of no delay: and so rapid were his movements, and so anxious was he to arrive at his destination, that though a part of his family was at Hinckley under Mr. Cheshyre's care, he hurried through the town without even apprising them of his presence.

While changing horses at the inn, he inquired the distance to the next stage. These were the only words he uttered. Canning was returning from his ride at the moment—heard the inquiry, and said to Sir Evan's family the next morning—"I am happy to tell you Nepean is well—he passed through Hinckley last evening—his features in the twilight I was unable to recognise—his voice I did distinctly."

Their astonishment may be conceived. It bordered on incredulity. But, on inquiry, they found Mr. Canning's assertion borne out by the fact, that on that day and hour their relative had hurried through Hinckley on his route to Ireland.

This faculty seems to have remained unimpaired to the close of life. On the evening preceding his last appearance in the House of Commons, a foreigner met him in the lobby, and bowing, expressed his "pleasure at seeing him look so well."

'Twas an idle compliment. Fatigue, anxiety, and party feeling, were killing him hourly.

He acknowledged the intended civility with his usual courtesy, and adding, he "hoped his lady and son were better," moved away.

The foreigner ran after him and said, "Curiosity induces me to ask whether you know me?"

"Your voice I recognise, not your person. You are Mr. ——. We last met in Lisbon in the year 1815. I saw you under circumstances of great distress."

"*Once! and for a few minutes only!*"

"Your wife and son were pronounced to be dying—I am truly happy to learn they are still preserved to you. Good night, sir."

"What a most extraordinary man!" said the gratified foreigner, as, turning away from him with another and still more profound obeisance, he rejoined his companion, a fellow-countryman.—"What a wonderful memory to remember such an obscure individual as myself after so long an interval—and not only myself, but the very circumstances under the pressure of which his kindly sympathy cheered and consoled me."

These are trifles, I admit; but trifles often index the character of the man. And his has not yet received that measure of justice which it merits from those to whom he adhered in either fortune, and with whom he won the triumph—the triumph of reason over rashness,—of sound principles over doctrines dangerous and pernicious,—of our ancient laws and glorious constitution over revolutionary madness and jacobin innovations. In a word, were I to describe his character briefly, I should say with the ancient historian, that he was "Vitâ innocentissimus; ingenio florentissimus; proposito sanctissimus."

From the Britannia.

LORD LYNDHURST.

Lord Lyndhurst belongs to an order of minds which it were to be wished were more numerous among the party men of this country. With the exception of Lord Stanley, I know no living politician of the same school. His most striking characteristic is an unfailing self-possession, by means of which he seems born to command

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the intellects of his fellow-men. Some demagogues, like Rienzi, or, in our own day, O'Connell, possess the power of swaying the feelings of their hearers, of hurrying them into unthinking and unanimous action by strong and eloquent appeals to their passions; but Lord Lyndhurst enjoys a still more rare and more enviable art—that of ruling their understandings. Had his sphere of action been more enlarged, or had the subjects on which his eloquence has been expended approached more nearly the sublime of political strife, his qualities would have transmitted his name to posterity as one of the greatest masters in the art of debate.

Next to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst is the most influential man in the house of lords. He is as much feared by his opponents as he is respected and valued by his friends. Like his younger coadjutor, Lord Stanley, he, too, enjoys the honourable distinction of being well hated, and few men have been more virulently abused by O'Connell and the Whigs. His influence in the house, however, is of a different kind from that of the duke. The latter is a moral influence, grounded, as I have endeavoured to show in a former article, upon the respect universally entertained for his probity, experience, practical turn of mind, and unflinching honesty. Lord Lyndhurst's influence, on the other hand, is founded more especially upon his intellectual pre-eminence, his great power as a debater, and the stern, unhesitating determination with which he brings those powers to bear upon the questions under discussion. But the influence which springs from fear is never so great as that which results from respect. A practised and powerful debater must always have enemies, either among those who envy him for his talents or among those who have smarted under his lash. He must, therefore, necessarily be more powerful as a partisan than useful as a guide. What we would submit to from one for whose long-tried sagacity we feel an habitual reverence that has become interwoven with our intellectual and moral system, we should resist from another with whom we had been in the constant practice of conflict. Yet Lord Lyndhurst is very far from being a mere partisan. On the contrary, he is possessed of more political wisdom than the great majority of living politicians; but it is as a debater that he has shone the most, and he is, therefore, always looked upon in that character more than as an originator of the course of policy pursued by his party.

Lord Lyndhurst's personal appearance is an index of his mind and character. It is strikingly masculine. Considerably above the middle height, he would appear tall, but for the breadth and muscular development of his frame; and there is that in his manly and somewhat stately gait, which would command your respect, even had you no knowledge of his high reputation. His carriage indeed, is peculiar to himself, and is as distinct from the easy amble of Sir Robert Peel, as from the staid grave paces of Lord Aberdeen. His chest is expanded; his tread is firm and natural; and (O rare accomplishment in an Englishman!) his arms fall into their right place without any appearance of effort. His countenance is not less remarkable than his mind. It is capable of an inconceivable variety of expression, and all highly intellectual. When in repose, it has the dignified gravity that becomes the judgment seat, enlightened and made grand by the serenity of deep thought. In this phase of its expression it might have been taken by an antique sculptor as his model for the ideal of wisdom. But when animated by the excitement of public debate, how indescribably vivacious is its play! Now resplendent with the workings of a piercing intellect, now majestic in indignant reproof, now radiant with good humour, now withering and sarcastic. His forehead is high, broad, and intellectual; his eye is full, clear, intelligent, and expressive; the contour of the whole face is in the very finest mould; and the mouth is more capable of meaning than any I remember to have seen, except that of Edmund Kean. It is not handsome, in the ordinary sense of that term as applied to the mouth. There are none of the lines of Cupid about it. But it makes up for the want of beauty in the possession of power. When in repose, there is that compression of the lips (so that the line of junction is scarcely seen) which is always visible in men who think much and deeply. The *bouche* (I use the word for want of an English one) protrudes both above and below, giving to the countenance an expression like the stern dignity of the lion. Thus it becomes, being large and broad, the most conspicuous feature in the face, even when Lord Lyndhurst is not speaking. But in the excitement of debate, it assumes totally different characteristics, obeying instantly every motion and thought of its owner. In the expression of good-humoured irony, or biting sarcasm, it is alike pre-eminent. There is a flexibility about the muscles rarely witnessed. A smile will anticipate an argument, or a sneer refute one. Frequently I have known beforehand, from the expression of the mouth, what Lord Lyndhurst was about to say, and I have as often observed an antagonist put out in his attack by the peculiar meaning visible on the countenance of the noble and learned lord, as some startling proposition was enunciated. The influence which he wields in this manner is surprising. Though he sits in a remote part of the house, he seems to be the centre of all observation; and a smile, a sneer, a scornful laugh, or an ironical "hear! hear!" seems to run like electric fire through the assembly.

But, if thus formed by nature to command respect even without exerting himself to that end, how much more influential is Lord Lyndhurst when addressing the house of lords on any of the great questions that come before them, or when making one of those searing attacks on ministers which have procured him from his enemies so much of the respect that springs from fear. I do not exaggerate when I say that he absolutely commands their intellects. Even his opponents, however reliant on their own views of things, confess, in their faces, now pale, now flushed, and in angry twitchings of the frame, his irresistible power. For his ability is precisely of that kind with which a supercilious critic can find no fault. He does not aspire to excel in the mere arts of oratory—in the laborious climax, the remembered wit, the prepared peroration; therefore he cannot be sneered down as superficial, as Lord Brougham has been. Nor does he attempt to dazzle with brilliant language, or poetical imagery, like Mr. Macauley, and so be a fine speaker, and nothing more. Nor, with all his sarcastic power, does he ever betray even the appearance of ill-nature; therefore his enemies cannot fix upon him the imputation of malignity,

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which O'Connell has cast at Lord Stanley. No; all that falls from Lord Lyndhurst is massive argument, sound common sense, logical analysis, set off by a species of humour that is quite legitimate, as it serves more to exemplify the arguments than merely to wound the feelings of the antagonist; for the noble and learned lord, if ever he allows himself the use of sarcasm, expends it upon measures, not upon men. With him it is the coruscation of the intellect, pointing and vivifying and relieving from the dull solemnity of debate; not, as with others, the forked lightning of passion, searing and wounding, blinding and exasperating. His most favourite style of sarcasm is a milder mode of expressing that feeling of the mind. He ever and anon indulges in a vein of delicate, natural, unprepared irony, which has all the effect of ridicule in tickling the risible faculties of an auditor, while at the same time it rather excites shame than anger in the objects of it; because, while it is perfectly good humoured, it carries with it conviction, growing, as it irresistibly does, out of the point of the argument it embellishes.

Let us suppose him taking a review of the events of a session. Though perhaps only a day before the closing of parliament, every peer in town is in the house, the bar is crowded with commoners, and the space behind and about the throne is filled with foreigners of distinction and other privileged persons. Such is the tribute paid to his reputation as a speaker. He who has never entered the house before impatiently asks which is Lord Lyndhurst, and looks towards the staff of the Duke of Wellington, expecting to find him on the chief conservative bench. Scarcely has there been time for an answer, when he hears from a remote part of the assembly, at the very farthest end of the conservative benches, in a corner, and almost under the stranger's gallery, a deep voice utter the customary commencement—"My lords!" It comes booming across the house like a shot from a gun at sea. It is Lord Lyndhurst, who has begun his address. If the stranger be a Frenchman, accustomed to the theatrical absurdities of the tribune, he will probably at first despise the plain, manly, straightforward, unaffected style with which the noble lord continues the speech that is to be the tocsin of party for months. But the Englishman, accustomed to more solid fare, at once perceives that he is a man of no common order who can thus marshal his forces and control his energy for the intellectual labour of hours. Lord Lyndhurst proceeds, in a voice sonorous yet clear as a trumpet, and in the very perfection of simple manly eloquence, to catalogue the errors of the year. He first lays the foundation by a statement of events, lucid, and unencumbered by a single unnecessary word. Facts, dates, causes, effects, all follow each other in a clear, unhesitating narration, combining the minuteness of the politician with the dignity and perspicuity of the historian. Some speakers encumber this portion of their addresses with useless details, and digressions dictated by uncontrollable party feeling; and they refer ever and anon to piles of paper, the very sight of which frightens and wearies the house by anticipation. Not so Lord Lyndhurst. His mind is a magazine wherein all the stores are arranged in due order, and are at instant command. His intellect, accustomed to analysis in the severe exercises of the law, distils the essence and rejects the crude material. You have all that you need to know, and are saved the confusion of too much information. Having thus stated the foundation of his arguments, Lord Lyndhurst then proceeds to the attack, not with the virulence of party feeling, or the vain desire of display which actuates so many orators, but in an unsophisticated exposure of what he conceives to have been errors, intended and calculated to prevent their repetition. Now it is that all the qualities of mind and manner which I have already attempted to describe become apparent, and excite one to unwonted and unalloyed admiration. True, there is nothing throughout which the vanity of human nature does not whisper you might yourself do as well. But it is not, as I said before, in isolated, brilliant efforts that the charm of Lord Lyndhurst's oratory consists: it is in the sustained, concentrated power that reigns throughout, that subdues your intellect, as the sight of a compact, muscular, practised athlete quells your physical courage, and bends you in submission, because all hope of competition is at once negatived. What is the cause of this spell exercised upon your intellectual nature? It is, as I set out with saying, the unvarying, natural, inborn self-possession of the man. He is one of nature's aristocrats. Wherever his lot had been cast, still he would have swayed the minds of his fellows. This peculiarity, which he enjoys in an eminent and unequalled degree, forms the key to his character and his success in the political world.

Lord Lyndhurst made the best lord chancellor this country has had for many years. In the court he was respected, because his legal knowledge was universally admitted. In the house he was admired, and his authority submitted to without a murmur, because, with that tact and instinctive self-respect which belongs to such sterling characters, he never exceeded its due limits.

To those who are curious in personal details, it may be as well to add that Lord Lyndhurst is sixty-seven years of age, but does not look more than five-and-forty; that he wears a brown wig, which fits so well that it does not look like a wig at all; that, in private life, he is one of the most agreeable men living, sinking all political differences in a pervading spirit of good-fellowship; that he is an universal favourite with the ladies, who, to do them justice, always reserve their respect and love for such men, however they may like to dance and flirt with the dandies; and that, after being left a widower, he has united himself to a young lady of considerable beauty and unusual intellectual accomplishments, with whom he enjoys all that happiness which a man experienced in the ways of the world knows how to extract out of the marriage state. I regret to add, however, that his recent severe illness has very much impaired his personal health. A campaign in the country will no doubt restore to him his wonted vigour. I wish that the false delicacy of society did not forbid a detail of the private virtues of Lord Lyndhurst—they would be found to exceed his more public claims to honour.

LORGNETTE.

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From the Spectator.

THE MOOR AND THE LOCH.

THE approach of the sporting season is indicated by the publications. Last week we had the lucubrations of Wilson and the author of the "Oakleigh Shooting Club" on angling and fowling: this week Mr. Colquhoun presents us with the results of an experience of many years on the moor, the forest, and the mountain, the fresh and the salt-water lake.

The *Moor and the Loch*, however, differs from the *Rod and the Gun*, and many other sporting works we have met, in not being a systematic book of instructions. The author presupposes in his reader a certain degree of proficiency—that he has not only got a gun and knows how to load it, but is moreover something of a shot. He also confines himself to game characteristic of Scotland, if not peculiar to it: grouse, black-game, ptarmigan, and wild-fowl on the Highland lochs, the roe, the mountain-fox, and the alpine hare, complete his birds and beasts of chase. In what he seems to class as vermin, are included the eagle, the kite, the martin, and the wild-cat—not the domestic cat run wild or crossed, but the genuine wild cat, "standing as high as a good-sized dog," with "great length and power of limbs," and, "most unfailing mark of all, a tail so long and bushy as to strike the most careless observer." The account of fishing in the fresh-water lakes is somewhat more elementary than the directions for shooting; the sea-loch fishing is treated methodically.

But although *The Moor and the Loch* cannot be called a regular instruction-book, it is something better; for besides the deductions of the author's experience, thrown off with the freshness and distinctness which characterise original observations, it contains some rough but interesting accounts of hunting adventures; a few characteristic traits of scenery or peasant character; and many striking anecdotes illustrative of the natural history of animals. A regular treatise, it may be noted, is, generally speaking, a regular compilation. Human life is too short to enable any single man to form a system for himself; his only resource is to add something to what others have done; but Mr. Colquhoun's book seems altogether his own so far as it goes.

The labour which great men and great artists bestow upon their works—or rather, the continued toil and study to which they submit in order to acquire the faculty of producing them—is well known from the proper prominence which biographers give to their diligence. But a diligence equal in degree is requisite wherever any nice operation is to be competently performed. What hours must an amateur devote to his instrument! what art and knowledge, patience and experience, must an angler have before he can rank high in his craft! A similar outlay of time and trouble is necessary to arrive at eminence in shooting. Even a dog, whose nature it is to perform a certain thing, cannot do it well without long training and great care. When a combination of opposite qualities is required, the difficulties of course are multiplied. See the varied excellences necessary to justify the trouble of even training a retriever, and the numbers that are sacrificed before excellence is attained. The sagacity they do display at last, however, might furnish Lord Brougham with an additional example for the reason of brutes.

"A GOOD RETRIEVER.

"The best and most efficient kind of dog for this work is a cross between a water-dog and a large terrier; the terrier gives nose, and the water-dog sagacity. I should say, that before you can procure one which upon trial may prove worth the great trouble of thoroughly training, you may have to destroy half a dozen. You should begin your training when the dog is *very young;* and if you find he is not turning out as you could wish, seal his fate at once. The dog you want must be mute as a badger and cunning as a fox; he must be of a most docile and bidable disposition—the generality of this breed are so: they are also slow and heavy in their movements, and phlegmatic in their temper—great requisites; but when fowl are to be secured, you will find no want either of will or activity on land or water. The accompanying wood-cut may serve to show what kind of dog I mean, being a likeness of the best I ever saw. He never gives a whimper, if ever so keen, and obeys every signal I make with the hand. He will watch my motions at a distance, when crawling after wild-fowl, ready to rush forward the moment I have fired; and in no one instance has he spoiled my shot. I may mention a proof of his sagacity. Having a couple of long shots across a pretty broad stream, I stopped a mallard with each barrel, but both were only wounded: I sent him across for the birds: he first attempted to bring them both, but one always struggled out of his mouth; he then laid down one, intending to bring the other, but whenever he attempted to cross to me, the bird left fluttered into the water: he immediately returned again, laid down the first on the shore, and recovered the other; the first now fluttered away, but he instantly secured it, and, standing over them both, seemed to cogitate for a moment—then, although on any other occasion he never ruffles a feather, deliberately killed one, brought over the other, and then returned for the dead bird."

The sport—wild-fowl shooting—in which a *rarum animal* like this is required, is luckily not fitted for every one. The majority of "gentlemen" bungle it, or more truly know nothing about it. This is the picture of

"A 'SQUIRE' WILD-FOWL SHOOTING.

"I will now suppose the squire by the loch-side on a fine winter's morning, dressed perhaps in a flaring green or black velveteen, with a Newfoundland retriever of the same sable hue. He sees a flock of fowl well pitched on the shore, which most likely have seen both him and his dog, and are quite upon their guard. He looks round for a few bushes to screen him *when near* the birds; and then, with a sort of half crouching attitude, admirably imitated by his canine friend, advances upon his game. Unless the place is particularly adapted for a shot, the flock have probably seen him appearing and reappearing several times; and whenever he is sufficiently near to alarm them, fly up together, to his no small chagrin. But should he *by any chance* get near enough for a shot, his dog, not being thoroughly trained, will most likely either show himself or begin whimpering when his master prepares to shoot, or, in short, do something which may spoil the sport; and even supposing the better alternative, that he should

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have no dog at all, and be within shot of his game, he will in all probability either poke his head over a bush when going to fire, or make a rustling when putting his gun through it, and so lose the sitting shot."

With many men, however, neither knowledge of the sport nor love for it would avail, unless they had a constitution of iron and the patience of Job. Observe the requisites for

"A WILD-FOWL SHOOTER.

"The man who engages in this sport must be of an athletic frame and hardy habits: he must not mind getting thoroughly wet, nor think of rheumatism while standing or sitting in clothes well soaked, perhaps for an hour at a time, watching fowl. As to water-proof boots, they are totally out of the question: the common diker's boots would so impede your walking, and also be such a hinderance when crawling upon ducks or running upon divers, as considerably to lessen your chance; and the India rubber boots would in no time become so perforated with briars and whin as to be of little more service than a worsted stocking. The most suitable dress is a light brown duffle shooting jacket and waistcoat, as near the shade of the ground and trees, in the winter season, as possible—your great object being to avoid the quick sight of the birds; shoes well studded with nails, like a deer-stalker's, to prevent slipping, and a drab-coloured waterproof cap. Should the weather be very cold, I sometimes put on two pairs of worsted stockings, but never attempt any protection from the wet. If snow is on the ground, wear a white linen cover to your shooting-jacket, and another to your cap."

To these must be added a pocket-telescope; for the sportsman must reconnoitre his ground with the science of a tactician, and steal upon his prey with more than the wariness of a red Indian. Having approached them, or rather the landmarks he has noted in their vicinity,

"He must now walk as if treading upon glass: the least rustle of a bough, or crack of a piece of rotten wood under his feet, may spoil all, especially if the weather be calm. Having got to about one hundred yards from where he supposes the birds to be, he will tell his retriever to lie down: the dog, if well trained, will at once do so, and never move. His master will then crawl forward, until he gets the advantage of a bush or tuft of reeds, and then raise his head by inches to look through it for his other marks. Having seen them, he has got an idea where the birds are, and will, with the utmost caution, endeavour to catch sight of them. I will suppose him fortunate enough to do so, and that they are perfectly unconscious of his near approach. He must lower his head in the same cautious manner, and look for some refuge at a fair distance from the birds, through which he may fire the deadly sitting shot. After crawling serpent-like to this, he will again raise his head by hair-breadths, and, peeping through the bush or tuft, select the greatest number of birds in line; then drawing back a little, in order that his gun may be just clear of the bush for the second barrel after having fired the first through it, will take sure aim of his selected victims. Should he unfortunately not find an opening to fire through, the only other alternative is by almost imperceptible degrees to raise his gun to the right of the bush, and close to it; but in doing this the birds are much more likely to see him and take wing. Never fire *over* the bush, as you are almost certain to be perceived whenever you raise your head: more good shots are lost to an experienced hand by a rapid jerk, not keeping a sufficient watch for stragglers, and over-anxiety to fire, than by any other way. Having succeeded in getting the sitting shot, the fowl, especially if they have not seen from whence it comes, will rise perpendicularly in the air, and you are not unlikely to have a chance of knocking down a couple more with your second barrel; but if they rise wide, you must select the finest old mallard amongst them, or whatever suits your fancy. Directly upon hearing the report, your retriever will rush to your assistance, and having secured your cripples, you will reload, and, taking out your glass reconnoitre again."

The experience of Mr. Colquhoun in sport of this kind has naturally rendered him a very close observer of animals; and his volume contains many passages descriptive of their sagacity, or combating notions which attribute to them faculties they do not possess. Here is an example of the latter in his account of the

"DELICATE HEARING OF WILD DUCKS.

"Although I am firmly of opinion that they do not wind you like deer, as some suppose, yet their hearing is most acute. I have seen instances of this that I could hardly otherwise have credited. One day I got within about sixty yards of three ducks asleep upon the shore; the wind was blowing very strong, direct from me to them, a thick hedge forming my ambuscade. The ground was quite bare beyond this hedge, so I was obliged to take the distant shot through it: in making the attempt I rustled one of the twigs—up went the three heads to the full stretch; but when I had remained quiet for about five minutes, they again placed their bills under their wings: upon a second trial, the slight noise was unfortunately repeated; again the birds raised their heads, but this time they were much longer upon the stretch, and seemed more uneasy. Nothing now remained but to try again: my utmost caution, however, was unavailing, and the birds rose like rockets. I never hesitate concealing myself to windward of the spot where I expect ducks to pitch, feeling confident that unless I move they will not find me out. I have often had them swimming within twenty-five yards of me, when I was waiting for three or four in line, the wind blowing direct from me to them, without perceiving by any signs their consciousness of an enemy's vicinity."

"SAGACITY OF THE ROE.

"The roe's sagacity in discovering real from apparent danger is remarkable: the crouching shooter with his deadly gun is instantly detected, while the harmless workman may even blast the rock and cause no alarm. This fact I have been assured of by men employed on the highland road, who had often seen the roes peeping at them from the cliffs above, watching their whole proceedings without any sign of fear."

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"CUNNING OF MOUNTAIN FOXES.

"When the litter is discovered, 'the fox-hunter' is brought into requisition, (who often at this time has more calls than he can answer): his terriers are sent into the den, and the young massacred: a watch is then set to command a view all around, in order, if possible, to shoot the old ones when they return. I have been told by people thus employed, that they had no idea of the proverbial cunning of the fox until they saw it shown upon such occasions. Although the place has been perfectly bare, the old ones have come unperceived within ten yards of the party, and were at last only discovered by the straining of the dogs on the leash. I have often heard the watchers say, that the ease with which 'the tod' avoids their faces, and skulks behind their backs, is most surprising. If the foxes escape the guns, as they commonly do, 'the streakers' are slipped upon them; and if not then run down, nothing remains to be done but again to set the watch. So long as the old ones are prevented from entering, they will return morning and evening for several days; but should either of them get access, and miss the young, they come back no more."

"EAGLES COURSING.

"When two eagles are in pursuit of a hare, they show great tact: it is exactly as if two well-matched greyhounds were turning a hare—as one rises the other descends, until poor puss is tired out: when one of them succeeds in catching her, it fixes a claw in her back, and holds by the ground with the other, striking all the time with its beak."

"CRAFT OF KITES.

"Kites generally build in the pine forests on the hills, and select a tree with a thin bare stem, often very difficult to climb. I once concealed myself at the foot of a tree where a kite was hatching, in order to shoot it on its return to the nest, for they generally fly off at the most distant approach of an enemy. I was perfectly hid; and after waiting nearly an hour, had an opportunity of witnessing the tact and cunning of the bird. The sun was shining warm upon the nest, or it would, most likely, not have kept me so long. At last I saw it flying round in very wide circles, which gradually narrowed; it then lighted upon a distant tree, and peering round in every direction, chose a nearer; and so on, until it came within three or four trees of the nest. It was now within shot; but I had, unfortunately, so placed myself as only to command the nest tree, never doubting that it would light on this before it settled upon the nest; but I was out in my reckoning: as soon as it had tolerably reassured itself, it rose perpendicularly in the air, and came down upon its nest like a stone. The manner in which I was concealed prevented my getting a flying shot; so nothing remained but to fire through the nest; which proved a sufficient defence, as the kite flew away and never returned."

In an appendix, Mr. Colquhoun briefly discusses several matters, of which the most generally interesting is the sagacity of dogs. This quality he holds to be pretty equally disseminated through all the various families, but restrained in its developement by temper and habit, directed into some particular way by training or treatment, or left dormant by non-cultivation. Our old friend the double-duck-retriever, he does not consider more truly sagacious than a pointer; but what he does is of a more showy kind.

"To illustrate my meaning, I may mention a feat or two of each. Having wounded a rabbit on the moors when the pointer was behind a knoll, but fancying from the agility with which it made its escape that I had missed it altogether, I was surprised to see him shortly afterwards bring a rabbit and deliberately lay it down at my feet. It would have been nothing if the dog had been taught to fetch and carry; but on the contrary, he is of course broke to drop at the shot and never to lay a tooth upon game. Had he seen me fire, and afterwards stumbled upon the rabbit, he would, from his breaking, have thought he had no business to touch it; but not having seen the shot, he fancied he had a right to bring what he had himself found upon the moor. Any person who was no judge of dogs would have said, 'Why this is no more than what any retriever puppy would have done.' It is not, however, the mere act alone, but the connecting circumstances which often show the superior instinct of the canine species.

"The performances of the retriever are more showy; and the generality of observers would immediately on that account pronounce him the more sagacious dog. In taking a walk with him last winter, I met a friend who had dropped a whip: if this had happened to myself there would have been no difficulty, as I had only to send the dog off upon my track; but upon trial he immediately ran back upon that of my friend, recovered the whip, and brought it to me. Another time, when he was following an open carriage, a shawl was dropped: no one perceived the loss until the dog was seen carrying it in his mouth behind. Not long after, the boquet of flowers was missed: I immediately looked round for the retriever—and, to be sure, there he was with the boquet most jauntily carried in his mouth. I only mention these as explanatory of my theory, viz. that we are apt to overvalue one dog for sagacity, while we overlook its more unpretending neighbour, because, from shyness, surliness, eagerness of temper, or want of practice, all its powers of instinct and memory are employed in *a different and less obvious way*; for there is no doubt, if a dog is eager, shy or sulky, it may have a superior instinct, and yet *show* less than another of a more phlegmatic, sociable, or easy disposition. This accounts for the difficulty of procuring a good retriever from a cross between the water-dog and terrier, so valuable if the medium between them is preserved; because, when the dog partakes too much of the nature of the terrier, his quick temper unfits him for the purpose; and when too little, he is generally deficient in nose."

The volume is illustrated by some characteristic cuts of dogs and game; which, if by Mr. Colquhoun, show that he can handle the pencil as well as the pen and the gun. Altogether, *The Moor and the Loch* is a book which the sportsman may peruse for its instruction, and the general reader for its information, reality, and directness.

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From the Spectator.

JESSE'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS.

The two volumes now published complete Mr. Jesse's undertaking. They contain notices of Cromwell and his family; of the second Charles and James; of their wives, and children both legitimate and illegitimate; and of the most distinguished courtiers, male and female, who flourished during their reigns. These volumes display the same qualities as the former two; they are amusing, as being full of anecdote, gossip, and incidental pictures of the times; they are useful, as we formerly observed, because they contain a good deal of information respecting the private lives and personal peculiarities of people, of whom the reader of history desires to know something without well knowing where to get it. We suspect, however, that the continuation will excite less interest than the previous volumes, partly from the mind of the reader being dissatisfied unless an improvement or progression is made, partly from the nature of the subject. If not more moral, the age of James the First and Charles the First was more massy and masculine than that of the two succeeding monarchs. The objects both of kings and courtiers were larger, and pursued by means less contemptible, than those of the wretched demireps and their paramours, who haunted Whitehall from the restoration till the revolution. Hence there is less weight in the matter and the persons of these volumes,—for we need not say that our author is quite unequal to grapple with Cromwell, had even the plan of his work permitted him systematically to notice history.

Mr. Jesse is a thorough tory of the old school, or rather possesses the servile nature of a thoroughgoing tory chaplain. Yet the bitterest enemy of royalty could hardly have hit upon a better plan for debasing it by comparison with democracy, than is exhibited in these *Memoirs of the Court of England under the Stuarts*. The statesmen of the commonwealth are unnoticed by Mr. Jesse; but compare Cromwell with Charles or James—we do not mean as a captain or a ruler, for that would be ridiculous—but look at the lives of one and of the other. The gallantries of the protector, if there were any, were decorously veiled; the debaucheries of Charles were gross and shameless. The number of his mistresses, regular or occasional, is unknown; so is the number of his illegitimate children. Mr. Jesse, however, has collected a goodly list of the recorded.

"By Lucy Walters he was the father of the Duke of Monmouth, and a daughter, married to William Sarsfield, Esq. By the Duchess of Cleveland he had six children—the Duke of Southampton, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Northumberland, the Countess of Sussex, the Countess of Lichfield, and a daughter, Barbara, who became a nun at Pontoise. By the Duchess of Portsmouth—the Duke of Richmond. By Nell Gwynn—the Duke of St. Alban's, and a son, James Beauclerk, who died young. By Mary Davis—Lady Derwentwater. By Lady Shannon—the Countess of Yarmouth; and by Catherine Peg—the Earl of Plymouth, and a daughter, who died young. It is remarkable that Charles should have been father to six dukes, who were alive at the same time; and that each should have been provided with a maintenance becoming his dignity."

But, with the morals, Charles had also the manners of a *gentleman;* his grace and his wit varnished over his profligacy; his good nature and affability, conjoined with the feelings of loyalty prevalent in those days, rendered him acceptable, not merely to his courtiers but to the populace. James, however, was a sullen profligate, who ruined his constitution with as much gravity as if he were a Roman censor regulating morals, and pursued his amours with a savageness which the good nature of his brother would have shrunk from. "Like master like man"—such as were the king and the prince, so were the courtiers: amongst all the women whom Mr. Jesse notices, there is scarcely one of even a *doubtful* character, and the profligacy of the men is of a kind which no other age would have tolerated. The larger portion of the third and the whole of the fourth volume are no better than the history of a brothel. The gravest could not escape the influence of the court. Clarendon, who would not allow his own wife to visit Lady Castlemaine, was the instrument by which she was forced upon the queen as a lady of the bedcamber; and as his own narrative, intended as an apology, unconsciously paints his subserviency in the meanest light, we may judge what it was in reality. Nor, if Charles himself may be trusted as a witness, was vice limited to commerce of the sexes. The most respectable entertained what our ancestors called "swash-bucklers," or persons of similar stamp; who, no doubt, were not kept for nothing. When Lord Keeper Guildford once interceded for a man of indifferent reputation, "it is strange," said the king, "that *every one* of my friends keeps a tame knave."

In Charles's, as in the common case, the child was "father to the man."

"CHARLES THE SECOND'S CHILDHOOD.

"It would seem that, at a very early age, Charles had imbibed that love for the ridiculous, and that aversion to present inconvenience, to which fortune, fame, and empire, were afterwards made subservient. This is amusingly illustrated by the following brief correspondence. The queen's note is of itself a curiosity, as being one of the very few letters of Henrietta in the English tongue, which have been handed down to us. It is written entirely in her own hand.

"Charles—I am sore that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take physic. I hope it was only for this day, and that to-morrow you will do it; for if you will not, I must come to you and make you to take it, for it is for your health. I have given order to my Lord Newcastle to send me word to-night whether you will or not; therefore I hope you will not give me the pains to go. And so I rest

"Your affectionate mother,

"Henriette Marie, R.

"To my dear son the prince."

We can scarcely doubt but that Charles had his mother's remonstrance in his thoughts, in writing, about the same period, the following note to his governor, the Earl of Newcastle. It is written in the child's own hand, with lines ruled in pencil above and below.

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"My lord—I would not have you take too much physic; for it doth always make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make haste to return to him that loves you.

"To my Lord of Newcastle. CHARLES, P."

The king's escape after Cromwell's "crowning mercy" of Worcester, is one of the most remarkable adventures in modern history; and is clearly, though not very effectively, told by Mr. Jesse. Many relics connected with the escape are still remaining, which those who want an autumn trip may go in search of.

"Boscobel House is still standing—indeed, is almost in the same state as when it was visited by Charles; but the old mansion of White Ladies has been pulled down, though the ruins of its more ancient monastery still remain. Mosely Hall, the seat of the Whitegraves, with its green lanes and old gable-ends, is still an interesting relic of the past. Bentley Hall, the residence of the Lanes, and Abbotsleigh, the seat of the Nortons, are no more. The old house at Trent still remains, and, independent of all other associations, would alone be rendered classic ground, from its church containing the monuments of the loyal Wyndhams. Hele has passed from the family of Hydes, and has been recently pulled down. Many other interesting mementos of Charles's wanderings are still in existence; but modern Vandalism, or what is styled improvement, will probably soon lay them in the dust. The old inns of Mere and Charmouth were recently in being, and may possibly be yet standing. Near the old parish church at Brighton may still be seen the tomb of Nicholas Tattersal, who conveyed the king to Fecamp. But the royal oak, the most interesting of all these relics, has long been gathered to his fathers. An offspring, however, sprung from one of the father acorns, still points out the memorable spot. An iron railing protects it from harm; and may it long be regarded with reverence by the lovers of the past!

"PRUDENCE OF A DEBAUCHEE.

"Charles never permitted the revels of the night to be referred to on the following morning. By this means he in some degree prevented the over-familiarity of his less eligible associates, and put a stop to expectations that he might have held out in the hilarity of the moment and the over-fulness of his heart. Among his boon companions, also, he seems to have been more on his guard than might have been expected. To one, who importuned him for a favour in one of his jovial moments, 'You had better,' he said, 'ask *the king* to-morrow.'

"A CONFIDENT PICKPOCKET.

"Charles loved what may be called fun as much as the youngest of his courtiers. On one of his birthdays, an impudent rascal of a pickpocket had obtained admission to the drawing-room, in the garb of a gentleman. He had succeeded in extracting a gold snuff-box from a nobleman's pocket, and was quietly transferring it to his own, when, looking up, he suddenly caught the king's eye, and discovered that he had been perceived by his majesty. The fellow, aware, in all probability, of the king's character, had the impudence to put his finger to his nose, and winked knowingly at Charles to hold his tongue. Shortly afterwards, the king was much amused by perceiving the nobleman feeling one pocket after another in search of his treasure. At last he could resist no longer; and, looking about him, (probably to make certain that the thief had escaped,) he called out to the injured person, 'You need not, my lord, give yourself any more trouble about it; your box is gone, and I own myself an accomplice. I could not help it, I was made a confidant.'"

The superiority of Charles, not merely in politeness and refinement of manner, but even in wit, will be best appreciated by comparing him with any of his courtiers. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the "Zimri" of Dryden, was a man of acknowledged wit; but how much of coarseness, or disregard of others' feelings—neither of which Charles ever allowed himself to indulge in—are visible in these anecdotes! There is, too, a vulgarity about them, which rudely jars against one's ideas of the man whose carriage was so graceful that the eye could not help following him as he moved along the presence-chamber, and whose cognomen was the "witty."

"BUCKINGHAM FOILING A JESUIT.

"King James the Second took considerable interest in Buckingham's spiritual welfare, and by means of Fathers Petre and Fitzgerald endeavoured to convert him to popery. There is extant an account of his conference with the former divine, which affords an agreeable instance of Buckingham's wit. 'Father Petre,' says the relater of the anecdote, 'undertook to convert the Duke of Buckingham to popery; and, among other arguments that he was prepared with, set out with this, which these casuists commonly urge, and which, attacking the imagination in its weakest point, fear, draws in many silly people. 'We,' said the good Jesuit, 'deny that any one can possibly be saved out of our church; your grace allows that our people may be saved.' 'No, curse ye,' said the duke, 'I make no doubt but ye will be all damned to a man.' The reverend father started, and said gravely, 'Sir, I cannot argue with a person so void of all charity.' 'I did not expect, my reverend father,' said the duke calmly, 'such a reproach from you, whose whole reasoning with me was founded on the very same instance of want of charity in yourself.'

"BUCKINGHAM ON HIS DEATH-BED.

"An incident is related of Buckingham during his last illness, which, both as a death-bed anecdote, and as affording a last specimen of his peculiar humour, will be read with interest. The circumstance in question is related by the younger Richardson; who, however, unfortunately omits mentioning his authority. 'As George Villiers Duke of Buckingham was dying, *which he did at an inn*, the Duke of Queensbury, going down to Scotland, heard of it when he was within a few miles of the place, and went to make him a visit. Seeing him in this condition, he asked him if he would not have a clergyman? 'I look upon them,' said the duke, 'to be a parcel of very silly fellows, who don't trouble themselves about what they teach.' So Queensbury asked him if he would have his chaplain, for he was a dissenter! 'No,' says Buckingham, 'those fellows

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always make me sick with their whine and cant.' The Duke of Queensbury, taking it for granted he must be of some religion or other, then supposed undoubtedly it must be the catholic; and told him there was a popish lord in the neighborhood, named him, and asked if he should not send for his priest? 'No,' says he, 'those rascals eat God; but if you know any set of fellows that eat the devil, I should be obliged to you if you would send for one of them.'

"A GOOD RETORT OF DALZIEL.

"When James, during the reign of his brother Charles, was sent as a kind of state exile into Scotland, he happened one day to invite the famous General Dalziel to dinner. The dutchess, observing three covers laid upon the table, and ascertaining from James the quality of their intended guest, objected, it is said, to sit at table with a private gentleman. Dalziel, who happened to enter the room at this particular moment, overheard the spirit of the conversation. 'Madam,' he said with proper pride, 'I have dined at a table where your father stood behind my back.' He alluded to the period when he had served in the imperial army, when her father, the duke of Modena, had attended as a vassal of the emperor, on an occasion when Dalziel happened to dine in state at the imperial table."

In calling Mr. Jesse's volumes useful and amusing, we cannot accord to them any high authority. He has followed his authors without much discrimination, and sometimes inserted anecdotes of a very apocryphal or a very improbable kind. His acquaintance with the age does not appear to extend beyond the books he has read for the purpose of writing; and his acumen is small.

From Tait's Magazine.

AULD LANG SYNE.

From Mrs. M., in London, to Mrs. M'., in Scotland.

O, do you remember how many years
It is since we were married,
And what a lingering lapse of years
From my own dear land I've tarried?
How many summer suns have rolled,
Since we roamed the hills together,
And climbed the rocks, to deck our locks,
With the wild flower of the heather?

Ah, do you not often, in thought, dear lady,
Look back to those happy days
When you sketched the living landscape round,
And I warbled old Scotia's lays?
While a brighter world was us within
Than painter ever knew;
Where gushes of song were floating along,
Under skies of Elysian blue.

You remember our rambles in summer-time,
Our seats by the winter-fire;
Our fancies that ever were roving, lady,
And our talk that never could tire:
And the pleasant schemes we drew of life,
So full of bliss, and so fair,
That the joys of all, on this earthly ball,
Were to fall to our single share.

And now that I've lived, for years and years,
In these busy haunts of men,
My heart dies within me unless I can breathe
The free air of those hills again;
And I wish my children in childhood to stand,
On the spots where their fathers bled;
In a land where religious freedom has been
Bequeathed by the mighty dead.

I wish their young hearts to feel in its power,
While the first flush of youth is there,
The solemn calm of those lonely vales
Whence rose their father's prayer,
In times when the tranquil morning hymn
Was yet lingering those rocks among,
When war's alarms, and the rush of arms
Succeeded the holy song.

And there is a mountain-dwelling,
By its porch a rude carved seat,
And the grass around was worn and bare
By the tread of childish feet.
There are surely some echoes of voices
Still to those old walls clinging;
And when I come to my childhood's home,
I shall hear my childhood's singing.

And there is a mountain chapel;
And close by, where its shadow is thrown,
Is a grass-grown grave, whose memorial
Is its simple, low, white stone.
There the sunshine warmed and the breezes stirred
The long grass I trod years ago;
Now my mother sleeps where the sunbeam creeps
And the soft winds of heaven blow.

And now, though my hair is changing
Since I last on those gray hills stood,
Though the days of my youth have glided away
To maturest womanhood,
The wish to visit those scenes again,
Has become an impassioned feeling;
And my spirit springs, on expectant wings,
To meet Old Time's revealing.

And shall I find you the same, dear lady,
Unaltered in all save years?
And yet, those fair and Hebe cheeks
Must have known the touch of tears;
And the eyes that rivalled heaven,
In the tint of their blue, and in gladness,
Must they sadly own they have often known
The weight and the dimness of sadness?

No matter! thy cheek, though dim it may be,
Will still look blooming to me:
And thy eyes' fond welcome may well replace
Their glorious brilliancy.
But we'll look in each other's souls, dear lady,
And Time's touch shall be unheeded,
If every day he had stolen away
Some charm, as he onward speeded.

And, oh, our youth will come back again,
When next we roam those hills;
And catch the freshness of mountain winds,
And the gladness of mountain rills;
While our spirits joy in the freedom
That hangs o'er our mountain land;
Whose mighty hills stand like sentinels
Stationed by God's own hand.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LATE JAMES SMITH.

Social qualities must be dear to mankind from the general regret which is felt when any one distinguished for them leaves the world. We can part with nine-tenths of what are called public men, with a very moderate sense of their loss to the community. If the whole treasury bench were decimated to-morrow, we question if a tear the more would be shed in the circuit of the globe. We equally question whether a very considerable mortality at the bar would occasion a national mourning; and we are fully convinced that many individuals who, from bustling and brawling in "the service of the public and themselves," have acquired a habit of thinking that the world could by no means go on without them, would, in twenty-four hours, be nowhere found recorded but in the parish register.

But this was not the case with him whose name heads these pages. There were few men mixing in general society by whom he was not known, and fewer still by whom his easy pleasantry, his gentlemanly manners, and his unwearied good-humour, were not noticed as they deserved. James Smith was a wit; yet we never remember to have heard of his falling into the grand error of wits—sarcasm. Obviously awake to the follies round him, he was never severe; nor did he ever attempt to reinforce his merriment by offences to propriety in any form. He never urged conversation, and never declined it. He was always ready with his remark or his repartee; but the remark was never invidious, and the repartee never carried any personal sting. To those who have had many opportunities of meeting professed wits, and who have found them often the most uncertain, captious, and peevish of mankind, the pleasantry of James Smith always formed a happy exception. He was among the best, because the safest and easiest, conversationist whom we ever remember to have seen.

The talent of conversation is not quite so simple a thing as it is generally conceived. Even in the extensive and varied circle of London society, there have not been half-a-dozen in the last half-century, who had established any kind of name in this rather private path to renown. A man may have considerable knowledge, may have seen a great deal of the world, and may, besides, know well the ambition of figuring in the conversational world, without the talents of a good conversationist. The late Sir James Mackintosh had all these—he had fluency of speech, and now and then brilliancy of conception. But he was given to talking over much—he often *prosed* alarmingly; his anecdotes were from hacks, his sentences had the formality, with but seldom the point of Johnson; and his recitations of verse, which were frequent and generally of merciless length, showed that he had taken the trouble of preparing his memory for the occasion, and that he was determined not to have his trouble thrown away.

"Conversation Sharpe," as he was called, was amusing and clever. But he repeated himself. Novelty is essential, and his was soon exhausted. The third time of meeting him was fatal to his charms.

Rogers, the poet of Memory, has abundance of anecdote: but it lies chiefly among the dead and gone. The mention of Sheridan acts upon him with the effect of a match put to a firework. The *composition* goes off in a long succession of explosions, all of the *bluest* kind, until every ear is tired, and then the *feu d'artifice*, in every sense, drops dead to the ground; and every one flies from the racket case. Yet he has mixed a good deal in society; not the best, however; for it has been chiefly with the set gathered round the table of Holland House, where people are assembled for the declared purpose of *talk*, a process which makes every thing as formal as a parade in St. James's Park, as sets men minuet dancing in odes, epodes, and "the last new tragedy," and of course reduces all conversation to the dregs of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. What must be, for instance, the dying state of a conversation where the noble host has called on every body round the table to pull pencil and paper from his pocket, and write down on the spot the names of the ten most amusing books that he had ever read! And all those grown children have done the deed accordingly. A game at forfeits would have been rational, and a game at blind man's buff profitable, to those sexagenarian diversions.

Jekyll was a good converser, for he had wit; though, as no man is perfect, his wit was often pun, and there are some specimens of it on record which are not to be mentioned to "ears polite." But the bar had made him too professional. He talked too much of old judges and their senilities; and though always diverting, grew more *barristerial*, until he grew little more than a relic of himself, and disappeared into his nightgown and slippers, and was no more for this world.

Canning was lively; but he had not a fund of talk for all days. He had high spirits, but was uncertain; and there were times when, like Hamlet, he seemed to think the earth "flat, stale, and unprofitable," and the sky a collection of pestilent vapours. The fluctuations of his public career might have, in some degree, accounted for this; for admirable as his house of commons talents were, he never felt himself recognised as one of the natural possessors of power. His obscure origin and narrow income always placed him in the light of an adventurer before the very courteous, but very arrogant, aristocracy of England.

If he got high office, it was always regarded by them as a piece of luck, pretty much like the luck of an adventurer who goes into a gaming-house with a shilling in his pocket, and comes out with a thousand pounds. It was all accounted for by the turn of the die. No man in public life was so often thrown off and thrown on. Even his final possession of the highest office produced only a gaze of astonishment from his own party, an instant secession of every man of rank among them, and that explosion of aristocratic scorn, which blew him over, singed and crippled as he was, into the ranks of the whigs, who nursed his bruises until they smothered him. Want of birth may be compensated by great fortune, want of fortune by high birth; but want of both is fatal to ministerial eminence in England.

But even in the midst of society, Canning was often silent, sometimes singularly so; melancholy, distract, and embarrassed: though, at other times, lively, innocent, and entertaining. Low spirits killed

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him at last, and robbed the country of an elegant, cultivated, and not ill-disposed public mind.

Burke's reputation belongs to the last century. Johnson said of him that he "was always ready for talk, that he was never humdrum, that he spoke from the fulness of his mind." All excellent preparations, but still wanting the finish of conversation. His fault was, that he "declaimed" in society; he was rapid, abrupt, and altogether too "political" for a master of conversation; he frequently threw out fine ideas, but he was seldom happy in their expression. His excellence was with the pen in his hand. He then had time to contrast, arrange, and polish the beauty of his powerful conceptions. Of all the thinkers of England, living or dead, he was the most vivid, various, and imaginative. But this was the product of his desk; there he carried his diamonds in the rough, and shaped and set them, until he offered them to the world flashing and sparkling, as no dealer in intellectual brilliants had ever exhibited them before. But Burke has left few conversational remembrances distinguished for either happiness or pungency, for easy elegance or pointed splendour.

Curran, the Irish barrister, had perhaps the highest conversational ability of any man of his day. He certainly had astonishing wit. There are more showy conceptions of Curran on record, than of any other man of his time or ours, and the period was remarkable for the animation and cultivated elegance of its society. Devonshire House and the prince's table were the centres round which perpetual pleasantry gathered; where a perpetual rivalry of wit was sustained; and where political disappointments forced the associates to look for their resources in sportive contempt and showy ridicule. As men are forced by the gloom and tempest without, to shut their doors, light candles, and forget the inclemency of the night in double comfort and gaiety within—in those assemblages, all men learned to adopt the tone, if they could not seize the spirit, of the hour. Charles Fox became a wit for the time, and wrote epigrams; Fitzpatrick turned poet, and wrote sentimental songs; Hare, Harding, Courtenay, and a crowd of those inferior names which float on the surface of gay society, and sink after the agitation of the day has passed—those motes in the sunshine, of whose existence no one would have dreamed but for the casual entrance of the beam, were all busy with their little lively contributions; and the showy and good-natured duchess, and the not less showy and good-natured prince, received all like divinities, equally welcoming the incense streaming from golden wine, and the fragrance of the flower.

Among orators, the professions, and public men in a body, there are now no conversationists of any repute. We live in degenerate days; and for our consolation must only believe that we have found some other and better gifts in place of the old, or revert in our despair to the blue stocking of Lydia White, and those vigorous tea-givers, the Misses Berry. Lady Cork, too, rests at last. She gathers the flies of fashionable talk round her cream-jug no more; she no longer lights her wax chandelier to bring fluttering round it all the bookworms, transformed into moths. She has given, for the last time in a hundred successive years, the funeral bakedmeats of "dear Dr. Goldsmith, and gay Mr. Garrick, whose performance in a tie-wig, and the full uniform of a colonel of the guards, scarlet faced with blue, she always thought the most elegant thing in the world." The oldest Sappho on earth, or under it, her ladyship gives neither dinner nor supper more; and men of wit and many idle hours walk about town, not knowing where to deposit either the one or the other,—peace be to her tea-kettle, her album, and her tongue!

The poets have not succeeded much as conversationists. They are generally heavy, decorous, and silent men, not often thinking in company, yet not the more lively for their want of thought. In general, the only way to rouse a coterie of poets, is to start the topic of some furious Quarterly or Scotch Review of somebody or other. The effect is sometimes like dropping a shell, with the fusee burning, into a group of sleeping soldiers—every man who has any legs to take care of, is on them at the instant; but the effect sometimes, too, goes the same length in both instances, and the parties run away.

The late William Sotheby was a favourite every where. He was a man of fortune, without any of the airs belonging to the "landed interest"—a man of general literature, without pedantry—and a poet, too, without pressing his poetry on any one, unless after a considerable term of acquaintance. This rendered his old friendship somewhat formidable; but it was seldom inflicted under an intercourse of four or five years; and by that time his bosom friends were sufficiently on their guard to escape, by very weak eyes, an habitual headach, an immediate engagement out of town, or some other ingenious expedient found effectual in previous cases of difficulty. Their escapes were, now and then, narrow enough.

"Take that tragedy home with you, and let me know your opinion of it as an old friend and an excellent critic, as I know you to be," said an author to his visiter. The friend put it in his pocket. On their next meeting, "Have you read my tragedy? and what do you think of it? I ask your candid opinion," said the author. "The fact is, I have not read it yet, but intend to take the first opportunity," said the old friend. "Then lose no time, I beg; for if you think that it will answer for either the press or the stage, I have *five* more ready, of which you shall have the first reading, in preference to any man in England," said the author. The old friend next day discovered that he had particular business at Paris or the Antipodes, and set off by the mail, returning the tragedy with a thousand regrets for its non-perusal.

We shall not say to whom all this happened; but from the moment that the story got wind, the word tragedy was enough to put all the old friends of the prolific author to flight, and he was forced to wait for the readers of another generation.

Scott was a pleasant converser; easy, affable, and well furnished. In Scotland he must have been peculiarly pleasing, from his nationality of topic. But England is not national; its taste abjures locality; and the moment that an Irishman begins to tell Irish stories, or a Scotsman talks of either Highlands or Lowlands, they listen to him only as they would listen to a Welshman talking of Merlin or Owen Glendower. But Scott was always a favourite, from his natural civility and unwearied good humour.

The late Lord Dudley was made to be a memorable

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man; but he was spoiled at nurse. From boyhood, he was what the provincials call *cracked*. He was not altogether mad, at least in the beginning of his career; but there were crevices in his cerebellum, through which external things streamed, like the street lamps through the cracks in shutters, strongly confusing the lights within. He had mingled in all the odd society of all the countries of Europe—a sort of voluntary exile in all the period of his youth, and picking up all odd kinds of knowledge, of which he never made the least use; something in the style of those geologist ladies and gentlemen who ramble about Derbyshire, hammer in hand, filling their reticules and pockets with fragments of mica and lime, and learning just enough to chatter of primary and secondary formations, till all the world runs away from them and the topic together. He lived upon a guinea a-day, or perhaps a shilling; and after this preparation for the life of an English legislator, returned to take upon himself the duties of a peerage, a great English landlord, and an estate of £75,000 a-year. To accumulate evil on evil, his friend Canning induced him to load his brain with the burden of office; and this crazy and curious hypochondriac came forth to mankind as secretary for foreign affairs. But the farce was too soon a tragedy. Poor Dudley grew wild, talked, did, and dreamed all kinds of eccentricities; threw up office—threw up the world after it; and, after holding imaginary conversation, often of the cleverest order, with Julius Cæsar and Jack the painter, with Cleopatra and Madame de Staël, with Semiramis and Lady Holland, he suddenly died, leaving a million of pounds sterling and lands unlimited to a cousin, and nothing to mankind.

Vathek Beckford *was* a clever converser; but this was fifty years ago. He was then clever in every thing. The finest musician, the most general linguist, the most scientific connoisseur, and the most brilliant romance-writer of his day. He has since disappeared, abandoning the faculty of speech; he shut himself up for twenty years in the midst of a desert in Wiltshire, which he converted into a park and a palace. He has since abandoned the solitude, and gone to Bath, to prove that he despises mankind as much in the city as in the wilderness. He towers over the city of vapour-baths and scandal, exchanges civilities with nothing but his King Charles's spaniels, and wholly exercises the finest understanding of man in preventing the most acute senses in Europe from being annoyed by the sight of human beings, or the smell of dinners. For the latter purpose, he has his meals dressed in an opposite mansion; and for the former he has built on his hill battlements lofty enough to defy any thing but an invasion of Titans.

Coleridge was not a converser: he was a lecturer. His sentences were dissertations; his very metaphors had beginning, middle, and end; his divisions were as numerous, parenthetical, and positive as those of a preacher of the Moravian connection; and in the briskest conversation he seemed never able to disengage himself from the idea, that it was his duty at once to enlighten and astound the whole living race of mankind, besides leaving a handsome legacy for all generations to come. He was an honest man, and without a stain on his reputation except the praises of the small gang of literaturists who constantly followed him as flies wing and cling round a corpulent alderman. He wrote good poetry in his youth; but muddled his Helicon with metaphysics as he fell into years. It is remarkable that his politics purified as his poetry grew thick. Beginning with proposals for throwing off the incumbrances of coat and pantaloons, and founding an original commonwealth in the western wilderness, he ended with Christian habiliments, a cottage at Highgate, and in honest devotion to Conservatism. But he was no conversationist. He declaimed; he harangued; he talked long and loftily: his reveries were of the pagan *muthoi*, of Mesmerism, of the Samothracian impostures, and the profundities of science lost to mankind in the burning of the Alexandrian library. His mind was like one of the obelisks of his favourite land—wild, odd, antique, covered with characters which, doubtless, meant something, but which no man could interpret, and puzzling every body with the question, why so much trouble was taken in vain.

In the "Literary Remains" of this amiable man, published by his nephew, the very first passage in a treatise on his belief, saves us the task of giving a specimen of his conversation.

"The absolute subjectivity, whose only attribute is the Good—whose only definition is, that which is essentially causative of all possible true being; the adorable προαρχικον, which, whatever is assumed as the first, must be presumed its antecedent, ον without an article, and yet not as an adjective," &c. This we conceive to be in the purest style of the hieroglyphics, and to establish Coleridge's oracularity beyond all question.

James Smith held the office of solicitor to the ordnance, in which he succeeded his father, a man of respectability in his profession, and of considerable acquirement out of it, a member of the royal antiquarian societies, and acceptable to a large circle of society. His son was born on the 10th of Feb. 1775, and was thus sixty-five at his death.

All tastes, good and bad, begin at school. James, at school in Chigwell, a village in Essex, in some boyish exploit found Hoole's Ariosto. This was rather a leaden entrance to the gardens of the muse; for if bad translation were within the statute, Hoole must have been hung by any jury without leaving the box. Still the brilliancy of Ariosto gleams through all the mire so carefully emplastered over it by the clerk of the India House; the volume became dear to him, from its being the first that ever touched his poetic sensibilities; and Hoole had the honour, of which he could never have dreamed, of giving the first impulse to a poet.

It is pleasing, and perhaps singular, to find in a man of society, and remarkably attached to that society, even the remnants of the unadulterated tastes of boyhood. In the memoir, by his accomplished brother Horace Smith, we are told that, "for the village of Chigwell and its pleasant neighbourhood, James Smith cherished in after life a marked and unvaried predilection, rarely suffering a long interval to elapse without paying it a visit, and wandering over the scenes that recalled the truant excursions of himself and his chosen playmates, or the solitary rambles and musings of his youth. The whole of the surrounding country, every picturesque view, 'each alley green and bosky bourne,' nay every individual field and tree, remained so firmly pictured

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on his mind, that he could immediately detect the smallest alteration since his first arrival at the school. Not even the many and growing infirmities of his later years, were suffered to interfere with these visits. To the spots whither a carriage or a horse could not carry him, he hobbled upon crutches, and thus contrived to reach the secluded nook or the sequestered stream, where he had read or bathed fifty years before."

Among the last of his verses, and at a period not long before his death, he wrote a "Chigwell" reminiscence in his own light and flowing style.

"School, that in Burford's* honour'd time
Rear'd me to youth's elastic prime,
From childhood's airy slumbers;
School, at whose antique shrine I bow,
Sexagenarian pilgrim now,
Accept a poet's numbers."

He then sketches the chief pictures of his recollection.

"Pent in by beams of mouldering wood,
The parish stocks stand where they stood.
Did ever drunkard rue 'em?
I dive not in parochial law,
Yet this I know, I never saw
Two legs protruding through 'em.
* * * * *
Yon pew, the gallery below,
Held Nancy, pride of Chigwell row,
Who set all hearts a-dancing;
In bonnet white, divine brunette,
O'er Burnet's field I see thee yet
To Sunday church advancing.

Seek we the churchyard; there the yew
Shades many a swain whom once I knew,
Now nameless and forgotten.
Here towers Sir Edward's marble bier,
Here lies stern Vickery, and here
My father's friend, Tom Cotton."

After some further glances at the undistinguished spot where the "rude forefathers of the village sleep," he touches on himself.

"World, in thy ever-busy mart
I've acted no unnoticed part:
Would I resume it? Oh no.
Four acts are done; the jest grows stale;
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
And reason asks, Cui bono."

His love for pleasant cajolery was exhibited in his youth, by a *hoax* upon the editor of an established magazine, in the shape of a series of letters, containing grave accounts of some "remarkable antiquarian discoveries," the startling nature of which attested his inventive powers, yet which were conceived with sufficient skill to avoid exciting suspicion. What added to the zest of this juvenile pleasantry was, that his father and several of his antiquarian friends who were regular readers of the magazine, expectedly commented on those fictitious statements, without ever dreaming that the waggish author was sitting by their sides.

Steadily pursuing his profession under his father, he yet occasionally contributed to the lighter literature of the day, but without a name. The re-opening of the theatre of Drury-Lane at length gave him a topic, which, in conjunction with his brother, he turned to remarkably piquant, and even productive, account.

The theatre, after having been in a state of bankruptcy for the quarter of a century before, had brought its accounts suddenly to a close by the help of a fire, which, beginning no one knows how, ended in reducing the whole structure to ashes, with the additional effect of compelling Sheridan to acknowledge, what all the world knew already, that he was not worth a shilling. But when was a theatre without dupes? The town was filled with plans, prospectuses and projects for restoring the drama, saving the national credit for the stage, honouring the immortal memory of Shakspeare, and so forth. And finally, a sufficient sum was raised to build the theatre once more. As Sheridan was nominally a whig, though no man more hated the party, and as the whigs have always assumed to themselves all the taste and talent of the country, as well as every thing else that is to be got by assumption, they took the whole management into their own hands, and Lord Holland, in virtue of his poetical renown (!) we may suppose, and his having nothing else in the world to do, constituted himself the "great Apollo" of the shrine. As the encouragement of national genius was among the declared purposes of the lordly and patriotic managers, they clubbed among them all exactly fifty pounds, which were to be the premium of the best address for the opening night, October 10. Those addresses were to be sent under concealed names, and the decision was to be made by a committee. It was justly enough observed, that the only question on the subject was, whether the folly or the penury of the proposal was the more conspicuous. Nothing could be clearer than that no writer of any eminence would submit himself to such a judgment; and that the reward was at once ridiculous as an excitement to the national genius, and contemptible as individual remuneration. The preface to the "Rejected Addresses," amuses itself with the idea—"one hundred and twelve addresses have been sent in, each signed and sealed as per order. Many of the public prints have censured the *taste* of the committee in thus contracting for addresses, as they would for nails—by the gross. But it is surprising that none should have censured their *temerity*. One hundred and eleven of the addresses must, of course, be unsuccessful. To each of the authors, thus infallibly classed with the *genus irritabile*, it would be very hard to deny, at least, six stanch friends who consider his the best of all possible addresses, and whose tongues will be as ready to laud him as to hiss his adversary. Those, with the potent aid of the bard himself, make seven foes per address, and thus will be created seven hundred and seventy-seven implacable auditors prepared to condemn the strains of Apollo himself,—a band of adversaries which no prudent manager would think of exasperating." The idea of writing imitations of the more popular writers of the day as prologues, sent in under their initials, was thrown out in casual conversation by Ward, the secretary of the committee. The hint was instantly adopted; yet nothing but the most active ingenuity could have been in time for the opening, for it was but six

* The name of the master.

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weeks off. The brothers now partitioned the poets between them—Horace went on a visit to Cheltenham, and on their next meeting the task of each was completed. This joint operation was not quite new to them, for they had, some years before, written imitations of Horace, entitled Horace in London, in which they had divided the task between them; and thus accustomed to co-operate, the machinery at least was easily put in motion again. In the "Rejected Addresses," the labour was fairly enough divided. James wrote, No. 2. The Imitation of Wordsworth. No. 5. The Imitation of Cobbett. No. 7. The Imitation of Southey. No. 13. The Imitation of Coleridge. No. 15. The Imitation of Theatrical Sing Song. No. 16. The Imitation of the Morning Post. No. 17. The Imitation of Crabbe. Nos. 18, 19, and 20. Travesties of Macbeth, George Barnwell, and the Stranger. He also wrote the first stanza of the clever Imitation of Lord Byron,—"Cui bono."

"Sated of home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;
Sated abroad, all seen, but nought admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home.
Sated of both, beneath old Drury's dome,
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine;
There growls and curses, like a deadly gnome,
Scorning to view fantastic Columbine.
Viewing with shame and hate the nonsense of the nine."

The general pleasantry of the work caught the town. The idea had the lightness that amuses the loungers of literature, while a good deal of the performance exhibited the skill that gratifies higher tastes; yet the history of this work does but little honour to the forecast of London publishers. The authors carried their manuscript to the principal names of the trade, and offered it, in the first instance, for the mere chance of publication. Thus goes the tale:—

"Our manuscript was perused, and returned to us, by several of the most eminent publishers. Well do we remember betaking ourselves to one of the craft in Bond street, whom we found in a back parlour, with his gouty leg propped upon a cushion, in spite of which warning he diluted his luncheon with several glasses of Madeira. 'What have you already written?' was his first question; an interrogatory to which we had been subjected in almost every instance.—'Nothing by which we can be known.'—'Then I am afraid to undertake the publication.'—We presumed to suggest that every writer must have a beginning, and that to refuse to publish for him until he had acquired a name, was to imitate the sapient mother who cautioned her son against going into the water until he could swim.—'An old joke—a regular Joe,' exclaimed our companion, tossing off another bumper. 'Still older than Joe Miller.' was our reply; for, if we mistake not, it is the very first anecdote in the *facetiæ* of Therocles.—'Ha, sirs,' resumed the bibliopolist, 'you are learned, are you? So, so! Well, leave your manuscript with me; I'll look it over to-night, and give you an answer to-morrow?'—Punctual as the clock, we presented ourselves at his door the following morning, when our papers were returned to us with the observation—'These trifles are really not deficient in smartness; they are well, vastly well for *beginners*, but they will never do—never. They would not pay for advertising, and without it I should not sell fifty copies.'"

At last they applied to Miller, a dramatic publisher in Bow street, Covent Garden. He had the good sense to undertake the publication at his own risk, allowing half the profits, as he observed, "*should there be any.*" The work, however, rapidly succeeded as it deserved; but then came the minor alarms as to its reception by the bards whom it caricatured. Yet they seem all to have had the good sense to laugh at the burlesque. Sir Walter Scott, with his usual pleasantry, said of the imitation of *his* style, "I certainly must have written this myself." Lydia White, the well-known entertainer of the wits, was more nervous. Having invited one of the brothers to dinner, and afterwards recollecting that William Spencer was to have been of the party, wrote a note to Spencer to put him off, saying that a "man was to be at her table whom he would not like to meet!"

"Pray, who is this whom I should not like to meet?" inquired the poet.

"Oh," answered the lady, "one of those who made that shameful attack upon you."

"The very man on earth I should like to meet," rejoined the lively and careless bard.

But a still better thing was the criticism of a Leicestershire clergyman. "I do not see why those Addresses should have been rejected," observed this matter-of-fact reader; "I think some of them very good." Simpletonism could scarcely go further.

Whether contented with the success of this clever *jeu d'esprit*, or afraid of future failure, or too lazy to attempt any thing better, or actually unequal to higher efforts, James Smith lay down at once upon his laurels, and he continued to lie on them for twenty years. This is not the secret for permanent fame; but what did *he* care about being in the mouths of men, or being blown through the trumpet of posterity? He had an easy income, a quiet life, no household, but a good, fat old housekeeper, who had carried his keys for thirty years; no offspring but some very pleasant songs; and no business but a slight official routine, which gave him leisure to wander where and when he would. No life could be more suited to his tastes, or more fitted to his condition. It is true that such is not the life of the high ranks of intellect; of men born to achieve fame; of the benefactors of their country; or of the "riders in the political whirlwind," and "rulers in the public storm," nor perhaps of men desirous to leave an impression of usefulness behind them; but it was at least as useful as that of nine tenths of men of easy incomes, and much more pleasant than most of those of the highest.

But he was not altogether idle, even in authorship. While his brother Horace, abandoning poetry, devoted himself to popular novel-writing, James conspired with Mathews against the dulness of mankind, and produced a succession of those lively performances, which, under the names of "Trips to Paris" and "America," and "Country Cousins," so often made the circuit of England, and amused all the lovers of harmless pleasantry.

Still there was a great deal of shrewdness in his

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sport, and none could expose with happier skill the affectations of the city portion of this province of brick called London. Its sharing in the habits of high life was a perpetual topic of his neat and polished ridicule. The annual migration of the citizens to watering-places has, it is true, almost ceased to be a legitimate object of ridicule, the watering-places now being their only resources for fresh air, from the enormous distension of London. But the annoyances which even now must be encountered at every watering-place by a comfortable citizen, accustomed to the snugness of home; the miserable substitutes for furniture; the customary extortion; and the frequent exposure to storm, where he came expressly to enjoy sunshine and calm, are as fair and obvious topics for gay satire as could be chosen.

"We lodge on the Steine, in a bow-window'd box,
That beckons upstairs every whirlwind that knocks.
The sun hides his head, and the elements frown;
But nobody now spends his Christmas in town."

The sufferer then recapitulates the enjoyments of old times in the city, and contrasts them with the disasters forced upon him by the necessity of growing genteel—

"At Brighton I'm stuck up in Donaldson's shop,
Or walk upon bricks till I'm ready to drop,
Throw stones at an anchor, look out for a skiff,
Or view the chain pier from the top of the cliff,
Till winds from all quarters oblige me to halt,
With an eye full of sand, and a mouth full of salt;
But still, I am suffering with folks of renown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in town."

Among the whims of fashionable life, was that of going to the sea-side in the depth of winter. Yet, with some of the "*Grand Monde*," there was a reason for this in the rather beggarly wish to avoid the usual Christmas hospitalities in their own great mansions. A narrow domicile avoided a large expenditure, and got rid of the balls and dinners which would be expected in the midst of their tenantry and constituents. But their being followed there by those who have neither tenantry nor constituents, is the burlesque, and all that they can gain is exposure to the tempests of the season. This is all told with a national shudder.

"In gallop the winds at the fall of the moon,
And puff up my carpet like Saddler's balloon.
My drawing-room rug is besprinkled with soot,
And there is not a lock in the house that will shoot,
At Mahomet's steam bath I lean on my cane,
And murmur in secret, "Oh Billiter Lane!"

And this misery is not palliated to the unfortunate exile by the slightest sympathy or civility on the part of those higher ranks whom he pays so much for aping. The burlesque of his vexations grows—

"The duke and the earl are no cronies of mine;
His majesty never invites me to dine;
The marquis won't speak when we meet on the pier,
Which makes me *suspect* that I'm *nobody here*;
If that be the case, why then, welcome again,
Twelfth-cake and Snap-dragon in Billiter Lane."

From being a constant resident in London, which he justified on system, saying that London was the best place in summer, and the *only* place in winter, and from his social habits, he was *au fait* at all the ludicrous views of every rank of life. The language of those very stupid affairs called conversaziones cannot be better described than in these lines—

"All subjects were touch'd upon—none were discuss'd.
'You've seen the Laplanders? Where's Matthews?
Poor Perry!
Scott wrote them. I know it. Who told you so? Terry.
A song. Mr. Broadhurst—hush! Silent, O Moyle!
I'm told that they actually dine on train oil.
Have you sold out your fives? No; I'm not in a hurry—
Me adsum qui feci.—Lord Byron to Murray.
Lady Crimson, you've got something black on your cheek,
Camporesi and Ronzi di Begnis don't speak!
What's o'clock? Hampton court? Yes; we dined at the Toy.
I don't like the Pirate as well as Rob Roy.
Dear me, how excessively pretty! Red candles.
Is Lillibullero Rossini's? No; Handel's.
I'll hold by the brass balustrades.—So will I.
Not going? Yes. When? Glad to see you. Good bye.'"

The office of city laureate ought to have been revived for James Smith. His wit would have given it a repute which it never had before. Even the poet laureate does not seem to have been very proud of his honours; but the sack and the salary are something. In the hands of our bard we should have had an abundance of gay caricature, as the scenes of public life shifted to his eye. The arrival of the emperor of Russia, at the close of the revolutionary war, was one of the "wonders" of an age of wonders, and was immediately hitched into a poem, of which we give but a fragment or two. The emperor had refused to accept of a residence in one of the royal palaces, and fixed himself in the Pulteney Hotel in Piccadilly.

"In Lord William's dell, near the Pulteney hotel,
What multitudes every day wander!
They scamper like imps to indulge in a glimpse
Of the mighty, renown'd Alexander."

Madame de Stael, who had come to England, as she fearlessly acknowledged, to look for a husband for herself, or failing that, for her daughter, among "the English philosophers," as she called them, possessing from fifty to a hundred thousand a-year, had been the great lion of London for a month before, but the arrival of a greater left her in solitude.

Poor Madame de Stael is quite pushed to the wall,
Chasseed by the Czar and the Duchess;
And since his retreat, even Louis Dix-huit
Must not walk as he may on his crutches.
Clerks run from their quills, haberdashers their tills—
John Bull is a great goosy gander;
Even Kean is forgot; we are all on the trot
For a gaze on the great Alexander."

The emperor was remarkable for a manly simplicity in all his habits; but the Russians are famous for dandyism, when they descend into the civilised regions of the earth. They have a faculty of imitation which hardens into a necessity; and the younger part of the imperial suite, if memorable for nothing else, were distinguished for the most extraordinary caricatures, of a mixture of French and German

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fashions. Alexander himself did not escape the name of "the Scythian dandy," though no man deserved it less. He was a bold, honest, high-spirited chieftain, who had done more to crush Napoleon than all the rest of the alliance put together, and whose courage inspired the allies, as his firmness sustained their counsels, in the most difficult periods of the most trying and terrible war that Europe had ever seen.

"He dresses with taste, he is small in the waist,
I beheld him with Blucher and Platoff;
The Hetman appears with his cap on his ears,
But the Emperor rides with his hat off.

"He sits on a throne, with a leg on each zone—
No monarch on earth can be grander—
Half an hour after dark, the rails in the park
Are scaled to behold Alexander!"

James Smith, like every man of sense in England, and every man of principle, was a conservative; but no man was less a talker on that most commonplace of all subjects, politics. His enjoyment was conversation; and he must have seen too many instances of the inroad which this trite verbiage makes on it, to suffer himself to be led into the temptation. "My political opinions," he gallantly said, "are those of the lady who sits next to me; and as the fair sex are generally—

'Perplex'd, like monarchs, with the fear of change,'

I constantly find myself *conservative*."

Some of his *bon mots*, on this and other subjects, were happy.

"Mr. Smith," said a gentleman across the table, "you *look* like a conservative."

"Certainly, sir," was the reply, "my crutches remind me that I am no member of the *movement party*."

As solicitor, he had an office in a large house in Austin Friars. However, another James Smith taking chambers in the same building, considerable confusion arose, from the letters of each falling into the hands of the other. They met accordingly to remedy this inconvenience, and it was agreed that the only resource was, that either should take chambers somewhere else. The question then was, "which."

"Nothing can be more easily decided," said he. "You came last; and as James the Second, *you* ought to *abdicate*."

The stage was always his delight, and it must be acknowledged that it was then a much more amusing and intelligent establishment than it is now. It had a continual succession of pleasant performances; its performers were of a more popular order—and its actresses not unfrequently became the wives of men of rank and public name. Nothing theatrical escaped his pen; and he gave a list of these marriages, in lines whose ease and liveliness were not unworthy of Boufflers or Chaillie.

"Farren, Thalia's dear delight!
Can I forget the fatal night,
Of grief unstained by fiction;
(Even now the recollection damps,)
When Wroughton led thee to the lamps
In graceful valediction."

She married the Earl of Derby, after a long courtship, in which the lady conducted herself with as much prudence as the old earl did with gallantry. The next was Miss Brunton, who married the Earl of Craven.

"The Derby prize by Hymen won,
Again the god made bold to run
Beneath Thalia's steerage;
Sent forth a second earl to woo,
And captivating Brunton too
Exalted to the peerage."

The next was Miss Searle, a remarkably elegant creature, who, after delighting the metropolis by her dancing and grace as a pantomime actress, married Heathcote, one of the most fashionable men of his time.

"Awhile no actress sought his shrine,
When lovely Searle in Columbine
Each heart held 'cabin'd, cribb'd in.'
Her dark blue eye and tresses loose,
Made the whole town dub 'Mother Goose"
Chef-d'œuvre of Tom Dibdin."

In Dibdin's pleasant memoirs, he gives the history of this *chef d'œuvre* with the parental particularity of one describing the progress of a favourite child. He had offered it to Harris, the manager, for three or four successive years, and each time met with a repulse; though Dibdin was a favourite, and the manager was reckoned remarkable for his tact in what was likely to please the audience. At length a Christmas pantomime having been delayed by its arranger, until there was a chance of being no pantomime at all—a calamity which was not to be encountered under any circumstances—Harris, in his last perplexity, bade Dibdin show him his "confoundedly stupid pantomime." It was performed, and was the most successful in stage annals. The whole town rushed to see it; it was played through a great part of the season, and its net produce was, as far as we recollect, upwards of £20,000. Dibdin was elevated immediately to the laureateship of pantomime; he soared to the highest rank of clown and pantaloon bards; and Harris, though he never would acknowledge that he had been in the wrong, and called it a "confoundedly stupid pantomime" to the last, gave its author the patent of supremacy in providing all future sport for the Christmas holidays.

The next favourite of Hymen was Miss Bolton, a very pretty and well conducted young person, who married Lord Thurlow, nephew of the great lord.

"'Thrice vanquish'd thus, on Thespian soil
Heart-whole from Cupid's toil,
I caught a fleeting furlough;
Gay's 'Newgate Opera' charm'd me then;
But Polly sung her requiem when
Fair Bolton changed to Thurlow."

Then followed the marriage of Miss O'Neil to Sir William Becher; an event which deprived the stage of a very striking performer; incomparably the best actress since Siddons.

"Those wounds some substitute might heal;
But what bold mortal bade O'Neil
Renounce her tragic station—
Taste, talent, beauty to trepan:

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By Jove! I wonder how the man
Escaped assassination.
I felt half bent to wing my way
With Werter, on whose table lay
Emilia Galoti.
Stunn'd, like a skater by a fall,
I saw with unconcern Hughes Ball
Elope with Mercandotte."

This was one of the theatrical marriages. Mercandotte was a beautiful girl, a Spaniard, who appeared as a *danseuse* at the Italian opera; Hughes Balls was a young man of the fashionable circles, who, from his fortune, and his lavish expenditure of it, was called the "Golden Ball;" but the verse does some slight injustice to the parties, there was no elopement, the marriage was regular, and we have never heard of any of the natural consequences of elopement in their instance. We believe that Mercandotte was as blameless a wife as she was a beautiful woman.

To complete the number, we have seen the following stanza—written, we have not heard by whom.

"Last of this dear, delightful list,
Most follow'd, wonder'd at, and miss'd,
In Hymen's odds and evens:
Old Essex caged our nightingale,
And finish'd thy theatric tale,
Enchanting Kitty Stephens."

The late earl of Essex, a man of accomplishment in his day, and of taste to the end, married Miss Stephens a few years since, and on his death left her a large dower. Her conduct had always been meritorious, and her character was as unstained as her style was pure, delicate, and English. She had been for a long period in the first rank of native singers, and by her prudence and popularity had made a handsome fortune before her retirement from the stage.

But he could be grave, and some of his verses exhibit powers which might have obtained a higher name. An ode to Sentiment—evidently modeled on Gray's Ode to Adversity, "Daughter of Jove, relentless power," has fine lines. They were provoked by the intolerable "pathetic" of vulgar comedy.

"Daughter of dulness, canting dame,
Thou nightmare on the breast of joy,
Whose drowsy morals, still the same,
The stupid soothe, the gay annoy;
Soft cradled in thy sluggish arms,
Even footpads prate of guilt's alarms,
And pig-tail'd sailors, sadly queer,
Affect the melting mood, and drop the pitying tear.
When first to tickle Britain's nose,
Hugh Kelly raised his leaden quill,
Thy poppies lent the wish'd repose,
And bade the gaping town be still."
* * * * *

Then comes the enumeration of her allies.

"Soliloquy, with clamorous tongue,
That brings the Lord knows what to view;
And affectation, pert and young,
Swearing to love the Lord knows who,
Still round the midnight cauldron caper,
Warm Charity, with Newland's paper."

Still, his "Imitations" are the most carefully executed of all his performances. They are among the most dexterous in the language. The charm of an imitation is to give character without caricature, and to touch upon the oddity of the original without offence to either the author or the reader. In this sense what can be better than the commencement of the imitation of Kehama? Southey himself must have laughed at it.

"I am a blessed Glendoveer!
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.
Midnight! yet not a nose
From Towerhill to Piccadilly snored.
Midnight! yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose.
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends the walls of Drury.

"Tops of houses blue with lead,
Bend beneath the landlord's tread,
Master and prentice, serving-man and lord,
Nailor and tailor,
Grazier and brazier,
Through streets and alleys pour'd.
All, all abroad to gaze,
And wonder at the blaze."

The imitation of Scott has even some of the graces of his rich and picturesque style, where natural objects are to be described.

"On fair Augusta's towers and trees
Flitted the dreary midnight breeze,
Curling the foliage as it past,
Which from its moon-tipp'd plumage cast
A spangled light, like dancing spray,
Then reassumed its still array.
When, as night's lamp unclouded hung,
And down its full effulgence flung,
It shed such soft and balmy power,
That cot and castle, hall and bower,
And spire and dome, and turret height,
Appear'd to slumber in the light."

Then comes the pleasant burlesque of those abrupt bursts with which Scott loved to astonish the ear; those sudden and startling plunges from the softest words and gentlest images into expressions on the very verge of extravagance.

"As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise
When light first flash'd upon her eyes,
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bedgown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten thousand voices spoke—
'The play-house is in flames.'"

The volumes give some of his letters, which are written in the easy and unaffected style of his general conversation. We think that more of them ought to have been given, for more undoubtedly might have been found. He was perpetually corresponding; and as he always carried on a sort of Platonic passion with the whole sex, or at least with all the young and agreeable of them, who came in his way,

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we recommend the search to the editor for his next edition. In one of these letters he mentions having met *the* Guiccioli, who gave him some slight reminiscences of Byron. Every recollection of the lordly poet is interesting, yet we wish that it had come from a purer source than the Italian.

"When he (Byron) dined with me," said the lady, "he ate no meat. Still haunted by a dread of growing fat, he very much injured his health; yet his figure notwithstanding grew larger. Oh, he was very handsome—beautiful eyes and eyelashes. I had occasion to go to Ravenna upon some family business. We settled that he should not accompany me. At that time several people were plaguing him to go to Greece. 'Ah!' he said in a sportive manner, 'let fourteen captains come and ask me to go, and go I will.' Well, fourteen captains came to him, and said, 'Here we are, will you now go.' He was ashamed to say he had only been joking, so it ended in his undertaking to go. * * * * * He was not well when he set out. In Greece they wanted to bleed him—he would not be bled, so he died."

The countess seems to have told her story without any of the embarrassment which might have been presumed on the occasion; but they order those matters in a peculiar way on the other side of the channel.

"Count D'Orsay set me down in Craven street. 'What was all that Madame Guiccioli was saying to you just now?' he inquired. 'She was telling me that her apartments are in the Rue de Rivoli, and that if I visited the French capital, she hoped I would not forget her address.' 'What! it took her all that time to say that? Ah, Smeeth, you old humbug, that won't do.'"

"In the spring of 1839, a violent attack of influenza, aggravated by a severe access of gout, completely deranged his whole system, and condemned him to a five months' confinement. From this he rallied by an excursion to Tunbridge wells; but towards the close of the year he sank again. Though an abstemious man, he had suffered from the gout for many years; had for the latter years of his life been forced to use a stick, which at last was superseded only by a crutch; and he finally shrunk from society, and lay upon the sofa, until that too was to be exchanged for a calmer place of rest. He had always expressed himself anxious that his last illness should not be attended with protracted pain; and this he was spared. He died on the 24th of December 1839, in his house in Craven street, London, in the 65th year of his age, and was buried in St. Martin's Church.

From the Athenæum.

HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F. A. S.—Vols. VI. & VII. Edinburgh: Tait. 1837—40.

The period upon which Mr. Tytler has now entered, is more than any other interesting to the English reader. The rise, progress, and establishment of the Reformation in Scotland—the feuds and intrigues of Mary of Guise,—the more deadly feuds, and the more disgraceful intrigues, of her daughter Mary's short but disastrous sovereignty,—and the changeful, but always cautious, and too often crooked policy of the court of England, are here placed before us by a writer who has too lofty a sense of his high calling to play at a mere game of "follow my leader," and who has, therefore, drawn the far greater portion of his materials from those "original stores," which were unsought by and therefore unknown to former historians. We perhaps owe an apology to Mr. Tytler, for allowing the earlier of these two volumes to remain so long unnoticed; but the events of the first years of Mary's reign are linked so inseparably with the latter, and the characters which merely appear on the scene in the sixth volume, acquire such commanding prominence in the seventh, that we feel greater justice is done to the writer, by following him consecutively from the beginning to the close of Mary's reign, than if we had merely noticed the volumes separately.

The sixth volume commences with a view of the state of Scotland after the murder of Cardinal Beaton, and, tracing the regency of the queen dowager, the progress of the Reformation, and the return of Mary to her dominions, closes with her unhappy marriage with Darnley. From the state papers, of which Mr. Tytler has made such excellent use, we find that previously to Mary's return, Elizabeth had secured the co-operation of the leading lay reformers; and that Murray, Mary's half-brother, at the very time when she believed him most devoted to her interests, was actually a pensioner and a spy of the English court. The proofs of this, which we owe to Mr. Tytler's research, throws a new and most important light on Scottish affairs. We no longer wonder at the boldness of the reformers, at the lofty tone of the lords of the congregation, or that Knox so sternly rebuked the queen from the pulpit; for what had they to fear from Mary, although supported by the Guises, when a greater than the Guises stood pledged to protect them, and a large military force was ready on the borders to do so effectually if required?

The precipitate and imprudent marriage of Mary with Darnley, was the signal for the commencement of those plots, both of friends and enemies, which only ceased with her life. Murray openly withdrew from the queen's councils, and once more acted in concert with Knox. The following estimate of this great man, who, perhaps, more than any other reformer, has been the object of unqualified praise and censure, is thus given by Mr. Tytler:—

"Murray was the slave of private ambition; his paramount desire evidently was to retain the great power which he possessed, and in his efforts to effect this, he repeated the same game which ambition has so often played; he masked his selfish projects under a zeal for religion. Knox, on the other hand, however fierce, dictatorial, and even unscrupulous as to means, was perfectly honest. No church plunder can be traced to his hands; no pensions from England or France secured his services, nor is there the slightest evidence (at least I have discovered none) that at any time he pursued a scheme of personal aggrandisement, separate from that spiritual authority which attached itself to him as the great leader of the Reformation. His character was great, irregular, and imperfect. His views were often erroneous. In his mind many subjects assumed an undue importance and magnitude, whilst others,

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especially those connected with the practical influence of the gospel upon the heart and conduct, were often neglected or forgotten. But in his public career, he was consistent, fearless, sincere; the single object to which he devoted himself was to establish on a sure foundation what he believed to be the only true faith—the only form of worship consistent with the declarations of scripture, and the glory of God. It is needless to point out to what a height this raises him above Murray, Argyle, Lethington, and the crowd of venal barons by whom he was surrounded."

We believe, indeed, that to this sincerity Knox owed the power which, beyond every other reformer, he possessed over the popular mind. This uprightness of intention gave unity of purpose, which rendered him irresistible; and the people, contrasting his integrity with the venality of all around, came to view him as possessed of supernatural attributes, and obeyed his every word. The rebellion of Murray was scarcely suppressed, when Mary's troubles respecting Riccio began.

"The influence of this Milanese adventurer had been gradually increasing. At this moment Maitland of Lethington, the secretary of state, was suspected of having been nearly connected with the rebellion of Murray, and, as a trustworthy servant was a prize rarely to be found, the queen began to consult her French secretary in affairs of secresy and moment. The step was an imprudent one, and soon attended with the worst effects. It roused the jealousy of the king, a weak and suspicious youth, who deemed it an affront that a stranger of low origin should presume to interfere in state affairs; and it turned Riccio's head, who began to assume, in his dress, equipage, and establishment, a foolish state totally unsuited to his rank. In the mean time, his influence was great, and Murray bespoke his good offices by the present of a rich diamond, with a letter soliciting his assistance. Had Mary been left to herself, there is little doubt that her rebels would have been pardoned. Her natural generosity, and the intercession of some powerful friends, strongly impelled her to the side of mercy; and she had already consented to delay the parliament, and to entertain proposals for the restoration of the banished lords, when an unforeseen circumstance occurred, which led to unfortunate results. This was the arrival of two gentlemen, De Rambouillet and Clernau, on a mission from the French court. Their message was outwardly one of mere ceremony, to invest the young king with the order of St. Michael, but amid the festivities attendant on the installation, a more important and secret communication took place. Clernau, the special envoy of the Cardinal Lorraine, and Thornton, a messenger from Beaton, the Scottish ambassador in France, who had come to court about the same time, informed Mary of the coalition which had been concluded between France, Spain, and the emperor, for the destruction of the Protestent cause in Europe. It was a design worthy of the dark and unscrupulous politicians by whom it had been planned—Catherine of Medicis, and the Duke of Alva. * * Thornton accordingly brought from the Cardinal Lorraine the "*Band*" or league which had been drawn up on this occasion; it was whispered that some of her friends in England were parties to it, and Mary was strongly urged to become a member of the coalition. * * Riccio, who at this moment possessed much influence, and was on good grounds suspected to be a pensioner of Rome, seconded these views with all his power. On the other hand she did not want advisers on the side of wisdom and mercy. Sir James Melvil, in Scotland, and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, one of her most powerful friends in England, earnestly implored her to pardon Murray, and adopt a conciliatory course. Mary was not naturally inclined to harsh or cruel measures, and for some time she vacillated between the adoption of temperate and violent counsels. But now the entreaties of her uncle the cardinal, the advice of her ambassador, the prejudices of her education, and the intolerance of the Protestants, and of Elizabeth, by whom she had been so often deceived, all united to influence her decision, and overmaster her better judgment. In an evil hour she signed the league, and determined to hurry on the parliament for the forfeiture of the rebels. This may, I think, be regarded as one of the most fatal errors of her life; and it proved the source of all her future misfortunes. She united herself to a bigoted and unprincipled association, which, under the mask of defending the truth, offered an outrage to the plainest precepts of the gospel. She imagined herself a supporter of the Catholic Church, when she was giving her sanction to one of the worst corruptions of Romanism; and she was destined to reap the consequences of such a step in all their protracted bitterness."

Though Mary may in other respects be an object of pity, she must be held responsible for all the consequences of this fatal step. The moment her resolution was known, Murray and his friends determined on the removal of Riccio from her councils by assassination. For very different reasons, Darnley and his father had already formed a plot for Riccio's murder; and eventually Darnley and Murray, so lately at deadly feud, combined with Morton to accomplish their common purpose. The notice of this plot was communicated to Randolph, the English resident, and by him to Leicester.

"The consent and assistance of the leading Protestant barons was soon gained, and to neutralise any opposition on the part of their chief ministers was not found a difficult matter. They were in the deepest alarm at this moment. It was known that Mary had signed the popish league; it was believed that Riccio corresponded with Rome, and there was no doubt that some measures for the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion were in preparation, and only waited for the parliament to be carried into execution. Having these gloomy prospects before their eyes, Knox and Craig, the ministers of Edinburgh, were made acquainted with the conspiracy: Bellenden the justice clerk, Makgill the clerk register, the lairds of Brunston, Calder, and Ormiston, and other leading men of that party, were, at the same time, admitted into the secret. It was contended by Morton, that one only way remained to extirpate the Romish faith, and replace religion upon a secure basis; this was, to break off the parliament, by the murder of Riccio, to imprison the queen, entrust Darnley with the nominal sovereignty, and restore the Earl of Murray to be the head of the

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government. Desperate as were these designs, the reformed party in Scotland did not hesitate to adopt them. Their horror of idolatry, the name they bestowed on the Roman Catholic religion, misled their judgment and hardened their feelings, and they regarded the plot as the act of men raised up by God for the destruction of an accursed superstition. * * According to a common but revolting practice of this age, which combined the utmost feudal ferocity with a singular love of legal formalities, it was resolved, that 'covenants' or contracts for the commission of the murder, and the benefits to be derived from it, should be entered into, and signed by the young king himself and the rest of the conspirators. Two 'bands,' or 'covenants,' were accordingly drawn up; the first ran in the king's name alone, although many were parties to it. It stated that the queen's 'gentle and good nature' was abused by some wicked and ungodly persons, specially an Italian stranger called David; it declared his resolution, with the assistance of certain of his nobility and others, to seize these enemies; and if any difficulty or resistance occurred, 'to cut them off immediately, and slay them wherever it happened,' and solemnly promised on the word of a prince, to maintain and defend his assistants and associates in the enterprise, though carried into execution in presence of the queen's majesty, and within the precincts of the palace. * * The second 'covenant' has been also preserved. It was supplementary to the first, its purpose being to bind the king on the one hand, and the conspirators on the other, to the performance of those conditions which were considered for their mutual advantage. The parties to it were the king, the earls of Murray, Argyle, Glencairn, and Rothes, the lords Boyd and Ochilltree, and their 'complices.' They promised to support Darnley in all his just quarrels, to be friends to his friends, and enemies to his enemies; to give him the crown matrimonial, to maintain the Protestant religion, to put down its enemies, and uphold every reform founded on the word of God. For his part, the king engaged to pardon Murray and the banished lords, to stay all proceedings for their forfeiture, and to restore them to their lands and dignities."

Mary seems not even to have suspected the plot, and Riccio, although warned, disregarded it. The issue is known; but it has not hitherto been clearly ascertained, that when Mary passionately exclaimed "farewell tears, we must now think of revenge," these words were the signal for a second and more murderous "covenant." The conduct of Mary at this period was evidently marked by great duplicity. Mr. Tytler observes, by way of apology—

"If we blame her duplicity, let it be remembered, that her own life, and that of her infant, were in jeopardy, that there was nothing unreasonable in the idea that the ruffians who had torn her secretary from her knees, and murdered him in her chamber, might, before many hours were over, be induced to repeat the deed upon herself. We may gather, indeed, from the dark and indefinite expressions of Randolph, in describing the approaching assassination, and their intentions, if she resisted their wishes, vacillated between murder and perpetual captivity."

Mary now obtained from her weak, vacillating husband the names of the chief persons engaged in the conspiracy, except that of Murray, whom, up to this moment, she appears never to have suspected. Enraged at this conduct, they, in their turn, accused Darnley, and laid the covenants before the queen. This is expressly stated in a letter of Randolph to Cecil, where, after mentioning that the queen had seen "all the covenants" that passed between the king and the lords, "and now findeth that his declaration before her and the council of his innocency of the death of David was false," adds, that she determined to withdraw entirely from his society; and, in a subsequent letter, he states that she had sent a messenger to Rome, to endeavour to procure a divorce. Her approaching confinement, perhaps, delayed the prosecution of her plans, whatever they were, and meanwhile Darnley, disappointed by the Protestants, began to intrigue with the Romanists. His plots were discovered; but Mary was alarmed, and, by the advice of his father, she remonstrated with him. It seems to us, however, unlikely that she was ever reconciled to him, and that her objections to his leaving the country arose from a different cause to that which was openly stated by the lords of the council;—indeed, we cannot but believe that his pertinacious determination to go abroad, arose from some dark, though probably vague suspicion of danger. Just at this time, (the autumn of 1566), Mary repaired to the borders, to hold courts for the trial of her prisoners, and while here she visited the Earl of Bothwell, at his castle of the Hermitage. According to writers unfavourable to Mary, this visit was for the purpose of arranging the plot for the assassination of Darnley;—an opinion Mr. Tytler combats on the authority of a letter written by Lord Scrope to Cecil, in which he expressly states, that her visit lasted but two hours, and that it was paid in consequence of Bothwell having been severely wounded in her cause. But immediately on her return, Mary was seized with a dangerous fever; and this is ascribed by her secretary, Lethington, to anxiety and distress, in consequence of the conduct of her husband. Neither the preceding nor subsequent events lead us to infer that Mary at this time cared much about her husband. Is it not more probable that she, the creature of impulse, had been fascinated by that "bold, bad man," who so soon after obtained ascendancy over her, and that her husband was no otherwise responsible for the fever, than as he stood in the way of the gratification of an uncontrollable passion? The closing paragraph of Lethington's letter seems darkly to hint the truth. After remarking that the king had recompensed her "with such ingratitude," he concludes, "that it is an heart-break to her, to think that he should be her husband, and *how to be free of him she has no outgait*"—(way of escape). From this illness Mary slowly recovered. Soon after, Murray, Lethington, and Bothwell, held a consultation with Huntley and Argyle, and proposed to Mary to promote a divorce, if she would pardon Morton and the other murderers of Riccio. To this she agreed. It was next proposed that Darnley should retire to a remote part of the country, or be sent to France. Mary answered by expressing a hope that "he might return to a better mind, and professed her own willingness to pass into France, and remain there until he acknow-

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ledged his faults." This was really carrying kindness too far, and that it was viewed as mere profession, seems evident from Maitland's answer:—

"'To this Maitland, the secretary, made this remarkable reply, hinting darkly, that rather than subject their queen to such an indignity as retiring from her kingdom, it would be better to substitute murder for divorce, 'Madam,' said he, 'soucy ye not, we are here of the principal of your grace's nobility and council, that shall not find the mean well to make your majesty quit of him, without prejudice of your son; and albeit, that my lord of Murray here present, be little less scrupulous for a Protestant nor [than] your grace is for a Papist, *I am assured he will look through his fingers thereto, and will behold our doings, and say nothing thereto.*' This speech alarmed the queen, who instantly replied, that it was her pleasure nothing should be done by which any spot might be laid upon her honour: 'better,' said she, 'permit the matter to remain in the state it is, abiding till God in his goodness put remedy thereto, [than] that ye believing to do me service may possibly turn to my hurt or displeasure.' To this Lethington replied, 'Madam, let us to guide the business among us, and your grace shall see nothing but good, and approved by parliament.'"

"It is possible," says Mr. Tytler, "that Mary considered her express command sufficient." But each of these nobles had before disobeyed Mary's express commands; and she well knew how obnoxious Darnley was to them all. We cannot therefore believe that she who had been brought up in a court, where plots and assassinations were of common occurrence, would so easily assume that a mere prohibition of doing what "may possibly turn to my hurt or displeasure," would be sufficient to stay their purpose.

The conspiracy proceeded, and a "bond" was drawn up for the murder of Darnley, similar to the one which that unhappy prince had prepared for the murder of Riccio, and it was placed in the custody of Bothwell—another proof that the plans of that daring noble were already formed. The existence of this "bond" has been doubted, but—

"The existence of a bond for the murder of the king is proved by Ormiston's confession, (Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, p. 512,) who says he saw the bond in Bothwell's hands, and described its contents, affirming that it was signed by Huntley, Argyle, Lethington, and Sir James Balfour, and that Bothwell told him many more had promised their assistance. This contract was, he adds, devised by Sir James Balfour, and subscribed by them all a quarter of a year before the deed was done. Ormiston, in another part of his confession, observes, that Bothwell broke to him the purpose for the murder on the Friday before; and when he expressed reluctance to have any concern in it, he said, 'Tush, Ormiston, ye need not take fear for this, for the whole lords have concluded the same lang syne, in Craigmillar, all that was there with the queen.' The same bond is minutely alluded to in a contemporary life of Mary, written in French, apparently by one of her domestics, who, although biassed, seems to have had good opportunities of observation."

This "quarter of a year" refers to the very period of their interview with the queen. The conduct of Mary subsequently was such, that we think no impartial reader can doubt her guilty knowledge. She openly, as we have seen, expressed her wish for a divorce; but from this time she does not appear to have made further allusion to the subject. Although Darnley and she had continued to be estranged for some months, immediately on the return of Morton, who was the last to sign the bond, she set out on a visit to him at Glasgow. He was taken by surprise; and at the interview expressed his fears of a plot against him, and pathetically added, that he could "never think that she who was his own flesh should do him any hurt." Mary answered him kindly, and gave him her hand:—

"When Mary left him, Darnley called Crawford to him, and informing him fully of all that had passed at the interview, bade him to communicate it to his father, the Earl of Lennox. He then asked him what he thought of the queen's taking him to Craigmillar? She treats your majesty, said Crawford, too like a prisoner. Why should you not be taken to one of your own houses in Edinburgh? It struck me much the same way, answered Darnley, and I have fears enough, but may God judge between us, I have her promise only to trust to; but I have put myself in her hands, and I shall go with her, though she should murder me. It is from Crawford's evidence, taken on oath, which was afterwards produced, and still exists, endorsed by Cecil, that we learn these minute particulars, nor have I been able to discover any sufficient ground to doubt its truth. Soon after this interview, the queen carried her husband by slow journies, from Glasgow to Edinburgh, where she arrived on the last day of January. It had been at first intended, as we have seen, that Darnley should have taken up his residence at Craigmillar, but this purpose was changed; and as the palace of Holyrood was judged from its low situation to be unhealthy, and little fitted for an invalid, the king was brought to a suburb called the Kirk of Field, a more remote and airy site, occupied by the town residence of the Duke of Chastelherault, and other buildings and gardens. On their arrival here, the royal attendants were about to proceed to the duke's lodging, as it was called, but on alighting, Mary informed them, that the king's apartments were to be in an adjoining house, which stood beside the town wall, not far from a ruinous Dominican monastery, called the Black Friars. To this place she led Darnley, and making every allowance for the rudeness of the domestic accommodations of these times, it appears to have been an insecure and confined mansion. Its proprietor was Robert Balfour, a brother of that Sir James Balfour, whom we have already known as the deviser of the bond for the murder, which was drawn up at Craigmillar, and then a dependent of Bothwell's. This earl, whose influence was now nearly supreme at court, had recently returned from Liddesdale; and when he understood that Mary and the king were on their road from Glasgow, he met them with his attendants, a short way from the capital, and accompanied the party to the Kirk of Field. At this moment the reconciliation between the queen and her husband seemed to be complete. She assiduously superintended every little detail which could

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add to his comfort. She treated him not only with attention but tenderness, passed much of the day in his society, and had a chamber prepared for herself immediately below his, where she slept. * * On Sunday the 9th of February, Bastian, a foreigner belonging to the household of the queen, was to be married at Holyrood. The bride was one of her favourite women, and Mary, to honour their union, had promised them a masque. The greatest part of that day she passed with the king. They appeared to be on the most affectionate terms, and she declared her intention of remaining all night at the Kirk of Field. It was at this moment, when Darnley and the queen were engaged in conversation, that Hay of Tallo, Hepburn of Bolton, and other ruffians whom Bothwell had hired for the purpose, secretly entered the chamber which was under the king's, and deposited on the floor a large quantity of gunpowder in bags. They then laid a train, which was connected with a 'lunt,' or slow match, and placed every thing in readiness for its being lighted. Some of them now hurried away, but two of the conspirators remained on the watch, and in the meantime Mary, who still sat with her husband in the upper chamber, recollected her promise of giving the masque at Bastian's wedding, and taking farewell of Darnley, embraced him and left the house with her suite. Soon after the king retired to his bed-chamber. Since his illness there appeared to have been a great change in him. He had become more thoughtful, and thought had brought with it repentance of his former courses. He lamented there were few near him whom he could trust, and at times he would say, that he knew he should be slain, complaining that he was hardly dealt with, but from these sorrows he had sought refuge in religion; and it was remarked that on this night, his last in this world, he had repeated the fifty-fifth Psalm, which he would often read and sing. After his devotion, he went to bed and fell asleep, Taylor, his page, being beside him in the same apartment. This was the moment seized by the murderers, who still lurked in the lower room, to complete their dreadful purpose; but their miserable victim was awakened by the noise of their false keys in the lock of his apartment, and rushing down in his shirt and pelisse, endeavoured to make his escape, but he was intercepted and strangled after a desperate resistance, his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house; the page was also strangled, and their bodies carried into a small orchard, without the garden wall, where they were found, the king in his shirt only, and the pelisse by his side. Amid the conflicting stories of the ruffians who were executed, it is difficult to arrive at the whole truth. But no doubt rests on the part acted by Bothwell, the arch-conspirator. He had quitted the king's apartment with the queen, and joined the festivities in the palace, from which about midnight he stole away, changed his rich dress, and rejoined the murderers who waited for him at the Kirk of Field. His arrival was the signal to complete their purpose; the match was lighted, but burnt too slow for their breathless impatience, and they were stealing forward to examine it, when it took effect. A loud noise like the bursting of a thunder-cloud awoke the sleeping city; the king's house was torn in pieces and cast into the air, and the assassins, hurrying from the spot, under cover of the darkness, regained the palace."

The account of Darnley's murder was received with apparent horror by the queen, who immediately shut herself up in her chamber. On the occasion of her first husband's death, we find, from a letter of Throckmorton's, that she "did not see daylight for forty days;" and that during fifteen days of that time, no one save the King of France and his brothers were permitted to approach her. We may therefore well conceive the indignation of her subjects, when, after a seclusion of only eight days, she removed to the seat of Lord Seton, in company with Argyle, Huntley, and Bothwell, each of whom were with her when the murder of her husband was darkly recommended, and each of whom had signed the bond; and only a few days later, while Lennox was supplicating the queen for speedy justice on the murderers of his son, and the populace was loudly accusing Bothwell, Mary and he were openly amusing themselves with "shooting at the butts," against Huntley and Seton, and receiving a dinner at Tranent, as their forfeit. Her infatuation, indeed, seems incredible. The castle of Edinburgh, and other strong holds, were bestowed upon Bothwell, while the foreign ambassadors, and Elizabeth's council especially, were demanding that he should be brought to trial. He was constantly in her company, and so absolutely ruler, that when she at length agreed that his trial should take place, his friends and he appeared with a force of 4,000 men:—

"This formidable force kept possession of the streets, and filled the outer court of the palace; and as the castle was at his devotion, it was evident that Bothwell completely commanded the town. It was scarcely to be expected that a messenger whose errand was suspected to be a request for delay should be welcome, and although he announced himself to be bearer of a letter from Elizabeth, he was rudely treated, reproached as an English villain, who had come to stay the 'assize,' and assured that the queen was too busy with the matters of the day, to attend to other business. At that moment Bothwell himself, with the secretary Lethington, came out of the palace, and the provost marshal delivered the Queen of England's letters to the secretary, who, accompanied by Bothwell, carried them to Mary. No answer, however, was brought back, and, after a short interval, the earl and the secretary again came out, and mounted their horses, when he eagerly pressed forward for his answer. Lethington then assured him that his royal mistress was asleep, and could not receive the letter; but the excuse was hardly uttered, before it was proved to be false; for at this moment, a servant of De Croc, the French ambassador, who stood beside the English envoy, looking up, saw, and pointed out the queen and Mary Fleming, wife of the secretary, standing at a window of the palace; nor did it escape their notice, that as Bothwell rode past, Mary gave him a friendly greeting for a farewell. The cavalcade then left the court, and proceeded to the Tolbooth, where the trial was to take place, Bothwell's hackbutters surrounding the door, and permitting none to enter who were suspected of being unfavourable to the accused. From the previous preparations, the result of such a trial might have been anticipated with certainty. The whole proceedings had already been arranged in a council, held some little time before, in which Bothwell had

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taken his seat, and given directions regarding his own arraignment. The jury consisted principally, if not wholly, of the favourers of the earl; the law officers of the crown were either in his interest, or overawed into silence, no witnesses were summoned, the indictment was framed with a flaw too manifest to be accidental, and his accuser, the Earl of Lennox, who was on his road to the city, surrounded by a large force of his friends, had received an order not to enter the town with more than six in his company. * * The jury were then chosen, the earl pleaded not guilty, and, in the absence of all evidence, an unanimous verdict of acquittal was pronounced."

At the opening of the parliament, Mary chose Bothwell to bear the crown and sceptre before her, and—

"On the evening of the day on which the parliament rose (April 19), Bothwell invited the principal nobility to supper, in a tavern kept by a person named Ansley. They sat drinking till a late hour; and during the entertainment a band of two hundred hackbutters surrounded the house and overawed its inmates. The earl then rose and proposed his marriage with the queen, affirming that he had gained her consent, and even (it is said) producing her written warrant, empowering him to propose the matter to her nobility. Of the guests some were his sworn friends, others were terrified and irresolute; and in the confusion one nobleman, the Earl of Eglinton, contrived to make his escape; but the rest, both papist and protestant, were overawed into compliance, and affixed their signatures to a bond, in which they declared their conviction of Bothwell's innocence, and recommended 'this noble and mighty lord' as a suitable husband for the queen, whose continuance in solitary widowhood they declared was injurious to the interests of the commonwealth. The most influential persons who signed this disgraceful instrument were the earls of Morton, Argyle, Huntley, Cassillis, Sutherland, Glencairn, Rothes, and Caithness; and of the lords, Herries, Hume, Boyd, Seton, and Sinclair."

Notice was immediately sent to Elizabeth, who had been an anxious spectator of these disgraceful scenes; and the letter addressed by Grange to the Earl of Bedford affords us a characteristic trait of Mary's impetuous temper. She was heard to say, "that she cared not to lose France, England, and her own country for him, and shall go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat before she leaves him." The following letter shows how little her pretext of a forcible seizure was believed, even at the time:

"This is to advertise you that the Earl Bothwell's wife is going to part with her husband; and a great part of our lords have subscribed the marriage between the queen and him. The queen rode to Stirling this last Monday, and returns this Thursday. I doubt not but you have heard how the Earl of Bothwell has gathered many of his friends, and, as some say, to ride in Liddesdale, but I believe it is not, for he is minded to meet the queen this day called Thursday, and to take her by the way and bring her to Dunbar. Judge you gif it be with her will or no? but you will hear at more length on Friday or Saturday, if you will find it good that I continue in writing as occasion serves. I wald ye reif this after the reading; this bearer knows nothing of this matter. There is no other thing presently to write of; but after all you will please receive my heartly commendations by him that is your's, that took you by the hand. At midnight."

The sequel cannot be better told than in Mr. Tytler's forcible words:—

"Mary was now swept forward by the current of a blind and infatuated passion. A divorce between Bothwell and his countess, Lady Jane Gordon, was procured with indecent haste, and it was suspected that the recent restoration of his consistorial rights to the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, had been made with this object. The process was hurried through the court of that prelate, and the commissariat or reformed court, in two days. After a brief residence at Dunbar, under the roof of the man accused of the murder of her husband, and the forcible seizure of her person, the queen and Bothwell rode to the capital. As she entered the town, his followers cast away their spears, to save themselves, as was conjectured, from any charge of treason, and their master, with apparent courtesy, dismounting, took the queen's bridle, and led her into the castle under a salvo of the artillery. It was a sight which her friends beheld with the deepest sorrow, and her enemies with triumph and derision. * *

"The church was ordered to proclaim the banns of the queen's marriage. This they peremptorily refused. Craig, one of the ministers, Knox being now absent, alleged as his excuse, that Mary had sent no written command, and stated the common report that she had been ravished, and was kept captive by Bothwell. Upon this, the Justice Clerk brought him a letter signed by the queen herself, asserting the falsehood of such a story, and requiring his obedience. He still resisted, demanded to be confronted with the parties, and in presence of the privy council, where Bothwell sat, this undaunted minister laid to his charge the dreadful crimes of which he was suspected, rape, adultery, and murder. To the accusation no satisfactory answer was returned, but Craig, having exonerated his conscience, did not deem himself entitled to disobey the express command of his sovereign. He therefore proclaimed the banns in the High Church, but from the pulpit, and in presence of the congregation, added these appalling words: 'I take heaven and earth to witness, that I abhor and detest this marriage, as odious and slanderous to the world, and I would exhort the faithful to pray earnestly that a union against all reason and good conscience, may yet be overruled by God, to the comfort of this unhappy realm.'"

But nothing availed to turn the queen from her infatuated course, and we are scarcely surprised that the common people asserted that she had been bewitched by the spells of "Bothwell, blak maister John Spens, and the lady of Bukleuch:"—

"On the 15th of May, the marriage took place at four in the morning in the presence chamber at Holyrood. It was remarked that Mary was married in her mourning weeds. The ceremony was performed after the rite of the Protestant church by the Bishop of Orkney; Craig, the minister of Edinburgh, being

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also present. In the sermon which he preached on the occasion, the bishop professed Bothwell's penitence for his former evil life, and his resolution to amend and conform himself to the church. Few of the leading nobility were present, the event was unattended with the usual pageants and rejoicings, the people looked on in stern and gloomy silence, and next morning a paper with this ominous verse was fixed to the palace gates:—

"Mense malus Maio nubere vulgus ait."

We have been so copious in our extracts, that our space will not allow us to follow Mr. Tytler through his interesting narrative of the results of this disgraceful marriage, nor to trace the intrigues of Murray until he attained the regency, the great object of his ambition. The following is his account of Mary's escape from Loch Leven, derived from original authorities:—

"Since her interview with Murray, the captive queen had exerted all the powers of fascination which she so remarkably possessed, to gain upon her keepers. The severe temper of the regent's mother, the lady of the castle, had yielded to their influence, and her son George Douglas, the younger brother of Lochleven, smitten by her beauty, and flattered by her caresses, enthusiastically devoted himself to her interest. It was even asserted that he had aspired to her hand, that his mother talked of a divorce from Bothwell, and that Mary, never insensible to admiration, and solicitous to secure his services, did not check his hopes. However this may be, Douglas for some time had bent his whole mind to the enterprise, and on one occasion, a little before this, had nearly succeeded; but the queen, who had assumed the dress of a laundress, was detected by the extraordinary whiteness of her hands, and carried back in the boat which she had entered to her prison. This discovery had nearly ruined all, for Douglas was dismissed from the castle, and Mary more strictly watched; but nothing could discourage her own enterprise, or the zeal of her servant. He communicated with Lord Seaton and the Hamiltons, he carried on a secret correspondence with the queen; he secured the services of a page who waited on his mother, called Little Douglas, and by his assistance at length effected his purpose. On the evening of the 2d of May, this youth, in placing a plate before the castellan, contrived to drop his napkin over the key of the gate of the castle, and carried it off unperceived; he hastened to the queen, and hurrying down to the outer gate, they threw theselves into the little boat which lay there for the service of the garrison. At that moment Lord Seaton and some of her friends were intently observing the castle from their concealment on a neighbouring hill; a party waited in the village below, while nearer still, a man lay watching on the brink of the lake. They could see a female figure with two attendants glide swiftly from the outer gate. It was Mary herself, who breathless with delight and anxiety, sprung into the boat, holding a little girl, one of her maidens, by the hand, while the page, by locking the gate behind them, prevented immediate pursuit. In a moment, her white veil with its broad red fringe (the concerted signal of success) was seen glancing in the sun, the sign was recognised and communicated, the little boat, rowed by the page and the queen herself, touched the shore, and Mary, springing out with the lightness of recovered freedom, was received first by George Douglas, and almost instantly after by Lord Seaton and his friends. Throwing herself on horseback, she rode at full speed to the ferry, crossed the firth, and galloped to Niddry, having been met on the road by Lord Claud Hamilton with fifty horse. Here she took a few hours' rest, wrote a hurried despatch to France, despatched Hepburn of Riccarton to Dunbar, with the hope that the castle would be delivered to her, and commanded him to proceed afterwards to Denmark, and carry to his master, Bothwell, the news of her deliverance. Then again taking horse, she galloped to Hamilton, where she deemed herself in safety."

But Mary was still doomed to disappointment. The battle of Langside followed, and, flying thence, she never "ventured to draw bridle till she found herself in the abbey of Dundrennan, sixty miles from the field." Her flight into England followed—"a hasty and fatal resolution," says Mr. Tytler. But it must be observed, that Mary was not betrayed into the course now taken; on the contrary, she knew that she should be an unwelcome guest, and, before an answer from the governor of Carlisle could be received, "she had taken a boat, and passed over in her riding dress, and soiled with travel, to Workington, in Cumberland." This is an important fact, and now established, on the evidence of the letter from the governor to Cecil. The popular belief, therefore, that Elizabeth, or at least her ministers, inveigled Mary into England, and are consequently chargeable with all the troubles of her subsequent captivity, is groundless. Indeed, we have little doubt that Elizabeth, with her far-reaching views, was as unwilling to become Mary's "jailer" as ever Knollys could have been. But Mary was actually in the land—she refused to go back—and what was to be done? The difficulties of the case are candidly summed up by Mr. Tytler:—

"Here, although I must strongly condemn the conduct of the English queen, it is impossible not to see the difficulties by which she was surrounded. The party which it was her interest to support, was that of Murray and the Protestants. She looked with dread on France, and the resumption of French influence in Scotland. Within her own realm, the Roman Catholics were unquiet and discontented, and in Ireland constantly on the eve of rebellion—if such a word can be used for the resistance of a system too grinding to be tamely borne. All these impatient spirits looked to Mary as a point of union and strength. Had she been broken by her late reverses, had she manifested a sense of the imprudence by which she had been lately guided, or evinced any desire to reform her conduct, or forgive her subjects who had risen against the murderer of her husband more than against herself, the queen might have been inclined to a more favourable course. But the very contrary was the case. Her first step after her escape had been to resume her correspondence with Bothwell. His creatures Hepburn of Riccarton, and the two Ormistons, blotted as accomplices in his crime, had frequent access to her. In her conversations with Knollys and Scrope, she could not repress her anticipations of victory and purposes of ven-

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geance, if once again a free princess. She declared, that rather than have peace with Murray, she would submit to any extremity, and call help from Turkey before she gave up the contest, and she lamented bitterly that the delays of Elizabeth emboldened the traitors who had risen against her. Was the Queen of England at such a crisis, and having such a rival in her power, to dismiss her at her first request, and permit her to overwhelm her friends and allies, to re-establish the Roman Catholic party, and possibly the Roman Catholic religion in Scotland? After such conduct, could it be deemed either unlooked for, or extraordinary, should she fall from the proud position she now held, as the head of the Protestant party in Europe? So argued the far-sighted Cecil, and the queen his mistress followed, or it is probable in this instance anticipated his counsel."

We must here conclude; but not without expressing our commendation of the research, the careful comparison of conflicting statements, and the impartiality of the historian.

From Tait's Mazagine.

"THE MAN OF WORTH."

Stand forth, thou honest man, stand forth;
What though thou art of low degree!
In thy true heart is unfeigned worth,
And love, and chastened piety,
And thou art rich in thought and deed,
Soothing the weary in their need.

Nor lands nor gold hast thou; unknown
Unto the world thy days go by;
Yet thou art not in life alone;
Unheeded thou canst never sigh;
For they who love sit by thy hearth,
And soothe thee mingling in their mirth!

Thy toil begins at earliest morn.
Oh, sweet the sleep that comes from toil!
And many an ill thou poor hast borne,
Aye struggling in the world's turmoil.
Thou still art poor; yet thy free mind,
Unhurt, bears up, and smiles resigned.

Now thin the grey hairs on thy brow,
And worn thy cheek, and spare thy frame;
Yet is thy spirit cheerful now
As e'er it was; and still the same
Thy warm, kind heart; and calm and clear
Thy mind as e'er in earlier year.

Thou good old man, thou honest man,
What love so true as that for thee!
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor high estate,
May e'er bring joy so bounteously,
And thou rejoicest; and above
All things holdest thy neighbour's love.

O that my days as thine may glide
So blameless to life's closing scene!
That with calm mind, whate'er betide,
I may look back on what has been;
No other epitaph may claim
Than what befits thy honest name!

THE MILKMAID QUEEN.

If I were Queen, the world should see
What a monarch I would be:
I would travel England o'er
In a silver coach, with four
Milk white horses, each one dressed
In gay ribbons. I would rest
On a bed of ostrich plumes;
I would breathe the best perfumes.
No, I would not! Ah, 't would make,
Soon, too soon, my heart to ache.

Better would it be to give
Fireside joy to all that live
Underneath my royal sway:
I would have good humour play
Like a sunbeam on each brow;
Every man should keep his cow;
There should be no tax on bread,
And the labourer should be fed.
The way to have a happy face
Is to rule a happy race.

If I were Queen, the world should see
What a monarch I would be:
I would conquer foreign lands,
And would lay my royal hands
On their treasures. I would keep
Nations trembling. O'er the deep
My proud flag should be unfurled;
I would rule the watery world.
No, I would not! Ah, 't would make,
Soon, too soon, my heart to ache.

Better would it be to reign
In men's hearts, than o'er the main;
For a nation's honest love
Is a treasure far above
All the wealth the world can yield.
Every man should have his field;
There should be one law for all,
Rich and poor, and great and small.
The way to have a happy face
Is to rule a happy race.

A PICTURE—THE WAYSIDE INN.

Suggested by a beautiful Painting by Creswick.

Pleasantly nestling 'mid the green of trees
That fling a shadowy coolness all around,
Winning a stay, the Wayside Inn is found
By weary travellers longing for an ease—
A rest for jaded limbs. The luxuries
Of breezy shade, and "brown October," chill
As rapid waters rushing from a hill,
Detain the tired wayfarers one sees
Chatting and gossiping in companies
In the green lane, around the hostel door,
Loitering and lingering, loth to journey more.
Charming abode! in fairest greenery!
Graceful and tall, a brotherhood of trees,
Handing the blue smoke sweetly to the sky.

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MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

CHAPTER XXXI.

With steps more faltering and unsteady than those with which she had approached the room, the child withdrew from the door, and groped her way back to her own chamber. The terror she had lately felt was nothing compared with that which now oppressed her. No strange robber, no treacherous host conniving at the plunder of his guests, or stealing to their beds to kill them in their sleep, no nightly prowler, however terrible and cruel, could have awakened in her bosom half the dread which the recognition of her silent visiter inspired. The gray-headed old man gliding like a ghost into a room and acting the thief while he supposed her fast asleep, then bearing off his prize and hanging over it with the ghastly exultation she had witnessed, was worse—immeasurably worse, and far more dreadful, for the moment, to reflect upon—than any thing her wildest fancy could have suggested. If he should return—there was no lock or bolt upon the door, and if, distrustful of having left some money yet behind, he should come back to seek for more—a vague awe and horror surrounded the idea of his slinking in again with stealthy tread, and turning his face towards the empty bed, while she shrank down close at his feet to avoid his touch, which was almost insupportable. She sat and listened. Hark! A footstep on the stairs, and now the door was slowly opening. It was but imagination, yet imagination had all the terrors of reality; nay, it was worse, for the reality would have come and gone, and there an end, but in imagination it was always coming, and never went away.

The feeling which beset the child was one of dim uncertain horror. She had no fear of the dear old grandfather, in whose love for her this disease of the brain had been engendered; but the man she had seen that night, wrapt in the game of chance, lurking in her room, and counting the money by the glimmering light, seemed like another creature in his shape, a monstrous distortion of his image, a something to recoil from, and be the more afraid of, because it bore a likeness to him, and kept close about her, as he did. She could scarcely connect her own affectionate companion, save by his loss, with this old man, so like yet so unlike him. She had wept to see him dull and quiet. How much greater cause she had for weeping now!

The child sat watching and thinking of these things, until the phantom in her mind so increased in gloom and terror, that she felt it would be a relief to hear the old man's voice, or, if he were asleep, even to see him, and banish some of the fears that clustered round his image. She stole down the stairs and passage again. The door was still ajar as she had left it, and the candle burning as before.

She had her candle in her hand, prepared to say, if he were waking, that she was uneasy and could not rest, and had come to see if his were still alight. Looking into the room, she saw him lying calmly on his bed, and she took courage to enter.

Fast asleep—no passion in the face, no avarice, no anxiety, no wild desire; all gentle, tranquil, and at peace. This was not the gambler, or the shadow in her room; this was not even the worn and jaded man whose face had so often met her own in the gray morning light; this was her dear old friend, her harmless fellow-traveller, her good, kind, grandfather.

She had no fear as she looked upon his slumbering features, but she had a deep and weighty sorrow, and it found its relief in tears.

"God bless him!" said the child, stooping softly to kiss his placid cheek. "I see too well now, that they would indeed part us if they found us out, and shut him up from the light of the sun and sky. He has only me to help him God bless us both!"

Lighting her candle, she retreated as silently as she had come, and, gaining her own room once more, sat up during the remainder of that long, long, miserable night.

At last the day turned her waning candle pale, and she fell asleep. She was quickly roused by the girl who had shown her up to bed; and, as soon as she was dressed, prepared to go down to her grandfather. But first she searched her pocket and found that her money was all gone—not a sixpence remained.

The old man was ready, and in a few seconds they were on their road. The child thought he rather avoided her eye, and appeared to expect that she would tell him of her loss. She felt she must do that, or he might suspect the truth.

"Grandfather," she said, in a tremulous voice, after they had walked about a mile in silence, "do you think they are honest people at the house yonder?"

"Why?" returned the old man trembling. "Do I think them honest—yes, they played honestly."

"I'll tell you why I ask," rejoined Nell. "I lost some money last night—out of my bedroom I am sure. Unless it was taken by somebody in jest—only in jest, dear grandfather, which would make me laugh heartily if I could but know it——"

"Who would take money in jest?" returned the old man in a hurried manner. "Those who take money, take it to keep. Don't talk of jest."

"Then it was stolen out of my room, dear," said the child, whose last hope was destroyed by the manner of this reply.

"But is there no more, Nell?" said the old man; "no more any where? Was it all taken—every farthing of it—was there nothing left?"

"Nothing," replied the child.

"We must get more," said the old man, "we must earn it, Nell, hoard it up, scrape it together, come by it somehow. Never mind this loss. Tell nobody of it, and perhaps we may regain it. Don't ask how; we may regain it, and a great deal more; but tell nobody, or trouble may come of it. And so they took it out of thy room, when thou wert asleep," he added in a compassionate tone, very different from the secret, cunning way, in which he had spoken until now. "Poor, poor little Nell!"

The child hung down her head and wept. The sympathizing tone in which he spoke, was quite sincere; she was sure of that. It was not the lightest part of her sorrow to know that this was done for her.

"Not a word about it to any one but me," said the old man, "no not even to me," he added hastily, "for it can do no good. All the losses that ever were, are not worth tears from thy eyes, darling. Why should they be, when we shall win them back."

"Let them go," said the child looking up. "Let them go, once and for ever, and I would never shed another tear if every penny had been a thousand pounds."

"Well, well," returned the old man, checking himself as some impetuous answer rose to his lips, "she knows no better. I should be thankful for it."

"But listen to me," said the child earnestly, "will you listen to me?"

"Aye, aye, I'll listen," returned the old man, still without looking at her; "a pretty voice. It has always a sweet sound to me. It always had when it was her mother's, poor child."

"Let me persuade you, then—oh, do let me persuade you," said the child, "to think no more of gains or losses, and to try no fortune but the fortune we pursue together."

"We pursue this aim together," retorted her grandfa-

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ther, still looking away and seeming to confer with himself—"Whose image sanctifies the game?"

"Have we been worse off," resumed the child, "since you forgot these cares, and we have been travelling on together? Have we not been much better and happier without a home to shelter us, than ever we were in that unhappy house, when they were on your mind?"

"She speaks the truth," murmured the old man in the same tone as before. "It must not turn me, but it is the truth—no doubt it is."

"Only remember what we have been since that bright morning when we turned our backs upon it for the last time," said Nell, "only remember what we have been since we have been free of all those miseries—what peaceful days and quiet nights we have had—what pleasant times we have known—what happiness we have enjoyed. If we have been tired or hungry, we have been soon refreshed, and slept the sounder for it. Think what beautiful things we have seen, and how contented we have felt. And why was this blessed change?"

He stopped her with a motion of his hand, and bade her talk to him no more then, for he was busy. After a time he kissed her cheek, still motioning her to silence, and walked on, looking far before him, and sometimes stopping and gazing with a puckered brow upon the ground, as if he were painfully trying to collect his disordered thoughts. Once she saw tears in his eyes. When he had gone on thus for some time, he took her hand in his as he was accustomed to do, with nothing of the violence or animation of his late manner; and so, by degrees so fine that the child could not trace them, settled down in his usual quiet way, and suffered her to lead him where she would.

When they presented themselves in the midst of the stupendous collection, they found, as Nell had anticipated, that Mrs. Jarley was not yet out of bed, and that, although she had suffered some uneasiness on their account over night, and had indeed sat up for them until past eleven o'clock, she had retired in the persuasion, that, being overtaken by the storm at some distance from home, they had sought the nearest shelter, and would not return before morning. Nell immediately applied herself with great assiduity to the decoration and preparation of the room, and had the satisfaction of completing her task, and dressing herself neatly, before the beloved of the Royal Family came down to breakfast.

"We haven't had," said Mrs. Jarley when the meal was over, "more than eight of Miss Monflather's young ladies all the time we've been here, and there's twenty-six of 'em, as I was told by the cook when I asked her a question or two and put her on the free-list. We must try 'em with a parcel of new bills, and you shall take it, my dear, and see what effect that has upon 'em."

The proposed exhibition being one of paramount importance, Mrs. Jarley adjusted Nell's bonnet with her own hands, and declaring that she certainly did look very pretty, and reflected credit on the establishment, dismissed her with many commendations, and certain needful directions as to the turnings on the right which she was to take, and the turnings on the left which she was to avoid. Thus instructed, Nell had no difficulty in finding out Miss Monflather's Boarding and Day Establishment, which was a large house, with a high wall, and a large garden-gate with a large brass plate, and a small grating through which Miss Monflather's parlour-maid inspected all visiters before admitting them; for nothing in the shape of a man—no, not even a milkman—was suffered, without special license, to pass that gate. Even the tax-gatherer, who was stout, and wore spectacles and a broad-brimmed hat, had the taxes handed through the grating. More obdurate than gate of adamant or brass, this gate of Miss Monflather's frowned on all mankind. The very butcher respected it as a gate of mystery, and left off whistling when he rang the bell.

As Nell approached the awful door, it turned slowly upon its hinges with a creaking noise, and forth from the solemn grove beyond, came a long file of young ladies, two and two, all with open books in their hands, and some with parasols likewise. And last of the goodly procession came Miss Monflathers, bearing herself a parasol of lilac silk, and supported by two smiling teachers, each mortally envious of the other, and devoted unto Miss Monflathers.

Confused by the looks and whispers of the girls, Nell stood with downcast eyes and suffered the procession to pass on, until Miss Monflathers, bringing up the rear, approached her, when she curtseyed and presented her little packet; on receipt thereof Miss Monflathers commanded that the line should halt.

"You're the wax-work child, are you not?" said Miss Monflathers.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Nell, colouring deeply, for the young ladies had collected about her, and she was the centre on which all eyes were fixed.

"And don't you think you must be a very wicked little child," said Miss Monflathers, who was of rather uncertain temper, and lost no opportunity of impressing moral truths upon the tender minds of the young ladies, "to be a wax-work child at all!"

Poor Nell had never viewed her position in this light, and not knowing what to say, remained silent, blushing more deeply than before.

"Don't you know," said Miss Monflathers, "that it's very naughty and unfeminine, and a perversion of the properties wisely and benignantly transmitted to us, with expansive powers to be roused from their dormant state through the medium of cultivation?"

The two teachers murmured their respectful approval of this home-thrust, and looked at Nell as though they would have said that there indeed Miss Monflathers had *hit* her very hard. Then they smiled and glanced at Miss Monflathers, and then, their eyes meeting, they exchanged looks which plainly said that each considered herself smiler in ordinary to Miss Monflathers, and regarded the other as having no right to smile, and that her so doing was an act of presumption and impertinence.

"Don't you feel how naughty it is of you," resumed Miss Monflathers, "to be a wax-work child, when you might have the proud consciousness of assisting, to the extent of your infant powers, the manufactures of your country; of improving your mind by the constant contemplation of the steam-engine; and of earning a comfortable and independent subsistence of from two-and-ninepence to three shillings per week? Don't you know that the harder you are at work, the happier you are?"

"'How doth the little—'" murmured one of the teachers, in quotation from Dr. Watts.

"Eh?" said Miss Monflathers, turning smartly round. "Who said that?"

Of course the teacher who had not said it, indicated the rival who had, whom Miss Monflathers frowningly requested to hold her peace; by that means throwing the informing teacher into raptures of joy.

"The little busy bee," said Miss Monflathers, drawing herself up, "is applicable only to genteel children.

'In books, or work, or healthful play,'

is quite right as far as they are concerned; and the work means painting on velvet, fancy needle-work, or embroidery. In such cases as these," pointing to Nell, with her parasol, "and in the case of all poor people's children, we should read it thus:

'In work, work, work. In work alway
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.'"

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A deep hum of applause rose not only from the two teachers, but from all the pupils, who were equally astonished to hear Miss Monflathers improvising after this brilliant style; for although she had been long known as a politician, she had never appeared before as an original poet. Just then somebody happened to discover that Nell was crying, and all eyes were again turned towards her.

There were indeed tears in her eyes, and drawing out her handkerchief to brush them away, she happened to let it fall. Before she could stoop to pick it up, one young lady of about fifteen or sixteen, who had been standing a little apart from the others, as though she had no recognised place among them, sprang forward and put it in her hand. She was gliding timidly away again, when she was arrested by the governess.

"It was Miss Edwards who did that, I *know*," said Miss Monflathers predictively. "Now I am sure that was Miss Edwards."

It was Miss Edwards, and every body said it was Miss Edwards, and Miss Edwards herself admitted that it was.

"Is it not," said Miss Monflathers, putting down her parasol to take a severer view of the offender, "a most remarkable thing, Miss Edwards, that you have an attachment to the lower classes which always draws you to their sides; or, rather, is it not a most extraordinary thing that all I say and do will not wean you from propensities which your original station in life have unhappily rendered habitual to you, you extremely vulgar-minded girl?"

"I really intended no harm, ma'am," said a sweet voice. "It was a momentary impulse, indeed."

"An impulse!" repeated Miss Monflathers scornfully. "I wonder that you presume to speak of impulses to me"—both the teachers assented—"I am astonished"—both the teachers were astonished—"I suppose it is an impulse which induces you to take the part of every grovelling and debased person that comes in your way"—both the teachers supposed so too.

"But I would have you know, Miss Edwards," resumed the governess in a tone of increased severity, "that you cannot be permitted—if it be only for the sake of preserving a proper example and decorum in this establishment—that you cannot be permitted, and that you shall not be permitted, to fly in the face of your superiors in this exceedingly gross manner. If *you* have no reason to feel a becoming pride before wax-work children, there are young ladies here who have, and you must either defer to those young ladies or leave the establishment, Miss Edwards."

This young lady, being motherless and poor, was apprenticed at the school—taught for nothing—teaching others what she learnt, for nothing—boarded for nothing—lodged for nothing—and set down and rated as something immeasurably less than nothing, by all the dwellers in the house. The servant-maids felt her inferiority, for they were better treated; free to come and go, and regarded in their stations with much more respect. The teachers were infinitely superior, for they had paid to go to school in their time, and were paid now. The pupils cared little for a companion who had no grand stories to tell about home; no friends to come with post-horses, and be received in all humility, with cake and wine, by the governess; no deferential servant to attend and bear her home for the holidays; nothing genteel to talk about, and nothing to display. But why was Miss Monflathers always vexed and irritated with the poor apprentice—how did that come to pass?

Why, the gayest feather in Miss Monflathers's cap, and the brightest glory of Miss Monflathers's school, was a baronet's daughter—the real live daughter of a real live baronet—who, by some extraordinary reversal of the laws of nature, was not only plain in features but dull in intellect, while the poor apprentice had both a ready wit, and a handsome face and figure. It seems incredible. Here was Miss Edwards, who only paid a small premium which had been spent long ago, every day outshining and excelling the baronet's daughter, who learned all the extras (or was taught them all) and whose half-yearly bill came to double that of any other young lady's in the school, making no account of the honour and reputation of her pupilage. Therefore, and because she was a dependant, Miss Monflathers had a great dislike to Miss Edwards, and was spiteful to her, and aggravated by her, and, when she had compassion on little Nell, verbally fell upon and maltreated her as we have already seen.

"You will not take the air to-day, Miss Edwards," said Miss Monflathers. "Have the goodness to retire to your own room, and not leave it without permission."

The poor girl was moving hastily away, when she was suddenly, in nautical phrase, "brought to" by a subdued shriek from Miss Monflathers.

"She has passed me without any salute!" cried the governess, raising her eyes to the sky. "She has actually passed me without the slightest acknowledgment of my presence!"

The young lady turned and curtseyed. Nell could see that she raised her dark eyes to the face of her superior, and that their expression, and that of her whole attitude for the instant, was one of mute but most touching appeal against this ungenerous usage. Miss Monflathers only tossed her head in reply, and the great gate closed upon a bursting heart.

"As for you, you wicked child," said Miss Monflathers, turning to Nell, "tell your mistress that if she presumes to take the liberty of sending to me any more, I will write to the legislative authorities and have her put in the stocks, or compelled to do penance in a white sheet; and you may depend upon it that you shall certainly experience the treadmill if you dare to come here again. Now ladies, on."

The procession filed off, two and two, with the books and parasols, and Miss Monflathers, calling the baronet's daughter to walk with her and smooth her ruffled feelings, discarded the two teachers—who by this time had exchanged their smiles for looks of sympathy—and left them to bring up the rear, and hate each other a little more for being obliged to walk together.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mrs. Jarley's wrath on first learning that she had been threatened with the indignity of stocks and penance, passed all description. The genuine and only Jarley exposed to public scorn, jeered by children, and flouted by beadles! The delight of the nobility and gentry shorn of a bonnet which a lady Mayoress might have sighed to wear, and arrayed in a white sheet as a spectacle of mortification and humility! And Miss Monflathers, the audacious creature who presumed, even in the dimmest and remotest distance of her imagination, to conjure up the degrading picture, "I am a' most inclined," said Mrs. Jarley, bursting with the fulness of her anger and the weakness of her means of revenge, "to turn atheist when I think of it."

But instead of adopting this course of retaliation, Mrs. Jarley, on second thoughts, brought out the suspicious bottle, and ordering glasses to be set forth upon her favourite drum, and sinking into a chair behind it, called her satellites about her, and to them several times recounted word for word the affronts she had received. This done, she begged them in a kind of deep despair to drink; then laughed, then cried, then took a little sip herself, then laughed and cried again, and took a little more; and so by degrees the worthy lady went on, increasing in smiles and decreasing in tears, until at last she could not laugh enough at Miss Monflathers, who from being an object

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of dire vexation, became one of sheer ridicule and absurdity.

"For which of us is best off, I wonder," quoth Mrs. Jarley, "she or me. It's only talking when all is said and done, and if she talks of me in the stocks, why I can talk of her in the stocks, which is a good deal funnier if we come to that. Lord, what *does* it matter, after all!"

Having arrived at this comfortable frame of mind (to which she had been greatly assisted by certain short interjectional remarks of the philosophic George,) Mrs. Jarley consoled Nell with many kind words, and requested as a personal favour that whenever she thought of Miss Monflathers she would do nothing else but laugh at her, all the days of her life.

So ended Mrs. Jarley's wrath, which subsided long before the going down of the sun. Nell's anxieties, however, were of a deeper kind, and the checks they imposed upon her cheerfulness were not so easily removed.

That evening, as she had dreaded, her grandfather stole away, and did not come back until the night was far spent. Worn out as she was, and fatigued in mind and body, she sat up alone, counting the minutes, until he returned—pennyless, broken-spirited, and wretched, but still hotly bent upon his infatuation.

"Get me money," he said wildly, as they parted for the night. "I must have money, Nell. It shall be paid thee back with gallant interest one day, but all the money that comes into thy hands, must be mine—not for myself, but to use for thee. Remember, Nell, to use for thee!"

What could the child do, with the knowledge she had, but give him every penny that came into her hands, lest he should be tempted on to rob their benefactress? If she told the truth (so thought the child) he would be treated as a madman; if she did not supply him with money, he would supply himself; supplying him, she fed the fire that burnt him up, and put him perhaps beyond recovery. Distracted by these thoughts, borne down by the weight of the sorrow which she dared not to tell, tortured by a crowd of apprehensions whenever the old man was absent, and dreading alike his stay and his return, the colour forsook her cheek, her eye grew dim, and her heart was oppressed and heavy. All her old sorrows had come back upon her, augmented by new fears and doubts; by day they were ever present to her mind; by night they hovered round her pillow, and haunted her in dreams.

It was natural that, in the midst of her affliction, she should often revert to that sweet young lady of whom she had only caught a hasty glance, but whose sympathy, expressed in one slight, brief action, dwelt in her memory like the kindnesses of years. She would often think, if she had such a friend as that to whom to tell her griefs, how much lighter her heart would be—that if she were but free to hear that voice, she would be happier. Then she would wish that she were something better, that she were not quite so poor and humble, that she dared address her without fearing a repulse; and then feel that there was an immeasurable distance between them, and have no hope that the young lady thought of her any more.

It was now holiday-time at the schools, and the young ladies had gone home, and Miss Monflathers was reported to be flourishing in London and damaging the hearts of middle-aged gentlemen, but nobody said any thing about Miss Edwards, whether she had gone home, or whether she had any home to go to, whether she was still at the school, or any thing about her. But one evening, as Nell was returning from a lonely walk, she happened to pass the inn where the stage-coaches stopped, just as one drove up, and there was the beautiful girl she so well remembered, pressing forward to embrace a young child whom they were helping down from the roof.

Well, this was her sister, her little sister, much younger than Nell, whom she had not seen (so the story went afterwards) for five years, and to bring whom to that place on a short visit, she had been saving her poor means all that time. Nell felt as if her heart would break when she saw them meet. They went a little apart from the knot of people who had congregated about the coach, and fell upon each other's neck, and sobbed, and wept with joy. Their plain and simple dress, the distance which the child had come alone, their agitation and delight, and the tears they shed, would have told their history by themselves.

They became a little more composed in a short time, and went away, not so much hand in hand as clinging to each other.

"Are you sure you're happy, sister?" said the child as they passed where Nell was standing.

"Quite happy now," she answered.

"But always?" said the child. "Ah, sister, why do you turn away your face?"

Nell could not help following at a little distance. They went to the house of an old nurse, where the elder sister had engaged a bedroom for the child.

"I shall come to you early every morning," she said, "and we can be together all the day."

"Why not at night-time too? Dear sister, would they be angry with you for *that*?"

Why were the eyes of little Nell wet, that night, with tears like those of the two sisters? Why did she bear a grateful heart because they had met, and feel it pain to think that they would shortly part? Let us not believe that any selfish reference—unconscious though it might have been—to her own trials awoke this sympathy, but thank God that the innocent joys of others can strongly move us, and that we, even in our fallen, nature, have one source of pure emotion which must be prized in heaven!

By morning's cheerful glow, but oftener still by evening's gentle light, the child, with a respect for the short and happy intercourse of these two sisters which forbade her to approach and say a thankful word, although she yearned to do so, followed them at a distance in their walks and rambles, stopping when they stopped, sitting on the grass when they sat down, rising when they went on, and feeling it a companionship and delight to be so near them. Their evening walk was by a river's side. Here, every night, the child was too, unseen by them, unthought of, unregarded; but feeling as if they were her friends, as if they had confidence and trusts together, as if her load were lightened and less hard to bear; as if they mingled their sorrows, and found mutual consolation. It was a weak fancy perhaps, the childish fancy of a young and lonely creature; but, night after night, and still the sisters loitered in the same place, and still the child followed with a mild and softened heart.

She was much startled, on returning home one night, to find that Mrs. Jarley had commanded an announcement to be prepared, to the effect that the stupendous collection would only remain in its present quarters one day longer; in fulfilment of which threat (for all announcements connected with public amusements are well known to be irrevocable and most exact,) the stupendous collection shut up next day.

"Are we going from this place directly, ma'am?" said Nell.

"Look here, child," returned Mrs. Jarley. "That'll inform you." And so saying, Mrs. Jarley produced another announcement, wherein it was stated, that, in consequence of numerous inquiries at the wax door, and in consequence of crowds having been disappointed in obtaining admission, the Exhibition would be continued for one week longer, and would re-open next day.

"For now that the schools are gone, and the regular sight-seers exhausted," said Mrs. Jarley, "we come to the general public, and they want stimulating."

Upon the following day at noon, Mrs. Jarley established

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herself behind the highly ornamented table, attended by the distinguished effigies before mentioned, and ordered the doors to be thrown open for the readmission of a discerning and enlightened public. But the first day's operations were by no means of a successful character, inasmuch as the general public, though they manifested a lively interest in Mrs. Jarley personally, and such of her waxen satellites as were to be seen for nothing, were not affected by any impulses moving them to the payment of sixpence a head. Thus, notwithstanding that a great many people continued to stare at the entry and the figures therein displayed; and remained there with great perseverance, by the hour at a time, to hear the barrel-organ played and to read the bills; and notwithstanding that they were kind enough to recommend their friends to patronise the exhibition in the like manner, until the door-way was regularly blockaded by half the population of the town, who, when they went off duty, were relieved by the other half; it was not found that the treasury was any the richer, or that the prospects of the establishment were at all encouraging.

In this depressed state of the classical market, Mrs. Jarley made extraordinary efforts to stimulate the popular taste, and whet the popular curiosity. Certain machinery in the body of the nun on the leads over the door was cleaned up and put in motion, so that the figure shook its head paralytically all day long, to the great admiration of a drunken, but very Protestant barber over the way, who looked upon the said paralytic motion as typical of the degrading effect wrought upon the human mind by the ceremonies of the Romish Church, and discoursed upon that theme with great eloquence and morality. The two carters constantly passed in and out of the exhibition-room, under various disguises, protesting aloud that the sight was better worth the money than any thing they had beheld in all their lives, and urging the bystanders, with tears in their eyes, not to neglect such a brilliant gratification. Mrs. Jarley sat in the pay-place, chinking silver moneys from noon till night, and solemnly calling upon the crowd to take notice that the price of admission was only sixpence, and that the departure of the whole collection, on a short tour among the crowned heads of Europe, was positively fixed for that day week.

"So be in time, be in time, be in time," said Mrs. Jarley, at the close of every such address. "Remember that this is Jarley's stupendous collection of upwards of one hundred figures, and that it is the only collection in the world; all others being impostors and deceptions. Be in time, be in time, be in time!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As the course of this tale requires that we should become acquainted, somewhere here abouts, with a few particulars connected with the domestic economy of Mr. Sampson Brass, and as a more convenient place than the present is not likely to occur for that purpose, the historian takes the friendly reader by the hand, and springing with him into the air, and cleaving the same at a greater rate than ever Don Cleophas Leandro Perez Zambullo and his familiar travelled through that pleasant region in company, alights with him upon the pavement of Bevis Marks.

The intrepid aeronauts alight before a small dark house, once the residence of Mr. Sampson Brass.

In the parlour window of this little habitation, which is so close upon the footway that the passenger who takes the wall brushes the dim glass with his coat sleeves—much to its improvement, for it is very dirty—in this parlour window in the days of its occupation by Sampson Brass, there hung, all awry and slack, and discoloured by the sun, a curtain of faded green, so threadbare from long service as by no means to intercept the view of the little dark room, but rather to afford a favourable medium through which to observe it accurately. There was not much to look at. A rickety table with spare bundles of papers, yellow and ragged from carriage in the pocket, ostentatiously displayed upon its top; a couple of stools set face to face on opposite sides of this crazy piece of furniture; a treacherous old chair by the fireplace, whose withered arm had hugged full many a client, and helped to squeeze him dry; a second-hand wig-box, used as a depository for blank writs and declarations and other small forms of law, once the sole contents of the head which belonged to the wig which belonged to the box, as they were now of the box itself; two or three common books of practice; a jar of ink, a pounce box, a stunted hearth broom, a carpet trodden to shreds but still clinging with the tightness of desperation to its tacks—these, with the yellow wainscot of the walls, the smoke-discoloured ceiling, the dust and cobwebs, were among the most prominent decorations of the office of Mr. Sampson Brass.

But this was mere still-life, of no greater importance than the plate, "Brass, Solicitor," upon the door, and the bill, "First floor to let to a single gentleman," which was tied to the knocker. The office commonly held two examples of animated nature, more to the purpose of this history, and in whom it has a stronger interest and more particular concern.

Of these, one was Mr. Brass himself, who has already appeared in these pages. The other was his clerk, assistant, housekeeper, secretary, confidential plotter, adviser, intriguer, bill-of-cost-increaser, Miss Brass—a kind of amazon, at common law, of whom it may be desirable to offer a brief description.

Miss Sally Brass, then, was a lady of thirty-five or thereabouts, of a gaunt and bony figure, and a resolute bearing, which, if it repressed the softer emotions of love, and kept admirers at a distance, certainly inspired a feeling akin to awe in the breasts of those male strangers who had the happiness to approach her. In face she bore a striking resemblance to her brother, Sampson—so exact, indeed, was the likeness between them, that had it consorted with Miss Brass's maiden modesty and gentle womanhood to have assumed her brother's clothes in a frolic and sat down beside him, it would have been difficult for the oldest friend of the family to determine which was Sampson and which Sally, especially as the lady carried upon her upper lip certain reddish demonstrations, which, if the imagination had been assisted by her attire, might have been mistaken for a beard. These were, however, in all probability, nothing more than eyelashes in a wrong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass were quite free from all such natural impertinences. In complexion Miss Brass was sallow—rather a dirty-sallow, so to speak—but this hue was agreeably relieved by the healthy glow which mantled in the extreme tip of her laughing nose. Her voice was exceedingly impressive—deep and rich in quality, and, once heard, not easily forgotten. Her usual dress was a green gown, in colour not unlike the curtain of the office window, made tight to the figure, and terminating at the throat, where it was fastened by a peculiarly large and massive button. Feeling, no doubt, that simplicity and plainness are the soul of elegance, Miss Brass wore no collar or kerchief except upon her head, which was invariably ornamented with a brown gauze scarf, like the wing of the fabled vampire, and which, twisted into any form that happened to suggest itself, formed an easy and graceful head-dress.

Such was Miss Brass in person. In mind, she was of a strong and vigorous turn, having from her earliest youth devoted herself with uncommon ardour to the study of the law; not wasting her speculations upon its eagle flights,

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which are rare, but tracing it attentively through all the slippery and eel-like crawlings in which it commonly pursues its way. Nor had she, like many persons of great intellect, confined herself to theory, or stopped short where practical usefulness begins; inasmuch as she could engross, fair copy, fill up printed forms with perfect accuracy, and in short transact any ordinary duty of the office down to pouncing a skin of parchment or mending a pen. It is difficult to understand how, possessed of these combined attractions, she should remain Miss Brass; but whether she had stealed her heart against mankind, or whether those who might have wooed and won her, were deterred by fears that, being learned in the law, she might have too near her fingers' ends those particular statutes which regulate what are familiarly termed actions for breach, certain it is that she was still in a state of celibacy, and still in daily occupation of her old stool opposite to that of her brother Sampson. And equally certain it is, by the way, that between these two stools a great many people had come to the ground.

One morning Mr. Sampson Brass sat upon his stool copying some legal process, and viciously digging his pen deep into the paper, as if he were writing upon the very heart of the party against whom it was directed; and Miss Sally Brass sat upon her stool making a new pen preparatory to drawing out a little bill, which was her favourite occupation; and so they sat in silence for a long time, until Miss Brass broke silence.

"Have you nearly done, Sammy?" said Miss Brass; for in her mild and feminine lips, Sampson became Sammy, and all things were softened down.

"No," returned her brother. "It would have been all done though, if you had helped at the right time."

"Oh yes, indeed," cried Miss Sally; "you want my help, don't you?—*you*, too, that are going to keep a clerk?"

"Am I going to keep a clerk for my own pleasure, or because of my own wish you provoking rascal?" said Mr. Brass, putting his pen in his mouth, and grinning spitefully at his sister. "What do you taunt me about going to keep a clerk for?"

It may be observed in this place, lest the fact of Mr. Brass calling a lady a rascal should occasion any wonderment or surprise, that he was so habituated to having her near him in a man's capacity, that he had gradually accustomed himself to talk to her as though she were really a man. And this feeling was so perfectly reciprocal, that not only did Mr. Brass often call Miss Brass a rascal, or even put an adjective before the rascal, but Miss Brass looked upon it as quite a matter of course, and was as little moved as any other lady would be by being called an angel.

"What do you taunt me, after three hours' talk last night, with going to keep a clerk for?" repeated Mr. Brass, grinning again with the pen in his mouth, like some nobleman's or gentleman's crest. "Is it my fault?"

"All I know is," said Miss Sally, smiling drily, for she delighted in nothing so much as irritating her brother, "that if every one of your clients is to force us to keep a clerk, whether we want to or not, you had better leave off business, strike yourself off the roll, and get taken in execution as soon as you can."

"Have we got any other client like him?" said Brass. "Have we got any other client like him, now—will you answer me that?"

"Do you mean in the face?" said his sister.

"Do I mean in the face!" sneered Sampson Brass, reaching over to take up the bill-book, and fluttering its leaves rapidly. "Look here—Daniel Quilp, Esquire—Daniel Quilp, Esquire—Daniel Quilp, Esquire—all through. Whether should I take a clerk that he recommends, and says 'this is the man for you,' or lose all this—eh?"

Miss Sally deigned to make no reply, but *smiled again*, and went on with her work.

"But I know what it is," resumed Brass, after a short silence. "You're afraid you won't have as long a finger in the business as you've been used to have. Do you think I don't see through that?"

"The business wouldn't go on very long, I expect, without me," returned his sister composedly. "Don't you be fool and provoke me, Sammy, but mind what you're doing and do it."

Sampson Brass, who was at heart in great fear of his sister, sulkily bent over his writing again, and listened as she said:

"If I determined that the clerk ought not to come, of course he wouldn't be allowed to come. You know that well enough, so don't talk nonsense."

Mr. Brass received this observation with increased meekness, merely remarking, under his breath, that he didn't like that kind of joking, and that Miss Sally would be "a much better fellow" if she forbore to aggravate him. To this compliment, Miss Sally replied that she had a relish for the amusement, and had no intention to forego its gratification. Mr. Brass not caring, as it seemed, to pursue the subject any further, they both plied their pens at a great pace, and there the discussion ended.

While they were thus employed, the window was suddenly darkened, as by some person standing close against it. As Mr. Brass and Miss Sally looked up to ascertain the cause, the top sash was nimbly lowered from without, and Quilp thrust in his head.

"Hallo!" he said, standing on tiptoe on the window-sill, and looking down into the room. "Is there any body at home? Is there any of the devil's ware here? Is Brass at a premium, eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the lawyer in an affected ecstasy. "Oh, very good, sir! Oh, very good, indeed! Quite eccentric! Dear me, what humour he has!"

"Is that my Sally?" croaked the dwarf, ogling the fair Miss Brass. "Is it Justice with the bandage off her eyes, and with the sword and scales? Is it the Strong Arm of the Law? Is it the Virgin of Bevis?"

"What an amazing flow of spirits!" cried Brass. "Upon my word, it's quite extraordinary!"

"Open the door," said Quilp. "I've got him here. Such a clerk for you, Brass, such a prize, such an ace of trumps. Be quick and open the door, or, if there's another lawyer near and he should happen to look out of the window, he'll snap him up before your eyes, he will."

It is probable that the loss of the phœnix of clerks, even to a rival practitioner, would not have broken Mr. Brass's heart; but, pretending great alacrity, he rose from his seat, and going to the door, returned, introducing his client, who led by the hand no less a person than Mr. Richard Swiveller.

"There she is," said Quilp, stopping short at the door, and wrinkling his eyebrows as he looked towards Miss Sally; "there is the woman I ought to have married—there is the beautiful Sarah—she is the female who has all the charms of her sex and none of their weaknesses. Oh Sally, Sally!"

To this amorous address Miss Brass briefly responded "Bother!"

"Hard-hearted as the metal from which she takes her name," said Quilp. "Why don't she change it—melt down the brass, and take another name?"

"Hold your nonsense, Mr. Quilp, do," returned Miss Sally, with a grim smile. "I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself before a strange man."

"The strange young man," said Quilp, handing Dick Swiveller forward, "is too susceptible himself, not to understand me well. This is Mr. Swiveller, my intimate friend—a gentleman of good family and great expecta-

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tions, but who, having rather involved himself by youthful indiscretion, is content for a time to fill the humble station of clerk—humble, but here most enviable. What a delicious atmosphere!"

If Mr. Quilp spoke figuratively, and meant to imply that the air breathed by Miss Sally Brass was sweetened and rarefied by that dainty creature, he had doubtless good reason for what he said. But if he spoke of the delights of the atmosphere of Mr. Brass's office in a literal sense, he had certainly a peculiar taste, as it was of a close and earthy kind, and, besides being frequently impregnated with the strong whiffs of the second-hand wearing apparel exposed for sale in Duke's Place and Houndsditch, had a decided flavour of rats and mice, and a taint of mouldiness. Perhaps some doubts of its pure delight presented themselves to Mr. Swiveller, as he gave vent to one or two short, abrupt sniffs, and looked incredulously at the grinning dwarf.

"Mr. Swiveller," said Quilp, "being pretty well accustomed to the agricultural pursuits of sowing wild oats, Miss Sally, prudently considers that half a loaf is better than no bread. To be out of harm's way he prudently thinks is something, too, and therefore he accepts your brother's offer.—Brass, Mr. Swiveller is yours."

"I am very glad, sir," said Mr. Brass, "very glad indeed. Mr. Swiveller, sir, is fortunate to have your friendship. You may be very proud, sir, to have the friendship of Mr. Quilp."

Dick murmured something about never wanting a friend or a bottle to give him, and also gasped forth his favourite allusion to the wing of friendship and its never moulting a feather; but his faculties appeared to be absorbed in the contemplation of Miss Sally Brass, at whom he stared with blank and rueful looks, which delighted the watchful dwarf beyond measure. As to the divine Miss Sally herself, she rubbed her hands as men of business do, and took a few turns up and down the office with her pen behind her ear.

"I suppose," said the dwarf, turning briskly to his legal friend, "that Mr. Swiveller enters upon his duties at once? It's Monday morning."

"At once, if you please, sir, by all means," returned Brass.

"Miss Sally will teach him law, the delightful study of the law," said Quilp; "she'll be his guide, his friend, his companion, his Blackstone, his Coke upon Littleton, his Young Lawyer's Best Companion."

"He's exceedingly eloquent," said Brass, like a man abstracted, and looking at the roofs of the opposite houses, with his hands in his pockets; "he has an extraordinary flow of language. Beautiful, really."

"With Miss Sally," Quilp went on, "and the beautiful fictions of the law, his days will pass like minutes. Those charming creations of the poet, John Doe and Richard Roe, when they first dawn upon him, will open a new world for the enlargement of his mind and the improvement of his heart."

"Oh, beautiful, beautiful! Beau-ti-ful indeed!" cried Brass. "It's a treat to hear him!"

"Where will Mr. Swiveller sit?" said Quilp, looking round.

"Why, we'll buy another stool, sir," returned Brass. "We hadn't any thoughts of having a gentleman with us, sir, until you were kind enough to suggest it, and our accommodations are not extensive. We'll look about for a second-hand stool, sir. In the mean time, if Mr. Swiveller will take my seat, and try his hand at a fair copy of this ejectment, as I shall be out pretty much all the morning——"

"Walk with me," said Quilp. "I have a word or two to say to you on points of business. Can you spare the time?"

"Can I spare the time to walk with *you*, sir? You're joking, sir, you're joking with me," replied the lawyer, putting on his hat. "I'm ready, sir, quite ready. My time must be fully occupied indeed, sir, not to leave me time to walk with you. It's not every body, sir, who has an opportunity of improving himself by the conversation of Mr. Quilp."

The dwarf glanced sarcastically at his brazen friend, and, with a short, dry cough, turned upon his heel to bid adieu to Miss Sally. After a very gallant parting on his side, and a very cool and gentlemanly sort of one on hers, he nodded to Dick Swiveller, and withdrew with the attorney.

Dick stood at the desk in a state of utter stupefaction, staring with all his might at the beauteous Sally, as if she had been some curious animal whose like had never lived. When the dwarf got into the street, he mounted again upon the window-sill, and looked into the office for a moment with a grinning face, as a man might peep into a cage. Dick glanced up at him, but without any token of recognition, and long after he had disappeared, still stood gazing upon Miss Sally Brass, seeing or thinking of nothing else, and rooted to the spot.

Miss Brass being by this time deep in the bill of costs, took no notice whatever of Dick, but went scratching on with a noisy pen, scoring down the figures with evident delight, and working like a steam-engine. There stood Dick, gazing now at the green gown, now at the brown head-dress, now at the face, and now at the rapid pen, in a state of stupid perplexity, wondering how he got into the company of that strange monster, and whether it was a dream and he would ever wake. At last he heaved a deep sigh, and began slowly pulling off his coat.

Mr. Swiveller pulled off his coat, and folded it up with great elaboration, staring at Miss Sally all the time; then put on a blue jacket with a double row of gilt buttons, which he had originally ordered for aquatic expeditions, but had brought with him that morning for office purposes; and, still keeping his eye upon her, suffered himself to drop down silently upon Mr. Brass's stool. Then he underwent a relapse, and becoming powerless again, rested his chin upon his hand, and opened his eyes so wide that it appeared quite out of the question that he could ever close them any more.

When he had looked so long that he could see nothing, Dick took his eyes off the fair object of his amazement, turned over the leaves of the draft he was to copy, dipped his pen into the inkstand, and at last, and by slow approaches, began to write. But he had not written half-a-dozen words when, reaching over to the inkstand to take a fresh dip, he happened to raise his eyes, and there was the intolerable brown headdress—there was the green gown—there, in short, was Miss Sally Brass, arrayed in all her charms, and more tremendous than ever.

This happened so often, that Mr. Swiveller by degrees began to feel strange influences creeping over him—horrible desires to annihilate this Sally Brass—mysterious promptings to knock her head-dress off and try how she looked without it. There was a very large ruler on the table—a large black, shining ruler. Mr. Swiveller took it up and began to rub his nose with it.

From rubbing his nose with the ruler, to poising it in his hand and giving it an occasional flourish after the tomahawk manner, the transition was easy and natural. In some of these flourishes it went close to Miss Sally's head; the ragged edges of the head-dress fluttered with the wind it raised; advance it but an inch, and that great brown knot was on the ground: yet still the unconscious maiden worked away, and never raised her eyes.

Well, this was a great relief. It was a good thing to write doggedly and obstinately until he was desperate, and then snatch up the ruler and whirl it about the brown

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head-dress with the consciousness that he could have it off if he liked.—It was a good thing to draw it back, and rub his nose very hard with it, if he thought Miss Sally was going to look up, and to recompense himself with more hardy flourishes when he found she was still absorbed. By these means Mr. Swiveller calmed the agitation of his feelings, until his applications to the ruler became less fierce and frequent, and he could even write as many as half-a-dozen consecutive lines without having recourse to it,—which was a great victory.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

In course of time, that is to say, after a couple of hours or so, of diligent application, Miss Brass arrived at the conclusion of her task, and recorded the fact by wiping her pen upon the green gown, and taking a pinch of snuff from a little round tin box which she carried in her pocket. Having disposed of this temperate refreshment, she arose from her stool, tied her papers into a formal packet with red tape and taking them under her arm, marched out of the office.

Mr. Swiveller had scarcely sprung off his seat and commenced the performance of a maniac hornpipe, when he was interrupted, in the fulness of his joy at being again alone, by the opening of the door, and the reappearance of Miss Sally's head.

"I am going out," said Miss Brass.

"Very good, ma'am," returned Dick. "And don't hurry yourself on my account to come back, ma'am," he added, inwardly.

"If any body comes on office business, take their messages, and say that the gentleman who attends to that matter isn't in at present, will you?" said Miss Brass.

"I will, ma'am," replied Dick.

"I sha'n't be very long," said Miss Brass, retiring.

"I'm sorry to hear it, ma'am," rejoined Dick, when she had shut the door. "I hope you may be unexpectedly detained, ma'am. If you could manage to be run over, ma'am, but not seriously, so much the better."

Uttering these expressions of good-will with extreme gravity, Mr. Swiveller sat down in the client's chair and pondered; then took a few turns up and down the room, and fell into the chair again.

"So, I'm Brass's clerk, am I?" said Dick. "Brass's clerk, eh?" And the clerk of Brass's sister—clerk to a female dragon! Very good, very good! What shall I be next? Shall I be a convict in a felt hat and a gray suit, trotting about a dock-yard with my number neatly embroidered on my uniform, and the order of the garter on my leg, restrained from chafing my ancle by a twisted belcher handkerchief? Shall I be that? Will that do, or is it too genteel? Whatever you please; have it your own way, of course."

As he was entirely alone, it may be presumed that, in these remarks, Mr. Swiveller addressed himself to his fate or destiny, whom, as we learn by the precedents, it is the custom of heroes to taunt in a very bitter and ironical manner when they find themselves in situations of an unpleasant nature. This is the more probable from the circumstance of Mr. Swiveller directing his observations to the ceiling which these bodiless personages are usually supposed to inhabit—except in theatrical cases, when they live in the heart of the great chandelier.

"Quilp offers me this place, which he says he can ensure me," resumed Dick, after a thoughtful silence, and telling off the circumstances of his position, one by one, upon his fingers; "Fred, who, I could have taken my affidavit, would not have heard of such a thing, backs Quilp to my astonishment, and urges me to take it also—staggerer, number one. My aunt in the country stops the supplies, and writes an affectionate note to say that she has made a new will, and left me out of it—staggerer, number two. No money; no credit; no support from Fred, who seems to turn steady all at once; notice to quit the old lodgings—staggerers three, four, five, and six. Under an accumulation of staggerers, no man can be considered a free agent. No man knocks himself down; if his destiny knocks him down, his destiny must pick him up again. Then I'm very glad that mine has brought all this upon itself, and I shall be as careless as I can and make myself quite at home to spite it. So go on, my buck," said Mr. Swiveller, taking his leave of the ceiling with a significant nod, "and let us see which of us will be tired first."

Dismissing the subject of his downfall with these reflections, which were no doubt very profound, and are indeed not altogether unknown in certain systems of moral philosophy, Mr. Swiveller shook off his despondency and assumed the cheerful ease of an irresponsible clerk.

As a means toward his composure and self-possession, he entered into a more minute examination of the office than he had yet had time to make; looked into the wig-box, the books, and ink-bottle; untied and inspected all the papers; carved a few devices on the table with a sharp blade of Mr. Brass's penknife; and wrote his name on the inside of the wooden coal-scuttle. Having, as it were, taken formal possession of his clerkship in virtue of these proceedings, he opened the window and leaned negligently out of it until a beer-boy happened to pass, whom he commanded to set down his tray and to serve him with a pint of mild porter, which he drank upon the spot and promptly paid for, with the view of breaking ground for a system of future credit and opening a correspondence tending thereto, without loss of time. Then three or four little boys dropped in on legal errands from three or four attorneys of the Brass grade, whom Mr. Swiveller received and dismissed with about as professional a manner, and as correct and comprehensive an understanding of their business as would have been shown by a clown in a pantomime under similar circumstances. These things done and over, he got upon his stool again and tried his hand at drawing caricatures of Miss Brass with a pen and ink, whistling very cheerfully all the time.

He was occupied in this diversion when a coach stopped near the door, and presently afterwards there was a loud double-knock. As this was no business of Mr. Swiveller's, the person not ringing the office-bell, he pursued his diversion with perfect composure, notwithstanding that he rather thought there was nobody else in the house.

In this, however, he was mistaken; for after the knock had been repeated with increased impatience, the door was opened, and somebody with a very heavy tread went up the stairs and into the room above. Mr. Swiveller was wondering whether this might be another Miss Brass, twin sister to the Dragon, when there came a rapping of knuckles at the office door.

"Come in!" said Dick. "Don't stand upon ceremony. The business will get rather complicated if I've many more customers. Come in!"

"Oh, please," said a little voice very low down in the doorway, "will you come and show the lodgings?"

Dick leant over the table, and descried a small slipshod girl in a dirty coarse apron and bib, which left nothing of her visible but her face and feet. She might as well have been dressed in a violin-case.

"Why, who are you?" said Dick.

To which the only reply was, "Oh, please will you come and show the lodgings?"

There never was such an old-fashioned child in her looks and manners. She must have been at work from her cradle. She seemed as much afraid of Dick as Dick was amazed at her.

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"I haven't got any thing to do with the lodgings," said Dick. "Tell 'em to call again."

"Oh, but please will you come and show the lodgings," returned the girl; "it's eighteen shillings a-week and us finding plate and linen. Boots and clothes is extra, and fires in winter-time is eightpence a day."

"Why don't you show 'em yourself? You seem to know all about 'em," said Dick.

"Miss Sally said I wasn't to, because people wouldn't believe the attendance was good if they saw how small I was first."

"Well, but they'll see how small you are afterwards, won't they?" said Dick.

"Ah! But then they'll have taken 'em for a fortnight certain," replied the child with a shrewd look; "and people don't like moving when they're once settled."

"This is a queer sort of thing," muttered Dick, rising. "What do you mean to say you are—the cook?"

"Yes, I do plain cooking;" replied the child. "I'm housemaid too; I do all the work of the house."

"I suppose Brass and the Dragon and I do the dirtiest part of it," thought Dick. And he might have thought much more, being in a doubtful and hesitating mood, but that the girl again urged her request, and certain mysterious bumping sounds on the passage and staircase seemed to give note of the applicant's impatience. Richard Swiveller, therefore, sticking a pen behind each ear, and carrying another in his mouth as a token of his great importance and devotion to business, hurried out to meet and treat with the single gentleman.

He was a little surprised to perceive that the bumping sounds were occasioned by the progress up stairs of the single gentleman's trunk, which, being nearly twice as wide as the staircase, and exceedingly heavy withal, it was no easy matter for the united exertions of the single gentleman and the coachman to convey up the steep ascent. But there they were, crushing each other, and pushing and pulling with all their might, and getting the trunk tight and fast in all kinds of impossible angles, and to pass them was out of the question; for which sufficient reason Mr. Swiveller followed slowly behind, entering a new protest on every stair against the house of Mr. Sampson Brass being thus taken by storm.

To these remonstrances the single gentleman answered not a word; but when the trunk was at last got into the bed-room, sat down upon it and wiped his bald head and face with his handkerchief. He was very warm, and well he might be; for, not to mention the exertion of getting the trunk up stairs, he was closely muffled up in winter garments, though the thermometer had stood all day at eighty-one in the shade.

"I believe, sir," said Richard Swiveller, taking his pen out of his mouth, "that you desire to look at these apartments. They are very charming apartments, sir. They command an uninterrupted view of—of over the way, and they are within one minute's walk of—of the corner of the street. There is exceedingly mild porter, sir, in the immediate vicinity, and the contingent advantages are extraordinary."

"What's the rent?" said the single gentleman.

"One pound per week," replied Dick, improving on the terms.

"I'll take 'em."

"The boots and clothes are extras," said Dick; "and the fires in winter time are—"

"Are all agreed to," answered the single gentleman.

"Two weeks certain," said Dick, "are the—"

"Two weeks!" cried the single gentleman gruffly, eyeing him from top to toe. "Two years! I shall live here for two years. Here; ten pounds down. The bargain's made."

"Why, you see," said Dick, "my name's not Brass, and—"

"Who said it was? *My* 'name's not Brass. What then?"

"The name of the master of the house is," said Dick.

"I'm glad of it," returned the single gentleman; "it's a good name for a lawyer. Coachman, you may go. So may you, sir."

Mr. Swiveller was so much confounded by the single gentleman riding rough-shod over him at this rate, that he stood looking at him almost as hard as he had looked at Miss Sally. The single gentleman, however, was not in the slightest degree affected by this circumstance, but proceeded with perfect composure to unwind the shawl which was tied round his neck, and then to pull off his boots. Freed of these encumbrances, he went on to divest himself of his other clothing, which he folded up piece by piece, and ranged in order upon the trunk. Then he pulled down the window-blinds, drew the curtains, wound up his watch, and, quite leisurely and methodically, got into bed.

"Take down the bill," were his parting words, as he looked out from between the curtains, "and let nobody call me till I ring the bell."

With that the curtains closed, and he seemed to snore immediately.

"This is a most remarkable and supernatural sort of house," said Mr. Swiveller, as he walked into the office with the bill in his hand. "She-dragons in the business, conducting themselves like professional gentlemen; plain cooks of three feet high appearing mysteriously from under ground; strangers walking in and going to bed without leave or license in the middle of the day! If he should be one of the miraculous fellows that turn up now and then, and has gone to sleep for two years, I shall be in a pleasant situation. It's my destiny, however, and I hope Brass may like it. I shall be sorry if he don't. But it's no business of mine—I have nothing whatever to do with it!"

(To be continued.)

POOR JACK.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Which is all about love. Bramble confides to me all his acquaintance with the tender passion.

To conceal from Bramble or Bessy the state of mind to which I was reduced was impossible: I was in a condition of prostration against which I could not rally; and I believe that there never was a person who had been disappointed in his first love, who did not feel as I did—that is, if he really loved with a sincere, pure, and holy feeling; for I do not refer to the fancied attachments of youth, which may be said to be like the mere flaws of wind which precede the steady gale. I could not, for several days, trust myself to speak—I sat silent and brooding over the words, the looks, the smiles, the scenes which had promised me a store of future happiness; such as would probably have been the case, as far as we can be happy in this world, had I fixed my affections upon a true and honest, instead of a fickle and vain woman—had I built my house upon a rock, instead of one upon the sand—which, as pointed out by the Scriptures, had been washed away, and had disappeared for ever! Bramble and Bessy in vain attempted to gain from me the cause of my dejection; I believe that they had many conversations upon it when I was absent, but whatever may have been their surmises, they treated me with every kindness and consideration. About a week after I had received the letter, Bramble said to me, "Come, Tom, we have had an easterly wind for ten days now; they are going off in a galley to-morrow—

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suppose we go too—it's no use staying here moping, and doing nothing. You've been out of sorts lately, and it will do you good." I thought so too, and consented; but the other pilots were not ready, and our departure was deferred till the day after. Bramble had acquainted me in the morning with this delay: I was annoyed at it, for I was restless, and wished for change. My bundle had been prepared: I had passed the best part of the night in writing to Virginia, and was, as people very often are when under such oppressed feelings, in any thing but a good humour at being obliged to remain another day at Deal. I had walked out to the beach after we had breakfasted, and had remained there some time. Bramble had gone out in the direction of the post-office, and I asked him to inquire if there was a letter for me, for I thought it very likely that Virginia might have written to me again. I had remained for an hour on the beach, when I recollected that my knife required to be sharpened, and I walked round the cottage to the back-yard, where there was a small grindstone. I had not put my knife to it, when I heard Bramble come in and say to Bessy—

"Well, girl, I've found it all out, for you see I thought old Anderson might know something about it; or, if he did not, he could inquire; and I've got the whole story. Here's Anderson's letter. I thought there must be something of that sort."

Here there was a pause, as if Bessy was reading the letter.

"Only to think—she's run away with a young lord," said Bramble.

"So it seems," replied Bessy; "I'm sorry for poor Tom, for he feels it severely."

"I'm not sorry," rejoined Bramble; "she wasn't deserving of him: and, Bessy, I'm glad for your sake."

"Don't say that, father; Tom will never think of me, nor do I care about him."

"I don't exactly believe that, Bessy, for all you say so. It's my wish, and you know it, Bessy, to see you and Tom spliced before I die; and I thank Heaven that this false girl is out of the way;—I've more hopes now."

"Marriages are made in heaven, father," replied Bessy; "so, pray don't say any thing about it. It will be time enough for me to think of Tom when Tom appears to think of me. I shall always love him as a brother."

"Well, God's will be done! We must now try and console him, poor fellow; and I'm very glad that we're off to-morrow. Salt water cures love, they say, sooner than any thing else."

"It may, perhaps," replied Bessy; "but I feel that if I were once really in love, the whole ocean itself could not wash my love out. However, women are not men."

"That's true. You hug your love as you do your babies, all day long, and never tire. Now, you see, a man gets tired of nursing in no time; I never was in love but once."

"Oh! father, I've heard that story so often."

"Well, then, you sha'n't hear it again. Now, I'll go out, and see where Tom may be. I suppose he's looking at the wind, and thinking how it changes like a woman. But I'll light my pipe first."

"Do, father; and while Tom looks at the wind, and thinks of women, do you just watch the smoke out of your pipe, and think of men, and their constancy."

"Well, I will, if it pleases you. Put the letter by, Bessy, for I shouldn't like Tom to see it. What have you got for dinner?"

"I left that to Mrs. Maddox; so I can't tell. But there's cold pudding in the larder; I'll put it out for Tom."

"Nay, Bessy, you must not jest with him."

"Am I likely, think you, father?" replied Bessy; "can't I feel for him."

"Come, come, dearest, I didn't mean to make you cry."

"I'm not crying, but I'm very sorry for Tom, and that's the truth. Now go away with your pipe, and leave me alone."

It was impossible for me to have returned without being perceived, and I therefore remained during the whole of this conversation. I was annoyed to discover that they knew my secret; and still more vexed at the remainder of this colloquy, by which I discovered that Bramble had so completely set his heart upon a union between me and Bessy, which I considered as impossible. I felt, as all do at the time, as if I never could love again. I walked away, and did not return home till dinner-time. Bramble and Bessy were very kind, although they did not talk much; and when I went away the next day I was moved with the affectionate farewell of the latter.

It was a beautiful night, and we were running before the east wind, the Portugal light upon our starboard beam; the other men in the boat had laid down in their gregos and pilot jackets, and were fast asleep, while Bramble was at the helm steering; and I, who was too restless in my mind to feel any inclination to repose, was sitting on the stern sheets beside him.

"Do you see the line of the *Race?*" said Bramble; "it seems strong to-night."

Bramble referred to what is called by the mariners the Race of Portland; where the uneven ground over which the water runs creates a very heavy sea even in a calm. Small smuggling vessels and boats, forced into it in bad weather, have often foundered. The tide, however, runs so rapidly over it, that you are generally swept through it in a few minutes, and then find yourself again in comparatively smooth water.

"Yes," replied I; "it is very strong to-night, from the long continuance of easterly wind."

"Exactly so, Tom," continued Bramble; "I've often thought that getting into that Race is just like falling in love."

"Why so?" replied I, rather pettishly; for I was not pleased at his referring to the subject.

"I'll tell you why, Tom," said Bramble; "because, you see, when we get into the Race, it's all boiling and bubbling and tossing about—rudder and sails are of no use; and you are carried along by a fierce tide which there's no resisting, with no small damage to the upper works, until you are fairly out again, and find breath to thank God for it. Now ar'n't that like love?"

"I suppose it is, as you say so; you know best."

"Well, I think I do know best; because, you see, I have long been clear of it. I never was in love but once, Tom; did I ever tell you about it?"

"Never," replied I.

"Well, then, as it will pass time away, I'll just give you the long and short of it, as the saying is. When I was just about twenty, and a small lad in my own opinion, I was on board of a transport, and we had gone round to Portsmouth with a load of timber for the dock-yard. It was not my first trip there, for you see the transport was employed wholly on that service; and during my cruising on shore I had taken up my quarters at the Checker-Board, a house a little way from the common Hard, in the street facing the dock-yard wall; for you see, Tom, it was handy to us, as our ship laid at the wharf, off the mast pond, it being just outside the dock-yard gates. The old fellow who kept the house was as round as a ball, for he never started out by any chance from one year's end to another: his wife was dead; and he had an only daughter, who served at the bar, in a white cap with blue streamers; and when her hair was out of papers, and she put on clean shoes and stockings, which she did every day after dinner, she was a very smart, neat-built little heifer; and, being an only daughter, she was considered as a great catch to

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any one who could get hold of her. She had quite the upper hand of her father, who dared not say a word; and with others she would give herself no few airs. At one time she would be as sweet as sugar, and the next, without any cause, she'd 'wonder at your impernance.' It was difficult to know how to take her: it's a bad thing for a girl to have a great fortune; they get so much flattery that it turns their heads. Well, Tom, I wasn't looking after the money, as you'll believe when I tell you so; but as she was very chatty with me, and allowed me to come inside the bar, which was considered as a great favour, to help rinse the glasses, and so on, and as the other men used to joke with me, and tell me that I should carry off the prize, I began to think that she was fond of me, and so very naturally I became fond of her—and we met and we parted (and she would allow me to kiss her when we parted,) until I was quite gone altogether, and did nothing but think of her all day, and dream of her all night. Well, the last time that I was in the transport to Portsmouth, I had made up my mind to clench the business, and as soon as the sails were furled, I dressed myself in my best toggery, and made all sail for the old house. When I came in, I found Peggy in the bar, and a very fancy sort of young chap alongside of her. I did not think so much of that, and I was going inside the bar to shake hands as usual, when, says she, 'Well, I should not wonder,' pulling to the half door, as if she were surprised at my attempting to come in.

"'Oh, ho!' says I, 'are you on that tack? what next?' and then I looked more at the chap, and he was a very nice young man, as the saying is. As I afterwards found out he was in the smuggling line between Cherbourg and our coast, and he had Frenchified manners, and he talked little bits of French, and he had French gloves for presents, and had ear-rings in his ears, and lots of rings on his fingers. So I took my seat at the wooden benches near the fire, just as sulky as a bear with a sore head, watching their manœuvres; at last he walked out, kissing his hand as she smiled. As the coast was clear, I went up to the bar.

"'Well,' says I, 'Peggy, so the wind's shifted, is it?'

"'What do you mean?' says she. 'I suppose I may be civil to another person as well as to you.'

"'Yes, I see no objection,' says I; 'but why was he to be inside the bar, and I put out?'

"'Oh,' she replied, 'one at a time, you know, Mr. Philip. I haven't made any promises to you that I know of.'

"'That's very true,' replied I, 'but—'

"'Oh, you musn't fret here,' interrupted she; 'I'm my own mistress, I suppose. However, I'll tell you this much, that I don't care a bit about him, and that's the truth of it—but I did not like your coming inside the bar so quietly, as if you had a right there—for I don't want people to make remarks.'

"Well, the end of it was, that she pacified me, and we were as great friends almost as ever: I say almost, for I had my eyes upon her and that chap, and did not much like it. A week after my arrival, there was to be a fair over at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, and I asked Peggy whether she would go with me; but she refused, saying that she was obliged to go to her aunt's out at Limberhook, who was very old, and had sent for her, so I thought nothing more about the matter. Well, the day before the fair, as we were busy in the forenoon getting the timber out of the vessel, one of my shipmates, who went to the same house, says to me, 'I say, Tom, when I was at the Checkers last night, I overheard Peggy promise to go to the Ryde Fair with that Frenchified smuggling chap.'

"'Did you?' said I.

"'Yes,' replied he, 'and they agreed to start at twelve o'clock, just after the dock-yard bell rang: I thought at the time it was just to give you the slip before you left the ship, and that she is turning you over.'

"Well, when I heard this, did not my blood boil? for the hussy had told me a lie, in saying that she was going to her aunt's; and it was evident that she had done so, that she might go with this other fellow to the fair. I thought the matter over and over again, for, to tell you the truth, all I wanted then was revenge. I felt nothing but scorn for a woman who could act in so base a manner; at the same time I wished to punish both her and him by spoiling their day's sport; so at last I determined that I would start right away for the fair myself, and not only put her to shame, but give her fancy man a good drubbing, which I was well able to do. So I walks down to the Point, and gets into a wherry, keeping a sharp look-out for their coming down from the Hard. At last I spied them, and then I made the waterman pull away, so as to keep about three cables' length ahead of them, and thus I continued watching their billing and cooing, and grinding my teeth with rage, until we had come over to the other side. Now, you see, Tom, at that time there was no wooden pier at Ryde as there is now, and when the tide was out, there was such a long flat of mud that there was no landing; so the way they managed was, the wherries came in as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out the passengers, and carried them through the mud and water to the hard ground. Well, when I pulled in, the man was there with his horse and cart, and I paid my fare, and stepped out of the wherry, expecting the man to drive off, and put me on shore; but he seeing that there was another wherry close at hand, says he must wait for her passengers, and make one trip of it. I did not care how soon we met, and waited very patiently until they pulled up to us. They were not a little surprised to see me, and not a little annoyed either. As for Peggy she coloured to her elbows, and then tried to put an impudent face on the matter. He looked both foolish and angry. They were both very smart. She had on a white gown with a yellow handkerchief on her shoulders, a green silk bonnet, and blue feathers, and he was figged out as fine as fivepence, with white jean trousers, and rings and chains, and Lord knows what.

"'Well,' says Peggy, as bold as brass, 'who'd have thought to have seen you here?'

"'I did not say that I was going to see my aunt,' replied I; 'but as you did, who would have expected to see you here?'

"'Don't talk to me, young man,' said she as red as fire, and turning away to her beau.

"Just as she said this, the cart drove off, the horse floundering through the mud, which was about three feet deep, with a matter of six inches of water above it. As she turned away aft, I turned forward, thinking what I should do next, and then cast my eyes down, and observed that it was a tilting cart as they use for carrying out manure, and that if I took the two pegs out it would fall right back. I thought this a capital trick. The carman was sitting on his horse, and it couldn't matter to him, so I stepped out on the front of the cart, and standing on the shafts, I first pulled out one peg and then another, while they were busy talking to each other, with their heads so close, that his face was under her bonnet. As soon as the second peg was out, I helped up the front of the cart a little, and back it went, shooting them out right head foremost in the mud. You never saw such a scramble, for they had caught hold of each other in their fright, and they rolled and floundered, and were half smothered before they could recover their feet; and then a pretty pickle they were in, wet to the skin, and covered with mud from one end to the other; they could not see out of their eyes. Peggy did nothing but scream and flounder—she was frightened out of her wits—while the carman and I laughed

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ready to split. I gave him a half crown to drive on shore without them, which he did, and we left them to make their way out how they could; and a pretty pickle they did come out at last. Thus was their day's pleasure as well as their clothes all spoiled; and instead of dancing at the fair, and seeing all the sights, they were shivering in their wet clothes, and laughing-stocks to all that saw them.

"Depend upon it, I did not leave them after they had crawled out to the beach. The fellow was, as you may suppose, as savage as a bull, and very saucy, so I took off my jacket that I might not dirty myself, and gave him a couple of black eyes and a bloody nose for his trouble; and as for Peggy, I pretended to be very sorry for her, and condoled her so much, that at last she flew at me like a tigress; and as I knew that there was no honour, and plenty of mud, to be gained by the conflict, I took to my heels and ran off to the fair, where I met some of my friends and told them what had happened, and then we had a very merry day of it, and I felt quite cured of my love; for you see, Peggy looked so ugly and miserable when she was in the state I left her, that I had only to think of her as when I last saw her, and all my love was gone."

"Did you ever meet her again?"

"I met her that very night; for, you see, she had gone to a cottage and taken off her clothes, having insisted upon her fancy man going back to Portsmouth to fetch her others to go home in. He dared not refuse, off he went in the pickle that he was; but he didn't come back again, for, you see, there was a warrant out against him for an affray at Bear Haven, in which a king's officer was killed; and after he had changed his own clothes, and was proceeding to get some for her from the Checkers, he was met by the constable who had the warrant, and carried off hand-cuffed to jail, and afterwards he was transported; so she never saw him again. Well, Peggy, poor creature, had been waiting for him for hours, expecting his return; and it was past ten o'clock when I was coming down with some others, and saw her at the door of the cottage weeping. 'Good night, Peggy,' said I.

"'O, Philip, do be kind, do come to me; I'm frightened out of my life. I shall have to stay here all night.'

"So, you see, I did feel some little pity for her, and I went up to her, and she told me how she had sent him, and he had never come back again. 'The fact is,' says I, 'Peggy, you ar'n't smart enough for such a Frenchified chap as he is. He don't like to be seen in your company. Come, get up, and I will see you home at all events; so I took charge of her, and saw her safe to her father's door.

"'Won't you come in?' said she.

"'No, thank you,' said I.

"'Won't you forgive me, Philip?' said she.

"'Yes,' says I, 'I'll forgive you, for old acquaintance-sake, and for one more reason.'

"'What's that?' said Peggy.

"'Why,' says I, 'for the lesson that you've learnt me.—I've been made a fool of once, and it's your fault; but if ever a woman makes a fool of me again, why then it's mine; and so, Peggy, good-by for ever.'

"So I turned away on my heel; and as I left the transport the next trip, I never saw her again."

"Well, Bramble," replied I, "I agree with you—and if ever a woman makes a fool of me *again*, it will be my fault. You know what's happened, so I don't mind saying so."

"Why Tom, in your present humour, you think so; but all do not keep to the same way of thinking as I did, till it was too late to think about marrying; but still I do not think that I should have been happy as a single man, if it had not been for my falling in with Bessy. I should have been very lonely, I expect, for I began to feel so. When you come to your own door, Tom, home looks cheerless if there is no bright eye to welcome you; and the older a man gets, the more he feels that he was not intended to live single. My yearning after something to love, and to love me, which is in our nature, was satisfied, first by having Bessy, and then by having you—and I'm thankful."

"You might have married, and have been very unhappy."

"I might, and I might have been very happy, had I chosen a wife as a man should do."

"And how is that, pray, Bramble?"

"Why, Tom, I've often thought upon it. In the first place, look out for good temper: if you find that, you may be happy, even if your wife is a silly woman; assure yourself first of her temper, and then you must judge her by the way in which she does those duties which have fallen to her lot; for if a girl is a dutiful and affectionate daughter, there is little fear but that she will prove a loving and obedient wife. But I think we have had our spell here, Tom, and it's rather cold: rouse up one of those chaps, and tell him to come to the helm. I'll coil myself up and have a snooze till the morning, and do you do the same."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

In which I receive a very severe blow from a party or parties unknown.

The day after this conversation we fell in with several vessels windbound at the entrance of the Channel. I took charge of one, and the wind shifting to S. W., and blowing strong, I carried her up to the Pool. As soon as I could leave her, I took a boat to go down to Greenwich, as I was most anxious to have a long conversation with Virginia. It was a dark squally night, with rain at intervals between the gusts of wind, and I was wet through long before I landed at the stairs, which was not until past eleven o'clock. I paid the waterman, and hastened up to my mother's house; being aware that they would either be all in bed, or about to retire. It so happened that I did not go the usual way, but passed by the house of Old Nanny; and as I walked by with a quick step, and was thinking of her and her misfortunes, I fell over something which, in the dark, I did not perceive, which proved to be some iron railings, which the workmen who were fixing them up had carelessly left on the ground, previous to their returning to their work on the ensuing morning. Fortunately the spikes at the ends of them were from me, and I received no injury, except a severe blow on the shin; and, as I stopped a moment to rub it, I thought that I heard a cry from the direction of old Nanny's house; but the wind was very high, and I was not certain. I stopped and listened and it was repeated. I gained the door; it was so dark that I groped for the latch. The door was open, and when I went in I heard a gurgling kind of noise and a rustling in her chamber. "Who's there?—What's this?" cried I; for I had a foreboding that something was wrong. I tumbled over some old iron, knocked down the range of keys, and made a terrible din, when, of a sudden, just as I had recovered my legs, I was thrown down again by somebody who rushed by me and darted out of the door. As the person rushed by me, I attempted to seize his arm, but I received a severe blow on the mouth, which cut my lip through, and at first I thought that I had lost all my front teeth.

I rose up; I heard a heavy groaning; so, instead of pursuing the robber, I felt my way into Nanny's chamber.—"Nanny," said I, "mother, what's the matter?" but there was no reply, except another groan. I knew where she

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kept her tinder-box and matches; I found them, and struck a light; and by the light of the match I perceived the candle and candle-stick lying on the floor. I picked it up, lighted it, and then turned to the bed; the flock mattress was above all, and the groans proceeded from beneath. I threw it off, and found Old Nanny still breathing, but in a state of great exhaustion, and quite insensible. By throwing water on her face, after some little while I brought her to her senses. The flaring of the candle reminded me that the shop door was open; I went and made it fast, and then spoke to her. It was a long while before I could obtain any rational answer. She continued to groan and cry at intervals, "Don't leave me, Jack, don't leave me." At last she fell into a sort of slumber from exhaustion, and in this state she remained for more than an hour. One thing was evident to me, which was, that the party, whoever it might be, had attempted to smother the poor old woman, and that in a few seconds more he would have perpetrated the deed.

At last Old Nanny roused up, and turning to me, said, "It's Jack, is it not? I thought so. Oh, my poor head! What has happened?"

"That's what I want to know from you, mother," replied I; "but first I will tell you what I know of the business;" which I did to give her time to collect her thoughts.

"Yes," said she, "so it was. I was just in bed, and my candle was not out when I heard a noise at the door, as if they were turning a key in it; and then a man entered; but he had something over his face, I thought, or he had blacked it. 'What do you want?' cried I; 'I come for a light, old woman,' said he. I cried, 'Thieves! murder!' as loud as I could, and he ran up to me just as I was getting out of bed, and tried to smother me. I don't recollect any thing more till I heard your voice. Thank you, Jack, and God bless you; if you hadn't come to the assistance of a poor old wretch like me, I should have been dead by this time."

I felt that what she said was true, and I then asked her many questions, so as to lead to the discovery of the party. "How is he dressed?" inquired I.

"I can't exactly say; but do you know, Jack, I fancied that he had a pensioner's coat on; indeed, I'm almost sure of it. I think I tore off one of his buttons—I recollect its giving way; I may be wrong—my head wanders."

But I thought that, most likely, Nanny was right; so I looked down on the floor with the candle, and there I picked up a pensioner's button. "You're right, Nanny; here is the button."

"Well, now, Jack, I can't talk any more; you won't leave me to-night, I'm sure."

"No, no, mother, that I will not—try to go to sleep."

Hardly had Nanny laid her head down again, when it came across my mind like a flash of lightning that it must have been Spicer who had attempted the deed; and my reason for so thinking was, that the blow I had received on the mouth was not that from the hand of a man, but from the wooden socket fixed to the stump of his right arm. The more I reflected upon it, the more I was convinced. He was a clever armorer, and had picked the lock; and I now recalled to mind what had never struck me before, and that he had often asked me questions about Old Nanny, and whether I thought the report that she had money was correct.

It was daylight before Old Nanny woke up, and then she appeared to be quite recovered. I told her my suspicions, and my intentions to ascertain the truth of them as far as I possibly could.

"Well, and what then?" said Old Nanny.

"Why, then, if we bring it home to him, he will be hanged, as he deserves."

"Now, Jack, hear me," said Old Nanny; "you won't do any thing I don't wish, I'm sure; and now I'll tell you—that I never would give evidence against him or any other man to have him hanged. So, if you find out that it is him, do not say a word about it. Promise me, Jack."

"Why, mother, I can't exactly say that I will; but I will talk to Peter Anderson about it."

"It's no use talking to him; and, if you do, it must be under promise of secrecy, or I will not consent to it. Jack, Jack, recollect that my poor boy was hanged from my fault. Do you think I will hang another? Oh, no. Perhaps this very man had a foolish, wicked mother, like me, and has, like my boy, been led into guilt. Jack, you must do as I wish—you shall, Jack."

"Well, mother, I have no animosity against the man himself; and, if you forgive him, I do not see why I should do any thing."

"I don't forgive him, Jack; but I think of my own poor boy."

"Well, mother, since you wish it, it shall be so; and if I do prove that the man I suspect is the party, I will say nothing, and make Anderson promise the same, as I think he will. But how is it that people come to rob a poor old woman like you? How is it, mother, that there is a report going about that you have money?"

"Is there such a report, Jack?"

"Yes, mother, every one says so; why, I do not know; and as long as it is supposed, you will always be subject to attacks like this; unless, indeed, if you have money, you are to put it away safely, and let every body know that you have done so. Tell me truly, mother, have you any money?"

"Jack, what a boy you are to ask questions. Well, perhaps I have a little—a very little; but no one will ever find out where I have hidden it."

"But they will try, mother, as this man has done; and you will always be in peril of your life. Why not place it in the hands of some safe person?"

"Safe person! Who's safe now-a-days?"

"Why, for instance, there's Mr. Wilson."

"Wilson! what do you know about him, Jack, except that he has a smooth face and a bald head? You're young, Jack, and don't know the world. The money's safe where it is, and no one will ever find it."

"If so, who is to find it after——" I stopped, for I did not like to say, after she was dead.

"I know what you would have said, Jack; who's to find it after my death? That's very true. I never thought of that, and I must will it away. I never thought of that, Jack; it's very true; and I'm glad that you have mentioned it. But who dare I tell? who can I trust? Can I trust you, Jack? can I? I ought; for it's all for you, Jack, when I die."

"Mother, whoever it may be for, you may, I hope, trust me."

"Well, I think I can. I'll tell you where it is, Jack, and that will prove that it is for you, for nobody else will know where to find it. But Jack, dear, dear Jack, don't you rob me, as my son did; don't rob me, and leave me pennyless as he did; promise me!"

"I never will, mother! you need not be afraid."

"Yes; so you say, and so he said; he swore and he cried too, Jack, and then he took it all, and left his mother without a farthing."

"Well, mother, then don't tell me; I'd rather not know; you will only be uncomfortable, and so let the money go."

"No, Jack, that won't do either; I will tell you, for I can trust you. But first, Jack, go out and look behind the house, that there is no one listening at the window; for if any one should hear—go, look round carefully, and then come back."

I did as she wished, and then Nanny bid me hold my

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head closer to her, while she whispered, "You must take the back out of the fire-place, and then pull out three bricks, and then put your hand into the hole, and you will find a small box; and there you will find a little money—a very little, Jack, hardly worth having; but still it may be of some use; and it's all yours when I die, Jack; I give it to you."

"Mother, I'm thankful for your kindness; but I cannot touch it, if you do die, without you leave it to me by your will."

"Ah! that's true, Jack. Well, tell Anderson to come here, and I'll tell him I'll leave the money to you; but I won't tell him where it is; I'll only say that I leave you every thing I have. They'll suppose that it's the shop and all the pretty things." Here she chuckled for some time.

It was now broad daylight, and Nanny told me that she would like to get up, and see about the padlock being put to her door before night; so I wished her good-by, and left her.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DE WALSTEIN, THE ENTHUSIAST.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Great men must be employed to complete great changes in empire; but little men often begin them. In this moral architecture, the man who raises the proud superstructure, who brings all the discordant features into one grand harmony, who fills the eye with the consummate and the magnificent shape of solidity and power, must be the master of his art; but any workman can dig the foundation.

Joseph II. of Germany was the workman of the French Revolution. He was the delver, Napoleon was the architect. Nothing could be more remote from each other, than the obscure industry of the German and the brilliant mischief of the Italian; yet they were combined in one fearful fabrication, they were both essential to the design: if Joseph, in all his mediocrity, had never been born, Napoleon, in all his splendour, would never have been heard of. Let philosophers reconcile those difficulties; I have now no time to speculate. Those are the mysteries of human character. They must be left till the day when oracles revive, and men have only to ask questions of the pythoness.

Some years ago, in a tour during which I passed some days of an intense summer among the hills of Carinthia, I happened to meet with a wanderer like myself, who, though with but one riband at his button-hole, had seen service in the field, had sustained office in the imperial court, taken his share in the chief events of the last thirty years; and, in his two-fold capacity of a general officer and an imperial councillor, was as well calculated to assist a traveller in a huge German hotel to get through the heaviness of an idle day, as most men whom fortune has ever thrown in my way. He was still in what is to be regarded as the very finest period of life; when the understanding has arrived at its maturity without losing its lustre, and the heart, if man can be allowed to have any thing of the kind, has acquired steadiness without losing its sensibility. His countenance was handsome, yet with some lines of trial; and both countenance and manner had, as Hamlet says, "more of the ancient Roman than the Dane." He looked as if he had been born rather on the southern side of the Alps than the northern, and I could conceive him, at the head of his *corps d'armée*, or in the midst of a whirlwind of Hungarian cuirassiers, making a very showy figure of modern chivalry.

We discussed the great names of the war over our bottle of wine, in the light way in which men talk of those who can now do them neither good nor ill; generals who could no longer order any body to be shot, and emperors who had given up the keys of Olmutz, or who could no longer send the refractory a letter of introduction to the wolves of Siberia.

"There were but two men in the world when I first knew it," said the general.

I involuntarily stared at this antediluvian view of things. He smiled.

"That is," said he, "there were but two men in the world whose names it ever mentioned—your Pitt and all the world's Napoleon. In those days, I hated your great minister as much as I worshipped the Corsican. They were my opposing powers of light and darkness, my two antagonist principles—the tyrant of the seas and the regenerator of the earth; but I had the excuse of having all Germany, or perhaps all Europe, of my opinion."

"The Germans soon changed theirs, I presume, at least of the French Emperor."

"My countrymen," said the general, "are certainly excellent men; but they have not the faculty of reasoning. They toil admirably; but they find it difficult to think. They have the virtue of the mole in perfection. Give them something obscure, heavy, and disheartening to labour at, and they will drudge away for ever. Their existence, known too, like the mole's, by the little heaps of dust which they throw up on the surface, and undoubtedly loosening the soil for better uses to come. But the moment they are put upon the surface they are blind;—bid them walk, and they stumble: bid them run, and they fall into the first ditch. In literature, they are what the pioneers are to an army, essential to every advance, but a rough corps after all; stout, strong-handed serfs; and with hatchet and saw in hand formidable to thickets and rocks; but what man ever looks among the pioneers for a hero?"

"Yet they had *esprit* enough to admire the romantic glitter and magic freaks of Napoleon."

"Yes," said the general, "all children are fond of tales of wonder, and all gossips of telling them. We Germans are proud of our country, and it is by nature a noble one—certainly superior in its natural advantages to any other that I have seen, not even excepting your own; for the unrivalled loveliness of England is the work of man, of freedom, good sense, and the simple tastes of the nation. But we are still in our infancy. Germany is only one huge nursery, in which the population is in its cradle. But we are children with a fine inheritance waiting for us when we shall arrive at the age of discretion; yet, until then, we must be allowed to play the antics of the nursery, to stare at every thing, to imagine that we know every thing, to attempt every thing, and, finally, like children who never see a toy but with a longing to know what makes it squeak, or dance, or tumble, breaking up every one of our graver toys of state, religion, and science, with a curiosity worthy of the cradle, and having only the fragments, after all, for our pains. I am a patriot, sir," said he with a smile, "yet you see I too can play the philosopher."

"But when is your infant to arrive at man's estate?"

"National minds are of slow growth," was the answer. "I do not think that Germany will be mature in less than five hundred years. It will take at least a century to get rid of her presumption that she is the cleverest nation in the world; and until then she cannot be said to even have the use of her understanding."

"A long probation. But she is certainly not retrograding: she is clearly advancing."

"I am not so fully convinced of that. She is yet got little beyond the line where the French revolution placed her. I allow *that* to have been in advance. But it was universal. It pushed every nation of Europe some degrees nearer the moral equator. Politics are the sun of the world. England had sun enough already, and could be

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tropical only to be scorched; but Germany, cold, aguish, swampy, and wild, would be much the better for being half roasted alive. The world has to thank a German for that revolution. Joseph the Second—of all Germans that ever lived the truest model of the German of the nineteenth century—was the man."

"What—Joseph the philosopher and philanthropist! Where was the fire?"

"We shall long remember him," observed the general, "for three things—the partition of Poland, the loss of the Netherlands, and the overthrow of the Bourbon throne."

The evening was one of southern beauty; and the window of the hotel overlooked one of those small lakes which are so numerous in the country, watered by the thousand springs of the Tyrolese hills. The air, after a day of intense warmth, flowed in filled with the freshness of the mountain vegetation; and a young rising moon, just touching with her circlet the brow of a forest above, gave the due finishing of the picture. But even this was not all; for a troop of the travelling horn-players, who range all Europe, from the Mediterranean to, I believe, the Pole, seeing our casement open, took up a position in the adjoining garden and began their display. All this is common; but the effect was as good, on the whole, as if we had heard it in a *salon* of Vienna, or were even enjoying a painted moon and canvass forest, with the full crash of a Parisian orchestra in front, to take us by storm.

We had both sunk into silence; and after a while I observed my companion had drawn from his bosom a miniature, on which he gazed with a fixed eye. He saw that I was looking at him, and handed it over to me. It was well worth his study, for it was one of the loveliest faces that I ever saw in my life.

"I presume I may ask the name? It is excessively lovely—at once gentle and noble."

"You may; for she is neither an opera girl nor a goddess. It was exactly in such an hour, and in this very apartment, five-and-twenty years ago, that a German friend of mine was indebted to this lady for the most important event of his life."

I looked all curiosity; but feeling that I had no right to intrude upon his recollections of one perhaps dead, remained in silence. But foreign manners are often remarkably frank; and he saw my wish at once.

"You shall have the story," said he, "of my friend. He was an enthusiast in those days, though born on the northern side of the Alps. The lady was somewhat of an enthusiast too, though no *Encyclopediste*. Both had their share of the republican mania, though both living in the most formal court from this to Pekin. But I must tell the story in my own way."

He then threw himself back in his chair, and with his eyes fixing alternately on the landscape and the picture, talked in the dramatic style into which the continental taste throws every thing:

Imagine a young officer of the Hungarian Guard, enraptured with a sense of his wearing the most showy of all possible uniforms, declining to dance when the fairest forms of Vienna were whirling before him, and playing the coxcomb with the most well-bred apathy in the world. Imagine another figure in this history piece, a beautiful woman of the first rank, approaching him, with ridicule sparkling in her brilliant eyes. "*Bon jour, Monsieur le Comte*, you look the very picture of a philosopher."

"Then, your Imperial Highness, I look perfectly unlike what I am, or ever *can* be, while I have the honour of being in the same ball-room with you," was the answer, without changing his position.

"Perhaps said gallantly, yet perhaps not; I know the Count de Walstein's chivalry, yet I suspect he despises the sex," playfully observed the lady.

"Never, when all that is charming in it has such a representative as your Imperial Highness."

"Well, that at least is unequivocal; and I must acknowledge that the opinion of so severe a critic as Count Walstein is said to be, is of peculiar value. But, to say no more on those pretty topics, how long is it since you have returned to Vienna?"

"I have already lost the recollection. Let Schiller answer for me:—

> 'Who reckons the moments
> When beauty is nigh—
> When life is a glance,
> And the soul is a sigh?'"

"Well, I see you are determined to continue in your old opinions. Women are made to be laughed at. But as none of the Guard ever condescend to waltz, tell me the news from the Low Countries. Is the Emperor still sanguine in his ideas of reducing them to order? We all know Count D'Alton's great abilities; but I have some very dear relatives there, and I feel an anxiety to know the state in which you left Brabant."

The young officer listened, rose from his seat, and drew a *fauteuil* for the lady. The subject was a real one, and the vapid elegance of the guardsman was exchanged for respectful attention. His regiment had been quartered at Brussels on the first breaking out of the Flemish discontents in 1788, and he now slightly detailed the circumstances which had occurred within his knowledge.

"My infancy," said the princess, "was spent in the palace of the Archduke, and though, when he ceased to be governor of the Netherlands, I returned to Germany, my recollections of that fine city, and not less of its luxuriant landscape, and its kind and hospitable people, are as much alive as ever. Of course, I know all the noble families. Are any of them engaged in those unhappy disturbances?"

"None that I could hear of," was the answer. "The whole character of the popular convulsion was the reverse of all that strongly engages the mind. The controversy was of lawyers, not men; of old privileges against new encroachments: it began in the parchments of jurists and advocates, and is likely to end in the dust and darkness of the closets from which it came."

"Then our war with the Netherlands will be brief, and Count D'Alton will settle the rebellion by a *feu-de-joie*," said the fair politician. "I see that you have no faith in the force of popular outcry against the spurs and swords of the Austrian cuirassiers."

"That must depend on circumstances," was the reply. "We know what an army can do; but in the mind of a nation we have a new element before us. We know the limit of the machine; but who can tell the limit of powers that, like the wind, at this moment unfelt, may, at the next, change the calm for the storm; and then, subsiding as suddenly as it rose, leave us nothing but the desolation that marks its way across the land?"

The princess felt herself gradually engaged by the conversation. The sentiment and the expression might be nothing, but they were new to her, were totally unlike the language of the court, and were the more surprising from being the language of one of that very showy corps whom all the world looked on as the especial idlers of the court; perhaps to prolong an indulgence which she began to feel in the hour, the scene, and the speaker, she turned to the topic of the Belgian tumults once more. The subject, too, had an interest for the guardsman, of which he had been hitherto unconscious, and he began to wonder at the ardour of the thoughts which rose to his lips.

"If the lovers of change," said he, "expect any thing from the risings in the Netherlands, they will be disappointed. A few cannon-shot, and a few charges of cavalry,

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will be enough for the riotous rabble of the town: as for the peasantry, they may be brave, but they have no grievances, or at least none which prevent them from having the best furnished farm-houses and the richest crops in the world. In short, I regard the whole as *une affair finie.* Yet," added he, after a pause, "I admit that there are things which might awake a nation. There may be pulses in the national heart which have never beat before: I can imagine events to occur, like the giving of wings to the human frame, lifting us into a new element, giving us a new faculty, and laying open a career, to whose loftiness, vastness, and splendour, the world has never yet seen the equal."

All this was new from the lips of the soldier, and new to the ears of the princess. She gazed on his countenance, at that moment thrown into unusual animation by the topic, and listened like one who had heard a sudden burst of harmony from a harp shaken only by the wind. She was not altogether unconscious of the singularity of amusing herself with this *tete-à-tete*, with five hundred eyes upon her. She also knew perfectly the laugh of the world of fashion at embarrassments of the nature into which she might be plunging; but she was a woman, that is saying much—a young, lovely, and brilliant one—and that is saying more. She saw a new subject before her, perhaps a new slave: that settled the question, and she resolved to make the experiment. All this may be blamable; but courts are never very lively places with all their balls; and the court of Joseph II. was as prim and pedantic as its master. The conversation flow on from grave to gay, and from gay to grave again. The guardsman had found that the finest woman of Vienna was not a fool; and the discovery stimulated even his apathy until he felt that to affect it any longer would be ridiculous. He became animated—his ideas flowed—he now recollected, for the first time during a half a dozen of years, that he had been in Italy, Greece, and England; that he had wandered among classic ruins, ranged over Arcadian hills, and listened to the language of the boldest, freest, and most eccentric race of men that were ever enclosed in an island. He had found unconsciously that conversation was not limited to the merits of a horse, an actress, or a new epaulette; and the eyes of the fair listener showed by their downcast lids that she listened with all her soul.

A universal flourish of the imperial orchestra, which intimated that the most distinguished violinist of the earth had just finished his most celebrated concerto, unhappily unheard from its first note to its last, alike by the princess and the count, at length told them that they had conversed beyond all legitimate bounds at the imperial supper-table, and that etiquette required their separation.

A week of pomps and parades followed, in which the princess was surrounded by French milliners and *coiffeurs* all the morning, and imperial and serene highnesses, and their excellencies the ambassadors all the night. The Hungarian was on horseback riding in procession twelve hours a-day; or escorting some diplomatic cavalcade; or, in the intervals, writing the name of Catharena Zadorinsky on his tablets, and calculating the exact distance between a cornet of cavalry and a princess of the imperial line. He might have calculated for ever without finding hope at either the top or the bottom. The fact flashed upon him for the first time, that he was but the fifth son of a Hungarian noble; that, however embroidered his uniform, he had nothing for his inheritance but his sabre; and that, however the belles of Vienna might approve of him as a partner in the waltz, it must be a peculiarly soft-souled one who would prefer him, as a partner for life, to the heaviest possessor of any one of those glittering equipages which toiled their daily course round the verdant alleys of Schœnbrun. But of all women of Vienna or of earth, Catharena that terrestrial star! that "luminary which dazzled wherever she moved!" that "jewel to be set only in the crown of princes!" what chance could *he* ever have of being any thing nearer to her than a gazer on the star! So soliloquized he; so has every man in his circumstances soliloquized at one time or other. His mind was feverish; the agitation of his thoughts communicated itself to his frame and for the purpose of escaping the questions which his hollow cheek and sunken eye brought incessantly and provokingly upon him, he obtained a short leave of absence, and determined to exert the remaining vigour of his mind and body in heroically running away from the danger.

"All the roads of the world," says the Frenchman, "run to Paris." This is true, at least, of all the minds of the continent. The young run to it for pleasure, the old for variety, the vicious for indulgence, the curious for oddity, and the clever to be admired. Paris at this period had the additional interest of being the centre of all the politics—that is, of all the absurdities of the foolish, all the business of the idle, and all the knavery of the unprincipled, among mankind.

De Walstein happened to reach Paris on the morning of the 14th of August, 1789. He was tired with a sleepless night in one of the most comfortless inventions of man, a French diligence, and longed for nothing so much as to find rest in his hotel. But this was not to be. The morning was destined for renown. As the diligence made its heavy way over the intolerable pavement of the fauxbourg St. Antoine, it was surrounded by a multitude shouting all kinds of cries, and with all kinds of weapons brandished in their hands; and the formidable question was asked by a thousand voices at once,—"Are there any aristocrats within?" Sincerity was no virtue at such a time, and the conductor, trembling at the forest of pikes below, roared from the top of the coach, that they were all good citizens. He was not prepared for the reply, "Then let them all come out and assist the brave citizens of Paris to conquer their freedom." Liberty of choice was now out of the question. The passengers were all forced out, and the conductor had only the honour of marching at their head, pike in hand, in the midst of groups of the populace dancing, fighting, clashing their weapons, and shouting, "Down with the king and up with the people! De Walstein made at attempt to escape this forced levy; but, hemmed in with pikes and muskets, he was instantly driven back; and luckily remaining unwounded by the justice of the sovereign people, he had no recourse but to march on with the rest. As they advanced, the crowd became thicker and the tumult more violent. Shots were heard, followed by the roar of cannon.

The cry of "To the Bastile!" now thundered in every quarter, and the turning of a narrow street brought the whole column in front of the dreaded fortress of Paris. De Walstein was a soldier, though an unwilling exhibiter on this occasion, and for the first few moments he felt the imposing nature of his first battle. The houses surrounding the fortress were filled and covered with the armed populace, keeping up an ill-directed but incessant fire. The space below, and all the streets leading to it, were a mass of men, women, and even children, all firing, or screaming, or exclaiming against the government. The embrasures of the Bastile showed heavy guns pointed downwards to the masses, and from time to time throwing a few plunging shot into the crowd, each of which was followed by an universal chorus of curses and groans. This desultory warfare had lasted for some time, and seemed likely to last through the day; when the beating of drums was heard, a commotion was seen among the more distant columns, and the cry of "the guard! the guard!" turned every eye in the direction.

A battalion of the Royal Household was seen advancing at a rapid pace, with colours flying and bayonets fixed, till they came to the foot of the drawbridge. An universal

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fire now poured from the roofs and windows, and all was covered for some period with smoke. When it cleared away, the royal guard were seen rushing over the bridge. The populace poured after them, shouting out victory, and De Walstein found himself carried along by the torrent. When they had passed those gates, which were once so like the gates of death, the situation of the assailants became a sufficiently perilous one. They found that a second was between them and the body of the place, that the garrison, small as it was, had made up their minds at last to resist, and in the narrow space of the inner-court numbers only exposed themselves to be mowed down by the grape-shot. They were not long in suspense. Two guns on either side of the drawbridge were suddenly unmasked, and threw a shower of grape among the crowd. The discharge was followed by an universal yell; fifty had fallen, the court was covered with killed and wounded; all now attempted to rush back to the gate; but it too was choked up. If the garrison had now followed up their blow, the fortress would have been saved, the populace beaten, and the Revolution crushed in its birth. Such are the strange chances of human things. The bayonets of a company of invalids might have extinguished a war which was yet to sweep away millions of men, and shake all the thrones of Europe. But this was not to be. De Launay, the governor of the Bastile, though a brave man, had not the cunning sense to know, that when a battle begins the only wisdom is to strike till it is ended. He was a marquis too, and in that day what was a French marquis good for but to dance attendance at Versailles? He ordered his cannoniers to stop, advanced to the battlements, and proposed that the assailants should withdraw without further damage. On this moment was balanced the French monarchy. While he was in the act of speaking, a shot fired by some drunkard or madman struck one of the chains of the drawbridge, it shook; the populace rushed forward with a roar; a tumbler from one of the suburb theatres, with the agility of his trade, sprung upon it, dragged it down, and cut away the remaining chain with the blow of an axe. A discharge of cannon swept the bridge; but the multitude were now frenzied; they rushed forward, firing, roaring, and trampling upon each other. The confusion was horrible, all was darkened with the smoke, and all that De Walstein could feel was, that he was in the midst of a human hurricane tenfold more terrible than the natural one. The firing continued on both sides for some time, and when the multitude were on the point of giving way again, all eyes were directed to the white flag, hoisted for capitulation on the great tower of the fortress. The shout that rose from the multitude in the streets, the houses, and the roofs, tore the very air. In a few moments the governor was seen, pale and bleeding, without hat or sword, dragged along in the midst of a crowd of the royal guard, to whom he had surrendered with his feeble garrison, on the sole condition of sparing their lives. But what are conditions to the mob, rendered ferocious by feeling themselves masters? To the horror of De Walstein, no sooner had they seen the garrison and their unfortunate commandant disarmed, than they clamoured for their instant death, threw themselves upon the guard, tore them away, and began stabbing them with the fury of demons. De Launay fell under a hundred knives; his principal officers were butchered over his corpse; and, not content with those atrocities, the savages in their ferocious triumph decapitated them, hung their trunks to the cords of the lamps, and fixing their heads and hands on pikes, carried them to the sitting of the Civic Committee in the Place de Grêve. The whole event in its sudden outbreak, its strange success, and its remorseless cruelty, was the emblem of the Revolution.

How De Walstein escaped, he could scarcely tell. In the last rush of the multitude to seize the unhappy prisoners, he had attempted to rescue a young officer, who had been already wounded by a musket-shot, and was evidently on the point of being massacred. The attempt cost him a stab of a butcher's knife in the arm; but he nevertheless contrived to draw the officer towards a recess which screened him for the moment. As they leaned against the wall, a door opened behind, and an old servant of the governor, terrified to death, gave them refuge, and instantly closed the door. It was the nephew of the governor who had been thus saved, and he was profuse in his acknowledgments.

The accident of having been flung into this corner probably saved both their lives. For the populace, now complete masters of the fortress, gave a vent to all the fury of men intoxicated with sudden success, and determined to destroy the last remnant of a building on which Paris had looked with terror for centuries. If the French had stopped with pulling down the Bastile, they would have earned the praise of every man of humanity and reason in Europe. It was to the monarchy what the Inquisition was to the papacy—an embodying of its spirit—a sullen, fearful, and abhorred monument of all that was fearful in despotism; and the day which saw those gates torn down for ever, which were once like the gates of death, was a day of triumph, not for France alone, but for the world.

As the old domestic led them through the vaulted passages and gloomy corridors, De Walstein fully forgave the wild turbulence which had overthrown the stronghold of arbitrary power, and, involuntary as his share in the exploit had been, he was not inclined to regret it. His young companion was inconsolable: he internally execrated the barbarism which had put his relative to death; but his grief was mingled with indignation at the negligence of the court.

"Will you believe it," he exclaimed, "nothing could awake those fools at Versailles to a sense of our condition. My unfortunate uncle remonstrated with the War Minister until he actually gave up the idea, through fear of imputations on his personal nerve. We had full information for some days that the fortress was to be attacked. We knew even the sums of money which were showered among the rabble of the Fauxbourg. We knew that powder and ball were purchased, and to all this the court turned a deaf ear; left the garrison of a place like this, commanding Paris, without twelve hours' bread and wine, without ammunition for a siege of twenty-four hours; and what were our numbers to keep a capital of 600,000 people in order, exactly one hundred and ten men, of whom eighty were actual invalids? We were thus left to be sacrificed!"

"But what will be the result? Will this shake the Ministry? Will the Court come to their senses at last?" eagerly asked De Walstein.

A loud roar, that rang round the building, stopped his speech. "They are bursting in," exclaimed the old domestic, "we must fly to the Souterrainnes."

"No," said the young officer; "I saw them once. They also made a republican of me. And yet, if I stay here I must die; my wounds bleed. Well, it is better to perish on the pikes of the rabble, than die like a trampled worm in its hole." He fell back, fainting.

De Walstein instantly took him on his shoulders, rushed to the door, and after winding through a succession of passages—which gave him the strongest idea of the passages of some huge sepulchre—saw a massive door, which barred his further progress, swing backward under successive blows, fall into fragments, and let in upon him the whole formidable marshalling of the multitude. It was the picture of the Revolution in all its wild grandeur, its sanguinary horrors, and its colossal power. From the steps of the prison-gate on which he stood his eye ranged over the sea of human countenances,

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agitated by every disturbing and furious passion of mankind. Thousands and tens of thousands of pikes, mingled with banners of every colour and every fierce inscription, tossed above; musket shots, in token of triumph, were frequently discharged from the roofs and windows, which were still thick with people; and above the heads of this were hung, swinging on the lamp-ropes in the wind, the bleeding trunks of the soldiers and officers who had been slain, and whose heads grinned ghastly on the pikes in front of the line below—the first fruits of a revolution of blood.

The apparition of De Walstein, standing in the centre of the doorway with a man apparently slain on his shoulders, was hailed with an universal shout. He expected to have been put to death at the instant; the chance of things turned out otherwise. Some voice in the multitude had cried out, "that he was one of the victims of oppression who had made his escape after killing his jailor."

An exploit of this kind was the true one for the time. De Walstein, to his utter astonishment, found himself metamorphosed into a street hero. He was now pulled down into the midst of the crowd by a hundred hands; and when he refused to part with his burden, they were marched together, with the roar of the populace before and round them, proclaiming them as trophies of the last state-prison that was ever to be seen in France. The procession moved to the Hotel de Ville, where another emblem of the movement, the body of M. de Hesseles, provost of the merchants, was hanging over the door. A letter from him to the governor of the Bastile, found in the pocket of the unhappy marquis, had sealed his fate. It had warned the governor of the attack, and detailed the preparations of the revolters. This was simply his duty as one of the chief magistrates of the city. But the "majesty of the people" had already felt its power; the magistrate was seized and carried off to undergo an examination, on the ground of treason to the populace. His trial never came; but, what was of more interest to his new masters, his death came without delay. A ruffian executor of popular justice stepped up to him, and shot him through the heart. The remaining process added his headless body to that of the Marquis De Launay, and he now swung at the door of the protectors of universal law, right, and liberty.

Fevered, weary, and heartsick, De Walstein threw himself on his bed that night, and having deposited his wounded friend at the house of one of his relatives, he took horse from Paris by daybreak. Convinced that tidings of this order must produce a commotion in every court of Europe; and that, as his regiment was always among the first to be called on service, his proper place was at its head-quarters.

He reached Vienna with unusual activity; but the intelligence had reached it before him. His own part of the performance, too, had not been unrecorded, and he found on his table a letter of solemn remonstrance from the Imperial Secretary, regretting, in the most official style, that an officer of his noble family, and in so conspicuous a corps, should have been seen openly aiding, and even heading the atrocities of a rebellion.

This was a blow for which he was unprepared. He flew to the Minister: his reception was cold. He flew to the Emperor: Joseph referred him to the Minister. From both he flew to his Colonel. The Colonel was a brave, bold man, much in the habit of speaking his mind, and attached to De Walstein.

"I shall insist on having this charge fully investigated," said the indignant Captain.

"You may insist as you like; but nothing was ever fully investigated, nor will be in Vienna; and the more the business advances, the farther will they be from truth and you from justice," said the Colonel.

"I must have a court-martial," said the Captain.

"Yes; and a sentence this time ten years," said the Colonel.

"They cannot refuse me at least a court *of inquiry!*" exclaimed the Captain.

"They can refuse, and will refuse you every thing except the liberty to drown yourself in the Danube, or shoot yourself through the head in the Prater; and either of those you can manage without asking their leave," said the Colonel.

"Then I shall resign my commission, and try some other corps," said the Captain.

"Then you will do the War Minister the greatest possible favour, for he wants your troop for a cousin of Carolina Hundfutz, the opera dancer. This is the way of the world; you must not growl over it. I did so once, fought a puppy aide-de-camp of the Emperor for some court story, and was stopped on my way to be a field-marshal. I shall never wear the aiguillette in consequence. Be warned by my example."

They parted, the Colonel shrugging up his shoulders, with the resignation of a philosopher, to the necessity of the case, and De Walstein ready to fling courts, sceptres, and ministers to the centre of the earth.

But there was one feeling that lurked in the depth of his soul, more powerful than all, yet invisible almost to himself. How would the tidings of his disgrace—for to such his sensitive spirit felt that the letter of the secretary amounted—be received by Catharena Zadorinski. He perplexed himself with this meditation for some bitter hours, and was awakened from his melancholy reverie by seeing the flash of the torches behind one of the court carriages, rushing by to the French opera. He had suffered the evening to close round him in darkness, and the sudden glare illumed the room, and showed him in a mirror opposite to the casement the countenance of the one only being on earth whose opinion still seemed worth a moment's notice. She was radiant with diamonds, and still more radiant with smiles, which she appeared to be bestowing on the wearer of a superb uniform, sitting in the front of the carriage. The vision shot by, and left him in double gloom. He pondered for a while as to the advice of his friend the colonel, and his rapid escape from all the troubles of courts and commissions by a plunge in the Danube. But the princess at the opera, with the showy suitor by her side—all this was grave matter of thought. He threw his cloak round him, hurried through the streets like one already anxious for concealment, threw himself into an upper *loge* which commanded a view of the purple-lined box of the Imperial family, and there disposed himself for that most delicious of all enjoyments, the pleasure of watching the movements of a superb jilt, engaged in securing the soul of a distinguished admirer in the nets of Hymen.

In these days the French theatre was the theatre *par excellence*. In fact, the continental world of taste acknowledged no other. The Italian stage had long before sunk into burlesque and opera. Goldoni was the wit of the one, and Metastasio the manufacturer of the *libretti* of the other. No more expressive epitaph could be written on a dead stage. The Spanish theatre was in the library—the boards contained nothing but grimacers, and dancers of the Bolero. Calderon and Lope were known only on their tombstones, and read only by the cunning of French authorship, which robbed them for ideas. Germany was still in nearly the state in which it had been left by Arminius or the Deluge. Its poetry, strong and savage—its drama strong, but savage too—its language voted by all the polished world, with Frederick of Prusia in its front, to be incapable of any thing but the phraseology of eating, drinking and fighting. France, light as a zephyr, and brilliant as a firework, led the way; delighted all, dazzled all, and deluded all. The French company in the Austrian capital was perfection, according to the connoisseurs. The theatre was the *chef-d'œuvre* of a French architect, its scenery alone was by an Italian pencil—for

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what Frenchman ever had a sense of the sublime; but all its sculptured pillars, its rose-festooned *loges*, all that was before the scenes, and all that was behind them too, was Parisian. The French capital itself scarcely furnished any thing more perfect than the select company of Artistes, who on that stage, performed all the brilliancies and the pleasantries, the romantic loves and the gay stratagems of the *repertoire* of the French dramatic muse.

The "drame" was "Tarare," the most famous performance of the revolutionary stage; and so revolutionary that it would have been endured on no stage of the continent but that of Vienna itself. But Joseph the "philosopher," was of another calibre. The emperor loved to play in the political extravagancies, as children love to play on the edge of a precipice. His faith in the aristocracy of the empire gave him courage to sport with the lightnings which were so soon to set Europe in a blaze. He looked on, and scoffed at the hazards which were in a few years to overflow the earth, like molten iron, pouring out red-hot from the furnace.

The drama began. It was well calculated to excite strong attention; it soon awakened still more disturbing impulses. It opened with a dialogue in the skies. Splendid and visionary forms descended, holding council upon the fates of human kind; and shaping those vast and daring ideas which were yet to be embodied in the destinies of nations. The visions were Fortune, Genius, Power, and the whole tribe of mighty influences which guide invisibly the wills, and influence the passions of the human race. The dialogue was lofty; the music wild, strange, and touching. The scenery, such as Italian talent would have conceived for the new Olympus of a new generation of Deities—regions basking in the radiance of solar light, and thrones of pomp unstained by our sullen world.

The effect even of this commencement upon the audience was electric. They had seen nothing like it before. The mysticism of the German stage, just then beginning to exhibit that mysterious spirit which so deeply engages the human mind in all ages, was shallow to the strange depth and solemn grandeur of the dialogue. The French was tinsel to the substantial splendour of thought which seemed to be uttered by oracles, and conceptions which seemed to elevate them less to a higher rank than to a higher nature. If any man think this exaggerated, it is only a proof that he had not lived in 1789 and seen *Tarare*. If he had, doubt was impossible. It was the most profound artifice in the guise of the purest simplicity; the spirit of overthrow, with the wings and sceptre of an angel of light. It was temptation in its most magnificent appeal to the intellect—bold, brilliant, and revolutionary!

But there were at least two in that assembly who felt its full influence—the princess and De Walstein. Catharena Zadorinski was the daughter of an archduke, who had fallen at the head of an army in the Turkish campaigns. Her mother, of the family of a Polish Starast, had retired from Vienna, and employed her ample revenues and her remaining years in cultivating the mind of her only child. Brussels, Rome, Naples, Milan, and Vienna had been the successive scenes of her residence; and, at the age of five-and-twenty, still unmarried, and wholly indifferent to the solicitations of the crowd, who worshipped either her beauty or her domains, she had fixed herself at the Imperial court, the most distinguished ornament of a capital celebrated as the head-quarters of native beauty.

But there is a fate in all things, and for all; and De Walstein was hers. She had seen more distinguished individuals—she had conversed with established wits—she had received homage worthy of a sultana from nobles with pedigrees reaching to the flood; and yet this grave, calm, and apparently insensible being deeply disturbed her equanimity. No sensation could be more surprising to herself; none more painful, humbling, and unaccountable. She had seen him but in the few casual *fêtes* of the palace: before the night of the ball she had scarcely ever conversed with him; yet she had now found him out in all his obscurity, and gazed on every change of his countenance, as if it were of the highest import to her to know what was passing within. While all other eyes were fixed upon the performance, she had a more profound study in the features—now glowing, now pale; now flashing with sudden fervour, then sinking into a melancholy that looked almost despair. They were the mental mirror where she read all the spirit-stirring changes of the scene.

The author had laid his story in the East—and all glows with the heat and splendour of the land of the sun. The hero begins his career in the most obscure condition of life. He has been a forgotten infant, an unknown youth, a disregarded man. Unconscious of his powers, he has proposed to lead the life of a peasant. Accident throws an opportunity of distinction in his way. It is the sound of a trumpet to him, and marshals all his faculties like an army sprung out of the earth. He describes it as the first ray of the sun upon a hemisphere covered with clouds, suddenly gliding their sullen outlines, painting them with orient colours, and shaping them into masses of grandeur. It is a new creation, filling the vacant and formless space with vivid existence and various glory. Tarare the slave, become a soldier. His mind developes itself at every new achievement: his views become more enlarged at every upward step: he is continually ascending. The feeble inheritors of wealth, the worn-out possessors of honours, the indolent masters of thrones, yield before him like dust before the whirlwind. They sink before his fire like frost before the sunbeam. They are torn up and overwhelmed by his swift and unretiring advance, as the city on the sea-shore before the stormy rise of the ocean. He still advances; he is gigantic alike in his ambition and his genius; he at length is sovereign of the East; he is all soul and sword, but conquest has now done its work; he has only a more illustrious triumph before him; he casts aside the sword, and commands that it shall be cast aside by all nations; he sits the benevolent arbiter of the earth; he commands, and commerce showers wealth on all mankind; he speaks the law of peace, and it is the law of all. For the great assembly of representatives from all kingdoms, he is the supreme legislator; for the temple of universal nature he is the high priest; from the central throne of the East he sends forth the combined dictates of majesty, power, and wisdom, like rays from a central luminary, to scatter the remotest darkness of the globe; he sits Tarare, the king of men.

The continued plaudits of the excited auditory, followed this superb performance scene by scene. Wild as its improbabilities were, and daring as was its language, there was a fascination in this rapid development of human faculties which kept them in a perpetual fervour. Even where the severity of the sarcasm passed all the bounds of courtly observance, it was either lost in the general admiration of its sparkling language, or it was so quickly followed by some lofty incantation against the pride of birth, the folly of prejudice, or the feebleness of absolute custom contending with salutary and magnificent change, that no time was left for censure. While the eye was gazing at the flash, it was in the opposite quarter, as bright and as penetrating as ever, and in both alike inaccessible.

Catharena Zadorinski sat within the shade of the imperial box, engaged, as she afterwards acknowledged, in contemplating the effect of the drama in the countenance of De Walstein. In its alternate melancholy and ardour, the light that passed over it, when some new and powerful expression of character was developed on the stage, and the feverish anxiety which deepened it like a cloud in the intervals of this strong and strange sympathy, told her that she saw there a being whose new existence was to be

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dated from that hour, a character of unconscious and involuntary power—a living Tarare.

The last scenes of the drama were still statelier than those which had already so deeply engaged the audience. Tarare, the conqueror, the king, and the legislator, was now to be more. The genii of fortune, power, and wisdom, again stood before the eye. They recited lofty sentiments, accompanied with delicious music, in the style of the ancient chorus. He was now to be more than man; to be enrolled among those mighty names which change cannot reach, to which history can add nothing, and to which time can only add a broader glory. All was now complete, the trial of mind had been accomplished, the supremacy of valour and virtue had been shown, and now the three sister destinies of man expanded their mighty wings. Tarare rose from the earth on a throne of gems. Clouds of crimson and gold followed the pomp upward, and gradually involved it from the eye. Trumpets and choral harmonies were heard, fainter as it rose, and the whole pomp slowly ascended like an ascending world.

Theatrical as all this was, the illusion was as complete as it was beautiful. It was as a lovely dream, but, unlike the dream, was not made to vanish with the morning. The curtain fell amid universal silence;—the emotion was too deep for applause. It was not until an actor came forward with some announcement for the following night, that the audience recovered their senses. Then the acclamations, unrestrained by the habitual etiquette of the court, burst forth, Joseph himself taking the lead. Catharena watched the *loge* where De Walstein still lingered, with his head leaning on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the stage, as if he still saw the pageant. She was yet more startled by seeing him suddenly spring from his seat, and with a surprised look at the solitude in which his reverie had left him, rush from the box. She too had unconsciously lingered until the theatre was left almost to themselves. Tears, prompted by she knew not what, filled her eyes. When she wiped them away, to her utter consternation she saw De Walstein intensely gazing at her; he had returned to give a parting glance, and was evidently a witness to her emotion. She could only wave her hand in return to his profound bow across the house; and, overwhelmed with sensations too disturbing to be called pleasure, and too much mingled with pleasure to be called pain, she hurried to her carriage, thence to her chamber, and hid her tears on the pillow.

* * * * * *

A great crisis had come in the history of the European mind. France had already exhibited the symptoms of that frenzy which was first to astonish, then to alarm, then to convulse the world. From the centre of European brilliancy, she became the centre of a vast eruption, fed by the fiery discontents of all nations. Paris was the crater of the great volcano. Individual character displayed as extraordinary a change as national. The elegant frivolity of the higher ranks of France was no more; the simple gaiety of the multitude had equally vanished. All life became public; and all public life was a preparation for a desperate struggle. From among the highest circles of the noblesse sprung forth minds marked by all the stern, lofty, and daring features of the republican ages of Rome. Men, whose talents had been confined to a *chanson*, or whose knowledge of life had only pointed an epigram, suddenly spoke like the orators, and wrote like the satirists of antiquity. The States General, followed by the National Assembly, were the living theatres for which the vapidness of the ball-room and the opera were deserted. All was bold rhetoric, and still bolder ambition. But there was a spirit viewlessly ascending among those showy phantoms, wholly malignant and irresistible—the true type of the original tempter, who first dazzled, then deluded into revolt, and then plunged into ruin. The chief leaders of the public mind had been well-known to the nation, and the astonishment, in their instance, principally arose from their rapid rejection of early habits. But there now appeared one among them, of whom the nation knew nothing but his extraordinary ability and his exhaustless enthusiasm. He was called Regnier, and by his eloquence in the municipal committees, had been fixed on for a deputy of Paris to the National Assembly. He was evidently in narrow circumstances: his dress was simple, even in a time when republicanism made a virtue of abjuring the dress of high life. How he lived no one knew; but conjectures were formed that he sustained himself by composing some of those brilliant national airs, which ran through France like a flame—but which were wholly of a higher school than the slight and transient melodies of France—or that he contributed to the *Moniteur* some of those memorable papers which arrested all eyes at the moment of their appearance. But all this still remained a question: he had no confidants; he lived in total seclusion; he associated but little with the Parisian leaders; but when he took his place in the Assembly, it was among the Girondists—that celebrated party who brought into the debates the showy eloquence and constitutional ardour of the south; but, unfortunately for their country and themselves, abandoned principle for popularity, thought that the mob was to be as much ruled by harangues as the legislature, and acted on the theory that the larger the concession to popular demands, the greater was the security of popular obedience. Those desperate misconceptions were ultimately paid for in their blood; and the showy and classic orators of the Gironde soon fell before the daggers of the rabble and the blade of the guillotine. Still, Regnier, though among them, was evidently not of them: he was cast in another mould, and had more the *habits and style* of an ancient cynic philosopher, than of a party which prided itself on reconciling republicanism with elegance, and charming the public eye from the atrocious displays of revolt to the studied graces of scholarship and society. Regnier's soul was bent upon larger objects. He contemplated results from the great crisis, which his associates narrowed to the possession of personal wealth and power.

His addresses to the Assembly were highly received; but he evidently disregarded public applause in *all its* shapes. The moment the debate was closed, he habitually shrank from the hands that were held out to congratulate him, hurried away from the Assembly, like one who hated the human voice, and buried himself in his solitary chamber.

"What do you think of Regnier to-day?" was the question of a deputy to the celebrated Lanjuinais.

"Just what I have thought of him from the first day I heard him," was the answer. "He would make a capital Catiline, except that he hates woman, wine, and war."

"What think you of a Cicero? he has eloquence enough?" said the inquirer.

"Perhaps so, for a modern; but did you observe him to-day, while the hall was ringing with applause, he made his retreat like a mastiff that has torn down a robber, and then leaves the affair to be finished by the police? He took the question by storm, and walked away from the breach, leaving us to enter and make what we would of the spoil. The old Roman would have waited to hear the last whisper of acclamation. In short, the man is a problem."

But the great catastrophe hurried on. The populace had obtained the conviction that they were masters: and ruin was the consequence.

One evening as Regnier was returning from the sitting of the National Assembly, he was met by two men, who have since been among the historical characters of their age. One was Talleyrand, the other the Abbé Sieyes.

The conversation turned upon the great transaction of the day; the memorable seizure of the whole church property of France.

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"And what is your opinion, Regnier?" asked the ex-bishop of Autun.

"The same as that of all good patriots, and as mine," interposed Sieyes. "Regnier is a man of too much experience in the world not to know that the nation has a right to the national property, be it in whose hands it may, and that the times require sacrifices besides."

"I am still unconvinced," said Regnier, with a countenance of great dejection. "The conduct of the Assembly has broken down a theory which I had been building for years; that men unbiased by private motives will always decide with honour. To-night I have witnessed an act of national robbery, and one committed for nothing."

"But you must allow that the property was national," said Sieyes.

"As much as the property of the woman who sells roasted chestnuts at the gate of the Tuilleries garden is national, and no more. As much as the money dropped into the alms box at Notre Dame is national. As much as a bequest to the *Maison des enfans trouvès* is national, and no more," emphatically said Regnier.

"You will either be a great man, or have your head cut off one of these days," said Sieyes with a half smile.

"Perhaps both, and in quick succession," said the ex-bishop, with a still more sarcastic smile.

"But you both think as I do."

"I," said Sieyes, "am a Republican, but no Revolutionist."

"I," said Talleyrand, "am a Revolutionist, but no Republican."

"And what made either of you what he is?" inquired Regnier; "ambition, disgust, or philosophy?"

"I was neglected in my profession," was the answer of Sieyes. "I saw triflers and time-servers put over my head. I felt that I was already coffined, and must die there, unless I had strength to break a hole for fresh air. I began, and found the work more amusing than I thought; I determined to break the whole coffin. In short, I wrote my pamphlet *Qu'est ce que le Tiers Etat.* I looked at my own work as it lay on my table; and I must acknowledge I looked at it with surprise—the vanity of authorship was not the motive. I felt my own language like the language of a stranger, and heard it like the sound of a trumpet. I had converted myself—what might it not be in the eyes of France, then maddening? It was the very song of revolution, for a people that were at that moment longing only for the music and the words. I showed the manuscript to my friend the Duc de Biron. He was more struck with it even than I had been. 'You have the thunderbolt in your hand; you must be a Jove,' said he; 'I had rather be a comfortable Canon,' was my answer. 'Well, we shall see.' He took the pamphlet in his hand, and showed it to the prime minister. De Brienne glanced over it, advised me to burn it without delay, and desired me to present myself at his next levee. I congratulated myself on my success in frightening a prime minister, and spent the day in dreaming of purple and fine linen for life."

"What good genius rescued you from the calamity of spending ten thousand livres a-year?" asked Regnier, as he glanced at the meager frame of the Abbé.

The fortunate folly of the Archbishop. Rank was then curiously attained in France. De Brienne, when an abbé, had distinguished himself by the ardour of his sonnets to the declining beauties of Madame de Pompadour. For this he had been made a bishop. He was next discovered to be one of the most capital billiard players at Versailles. For this he was made an archbishop. He was now in the high-road of preferment, wrote charades for the ladies of honour, songs for the private *re-unions* of Trianon, and epigrams on Neckar. As they could not make him a pope, they made him prime minister of France. I went to his levee; but he was busy with some great lords, and passed me by. I went a second time. He was busy with great lords again, and passed me by. I resolved that no man living should insult me a third time; and on his next levee, instead of presenting myself to the passer by, I sent him the first copy of my pamphlet that came from the press—a thing which he could not pass by. I had now launched my thunderbolt, and it crushed him. In a week he was no longer minister. The flame spread; it awoke France; it blazed round the throne; and it tore up the foundations of the church. I am poor, but I am revenged; I am known, and I shall not be forgotten."

"I," said Talleyrand, "had to complain, not of man, but of nature—not of the world, but of my wet nurse. She let me fall on the ground one day, and thus, in my cradle, decided my career for life. A broken limb in France is worse than a broken character. I wished to be a soldier; but I was considered good for nothing, and was therefore made a priest. I never liked my calling, and therefore I rejoiced in the prospect of change. I was made a bishop, for which I was unfit. I am now a member of the Assembly; and it depends upon myself to show whether I am fitted for a legislator."

"The career is bold, the road broad, and the prize incomparable; but may not the Revolution have reached its height already? May it not go down as it rose, and leave the land in total darkness?" asked Regnier.

"No," said Talleyrand: "it is already a fixed star. It has taken its position. It can neither rise not set for ever."

"It is a comet," said Sieyes; "clowns wonder at its blaze, and fools think that its tail is come to set the world on fire. Yet it is harmless, however splendid; it is within the laws of the system; it will fulfil its course, and then pass away and be unthought of for five hundred years to come. All republics have done the same.

"It is neither! I am beginning to open my eyes," exclaimed Regnier, with great emotion. "It is a torch that will be given from the hand of the philosopher into the hand of the politician, and by him into the hand of the mob; by them it will be flung upon the church, the throne, and the assembly. Its blaze will ascend; the fame and the fortunes of France will swell the conflagration, until it is quenched in blood. Its last spark will be trampled out by the heel of the soldier." His words were delivered with involuntary energy.

The group were silent for a few minutes. They walked forward without a word to the spot where they were to part; there they paused.

"Regnier, you are no patriot; but you are a philosopher," said Sieyes.

"Regnier, you are no patriot; but you are a prophet," said Talleyrand. They parted; and from that hour the three never met again.

Time advanced rapidly. Regnier had become a member of the famous club of the Cordeliers. His singular zeal made him soon distinguished. He was in the midst of one of his proudest orations on the day when the startling intelligence of the march of the Duke of Brunswick across the frontier, at the head of 140,000 men, was brought to the sitting. He suddenly abandoned the topic on which he had been speaking. He displayed the resources of a nation determined to resist; the feebleness of an invader, the misery of chains, the glories of freedom. The crowd listened with fixed admiration, or burst into unanimous applause. In the midst of one of those acclamations, a single, deep, but powerful voice cried out—"Brunswick is the butcher; but who gave him the axe?" "The king!" was the universal roar. The voice was Danton's, and from that hour all was decided. The guillotine was to govern.

All the rest is quickly told. At midnight the tocsin rang. At six in the morning the Sections took post with their

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cannon in front of the Tuilleries. Regnier's fancy, inflamed by the constant excitement of the time, was filled with the impression that the only hope of repelling the invasion which thus threatened a free people, was the power of compelling the sovereign to join the nation against the invaders. A royal declaration, the dismissal of ministers clearly incapable of guiding the state, and a royal command to Brunswick and his hussars to retire, were to be accomplished only by a display of the national force in the presence of the king. The Revolution had, till now, been a revolution of the bureau—it was now to be a revolution of the field. Regnier was chosen by acclamation to head the march of the fauxbourg St. Antoine, which had constantly taken the lead, and now sent a column of fifteen thousand men. The St. Marceau sent ten thousand. Column on column rolled along. He had chosen France as his country, and he was pledged to her regeneration.

The palace exhibited a force capable of making a victorious resistance, or, in the worst event, of inflicting a terrible retaliation. Eight hundred of the royal Swiss guard were drawn up in front of the Tuilleries. The grenadiers of several battalions of the national guard formed the line with the Swiss; and the windows of the palace were crowded with nobles, personal friends, and attendants of the royal family, armed and determined to resist to the last moment. The sight checked the bravado of the heads of the insurrection; and Regnier had scarcely ordered his cannon to be brought forward, and his musketeers to form, when an order came from the Committee at the Hotel de Ville, to attempt the removal of the Swiss, by negotiation with the king. Regnier received the order with an indignant smile, and in the fever of the moment was about to rush to the charge; but the deputies insisted on his compliance, and on his accompanying them to the royal presence.

He dismounted, and led the way. It was the first time that he had entered the palace since his democratic fervour. He had seen it in its glory: the contrast now was extreme. The stairs and galleries were crowded with a multitude of men and women of rank, equally helpless, and all equally expecting massacre. The architectural beauty of this vast pile was defaced by neglect and the rudeness of the Parisian mobs, which had lately penetrated the saloons: the paintings were torn down, and the sculptures mutilated—all was ominous of royal ruin. Regnier, though full of the exultation of Republicanism, was not a Vandal, and he only regretted that liberty should be so much of the barbarian. But it was when he reached the royal presence that he felt the true change. The deputation, forcing their way to the spot where sat the royal family, encircled by a few of their guards, began the delivery of their message. Regnier's eyes were fixed on the group of royalty and sorrow; the king, harmless; the dauphiness, a pale but noble countenanced girl, deeply aware of the terrors round her, yet calm; the dauphin, still a child, but intelligent and graceful. But it was the queen who fixed every eye, and whose superiority of character deserved, in that hour of fearful trial, to fix the eyes of the world. He had seen her, in her days of brilliancy, the sovereign—he saw her now, in the day of humiliation, and regarded her as the first of human beings. Her handsome countenance, though pale and worn, had been elevated by the strong emergencies of her time; and the mixture of feminine sensibility with heroic grandeur invested her, to Regnier's quick imagination, with something almost supernatural. The deputation delivered their message, and turned to withdraw; Regnier continued gazing on this exalted and unhappy woman. They left the saloon, and Regnier remained. The increasing tumult of the Sections, impatient for the attack, was heard below; and the name of their favourite chief, Regnier, was loudly called. But his mind had undergone a revulsion. In that moment the sight of fallen greatness, and of noble beauty undone, had changed his whole spirit, and he felt as if a new existence had begun within him. He threw himself at the queen's feet, pressed her hand to his lips, and offered his life to her service. While the whole circle gazed in astonishment at this striking conversion, Regnier advanced to the balcony, took the tricoloured cockade from his hat, threw off his tricoloured scarf, his sabre and pistols, and flung the whole into the square; then, turning to the *garde du corps*, asked for a musket, and took his stand among them. A smile from the unhappy Marie Antoinette, showed that she had seen this gallant act of devotion, and it bound the noble proselyte to her cause for ever.

But there was no further time for royal gratitude. The whole body of the Sections rushed into the Place du Carousel, and commenced a heavy fire upon the troops. It was answered by volleys from the Swiss, and a continual discharge from the palace windows. The populace staggered under the fire, and, after a severe loss, fell back. Regnier's military *coup d'œil* saw the decisive moment, and called out to the troops to charge. They hesitated: he rushed from the casement, was in the court in an instant, and with a royal flag waving in his hand, threw himself forward into the midst of the rebels.

But his noble effort was misunderstood in the confusion. The few who followed him fell into disorder; and the multitude, pressed by fresh reinforcements pouring in from the city, rushed again upon the devoted Swiss. The fire now became terrible. Cannon and musketry poured a perpetual blaze against the troops, and the casements. All was shouts, imprecations, groans of the wounded, and the roar of artillery. At length one shout, which seemed to tear the heavens, told that the great gate of the palace was forced; and the thousands and ten thousands of the armed populace poured in with irresistible fury. Regnier, wounded and trampled in the general conflict, tore his way through the mass of bayonets, axes and pikes, towards the saloon where he had last seen the royal family. With an effort which nearly exhausted his remaining strength, he reached the spot; but they were gone! A scream at the next moment pierced his ear, and he saw a group of the mob dragging a female along the gallery, apparently to fling her from one of the casements. He plunged into the crowd, and with one blow of his sabre severed the arm of a gigantic ruffian who had grasped her by the hair. He caught one glance of her countenance as she fell in his arms, and from that moment all disappeared from his eyes. He felt a sensation like death, and heard no more.

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He awoke at last. How long he had slept he knew not; but the air that breathed round him was cool and fragrant, and the sounds of battle were no longer in his ears. He attempted to move, but he found his limbs singularly feeble; he made an effort to speak, but it was painful, and he gave it over; but as he opened his eyes, they fell on a mirror which showed him his face pale as death, greatly emaciated, and with a deep scar on his forehead. Recollection came slowly, but it came, and he looked round him; he was in a small but elegant chamber; he made a struggle to rise, and looked from the casement; below him lay a large extent of lovely gardens, a broad river, spreading like a sheet of silver beyond; and the whole crowned with a distant view of ramparts, noble buildings, and gilded spires. This was not Paris! To what new world had he been carried? On what wings had he flown? His memory at length returned. He was in the loveliest portion of the noblest city of Germany. Before him were Schœnbrun, the Danube, Vienna! Never was dreamer more entranced. But, when he turned, before him was at once the source and the interpreter of the mystery—Catharena Zadorinsky, leaning on the arm of the Prince, her uncle

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She looked lovelier than ever. He was overwhelmed, and attempted to make his apologies.

"Count de Walstein," said the Prince, "Catharena has told me of the service which you rendered to her in that city of barbarians. It was immeasurable; and we have found ourselves only too happy in the opportunity to repay only a small part of the obligation. You are now in my palace, which I beg you to consider as perfectly at your service while you think proper."

"Monsieur Regnier," said Catharena, approaching him with a smile, "probably regrets that he saved the life of an aristocrat; but his recovery was the only thing wanting to our pleasure; and now we must leave him to his meditations."

"Princess," exclaimed De Walstein, "let the name of Regnier be forgotten with his frenzy. I feel like one emerged from the tomb. My life is due to your care. It would now be worthless without your friendship."

Explanations followed. The sudden abandonment of Vienna by the Count had excited universal surprise; but all inquiry was found to be hopeless; and after the wonder of a week it died away. But there was one to whom it was a source of deeper anxiety; and she brooded over it with feelings of that strange and sleepless interest which she had felt for the first time, and which have prompted half the wildest or noblest actions of human kind. She remembered Tarare; and when she heard that an extraordinary man, of whom none knew the origin or the country, had started to the foremost rank of popular admiration in Paris; that his enthusiasm was of the loftiest order, his imagination a flame, and his eloquence a rapture, she became more and more convinced that she had discovered the fugitive. She found the family of the Austrian ambassador returning to France, and became the guest of her unhappy relative, the daughter of Maria Theresa. But public events had become so trying at this period, that all her feelings were absorbed in the perils of the royal family. The name of Regnier was even a source of bitter disappointment to her; for she never heard it pronounced in the circle of the Court but with some indignant remark at his power over the populace, and his fatal use of that power. On the terrible 10th of August, she had determined to abandon Paris, and was in the act of setting out to return, hopeless and heart-sick, to Germany, when the sight of the Sections marching to the assault of the palace, made her resolve to stay and perish with the Queen. She saw from the balcony Regnier riding at the head of his terrible column, and recognised him at once. In the agony of the moment, she longed that it might be her last. All doubt was now at an end. Seeing with the quick sagacity of woman, that the monarchy was lost, she was approaching the royal apartments to share the fate of its inmates, when the armed multitude burst in. All that followed passed before her eyes with the rapidity, but the confusion, of a vision. She saw a tumult; she heard fierce voices; she saw dreadful visages; and from the midst of them all she saw the still more dreaded Regnier spring forward and kneel at the royal feet. The rest was all struggle, firing, the sight of slaughter, and the sounds of the dying. Rescued by De Walstein, Regnier no more, she had fainted in the throng of massacre; and when she opened her eyes, found herself flung among a mass of dead, with her rescuer insensible by her side.

"I thought you past away from the goods and evils of this earth," said Catharena; "yet I will acknowledge that, believing myself to be only awaiting the next dagger of the mob to follow you, I felt a weight taken from my heart, by knowing that you died in the cause of loyalty; that you were the Hungarian noble once more; and that, with your last breath, you had abjured the infatuation of popular fame."

"That infatuation was your unconscious work, Catharena," said De Walstein. "I found myself irresistibly devoted to you from the first memorable evening of our meeting in the Imperial palace. The passion which lost Mark Antony the world, threw me first into despair, and then into frenzy. In Vienna I must be hopeless. In Paris I might achieve a new rank, unthought of by the haughty policy of my country. If I erred, it was for you. I resolved to be distinguished. The passion for power never was fed by such magnificent stimulants as in France. The throne would have fallen of itself; and the bold hands that combined to plunder it, scarcely more than anticipated the work of time. I bound myself never to come into your presence—never to write, speak, nor, if possible, think of you—until I could come possessing the highest rank of successful enterprise, and lay my trophies at the feet of the only woman whom I ever truly loved. But the day of the Tuilleries changed me at once; and this scar on my forehead, from the knife of the ruffian from whom I rescued you, is my only trophy of the Revolution. I could not have a prouder one—"

"And now," said the general, "that we may not be denounced by some of the police spies for a conspiracy against Prince Metternich or the Emperor of the Moon, I think that we had better separate for the night. Story-telling is not quite a matter of impunity on this side of the Alps, any more than it is on the other. But if you wish to confirm the facts, you have only to ride over with me to-morrow morning to Chateau Erlach, exactly three leagues off, where you shall have hunting for a week, or for a month, if you like. I will show half-a-dozen as fine girls and boys as any in the Austrian dominions, with as handsome a mother at the head of them; and if you are not content with seeing the Princess Catharena Zadorinski, I will show you General Count de Walstein."

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Brass, on returning home, received the report of his clerk with much complacency and satisfaction, and was particular in inquiring after the ten-pound note, which, proving on examination to be a good and lawful note of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, increased his good humour considerably. Indeed, he so overflowed with liberality and condescension, that in the fulness of his heart he invited Mr. Swiveller to partake of a bowl of punch with him at that remote and indefinite period which is currently denominated "one of these days," and paid him many handsome compliments on the uncommon aptitude for business which his conduct on the first day of his devotion to it had so plainly evinced.

It was a maxim with Mr. Brass that the habit of paying compliments kept a man's tongue oiled without any expense; and, as that useful member ought never to grow rusty or creak in turning on its hinges in the case of a practitioner of the law, in whom it should be always glib and easy, he lost few opportunities of improving himself by the utterance of handsome speeches and eulogistic expressions. And this had passed into such a habit with him that, if he could not be correctly said to have his tongue at his fingers' ends, he might certainly be said to have it any where but in his face; which, being, as we have already seen, of a hard and repulsive character, was not oiled so easily, but frowned above all the smooth speeches; one of Nature's beacons, warning off those who navigated the shoals and breakers of the world, or of that dangerous strait, the law, and admonishing them to seek less treacherous harbours and try their fortune elsewhere.

While Mr. Brass by turns overwhelmed his clerk with

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compliments and inspected the ten-pound note, Miss Sally showed little emotion and that of no pleasurable kind; for as the tendency of her legal practice had been to fix her thoughts on small gains and gripings, and to whet and sharpen her natural wisdom, she was not a little disappointed that the single gentleman had obtained the lodgings at such an easy rate, arguing that, when he was seen to have set his mind upon them, he should have been charged double or treble the usual terms, and that, in exact proportion as he pressed forward, Mr. Swiveller should have hung back. But neither the good opinion of Mr. Brass nor the dissatisfaction of Sally wrought any impression upon that young gentleman, who, throwing the responsibility of this and all other acts and deeds thereafter to be done by him upon his unlucky destiny, was quite resigned and comfortable; fully prepared for the worst, and philosophically indifferent to the best.

"Good morning, Mr. Richard," said Brass, on the second day of Mr. Swiveller's clerkship. "Sally found you a second-hand stool, sir, yesterday evening in Whitechapel. She's a rare fellow at a bargain, I can tell you, Mr. Richard. You'll find that a first rate stool, sir, take my word for it."

"Its rather a crazy one to look at," said Dick.

"You'll find it a most amazing stool to sit down upon, you may depend," returned Mr. Brass. "It was bought in the open street just opposite the hospital, and as it has been standing there a month or two, it has got rather dusty and a little brown from being in the sun, that's all."

"I hope it hasn't got any fevers or any thing of that sort in it," said Dick, sitting himself down discontentedly between Mr. Sampson and the chaste Sally. "One of the legs is longer than the others."

"Then we get a bit of timber in, sir," retorted Brass. "Ha, ha, ha! We get a bit of timber in, sir, and that's another advantage of my sister's going to market for us. Miss Brass, Mr. Richard is the—"

"Will you keep quiet?" interrupted the fair subject of these remarks, looking up from her papers. "How am I to work if you keep on chattering?"

"What an uncertain chap you are!" returned the lawyer. "Sometimes you're all for a chat. At another time you're all for work. A man never knows what humour he'll find you in."

"I'm in a working humour now," said Sally, "so don't disturb me if you please. And don't take him"—Miss Sally pointed with the feather of her pen to Richard—"off his business. He won't do more than he can help, I dare say."

Mr. Brass had evidently a strong inclination to make an angry reply, but was deterred by prudent or timid considerations, as he only muttered something about aggravation, and a vagabond; not associating the terms with any individual, mentioning them as connected with some abstract ideas which happened to occur to him. They went on writing for a long time in silence after this—in such a dull silence that Mr. Swiveller (who required excitement) had several times fallen asleep and written divers strange words in an unknown character with his eyes shut, when Miss Sally at length broke in upon the monotony of the office, by pulling out the little tin box, taking a noisy pinch of snuff, and then expressing her opinion that Mr. Richard Swiveller had "done it."

"Done what, ma'am?" said Richard.

"Do you know," returned Miss Brass, "that the lodger isn't up yet—that nothing has been seen or heard of him since he went to bed yesterday afternoon?"

"Well, ma'am," said Dick, "I suppose he may sleep his ten-pound out in peace and quietness, if he likes."

"Ah! I begin to think he'll never wake," observed Miss Sally.

"It's a very remarkable circumstance," said Brass, laying down his pen; "really, very remarkable, Mr. Richard, you'll remember, if this gentleman should be found to have hung himself to the bed-post, or any unpleasant accident of that kind should happen—you'll remember Mr. Richard, that this ten-pound note was given to you in part payment of two years' rent? You'll bear that in mind, Mr. Richard; you had better make a note of it, sir, in case you should ever be called upon to give evidence."

Mr. Swiveller took a large sheet of foolscap, and with a countenance of profound gravity, began to make a very small note in one corner.

"We can never be too cautious," said Mr. Brass. "There is a deal of wickedness going on about the world, a deal of wickedness. Did the gentleman happen to say, sir—but never mind that at present, sir; finish that little memorandum first."

Dick did so, and handed it to Mr. Brass, who had dismounted from his stool and was walking up and down the office.

"Oh, this is the memorandum, is it?" said Brass, running his eye over the document. "Very good. Now, Mr. Richard, did the gentleman say any thing else?"

"No."

"Are you sure, Mr. Richard," said Brass, solemnly, "that the gentleman said nothing else."

"Devil a word, sir," replied Dick.

"Think again, sir," said Brass, "it's my duty, sir, in the position in which I stand, and as an honourable member of the legal profession, the first profession in this country, sir, or in any other country, or in any of the places that shine above at night, and are supposed to be inhabited—it's my duty, sir, as an honourable member of that profession, not to put to you a leading question in a matter of this delicacy and importance. Did the gentleman, sir, who took the first floor of you yesterday afternoon, and who brought with him a box of property—a box of property—say any thing more than is set down in this memorandum?"

"Come, don't be a fool," said Miss Sally.

Dick looked at her, and then at Brass, and then at Miss Sally again, and still said "No."

"Pooh, pooh! Deuce take it, Mr. Richard, how dull you are!" cried Brass, relaxing into a smile. "Did he say any thing about his property?—there."

"That's the way to put it," said Miss Sally, nodding to her brother.

"Did he say, for instance," added Brass, in a kind of comfortable, cozy tone—"I don't assert that he did say so, mind; I only ask you to refresh your memory—did he say, for instance, that he was a stranger in London—that it was not his humour or within his ability to give reference—that he felt we had a right to require them—and that, in case any thing should happen to him, at any time, he particularly desired that whatever property he had upon the premises should be considered mine, as some slight recompense for the trouble and annoyance I should sustain—and were you, in short," added Brass, still more comfortably and cozily than before, "were you induced to accept him on my behalf, as a tenant, upon those conditions?"

"Certainly not," replied Dick.

"Why then, Mr. Richard," said Brass, darting at him a supercilious and reproachful look, "it's my opinion that you have mistaken your calling, and will never make a lawyer."

"Not if you live a thousand years," added Miss Sally. Whereupon the brother and sister took each a noisy pinch of snuff from the little tin box, and fell into a gloomy thoughtfulness.

Nothing further passed up to Mr. Swiveller's dinner-time, which was three o'clock, and seemed about three weeks in coming. At the first stroke of the hour, the new

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clerk disappeared. At the last stroke of five, he reappeared, and the office, as if by magic, became fragrant with the smell of gin and water and lemon-peel.

"Mr. Richard," said Brass, "this man's not up yet. Nothing will wake him, sir. What's to be done?"

"I should let him have his sleep out," returned Dick.

"Sleep out!" cried Brass; "why he has been asleep now, six-and-twenty hours. We have been moving chests of drawers over his head, we have knocked double knocks at the street door, we have made the servant-girl fall down stairs several times, (she's a light weight, and it don't hurt her much,) but nothing wakes him."

"Perhaps a ladder," suggested Dick, "and getting in at the first floor window—"

"But then there's a door between; besides, the neighbourhood would be up in arms," said Brass.

"What do you say to getting on the roof of the house through the trap-door, and dropping down the chimney?"

"That would be an excellent plan," said Brass, "if anybody would be—" and here he looked very hard at Mr. Swiveller—"would be kind, and friendly, and generous enough, to undertake it. I dare say it would not be any thing like as disagreeable as one supposes."

Dick had made the suggestion, thinking the duty might possibly fall within Miss Sally's department. As he said nothing further, and declined taking the hint, Mr. Brass was fain to propose that they should go up sairs together, and make a last effort to awaken the sleeper by some less violent means, which if they failed on this last trial, must positively be succeeded by stronger measures. Mr. Swiveller, assenting, armed himself with his stool and the large ruler, and repaired with his employer to the scene of action, where Miss Brass was already ringing a hand-bell with all her might, and yet without producing the smallest effect upon their mysterious lodger.

"There are his boots, Mr. Richard," said Brass.

"Very obstinate looking articles they are too," quoth Richard Swiveller. And truly they were as sturdy and bluff a pair of boots as one would wish to see; as firmly planted on the ground as if their owner's legs and feet had been in them, and seeming, with their broad soles and blunt toes, to hold possession of their place by main force.

"I can't see any thing but the curtain of the bed," said Brass, applying his eye to the keyhole of the door. "Is he a strong man, Mr. Richard?"

"Very," answered Dick.

"It would be an extremely unpleasant circumstance if he was to bounce out suddenly," said Brass. "Keep the stairs clear. I should be more than a match for him of course, but I am the master of the house, and the laws of hospitality must be respected. Hallo, there! Hallo, hallo!"

While Mr. Brass, with his eye curiously twisted into the keyhole, uttered these sounds as a means of attracting the lodger's attention, and while Miss Brass plied the hand-bell, Mr. Swiveller put his stool close against the wall by the side of the door, and mounting on the top and standing bolt upright, so that if the lodger did make a rush, he would most probably pass him in its onward fury, began a violent battery with the ruler upon the upper panels of the door. Captivated with his own ingenuity, and confident in the strength of his position, which he had taken up after the method of those hardy individuals who open the pit and gallery doors of theatres on crowded nights, Mr. Swiveller rained down such a shower of blows that the noise of the bell was drowned; and the small servant who lingered on the stairs below, ready to fly at a moment's notice, was obliged to hold her ears lest she should be rendered deaf for life.

Suddenly the door was unlocked on the inside and flung violently open. The small servant fled to the coal cellar—Miss Sally dived into her own bedroom; Mr. Brass, who was not remarkable for personal courage, ran into the next street, and finding that nobody followed him, armed with a poker or other offensive weapon, put his hands in his pockets, walked very slowly all at once, and whistled.

Meanwhile Mr. Swiveller, on the top of the stool, drew himself into as flat a shape as possible against the wall, and looked, not unconcernedly, down upon the single gentleman, who appeared at the door growling and cursing in a very awful manner, and, with the boots in his hand, seemed to have an intention of hurling them down stairs on speculation. This idea, however, he abandoned, and he was turning into his room again, still growling vengefully, when his eyes met those of the watchful Richard.

"Have *you* been making that horrible noise?" said the single gentleman.

"I have been helping, sir," returned Dick, keeping his eye upon him, and waving the ruler gently in his right hand, as an indication of what the single gentleman had to expect if he attempted any violence.

"How dare you, then?" said the lodger, "Eh?"

To this, Dick made no other reply than by inquiring whether the lodger held it to be consistent with the conduct and character of a gentleman to go to sleep for six-and-twenty hours at a stretch, and whether the peace of an amiable and virtuous family was to weigh as nothing in the balance.

"Is my peace nothing?" said the single gentleman.

"Is their peace nothing, sir?" returned Dick. "I don't wish to hold out any threats, sir,—indeed, the law does not allow of threats, for to threaten is an indictable offence—but if ever you do that again, take care you're not sat upon by the coroner and buried in a cross-road before you wake. We have been distracted with fears that you were dead, sir," said Dick, gently sliding to the ground, "and the short and the long of it is, that we cannot allow single gentlemen to come into this establishment and sleep like double gentlemen without paying extra for it."

"Indeed!" cried the lodger.

"Yes, sir, indeed," returned Dick, yielding to his destiny and saying whatever came uppermost; "an equal quantity of slumber was never got out out of one bed and bedstead, and if you're going to sleep in that way, you may pay for a double-bedded room."

Instead of being thrown into a great passion by these remarks, the lodger relapsed into a broad grin and looked at Mr. Swiveller with twinkling eyes. He was a brown-faced, sunburnt man, and appeared browner and more sunburnt from having a white nightcap on. As it was clear that he was a choleric fellow in some respects, Mr. Swiveller was relieved to find him in such good humour, and to encourage him in it, smiled himself.

The lodger, in the testiness of being so rudely roused, had pushed his nightcap very much on one side of his bald head. This gave him a rakish, eccentric air which, now that he had leisure to observe it, charmed Mr. Swiveller exceedingly; therefore, by way of propitiation, he expressed the hope that the gentleman was going to get up, and further that he would never do so any more.

"Come here, you impudent rascal," was the lodger's answer as he re-entered his room.

Mr. Swiveller followed him in, leaving the stool outside, but reserving the ruler in case of surprise. He rather congratulated himself upon his prudence when the single gentleman, without notice or explanation of any kind, double-locked the door.

"Can you drink any thing?" was his next inquiry.

Mr. Swiveller replied that he had very recently been assuaging the pangs of thirst, but that he was still open to "a modest quencher," if the materials were at hand. Without another word spoken on either side, the lodger took from his great trunk a kind of temple, shining as of polished silver, and placed it carefully on the table.

Greatly interested in his proceedings, Mr. Swiveller ob-

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served him closely. Into one little chamber of this temple he dropped an egg, into another some coffee, into a third a compact piece of raw steak from a neat tin case, into a fourth he poured some water. Then, with the aid of a phosphorus box and some matches, he procured a light and applied it to a spirit-lamp which had a place of its own below the temple; then he shut down the lids of all the little chambers, then he opened them; and then, by some wonderful and unseen agency, the steak was done, the egg was boiled, the coffee was accurately prepared, and his breakfast was ready.

"Hot water—" said the lodger, handing it to Mr. Swiveller with as much coolness as if he had a kitchen fire before him—"extraordinary rum—sugar—and a travelling glass. Mix for yourself. And make haste."

Dick complied, his eyes wandering all the time from the temple on the table which seemed to do every thing, to the great trunk which seemed to hold every thing. The lodger took his breakfast like a man who was used to work these miracles, and thought nothing of them.

"The man of the house is a lawyer, is he not?" said the lodger.

Dick nodded. The rum was amazing.

"The woman of the house—what's she?"

"A dragon," said Dick.

The single gentleman, perhaps because he had met with such things in his travels, or perhaps because he *was* a single gentleman, evinced no surprise, but merely inquired "Wife or sister?" "Sister," said Dick—"So much the better," said the single gentleman, "he can get rid of her when he likes."

"I want to do as I like, young man," he added after a short silence; "to go to bed when I like, to get up when I like, come in when I like, go out when I like—to be asked no questions and be surrounded by no spies. In this last respect, servants are the devil. There's only one here."

"And a very little one," said Dick.

"And a very little one," repeated the lodger. "Well, the place will suit me, will it?"

"Yes," said Dick.

"Sharks, I suppose?" said the lodger.

Dick nodded his assent, and drained his glass.

"Let them know my humour," said the single gentleman, rising. "If they disturb me, they lose a good tenant. If they know me to be that, they know enough. If they try to know more, its a notice to quit. It's better to understand these things at once. Good day."

"I beg your pardon," said Dick, halting in his passage to the door, which the lodger prepared to open. "'When he who adores thee has left but the name'—"

"What do you mean?"

"—But the name," said Dick—"has left but the name—in case of letters or parcels—"

"I never have any," returned the lodger.

"Or in case any body should call."

"Nobody ever calls on me."

"If any mistake should arise from not having the name, don't say it was my fault, sir," added Dick, still lingering. "'Oh blame not the bard'—"

"I'll blame nobody," said the lodger, with such irascibility that in a moment Dick found himself upon the staircase, and the locked door between them.

Mr. Brass and Miss Sally were lurking hard by, having been, indeed, only routed from the keyhole by Mr. Swiveller's abrupt exit. As their utmost exertions had not enabled them to overhear a word of the interview, however, in consequence of a quarrel for precedence, which, though limited of necessity to punches and pinches and such quiet pantomime, had lasted the whole time, they hurried him down to the office to hear his account of the conversation.

This, Mr. Swiveller gave them—faithfully as regarded the wishes and character of the single gentleman, and poetically as concerned the great trunk, of which he gave a description more remarkable for brilliancy of imagination than a strict adherence to truth; declaring, with many strong asseverations, that it contained a specimen of every kind of rich food and wine, known in these times, and in particular that it was of a self-acting kind and served up whatever was required, as he supposed by clock-work. He also gave them to understand that the cooking apparatus roasted a fine piece of sirloin of beef weighing about six pounds avoirdupois, in two minutes and a quarter, as he had himself witnessed, and proved by his sense of taste: and further that, however the effect was produced, he had distinctly seen water boil and bubble up when the single gentleman winked; from which facts he (Mr. Swiveller) was led to infer that the lodger was some great conjuror or chemist, or both, whose residence under that roof could not fail at some future day to shed great credit and distinction upon the name of Brass, and add a new interest to the history of Bevis Marks.

There was one point which Mr. Swiveller deemed it unnecessary to enlarge upon, and that was the fact of the modest quencher, which by reason of its intrinsic strength and its coming close upon the heels of the temperate beverage he had discussed at dinner, awakened a slight degree of fever, and rendered necessary two or three other modest quenchers at the public house in the course of the evening.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

As the single gentleman, after some weeks' occupation of his lodgings, still declined to correspond by word or gesture either with Mr. Brass or his sister Sally, he invariably chose Richard Swiveller as his channel of communication; and as he proved himself in all respects a highly desirable inmate, paying for every thing beforehand, giving very little trouble, making no noise, and keeping early hours; Mr. Richard imperceptibly rose to an important position in the family, as one who had influence over this mysterious lodger, and could negotiate with him, for good or for evil, when nobody else durst approach his person.

If the truth must be told, even Mr. Swiveller's approaches to the single gentleman were of a very distant kind, and met with small encouragement; but as he never returned from a monosyllabic conference with the unknown, without quoting such expressions as "Swiveller, I know I can rely upon you,"—"I have no hesitation in saying, Swiveller, that I entertain a regard for you"—"Swiveller you are my friend and will stand by me, I am sure," with many other short speeches of the same familiar and confiding kind, purporting to have been addressed by the single gentleman to himself, and to form the staple of their ordinary discourse, neither Mr. Brass nor Miss Sally for a moment questioned the extent of his influence, but accorded to him their fullest and most unqualified belief.

But quite apart from and independent of this source of popularity, Mr. Swiveller had another, which promised to be equally enduring, and to lighten his position considerably.

He found favour in the eyes of Miss Sally Brass. Let not the light scorners of female fascination erect their ears to listen to a new tale of love which shall serve them for a jest; for Miss Brass, however accurately formed to be beloved, was not of the loving kind. That amiable virgin having clung to the skirts of the law from her earliest youth, having sustained herself by their aid, as it were, in her first running alone, and maintained a firm grasp upon them ever since, had passed her life in a kind of legal childhood. She had been remarkable, when a

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tender prattler, for an uncommon talent in counterfeiting the walk and manner of a bailiff; in which character she had learned to tap her little play-fellows on the shoulder, and to carry them off to imaginary sponging-houses, with a correctness of imitation which was the surprise and delight of all who witnessed her performances, and which was only to be exceeded by her exquisite manner of putting an execution into her doll's house, and taking an exact inventory of the chairs and tables. These artless sports had naturally soothed and cheered the decline of her widowed father; a most exemplary gentleman, (called 'Old Foxey' by his friends, from his extreme sagacity,) who encouraged them to the utmost, and whose chief regret on finding that he drew near to Houndsditch churchyard was, that his daughter could not take out an attorney's certificate and hold a place upon the roll. Filled with this affectionate and touching sorrow, he had solemnly confided her to his son Sampson as an invaluable auxiliary; and from the old gentleman's decease to the period of which we treat, Miss Sally Brass had been the prop and pillar of his business.

It is obvious that, having devoted herself from infancy to this one pursuit and study, Miss Brass could know but little of the world, otherwise than in connection with the law; and that, from a lady gifted with such high tastes, proficiency in those gentler and softer arts in which women usually excel, was scarcely to be looked for. Miss Sally's accomplishments were all of a masculine and strictly legal kind. They began with the practice of an attorney and they ended with it. She was in a state of lawful innocence, so to speak. The law had been her nurse, and, as bandy-legs or such physical deformities in childhood are held to be the consequence of bad nursing, so, if in a mind so beautiful and moral, twist or bandiness could be found, Miss Sally Brass's nurse was alone to blame.

It was upon this lady, then, that Mr. Swiveller burst in full freshness as something new and hitherto undreamed of, lighting up the office with scraps of song and merriment, conjuring with inkstands and boxes of wafers, catching three oranges in one hand, balancing stools upon his chin and penknives on his nose, and constantly performing a hundred other feats of equal ingenuity; for with such unbendings did Richard, in Mr. Brass's absence, relieve the tedium of his confinement. These social qualities, which Miss Sally first discovered by accident, gradually made such an impression upon her, that she would entreat Mr. Swiveller to relax as though she were not by, which Mr. Swiveller, nothing loth, would readily consent to do. By these means a friendship sprung up between them. Mr. Swiveller gradually came to look upon her as her brother Sampson did, and as he would have looked upon any other clerk. He imparted to her the mystery of going the odd man or plain New-market for fruit, ginger-beer, baked potatoes, or even a modest quencher, of which Mr. Brass did not scruple to partake. He would often persuade her to undertake his share of writing in addition to her own; nay, he would sometimes reward her with a hearty slap on the back, and protest that she was a devilish good fellow, a jolly dog, and so forth; all of which compliments Miss Sally would receive in entire good part and with perfect satisfaction.

One circumstance troubled Mr. Swiveller's mind very much, and that was that the small servant remained in the bowels of the earth, under Bevis Marks, and never came to the surface unless the single gentleman rang his bell, when he would answer it and immediately disappear again. She never went out, or came into the office, or had a clean face, or took off the coarse apron, or looked out of any of the windows, or stood at the street-door for a breath of air, or had any rest or enjoyment whatever. Nobody ever came to see her, nobody spoke of her, nobody cared about her. Mr. Brass had said once, that he believed she was "a love-child," (which means any thing but a child of love,) and that was all the information Richard Swiveller could obtain.

"It's of no use asking the dragon," thought Dick one day, as he sat contemplating the features of Miss Sally Brass. "I suspect if I asked any questions on that head, our alliance would be at an end. I wonder whether she *is* a dragon by the bye, or something in the mermaid way. She has rather a scaly appearance. But mermaids are fond of looking at themselves in the glass, which she can't be. And they have a habit of combing their hair, which she hasn't. No, she's a dragon."

"Where are you going, old fellow?" said Dick aloud, as Miss Sally wiped her pen as usual on the green dress, and uprose from her seat.

"To dinner," answered the dragon.

"To dinner!" thought Dick, "that's another circumstance. I don't believe that small servant has ever any thing to eat."

"Sammy won't be home," said Miss Brass. "Stop till I come back. I shan't be long."

Dick nodded and followed Miss Brass with his eyes to the door, and with his ears to a little back parlour, where she and her brother took their meals.

"Now," said Dick, walking up and down with his hands in his pockets, "I'd give something—if I had it—to know how they use that child, and where they keep her. My mother must have been a very inquisitive woman, I have no doubt I'm mark'd with a note of interrogation somewhere. 'My feelings I smother, but thou hast been the cause of this anguish m'—upon my word," said Mr. Swiveller, checking himself and falling thoughtfully into the client's chair, "I should like to know how they use her?"

After running on in this way for some time, Mr. Swiveller softly opened the door with the intention of darting across the street for a glass of the mild porter. At that moment he caught a parting glimpse of the brown head-dress of Miss Brass flitting down the kitchen stairs. "And by Jove!" thought Dick, "she's going to feed the servant. Now or never!"

First peeping over the handrail and allowing the head-dress to disappear in the darkness below, he groped his way down and arrived at the door of a back kitchen immediately after Miss Brass had entered the same, bearing in her hand a cold leg of mutton. It was a very dark and miserable place, very low, and very damp, the walls disfigured by a thousand rents and blotches. The water was trickling out of a leaky butt, and a most wretched cat was lapping up the drops with the sickly eagerness of starvation. The grate, which was a wide one, was wound and screwed up tight, so as to hold no more than a little thin sandwich of fire. Every thing was locked up; the coal-cellar, the candle-box, the salt-box, the meat-safe, were all padlocked. There was nothing that a beetle could have lunched upon. The pinched and meagre aspect of the place would have killed a chameleon. He would have known at the first mouthful that the air was not eatable, and must have given up the ghost in despair. The small servant stood with humility in presence of Miss Sally, and hung her head.

"Are you there?" said Miss Sally.

"Yes ma'am," was the answer in a weak voice.

"Go further away from the leg of mutton or you'll be picking it, I know," said Miss Sally.

The girl withdrew into a corner, while Miss Brass took a key from her pocket, and opening the safe, brought from it a dreary waste of cold potatoes, looking as eatable as Stonehenge. This she placed before the small servant, ordering her to sit down before it, and then, taking up a great carving-knife, made a mighty show of sharpening it upon the carving-fork.

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"Do you see this?" said Miss Brass, slicing off about two square inches of cold mutton after all this preparation, and holding it out on the point of the fork.

The small servant looked hard enough at it with her hungry eyes to see every shred of it, small as it was, and answered, "Yes."

"Then don't you ever go and say," retorted Miss Sally, "that you hadn't meat here. There, eat it up."

This was soon done. "Now, do you want any more?" said Miss Sally.

The hungry creature answered with a faint "No." They were evidently going through an established form.

"You have been helped once to meat," said Miss Brass, summing up the facts; "you have had as much as you can eat, you're asked if you want any more, and you answer, 'No!' Then don't you ever go and say you were allowanced, mind that."

With these words, Miss Sally put the meat away and locked the safe, and then drawing near to the small servant, overlooked her while she finished the potatoes.

It was plain that some extraordinary grudge was working in Miss Brass's gentle breast, and that it was this which impelled her, without the smallest present cause, to rap the child with the blade of the knife, now on her hand, now on her head, and now on her back, as if she found it quite impossible to stand so close to her without administering a few slight knocks. But Mr. Swiveller was not a little surprised to see his fellow clerk, after walking slowly backward toward the door as if she were trying to withdraw herself from the room but could not accomplish it, dart suddenly forward, and falling on the small servant give her some hard blows with her clenched hand. The victim cried, but in a subdued manner as if she feared to raise her voice, and Miss Sally, comforting herself with a pinch of snuff, ascended the stairs, just as Richard had safely reached the office.

From the Metropolitan.

AN ELIGIBLE MATCH.

A TALE OF A COUNTRY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I was sitting alone in my boudoir in a state of enviable happiness, not in the dreary indolence of having nothing to do, which would have been the heaviest punishment that the refinement of malice could have inflicted upon me, but in the luxury of abundant and pleasant occupation. My guitar was on my knee, a stand of new songs was before me, a table at a little distance was covered with books and drawing materials; an embroidery frame stood beside it, which was only at present embellished by three leaves and a half finished rose; and in the distance was a small writing-table, on which lay a list of the names of ten friends from whom I had recently received letters, and a quire of Lavenne's most exquisite paper, on which I intended to indite my answers. To all these sources of delight was added the consciousness of unbounded leisure to avail myself of them. We had only arrived a few days ago at my father's country house; I was rejoiced to think that the bustle of an unusually gay London season was over, and that I was set free to repair my faded roses and exhausted spirits in the pure air and among the green leaves of the country. My parents had wisely determined to invite no company, by the aid of whom they might transfer the habits of London to the quiet of the rural shades: and I looked forward to a summer of liberty, peace, and well-mingled and favourite employments. I was interrupted by the entrance of my mother; she moved and spoke with remarkable animation, and held an open letter in her hand.

"Eva, my love," she said, "you have often heard your father speak of Sir Terence Ormond, an old schoolfellow of his, who resides in Kilkenny." I had not "often" heard my father speak of him, but I knew there was such a person, and I bowed my head in assent. "He has lately come into a fine property," added my mother; "and your dear father, who rejoices in the prosperity of others, wrote to congratulate him upon it a short time ago, and to tell him how much he wished to renew the friendship of their youthful days, and to become acquainted with his eldest son, whom report had mentioned to us as a remarkably fine young man. This letter is a most gratifying and warm-hearted answer from Sir Terence; and he says that his son, Captain Ormond, is now travelling in England, and will be happy to come and stay a week with us. The letter was enclosed in a few lines from Captain Ormond—he will be with us at dinner-time to-day."

I felt rather disconcerted that my scheme of quiet and liberty should be thus unexpectedly broken in upon by the introduction of a stranger.

"Is it not rather free and easy," I asked, "to take people so immediately at their word, when they utter a hint of an invitation?"

"How dreadfully cold-hearted and inhospitable Eva is!" said my mother, turning to my cousin Penelope, who had followed her into the room.

Now Penelope was not a young lady, but of that age when

"The green leaves all turn yellow;"

and as she possessed neither beauty, money, nor talent, she chose to imagine that her footing in our family could only be sustained by paying the most obsequious court to every member of it. Consequently she only answered this appeal by a kind of commenting shrug, which my mother might interpret into acquiescence, in her censure of my coldness, and which I might construe into surprise that any fault should be found with so exemplary a daughter as myself.

"I like the manners of the Irish exceedingly," pursued my mother, "and their freedom from all the English reluctance to mix in society without a formal invitation."

"You did not think so, mamma," said I, smiling, "when Miss O'Halloran came to spend a month with us last summer, on the plea that you had once said to her you wished she could see our tulip-beds."

"The cases are not at all similar, Eva," replied my mother; "an acquaintance with Miss O'Halloran could lead to nothing; but Captain Ormond, as the eldest son of a baronet of large property, must be allowed to be an eligible match."

"Very likely," said I, "but he may not be a more agreeable guest in a country house on that account."

"Eva, I have no patience with you," exclaimed my mother; "you put me in mind of the 'Spirit of the Frozen Ocean,' in Lewis's Romantic Tales."

"Do not utter such a libel on me, mamma," I replied; "I have just been looking over some new ballads of Moore's, and I am sure they are enough to thaw all the ice of the Frozen Ocean." I touched the strings of my guitar, as I spoke, and began to sing,

'O! do not look so bright and blest;'

but I suddenly stopped myself, fearful that the words might be supposed to be a personal satire on my respected parent, who looked any thing but bright and blest at that moment.

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"You seem resolved, Eva, never to do any thing to oblige me," she said.

"I am sorry to receive so bad a character," I answered; "but how I disoblige you by offering to sing a new ballad, I am sure I cannot imagine."

"You ought to be making preparations for the reception of Captain Ormond," she said.

"Willingly, if necessary," I replied; "but what preparations have I to make? Am I to strow the floors with rushes, like the damsels of antiquity, or to hold a colloquy on ways and means with the cook, like the notable housewives of modern times?"

"You ought to practise your last new Italian song, Eva, and to select a dress to wear this evening."

"O mamma, have pity on me: I have been so wearied all the spring with blonde and gauze, German airs, and Italian canzonets, that I had made up my mind to wear nothing but white muslin, and sing nothing but English ballads, for the next month."

"Eva, the subject is too serious for raillery; your father lives up to his income; he cannot give you a fortune; you are one-and-twenty, your sister Arabella is seventeen, and will come out in another year, and I know she thinks it rather hard that you should not be already married, and leave a clear field to her on her first introduction to the world."

"The poor dear girl lamented it to me only this morning, with tears in her eyes," said my cousin Penelope.

"Really," said I, half amused and half angry, "you are all flatteringly anxious to get rid of me; but if Arabella wishes for a clear field of display, she may have it without waiting for my marriage. Should she feel inclined to secure to herself this 'coming guest,' who is so eligible a match, I am sure I shall throw no impediments in her way."

"You are talking ridiculously, Eva," said my mother; "Arabella is a very well-principled, well-mannered girl, and knows that till she is come out, her place is in the back-ground; and if she ever steps from thence, it must be for the purpose of endeavouring to set off her eldest sister to advantage."

"Poor Arabella!" I exclaimed, "with such a Cinderella-like lot, no wonder she wishes me married. However, mamma, if you desire me to change my morning employments, I am quite willing to do so."

My mother, pacified by this speech, led me to the drawing-room, placed me at the grand piano, and set before me a very difficult Italian bravura.

"You remember this air," said she; "we were all enchanted at hearing Grisi sing it."

"Yes," I replied; "but I am very doubtful whether the enchantment will continue when it is transferred to a singer like myself."

Accordingly I sang it over and over, but as my voice was not very strong, and my science not very profound, my mother was not particularly satisfied with the effect, and desired me to practise the sol fa, and several running exercises for the voice, telling me that I had no reason to consider this any degradation, for that the professional singers themselves were often in the habit of doing the same. It was little comfort, however, to a girl pining for ease, air, and freedom, to be told that she was occupied in the same drudgery as if she had been a professional singer. After an unmercifully long practice, my portfolio of drawings was produced, and all the inferior ones banished thence; my mother then accompanied me to my dressing-room, and Laurette, my French maid, was summoned to the pending consultation. My mother, I am sorry to say, had always evinced a great predilection for overdressing me, and on the present occasion she was resolute in maintaining that I should appear in pink silk and blonde, with roses in my hair.

"And you must not wear your hair in bands, Eva, she continued; "it makes you look just like a nun."

My mother spoke this as if a nun were the most pitiable and degraded of human beings!

"I will alter it to-morrow," said I, "but curls cannot be produced at a moment's notice."

Laurette, however, seemed resolute to prove that they could, for she flew for the curling irons, which she was accustomed to wield, with as little compunction as a familiar of the Inquisition administers the discipline of the thumb-screw, and began to exercise her skill in the production of tier after tier of round massive curls. Just imagine my sensation, seated, on a sultry July day, at the open window, with curling-irons close to my face, branches of eglantine and jasmine around the window, a smooth spacious lawn beyond it, birds sweetly singing, and the south breeze softly blowing!

We were all assembled in good time to receive our visiter, my father telling me that I looked very well, and that "he hoped I was properly aware what an eligible match was coming into the house."

Captain Ormond arrived in good time, and proved to be a handsome young man, with easy agreeable manners; but as I was predetermined not to like him, I prepared myself to expect that the week of his stay would pass very unpleasantly. At dinner, after he had answered a hundred most affectionate inquiries after the health of his father, my mother asked him if he had met with a family of the name of Germaine, distantly related to us, who had been staying a short time in Kilkenny the preceding summer.

He replied in the affirmative, and added, looking at me, "I fancy that I can descry something of a family likeness between Miss Warwick and Miss Germaine."

"You flatter Eva," said my mother; "Miss Germaine is reckoned very handsome; she is particularly celebrated for the beauty of her eyelashes."

I cast down my eyes at the beginning of this observation of my mother's, hurt at the mock humility of it, for Miss Germaine was not half so well looking as myself. I should not have done so, however, had I been aware of the way in which she meant to conclude her speech; for when I raised my eyes, I met those of Captain Ormond fixed on me with a half arch, half contemptuous expression, which evidently showed that he suspected me of having affected to be very timid, for the purpose of displaying eyelashes which certainly might have rivalled in length those of Miss Germaine or any other lady.

Captain Ormond, who seemed to interest himself much about the tenantry of Sir Terence Ormond's estate, now asked several questions of my father concerning schools, and the condition of the poor in his vicinity.

Mr. Warwick was fortunately able, consistently with truth, to give very satisfactory answers, but he rather wandered into the regions of imagination in the share which he ascribed to me of all the good done in the neighbourhood.

"Eva devotes herself to the poor," he said, "and is a perfect enthusiast in her love of schools. I do not wish to check in her a feeling so amiable, but must tell her, even before you, Captain Ormond, that she is exceedingly blameable in often exerting herself, against the advice of those older and wiser than herself, to a degree that is prejudical to health."

I did not venture to rebut this accusation, although I could have done so with perfect ease; for the fact was, that I had often reproached myself for paying so little attention to the schools and the poor, and resolved to do better in future.

Captain Ormond, evidently tired of my praises, now turned to Arabella, who had hitherto sat in all the appropriate quietness and reserve of a younger sister, and began

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a conversation with her, by asking the question usually addressed to young ladies—

"Are you musical?"

"I am extremely fond of music," Arabella replied, "but I sing and play very little. Eva is such a proficient, that it quite discourages me, because I know every body who hears us will make comparisons to my disadvantage."

"Probably, then, you prefer drawing," continued the captain.

"Greatly," she answered, "and I have a very attentive and clever master; but, after all, I derive more benefit from Eva than from him; she takes me with her when she sketches from nature, which she does to perfection, and I hope that in time I may be able to effect something in the same style; at present I am a mere copyist."

"Having such a source of gratificatton," pursued Captain Ormond, "I dare say you prefer the country to London?"

"Very much," she replied; "here I have the constant advantage of Eva's company; in London her time is so much occupied by the claims of society, that although she wishes to direct my studies, and partake my employments, she is not often able to do so."

Captain Ormond looked at her for a moment, as much as to say, "you are all in a family conspiracy," and then addressed an observation to the party in general, on the tasteful disposition of that portion of the garden which was visible from the French windows of the dining-room, and Penelope undertook to answer him by assuring him that it was all laid out under the superintendence and direction of Eva. I was most happy when my mother proposed an adjournment to the drawing-room, for really I felt quite flushed and nervous under the high pressure of the flattery of my relatives.

After tea, Captain Ormond hinted a wish to walk round the grounds, but my mother looked at my crisp curls, crisper blonde trimming, and shining satin slippers, and feared the effect on them of damp air, dewy grass, and gravel walks. "I do not doubt," said she, "that you are fond of music, Captain Ormond; Eva will be happy to play and sing to you."

Accordingly I was compelled to execute Grisi's bravura. I sang it very indifferently, and Captain Ormond uttered no commendation; two or three other Italian airs suggested by my mother followed with equal want of success, and I was then on the point of recreating myself by singing "The Carrier Dove," when Arabella twitched it away, and substituted a German air in its place. I could not help looking angrily at her for her officiousness: Captain Ormond saw the glance, and I fancied that his countenance expressed the thought—"With all your perfections, you are not endowed with the best of tempers!" At length I left the piano, and Captain Ormond walked to a window, and looked longingly on the garden, although too polite to express his wish for a stroll in it. My mother took advantage of the opportunity to whisper to me—

"You must begin to talk about books, Eva; you have not said a word yet to prove yourself literary: do you not like reading beyond every other occupation, and do I not subscribe six guineas a year for you to Saunders and Otley, and did they not send down to you yesterday a box with twenty volumes in it?"

This was all too true to be denied, and fortunately at that moment Captain Ormond approached the table on which lay a variety of books, and said to Penelope—

"I see you are reading one of Mrs. Somerville's delightful works; do you take much interest in the science of astronomy?"

"Oh! no," she replied, "I am a mere beginner, and Mrs. Somerville, easy and charming as is her style, would be too abtruse for me, but Eva is so kind as to explain it to me as I read; astronomy is one of Eva's favourite pursuits."

The captain was silent, and my father looked rather displeased at Penelope, thinking that she had overshot her mark, and that the military visiter had no *penchant* for a blue; he therefore endeavoured to repair the error by saying—

"After all, Eva's taste is so simple, that there is nothing in which she so much delights as a natural story of every-day life; she greatly prefers Miss Martineau's Deerbrook to her political tracts."

"And Eva has a high opinion of Mrs. Ellis's Women of England," said my mother; "she thinks that the authoress so thoroughly understands all that is amiable and excellent in the female character."

"And Eva takes a deep interest in the Factory Boy," said Penelope; "she enters with so much sympathy into the cause of the oppressed."

"And Eva is extremely fond of the poems of Mrs. Hemans," said Arabella: "she never values the finest poetical talent, unless the principles and sentiments are equally admirable."

Cruel Captain Ormond! he did not reply a word to all these observations, by which he might give us reason to guess at his own favourite style of reading, although so accommodating were his auditors, that if he had possessed a partiality for nursery traditions, they would one and all have instantly assured him that no description of literature gave me such delight as "The Yellow Dwarf," and "Puss in Boots!"

My portfolio of drawings was then produced with much more success. I certainly drew very well, and Captain Ormond, it appeared, himself sketched from nature: he asked me some questions on the subject, and I was expressing myself with great fluency and some enthusiasm, when I was suddenly checked by an audible "*aside*" of Penelope's on the exceeding beauty of the language I made use of! I was effectually silenced, and Captain Ormond, I am convinced, thought that I had learned a certain set of phrases by rote, and that I had now come to the end of my lesson.

A ring at the gate now announced the arrival of my brother, who had driven over early that morning, to pass the whole day with a family at a few miles distance. Arabella, counterfeiting sisterly impatience, ran out to meet him; but her real motive was to warn him of the "eligible match" that was in the drawing-room. In a few minutes she re-appeared, leaning upon his arm in affected sullenness.

"I have not met with a very grateful return for my eagerness to welcome John," she said; "his salutation was, 'Why does not Eva come to meet me?' I really think," she added, playfully turning to Captain Ormond, "that I must be a most amiable creature; every body prefers Eva to me, and yet I cannot persuade myself to feel at all maliciously disposed towards her."

My brother, after his introduction to the new-comer, advanced towards me, imprinted a kiss on my cheek instead of shaking my hand in his usual rough manner, and inquired most affectionately after a slight indisposition of which I had complained the preceding evening, and which, in the common course of events, would have completely faded from his mind; he then delivered a message, purporting to come from Miss Shelburne, requesting the loan of my last landscape from nature to copy, and hoping that I would not forget to write some lines for her album. When Captain Ormond retired to his room that night, I am sure it was with the sensation of having been completely annoyed and beset by a very designing family. The events of the day had been just as unpleasant to me as to himself, and I lay awake restless and uneasy for about two hours, and at length fell asleep, comforting myself with the persuasion that a week, as Dr. Johnson says of an hour, "may be tedious, but cannot be long."

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The next morning I was just tying on my straw bonnet to take a short stroll, when my mother entered, and insisted on inspecting my morning costume. I have already said she had a taste for elaborate dress, and the consequence was, that when I was arrayed according to her wishes, I looked much more fit for a public breakfast at a villa on the banks of the Thames, than for the quiet morning meal of a family party. My brother occupied the attention of Captain Ormond during a great part of the time of breakfast by lively sketches of half-a-dozen young men whom he had met at dinner on the preceding day, some of whom were rich, and some clever, and who were all passionate admirers of Eva, and full of attentions to himself in the hope of conciliating his good offices. Captain Ormond was evidently quite tired of the sameness of the family conversation, and I was delighted to escape to the solitude of my boudoir. In about half an hour my mother entered.

"Eva," said she, "are you inclined to accompany me to the Infant School?"

"Are you going alone?" I asked suspiciously.

She unhesitatingly replied in the affirmative, and we sallied forth. On arriving there, my mother selected seven or eight of the prettiest little ones for the purpose of repeating their lessons to me, and she had just with some care contrived to group them round me, so that I looked like the picture of Charity, encircled by children, when the door opened, and Captain Ormond appeared, conducted by Penelope.

"Ah!" exclaimed Penelope, with affected surprise; "I did not know we should find Eva here; but I cannot say I much wonder at it—really her heart is completely in this school, she is so devotedly fond of teaching."

"It is a desirable thing," said my mother, addressing Captain Ormond, "when young people show such a taste."

"I am sure," said the schoolmistress, who had opened her eyes very wide at these observations, "I only wish Miss Warwick came here more frequently."

My mother cast an angry glance at her, and made a remark to Captain Ormond on my excessive love of children, pointing at the same time to a little urchin who, encouraged by a sign from herself, had just detached my bonnet from my head, and ran off with it in triumph to the farthest extremity of the room, leaving my long hair floating down to my waist. Our Cœlebs, however, gave no indication that this "search of a wife" would be terminated by the morning display of my useful qualities, any more than by the evening exhibition of my brilliant ones; and after hearing the pence and multiplication tables sung, a recitation of the History of England in verse, a solo parody on "Home, sweet home," setting forth the superior delights of school, and a choral declaration by the whole body of scholars of their intention to go into the playground, set very appositely to the air, "There's nae luck about the house," he was suffered to escape into the fresh air. After walking for about an hour we returned home, and my mother desired me to fetch down a pair of screens that I had painted for a charity bazaar, to show Captain Ormond, I contrived to be as long as possible in finding them. When I re-entered the drawing-room no one was there, but Captain Ormond was standing on the lawn just before the window, looking at a beautiful exotic which the gardener had permitted, as a rare indulgence, to enjoy the luxury of the open air. His back was towards me, and he was singing in a low tone. I stood to listen to him, for, as he had declined joining me in a duet the evening before, I was rather surprised to find that he had a melodious voice; the words that he sang were, to my great dismay, from a ballad by Haynes Bayly.

"This is my eldest daughter, sir,
Her mother's only care,
You praise her face—O, sir, she is
As good as she is fair:
My angel Jane is clever too,
Accomplishments I've taught her,
I'll introduce you to her, sir—
This is my eldest daughter!"

After luncheon, my brother proposed a ride to Captain Ormond, and I felt reconciled to a circumstance which two days before I had thought a great trouble—the temporary lameness of my horse, which prevented me from using it. About half an hour after the departure of the equestrians, we were all assembled in the drawing-room, when a country neighbour, Mr. Burrows, was announced.

"I have just met your son, Mrs. Warwick," said he, "riding with a very handsome young man, whom he introduced to me as Captain Ormond; I know him very well by report—his father, Sir Terence, has just come into a fine fortune."

"He has," replied my mother, "and this young man appears well deserving of his prospects; he is remarkably well bred and amiable."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Burrows, "for I have a very high opinion of the young lady whom he is engaged to marry."

"Engaged to be married!" exclaimed Arabella; "it is impossible."

"I do not know what private reasons you may have, Miss Arabella, for believing it impossible," said Mr. Burrows; "but I know it to be a positive fact. I dare say," he continued, addressing my mother, "you are acquainted with the family by name—the Mapletons of Hilbury—they live about twenty miles from hence."

My mother, too much overcome to answer, could only bow her head.

"Well," pursued Mr. Burrows, "he is recently engaged to Julia, the third daughter, a very pretty girl, with auburn ringlets, and a most delightful voice; she has no money, but Captain Ormond's father has sufficient for both."

"And are you quite certain that there is no mistake about this engagement?" asked Penelope.

"I cannot tell what makes you fair ladies so incredulous," replied Mr. Burrows; "but I have a letter from the young lady's father in my pocket, informing me of the engagement; so I think you will allow I am entitled to speak confidently on the subject."

Mr. Burrows shortly took his leave, and the smothered tide of family indignation then burst forth.

"I could not have believed it possible!" exclaimed Penelope.

"He has quite insinuated himself into our house under false pretences," said Arabella.

"I suppose he must stay till the end of the week," said my mother; "but I shall be very distant and cool in my manner towards him."

"Let us view the subject dispassionately," said my father; "I am just as vexed as any of you; but, after all, I do not know that we have much cause to consider ourselves aggrieved; we have only been acquainted with Captain Ormond one day, and it is not very surprising that he should not feel sufficiently intimate with us to confide to us an engagement which has been so very recently formed."

"He ought to have made it known to us the very first hour of his arrival," interrupted my mother.

"I do not think so," said my father; "I remember I was once staying at a country-house, and a young man arrived who immediately entreated the lady of the house to make known to her guests that he was engaged to be married, in order that no false hopes might be excited in the minds of the young ladies by any courteous attentions that he might pay them. She did so, and he was quite sent to Coventry; every body said he must be an affected coxcomb, who entertained an overweening opinion of his own fascinations, and expected all the world to do the

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same. We have no one to blame for our wrong impression concerning Captain Ormond; I am sure he has paid no attentions to Eva that Julia Mapleton herself could have objected to, if she had been endowed with the property of becoming invisible at pleasure; no harm has been done, and engaged young men must be permitted to live, breathe, and receive civil treatment, as well as disengaged ones."

"At all events," said my mother, "I suppose you do not expect Eva to curl her hair, and wear her best dresses, and fatigue herself with practising difficult songs while he stays?"

"Certainly not," replied my father; "I only expect Eva, and every other member of my family, to behave with the good breeding which has always characterised them. When Captain Ormond is married, we shall very likely find his wife a pleasant and desirable visiting acquaintance."

"And perhaps, after all," gently insinuated Penelope, "we may discover that the rumour of his engagement is unfounded."

"That is not at all likely," said my mother; "Mr. Burrows is far from having any addiction to tattle and misrepresentation; besides, I have more than once heard him say that he was in habits of intimacy with the Mapletons of Hilbury, and you know he had the father's letter in his pocket."

We dispersed to our several occupations. When my brother returned he was informed of the news of the morning, which elicited from him the vehement prophecy that "Eva would be an old maid after all!" and a decided change immediately took place in the manners of the family towards Captain Ormond. I do not mean to say that there was any coldness or rudeness attached to the change; good nature and good breeding alike forbade such an evidence of disappointment; but he was allowed to go out and come in when he pleased, no one seemed to know or care whether he took notice of me or not, and so far from seeing me exalted on a pedestal as the idol of my family, he beheld me treated with the occasional unceremonious freedom to which the daughter of even an affectionate family is very liable to be exposed. My father on one occasion brought in an account which he had desired me to cast up for him, and told me that I was very careless, and had made the sum total quite wrong. My mother, when I kept the carriage waiting a few minutes, informed me that I was getting more and more unpunctual and thoughtless, and my brother advised me to ask Miss Shelburne for the name of her dressmaker, saying that her gowns seemed to fit the shape a great deal better than mine. Arabella was again the good-humoured, sometimes saucy younger sister, and Penelope, the useful, worsted-winding, pattern-taking cousin, and nothing more. Strange as it may seem, Captain Ormond appeared much happier than during the first day of his visit, and evidently liked me a great deal better; he walked with me, conversed with me, went out on sketching excursions with me, and even pleaded guilty to the acquisition of a fine voice, and sung duets with me, occasionally diversifying the performance by single songs, which pleased my fancy much better than

"This is my eldest daughter, sir."

He hourly gained ground in my good opinion; he was certainly not only "an eligible match," but an accomplished and engaging young man. Captain Ormond had arrived on Thursday for a week's visit; it was Wednesday evening, tea was over, we all strolled round the grounds, for since I had returned to white muslin dresses and braided hair, I had no finery to watch over, and was therefore permitted to enjoy the evening breezes, unchecked by my mother's admonitions.

Captain Ormond and myself had wandered to some distance from the rest of the family; we passed into a meadow, the gate of which stood invitingly open. He offered me his arm, I accepted it, and made an observation on the beauty of the wild roses in the hedges. Captain Ormond did not reply to me.

"To-morrow," he said, at length, "I leave this delightful place. I am a most unhappy being. I have given both Mr. and Mrs. Warwick a dozen hints to be asked to stay, but they have not been taken; to-morrow my short visit must end."

"A week is indeed a short time," I rejoined, feeling that I returned a very common-place answer, and yet doubtful what answer I could have made that would have been better.

"It is," he answered, "and yet in some respects it is a long time, because it enables us to rectify first-formed opinions, which would have been very unjust and uncharitable. Will you forgive me, Miss Warwick, if I tell you that the first day of my arrival I did not like you at all? I thought you artificial, over-dressed, full of display, and the spoiled child of a family who were all so devotedly wrapped up in you that they overrated your good qualities beyond all the bounds of reason, and demanded that the rest of the world should perform a similar homage to you: can you pardon me for this?"

"Yes," I said; and I mentally added, "I can very well pardon you, because your construction is a great deal more favourable to us than a real view of the case would have been."

"One circumstance even now perplexes me," said the captain; "after the first day you all seemed changed; your family became easy, natural, and unaffected, and you, Miss Warwick—how can I describe the delight that I have received from your accomplishments, your intellect, your excellence?"

I was on the point of disclaiming these compliments, but I remembered a maxim of Rochefoucault's, "Le refus des louanges est un désir d'être loué deux fois," and was silent. Captain Ormond continued, "Were you in London, I might hope to enjoy your occasional society; but now, how dreary and sad a prospect is mine to live for several months away from you?"

"It is lucky," thought I, "that Julia Mapleton has not, according to my father's idea, the power of rendering herself invisible at pleasure;" but, strange to say, instead of smiling at the fancy I had conjured up, the tears began to flow down my cheeks.

"Dearest Eva!" exclaimed Captain Ormond, "I cannot bear the sight of those tears; I cannot leave you unless absolutely and irrevocably banished from your presence by yourself and your relations. Do not forbid me to speak to your father this evening; let me tell him how much I admire and love you."

My cheek crimsoned at the insult.

"Is it possible," said I, "that you forget that you are an engaged man?"

"You seem to be deeply versed in my concerns," said Captain Ormond with a smile, "considering that I am such a recent acquaintance; nay, you know more of me than I do of myself. I assure you I am not aware that I am an engaged man."

"Are you acquainted with the Mapletons of Hilbury?" I asked, anxious to discover some misrepresentation in the statement of Mr. Burrows; "and do you not admire Julia, the third daughter, who has auburn ringlets, and a very fine voice?"

"You bring circumstantial evidence closely to bear upon me," he replied, again smiling, "and I cannot pretend to disprove it. I know the Mapletons of Hilbury, and I not only admire Julia, the third daughter, (whose ringlets and voice are accurately described in the indictment,) but I have a very sincere regard for her."

I indignantly detached my arm from his.

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"Stay," he said, gently replacing it, "I think, as a countryman of mine once said, that I can satisfactorily refute the charge brought against me, by proving myself another person! I have a younger brother, who is in the army as well as myself: he holds the same rank, and consequently he is generally known as Captain Ormond; he is just engaged to Julia Mapleton, and although I will not tell you that you will find her so charming a young lady as yourself, I can venture to say that you will like her very much as a sister-in-law, should you ever decide on admitting her to that honour by accepting the offer of my hand."

I need not detail the rest of our conversation; in about an hour we returned home. My mother was in the hall.

"How can you stay out so late, Eva?" she said indignantly; "you will certainly take cold!"

Captain Ormond interrupted her by asking to speak in private with Mr. Warwick; she told him he would find him in the library, and then took her away to the drawing-room, followed by me, and saying angrily—

"I wonder what business engaged men have to want private interviews with fathers of families!"

I quickly reconciled her to the liberty Captain Ormond had taken, by informing her of his business; she eagerly embraced me.

"I congratulate you, dear Eva," she said, "on an alliance quite equal to my expectations for you, and I hope Arabella will profit by your good example; I must say, however, it is a wonder to me how the matter has been brought about!"

"So it is to me," said I; and I spoke with perfect sincerity.

"You certainly," continued my mother, "appeared to great advantage the first day, and part of the second; but, after the mistake into which we were led by that stupid Mr. Burrows, you were so inanimate, and indifferent, and careless, (not that I blame you for it, my dear, because I gave you permission to be so,) and we all made ourselves so dull and disagreeable, that I am sure we were enough to repulse any eligible match in the world."

Captain Ormond and my father now entered, both looking highly satisfied with the result of their conference, and the latter hardly able to contain the exuberance of his delight; he was at all times a good-natured man, but on the present occasion he was not contented to lavish his kindness on his wife, children, and future son-in-law, but actually went the length of caressing the lap-dog, and paying compliments to Penelope!

Captain Ormond was our guest during the remainder of the summer; his father gave a warm assent to his marriage, and we removed to London earlier in the winter than usual, for the purpose of buying wedding-clothes.

I was at the Pantheon Bazaar, purchasing some "lady trifles," when I descried Mr. Burrows at a little distance; I ran to him, shook hands with him cordially, and stood talking to him for some time, although he never had been a particular favourite of mine.

"What in the world, Eva," said my mother, when we were seated in the carriage, "could induce you to waste so much time prosing with that tiresome old man? I have hardly patience to look at him; he was very nearly the cause of depriving you of Captain Ormond's proposal."

I merely said I did not wish to slight an old neighbour; but in my heart I felt assured that I owed a peculiar obligation to Mr. Burrows; that his unintentional blunder had been the means of repairing those of my family, and that the disentanglement of my person, mind, and manners from their gala garb, and restoration to their easy every-day simplicity, had been the real cause of procuring for me all the happiness of an union of hearts, and all the advantages of "an eligible match!"

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

[Accompanying Part 26 of the English Edition, completing one volume, is the following Dedication and Preface.]

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

My Dear Sir: Let me have *my* Pleasures of Memory in connection with this book, by dedicating it to a Poet whose writings (as all the world knows) are replete with generous and earnest feeling; and to a man whose daily life (as all the world does not know) is one of active sympathy with the poorest and humblest of his kind. Your faithful friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

PREFACE.

When the author commenced this work, he proposed to himself three objects.

First. To establish a periodical, which should enable him to present, under one general head, and not as separate and distinct publications, certain fictions which he had it in contemplation to write.

Secondly. To produce these tales in weekly numbers; hoping that to shorten the intervals of communication between himself and his readers, would be to knit more closely the pleasant relations they had held for forty months.

Thirdly. In the execution of this weekly task, to have as much regard as the exigencies would permit, to each story as a whole, and to the possibility of its publication at some distant day, apart from the machinery in which it had its origin.

The characters of Master Humphrey and his three friends, and the little fancy of the clock, were the result of these considerations. When he sought to interest his readers in those who talked, and read, and listened, he revived Mr. Pickwick and his humble friends; not with any intention of re-opening an exhausted and abandoned mine, but to connect them in the thoughts of those whose favourites they had been, with the tranquil enjoyments of Master Humphrey.

It was never the author's intention to make the members of Master Humphrey's Clock, active agents in the stories they are supposed to relate. Having brought himself in the commencement of his undertaking to feel an interest in these quiet creatures, and to imagine them in their old chamber of meeting, eager listeners to all he had to tell, the author hoped—as authors will—to succeed in awakening some of his own emotions in the bosoms of his readers. Imagining Master Humphrey in

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his chimney-corner, resuming, night after night, the narrative—say, of the Old Curiosity Shop—picturing to himself the various sensations of his hearers—thinking how Jack Redburn might incline to poor Kit, and perhaps lean too favourably even toward the lighter vices of Mr. Richard Swiveller—how the deaf gentleman would have his favourite, and Mr. Miles his—and how all these gentle spirits would trace some faint reflection of their past lives in the varying current of the tale—he has insensibly fallen into the belief that they are present to his readers as they are to him, and has forgotten that like one whose vision is disordered he may be conjuring up bright figures where there is nothing but empty space.

The short papers which are to be found at the beginning of this volume were indispensable to the form of publication and the limited extent of each number, as no story of lengthened interest could be begun until "The Clock" was wound up and fairly going.

The author would fain hope that there are not many who would disturb Master Humphrey and his friends in their seclusion: who would have them forego their present enjoyments, to exchange those confidences with each other, the absence of which is the foundation of their mutual trust. For when their occupation is gone, when their tales are ended and but their personal histories remain, the chimney-corner will be growing cold, and the Clock will be about to stop for ever.

One other word on his own person, and he returns to the more grateful task of speaking for those imaginary people whose little world lies within these pages.

It may be some consolation to the well-disposed ladies or gentlemen who, in the interval between the conclusion of his last work, and the commencement of this, originated a report that he had gone raving mad, to know that it spread as rapidly as could be desired, and was made the subject of considerable dispute; not as regarded the fact, for that was as thoroughly established as the duel between Sir Peter Teazle and Charles Surface in the School for Scandal; but with reference to the unfortunate lunatic's place of confinement: one party insisting positively on Bedlam, another inclining favourably toward Saint Luke's, and a third swearing strongly by the asylum at Hanwell; while each backed its case by circumstantial evidence of the same excellent nature as that brought to bear by Sir Benjamin Backbite on the pistol-shot, which struck against the little bronze bust of Shakspeare over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

It will be a great affliction to these ladies and gentlemen to learn—and he is so unwilling to give pain, that he would not whisper the circumstance on any account, did he not feel in a manner bound to do so, in gratitude to those among his friends who were at the trouble of being angry with the absurdity—that their invention made the author's home unusually merry, and gave rise to an extraordinary number of jests, of which he will only add, in the words of the good Vicar of Wakefield, "I cannot say whether we had more wit among us than usual; but I am sure we had more laughing."

Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Sept. 1840.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

The single gentleman, among his other peculiarities—and he had a very plentiful stock, of which he every day furnished some new specimen—toook a most extraordinary and remarkable interest in the exhibition of Punch. If the sound of a Punch's voice, at ever so remote a distance, reached Bevis Marks, the single gentleman, though in bed and asleep, would start up, and hurrying on his clothes, make for the spot with all speed, and presently return at the head of a long procession of idlers, having in the midst the theatre and its proprietors. Straightway, the stage would be set up in front of Mr. Brass's house; the single gentleman would establish himself at the first floor window, and the entertainment would proceed with all its exciting accompaniments of fife and drum and shout, to the excessive consternation of all sober votaries of business in that silent thoroughfare. It might have been expected that when the play was done, both players and audience would have dispersed; but the epilogue was as bad as the play, for no sooner was the Devil dead, than the manager of the puppets and his partner were summoned by the single gentleman to his chamber, where they were regaled with strong waters from his private store, and where they held with him long conversations, the purport of which no human being could fathom. But the secret of these discussions was of little importance. It was sufficient to know that while they were proceeding, the concourse without still lingered round the house; that boys beat upon the drum with their fists, and imitated Punch with their tender voices; that the office window was rendered opaque by flattened noses, and the key-hole of the street door luminous with eyes; that every time the single gentleman or either of his guests was seen at the upper window, or so much as the end of one of their noses was visible, there was a great shout of execration from the excluded mob, who remained howling and yelling, and refusing consolation, until the exhibiters were delivered up to them to be attended elsewhere. It was sufficient, in short, to know that Bevis Marks was revolutionised by these popular movements, and that peace and quietness fled from its precincts.

Nobody was rendered more indignant by these proceedings than Mr. Sampson Brass, who, as he could by no means afford to lose so profitable an inmate, deemed it prudent to pocket his lodger's affront along with his cash, and to annoy the audiences who clustered round his door by such imperfect means of retaliation as were open to him, and which were confined to the trickling down of foul water on their heads from unseen watering pots, pelting them with fragments of tile and mortar from the roof of the house, and bribing the drivers of hackney cabriolets to come suddenly round the corner and dash in among them precipitately. It may at first sight be matter of surprise to the thoughtless few, that Mr. Brass, being a professional gentleman, should not have legally indicted some party or parties active in the promotion of the nuisance; but they will be good enough to remember that as doctors seldom take their own prescriptions, and divines do not always practise what they preach, so lawyers are shy of meddling with the law on their own account, knowing it to be an edged tool of uncertain application, very expensive in the working, and rather remarkable for its properties of close shaving, than for its always shaving the right person.

"Come," said Mr. Brass, one afternoon, "this is two days without a Punch. I'm in hopes he has run through 'em all, at last."

"Why are you in hopes!" returned Miss Sally. "What harm do they do?"

"Here's a pretty sort of fellow!" cried Brass, laying

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down his pen in despair. "Now here's an aggravated animal!"

"Well, what harm do they do?" retorted Sally.

"What harm!" cried Brass. "Is it no harm to have a constant hallooing and hooting under one's very nose, distracting one from business, and making one grind one's teeth with vexation? Is it no harm to be blinded and choked up, and have the king's highway stopped, with a set of screamers and roarers, whose throats must be made of—of—"

"Brass," suggested Mr. Swiveller.

"Ah! of brass," said the lawyer, glancing at his clerk, to assure himself that he had suggested the word in good faith and without any sinister intention. "Is that no harm!"

The lawyer stopped short in his invective, and listening for a moment, and recognising the well-known voice, rested his head upon his hand, raised his eyes to the ceiling, and muttered faintly, "There's another!"

Up went the single gentleman's window directly.

"There's another," repeated Brass; "and if I could get a break and four blood horses to cut into the Marks when the crowd is at its thickest, I'd give eighteen pence and never grudge it."

The distant squeak was heard again. The single gentleman's door burst open. He ran violently down the stairs, out into the street, and so past the window, without any hat, towards the quarter whence the sound proceeded—bent, no doubt, upon securing the stranger's services directly.

"I wish I only knew who his friends were," muttered Sampson, filling his pocket with papers; "if they'd just get up a pretty little commission *de lunatico* at the Gray's Inn Coffee House, and give me the job, I'd be content to have the lodgings empty for one while, at all events."

With these words, and knocking his hat over his eyes, as if for the purpose of shutting out even a glimpse of the dreadful visitation, Mr. Brass rushed from the house and hurried away.

As Mr. Swiveller was decidedly favourable to these performances, upon the ground that looking at a Punch, or indeed looking at any thing out of a window, was better than working, and as he had been for this reason at some pains to awaken in his fellow-clerk a sense of their beauties and manifold deserts, both he and Miss Sally rose as with one accord, and took up their positions at the window; upon the sill whereof, as in a post of honour, sundry young ladies and gentlemen who were employed in the dry nurture of babies, and who made a point of being present, with their young charges, on such occasions, had already established themselves as comfortably as the circumstances would allow.

The glass being dim, Mr. Swiveller, agreeably to a friendly custom which he had established between them, hitched off the brown head-dress from Miss Sally's head, and dusted it carefully therewith. By the time he had handed it back, and its beautiful wearer had put it on again, (which she did with perfect composure and indifference,) the lodger returned with the show and showmen at his heels, and a strong addition to the body of spectators. The exhibiter disappeared with all speed behind the drapery, and his partner, stationing himself by the side of the theatre, surveyed the audience with a remarkable expression of melancholy; which became more remarkable still, when he breathed a hornpipe tune into that sweet musical instrument which is popularly termed a mouth-organ, without at all changing the mournful expression of the upper part of his face though his mouth and chin were, of necessity, in lively spasms.

The drama proceeded to its close, and held the spectators enchained in the customary manner. The sensation which kindles in large assemblies, when they are relieved from a state of breathless suspense, and are again free to speak and move, was yet ripe, when the lodger, as usual, summoned the man up stairs.

"Both of you," he called from the window; for only the actual exhibiter—a little fat man—prepared to obey the summons. "I want to talk to you. Come both of you."

"Come, Tommy," said the little man.

"I an't a talker," replied the other. "Tell him so. What should I go and talk for?"

"Don't you see the gentleman's got a bottle and glass up there?" returned the little man.

"And could'nt you have said so at first?" retorted the other, with sudden alacrity. "Now, what are you waiting for? Are you going to keep the gentleman expecting us all day? haven't you *no* manners?"

With this remonstrance, the melancholy man, who was no other than Mr. Thomas Codlin, pushed past his friend and brother in the craft, Mr. Harris, otherwise Short or Trotters, and hurried before him to the single gentleman's apartment.

"Now, my men," said the single gentleman; "you have done very well. What will you take? Tell that little man behind to shut the door."

"Shut the door, can't you?" said Mr. Codlin, turning gruffly to his friend. "You might have knowed that the gentleman wanted the door shut, without being told, I think."

Mr. Short obeyed, observing under his breath, that his friend seemed unusually "cranky," and expressing a hope that there was no dairy in the neighbourhood, or his temper would certainly spoil its contents.

The gentleman pointed to a couple of chairs, and intimated by an emphatic nod of his head, that he expected them to be seated. Messrs. Codlin and Short, after looking at each other with considerable doubt and indecision, at length sat down—each on the extreme edge of the chair pointed out to him—and held their hats very tight, while the single gentleman filled a couple of glasses from a bottle on the table beside him, and presented them in due form.

"You're pretty well browned by the sun, both of you," said the entertainer. "Have you been travelling?"

Mr. Short replied in the affirmative, with a nod and a smile. Mr. Codlin added a corroborative nod and a short groan, as if he still felt the weight of the temple upon his shoulders.

"To fairs, markets, races, and so forth, I suppose?" pursued the single gentleman.

"Yes, sir," returned Short, "pretty nigh all over the west of England."

"I have talked to men of your craft from north, east, and south," returned their host, in rather a hasty manner; "but I never lighted on any from the west before."

"It's our reg'lar summer circuit is the west, master," said Short: "that's where it is. We take the east of London in the spring and winter, and the west of England in the summer time. Many's the hard days' walking in rain and mud, and with never a penny earned, we've had down in the west."

"Let me fill your glasses again."

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"Much obleeged to you, sir, I think I will," said Mr. Codlin, suddenly thrusting in his own and turning Short's aside. "I'm the sufferer, sir, in all the travelling, and in all the staying at home. In town or country, wet or dry, hot or cold, Tom Codlin suffers. But Tom Codlin is'nt to complain for all that. Oh, no. Short may complain, but if Codlin grumbles by so much as a word—oh dear, down with him, down with *him* directly. It is'nt *his* place to grumble.—That's quite out of the question."

"Codlin an't without his usefulness," observed Short, with an arch look; "but he don't always keep his eyes open. He falls asleep, sometimes, you know. Remember them last races, Tommy."

"Will you never leave off aggravating a man?" said Codlin. "It's very likely I was asleep when five-and-tenpence was collected in one round, is n't it? I was attending to my business, and could n't have my eyes in twenty places at once, like a peacock, no more than you could. If I an't a match for an old man and a young child, you an't neither, so don't throw that out against me, for the cap fits your head quite as correct as it fits mine."

"You may as well drop the subject, Tom," said Short. "It is n't particular agreeable to the gentleman, I dare say."

"Then you should'nt have brought it up," returned Mr. Codlin; "and I ask the gentleman's pardon on your account, as a giddy chap that likes to hear himself talk, and don't care much what he talks about, so that he does talk."

Their entertainer had sat perfectly quiet in the beginning of this dispute, looking first at one man and then at the other, as if he were lying in wait for an opportunity of putting some further question, or reverting to that from which the discourse had strayed. But from the point where Mr. Codlin was charged with sleepiness, he had shown an increasing interest in the discussion, which now attained a very high pitch.

"You are the two men I want," he said; "the two men I have been looking for, and searching after. Where are that old man and that child you speak of?"

"Sir?" said Short, hesitating, and looking toward his friend.

"The old man and his grandchild who travelled with you—where are they? It will be worth your while to speak out, I assure you; much better worth your while than you believe. They left you, you say, at those races, as I understand. They have been traced to that place, and there lost sight of. Have you no clue—can you suggest no clue to their recovery?"

"Did I always say, Thomas," cried Short, turning with a look of amazement to his friend, "that there was sure to be an inquiry after them two travellers?"

"*You* said!" returned Mr. Codlin. "Did I always say that, that 'ere blessed child was the most interesting I ever see? Did I always say I loved her, and doted on her? Pretty creetur, I think I hear her now. 'Codlin's my friend,' she says—'not Short. Short's very well,' she says; 'I've no quarrel with Short; he means to be kind, I dare say; but Codlin,' she says, 'has the feelings for my money, though he may'nt look it!"

Repeating these words with great emotion, Mr. Codlin rubbed the bridge of his nose with his coat-sleeve, and shaking his head mournfully from side to side, left the single gentleman to infer that, from the moment when he lost sight of his dear young charge, his peace of mind and happiness had fled.

"Good God!" said the single gentleman, pacing up and down the room, "have I found these men, at last, only to discover that they can give me no information or assistance? It would have been better to have lived on in hope, from day to day, and never to have lighted on them, than to have my expectations scattered."

"Stay a minute," said Short. "A man of the name of Jerry—you know Jerry, Thomas?"

"Oh, don't talk to me of Jerrys," replied Mr. Codlin. "How can I care a pinch of snuff for Jerrys, when I think of that 'ere darling child! 'Codlin's my friend,' she says, 'dear, good, kind Codlin, as is always a devising pleasures for me! I don't object to Short,' she says, 'but I cotton to Codlin.' Once," said that gentleman, reflectively; "she called me Father Codlin. I thought I should have bust!"

"A man of the name of Jerry, sir," said Short, turning from his selfish colleague to their new acquaintance, "wot keeps a company of dancing dogs, told me in a accidental sort of way, that he had seen the old gentleman in connection with a travelling wax work, unbeknown to him. As they'd given us the slip, and nothing had come of it, and this was down in the country that he'd been seen, I took no measures about it, and asked no questions—but I can, if you like."

"Is this man in town?" said the impatient single gentleman. "Speak faster."

"No, he is n't, but he will be to-morrow, for he lodges in our house," replied Mr. Short, rapidly.

"Then bring him here," said the single gentleman. "Here's a sovereign a-piece. If I can find these people through your means, it is but a prelude to twenty more. Return to me to-morrow, and keep your own counsel upon this subject—though I need hardly tell you that, for you'll do so for your own sakes. Now give me your address, and leave me."

The address was given, the two men departed, and the crowd went with them, and the single gentleman for two mortal hours walked in uncommon agitation up and down his room, over the wondering heads of Mr. Richard Swiveller and Miss Sally Brass.

THE "CHARIVARI" ON THE EASTERN QUESTION!

From the Spectator.

The amusing and wicked *Charivari* is most unmerciful in its wit to M. Thiers for submitting so quietly to the warlike acts of the four allies, after threatening so loudly before they commenced operations. The *Charivari* draws a parallel between the conduct of the French minister in this matter and that of Pierrot after he has been warned by Scaramouch—

We remember an amusing scene, in which Scaramouch warns Pierrot that Harlequin is too great with his wife.

"Motdieu!" cries Pierrot, "is what you tell me true, neighbour?"

"Upon the word of Scaramouch."

"Saperlotte! How do you know it!"

"He has long been fluttering about her, and is with her every evening, when you go out to make bread at the baker's, Cassandre's. And, what's more he has succeeded."

"Christie! He has succeeded, do you say?"

"I mean to say that he is on the point of succeeding.

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She has promised to receive him this evening in her chamber, when they will walk into a bottle of your old wine."

"Mille tonneres! If I was only certain of it!"

"There is nothing easier than to make yourself certain, my dear Pierrot. At ten o'clock to-night, the moment you shall have set out upon your business, Master Harlequin will knock at your door. Your wife will run to open it for him. The wine and the glasses are all ready. They will have nothing to do but drink it."

"Vertudieu! You have covered my forehead with a cold sweat, neighbour."

"You have only to hide yourself, Pierrot. Then when you see Harlequin knock, and your wife open the door, fall upon him like a thunderbolt, and put him out of the condition to do you an injury."

"I shall not fail; *mille bombes*, I shan't! Ah! you devil of a Harlequin, you wanted to play me a trick. But I shall catch you in your own trap. You threaten my forehead, scoundrel: take care of your own back."

And Pierrot sharpens his sabre, new flints and loads his pistol, hangs from his arm a great fat powder-horn, fortifies himself with a complete arsenal, in a word, takes up the posture of a regular swashing slasher, a true *tranch-montagne*, to such a degree, that Scaramouch, frightened by his terrible big oaths, and his furibund demonstrations, recommends him not to allow himself to be too much excited, and carried away by his valorous emotions, lest he should exterminate Harlequin all at once in his fury.

To this Pierrot, foaming with rage, replies with an interjection so expressive, that it is impossible to reproduce it here.

At half-past ten Scaramouch takes a turn toward the house, to learn what is passing there, and finds Pierrot in an ambuscade near the door.

"Well," he inquires, "Harlequin has not yet come?"

"Yes, he is here these twenty minutes."

"And he knocked?"

"Yes."

"And your wife opened the door?"

"Then you gave him a devil of a beating; but you haven't killed him I hope?"

"No, I didn't touch him. I didn't even show myself. I have been reflecting."

"How! you have been reflecting?"

"Yes;" I said to myself, "this devil of a Harlequin is lusty and vigorous. He can flourish his bat with perfect science. If I attack him now, he will perhaps be too strong for me. Let me wait till he is going out. When he shall have drunk deep of my wine above-stairs, his sight will be confused, his limbs unsteady. Then I'll take him at advantage, and make sure of the scoundrel. Isn't this well-reasoned, neighbour?"

"And you are waiting for him now?"

"Yes."

"And you say that he has been above these twenty minutes?"

"Egad! it's now nearly half-an-hour."

"Pierrot, Pierrot, poor devil! you are a fool; and you will be so to the end of your days."

M. Thiers is the very counterpart of Pierrot. He is determined to let the coalesced powers act until they shall have accomplished all their projects; then, when, having nothing more to do, they shall dissolve their alliance, ye gods, what a terrible vengeance he will inflict upon them!

Scaramouche-la-Presse informed him of the intentions of the Four Powers, as indicated plainly enough in the treaty. How energetic were then Pierrot's oaths, as he drew his sword, brandished even for an instant the *bonnet-rouge*, and took his hundred millions from the Exchequer, to equip ships and raise soldiers! Like every other coward, he blustered ferociously at the commencement, and threatened to extinguish the Four Powers.

But, at twenty minutes past ten, when Scaramouche-la-Presse comes to ask Pierrot-Neuf-Aout for some news from the campaign, he finds Pierrot still armed to the teeth, while the Four Powers are capturing ships and scattering proclamations. Pierrot "is taking time to reflect." Meanwhile, Harlequin has supped with Pierrot's wife, and drunk his wine. The Pasha of Egypt is vanquished, and Constantinople will probably enough be taken. Pierrot, you are a fool and a coward; but France will neither be one nor the other in dealing with you.

From the Examiner.

The French opposition papers indulge in clever squibs at the expense of the minister. The *Charivari* had the following epistle, last week, from Mehemet Ali to M. Thiers:—

"*Mehemet Ali to M. Thiers.*

"Do you know that at last you appear to me to be fastidious and inconsistent? I have already told you that I am consistent in all things, having but one opinion, but one word. I see plainly enough that we cannot come to an understanding. For several months past I have been in communication with you, who have proclaimed yourself my ally for life or death, and I know not now more than the first day what are your plans or your projects, or upon what matter I can reckon upon you with certainty. In Egypt here we can comprehend nothing whatever of your policy: although you know that we are in the habit of interpreting hieroglyphics. At every hour, at every minute both of the day and the night, I am besieged by your envoys, who for some time past have been more numerous than the sands of our deserts. One tells me, on your behalf, to be firm. Another, who comes immediately after him, tells me (still on your behalf) to be temperate. To him succeeds a third, who says to me, still more especially on your behalf, 'Be nothing at all.' By the slipper of the prophet, with whom do you think you have to deal? I have jugglers here at my court, but I do not practise their manœuvres, and it is not of such as these that I compose my ministers. Must I again repeat to you that, once I have made a declaration or a promise, nothing can induce me to depart from it? Yes, I am immovable; and I do not merely declare myself so, like others, to become ridiculous. Of what use, then, are these thousands upon thousands of envoys whom you send me to blow hot one moment and cold the next? They but lose their time, and, I would add, their money too, if France did not reimburse them for their inefficacious journeys. Is it by chance that, in seeking to circumvent me with your clever citizen diplomacy, you would sport with my white hairs? I am afraid of it. I see in your journals, that you assume all the airs of a conqueror, another Saladin, and swear to support me to the last extremity. Next moment, in an underhand manner, you insinuate that I had better yield with docility to the pretensions of our common enemies. Yes, I can well conceive that it would be agreeable enough to play the part of an indomitable hero, without

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incurring the slightest danger, and let fall the whole weight of the ignominious charge of cowardice upon these old shoulders. But, by the beard of Mahomet, I shall not be led into your snares. The quadruple enemy does not make me afraid, numerous as may be its muster of forces. Nay more, I am certain that my sentiment is shared by the brave French nation, whose courage you and some other persons of your kidney seek to enchain. I have for my guarantees the gigantic remembrances which that same French nation has left in this land of Egypt, and the inscription graven on a pyramid in the plain of Aboukir—'Here 10,000 Frenchmen routed an army of 150,000 Turks.' My confidence, then, is complete in the French nation, but not in you. I no longer believe in your promises, your pledges, or your protestations, infidel minister! My native and unassisted energy shall enable me to overcome the common enemy; and (may the prophet pardon me for it) I have committed a signal error in reckoning on the assistance of you and your system. Doth the proud lion of our African deserts make timid harcs his allies?

"MEHEMET ALI."

Here is another from the same witty source:—

"*The Metamorphoses of Mehemet Ali—A Pendant for those of Ovid.*

"Two months since, when power serenely smiled at the notion of war, and had an interest in stimulating Mehemet Ali to resistance, the *Constitutionnel* called him 'a sublime old man.'

"Ten days afterwards, as this warlike effervescence evaporated, the *Constitutionnel* qualified the epithet down to 'an august old man.'

"Becoming more and more indisposed to war, the *Constitutionnel* dubbed him 'remarkable old man.'

"Less and less warlike still, twenty days after the signing of the treaty you wot of, the *Constitutionnel* called Mehemet Ali 'that honourable old man.'

"Three weeks ago he was nothing more than '*ce ferme vieillard.*'

"The government, approximating still closer to pacific views, and consequently dreading the obstinate character of Mehemet Ali, he received no higher title than that of 'old man of the East.'

"The *juste-milieu* being still more resolutely bent on the maintenance of peace, on whatever terms, Mehemet Ali became last week 'an obstinate old man.'

"The following day he was 'a rash, wrong-headed old man.'

"Three days since he was 'a mulish, visionary old man.'

"Beware to-morrow of *ce vieillard stupide!*"

And this:—

"*Somebody.*

"The *Constitutionnel* has at length been moved to take some notice of the note of the four consuls. Here is what the old patriarch says upon that subject:—'If the governments represented by the four consuls have forgotten that there is such a place as France in the world, we entertain a hope that *somebody* will be found to make them remember it.' *Somebody* is a pretty expression. Alas! it is precisely because they know *somebody* that the four powers have taken so high a tone. They know full well, as we do also, that not a soul will be found to remind them that there is a France in the world as long as for that result we have only *somebody* to rely on!"

From the Spectator.

AERIAL PERSPECTIVE.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Some Arcadian swain expatiates in the Morning Chronicle of yesterday in praise of Scotland. We entertain all due respect for that country, but must candidly admit that the characteristic of Scotsmen which the writer has selected as the theme of his eulogium had previously escaped our observation; it is the superiority of Scotsmen to the prejudice which Englishmen entertain in favour of high birth. Scotland seems of late to have become the Chronicle's ideal of a perfect state of society—its Land of Promise. This it is to have cockney editors! We knew an editor once, a pawky old Scotsman, who had left his native land in early life and thriven in London. One day, indulging in a half-hour's gossip with a countryman, they amused themselves for a time in striving to outdo each other in praise of Scotland. "After all," was the winding-up of the man of letters, seized of a sudden by some compunctious visiting, "do you think it would be possible for any man to endure existence in Scotland, after being accustomed to England?" The rejoinder was, "I must honestly confess I do not!"

The Marquis of Lansdowne, in a letter to the Reverend Father Mathew, dated Cork, 15th September, bears this testimony to the success of the efforts of the reverend gentleman to introduce habits of temperance among the Irish population.

"I am near the conclusion of a journey through a considerable portion of the South of Ireland; in the course of which I have myself had, every where, repeated occasion to observe a most remarkable change for the better in the appearance of the population, and to be assured by others on whom I could rely, of an equally manifest improvement in their character and conduct, produced by the extraordinary success of your unremitting endeavours to introduce amongst them confirmed habits of temperance and self-control."

The letter enclosed a draft for £100, with the request that Mr. Mathew would apply it to the use of any of the institutions, for the benefit of the poorer classes, in which he takes an interest.

From the Britannia.

It is said that Dr. Chalmers is a candidate for the vacant Professorship of Divinity in the University of Glasgow. The nominal salary of the Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh amounts to no more than £196, and even the full amount of this sum Dr. Chalmers has seldom or ever received, in consequence of the state of the affairs of the city. The divinity class in Glasgow affords a suitable maintenance to its professor; and should the reverend doctor accept of the appointment, this can be the only inducement.

THE ARMING.—The German powers are at length arming. The reserve in the Rhenish provinces is bidden to remain under arms; and the Austrian government feels under the necessity of imitating the armaments of France.

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From the Spectator.

Note on "Oliver Cromwell, edited by Horace Smith."

We have received the following letter in reference to our last week's notice of *Oliver Cromwell*, from a correspondent who has favoured us with his name, and offers to furnish us with the volumes if needful.

To the Editor of the Spectator.

21st September, 1840.

Sir—In your paper of yesterday you intimate a suspicion that *Oliver Cromwell*, the romance just published as "edited by Horace Smith," is probably written by him.

In point of fact, it is only the reprint of a work of fiction, in two volumes, price a dollar and a half, (6s.) published in New York about three years ago; a copy of which I have had in my possession since May 1838. The work was written by an Englishman named Herbert, living at New York, and author of "The Brothers; a Tale of the Fronde." I believe he also edited an annual called "The Magnolia."

I have mentioned that the original romance appeared in New York in two volumes, (with a mezzotinto head of Cromwell,) for six shillings. For Mr. Colburn's pirated copy, in three volumes, the public must pay a guinea and a half! Besides, when the brooms can be stolen ready-made——But I need not go on. Native novelists must see what small chance they have of a decent price for their works, when "American produce" can be had for nothing. This self-same process of piracy has given American publishers handsome profits, and American writers—*nil!*

The humbug of affixing "edited by ——" to the pirated works should be exposed. We had Dr. Bird's *Nick of the Woods*, "edited by Mr. Ainsworth;" Howard's clever sea-tale, *Rattlin the Reefer*, was "edited by Captain Marryat;" and Herbert's *Oliver Cromwell* is "edited by Horace Smith." The name of some crack author is all that is wanted: of editing, in the proper sense of the word, there is none.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, ——

The facts stated by our correspondent settle the question of authorship. The general resemblance, however, was sufficiently strong to warrant our suspicion; and there are other points (as the head-and-shoulder mode in which Milton is *lugged* into the story) which would seem to show, that if Mr. Herbert is not an imitator of Mr. Smith, he is almost an *alter idem*.

As regards the charges of our correspondent—that of piracy may be dismissed. Mr. Colburn, or any one else, has a legal right to reprint any American publication he pleases; and seeing the mode in which the Americans republish English works, a moral right too—as far as they collectively are concerned.

Nor are the remarks on the other editorships altogether just. It was a foolish thing to make Mr. Ainsworth herald *Nick of the Woods*, seeing that Dr. Bird is as good a writer as the author of *Jack Sheppard*; but no one could have been imposed upon by the foolishness. In the case of *Rattlin the Reefer*, there is little doubt that the editorship was *bonâ fide*. Mr. Howard has never written any thing equal to that work since; there are in it many apparent touches of Marryat's pen; and if our memory serves us, great part of it was produced piece-meal in a periodical of which the captain was both editor and proprietor.

But though the English publisher's conduct in regard to *Oliver Cromwell* is not piracy, it is something worse. To reprint a publication in the manner described, passing it off us an original work with an original *price*, and engaging a person, who has hitherto borne a respectable character in the world, to vouch as it were for its originality, is conduct we care not to characterise. But, passing by the bookseller's imposition, we must express our wonder that Mr. Horace Smith should become a party to a transaction of this kind, especially as he is reputed not to have the excuse of necessity.

From the Britannia.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

(PARAPHRASED.)

Thou Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Thou throned upon the seraph's wings!
What sounds of terror strike my ear!
What rushing meteors light the sphere!
In sudden night the thunder-clouds
Stoop on the earth like mighty shrouds.
Earth shakes; with sad and solemn roar,
Rolls the roused ocean on the shore.
Thou sinner's dread, thou sinner's stay,
Is this, is this, thy judgment-day?

No more the world is wrapt in sleep,
Its millions one wild vigil keep;
From hill, from valley, every eye
Is fixed upon that fiery sky.
All knees in sudden prayer are flung,
All hearts with sudden fear are wrung;
Earth's pulses beat no more—one thrill
Bows them before one mighty will.
Thou sinner's dread, thou sinner's stay,
Is this, is this, thy judgment-day?

Still heavier bursts the thunder-peal,
With fiercer flame the lightnings wheel;
Night falls on noon, the rolling cloud
Is darker spread, is deeper bowed.
Fly to the mountains and the caves;
They shake, ye fly but to your graves:
Fly to the ocean's depths, but there
Has burnt the lightning's sullen glare.
Thou sinner's dread, thou sinner's stay,
Is this, is this, thy judgment-day?

But hark, through all, a trumpet's sound!
It rings to earth's remotest bound;
To ocean's darkest cells it rings,
Death's sentence to all living things—
Strong summoner to all the dead,
Give up, thou old unlimited!
Give up, dark grave, thy countless spoil,
Rise, all, that ever trod earth's soil.
Thou sinner's dread, thou sinner's stay,
Now comes, now comes, thy judgment-day!

HAVALI.

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His "Ornithological Biography" is a monument of extraordinary labour. The vastness of the design startled every body except himself; and the very apprehension that he should not live long enough to complete so gigantic an undertaking repelled many people from venturing even to purchase the numbers as they appeared, lest an imperfect publication of such magnitude should be ultimately left upon their hands. When he delivered his first drawings to the engraver, he had not a single subscriber. His friends pointed out to him the rashness of the project, and candidly told him that they did not expect to witness the issue of a second fasciculus. Even at starting, he calculated that the engravers would take sixteen years in accomplishing their task. Not one single individual held out the least hope of his success, and many sincere and anxious friends strongly urged him to abandon his undertaking, to dispose of his drawings, and return to his native country. "But," he exclaims, "my heart was nerved, and my reliance on that Power, on whom all must depend, brought bright anticipations of success!" Having completed his arrangements for meeting the first difficulties, he began to collect scattered notes from the pages of his journals respecting the habits of the birds, and assiduously devoted himself to the improvement of his drawings. He had the satisfaction of finding that each succeeding plate was superior to its predecessor: the engravers and colourists became more familiar with the peculiar demands of their responsible duties; and at the end of four years, during which he worked early and late, without respite, and against incredible discouragements, he was rewarded by finding the first volume completed. He now laboured with renewed zeal, and looked forward, confidently, to the result of the next four years. Time passed on, and he returned from the forests and wilds of the western world to receive the last plate of his second volume from the hands of his indefatigable and skilful artist, Mr. Havell. Let us now give his own account of an incident that occurred at this period:—

"About that time a nobleman called upon me with his family, and requested me to show them some of my original drawings, which I did with the more pleasure that my visiters possessed a knowledge of ornithology. In the course of our conversation, I was asked how long it might be until the work should be finished. When I mentioned eight years more, the nobleman shrugged up his shoulders, and sighing, said, 'I may not see it finished, but my children will, and you may please to add my name to the list of subscribers.' The young people exhibited a mingled expression of joy and sorrow, and when I with them strove to dispel the cloud that seemed to hang over their father's mind, he smiled, and bade me be sure that the whole work should be punctually delivered. The solemnity of his manner I could not forget for several days; I often thought that neither might I see the work completed, but at length I exclaimed—'my sons may.' And now that another volume, both of my illustrations and of my biographies is finished, my trust in Providence is augmented, and I cannot but hope that myself and my family together may be permitted to see the completion of my labours."

When this was written, ten years had elapsed since the publication of his first plate. In three years afterwards the fourth volume appeared. The work comprised four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing one thousand and sixty-five figures, the size of life, exhibiting, as we have already observed, the habits and climates of the birds, carefully drawn and exquisitely coloured after nature. And this great undertaking, occupying about thirteen years in the mere production—not to speak of the labour expended in exploring expeditions for observation and the collection of specimens, every bird in the series having been drawn from life by the hand of the adventurous naturalist—was carried on uninterruptedly, without the continuity of its execution having been broken for a single day, every one of the numbers having been delivered with exemplary regularity! A fifth volume completed the Biography; and well might Aubudon proudly felicitate himself upon the conclusion of a marvellous task, which the most indifferent of his readers cannot contemplate without mingled emotions of astonishment and delight. "Once more," he says, speaking out of the depths of his heart, "surrounded by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the countenance of numerous friends who have never deserted me, and possessing a competent share of all that can render life agreeable, I look up with gratitude to the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy!"

Honour to him who wrote these grateful words, and may the happiness he so well deserves, and knows so truly how to appreciate, accumulate around him, and accompany him with increasing lustre to the close of his valuable life! But little can the European student, bewildered with small impediments in the museum, comprehend the nature of Audubon's researches. Alone he went forth into the wilds, as cheerful as the birds, and, with the snows of sixty years upon his head, as elastic as the deer: but let him give a sample of his experience in his own fresh and characteristic way:—

"The adventures and vicissitudes which have fallen to my lot, instead of tending to diminish the fervid enthusiasm of my nature, have imparted a toughness to my bodily constitution, naturally strong, and to my mind, naturally buoyant, an elasticity such as to assure me that though somewhat old, and considerably denuded in the frontal region, I could yet perform on foot a journey of any length, were I sure that I should thereby add materially to our knowledge of the ever interesting creatures which have for so long a time occupied my thoughts by day, and filled my dreams with pleasant images. Nay, reader, had I a new lease of life presented to me, I should choose for it the very occupations in which I have been engaged.

"And, reader, the life which I have led has been in some respects a singular one. Think of a person, intent on such pursuits as mine have been, aroused at early dawn from his rude couch on the alder-fringed brook of some northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the west, or perhaps on the soft and warm sands of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable saluting the magnificent orb, from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light. Refreshed and reinvigorated by healthful rest, he starts upon his feet,

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gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, shoulders his trusty firelock, says a kind word to his faithful dog, and recommences his pursuit of zoological knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout afford him a repast. Should the day be warm, he reposes for a time under the shade of some tree. The woodland choristers again burst forth into song, and he starts anew, to wander wherever his fancy may direct him, or the objects of his search may lead him in pursuit. When evening approaches, and the birds are seen betaking themselves to their retreats, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles his fire, prepares his meal, and as the widgeon or blue-winged teal, or perhaps the breast of a turkey, or a steak of venison, sends its delicious perfumes abroad, he enters into his parchment-bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtain over the scene; his repast is finished, and kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to Heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted to him, and the sense of the divine presence in this solitary place. Then wishing a cordial good night to all the dear friends at home, the American woodsman wraps himself up in his blanket, and closing his eyes, soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions."

Mark the profound spirit of love that pervades this beautiful picture; and how the woodsman, after the fatigues of the day, kneels in the darkness of the forest, far away from the haunts of man, to thank his God for the protection that has conducted him in safety through the perils of his enterprise. And how much more touching and picturesque is all this, than the most laboured artifices of poetry, which, dealing with conjectural images, endeavours to supply by the force of invention all that vivid train of associations which men like Audubon realise, and present to us in the permanent colours of unblemished truth. A thousand passages might be cited from the biography in illustration of the vigorous fidelity with which he delineates the actual scenes through which he passed. Such episodes in his descriptive pages are perfect of their kind, and were never surpassed for homely simplicity and natural eloquence. Here is one taken at random, where he is relating the manner in which the Canada goose is surprised and slain:—

"Reader, I am well acquainted with one of the best sportsmen now living in the whole of the western country; one possessed of strength, activity, courage, and patience—qualities of great importance in a gunner. I have frequently seen him mount a capital horse of speed and bottom at midnight, when the mercury in the thermometer was about the freezing point, and the ground was covered with snow and ice, the latter of which so encased the trees that you might imagine them converted into glass. Well, off he goes at a round gallop, his steed rough shod, but nobody knows whither, save myself, who am always by his side. He has a wallet containing our breakfast, and abundance of ammunition, together with such implements as are necessary on occasions like the present. The night is pitch dark and dismal enough; but who cares! *He* knows the woods as well as any Kentucky hunter, and in this respect I am not much behind him. A long interval has passed, and now the first glimpse of day appears in the east. We know quite well where we are, and that we have travelled just twenty miles. The horned owl alone interrupts the melancholy silence of the hour. Our horses we secure, and on foot we move cautiously towards a 'long pond,' the feeding place of several flocks of geese, none of which have yet arrived, although the whole surface of open water is covered with mallards, widgeons, pentail ducks, blue and green-winged teals. My friend's gun, like mine, is a long and trusty one, and the opportunity is too tempting. On all fours we cautiously creep to the very edge of the pond; we now raise ourselves on our knees, level our pieces, and let fly.

"The woods resound with repeated echoes; the air is filled with ducks of all sorts; our dogs dash into the half frozen water, and in a few minutes a small heap of game lies at our feet. Now we retire, separate, and betake ourselves to different sides of the pond. If I might judge of my companion's fingers by the state of my own, I may feel certain that it would be difficult for him to fasten a button. There we are shivering, with contracted feet and chattering teeth! but the geese are coming, and their well-known cry, hauk, hauk, ahauk, ahauk, resounds through the air. They wheel for awhile, but at length gracefully alight on the water, and now they play and wash themselves, and begin to look about for food. There must be at least twenty of them. Twenty more soon arrive, and in less than half an hour we have before us a flock of a hundred individuals. My experienced friend has put a snow-white shirt over his apparel, and although I am greatly intent on observing his motions, I see that it is impossible, even for the keen eye of the sentinel goose, to follow them. Bang, bang, quoth the long gun, and the birds in dismay instantly start, and fly towards the spot where I am. When they approach I spring up on my feet, the geese shuffle, and instantaneously rise upright; I touch my trigger singly, and, broken winged and dead, two birds come heavily to the ground at my feet. Oh that we had more guns! but the business at that pond has been transacted. We collect our game, return to our horses, fasten the necks of the geese and ducks together, and throwing them across our saddles, proceed towards another pond. In this manner we continue to shoot until the number of geese obtained would seem to you so very large that I shall not specify it."

This adventure of the western sportsman recalls us very opportunely to Mr. Colquhoun, whom we had almost forgotten in our transatlantic excursion. A true lover of the moors and the lochs is John Colquhoun; and no man knows better how to impart a fund of practical knowledge concerning them in a brief compass of print. He writes as he shoots—he never throws away a word, never loses a moment—and brings down his mark with rapidity, and an unerring aim. His experience in grouse and black game, in wild fowl and deer, and in the creatures that inhabit the lochs, is so extensive, that he is quite a man of maxims upon all points appertaining to

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them. He has a right to speak oracularly, and you may implicitly rely upon his instructions.

If you are a grouse-shooter, never beat the same range oftener than twice a week; for, as our trusty guide tells you, grouse, unlike partridges, do not collect soon after they are dispersed, and are slow to gather together again. Black game is very different. No birds are so easily shot. But you must be wary with them, and know when and how to approach them, or your chance will be reduced to a forlorn hope. They are powerful on the wing, and keep out of the sun, which disagrees with their complexion. As the season advances, they become as wild as the winds, and an open shot is not to be had. Now you must act cautiously, and watch them as they feed in groups in the stubble-fields and copses by the hill sides. You must hide silently amongst the sheaves, and wait for them; and unless you observe the utmost circumspection, you lose them at once, for they are as much on the alert as yourself. When the fields become bare the difficulties increase. They feed three times in the course of the day—at day-break, at noon, and an hour before dusk. Mr. Colquhoun's plans of surprise at these periods are as ingenious as the cunning naval stratagems of that worthy old Cadiz knight, Sir William Monson of glorious memory.

"I have a hole," he tells us, "in the stone walls which inclose most of the highland fields, in order to shoot through it. I have also placed a bush on the top to screen myself when rising to fire! but they have such quick sight and acute hearing, both well exercised when feeding on this dangerous ground, that I have found it a better plan not to attempt the sitting shot. My way is to crawl as near the place where they are feeding as possible, and make my attendant and one of the farm servants enter at each end of the field opposite, and come leisurely down towards the birds; they are then almost sure to fly over your head, and give you an excellent double shot. Care must be taken, however, to ascertain that no sentinel is perched on the wall, or any high ground near, as there often is at the beginning of the feed. Should there be, wait patiently till he joins the flock. I have also, by this method, often had a capital chance at grouse feeding on the stubble, which they sometimes do in the lowland, when returning from my shooting-ground in Selkirkshire."

What wit we are forced to expend on these tiny creatures, whose instinct so often defeats all our arts. Here is a gentleman of great experience, a famous shot, with helpers to boot, who is compelled to creep to a hole in the wall to get a shot at a company of black game feeding in a stubble-field. And he must be careful lest these prudent birds have placed a sentinel on the lookout ready to give signal of danger; and should he detect such a scout, he must lie still and wait patiently until the watch is removed, lulled into security by the apparent absence of the apprehended peril. You might compass the siege of a town in less time than you can sometimes pounce upon a flock of birds.

A good dog is the grand desideratum on the moors. It is essential above all things that your dog should have a good nose. The distinguishing characteristics of the highbred animal are, what Mr. Colquhoun calls, "travel, lastiness, and nose." As to the appearance of a dog, it goes for nothing. Never suffer yourself to be taken in by appearances. "For my own part," says our Highlander, "I must confess that I am not very partial to the exceedingly fine-coated, silken-eared, tobacco-pipe-tailed canine aristocracy; for, even if their noses and style of hunting be good, they are invariably much affected by cold and wet weather, and can seldom undergo the fatigue requisite for the moors." Before you buy a dog try him. As you would not hang a man without a fair trial, so you ought to try a dog before you purchase him. If he keeps *pottering* about, instead of throwing up his head, and moving along confidently, send him about his business, for he is not fit for yours. See that he has a hard round foot, and that his legs are well set, symmetrical and strong. Look well to his head: broad between the ears, which ought to hang down as close as side-pockets; a fall under the eyes; nose long and not broad; nostrils soft and damp; and there is your pointer complete at all points.

Away to the Highland lochs for a winter day's genuine sport with the water-fowl. Mr. Colquhoun compares this sport for excitement with deer-stalking, and whoever is an adept in the one is sure to become expert at the other. But no man ventures to the lochs, however, who is not of Herculean mould, insensible to rheumatism, and as indifferent to a wetting as the ducks described by Washington Irving, like boon companions revelling in a pond, and growing loquacious over their liquor. As to water-proof boots, or India-rubber boots, they are mere cockney affectations. Here is the true costume,—"a light-brown duffle shooting jacket and waistcoat, as near the shade of the ground and trees in the winter season as possible, your great object being to avoid the quick sight of the birds; shoes, well studded with nails, like a deer-stalker's, to prevent slipping, and a drab-coloured water-proof cap. Should the weather be very cold," adds Mr. Colquhoun, "I sometimes put on two pair of worsted stockings, but never attempt any protection from the wet. If snow is on the ground, wear a white linen cover to your shooting jacket, and another to your cap." We need not advertise the reader that this is another stratagem to deceive the birds, on the principle of Birnam Wood moving to Dunsinane, and intended as a make-believe of a mass of snow; but the sportsmen must have as profound a genius for imitating the snow-drift as Purcell, if he hope to succeed in playing off such a piece of chicanery upon the Highland waterfowl.

No man can kill these birds who is not thoroughly in possession of the *carte d'un pays*, and of the habits of the game. The clod, who is bred up in these districts, and who knows them as well as he knows his own right hand, goes to work with the requisite cunning. He is well aware, that upon the least intimation, the birds will rise, and that he has then a very uncertain chance: *ergo*, he crouches along until he comes close upon them, and heedless of web and briars, and, measuring his distance craftily, lets fly amongst them with the most deadly results. The squire, on the other hand, all fluster, and anxiety, and eagerness, to show off his double barrel, puts the birds on the *qui vive*, and might as well fire at the stars, for all prospect he has of bag-

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ging a single wing. A sketch of the nincompoop is hit off with admirable breadth and felicity.

"I will now suppose the squire on the loch-side on a fine winter morning, dressed perhaps in a flaring green or black velveteen, with a Newfoundland retriever of the same sable hue. He sees a flock of fowl well pitched on the shore, which most likely have seen both him and his dog, and are quite upon their guard. He looks round for a few bushes to screen him *when near* the birds; and then, with a sort of half-crouching attitude, admirably imitated by his canine friend, advances upon his game. Unless the place is particularly adapted for a shot, the flock have probably seen him appearing and re-appearing several times; and whenever he is sufficiently near to alarm them, fly up together, to his no small chagrin. But should he *by any chance* get near enough for a shot, his dog, not being thoroughly trained, will most likely show himself, or begin whimpering when his master prepares to shoot, or, in short, do something which may spoil the sport; and even supposing the better alternative, that he should have no dog at all, and be within shot of his game, he will, in all probability, either poke his head over a bush when going to fire, or make a rustling when putting his gun through it, and so lose the sitting shot."

The ducks when they are alarmed shoot up into the air like rockets. The stupid dun-birds are such unreasoning lumps of feathers, that they will sometimes come back after you have scared them, and begin to dive and feed again before your eyes, and close within shot, so as to leave you no excuse for not peppering them right and left. But the stately and mighty hooper, the monarch of the flood, is a very different creature. The grandeur of his movements renders him comparatively slow; and it is ten to one, whatever awkward misses you may commit, that he does not treat you with such intense contempt as to sail along majestically under circumstances that would make any other water-bird take to the wing at once.

"To get a shot at the wild swan is the great object of the sportsman's desire; he is not naturally so shy a bird as the wild duck, but still his long neck and acute sense of hearing, render great caution necessary. If, as often happens, he is feeding along the shore, you have only to plant yourself in an advantageous situation a good way a-head, and it will not be long before he makes his appearance; but if he is feeding at the mouth of some brook or stream, you must crawl in the same way as when after wild ducks.

"Should you get within a distant shot of a hooper, and are not close to the water-side, instead of firing from where you are, rush down to the edge of the loch, and before the swan can take wing you will have gained ten yards upon him. When the thaw begins after very hard weather, they are almost sure to be feeding at the mouths of any mountain burns that run into the loch. Should you see hoopers strong on the feed, nearly out of range of your gun, in place of taking the random shot, try to prevent their being disturbed, and return at dusk of evening, or gray of morning, when they will most likely have come pretty close to the shore, especially if any little rivulets run into the loch near. This rule applies to most waterfowl. If a swan be alarmed by an enemy on the shore, his wont is not to fly, but to swim majestically away."

The roe, the noiseless roe, gliding along like a shadow—the mountain fox, a splendid looking fellow, as bold as a lion, all muscle, speed, and freedom—the wild-cat, now very rarely met with in the hills, of great length and power of limb, reared in rocky cliffs and precipices, and feeding upon all manner of prey—the martin, looking like a giant weasel, more active and alert than the cat, daring and mischievous, with short legs, that enable it, by a dazzling succession of springs, to distance animals of greater apparent elasticity, are amongst the remaining objects of Highland sport, upon which Mr. Colquhoun discourses with learned ecstasy. Loch-fishing follows, and here we have an exquisite variety of choice. The true angler adapts his flies to the water, and we maintain, let who may differ from us, that the secret of this dexterous pleasure consists in effecting a decided contrast between the fly and the stream or loch. If the water be dark, let your fly be bright-green, gold, or silver; if, on the contrary, the water be pellucid, let your fly be dark-brown, black, or deeply mottled; this is the whole art, depend upon it. Of course skill in the casting and management of your line is understood, for if you show yourself to the fish, or otherwise disturb them, you will not get a solitary nibble for your pains; and we should treat the whole tribe ill if we did not add, with adequate severity of expression, that you do not deserve a nibble.

Look, O thoughtful reader, at that pebbly mountain stream; you can trace it through the shadowy woods like a broken line of light shining down amongst the trees. Here you are alone upon the margin, with a clump of bushes at your feet, and a sprawling willow overhead, stretching its branches over the water, and dipping its pendant leaves into the very centre of the current. We will not ask you to pause and admire with us the stillness of this dark spot, where no voice of earth is heard, except the singing of the foliage as the breeze rushes past, kissing the green wilderness with riotous joy. Stand here, behind the trunk of this tree: you are completely shut in from the stream. Now prepare your rod: it is of course a proper rod: none of your springy tendrils, with the whole play from the hand, but a regular double-spliced instrument, elastic, strong, and of commanding length; affording sufficient power and flexibility in its upper sections to enable you to possess complete authority over it under all possible emergencies. Fling your line cautiously, but boldly; noiselessly, but surely; and with such ease and certainty, that you can answer beforehand for the exact spot where it will fall, making its fall as light and natural as if it were a veritable fly shooting down from the trees, or dropping about the water as flies love to do when they are exhausted with heat, or fragrance, or luscious food. The stream is as clear as a mirror. Peeping carefully through the boughs, you can count the pebbles below, and ever and anon catch the dead gleaming eye of a red trout under the hanging banks of moss and sedgy grass. Your fly is dark upon the surface, so dark that it cannot escape the obser-

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vation of the fish. Its darkness, assisted by the undulation of the current, looks as if it were in motion. You hardly draw your breath,—you judge of what is going on by the pulses of your hand,—you know what your fly is doing, what fascination is at work, and what you may presently calculate upon, if you have only patience enough to suppress your anxiety. The rod twitches,—now for it. Mark which way it draws,—there, there—gently, gently,—let the reel spin as fast as thought: now try again—up the bank,—measure every footstep as carefully as if you were treading amongst nest-eggs; reel up, first slow, then quick, then slow again, till you feel it giving way. Think of Dean Swift's maxim for decanting Port wine,—

> "First rack slow,—next rack quick,—
> Then rack slow, till you come to the thick."

Up the stream,—always angle against the stream, unless you have good and substantial reasons to the contrary. Now, it is coming, quivering, struggling, fighting every inch for life. Huzza! one spring and it is in your basket.

Fishing in a salt-water loch is a very different affair from this mountain sport. It has a character peculiarly its own. It has none of the accessories or pictorial points, none of the helps or guides of the inland loch, or the trout stream,—no wooded islands or bright sandy margins. A rugged mountain, says Mr. Colquhoun, more often rises abruptly from its side in craggy and bold relief. It is less scientific in proportion; it is mere killing work at best, handicraft, common mechanical labour. He will succeed best who best knows the fishing ground, and the proper state of the tide for commencing operations. Trolling for sea-trout is the highest form of proceeding, and approaches nearest to genuine angling. You must begin at the ebb of the tide. "If there be a good pool," we quote our experienced author upon this matter, "at the mouth of any mountain burn, by going with your fly-rod during a 'spait,' or coming down of the water after heavy rain, *and when the tide is at full*, you may have excellent sport. The trout are all floundering about, ready to take your fly the moment it touches the water. This only lasts for a short time, as they all leave the pool at the receding of the tide." The next process in order is the long line. This is pure murder. You must bait and set this long line, which sometimes has as many as 600 coarse, blunt, clumsy hooks. The best time to set the line is after low water. Let it lie exactly an hour, and if you have hit upon a shoal, you will probably half fill your boat.

"The fish for the most part taken are cod, ling, haddock, skate, large flounders, and enormous conger eels, some of the latter more than half the length of your boat, and as thick as a man's leg. These would generally be thrown back again, were it not for the havoc they make among the other fish, and the damage they do to the set-lines. Their throats are, therefore, cut as soon as they are pulled up, after which operation they will live for hours. The skate is also very tenacious of life; and nothing can be more absurd than the grotesque, pompous faces it will continue to exhibit for some time after being deposited in the boat. The round shape of its jagged crown is exactly like a judge's wig; and when it puffs out its cheeks, the whole face and head so forcibly reminds one of those learned lords, that you almost fancy you hear it pronounce sentence upon the devoted congers. The conger, if dressed like other fish, is uneatable: but when the oil is taken out by parboiling, some people prefer it to cod. Care should be taken to untwist the line as much as possible when drawing it, which saves a deal of trouble afterwards. There is generally so much filth and discomfort in the whole business, that gentlemen seldom care to engage in it, except a few times from curiosity."

We should think not, and cannot congratulate those gentlemen on their good taste, who are seen a second time indulging in such wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter.

There is another method of fishing in these lakes, with a hand line, which consists of a piece of whalebone fastened crosswise to the line, and a hook at each end suspended upon strong gut, with a heavy lead in the centre. The whole art is to drop your lead, and the moment you feel a bite pull up. Capital fun for little boys, but contemptible in the eyes of a real sportsman.

Mr. Colquhoun has tried his hand at every variety of game produced in the north. From the lochs he carries us up into the eyries of the eagles, where he is as much at home as amongst the farm-houses, or on the desolate moors. The stories he tells of these noble wild birds are intensely interesting. It appears that the eagles commit great devastation upon hares, rabbits, and grouse; and the sportsman in revenge makes war upon them. But it is a service of no little danger. There was an eyrie some years ago in Glen-Lass, where a pair hatched yearly. The cliff was nearly perpendicular, and the only approach to the nest was over the top. A single false step, and the bold fellow who undertook to shoot the female must have tumbled headlong into the gulf. After a perilous progress towards the eyrie, he at last came within sight of the eagle, sitting on her eggs. It was a long distance, but his gun was loaded with swan-shot; and so, taking deliberate aim, he fired. The bird gave a shrill scream, extended her wings, and expired on her nest. On another occasion, a gamekeeper had killed a wild-fowl, and sent his dog into the water after it: down swooped an eagle, and, seizing the dog, fearlessly contested the prize. This took place within twenty yards of the keeper; and it was only by shouting with all his might that he could prevent the eagle from drowning the dog. Having succeeded in making it fly a little clear of the dog, he brought it down with his second barrel.

The osprey, or water eagle, is a still more remarkable bird than either the sea or the golden eagle. It lives chiefly on fish; and it is worth watching a whole day to see one of them sail into the air from some of the island ruins they inhabit, and, hovering over a loch, take the measure of the fish below. The moment they see one they descend a little, then settle,—then lower themselves and settle again,—then strike down like a dart, seizing the prey with their claws, and carrying it up triumphantly into the clouds.

William Howitt—who has uttered so many true and beautiful things—stoutly maintains, that sports-

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men feel the animating influence of Nature and its charms in their pursuit. We are amazed that any necessity should exist for arguing such a point. "The Twelfth of August approaches!" says William Howitt; "the gun is roused from its slumber —the dogs are howling in ecstasy on their release from the kennel—the heather is burst into all its crimson splendour on the moors and mountains, and grouse-shooting is at hand once more! That sentence is enough to make a sportsman start to his feet, if it were but whispered to him in his deepest after-dinner dose."* Why, the very words that summon the sportsman to the moors and mountains, and the unavoidable associations that there become pressed upon him, must draw his sympathies towards Nature. He cannot help being moved by the healthful influences of the scene—he feels them invigorating him—he is conscious of a delight which none can know who are house-bound and pent up in cities; and although he may not coin his sensations into verse, or worse prose, to let the world know how gloriously he enjoys the freedom of the green earth, be assured there is no poet in Westminster Abbey who, in his day, had a deeper faith in Nature, or could give sounder reasons for it, than your thorough-bred sportsmen.

But we are apt to treat such subjects too materially in England. We look for some bodily evidence before we will admit the existence of the spirit. This gross taste pursues us every where—through our museums, our picture-galleries, our monuments, and even in our literature. Faith—as such, apart from controversies and palpable objects—is scarcely understood amongst us; and the merest pretender who "babbles about green fields." gets more credit for admiration of the works of God than the solitary wanderer, who, haunting "the nooks of the world," drinks inspiration silently at the spring head. In the smallest town on the continent, where there is a cathedral-wonder, a ruin, or even a dilapidated house, that, in the course of time, may have given birth to some man who afterwards won distinction amongst his fellows, you find the tradition filling the very atmosphere. The humblest hind has the story at his finger's ends, and can relate the narrative to you with a precision as to dates, names, and circumstances, which would strangely puzzle your philosophy, were it not all accounted for by that enthusiasm which is born of faith. Now, how do such matters stand in England? In the town of Canterbury, perhaps there is not a single individual who could give you a particle of information concerning the history of the cathedral where the blood of Thomas à Becket was spilt, except the two sallow, formal, mercantile, and melancholy young women, who obtain a living by the keys of that edifice, and who repeat their catalogue of historical reminiscences by rote, and in a frigid tone of business that chills the curious stranger. It is so all over England. Wherever you go, nobody knows any thing about the neighbourhood in which he has been born and bred. And this indifference is still more manifest in those places which are most frequented; so that in proportion as a place becomes celebrated for its ancient memories, the memories themselves gradually expire. To prevent such an oblivion of legendary lore, the people on the continent preserve it in cheap little books. The villages teem with lives of painters and poets—descriptions of wells and fountains and crumbling reliques—and faithful chronicles of remarkable events. Where are such books to be found in England? "It is not a little extraordinary," says Mr. Shoberl, in his charming volume on Greenwich, "that a spot so renowned as Greenwich, possessing peculiar attractions for the vast population of our interminable metropolis, and to which hundreds of thousands resort annually during the summer season, should not have formed the theme of some little work, written at once in a lively and agreeable manner, and embracing those historical details with which it is so intimately and inseparably associated."* One might suppose that, of all places, Greenwich would be familiar to the inhabitants of London. But it may be confidently asserted that not one in ten thousand of the myriads of white-bait eaters who frequent that spot in the course of the season, possess a tithe of the information concerning it which Mr. Shoberl has gathered into the tiny pages of his pretty, picturesque, little guide-book. Here we have the history of the palace, of the park, and the surrounding scenery—glances at the jousts and pageants of the old times—peeps at the painted hall, and the pictures, and the veteran pensioners—and the most graphic sketches of all matters connected with the town, written *con amore*, and in a true spirit of enjoyment. We need not heartily recommend such a book to the river-trafficking public. We wish there were five hundred such books to improve the tastes of the people, and to show them in how small a compass a world of delight may be found, if they only knew how to explore and relish it.

But Greenwich is out of our way at present. Ending where we began, we must remind the reader that it is the First of September. The shooting grounds are already fully occupied—every stream and loch is disposed of—a busy population covers the moors and mountains—and the great cities are half empty. What fortune shall have befallen our bag on this occasion, we may perchance reveal next month.

* Rural Life.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

June 29.—Died, at Viterbo, near Rome, in his 66th year, Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino.

The next brother after Napoleon in birth, and after him too the ablest and most ambitious of the Buonapartes, was Lucien, who was born at Ajaccio in 1775. He was fourteen years old when the French Revolution commenced. In 1793, compelled by Paoli to quit Corsica with his family, he took refuge in Provence, and in the same year was appointed keeper of the magazine of military stores at St. Maximin, in the Var, where, he married, about 1794 or 1795, Christine Boyer, the daughter of a wealthy

* *A Summer's Day at Greenwich, being a Guide to the Hospital and Park, &c.* By William Shoberl, Esq. London: H. Colburn. 1840.

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inn-keeper. He became a commissary of the army in 1795, and two years after was elected deputy from the department of the Liamone to the Council of Five Hundred. In the tribune he exhibited both fluency of language and, occasionally at least, sound and even elevated views; but what most distinguished him was the energy of his manner, and his apparent devotion to the existing government. In 1798 his zeal induced him to propose that every deputy should swear to die rather than suffer the constitution of the year three to be overturned. Perceiving, however, that the government was tottering, he shortly after came to an understanding with Sieyes, who was meditating the establishment of a sort of revolutionary monarchy. During this state of things, he maintained a constant correspondence with his brother Napoleon, then in Egypt, whose return he probably hastened, and he was certainly the chief instrument in the revolution which followed. It was he who, when the general entered unarmed into the council, firmly opposed the sentence of outlawry about to be pronounced against him. It was he who, when he perceived that remonstrances were of no avail, threw down the ensigns of his dignity as president, mounted a horse, harangued the troops, and prevailed on them to clear the hall of its members. It was he, in short, who not only secured the consular authority for his brother, but in all probability saved him from the guillotine. President of this Council at the 18th Brumaire, (9th Nov. 1799,) he displayed during the stormy sitting of that day both energy and coolness. On the proclamation of his brother as first consul, Lucien became a member of the tribunal or popular chamber created by the new constitution, and a short time after minister of the interior, in the room of the great mathematician, but most inefficient public officer, Laplace. In this office he displayed both zeal and talent, and granted to the arts and artists, men of science and literature, the most marked protection and encouragement. He also contributed to the organisation of the prefectures.

But, great as were the services which Lucien had performed for the first consul, the two brothers were not long on brotherly terms. Both were, perhaps, equally ambitious. Lucien's aim was to share with the other the supreme power of the state—an aim which Napoleon easily penetrated and thwarted. The one could bear no superior; the other no equal. Coolness followed; and the breach was carefully widened by the Beauharnois, whose interest it was to support their relative, and who always regarded with distrust the artful proceedings and daring character of Lucien, whose efforts were directed with equal activity to estrange Buonaparte from Josephine and her relatives. In the month Brumaire, an 9, he was sent ambassador to Madrid, which was no better than a brilliant disgrace. In that capacity, however, he zealously promoted the all-grasping designs of his brother. His conduct was firm, haughty, and corrupt. He doubtless despised the contemptible court of Charles IV.—a court equally remarkable for imbecility and profligacy. That traitor and fool, the Prince of the Peace, he flattered or bullied as best suited the purpose of the day, and thereby gained whatever he wanted. Of those wants money was not the least important: he drew immense sums from his mission; and is said to have compelled the Portuguese government to pay five millions of francs to preserve that country from a French invasion. The treaty was signed at Badajoz, on the 29th Nov. 1801. He insisted on the creation of the kingdom of Etruria, and on the cession to France of the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla. In the spring of 1802 he returned to Paris, and was outwardly reconciled with the first consul. On the 9th of March, 1802, Lucien entered a second time upon the tribuneship, and on the 18th of May was the official person who procured the adoption of the law for the legion of honour. At this time he was grand officer of the legion, member of the grand council of administration of the order, and a senator. The estate of Soppelsdorf, in the duchy of Treves, was given to him; and, on 3d Feb. 1803, he was elected a member of the institute, for the class of French language and literature, from which he was subsequently excluded by a royal ordinance of the 21st March 1816. He was next employed, in July 1803, on a mission to the Belgic and Rhenish provinces, to take possession of the estates allotted to the legion of honour; but on his return he took a step which highly displeased the first consul. He married for his second wife, one Madame Jouberthou, the widow of a stockbroker, a woman distinguished for her gallantries, with whom, if common report be true, he had previously cohabited. This was a blow to the system of Napoleon, who had long contemplated royal alliances for his relatives. A quarrel ensued, and he was ordered to quit the French territory. It was in April 1804, one month previous to the change of government from consular to imperial, that he hastened to Italy. The conjuncture was in one respect fortunate for him. It gave rise to an impression, which he was not backward to confirm, that the cause of his disgrace was his opposition to the ambitious policy of his brother. Nothing, however, is more certain than that he was as indifferent to popular liberty as the other, and that like him he was on nearly all occasions guided by views of personal interest.

This part of his history will be found discussed by Napoleon and Las Cases. "Que son second mariage et une fausse direction de caractère l'avoient privé d'une couronne." "Il eut," says Napoleon, "une jeunesse orageuse;" adding that several acts and writings, probably of Lucien, under the name of *Brutus*-Buonaparte, and of consonant character, were attributed injuriously to himself.

Lucien was received with open arms by the pope, whose gratitude he had merited by zealously supporting the concordat. He remained at Rome until the peace of Tilsit, in 1807, when he and his brother were persuaded to meet at Mantua. A reconciliation was expected, but none took place. He was willing enough to comply with certain conditions proposed by the emperor, among which was the marriage of his elder daughter with the Prince of the Asturias; but to his honour, it must be added, that he refused to sacrifice his wife; he would not consent to the dissolution of his marriage, the only condition on which he could hope to enjoy the favour of the imperial despot. For that favour, indeed, he was not very solicitous; he had no wish to be again subjected to the galling fetters from which he had escaped; he found his condition in Rome—adorned as it was by a splendid fortune, and ennobled by the friendship of the pontiff—far happier than any he could

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expect to enjoy under the iron rule of the emperor. That the crown of Spain was held out to tempt him, there can be little doubt; but he scorned to reign as the vassal of France; and he was unwilling to take on himself the odium of the measures about to be executed in relation to the royal family of the country. Besides, he knew too much of the Spanish nation to expect that an usurped throne would either be a happy or a secure one. Angry words passed between the two; Napoleon upbraided him with contumacy; he complained of the persecutions sustained by the pope; so that both separated more incensed than before they met.

Lucien being no longer permitted to remain in the eternal city, retired to an estate which he had purchased at Canino. The pope raised it into a principality, and the Prince of Canino was inscribed among the Roman nobles. But he soon learned enough to be convinced that Italy would not long remain a very safe asylum for him. He fled secretly to Civita Vecchia, and, in a vessel furnished him by his brother-in-law Murat, embarked in Aug. 1810, with the intention of proceeding to the United States. A storm threw him on the coast of Cagliari; but the King of Sardinia refused him permission to land; nor could he obtain a safe-conduct from the British naval commander on that station. He was forced to put out to sea, was captured by two English frigates, and conveyed to Malta, to await the orders of our government respecting him. In conformity with these orders he was transferred to England. He landed at Plymouth, Dec. 18th, and was soon conveyed to Ludlow in Shropshire.

He was permitted to purchase a beautiful estate about fifteen miles from that town; and there, having sent for his family, he spent three years *in otio cum dignitate*. He completed at that period a poem upon which he had long meditated, entitled "Charlemagne, or, The Church Delivered." This was first published in London in 1814, in two volumes quarto, dedicated to Pius VII., and in the following year a translation in English verse appeared, made by Dr. Butler, master of Shrewsbury School, (the late Bishop of Lichfield,) and by Mr. Hodgson, the present provost of Eton. But neither the original nor the translation materially withdrew the attention of the public from the great events of their own time, which were passing under their immediate view.

In regard to this poem, Napoleon exclaimed: "Que de travail, que d'esprit, que de temps perdus! Voilà vingt mille vers—sans couleur, sans but, sans resultat!" Lucien should, according to his brother, have directed his talents to the composition of the History of Italy, which was a desideratum.

Lucien's style of living in England was very frugal. A friend one day ventured to ask him the cause, and his answer is remarkable for its prophetic spirit, "How do you know that I may not ere long have four or five kings to support?" During his residence in this country, his collection of pictures was offered for sale. Some were valuable; but, as a whole, it was greatly inferior to his uncle Cardinal Fesch's gallery. The peace of 1814 having opened his way to the continent, he returned to his old friend and protector, Pius VII.

Unfriendly as were the terms on which the two brothers had lived for so many years, there can be no doubt that Lucien opened a correspondence with Napoleon at Elba, through the medium of their sister Pauline, the princess Borghese. Whether he had any share in the plot which brought about the revolution of March 1815, is not so clear. All that is certainly known is, that he soon hastened to join the emperor at Paris. The ostensible object of his journey was to procure the evacuation of the Roman States, which were invaded by Murat. It is said that, after the fulfilment of his mission, he prepared to return to Italy, but was prevented from leaving France by Napoleon. However this be, he took his seat in the chamber of peers, and exhibited more devotion to the imperial cause than he had ever done during its most prosperous days. After the disaster of Waterloo, he urged the emperor to make a desperate stand for the throne; but he could not infuse his own energy into one whose spirits were damped by misfortune. In an attempt to proclaim Napoleon II. he was opposed by the two chambers. Events compelled him to retire in haste to Neuilly, where he prepared to leave France. At Turin, however, he was arrested, and detained some time; but at the intercession of the pope he was released, on the condition of his being subjected to the surveillance of the holy father. Fortunately he had left his family at Rome, which he immediately rejoined at the Villa Ruffinella, near Frescati.

The remainder of his days he devoted to literature and the fine arts, and he was much respected in private life. Besides the epic poem already noticed, he was the author of Stellina, a novel, in 1799; and the Cyrneide, or Corsica Saved, a poem, two vols. 8vo. 1819. In 1815 he read to the Institute an ode, entitled The Odyssey, directed against those who had traduced the genius of Homer; and he also wrote an essay on the Etruscan vases, of which a large deposit was discovered in 1828 and 1829, upon his estate at Canino. This was translated by his son-in-law, Lord Dudley Stuart, and communicated by him to the Society of Antiquaries of London, by whom it was printed in the twenty-third volume of the Archæologia.

By his first wife, Christine Boyer, the Prince of Canino has left one only surviving child, Letitia, who was married in 1821 to Thomas Wyse, Esq. of the Manor of St. John's near Waterford, now M. P. for that city. By his second wife, Alexandrina Beschamp, (Mad. Jouberthou) who was born in 1780, the Prince of Canino had three sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Charles Lucien, who has hitherto borne the title of Prince of Musignano, and who now succeeds to his father's principality, has distinguished himself in the scientific world for his zoological researches. He married in 1822 his cousin Charlotte-Zenaide-Julie, the eldest daughter and now the only surviving child of Joseph Buonaparte, count of Survilliers, the ex-king of Spain.

The other sons are Louis and Pierre. The daughters are Lolotte (the diminutive of *Charlotte*), married at Rome, in Dec. 1815, to the Prince Gabriella; Christine-Alexandrine-Egypta, married first to an Hungarian nobleman, and secondly in 1826 to Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, M. P. for Arundel, youngest son of John first marquess of Bute, and uncle to the present marquess, and has issue one son. There is also another daughter, Constance (we believe, a nun); and Anne, an adopted daughter.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

(Continued from our last.)

"This is a sally equally unexpected, Mr. Aubrey, and, permit me to add, unwarrantable," said Gammon calmly, having recovered his self-possession. "You have entirely misunderstood me; or I have ill explained myself. Your evident excitement and distress touch my very soul, Mr. Aubrey." Gammon's voice trembled. "Suffer me to tell you that I feel an inexpressible respect and admiration for you; and am miserable at the thought of one word of mine having occasioned you an instant's uneasiness." When a generous nature is thus treated, it is apt to feel an excessive contrition for any fault or extravagance which it may have committed—an excessive appreciation of the pain it may have inflicted on another. Thus it was, that by the time Gammon had done speaking, Mr. Aubrey felt ashamed and mortified at himself, and conceived an admiration of the dignified forbearance of Gammon, which quickly heightened into respect for his general character, and fervent gratitude for the disposition which he had evinced, from first to last, so disinterestedly to serve a ruined man. He seemed now to view all that Gammon had proposed in quite a new light—through quite another medium; and his excitable *feelings* were in some danger of disturbing his judgment.

"As I am a man of business, Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, with a very captivating smile—how frank and forgiving seemed his temper to Aubrey!—"and this is a place for business, shall we resume our conversation? With reference to the first ten thousand pounds, it can be a matter of future arrangement, as to the instruments by which its payment is to be secured; and as for the remaining ten thousand, if I were not afraid of rendering myself liable to Mr. Titmouse for neglecting his interests, I should be content with your verbal promise—your mere word of honour, to pay it, as and when you conveniently could. But, in justice to myself, I really must take a *show* of security from you. Say, for instance, two promissory notes, for £5000 each, payable to Mr. Titmouse. You may really regard them as matters of mere form; for, when you shall have given them to me, they will be deposited *there*," (pointing to an iron-safe,) "and not again be heard of, until you may inquire for them. The influence which I happen to have obtained over Mr. Titmouse, you may rely upon my exercising with some energy, if ever he should be disposed to press you for payment of either of the instruments I have mentioned. I tell you candidly that they must be negotiable in point of form; and I assure you, as sincerely, that I will not permit them to be negotiated. *Now*, may I venture to hope that we understand each other," added Gammon, with a cheerful air; "and that if this be an arrangement which I shall be able to carry into effect, it is a sufficient evidence of my desire to serve you, and have the effect of relieving you from an immense load of anxiety and liability?"

"An immense—a crushing load, indeed, sir, if you have but power to carry your views into effect," replied Mr. Aubrey, with a sigh of anxiety, and a look of gratitude.

"Leave that to *me*, my dear sir; I will undertake to do it; I will move heaven and earth to do it—and the more eagerly and anxiously, for that I may thereby hope to establish a kind of set-off against the misery and loss which my professional exertions have contributed to occasion you!"

"I feel very deeply sensible of your very great—your unexpected kindness, Mr. Gammon; but still, the arrangement suggested, is one which occasions me dreadful anxiety, as to my being able to carry out my part of it."

"Never, never despair, Mr. Aubrey! Heaven helps those who help themselves; and I really imagine I see your powerful energies already beginning to surmount your prodigious difficulties! When you have slept over the matter, you will feel the full relief which this arrangement is so calculated to afford your spirits. Of course, too, you will lose no time in communicating to Messrs. Runnington the nature of the arrangement which I have proposed. I can predict that they will be not a little disposed to urge you to complete it. I cannot, however, help once more reminding you, in justice to myself, Mr. Aubrey, that it is *but* a proposition, in making which, I hope it will not prove that I have been carried away by my feelings much farther than my duty to my client or his interests"—

Mr. Aubrey was afraid to hear him finish the sentence, lest the faint dawn of hope should disappear from the dark and troubled surface. "I will consult, as you suggest, sir, my professional advisers; and feel confident that they will feel as you predict. I feel bound to consult *them*"—

"Oh, certainly! certainly! I am very strict in the observance of professional etiquette, Mr. Aubrey, I assure you; and should not think of going on with this arrangement, except with them, acting on your behalf. One thing I have to beg, Mr. Aubrey, that either you or they will communicate the result of your deliberations to *me*, personally. I am very desirous that the suggested arrangement should be broken to them by *me*. By the way, if you would favour me with your address, I would make a point of calling at your house either late in the evening or early in the morning."

[As if Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap had not kept eagle-eyes upon his every movement since quitting Yatton, with a view to any sudden application for a writ of *Ne Exeat*, which a suspicious movement of his towards the sea-coast might render necessary!]

"I am infinitely obliged to you, sir—but it would be far more convenient for both of us, if you could drop me a line, or favour me with a call at Mr. Weasel's, in Pomegranate Court in the Temple."

Gammon blushed scarlet; but for this accidental mention of the name of Mr. Weasel, who was one of the pleaders occasionally employed by Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, in heavy matters—in all probability Mr. Aubrey might have had to exercise his faculties, if so disposed, upon a declaration of trespass for mesne profits, in a cause of "TITMOUSE *v.* AUBREY!"

"As you like—as you like, Mr. Aubrey," replied Gammon, with difficulty concealing his feelings of pique and disappointment at losing the opportunity of a personal introduction to Mr. Aubrey's family. After a few words of general conversation, Gammon

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inquiring how Mr. Aubrey liked his new profession, and assuring him, in an emphatic manner, that he might rely upon being supported, from the moment of his being called to the bar, by almost all the common-law business of the firm of "Quirk, Gammon, and Snap"—they parted. It had been to Mr. Aubrey a memorable interview—and to Gammon a somewhat arduous affair, taxing to an unusual extent his power of self-command and of dissimulation. As soon as he was left alone, his thoughts instantly recurred to Aubrey's singular burst of hauteur and indignation; Gammon had a stinging sense of submission to superior energy—and felt indignant with himself for not having resented it. Setting aside this source of exquisite irritation to the feelings of a proud man, Gammon felt a depressing consciousness that he had not met with his usual success, in his recent encounter with Mr. Aubrey, who had been throughout cautious, watchful, and courteously distrustful. He had afforded occasional glimpses of the unapproachable pride of his nature—and Gammon had crouched! Was there any thing in their interview—thought Gammon, walking thoughtfully to and fro in his room—which, when Aubrey came to reflect upon—for instance—had Gammon disclosed too much about the extent of his influence over Titmouse? His cheek slightly flushed; a sigh of fatigue and excitement escaped him; and gathering together his papers, he began to prepare for quitting the office for the day.

Mr. Aubrey quitted Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's office with feelings of mingled exhaustion and despondency. As he walked down Saffron Hill—a dismal, deplorable neighbourhood! what scenes did he witness! Poverty and profligacy reveling on all hands in their wild and filthy excesses! Here was an Irishman, half-stupified with liquor and bathed in blood, having just been rescued from a dreadful fight in a low underground public-house cellar, by his squalid wife, with disheveled hair and a filthy infant in her arms—who walked beside him cursing, pinching, and striking him—reproaching him with the knowledge that she and her seven children were lying starving at home; presently he fell down into the gutter, and she with her infant fell down over him!

There was a woman—as it were a bloated mass of filth steeped in gin—standing with a drunken smile, at an old clothes-stall, pawning for a glass of gin a dirty little shirt, which she had a few minutes before stripped from the back of one of her then half-naked children!

A little further on was a noisy crowd round two men carrying a shutter, on which was strapped the bleeding body (a handkerchief spread over the face,) of a poor bricklayer, fallen a few minutes before from the top of some scaffolding, and then in the agonies of death—leaving behind him a wife and twelve children, for whom he had slaved from morning to night, who were now ignorant of what had befallen him, and that they were left entirely destitute.

There was a skinny little terrified urchin, about eight years old, with nothing to conceal his dirty, half-starved body, but a tattered man's coat, pinned round him; dying with hunger, he had stolen a villanous-looking bare bone—scarce a halfpenny worth of meat upon it; and a brawny constable, his knuckles fiercely dug into the poor little offender's neck, with his tight grasp, was leading him off to the police office, followed by his shrieking mother; from the police office he would be committed to Newgate, and thence, after two or three months' imprisonment, he would be flogged—miserable little wretch!—by the common hangman, (who had hanged the child's father some six months before,) and discharged—to return several times and undergo a similar process; then to be transported; and finally be hanged, as had been his father before him.

These startling scenes passed before Mr. Aubrey, in the course of a five minutes' walk down Saffron Hill—during which period he now and then paused, and gazed around him with feelings of pity, of astonishment, of disgust, which presently blended and deepened into one feeling of horror. These scenes, to some so fatally familiar—*fatally*, I mean, on account of the INDIFFERENCE which their familiarity is apt to induce—to Mr. Aubrey, had on them all the frightful glare of *novelty*. He had never witnessed any thing of the sort before; and had no notion of its existence. The people on each side of the Hill, however, seemed perfectly familiar with such scenes, which they seemed to view with the same stupid indifference with which *a lamb led to the slaughter* is beheld by one that has spent his life next door to the slaughter-house. The Jew clothesman, before whose door he stood for a second or two, arrested by the horrifying spectacle of the bleeding wretch borne along to the hospital—took the opportunity to assail him with insolent importunity. A fat baker, and a greasy eating-house keeper, stood each at his door. Oh, how utterly insensible to the ravenous want that flitted incessantly past them! The pallid spectres haunting the gin-palace at the corner, gazed with sunken lack-lustre eye and drunken apathy at the man borne by.

What scenes were these! And what other hidden scenes did they not indicate the existence of! "Gracious mercy!" thought Aubrey, "what a world have I been living in! And this dismal aspect of it exposed to me just when I have lost all power of relieving its wretchedness!"—here a thrill of anguish passed through his heart—"but, woe, woe is me! if at this moment I had a thousand times ten thousand a-year, how far would it go amidst the scenes similar to this, which abound in this one city? Oh God! what unutterable horror must be in store for those who, entrusted by Thee with an overflowing abundance, disregard the misery around them in guilty selfishness and indolence, or"—he shuddered—"expend it in sensuality and profligacy! Will Dives become sensible of his misconduct, only when he shall have entered upon his next scene of existence and punishment? Oh, merciful Creator! how is my heart wrung by the sight of such scenes as these! Awful and mysterious Author of existence, *Father of the spirits of all flesh*, are these states of being which Thou hast ordained? Are these thy children? Are these my fellow-creatures? Oh, help me! help me! my weak heart faints; my clouded understanding is confounded! I cannot—insect that I am!—discern the scope and end of thy economy, of thy dread government of the world; yet I KNOW that *thou reignest*; though *clouds and darkness are around thee! Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of thy throne! with righteousness shalt thou judge the world*, AND THE PEOPLE WITH EQUITY!"

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Like as the lesser light is lost in the greater, so, in Aubrey's case, was the lesser misery he suffered, merged in his sense of the greater misery he witnessed. What, after all, was his position, in comparison with that of those now before and around him? What cause of thankfulness had he not, for the merciful mildness of the dispensation of Providence towards him and his? Such were his thoughts and feelings, as he stood gazing at the scenes which had called them forth, when his eye lit on the figure of Mr. Gammon approaching him. He was threading his way, apparently lost in thought, through the scenes which had so powerfully affected Mr. Aubrey, who stood eyeing him with a sort of unconscious intensity, as if secure from his observation, till he was actually addressed by him.

"Mr. Aubrey!" exclaimed Gammon, courteously saluting him. Each took off his hat to the other. Though Aubrey hardly intended it, he found himself engaged in conversation with Gammon, who, in a remarkably feeling tone, and with a happy flattering deference of manner, intimated that he could guess the subject of Mr. Aubrey's thoughts, namely, the absorbing matters which they had been discussing together.

"No, I was not," said Aubrey, with a sigh, as he walked on—Gammon keeping easily beside him—"I have been profoundly affected by scenes which I have witnessed in the immediate neighbourhood of your office, since quitting it; what misery! what horror!"

"Ah, Mr. Aubrey!"—exclaimed Gammon with a sigh, as they very slowly ascended Holborn Hill, separate, but side by side—"what a checkered scene is life! Guilt and innocence—happiness and misery—wealth and poverty—disease and health—wisdom and folly—sensuality and refinement—piety and irreligion—how strangely intermingled we behold them, wherever we look on life—how difficult to the philosopher to detect the principle!"——

"Difficult?—Impossible! Impossible!"—exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, thoughtfully.

"Comparison, I have often thought," said Gammon, after a pause—"comparison of one's own misfortunes with the greater misfortunes endured by others, is beneficial or prejudicial—consolatory or disheartening—according as the mind of him who makes the comparison is well or ill regulated—possessed or destitute of moral and religious principle!"

"It is so, indeed," said Mr. Aubrey; though not particularly inclined to enter into conversation, he was pleased with the tone of his companion's remark.

"As for me"—proceeded Gammon with a slight sigh—"the absorbing anxieties of professional life; and, too, a branch of professional life which, infinitely to my distaste, brings me constantly into scenes such as you have been observing, have contributed to render me less sensible of their real character; yet can I vividly conceive the effect they must, when first seen, produce upon the mind and heart of a compassionate, an observant, a reflecting man, Mr. Aubrey!"

Gammon looked a gentlemen; his address was easy and insinuating, full of delicate deference, without the slightest tendency to cant or sycophancy; his countenance was an intellectual and expressive one; his conversation that of an educated and thinking man. He was striving his utmost to produce a favourable impression on Mr. Aubrey; and, as is very little to be surprised at, he succeeded. By the time that they had got about twenty yards beyond Fetter Lane, they might have been seen walking together arm-in-arm. As they approached Oxford street, they suddenly stumbled on Mr. Runnington.

"God bless me, Mr. Aubrey!" said he, surprisedly—"and Mr. Gammon? How do you do, Mr. Gammon?"—he continued, taking off his hat with a little formality, and speaking in a corresponding tone; but he was encountered by Gammon with greatly superior ease and distance, and was not a little nettled at it; for he was so palpably foiled with his own weapons.

"Well—I shall now resign you to your legitimate adviser, Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, with a smile; then, addressing Mr. Runnington, in whose countenance pique and pride were abundantly visible,—"Mr. Aubrey has favoured me with a call to-day, and we have had some little discussion on a matter which he will explain to you. As for me, Mr. Aubrey, I ought to have turned off two streets ago—so I wish you good evening."

Mr. Aubrey and he shook hands as they exchanged adieus. Mr. Runnington and he simply raised each his hat, and bowed to the other with cold politeness. As Mr. Runnington and Mr. Aubrey walked westward together, the former, who was a very cautious man, did not think fit to express the uneasiness he felt at Mr. Aubrey's having entered into any thing like confidential intercourse with one whom he believed to be so subtle and dangerous a person as Mr. Gammon. He was, however, very greatly surprised when he came to hear of the proposal which had been made up by Mr. Gammon, concerning the mesne profits, which, he said, was so unaccountably reasonable and liberal, considering the parties by whom it was made, that he feared Mr. Aubrey must be lying under some mistake. He would, however, turn it anxiously over in his mind, and consult with his partners; and, in short, do whatever they conceived best for Mr. Aubrey—that he might depend upon. "And, in the mean time, my dear sir," added Mr. Runnington, with a smile designed to disguise considerable anxiety, "it may be as well for you not to have any further personal communication with these parties, whom you do not know as well as we do; but to let us negotiate with them in every thing!" Thus they parted; and Mr. Aubrey entered Vivian street with a considerably lighter heart than he had ever before carried into it. A vivid recollection of the scenes which he had witnessed at Saffron Hill, caused him exquisitely to appreciate the comforts of his little home, and to return the welcomes and caresses he received with a kind of trembling tenderness and energy. As he folded his still blooming but somewhat anxious wife fondly to his bosom, kissed his high-spirited and lovely sister, and fondled the prattling innocents that came clambering up upon his lap, he forgot the difficulties, but remembered the *lesson* of the day.

But I must return to Yatton, where some matters had transpired which are worth noticing. Though Mr. Yahoo paid rather anxious court to Mr. Gammon, who was very far too much for him in every way, 'twas plain that he dreaded and disliked, as much as he was despised by that gentleman. Mr. Gammon easily extracted from Titmouse that Yahoo was

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endeavouring, from time to time, artfully to set him against his protector, Mr. Gammon. This was *something;* but more than this—Yahoo, a bold, dashing scoundrel, was obtaining a growing ascendency over Titmouse, whom he was rapidly initiating into all manner of vile habits and practices; and, in short, completely corrupting. But, above all, Gammon ascertained that Yahoo had already commenced, with great success, his experiments upon the purse of Titmouse. Before they had been a week at Yatton, down came a splendid billiard table with its appendages from London, accompanied by a man to fix it—as he did—in the library, which he quickly denuded of all traces of its former character; and here Yahoo, Titmouse, and Fitz-Snooks, would pass a good deal of their time. Then they would have tables and chairs, and cards, cigars, and brandy and water, out upon the beautiful "soft, smooth-shaven lawn," and sit there playing *ecarté*, at once pleasantly soothed and stimulated by their cigars and brandy and water, for half a day together. Then Yahoo got up frequent excursions to Grilston, and even to York; where, together with his two companions, he had "great sport," as the newspapers began to intimate with growing frequency and distinctness. Actuated by that execrable licentiousness with reference to the female sex, by which he was peculiarly distinguished, and of which he boasted, he had got into several curious adventures with farmers' girls, and others in the vicinity of Yatton, and even amongst the female members of the establishment at the Hall; in which latter quarter Fitz-Snooks and Titmouse began to imitate his example. Mr. Gammon conceived a fearful, a shuddering loathing and disgust for the miscreant leader into these enormities; and, but for certain consequences, would have despatched him with as much indifference as he would have laid arsenic in the way of a bold voracious rat, or killed a snake. As it was, he secretly caused him to experience, on one or two occasions, the effects of his good-will towards him. Yahoo had offered certain atrocious indignities to the sweetheart of a strapping young farmer; whose furious complaints coming to Mr. Gammon's ears, that gentleman, under a pledge of secrecy, gave him two guineas to be on the look-out for Yahoo, and give him the best taste, he knew how, of a pair of Yorkshire fists. A day or two afterwards, the Satyr fell in with his unsuspected enemy. Yahoo was a strongly-built man, and an excellent bruiser; but was at first disposed to shirk the fight, on glancing at the prodigious proportions of Hazel, and the fury flaming in his eyes. The instant, however, that he saw the attitude into which poor Hazel threw himself, Yahoo smiled, stripped, and set to. I am sorry to say that it was a good while before Hazel could get one single blow at his accomplished opponent; whom, however, he at length began to wear out. Then he gave him a miserable pommeling, to be sure; and finished by knocking out five of his front teeth, viz. three in the upper, and two in the under jaw—beautifully white and regular teeth they certainly were; and the loss of them caused him great affliction on the score of his appearance, and also not a little interfered with the process of cigar-smoking; and would, besides, have debarred him from enlisting as a soldier, inasmuch as he could not bite off the end of his cartridge: wherefore, it would seem, that Hazel had committed the offence of *Mayhem:* Mr. Gammon condoled heartily with Mr. Yahoo, on hearing of the brutal attack which had been made upon him, and as the assault had not been committed in the presence of a third party, strongly recommended him to bring an action of *trespass vi et armis* against Hazel, which Gammon undertook to conduct for him to—a nonsuit. While they were conversing in this friendly way together, it suddenly occurred to Gammon that there was another service he could render Mr. Yahoo, and with equally strict observance of the injunction, *not to let his left hand know what his right hand did;* for he loved the character of a secret benefactor. So he wrote up a letter to Snap, (whom he knew to have been treated very insolently by Yahoo,) desiring him to go to two or three flash bill-brokers and money-lenders, and ascertain whether they had any paper by them with the name of "Yahoo" on it:—and in the event of such being discovered, he was to act in the manner pointed out by Gammon. Off went Snap like a shot, on receiving this letter; and the very first gentleman he applied to, viz. Suck'em Dry, Esquire, proved to be possessed of an acceptance of Yahoo's for £200, for which Dry had given only five pounds on speculation. He readily yielded to Snap's representation, that he would give him—Dry—a shy at Mr. Yahoo, gratis—and put the document into the hands of Snap; who forthwith delivered it, confidentially, to Swindle Shark, gent., &c. a little Jew attorney in Chancery Lane, into whose office the dirty work of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap was swept—in cases where they did not choose to appear.

I wish the mutilated Yahoo could have seen the mouthful of glittering teeth that were displayed by the hungry Jew, on receiving the above commission. His duties, though of a painful, were of a brief and simple description. 'Twas a plain case of *Indorsee v. Acceptor.* The affidavit of debt was sworn the same afternoon; and within an hour's time afterwards, a thin slip of paper was delivered into the hands of the under-sheriff of Yorkshire, commanding him to take the body of Pimp Yahoo, if he should be found in his bailiwick, and him safely keep—out of harm's way—to enable him to pay £200 *debt* to Suck'em Dry, and £24 6s. 10d. *costs* to Swindle Shark. Down went that little "infernal machine" to Yorkshire by that night's post. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and concern with which Mr. Gammon, the evening but one afterwards, on returning to the Hall from a ride to Grilston, heard Titmouse and Fitz-snooks—deserted beings!—tell him how, an hour before, two big vulgar fellows, one of them with a long slip of paper in his hands, had called at the Hall, asked for the innocent unsuspecting Yahoo, just as he was putting his last ball into the pocket of the billiard-table—an admirable *coup*—and insisted on his accompanying them to the house of one of them, and then on to York Castle. They had brought a tax-cart with them for his convenience; and into it, between his two new friends, was forced to get the astonished Yahoo—smoking, as well as he could, a cigar, with which he had filled all his pockets, and swearing oaths enough to last the whole neighbourhood for a fortnight at least. Mr. Gammon was quite shocked at the indignity which had been perpetrated, and asked why the villains had not been kept till he could have been sent for. Then, leaving the melancholy Titmouse and

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Fitz-Snooks to themselves for a little while, he took a solitary walk in the elm avenue, where—grief has different modes of expressing itself—he relieved his excited feelings by reiterated bursts of laughter. As soon as the *York True Blue* had, amongst other intimations of fashionable movements, informed the public that "*The Hon.* Pimp Yahoo" had quitted Yatton Hall for York Castle, where he intended to remain and receive a large party of friends—it was astonishing how soon they began to muster and rally round him. "*Detainers*"—so that species of visiting card is called—came fluttering in like snow; and, in short, there was no end of the messages of civility and condolence which he received from those whom he had obliged with his valuable countenance and custom.

Ah me, poor Yahoo, completely done! Oft is it, in this infernal world of ours, that the best concerted schemes are thus suddenly defeated by the envious and capricious fates! Thus were thy arms suddenly held back from behind, just as they were encircling as pretty, plump a pigeon as ever nestled in them with pert and playful confidence, to be plucked! Alas, alas! And didst thou behold the danger to which it was exposed, as it fluttered upward unconsciously into the region where thine affectionate eye detected the keen hawk in deadly poise? Ah me! Oh dear! What shall I do? What can I say? How vent my grief for The Prematurely Caged?—

"Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis?—
Ergo *Yahōum* perpetuus *carcer*
Tenet? Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis *abfuit!*
Nulli flebilior, quam tibi, *Tittlebat!**
Tu frustrà pius, heu! non ita creditum
Poscis *Yahōum creditores*—
Quem *brevi* semel horrido,
Nigro compulerit *Gammonius* gregi.
Durum!"†

Poor Titmouse was very dull for some little time after this sudden abduction of the bold and brilliant spirit, for whom I have above poured out the deep sorrows of my soul, and wished to bring an action, at the suggestion of Fitz-snooks, against the miscreant who had dared to set the law in motion at Yatton, under the very nose of its lord and master. As soon, however, as Gammon intimated to him that all those who had lent Yahoo money, might now rely upon that gentleman's honour, and whistle back their money at their leisure, Titmouse burst out into a great rage, telling Gammon that he, Titmouse, had only a day or two before lent Yahoo £150, of good and lawful money of Great Britain; and that he was a "cursed scamp," who knew he could not pay: and a Detainer, at the suit of "Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq.," was one of the very earliest that found its way into the sheriff's office, that gentleman becoming one of the very bitterest and most relentless creditors of the fallen Yahoo, except, perhaps, Mr. Fitz-snooks, who, having lent the amiable Yahoo no less than thirteen hundred pounds, remained easy all the while, under the impression that certain precious documents called "I. O. U.'s of the said Yahoo were as good as cash, was infinitely dismayed on discovering that it was otherwise; that *he* was not to be paid before all other creditors, and immediately; so he also sent a very special message in the shape of a detainer, backed by a great number of curses.

In process of time Mr. Yahoo bethought himself of getting "*white-washed;*" but when he came to be inspected, it was considered that he was not properly *seasoned;* so the operation was delayed for two years, under a very arbitrary statute, which enacted, "that if it should appear that the said prisoner had contracted any of his debts *fraudulently*, or by means of *false pretences*, or *without having had any reasonable or probable expectation at the time when contracted of paying the same*," &c. &c. &c. "or shall be indebted for damages recovered in any *action for criminal conversation*, or *seduction*, or for *malicious injuries*, &c. &c. such prisoner should be discharged as to such debts and damages, so soon only as he shall have been in custody at the suit of such creditors for a period or periods not exceeding two years." Such is the odious restraint upon the liberty of the subject, which at this day, in the nineteenth century, is suffered to disgrace the statute law of England; for in order to put *other Yahoos* upon their guard against the cruel and iniquitous designs upon them, I here inform them that the laws under which Mr. Yahoo suffered his two years' incarceration, every one of his debts, &c., coming under one or other of the descriptions above mentioned, are, *proh pudor!* re-enacted, and at this moment in force, as several most respectable gentlemen, if you could get access to them, would tell you.

Yahoo having been thus adroitly disposed of, Mr. Gammon had the gratification of finding that mischievous simpleton, Fitz-snooks, very soon afterwards take his departure. He pined for the pleasures of the town, (which he had money enough to enjoy for about three years longer, with economy; after which he might go abroad, or to *the dogs*—wherever they were to be found.) 'Twas indeed monstrous dull at Yatton; the game, which Yahoo had given him a taste for, was so very *strictly preserved* there! and the birds so uncommon shy and wild, and strong on the wing! Besides, Gammon's presence was a terrible pressure upon him, overawing and benumbing him, in spite of several attempts which he had made, when charged with the requisite quantity of wine, to exhibit an impertinent familiarity, or even defiance. As soon as poor Titmouse had bade him good-bye, shaken hands with him, and lost sight of him—he was at Yatton, *alone with Gammon*, and felt as if a spell were upon him—he was completely cowed and prostrate. Yet Gammon laid himself out to the very uttermost to please him, and re-assure his drooping spirits. Titmouse had got it into his head that the mysterious and dreadful Gammon had, in some deep way or other, been at the bottom of Yahoo's abduction and the disappearance of Fitz-snooks, and would, by-and-by, do the same for *him*. He had no feeling of *ownership* of Yatton; but of being, as it were, only tenant-at-will thereof to Mr. Gammon. Whenever he tried to re-assure himself, by repeating to himself that it did not signify—for Yatton was his own—and he might do as he liked, his feelings might be compared to a balloon, which, with the eye of eager and

* Elegantius alii—"*Titmuscull.*"
† Hor. *Carm.* I. xxiv.

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anxious thousands upon it, yet cannot get inflated sufficiently to rise one inch from the ground. How was it? Mr. Gammon's manner towards him was most uncommonly respectful; what else could he wish for? Yet he would have given a thousand pounds to Mr. Gammon to take himself off, and never show his nose again at Yatton! It annoyed him, too, more than he could express, to perceive the deference and respect which every one at the Hall manifested towards Mr. Gammon. Titmouse would sometimes stamp his foot, when alone, with childish fury on the ground, when he thought of it. When at dinner, and sitting together afterwards, Gammon would rack his invention for jokes and anecdotes to amuse Titmouse—who would certainly give a kind of laugh, exclaim, "Bravo! Ha, ha! 'Pon my life! —capital!—By Jove! Most uncommon good! you don't say so?" and go on, drinking glass after glass of wine, or brandy and water, and smoking cigar after cigar, till he felt fuddled and sick, in which condition he would retire to bed, and leave Gammon, clear and serene in head and temper, to his meditations. When, at length, Gammon broached the subject of their bill—a frightful amount it was; of the monies advanced by Mr. Quirk, for his support for eight or nine months, on a liberal scale; and which mounted up to a sum infinitely larger than could have been supposed; and lastly, of the bond for ten thousand pounds, as the just reward to the firm for their long continued, most anxious, and successful exertions on Titmouse's behalf—Titmouse mustered up all his resolution, as for a last desperate struggle; swore they were robbing him; and added, with a furious snap of the fingers, "they had better take the estate themselves—allow him a pound a week, and send him back to Tagrag's." Then he burst into tears, and cried like a child, long and bitterly.

"Well, sir," said Gammon, after remaining silent for some time, looking at Titmouse calmly, but with an expression of face which frightened him out of his wits, "if this is to be really the way in which I am to be treated by you—I, the only *disinterested* friend you have in the world, (as you have had hundreds of opportunities of ascertaining,) if my advice is to be spurned, and my motives suspected; if your first and deliberate engagements to our firm are to be wantonly broken"—

"I've been humbugged into making them," said Titmouse, passionately.

"Why, you little miscreant!" exclaimed Gammon, starting up in his chair, and gazing at him as if he would have scorched him with his eye, "Do you DARE to say so? If you have no gratitude—have you lost your memory? What were you when I dug you out of your dismal hole at Closet Court? Did you not repeatedly go down on your knees to us? Did you not promise a thousand times to do more than you are now called upon to do? And is this, you insolent little fellow!—is *this* the return you make us for putting you, a beggar—and very nearly, too, an idiot"—

"You are most uncommon polite," said Titmouse, suddenly and bitterly.

"Silence, sir! I am in no humour for trifling!" interrupted Gammon, sternly, "I say, is *this* the return you think of making us; not only to insult us, but refuse to pay money actually advanced by us to save you from starvation—money, and days and nights, and weeks and months, and many months of intense anxiety, expended in discovering how to put you in possession of a splendid fortune?—Poh! you little wretched trifler!—why should I trouble myself thus? Remember—remember, Tittlebat Titmouse," continued Gammon, in a low tone, and extending towards him threateningly his long thin forefinger, "I who made you, will one day—one single day—unmake you—blow you away like a bit of froth; you shall never be seen or heard of, or thought of, except by some draper whose shopman you may be!"

"Ah!—'pon my life! Daresay you think I'm uncommon frightened! Ah, ha! Monstrous—particular good!" said Titmouse.

Gammon perceived that he trembled in every limb; and the smile which he tried to throw into his face was so wretched, that, had you seen him at that moment, and considered his position, much and justly as you now despise him, you must have pitied him. "You're always now going on in this way—it's so very likely! Why, 'pon my soul, am not I to be A LORD one of these days? Can you help that? Can you send a lord behind a draper's counter? 'Pon my soul, what do you say to that? I like that, uncommon"—

"What do I say?" replied Gammon, calmly, "why, that I've a great mind to say and do something that would make you—make you—fit to drown yourself in a rain tub."

Titmouse's heart was lying fluttering at his throat.

"Tittlebat, Tittlebat!" continued Gammon, dropping his voice, and speaking in a very kind and earnest manner, "If you did but know the extent to which an accident has placed you in my power! at this moment in my power! Really I almost tremble, myself, to think of it!" He rose, brought his chamber candlestick out of the hall—lit it—bade Titmouse good-night, sadly but sternly—and shook him by the hand—"I may rid you of my presence to-morrow morning—Mr. Titmouse. May you find a *truer* —a more powerful friend than you will have lost in me!" Titmouse never shrunk more helplessly under the eye of Mr. Gammon than he did at that moment.

"You—you—*won't* stop and smoke another cigar with a poor devil, will you, Mr. Gammon?" he enquired, faintly. "It's somehow—most uncommon lonely in this queer, large, old-fashioned"——

"Not to-night, thank you," replied Gammon—and withdrew, leaving Titmouse in a state of mingled alarm and anger—the former, however, predominating.

"By jingo!" he at length exclaimed, with a heavy sigh, after a reverie of about three minutes, gulping down the remainder of his brandy and water, "If that same gent, Mr. Gammon, a'n't the—the—devil—he's the very best imitation of him that ever I heard tell of!" Here he glanced furtively round the room; then got a little flustered; rang his bell quickly for his valet, and, followed by him, retired to his dressing-room.

The next morning the storm had entirely blown over. When they met at breakfast, Titmouse, as Gammon knew would be the case, was all submission and respect; in fact, he was evidently thoroughly frightened by what Gammon had said, and infinitely more by the *manner* in which he had said what he did say over night. Gammon, however, preserved

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for some little time the haughty air with which he had met him; but a few words of poor Titmouse's, expressing his regret for what he had said when he had drank too much—poor little soul!—over night, and unqualifyingly submitting to every one of the requisitions which had been insisted on by Mr. Gammon—quickly dispersed the cloud that was settled on Gammon's brow.

"Now, my dear sir," said he, very graciously, "you show yourself the gentleman I always took you for—and I forget, for ever, all that passed between us so unpleasantly last night. I am sure it will never be so again; for now we *entirely* understand each other?"

"Oh yes—'pon my life—quite entirely!" replied Titmouse, meekly.

Soon after breakfast they adjourned, at Gammon's request, to the billiard-room; where, though that gentleman knew how to handle a cue, and Titmouse did not, he expressed great admiration for Titmouse's play, and felt great interest in being shown by him how to get a ball, now and then, into each pocket at one stroke, a masterly manœuvre which Titmouse succeeded in two or three times, and Gammon not once, during their hour's play. 'Twas upon that occasion that they had the friendly conversation in which Titmouse made the suggestion we have already heard of, viz. that Gammon should immediately clap the screw upon Aubrey, with a view to squeezing out of him at least sufficient to pay the £10,000 bond, and their bill of costs immediately; and Titmouse urged Gammon at once to send Aubrey packing after Yahoo to York Castle, as an inducement to an early settlement of the remainder. Gammon, however, assured Mr. Titmouse that in all probability Mr. Aubrey had not a couple of thousand pounds in the world.

"Well—that will do to begin with," said Titmouse, "and the rest *must* come, sooner or later."

"Leave him to me, my dear Titmouse, or rather to Mr. Quirk—who'll *wring* him before he's done with him, I'll warrant him! But, in the meanwhile, I'll work day and night, but I'll relieve you from this claim of Mr. Quirk, for, in fact, I have little or no real interest in the matter."

"You'll take a slapping slice out of the bond, eh? Aha, Mr. Gammon!—But what were you saying you'd do for me?"

"I repeat, that I am your only disinterested friend, Mr. Titmouse; I shall never see a hundred pounds of what is going into Mr. Quirk's hands, who, I must say, however, has richly earned what he's going to get, by following my directions throughout. But I was saying that I had hit upon a scheme for ridding you of your difficulties. Though you have only just stept into your property, and consequently people are very shy of advancing money on mortgage, if you'll only keep quiet, and leave the affair entirely to me, I will undertake to get you a sum of possibly twenty thousand pounds.

"My eyes!" exclaimed Titmouse, excitedly; quickly, however, adding, with a sad air—"but then, what a lot of it will go to old Quirk?"

"He *is* rather a keen and hard—ahem! I own; but"——

"'Pon my life—couldn't we *do* the old gent?"

"On no consideration, Mr. Titmouse; it would be a fatal step for you—and indeed for me."

"What! and can *he* do any thing, too? I thought it was only you." The little fool had brought a glimpse of colour into Gammon's cheek—but Titmouse's volatility quickly relieved his Prospero. "By the way, 'pon my life—sha'n't I have to pay it all back again?—There's a go! I hadn't thought of that."

"I shall first try to get it out of Mr. Aubrey," said Gammon, "and then out of another friend of yours. In the mean while, we mustn't drop the Tag-rags, just yet." They then got into a long and confidential conversation together; in the course of which, Titmouse happened to pop out a little secret of his, which till then he had managed to keep from Gammon, and which occasioned that gentleman a great and sudden inward confusion—one which it was odd that so keen an observer as Titmouse did not perceive indications of in the countenance of Gammon, viz. his—Titmouse's—fervent and disinterested love for Miss Aubrey. While he was rattling on with eager volubility upon this topic, Gammon, after casting about a little in his mind, as to how he should deal with this interesting discovery, resolved for the present to humour the notion, and got out of Titmouse a full and particular account of his original "*smite*"—the indelible impression she had made on his heart—the letter which he had addressed to her—[here Gammon's vivid fancy portrayed to him the sort of composition which must have reached Miss Aubrey, and nearly burst into a gentle fit of laughter]—and, with a strange candour—or rather, to do him justice, with that frank simplicity which is characteristic of noble natures—he at length described his unlucky encounter with Miss Aubrey and her maid in the winter; whereat Gammon felt a sort of sudden inward spasm, which by a sort of sympathy excited a twinging sensation in his right toe—but it passed away—'twas only a little juvenile indiscretion of Titmouse's; and Gammon, with rather a serious air, assured Titmouse that he had probably greatly endangered his prospects with Miss Aubrey.

"Eh? Why, de—vil take it! a'n't I going to offer to her though she's got nothing?" interrupted Titmouse, with astonishment.

"True!—Ah, I had lost sight of that! Well—if you will pledge yourself to address no more letters to her, nor take any steps to see her, without first communicating with me—I think I can promise—hem!" he looked archly at Titmouse.

"She's a most uncommon lovely gal"—he simpered, sheepishly. The fact was that Gammon had conceived quite another scheme for Titmouse—wholly inconsistent with his pure, ardent, and enlightened attachment to Miss Aubrey; 'twas undoubtedly rather a bold and ambitious one, but Gammon did not despair; for he had that confidence in himself, and in his knowledge of human nature, which always supported him in the most arduous and apparently hopeless undertakings.

There was a visible alteration for the better in the state of things at Yatton, as soon as Messrs. Yahoo and Fitz-Snooks had been disposed of. Now and then a few of the distinguished people who had honoured Mr. Titmouse by going out in procession to meet and welcome him, were invited to spend a day at Yatton; and generally quitted full of admiration of the dinner and wines they got, the unaffected

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good-nature and simplicity of their hospitable host, and the bland, composed, and intellectual deportment and conversation of Mr. Gammon. When rent-day arrived, Mr. Titmouse, attended by Mr. Gammon, made his appearance, from time to time, in the steward's room, and also in the hall, where, according to former custom, good substantial fare was set out for the tenants. They received him with a due respect of manner: but where was the cheerfulness, the cordiality, the rough, honest heartiness of days gone by? Few of them stayed to partake of the good things prepared for them, which greatly affected Mr. Griffiths, and piqued Mr. Gammon: as for Titmouse, however, he said, with a laugh, "Curse them! let 'em leave it alone if a'n't hungry!" and any faint feeling of mortification he might have experienced, was dissipated by the amount of the sum paid into his bankers. Gammon was sensible that the scenes which had been exhibited at Yatton on the first night of his protegé's arrival, had seriously injured him in the neighbourhood and county, and was bent upon effacing, as quickly as possible, such unfavourable impressions, by prevailing on Titmouse to "purge and live cleanly" at all events for the present.

Let me pause now, for a moment, to inquire, ought not this favoured young man to have felt happy! Here he was, master of a fine estate, producing him a very splendid rent-roll; a delightful residence, suggesting innumerable dear and dignified associations connected with old English feeling; a luxurious table, with the choicest liqueurs and wines in abundance; might smoke the finest cigars that the world could produce, from morning to night, if so disposed; had unlimited facilities for securing a distinguished personal appearance, as far as dress and decoration went; had all the amusements of the county at his command; troops of servants, eager and obsequious in their attentions; horses and carriages of every description which he might have chosen to order out—had, in short, all the "appliances and means to boot," which could be desired or imagined by a gentleman of his station and affluence. Mr. Gammon was, though somewhat stern and plain spoken, still a most sincere and powerful friend, deeply and disinterestedly solicitous about his interests, and protecting him from villanous and designing adventurers; then he had in prospect the brilliant mazes of fashionable life in town—oh, in the name of every thing that this world can produce, and of the feelings it should excite, ought not Titmouse to have enjoyed life—to have been happy? Yet he was not; he felt, quite independently of any constraint occasioned by the presence of Mr. Gammon, full of deplorable ennui, and wearisomeness inexpressible, and which nothing could alleviate but the constant use of cigars and brandy and water. On the first Sunday after the departure of Fitz-Snooks, he was prevailed upon to accompany the devout and exemplary Gammon to church; where, barring a good many ill-concealed yawns and constant fidgetiness, he conducted himself with tolerable decorum. Yet still the style of his dress, his air, and his countenance, filled the little congregation with feelings of great astonishment, when they thought that *that* was the new squire of Yatton, and for a melancholy moment contrasted him with his predecessor, Mr. Aubrey. As for the worthy vicar, Dr. Tatham, Gammon resolved to secure his good graces, and succeeded. He called upon him soon after having heard from Titmouse of his, Yahoo and Fitz-Snooks' encounter with Dr. Tatham, and expressed profound concern on hearing of the rude treatment he had encountered. There was a gentleness and affability—tempering at once and enhancing his evident acuteness and knowledge of the world—which quite captivated the little doctor. But, above all, the expressions of delicate sympathy and regret, with which he now and then alluded to the late occupants of Yatton, and towards whom the stern requisitions of professional duty had caused him to play so odious a part, and inquired about them, drew out almost all that was in the little doctor's heart concerning his departed friends. Gammon gazed with deep interest at the old blind stag-hound, and feeble old Peggy, and seemed never tired of hearing the doctor's little anecdotes concerning them. He introduced Titmouse to the vicar; and, in his presence, Gammon declared his (Titmouse's) hatred and contempt for the two fellows who were with him when first he saw Dr. Tatham; who thereupon banished from his heart all recollection of the conduct which had so deeply hurt his feelings. Gammon, on another occasion, infinitely delighted the doctor by calling on a Monday morning, and alluding with evident interest and anxiety to certain passages in the doctor's sermon of the day before, and which led to a very lengthened and interesting discussion. In consequence of what then transpired, the doctor suddenly bethought himself of writing out an old sermon, which he had once preached before the judges of assize—and which, during the week, he touched up with a good deal of care for the ensuing Sunday—when he had the satisfaction of observing the marked and undeviating attention with which Mr. Gammon sate listening to him; and he afterwards stepped into the little vestry, and warmly complimented the doctor upon his performance. Thus it was that Dr. Tatham came to pen a postscript to one of his letters to Mrs. Aubrey, which I have formerly alluded to, and of which the following is a copy:—"P. S. By the way, the altered state of things at the hall, I am of opinion, is entirely owing to the presence and the influence of a Mr. Gammon—one of the chief of Mr. Titmouse's solicitors, and to whom he seems very firmly attached. I have lived too long in the world to form hasty opinions, and am not apt to be deceived in my estimate of character; but I must say, I consider him to be a very superior man, both in character, intellect, and acquirements. He possesses great acuteness and knowledge of the world, general information, a very calm and courteous address—and above and beyond all, is a man of very enlightened religious feeling. He comes constantly to church, and presents a truly edifying example to all around, of decorum and attention. You would be delighted to hear the discussions we have had on points which my sermons have suggested to him. I preached one lately, specially aimed at him, which, thank God! I have every reason to believe has been attended with happy effects, and allayed some startling doubts which had been for years tormenting him. I am sure that my dear friend" (*i. e.* Mr. Aubrey) "would be delighted with him. I had myself, I assure you, to overcome

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a very strong prejudice against him—a thing I always love to attempt—and have in a measure, in the present instance, succeeded. He speaks of you all frequently, with evident caution, but, at the same time, respect and sympathy."

This postscript it was, which, as I have already intimated, suggested to Mr. Aubrey to seek the interview with Gammon which has been described, and during which it was frequently present to his mind.

While, however, under the pressure of Mr. Gammon's presence and authority, Titmouse was for a brief while leading this sober retired life at Yatton —why, he hardly knew, except that Gammon willed it—a circumstance occurred which suddenly placed him on the very highest pinnacle of popularity in metropolitan society. I hardly know how to suppress my feelings of exultation, in retracing the rapid steps by which Mr. Titmouse was transformed into a lion of the first magnitude. Be it known that there was a Mr. BLADDERY PIP, a fashionable novelist, possessed of most extraordinary versatility and power; for he had, at the end of every nine months, during the last nine years, produced a novel in three volumes—each succeeding one eclipsing the splendour of its predecessor, (in the judgment of the most able and disinterested newspaper critics)—in "the masterly structure of the plot"—the "vivid and varied delineation of character"—the "profound acquaintance with the workings of the human heart" —"exquisite appreciation of life in all its endless varieties"—"piercing but delicate satire"—"bold and powerful denunciations of popular vices"—"rich and tender domestic scenes"—"inimitable ease and grace"—"consummate tact and judgment" —"reflection co-extensive with observation"—"the style flowing, brilliant, nervous, varied, picturesque," *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.* We have, in the present day, thank Heaven! at least a hundred such writers; but at the time about which I am writing, Mr. Bladdery Pip was pretty nearly alone in his glory. Such was the man, to whom it suddenly occurred, on glancing over the newspaper report of the trial of *Doe on the Demise of Titmouse* v. *Jolter*, to make the interesting facts of the case the basis of a new novel, on quite a new plan, which was approved of by no less than fifty ladies of rank, to whom the secret had been, in the strictest confidence, entrusted; and which was infinitely to transcend all his former works, and occasion quite a revolution in that brilliant and instructive species of literature. To work went Mr. Pip, within a day or two after the trial was over, and in an incredibly short space of time had got to the close of his labours; practice had made him perfect, and given him infinite facility in the production of first-rate writing. The spirited publisher quickly set to work to get the steam up. How skilfully he went to work! For some time there appeared numerous intimations in the daily papers, that "the circles of ton" were "on the *qui vive*" with expectation of a certain, &c. &c. &c.—that "disclosures of a very extraordinary character" were being looked for—"attempts made to suppress," &c. &c.—"compromising certain distinguished," &c., and so forth; all these paragraphs being in the unquestionable editorial style, and genuine indications of a mysterious under-current of curiosity and excitement, existing in those regions which were watched with reverential awe and constancy, by those in the lower regions. As time advanced, more frequent and distinct became the intimations of what was going forward, and what might be shortly expected, from the appearance of the long promised work. Take, for instance, the following, which ran the round of every newspaper in town and country:—

"The efforts made to deprive the public of the interesting and peculiar scenes contained in the forthcoming novel, and to suppress it, have entirely failed, owing to the resolution of the author, and the determination of the publisher; and their only effect has been to stimulate and expedite their efforts. It will bear the exciting and *piquant* title—'TIPPETIWINK;' and is founded on the remarkable circumstances attending the recent trial of a great ejectment cause at York. More than one noble family's history is involved in some of the details which will be found in the forthcoming publication, for which, we are assured, there are already symptoms of an unprecedented demand. The 'favoured few' who have seen it, predict that it will produce a prodigious sensation. The *happy audacity* with which facts are adhered to, will, we trust, not lead to the disagreeable consequences that are looked for in certain quarters with some anxiety. When we announce that its author is the gifted writer of the 'THE SILVER SPURS'—'SPINNACH'—'TEETOTUM HALL'—'THE DEVIL'S CHALICE'—'THE PIROUETTE,' &c. &c. &c., we trust we are violating no literary confidence."

There was no resisting this sort of thing. In that day, a skilfully-directed play of puffs laid prostrate the whole reading and fashionable world, producing the excitement of which they affected to chronicle the existence. The publisher hit upon another admirable device. He had seven hundred copies printed off; and, allowing a hundred for a *first* edition, he varied the title pages of the remaining six hundred by the words—"*Second* Edition"—"*Third* Edition"—"*Fourth* Edition"—"*Fifth* Edition"—"*Sixth* Edition"—and "*Seventh* Edition." By the time that the fourth edition had been announced, there existed a real rage for the book; the circulating libraries at the west end of the town were besieged by applicants for a perusal of the work; and "notices" and "extracts" began to make their appearance in the newspapers. The idea of the work was admirable. *Tippetiwink*, the hero, was a young gentleman of ancient family—the only child—kidnapped away in his infancy by the malignant agency of "the demon *Mowbray*," a distant relative, of a fierce and wicked character, who succeeded to the enjoyment of the estate, and would have come, in time, to the honours and estates of the most ancient and noble family in the kingdom, the *Earl of Frizzleton*. Poor Tippetiwink was at length discovered by his illustrious kinsman, by mere accident, in an obscure capacity, in the employ of a benevolent linen draper, *Blackbag*, who was described as one of the most amiable and generous of linen drapers; and, after a series of wonderful adventures, in which he displayed the most heroic constancy, the earl succeeds in reinstating his oppressed and injured kinsman in the lofty station he ought always to have

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occupied. His daughter—a paragon of female loveliness—the *Lady Sapphira Sigh-away*—evinces the deepest interest in the success of *Tippetiwink:* and at length—the happy result may be guessed. Out of these few and natural incidents, Mr. Bladdery Pip was pronounced at length, by those who govern, if they do not indeed constitute public opinion, to have produced an imperishable record of his genius, avoiding all the faults, and combining all the excellences, of all his former productions. The identity between Titmouse and *Tippetiwink*, Lord Dreddlington and *Lord Frizzleton*, Lady Cecilia and *Lady Sapphira*, and Mr. Aubrey and "*the demon Mowbray*," was quickly established.

The novel passed speedily into the tenth edition; an undoubted, and a very great sensation was produced; extracts descriptive of the persons, particularly that of Titmouse, and the earl, and lady Cecilia, figuring in the story, were given in the London papers, and thence transferred into those all over the country. The very author, Mr. Bladdery Pip, became a resuscitated lion, and had his portrait, looking most intensely intellectual, prefixed to the tenth edition. Then came portraits of "Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq." (for which he had never sate,) giving him large melting eyes, and a very pensive face, and a most fashionable dress. The Earl of Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia became also a lion and lioness. Hundreds of opera glasses were directed at once to their box; innumerable were the anxious salutations they received as they drove round the Park—and they drove round it three or four times as often as they had ever done before. 'Twas whispered that the king had read the book, and drank the earl's health, under the name of Lord Frizzleton—while the queen did the same for Lady Cecilia as Lady Sapphira. Their appearance produced a manifest sensation at both the levee and drawing-room—Majesty looked blander than usual as they approached; poor Lord Dreddlington and Lady Cecilia mounted in a trice into the seventh heaven of rapturous excitement; for there was that buoyant quality about their heads which secured them a graceful and rapid upward motion. They were both unutterably happy, living in a gentle, delicious tumult of excited feelings. Irrepressible exultation glistened in the earl's eyes; he threw an infinite deal of blandness and courtesy into his manners wherever he was and whomsoever he addressed, as if he could now easily afford it, confident in the inaccessible sublimity of his position. It was slightly laughable to observe, however, the desperate efforts he made to maintain his former frigid composure of manner—but in vain: his nervousness looked almost like a sudden, though gentle, accession of St. Vitus' dance. Innumerable were the inquiries made after Titmouse—his person—his manners—his character—his dress, by her friends, of Lady Cecilia. Young ladies tormented her for his autograph. 'Twas with her as if the level surface of the Dead Sea had been stirred by the freshening breeze!

When a thing of this sort is once fairly set going, where is it to end? When fashion does go mad, her madness is wonderful; and she very soon turns the world mad. Presently the young man appeared in stocks—black satin stocks, embroidered, some with flowers, and others with gold, were worn every where, called "*Titmouse-Ties;*" and in hats, with high crowns and rims a quarter of an inch in depth, called "*Tittlebat's.*" All the young blades about town, especially in the city, dressed themselves in the most extravagant style; an amazing impetus was given to the cigar trade—the shops were crowded, and every puppy that walked the streets puffed cigar-smoke in your eyes. In short, lively *Titmice* might be seen running about the streets in all directions. As for Tag-rag, wonders befell him. A paragraph in a paper pointed him out as the original of Blackbag, and his shop as the scene of Titmouse's service. Thither quickly poured the tide of fashionable curiosity and custom. His business was soon trebled. He wore his best clothes every day, and smirked, and smiled, and bustled about in a perfect crowd in his shop, in a fever of excitement. He began to think of buying the adjoining premises, and adding them to his own: and set his name down as a subscriber of half-a-guinea a-year to the "Decayed Drapers' Association." These were glorious times for Mr. Tag-rag. He had to engage a dozen extra hands; there were never less than fifty or a hundred persons in his shop at once; strings of carriages before his door, sometimes two deep, and struggles between the coachmen for precedence; in fact, he believed that the Millennium was coming in earnest.

BURNS'S SONGS IN GERMAN.

Lieder und Balladen des Schotten Robert Burns: Uebertragen von Heinrich Julius Heintze (Songs and Ballads of the Scotchman, Robert Burns; translated by Heinrich Julius Heintze.) Brunswick, George Westermann, 1840.

Genius, like murder, "will out." Here is the Scotish Ploughman done partly into German verse. It is very curious to see the old familiar face of the "Peasant Thundergod," as our own engravers have a hundred times given it (for want of a better and truer to give), reproduced here from German copper, with the rugged facsimile, ROBERT BURNS, POET, engraved by Schwerdgeburth of Weimar! This man wrote in the dialect of obscure peasants; as a ploughman in the shire of Ayr, as a gauger in the little burgh of Dumfries; but he has travelled far since then. A polished, almost fastidious, Goethe is drawn from his artistic height to comment lovingly on the fiery son of nature, whom he recognises for a brother; and Goethe's countrymen, we find, have produced *four* versions, or select-versions, of him this summer! So goes it. Let but any son of Adam, in the obscurest slough of human existence, in the rudest dialect of men, utter from the heart of him a genuine word,—all sons of Adam feel it to *be* genuine, and will lay hold of it as the undoubted possession of all. Such a word, if it do come from the heart, has by and by to go into all hearts; to be reproduced in all corners of the articulate-speaking world; till, consciously or unconsciously, all mankind have got the good of it. For indeed, not this man or that man, but mankind, is the true owner of such a word;—it was spoken from the general heart that belongs to us all.

Whether the Germans mean now to run upon Burns, and produce translation on translation of him, thick as blackberries,—thick as English *Fausts*,—we cannot say. Four in one summer do seem to be enough! But the Germans themselves can look to that. What we have

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to report is that there are four: Kaufmann's of Berlin, this of Heintze's, from Brunswick,—both these reported to be good; then two others, names not given, which probably are rather bad. We ourselves know little of Kaufmann, of the other two nothing at all. But this Heintze, in smart blue octavo, from "the firm of George Westermann, Braunschweig,"—him we will salute with some kind of welcome, if merely as the first that has arrived here.

Considering all things, it must be said that Herr Heintze has done his task in a decidedly creditable manner. The selection of pieces is good; if perhaps not the best. "*For a' that, and a' that,*" is not one of the songs chosen; the German latitude, we suppose, did not well admit it. One could have liked to see

> The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that,

how it would have sounded in German:—but perhaps some Schmidt-Phiseldeck would not have liked!

Heintze in general has seized the grammatical sense very correctly; a thing which in translating from Ayrshire Scotch cannot always have been easy. Neither has the poetical expression entirely evaporated, as the risk was: for the most part there *is* a kind of poetical expression; if not Burns's, then something which a German may have taken to be Burns's. Herr Heintze himself has clearly some music in his head. In one or two instances, of singular felicity, we have, as it were, the very Burns, with all his graces and rhythms; and always, over and above the mere prosaic sense, there is a poetic something which afar off resembles Burns. We should say in general, that Herr Heintze had not always learnt the *tune* of his song. Burns's songs have a *tune*, so as few or rather as no modern songs we know of have. Every thought, every turn of phrase, *sings* itself: the tune modulates it all, shapes it as a soul does the body it is to dwell in. The tune is always the soul of a song, in this sense; that is to say, provided the song be a true song, and have any soul! As Herr Heintze, it would seem, purposes to go on translating Burns, let us recommend him to procure *Thomson's Collection*, or some such musical work; and before entering on any song, fill his head and heart with the melody of it, and never start till his whole mind is singing to it;—the words will then come dancing to the right measure, in every syllable of them a tune.

"*Green grow the rashes, O,*" is but indifferently given here: "Grün werden nun die Binsen, O," is even grammatically incorrect; the meaning is not that the rushes are now *becoming* green, but that they stand habitually in that state: "grün wächst das Binsenkraut," gives the sense, and would have also preserved the tune. However, that is not the worst. "*Rashes*, except as a kind of rough rhyme for *lasses*, is of no particular significance; but *as* such a rhyme, the whole song rests on it; and Heintze's accordingly is either no song or another. A perfect translator would have to find some equivalent German word, *signifying* this or that, rushes, ragweed, watercresses, it matters little,—but *rhyming* to "madchen" (to "weiberchen" were better), as this does to "lasses;" otherwise it is not to the purpose.

> Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
> Her noblest work she classes, O;
> Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
> And then she made the lasses, O,
> Green grow the rashes O, &c.

Perhaps about a half of Herr Heintze's songs are decidedly below what he could make them, did he know the tune, and stand honestly by it. We have met grammatically with no important blunder but one; a very excusable blunder, but of a rather sad effect where it stands. In "*Macpherson's Farewell*" Herr Heintze has considered that those words, "He played a *spring*, and danced it round below the gallows tree," must signify the *leap* a condemned robber gives from the ladder, and his *dance*—alas, too hideous a dance for singing of! "*Spring*" he did not know to mean *dancing-tune*, which a man plays on his fiddle, dancing to it; and so, of this wild burden,

> Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
> Sae dauntingly gaed he;
> He played a spring and danced it round
> Below the gallows tree—

Herr Heintze has made this altogether horrible one,

> So ging er froh und wohlgemuth,
> Und unerschrocken fort;
> Ein Sprung—dann tantzt 'er in der Luft [*Ach Gott!*]
> Am Galgenstamme dort.

But let us now, by way of counterpoise, give Heintze's best translation, the best we have fallen in with: that of "*Duncan Gray.*" Readers who know, and all song readers and singers might as well know, what the jovial, genial humour of the original is, will find that it bounds along with little less expressiveness in German than in Scotch. "*Freit,*" indeed, is far inferior as a singing or speaking phrase to "*wooing o't;*" but that and several other things we must even put up with. Hear Heintze:

> Duncan Gray kam her zu frein
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
> Als zu Christnacht wir voll Wein,
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
> Gretchen that gewaltig dick,
> Gab ihm manchen schnöden Blick;
> Duncan fuhr erschreckt zurück,
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
>
> Duncan bat und Duncan flehte,
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
> Sie blieb taub wie Ailsa-Craig,
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
> Duncan seufzt' in Liebesnoth,
> Weinte sich die Augen roth,
> Sprach von Strick und Wassertod,
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
>
> Zeit und Glück sind Ebb' und Fluth,
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
> Verschmähte Lieb' gar wehe thut,
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
> Soll ich, sprach er, wie ein Fant
> Sterben, weil sie hirnverbrannt?
> Geh sie doch—ins Pfefferland!
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
>
> Wie's nun kam, genug 's hat Grund,
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
> Sie ward krank—als er gesund,
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
> Ihren Busen Etwas drückt,
> Bis ein Seufzer sie erquickt,
> Und was aus dem Aug' ihr blickt!
> Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!

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Duncan hatt' ein weiches Herz,
Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
Und mit Gretchen war's kein Scherz,
Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!
Duncan konnt' ihr Tod nicht sein,
Und den Zorn wiegt' Mitleid ein;
Nun sind froh sie in Berein,
Ha, ha, die lust'ge Freit!

We shall be glad to hear of Herr Heintze's progress in this work of translating Burns. Probably not more than half his songs are given here; of his poems only some three, "To the Daisy," "The Mouse," and "Man was made to Mourn,"—an imperfect sample. To a man meritoriously bent on making Burns known to his countrymen, we would recommend, as more decisively legible at least, the *Letters of Burns*. The whole or part of these, intercalated at the due place in the poet's history, would show the Germans a man they have not yet seen, and perhaps would like to see. Heintze has given a praiseworthy sketch by way of *Life*; but it is hardly Burns yet, or a very formidably diluted Burns. He quotes Lockhart's *Life*, but seems not to have read it well. He has not even sufficiently consulted his Goethe. Let him read Cunningham, Currie, above all, the *Letters* themselves; and then see what he does see, and what he has got to tell his people about that. Right good speed to him.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE APPROACHING COALITION.

We are aware that the very title of this paper is one which, at first sight, will disgust all honest men. Thorough-paced radicals and determined conservatives will alike lift up both hands in vehement protest against it. None but whigs, and tricksters, and *via-media* men, will feel any degree of satisfaction at the thought. Yet we are about to take up the subject; and we do so, not from any greater love to it than is prevalent among other honest men; but simply because, having looked behind and before, and on every side, we have been forced to the conclusion that, whether men like it or not, to this point are we now drifting.

We are brought to entertain this apprehension by the following process of ratiocination:—

First of all, we take note of the fact, which no man, however whiggish he may be, will sincerely and honestly deny, that the present administration is most unquestionably "on its very last legs." It cannot, surely, be necessary for us to advance any lengthened proof of this. Ten or eleven formal and signal defeats in a single session, and this not on one point merely, but on several distinct questions, must certainly be admitted to show, not only that the ministry is at its last gasp, but that any other cabinet which England ever yet saw would have already given up the ghost, and that several months since.

Continuance in the present course, then, being clearly impossible, we arrive at the conclusion, that the next session of parliament *must witness a change*. This is the first point in our train of reasoning.

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frank, manly, and unconditional surrender. The extraordinary specimen of adhesiveness which they have already given us, prognosticates, with the greatest certainty, a readiness and watchfulness, even in the act of resignation, to catch at every chance; to avail themselves of every opportunity; and, in short, to get all, to hold all, and to cling to all, up to the last moment of possible existence.

The Melbourne cabinet, then, 1. Cannot go on as they are; 2. Will strive to save any thing out of the wreck that they are able. Have we not here, then, at least *one* party, in the best possible mood for a coalition.

Let us turn, then, to the other side, and see what is the predicament of *that* party. It is vastly different, it is true, from that of the ministerialists; but still it has its points of light and shade.

The apparent prospect of the conservatives at the present moment is somewhat as follows:—There appears every probability, judging from the constant diminution of the ministerial array, and increase of that of the opposition, that in the ensuing session the ministry may be so pressed and hampered, as to be compelled to make its election,—either to dissolve parliament, or to resign.

To the conservatives it is almost indifferent which of these courses the ministry may take. Should they appeal to the people, appearances are strangely deceptive, if even with all that government influence could do, the whigs did not lose, on the whole, at least thirty votes. Such a loss, reckoning their present majority at ten, would leave them in a minority of fifty, and this in a parliament of *their own calling*. Probably, this would be the course that Sir R. Peel would decidedly prefer his opponents to take. It would give him the helm at once, and would also leave him the right to dissolve again in *his* turn, should any circumstance make it advisable within the next two or three years.

Should the whigs, however, rather choose to give up the helm for a period; trusting to time and chance for a fresh opening for resumption,—the duty of dissolving parliament would then devolve upon Sir Robert Peel. Admitting the government to have influence in the return of *ten* votes, in such places as Portsmouth, Chatham, Devonport, &c.; and remembering, also, that many men, like Mr. Byng in Middlesex, may stand by their party to the last, but not *after* they have themselves thrown up the cards,—we may surely estimate that with all these advantages, Sir Robert Peel's majority, in a parliament called by himself, would be nothing below 100.

'With such prospects, and with a clear probability of quickly coming into possession of them, the feeling of every sound-hearted conservative naturally is, "*No compromise!* We have waited long enough for our victory; let that victory, when it does arrive, be at least a complete and a signal one."

At least 999 men out of every 1000 would unquestionably make this answer. And yet, in the face of all this, we retain our opinion, that a coalition of some sort is at least a *probable* event.

We ground our anticipations upon the kind of reflections which we may, without much difficulty, assume to be passing through the mind of Sir Robert Peel at the present moment.

The right hon. baronet is already well advanced in life; so far, we mean, that without approaching

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old age, he may naturally feel an indisposition to hazard any more experiments like that of 1834–5. Although he, doubtless, will do all that his country, and the great party which he leads, may fairly call upon him to undertake, there can be little doubt that his disposition must be, only to take office with a prospect of a comfortable continuance in it. The remarkable union, in his case, of great talents with great possessions, makes him, innately and necessarily, a person of so much importance in the country, that the mere possession of office—which to such people as my Lords Palmerston and Normanby is *every thing*—is to him scarcely a matter worthy of much consideration. It would lay upon him a weight, both of duty and responsibility; while it would offer scarcely any commensurate advantages, as compared with his present position.

Now, in once more accepting office, at the present moment, Sir Robert Peel would probably discern some points of difficulty. Among these we do not agree with the "liberal" journals in assigning a high place to the state of Ireland. Plenty of loud talking, doubtless, he would have to endure, from the patriots of that orator-bestridden country. But, remembering the peculiar knack which such people always exhibit, of finding out what is likely to be most conducive to their own interest, we have no very serious apprehensions for the tranquillity of Ireland.

In other directions, however, we seem to discern the tokens of at least possible inconvenience. Our foreign secretaryship is so remarkably conducted, as to be always leading us to the very brink of a war; and we may expect, some day or other, to find ourselves entangled in a controversy, which neither whig or tory could find the way to extricate us from. It would be just before the outbreak of such an affair as this, that Lord Palmerston would be most likely to run away.

Another circumstance necessarily leading to some disagreeable reflections, is that of the personal intimacy which Lord Melbourne has contrived to establish between himself and the young queen. Entirely to terminate this intimacy might again bring on Sir Robert Peel the charge of being arbitrary and unfeeling in his demands. And yet, if this were not done, would not the new premier be in the most extraordinary position that ever man held; in possessing, nominally, the powers of the government, and yet beholding his rival enjoying an intercourse with the sovereign, necessarily more intimate than any which he could hope to be admitted to.

Would the survivorship of Lord Palmerston's diplomatic blunders, with all their consequences, be so desirable an acquisition, as to be worth encountering, with the certainty that every step was watched, every opening waited for, in the hope that the moment of an ebb-tide might be seized; and another lease of whig government be granted?

The only plan that seems to obviate these dangers, is that of such an union as should form a government too strong for any reaction to render weak; and, at the same time, standing so well with the court, as to have nothing to fear from backstairs intrigue.

The great difficulty would be, to fix upon some basis which should not cover both parties with infamy. An essential point, consequently, must be, that the basis should be *conservative*. On no neutral or *via-media* ground could the great constitutional party consent to enter.

The only question is, whether the whigs have not already so far become conservative as to render the remaining steps in their conversion comparatively easy. We incline to think that this is the case.

If we examine into the matters in dispute for these six or seven years past, we shall find that by far the greater proportion of them are already disposed of. The *Irish Tithe* question is adjusted, *on the Conservative principle;* the *Irish Corporation Bill* has passed, just in that state in which the lords were ready to pass it two years since. Nothing remains, save the *Irish Registration Bill;* and here, too, the ground of difference is actually nothing,—the law-officers of the crown having already, more than once, framed and brought into parliament a similar measure, parallel, in all its chief provisions, with Lord Stanley's bill.

Having themselves seen the expediency and necessity of some such measure, what can be more simple and easy than for the ministry to initiate, at the very commencement of the next session, an honest plan of this kind, and to pledge themselves to use all their efforts to pass it during the sess on? The only awkwardness of such a proceeding is, that it involves another most important step—the coming to a breach with Daniel O'Connell.

The Irish agitator has abundantly shown, both in the last and in former sessions, that he is not at all inclined to concede this point. A just and honest Registration bill must necessarily cripple his power and influence, which has always rested on the basis of fraud and perjury, on the part of the peasants, and a prostituted absolution on the part of the priests. To make him submit patiently to the amputation of so many joints of his tail, is really more than we ought to expect. The government, then, purposing to do what is right in the matter of Irish registration, must at the same time contemplate a positive feud with O'Connell and his "tail."

But this, politically (and not morally) speaking, would be *suicide*. To hazard the downright animosity of a party of thirty or forty Irish members,—the conservative opposition remained firm in their ranks,—is, obviously enough, to incur certain destruction. Such, in fact, was the prospect before the ministry in May last; and in this view it was that they fought the battle of O'Connell, even at the cost of much self-reproach, and great upbraidings from their friends.

But will they again enter upon the same unjustifiable and clearly unsafe course? They found, last session, that the advocacy of positive wrong sorely crippled and weakened their power; that one friend deserted them on *this* day, another on *that;* while scores were only kept in their ranks by the most earnest supplications. Will they renew the scenes of July 1840? One would think it scarcely possible for men to act so infatuated a part. But if their cooler judgment condemn this course, and they decide to retrace their steps, and to take the side of honesty and uprightness, then they have the certain prospect of O'Connell's wrath; and will they brave this without a previous good understanding with the conservatives?

Let us suppose, however, that it was mutually agreed that justice should be done in this matter;

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and then we may ask, without much probability of a reply, What is there before us on which the two great parties can come into collision? Irish Tithes, Irish Corporations, English Schools, Irish Registration,—all being now arranged and laid by, *where* is the topic on which a serious difference can arise, and on which a party struggle can take place? We own that we can discern none. But if this be the case, what can be more obvious than the temptation that will exist, on both sides of the house, to lay down their arms, and form one united administration.

Such an administration would, of course, excite and meet with the fiercest wrath of the whole radical, chartist, and O'Connell party. These would probably rally a body of about 150 members of the lower house; who would form themselves into a radical opposition. There would be nothing fearful, startling, or unwholesome in this. There being a considerable radical or democratic party in the country, it would be but right, and rather desirable than otherwise, that that party should have its representatives and its voice in parliament.

The new government would be essentially conservative. It would consist, for the largest part, of men who have for years borne that name and fought under that banner. It would also embrace the second great party in parliament,—the men who have ever advocated reform, a safe and cautious reform; but who do not fancy *continual change*; who do not wish "that the medicine of the commonwealth should be made its daily bread." These would be willing to admit that all the great changes which they used to think desirable, both in the state and in the church, had been, within the last ten years, accomplished; and all they would now require, would be an assurance that such further and minor modifications as time should indicate, should be readily and promptly conceded—a pledge which no reasonable conservative could desire to withhold.

We have here, then, selected the outline of a great change in our external politics, We have done so without being at all "in the secret," or consulting any one's tastes or views but our own. We know not that any such scheme is yet in agitation; on the contrary, we admit that cautious politicians would not be likely to open a question in September which needs not to be decided till the February after. We have argued, therefore, merely on a surface view of the case. Circumstances which are equally open to all the world, and on which every reader may easily form his own opinion, seem to point out the course we have described, as the most natural for things to take, having once been brought into their present position.

Opposed to these expectations, however, are, 1st, "the Chapter of Accidents," as men call it; meaning thereby, such unforeseen events as often turn up, and derange the wisest plans and calculations; 2d, the popular hatred of "Coalitions." This last we desire not to lessen. In so far as it chiefly rests upon and expresses a dislike of *compromises of principle*, we entirely approve of, and concur in it. But let it be observed, that the only coalition we have spoken of, as even possible, is a coalition to form a *conservative government*. This, we believe, might be effected without deserving or receiving any very vehement opposition from the people. We are not aware that, beyond a few of their leaders, they have any such vehement attachment to particular *persons*, as to render them inimical to any particular list of names. So that the administration formed was distinctly understood to be a *conservative* one, we should not calculate on their wrath being greatly excited, by any particular mixture of names. The only men *personally* unpopular on either side, that we are aware of, are my Lords Normanby and Palmerston, on the whig side of the house, and Ellenborough on our own.

From the Christian Observer—for September.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The queen's speech, at the closing of the session of parliament, was as bare of novel intelligence as such documents usually are; but we will notice the chief topics referred to in it. We forget what minister it was, who, in reply to the remark that his cabinet had put nothing into the king's speech, said, "We did our best endeavour to that effect;" but perhaps under all the circumstances, especially where a young queen is the speaker, a common-place string of sentences, provoking no party feeling, and leaving to the executive government the task of communicating information and assigning reasons, is more appropriate than an elaborately reasoned ex-parte document, like the messages of the United States presidents. The sovereign thus escapes the direct affiliation of many mistakes, and is less exposed to the appearance of going with a party.

The following are the heads of the document. Her majesty continues to receive from foreign powers assurances of their friendly disposition, and of their anxious desire for the maintenance of peace. The civil war having ceased in Spain, her majesty is negotiating with a view to the withdrawment of the naval force, which, in pursuance of the quadruple engagements of 1834, this country has so long stationed on the northern coast of that kingdom. The differences with Naples have been put into a train of adjustment by the friendly mediation of the king of the French. Portugal has arranged to pay "certain just claims" of British subjects, and a sum due to England under the convention of 1827. Her majesty is engaged with Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey "in measures intended to effect the permanent pacification of the Levant, to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, and thereby to afford additional security for the peace of Europe." These are the European topics. The only other foreign notice is the following respecting China. "The violent injuries inflicted upon some of my subjects by the officers of the Emperor of China, and the indignities offered to an agent of my crown, have compelled me to send to the coast of China a naval and military force for the purpose of demanding reparation and redress."

All these statements, except the last, breathe of uninterrupted peace; and yet we hear of urgent demands for soldiers, and sailors, and ships of war; and her majesty is constrained to lament the necessity of additional burdens being imposed upon her people. Surely there is something discrepant in these representations. With regard to Spain, and

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Portugal also, let us hope that England, having happily escaped becoming a direct belligerent, will in future leave them to settle their own intestine strifes, with only such interference from us as good neighbourhood and Christian duty may prompt; but unconnected with any guarantee for military or naval aid. We have no right morally, and it is not our wisdom nationally, to make ourselves parties in all the squabbles of Europe. But we wish we could say that we see no dark clouds arising out of the Levant, which may extend nearer home, notwithstanding her majesty's intended "pacification," and her hope of thereby affording "additional security for the peace of Europe." How security for peace should arise from a complicated arrangement compounded of the most inflammatory elements of strife, has puzzled all men but her majesty's ministers to comprehend. Russia had long wished to be mistress of Turkey, the empire of which its vassal the Pasha of Egypt had rent asunder by his successful rebellion, first making Egypt *de facto* independent, and then conquering Syria. The policy of France favours the pasha; England unites with Russia, Austria, and Prussia, to curb him; but the interests of all the parties differ;—thus England wishes to see Turkey strong, as a check against Russian ambition in the east; but Russia only wishes to see it strong as against Egypt for its own selfish ends: and France finds its pride wounded and its schemes thwarted by an arrangement to which it refuses to be a party. England, therefore, and her three allies, of which the most powerful, Russia, is altogether opposed to her general policy, have to achieve the task of appeasing angry France, and subduing the indignant and resolute Pasha of Egypt, and wheedling or frightening him, if they can, into the relinquishment of Syria; while England has to see that in the general confusion Russia does not find means to establish her influence in Turkey. We trust that in the mercy of the providence of God, the misunderstanding between France and England will be amicably adjusted, and that our jealous neighbour will feel it her policy (we would not rely too much upon her abstract good-will) not to encourage the pasha to stir up a general war, which would be a severe affliction to Europe, Africa, and Asia, and the ultimate issues of which no man can predict; nor, upon the whole, do we for one moment doubt that some mode of "pacification" will be discovered and agreed upon; for it were insane either for England or France to rush to warfare. Their respective journalists, and men of talk, may indulge in inflammatory declamations; but the statesmen, and men of business on either side, and all Christians and lovers of mankind, must deprecate such an issue. Besides the higher question of humanity and the horrors of bloodshed, war would be to England, as a commercial nation, and not particularly prepared at this moment for warlike operations, a fearful calamity; and still more so to France in her unsettled condition, and with several competitors for her throne; for though the wild and ill-contrived attempts of Prince Louis Napoleon to effect a new revolution in favour of the Buonaparte family have strengthened rather than weakened the reigning dynasty, yet Bourbonism, Napoleonism, and republicanism, are not extinct, and dreadful would be the struggle for mastery if the elements of confusion were once let loose. We hope, therefore, and believe, that there are sufficient barriers on all sides to prevent a petulant outbreak of war; but we think her majesty was not well advised in speaking of the quadruple treaty as aiding this object.

The allusion to China is still more unsatisfactory. England, not China, was the aggressor; our Indian authorities caused opium to be cultivated for the Chinese market; and British merchants smuggled it into the country; all the parties concerned knowing it to be a contraband article. No European power would have tolerated such proceedings; and why should China? We can only pray that it may please God to bring good out of evil; and to render the pending hostile proceedings a means of opening that sealed country to useful knowledge and Christian intercourse; though, alas, the abused name of Christian has been identified with cupidity and fraud, and rendered suspected and hateful.

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From the same—for October.

The Levant treaty, respecting which her Majesty was advised to express to parliament her confident hope that it will secure tranquillity to three continents, has exploded like a bomb-shell amidst inflammable materials. The Pasha of Egypt refuses to comply with the terms propounded to him, namely, the possession in perpetuity of Egypt, which he wrested from the hands of his master, with the government for life of the southern portion of Syria, from the sea of Tiberias to the Red Sea; the latter however being conditional upon his accepting the proffered terms within ten days. Considering that he is a rebel, and holds all he possesses by usurpation, he would have no hard bargain in the peaceable hereditary sovereignty of Egypt, which is in a position for again becoming, under wise management, a powerful and flourishing state. He however declines the overture, but expresses himself willing to accept Egypt for ever, with the government of Syria for life. The ten days allowed for his compliance with the Sybilline proposition having expired, he has forfeited the viceroyship of South Syria; and should he continue refractory, even the offer of Egypt lapses. In the mean time the English fleet is blockading his ports, and seizing vessels and munitions of war in Syria. Unless France should very seriously take up the question, and make it her own, at the awful risk of a wide-spread European, Asiatic, and African war, it does not seem likely that England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia will so far recede from their ultimatum as to advise the Ottoman Porte to yield the government of all Syria to Ali Pasha for life; by which concession he might be able to take such measures that it would not be easily recoverable after his death, should his successor determine to retain it. It is possible, however, seeing the enormous evils which must accrue to all parties from active hostilities, that France may yield to policy, and be allowed to soothe her wounded pride, by recommending to the pasha to accept some modified proposition, which the Allied Powers shall have pre-arranged to concede at her instance. It is incredible that any European nation should have seriously made up its mind for war. France, with her inflammable population and her disputed dynasties; with Bonapartism and Bourbonism

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adversely pressing on her right and left flank, republicanism menacing her in the rear, and with nothing in her centre but the feebleness of a newly-founded throne, which the same voluble power that erected it could easily overturn, can ill afford to bring on a shock, either of arms or opinions, which would probably end abroad in loss and disgrace, from enslaved Algiers to slave-holding Martinique; and at home in renewed contentions, perhaps terminating as before in bloodshed, revolution, anarchy, and restored despotism. Nor would Austria, Prussia, or Russia, with their indelible recollections of the great European war, with wounds scarcely healed and ever ready to re-open, be well advised in engendering strifes, amidst the tumult of which the smouldering elements of discontent and rebellion would burst into a flame; "young Germany" coalescing with young Prussia and young Russia; universities fraternising with serfs; and the carbonari of Italy with the liberators of Poland; till all Europe became one field of blood; for, as Mr. Canning said long ago, the next European war will be a war of opinions; and even a more casual spark than a quarrel about the affairs of the Levant might serve to kindle it. Nor would it suit England, with her enormous debt, her vast commercial interests, her trembling balance of parties, and with China and all the East upon her hands, under perilous circumstances, to manage as best she may; to say nothing of the inadequacy of her peace establishments, for any vast and sudden emergency, offensive or defensive; to expend much blood and treasure, and to risk more, for the sake of adjusting the affairs of Turkey. And what have we so specially to do with the question, that we must hazard plunging ourselves in war to settle it? True, we are on the right side, and the French on the wrong, as between the Porte and its rebel subject; and our Oriental interests make it our policy to preserve the independence of the Ottoman empire. But in the present attempt to do so, the probabilities are quite as much against us as for us; nor are any wars so senseless in their object, or so uncertain in their issue, as those which are undertaken to preserve what is called "the balance of power." That balance is always fluctuating; nor can human wisdom, strength, or foresight prevent it. In whatever way the Sultan of Turkey and his vassal might compound their difference, the loss and injury to England would probably be far less than that which must ensue if she should be drawn into an extensive war. We trust this will not be the case; nor do we believe that it will; for, as we have said, it is the interest of the parties concerned to maintain peace among themselves; but why must England be for ever meddling? What have we to do with blockading the Levant, and fighting to support the Sultan of Turkey? We would remind those of our countrymen who are anxious to interfere in neighbours' quarrels, of a story merrily told by the reformer and martyr Tyndal, in his "Practice of [popish] Prelates." He says: "The Frenchmen (as the old saying is) of late days made a play, or a disguising (masquerade) at Paris, in which the emperor danced with the pope and the French king, and wearied them, the king of England sitting on a high bench and looking on. And when it was asked why he danced not, it was answered, that he sat there but to pay the minstrels their wages." England has continued to "pay the piper" in most of her wars ever since; and a fine bill it would be, if pride or passion, instead of calm counsels, are to prescribe the dance. Let us be duly prepared to resist violence; but let us beware of lightly kindling destructive conflagrations.

Her Majesty observed in her speech, at the close of the late session, "I have every reason to expect cordial assistance from the Assembly of Jamaica in the salutary work of improving the condition and elevating the character of the inhabitants of that colony. The conduct of the emancipated negroes throughout the West Indies has been remarkable for tranquil obedience to the law, and a peaceable demeanour in all the relations of social life." To us who from the first espoused the cause of emancipation, and endeavoured to counteract the alarming forebodings by which interested men worked upon the minds of the ignorant and the timid, her majesty's declaration respecting the good conduct of the emancipated population—though it is only what we expected—is very consolatory. As to the recent panic, that we shall have no sugar, for that the emancipated people will not work, we always frankly stated our conviction that free men never would, or ought to toil as the slaves were made to do under the lash; but they are quite willing to work to any reasonable extent for due wages; and much of the deficiency complained of, arises from the gratifying circumstance that the women, instead of toiling at servile labour in the fields, now employ themselves in their cottages in discharging the duties of wives and mothers, having become more civilised, and in very numerous instances Christianised also. There must of necessity be some temporary diminution of produce; the labourers being no longer willing to be regarded merely as ploughs and horses; but in proportion as agricultural implements and improved modes of culture are introduced, the pressure will be relieved; and even were it otherwise, sugar, in ample abundance, might speedily be procured from India and elsewhere, without any pretext for reverting to slavery, or encouraging the produce of those countries in which it is still tolerated.

From the United Service Journal.

SONNET.

Suggested by Haydon's Picture of the Duke of Wellington and his Horse, Copenhagen, on the Field of Waterloo twenty years after the Battle, painted for St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and now engraved by Lupton.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Through Art's bold privilege, Warrior and War-horse stand
On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck.
Let the steed glory, for his Master's hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck.
But by the Chieftain's look, though by his side
Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check
Is given to triumph and all human pride!
Yon trophied mound shrinks to a shadowy speck
In his calm presence: Him the mighty deed
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,
As shows his face time-worn. But he such seed
Hath sown, as yield, we trust, the fruit of fame
In Heaven; hence no one blushes for thy name,
Conqueror! 'mid some sad thoughts divinely blest.

Composed while ascending Helvellyn, Monday, Aug. 31, 1840.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

The French Revolution. A History. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Second Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1839.

Few writers of the present time have risen more rapidly into popularity than Mr. Carlyle, after labouring through so long a period of comparative neglect. Whatever judgment critics may be pleased to pass on him, it is certain that his works have attracted of late no common share of attention. His little school of sectaries has expanded into a tolerably wide circle of admirers. His eccentricity of style has become the parent of still greater eccentricities in others, with less genius to recommend them; and his mannerism has already infected, to a certain extent, the fugitive literature of the day. Clever young writers delight in affecting his tone of quaint irony, and indulgent superiority; and many a scribe, whose thoughts have about as much originality as the almanac for the year, fancies that he gives them an air of novelty and impressiveness by clothing them in a barbarous garb, for the fashion of which their prototype must hold himself to a certain extent responsible.

It must be said, in justice to Mr. Carlyle, that this unusual success has been bravely achieved by dint of personal energy and merit, and against a host of difficulties. Self-educated, we believe, and nurtured on the very quintessence of German transcendentalism, with little of the ordinary British discipline to counteract it, he could only clothe his own thoughts in the same uncouth foreign livery in which the parent thoughts had been clothed when first his mind received and appropriated them. He seemed a solitary or rare example of one who, in his native country, had unlearned his native language; and was as much a stranger among us as Jean Paul or Ludwig Tieck might have been, if suddenly transferred from their own metaphysical cloud-land to our matter-of-fact atmosphere. His difficulty of expressing his meaning otherwise was palpable and natural; that he was altogether free from affectation, we cannot, in conscience, believe: but the manner had grown very closely to the substance. Accordingly, there were numbers of readers to whom, for a long time, neither wit, nor sense, nor philosophy, could make his lucubrations even tolerable—who were forced to throw them aside almost unattempted, with a pettish *si non vis intelligi*. That many have greatly altered both their estimate of, and feeling towards him, we attribute partly to the gradual change in himself; for extended French and English reading have made a different writer of him; and though still dark and rugged enough at times, he is "day-light and champaign" compared with his former self. But the principal cause is, that he has forced himself, style and all, on public attention. His peculiar vein of philosophy, his mode of judging of things and men with an earnest irony, his tone of thought, sometimes original and always independent, have compelled even those whom his oddities of manner most repulsed to tolerate him; while, to many, they have made the oddities themselves palatable: so that, at the present day, we doubt whether it is the matter or the manner which tells most on his followers and admirers. For our own part, our dislike to his bastard English is unconquered and unconquerable; and this, together with the endless scraps of Schiller, and Goethe, and Richter, which are interwoven (without the trouble of any thing deserving the name of a translation) in his composition—the constant repetition of the same figures and the same jokes—the constant harping upon the same monotonous strain of thought—have made the task of going honestly through these three volumes rather a heavy one;—notwithstanding all the interest of detached scenes, and the vigour of thought and barbarian eloquence of language which often characterise the accompanying reflections. Indeed, we suspect that his firmest adherents are apt rather to dip into him than peruse him; he writes for the desultory readers and thinkers of the day; and has served his apprenticeship, and acquired his peculiarities, in the school of journal and essay writing. And this is one among several reasons which cause us to prefer, as a matter of taste, the biographical sketches which are scattered through his recently published Miscellanies, to these continuous volumes. But though they are written rather in a fragmentary style, and made up of detached scenes and *points*, after the fashion into which writers so educated naturally fall; yet there is a sort of dramatic unity of purpose running through the whole, and so peculiar as amply to repay investigation.

There is one mode of discussing the French Revolution which is very satisfactory from its simplicity, and from the little trouble of thought and discrimination which it gives to the historian adopting it. It is by applying to the consideration of it the ordinary rules of morality, as they are inculcated in national schools, and declared in assize sermons, and judicial charges. Resistance to established authority is a crime—interfering with our neighbour's property a crime—taking his life a crime. Consequently, the whole French Revolution was a great crime; all who engaged in it were criminals—some more, undoubtedly, and some less; and according as the individual writer is more or less atrabilious in his temperament, he will be more profuse in excuses for the weaker sinner, or in denunciations of the stronger. But that which points the moral of his narrative, and gives at the same time zest to his labours, is the tracing out the action of the presiding Nemesis of that great drama;—the retribution, national and private, which visited each separate sin on the people at large, and which followed each individual actor into the very recesses of his own home or heart. This is what may be called the orthodox method of writing the history of the French Revolution; it was once exclusively popular in England, and is still not without followers; but, notwithstanding its obvious completeness and rotundity, it does not seem altogether to satisfy the present generation of inquirers.

Another theory, which has also met with no small success, was that which dealt wholly in abstractions—arranged royalty, feudalism, democracy, and so-forth, in well-balanced antitheses—and elevated the nature and importance of the final cause of those events, until the moral character of separate acts and actors sank into insignificance. That final cause, in the view of such writers, was the regeneration of France. All who co-operated in that work must

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answer to their judge, if there be a judge, for their personal thoughts and deeds: in the eyes of the historian, who can look to results only, they stand justified. Given the proposition, that it was necessary the revolution should succeed—and given also, that a September massacre, and a regicide, and a reign of terror, were necessary to its success; then a Danton, a Robespierre, and a Fouquier-Tinville, were necessary parts of the machinery—like the wheels and cylinders of a cotton-mill, by which the raw material must be crushed, and pulled, and divided, before the finished fabric can be produced. To quarrel with them as moral agents is therefore simply a loss of time—unphilosophical, absurd, and pedantic—This theory was also very much in favour a few years back: it is that on which the popular histories of Mignet and Thiers are mainly constructed; and its peculiar language might be traced, during the years of the restoration, among many English writers also.

But its fashion has passed away. It is out of favour, because the democrats of France having, by their own energy, a second time revolutionised the state, and found France almost as far from regeneration as ever, are less satisfied than heretofore with the all-sufficiency of their theories. But there is another and a more general cause for this. Men have become within these few years more searching in their inquiries; their views are not so much bounded by mere politics as heretofore, (which regard men in masses only;) they are more accustomed to penetrate below the surface of those conventional ethics on which most social systems are very insecurely founded. It is the struggle of these new speculations for utterance, still confusedly mingled with the relics of the abstract political systems of which we have not yet got rid, which at once produces such writers as Mr. Carlyle, and prepares the triumph which he has achieved over prejudice, distrust, and misunderstanding. His is the philosophy of transition, of doubt, and of sanguine expectation; it rejects old "formulas" as barren; but instead of resting content in scepticism, it endeavours to lead the mind back to certain elementary principles, and to direct it in anticipation to future discoveries, as yet barely descried or dimly imagined; visionary lands of promise perhaps, but attractive as the fabled Eldorado to youthful enterprise. To him, the mainspring of all speculation concerning the French Revolution, lies in the thought of the five-and-twenty millions of ignorant and poverty-stricken serfs who lay in bondage at its commencement, whom it will need many revolutions, or changes as great as revolutions, wholly to emancipate.

"Masses, indeed; and yet, singular to say, if with an effort of imagination thou follow them, over broad France, into their clay hovels, into their garrets and hutches, the masses consist all of units. Every unit of whom has his own heart and sorrows; stands covered there with his skin, and if you prick him he will bleed. Dreary, languid, do these struggle in their obscure remoteness; their hearth cheerless, their diet thin. For them, in this world, rises no era of hope; hardly now in the other; if it be not hope in the gloomy rest of death, for their faith too is failing. Untaught, uncomforted, unfed! A dumb generation; their voice only an inarticulate cry; spokesman, in the king's council, in the world's forum, they have none that finds credence . . . . . at rare intervals (as now, in 1775) they will fling down their hoes and hammers: and, to the astonishment of thinking mankind, flash hither and thither, dangerous, aimless: get the length even of Versailles . . . . . The chateau-gates must be shut; but the king will appear on the balcony, and speak to them. They have seen the king's face; their petition has been, if not read, looked at. In answer, two of them are hanged on a new gallows forty feet high—the rest driven back to their dens—for a time."—Vol. I. p. 43.)

This is the great hoard of volcanic matter, whose eruptions, when the time for them is arrived, shake and will continue to shake the states of the world. The French Revolution was but one expression of the inarticulate and confused cry of these millions struggling—not for paper rights of men, not for constitutions *à la Sieyes*, or worship of the Supreme Being *à la Robespierre;* but for what they knew not how to define, except in the expression of universal craving and need of physical comfort—of rank as fellow-men and fellow-citizens with the privileged—of religion, consolation, instruction. While these masses exist, and their wants exist, so long are all institutions and "formulas" in danger; if not precisely from a new inundation of "Sans Culottism," certainly from some outbreaking or other of similar tendencies. Woe be to those who withhold from them their due: woe, most of all, to those parties, churches, sects, and individuals, whose scruples and wranglings, dignified with the name of religious objections, continue to obstruct the supply of that which sums up all others—the want of education!

To those who habitually see the French Revolution in this light, special causes sink into insignificance. "Philosophedom," spread of infidelity, disordered finances, contagion of English and American ideas—all these become merely circumstances which contributed to modify the course of the great eruption; but the thing itself was inevitable and predestined. If so, the men who took part in it were less agents than patients;—men who may have conceived that they were forwarding or impeding it, but in reality the very sport of the impulses they thought to control.

> "And some are great, and some are small,
> Some rise to good, some from good fortune fall:
> Some wise men, and some fools we call:
> Figures, alas, of speech, for Destiny plays all!"

The part of each man was marked out for him beforehand. What we are concerned with is, not what that part was, but how he performed it. If he threw his whole heart into it—if he was sincere, earnest, and real—"no hollow formulist," but a living son of nature—whatever our party bias may be, we must needs respect him: if he was but "a hollow artifice, and mechanism of conventionalities, weak, wavering, thin, and unreal"—he was still our brother man, and as such must have our sympathy too; but in his case it takes the shape of pity.

We have preferred to let Mr. Carlyle's views speak for themselves, so far as our prosaic analysis

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may serve to represent what he has developed in scattered passages, full of fire and eloquence, but with his own characteristic vagueness, diffuseness, and repetition. We feel this to be more for our reader's purpose than to exercise our ingenuity in criticising or combating them. In detail, the temptation to do so would be endless. The great merit of Mr. Carlyle as a writer, and the great pleasure which his writings give, arise from their *suggestive* character. He is always furnishing hints for thought; a slight sentence, a passing observation, often seem to open long vistas of reflection; but he rarely thinks out a subject for his reader: he never weighs, and reasons, and arrives at balanced conclusions. His brief outlines first arrest the attention, and then provoke objection: we feel tempted to debate and argue every point with him, proposition by proposition; but it is wonderful on how much more cordial terms we part with a companion of this description—angered though we may have felt at times by mutual contradiction—than with one of those formal and useful guides who fall under the general denomination of historian—to which, in plain truth, Mr. Carlyle has no title whatever.

On one point, however, we cannot refrain from a few words of protest. We mean the theory implied throughout his pages, which makes hunger the one great mover of revolution, *de facto* and *de jure*—the conclusive test of misgovernment—the black spot in the heart of all states. This is a question which it is in some respects painful to confront; but it is necessary to speak plainly on it.

That hunger has existed and does exist in old communities, under very variety of government, must at least be conceded as a fact. Its wan and menacing face scowls on us every where from the back-ground—in history and in actual observation. That political systems may have much influence in increasing or diminishing its intensity, we do not wish to deny; but there is a law of human nature at the bottom, far more powerful than these, of which the terrible strength is tacitly admitted even by those who have inveighed most loudly against its expounders. Take the state of society immediately before the French Revolution, for instance; how absurd it is to hold up to public ignominy (as Mr. Carlyle, somewhat inconsistently, has done) the vices and follies of a worn-out dynasty and aristocracy, when it is evident, that if hunger causes and justifies revolution, their guilt is comparatively small? Had Louis the Well-beloved been as pious as Louis the Saint, as popular as the Good, as chaste as the Thirteenth of his name, and as powerful as the Fourteenth, would the condition of the rye bread and chestnut consuming multitudes of central France have been much better? Somewhat improved it doubtless is at present; but is there not still hunger enough to justify blowing both chambers, and the citizen-king along with them, into the air? Or, let Mr. Carlyle examine the state of the people in some of the densely peopled Swiss Cantons, where almost every male citizen has a share in the government. He will find sufficient distress to account on his own principles for any revolution, and yet nothing whatever (except a little property) for revolution to fasten upon.

It is impossible to say how extensively the prevalent dread of the multitude, stimulated by doctrines such as these, tends to produce a selfish political adherence, and hopelessness of amelioration. It is with little heart, if at all, that men are induced to take a share in practical reforms—in curtailing this or that excrescence and in suppressing this or that abuse—whose minds are overpowered by a sense of that fundamental deficiency under which they conceive all society to labour. Mr. Carlyle's own conclusions from his theories may be very different; but these are the more ordinary and natural. He seems to believe in the power of government to raise the poorer class altogether out of its present position by legislation. When asked, what are the remedies which he proposes—he answers, very much in the tone of a man forced to say *something*—emigration—and education. The first, in the sense of a general measure, the merest of all delusions. The second, doubtless in its ultimate effects, a lightener of many of the evils which afflict humanity; but even were it attainable, which our wretched jealousies place out of the question, still of very indirect and distant influence upon this particular disorder;—especially in a country of which the population gains at the rate of half a million a-year, and depends for subsistence mainly on the power of underselling foreigners by a fraction per cent. To say that the evil is imminent and enormous, and to point out these as the only means of averting it, is to bid society despair. The logic of fear is different. The timid and selfish are apt to conclude, that as the lower classes have been kept down hitherto, so they may be kept down a little longer. It may last our time. But in order that it should, it is absolutely necessary to lay aside small political differences, and unite against the common enemy. This is no time for framing constitutions with nice checks and jealous contrivances: in such a crisis, the best government is the simplest and strongest. We appeal confidently to our readers, whether this is not, in the present day, the most popular argument in favour of despotism, and whether such views as Mr. Carlyle's do not inevitably tend to strengthen it.

It would be a worthier task for the historian to disabuse the public mind of those gloomy speculations and unmanly alarms. The every day utility of free institutions is, not that they guarantee the toiler against hunger—would that it were otherwise!—but that they create a vast and powerful class interested in the maintenance of order; and infuse into that class a spirit and intelligence which render it adequate to the task. They cannot ensure the labourer against want; but they give scope to his energy, if he has any; they cannot heal the evils of competition, but they secure to the competitors fair play. We say nothing here of their civilising and ennobling effects upon the nature of man, although these, too, indirectly contribute to the spread of physical welfare. If along with these advantages they *had* also the inconvenience attributed to them of encouraging discontent and turbulence, and rendering poverty dangerous, these mischiefs would be abundantly compensated. But the French Revolution, whatever else it may prove, proves the contrary of this; it shows that tyranny produces a more desperate population than the most licentious freedom.

With views such as these, and with a genius altogether averse from the ordinary pragmatical method of history, we shall not be surprised at find-

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ing that this work turns out rather to resemble a set of lectures, very loosely collected, on striking personages and striking events, just as these may happen to seize the writer's fancy. The *men* of the revolution are the prominent objects in his portraiture. And in this respect his subject is an unfortunate one; partly because Mr. Carlyle, with all his reading, has acquired no clearer conception of the French character than philosophers of thorough Teutonic breed usually do; (and for this reason, among others, we long to see him engaged in the more congenial occupation of delineating the sterling characters of our own civil wars;) partly because the "men of the revolution" are, after all, so extremely uninteresting a race, and it is so impossible to make heroes of them whether for purposes of history or romance. Surely never was so great a drama transacted by personages so utterly destitute, in his own language, "of what one can call originality, invention, natural stuff, and character." It seemed as if it was a part of the original purpose of its management, that the intellectual growth of France should be dwarfed for a season, in order that the work might develope itself without the agency of superior talent to forward or counteract it; for if we compare the leaders of parties during the struggle not only with the great men of former days, but even with the *élite* of the generation which has succeeded, their extreme inferiority seems manifest at once. Mr. Carlyle, therefore, assuredly deserves some honour as an artist, if not as a faithful interpreter of the past, for having contrived to make something of such unpromising materials: by grouping his figures well, and by clothing them all in the livery of his own speculative destiny, he has contrived to throw a sort of lustre even over the shallow Girondins and worthless Jacobins, with whom his history chiefly deals.

And what personage is there, in fact, who may not be invested with some interest, when he is brought before us, not as a dry name which is to occur occasionally through a certain number of pages, but as a human being, a creature of like passions with ourselves, an agent with ourselves in the great work of Providence or Fate; whom we are commanded to take by the hand, to address as a brother, to see him act what he was destined to perform, to hear him account in his own way for his actions, and explain the obscure purpose and meaning of his short historical existence.

This is Mr. Carlyle's peculiar manner, and it is the manner belonging to no common order of genius. The mortals with whom he has to do are not described—their actions are not related—but they are called up, like *phantasmagoric* figures, one after the other, and spoken of, or spoken to, as living and answering men. The historical life of any character once named in history, whether for good or for evil, is treated by him as a kind of type of the natural life of man—the short transit of an object over an illuminated surface, in its passage from one dark somewhere to another. For a few years, or weeks, or days, as the case may be, he is called out from the many millions of his like, who passed by unknown and unnoticed; among whom he lived, and in whose ways he walked; for that short space he is a reality to us; but we question him in vain *whither* and *whence:*

> Ὁ δ' ἀφ' αὐτοῦ σμικρὸν, ἢ δι' ἄλλης ἄλλας ψυχὰς ὡς ἔφθης πεμφθεὶς κατατέτηκεν.

As Jeremy Taylor might phrase it, "His light burns awhile, and then it turns blue and faint, and man goes to converse with spirits; and then he hands the taper to another."

We do not by any means feel satisfied that we have made this peculiar mode of thought intelligible to readers to whom the original is unknown; perhaps no one would enter into it at all, to whom it has not already suggested itself in the course of his own meditations: in which case he would conceive it at once, by a species of free-masonry with the writer. There is a strange passage somewhere in Mr. Carlyle's Miscellaneous Writings, in which this feeling is not indeed analysed, but very vividly exemplified. It is where he has occasion to speak of the Staffordshire peasant, the events of whose dull round of life happen to be involved, for a single day, in the narrative of Charles the Second's escape from Worcester. That single day of one labourer's existence, in the year 1651, is as it were realised to us, and become an imperishable thing: the life of the rest of the peasantry of England—of the five hundred thousand similar clodhoppers who, on that day, put on and off their hobnailed shoes, and went to and from their daily labour, and dined, like him, on brown bread and butter-milk, if the "good old times" could not afford them bacon and ale—is separated from us by the very blackness of darkness. Such is the theme of the passage to which we allude—the Rembrandt-like effect of the description we cannot give—but it contains the germ of much of the very peculiar style and manner which pervades this History of the French Revolution.

It would, perhaps, not be very difficult to show how this mode of viewing historical reality, as to individual men, is connected with that sort of indulgent fatalism which we have mentioned as the characteristic of the moral views of Mr. Carlyle. Men are treated as agents who had a part to perform—a work to do—until we almost cease for a time to regard them as any thing else. There is no such thing as accident in Mr. Carlyle's phraseology, any more than in Duke Wallenstein's. A worthy major in the British army, who has lately published an account of Ceylon, where he had the management of a district for several years, being impressed, like most Englishmen, with the importance of transplanting the laws of Alfred into every possible society, impannelled a Mahommedan jury on the body of one of their countrymen who was found drowned. According to proper English precedent, he suggested a verdict of "accidental death;" but the twelve honest Mussulmen preferred to find "that the time of the deceased was come, and his fate accomplished!" This is precisely Mr. Carlyle's historical verdict on all personages whatever; and he extends it to cases of murder and suicide. Its uniform application has a strange effect in levelling the inequalities of character—in dignifying the burlesque at which we were wont to laugh, and softening the guilt at which we once shuddered. Poor Mademoiselle Théroigne de Mericourt, one of the farcical figures of the revolution, stands forth sublimed into a creature of destiny in the following passage:—"Such brown-locked figure did flutter, and inarticulately jabber and ges

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ticulate, little able to *speak* the obscure meaning it had, through some segment of that eighteenth century of time. She disappears here from the revolution and public history for evermore!" On the other hand, if there be one of whom we had been accustomed to read with shrinking disgust and horror, it is the miserable man Maillard, who presided as "judge" at the Abbay prison, in the massacres of September, 1792. For days and nights he coldly directed the butchery of one helpless creature after another; he could see through the door the hideous execution done on each of his victims, as he ordered his fellow-murderers to "pass on to the next"—and he was well paid by the Commune of Paris for his trouble. His shade is thus dismissed:—"O Stanislas! one hoped to meet thee elsewhere than here: thou shifty riding-usher,* with an inkling of law! This work also thou hadst to do, and then to depart for ever from our eyes!"

Something of this peculiarity seems owing also to the *bonhommie* with which the writer appears to make personal acquaintance with all the individuals whose fortunes he relates. There are many persons who can work themselves into a tolerable degree of virtuous indignation against criminals whose atrocious actions they hear or read of, but are not proof against the softening influence of personal communication. If they have once been brought face to face, though it be with a murderer on the eve of his execution, have heard him express his wants and feelings, and, as it were, realised him as a fellow-creature—they cannot find it in their heart to abjure all common humanity with him. So it is with Mr. Carlyle, and his evoked spirits of the revolution. Merely reading of the sayings and deeds of Marat, we shrink from him as something loathsome and polluting. But call him up, with our author, and address him as a brother man—a man who eat, drank, slept, loved, feared, and hated like other mortals, but vexed all the time with a "fixed idea," (a phrase borrowed from Mignet)—apostrophise him as "remarkable horse-leech" or "dog-leech,"†—"Cassandra Marat,"—"hapless, squalid, Marat,"—and the monster vanishes by degrees; and we have before us instead, only one among the most remarkable of the many bewildered creatures who were playing at cross-purposes through the strange and crowded show called the French Revolution.

But Mr. Carlyle is a hero-worshipper, and energy is with him the indispensable, nay the exclusive, quality of heroism. In a world of formulas, to use his own favourite expression, his delight is to fix on men or women in whom there was *reality*, whether for good or for ill. Mirabeau and Danton, Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday, are almost the only four, of all the personages of his history, to whom this eminence is assigned. "He had many sins," he says of the second, "out one sin he had not: that of cant. No hollow formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, ghastly to the natural sense, was this: but a very man: with all his dross he was a man: fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of nature herself." But Mirabeau is his especial favourite. There is something in the "grandiosity" of the man, affected though it often was, still more, perhaps, in his contemptuous hostility to the forms and laws of a world with which he had been at war from his youth upwards, in which his spirit particularly rejoices. The philosopher's imagination is captivated by the figure of the adventurous demagogue, just as a quiet citizen, of a romantic turn of mind, sometimes is by those of the ferocious and sarcastic brigands who figure in Turpin novels, and Jack Sheppard dramas. Thus he has been seduced, we think, into ascribing to him even more importance than he really possessed as an actor; and far more of sincerity and depth than existed in his character. Mr. Carlyle was evidently much impressed, as he well might have been, by the oddity and spirit of the letters of the "crabbed old Friend of Man," Mirabeau's father, recently published in the memoirs of the "Fils Adoptif;" and with Mirabeau's own narrative of his family history—a remarkable fragment, which our author has translated, piecemeal, in various places; but without catching that which is most characteristic in it, and most foreign to his own nature—the tone of self-possession and knowledge of the world, and the epigrammatic turn of the language. Altogether, this reading has had a strong effect upon him. He repeats, over and over again, even to the reader's satiety, some pet phrases which he has culled from the barbarous vocabulary of the old economist; not always, we suspect, rightly understanding them. We could almost conjecture, without any knowledge of the circumstances, that it was the accident of meeting with these memoirs which first set his brain to work on the characters and events of the revolution.

There was doubtless greatness enough in Mirabeau, if mere blind power were greatness, to furnish out a dozen ordinary tribunes of the people. And though the mind shrinks from attributing even the elements of moral grandeur to a creature at once so wilful and so sordid as this "spoilt child of the revolution which he spoilt"—to parody a well-known saying—we fully agree with Mr. Carlyle in despising the unprofitable task of balancing vices and virtues, and judging of one so strangely nurtured and cast into such strange vicissitudes by the ordinary rules of ethics. But his chief virtue, in Mr. Carlyle's view, is originality; and here we are at a loss to understand him. As a thinker, any thing less original than Mirabeau we can scarcely conceive. From all his voluminous pamphlets (and he never spoke or wrote any thing else) it is not easy to collect an idea worth preserving, until the period when he had, as we know, the assistance of able heads and ready hands about him. His details of facts are not unfrequently well-collected and tolerably developed; but when he endeavours to think upon them, little is brought forth except a chaos of hasty and most trivial notions—"barren as the east wind," to use another of Mr. Carlyle's choice expressions. There is absolutely nothing to be made of them.

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* One of Mr. Carlyle's strange literal translations—"huissier à cheval."

† This, we suppose, is the Carlylian equivalent to "veterinary surgeon," which Marat is commonly but wrongly reported to have been. He was "médecin aux écuries de S. A. R. le Comte d'Artois;" an office which involved attendance on the biped, not the quadruped, inhabitants of his royal highness's mews. It was a "charge," and bought and sold like other places. A sister of Marat is, or was lately, living in Paris.

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But in the latter period of his labours in the national assembly, when his thoughts were often valuable, and his propositions showed statesmanlike vigour and comprehension, were or were not these thoughts and propositions his own? Mr. Carlyle has a strange idea of this part of his history. He seems to fancy that Dumont, in his *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*—where, as he expresses himself, "the good author accurately records what ingenious journeywork and fetching and carrying he did for his Mirabeau"—had, long after the hero's death, assumed to himself something, while his critics unanimously ascribed to him a great deal more, of that hero's deeds and deservings. And thus, he adds, "it seemed settled on all sides that here again a pretender had been stripped, and the great made as little as the rest of us, much to our comfort." And he proceeds to exult over the monstrous supposition, that the little Genevese had thus really pulled the wires which moved the great Frenchman, much in the same tone which French writers, not unnaturally, are apt to assume on the subject. Now, so far is this from being the case, that Dumont, in the work above mentioned, says nothing more, nay much less, than was perfectly notorious at the time to all who were intimate with Mirabeau and with him. Of all men in the world, Dumont was perhaps the very last to assert for himself any greater participation in Mirabeau's achievements than was really his due; but the thing does not rest in the slightest degree on his assertions. Compare them with what is said by Romilly, writing at the time of Mirabeau's death;—one who had been thoroughly and intimately conversant with both; one whose partiality for Mirabeau would be surprising, when the characters of the two men are considered, were it not accounted for by the youth and enthusiasm of the one, and the fascinating manners of the other:—

"I believe," says Romilly, "that it is no exaggeration to say, that all the good which Mirabeau has done was suggested to him by Dumont and Duroveray, and that they have prevented him from doing nothing but what was mischievous. It is hardly necessary to say, that Dumont has acted with the purest disinterestedness, and that he has never had any other object in view than that of being useful. He has done what few people would have had magnanimity enough to do; he has seen his compositions universally extolled as master-pieces of eloquence, and all the merit of them ascribed to persons who had not written a single word of them; and he has never discovered that he was the author of them, but to those from whom it was impossible to conceal it. Of every thing that he has written the advantages have been shared between Mirabeau and his bookseller; the one taking the glory, and the other the emolument."—(*Romilly's Memoirs*, i. 386.)

Once, if not oftener, Mirabeau saved the revolution; but his was not the heart to embrace its principles with an honest fervour; and assuredly not the head, whatever our author may think, to assemble into any thing like order, the elements which he had assisted in disengaging from their ancient combinations.

And after all, the reader is tempted to inquire are the Mirabeaus and Dantons, and such as they, the products of the revolution with which we are most concerned at the present day? Surely its essence was not in the exploits of soldiers, the eloquence of tribunes, or the explosions of popular madness. Its chief historical value to us is not in the saws and axioms which historians may deduce from it; as they may equally well from the revolutions of Athens and Rome. We of this generation have its actual results under our eyes. When the brief confusion of those years had passed away, an altered world was revealed. That which we deemed mere anarchy had moulded itself into strange completeness and order. Caste was destroyed; the very notion of hereditary distinction had become abominable; corporations were dissolved; the church herself, the greatest of all, levelled almost to the ground; sixty-four separate monarchies, each one so proud of its separate laws and privileges, had melted into an empire, aristocracy was disarmed, and a nation enrolled into a voluntary army; property itself was subjected to a course of law and custom, combating, by its constant and regular pressure, the various tendencies to inequality which must arise in a prosperous community. Society, under its new usages, is steadily moulding itself into the most simple and most durable of forms—that form which presents the least prospect and probability of change; for so far we agree with M. de Tocqueville, one of the profoundest of modern political writers. Changes of government there may be—despotism, constitutional monarchy, democracy—each of these may in turn preponderate, but the system of equality may prosper equally well under all; it has its foundations in the very heart of man. We have no desire to discuss the gloomy views of the same author as to the effects of that system on civilisation and intellect; enough for us, that such was the main product of the French Revolution, and the newest offspring of time; for no where in Europe, nor, properly speaking, in America herself, does a parallel to the modern French form of society exist, or has ever existed.

Who are to be regarded as the agents in the execution of this vast scheme? Not the popular champions and heroes who impelled, or kept in action, or threw into confusion, the external machinery of the revolution. Their work was only in and about the preliminary or destructive process: that ended, their achievements remain but matter of curiosity and example. The work of reconstruction was going on in obscurity, in the assemblies, in committees, in the administrative measures of practical men, while the tumult was roaring without; and here and there some louder or more fortunate voice making itself heard above it. It is there that historical inquirers, who seek for something beyond mere excitement, are to look for the revolution.

Now, these are the men whom Mr. Carlyle treats throughout with heroic contempt, as empty, sounding wind bags, or mere laborious hammerers of new formulas out of old. He has no sympathy with them, or interest in their work. "Consciously they did somewhat; unconsciously did much:" is nearly all that he has to say, by way of epitaph, of the departing national assembly. Because their constitutions "would not march;" because the superstructure of their successive edifices was fantastic and unsound, and fell with a breath; he overlooks the fact, that they were all the while laying foundations, strong

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and deep, under the earth, which will not decay until many generations have piled on them many buildings, each after the fashion of its day. But then they were for the most part lawyers, mere "formalists," "makers of paper theorems," "constitution-builders by trade." Such ignoble toilers have no lustre of popularity with mankind in general. When their work is accomplished, they are commonly dismissed into nothing with indifference, or rather contempt. The revolutionary legislators had laboured for ten years in constructing modern France. "Jetez moi ce tas-là d'avocats à la rivière," was Augereau's word of command to his soldiers on the 18th Brumaire; and the "Avocats" were dispersed, with ignoble prick of bayonet from behind, amidst the sneers and exultation of the populace. But their monument remains. The military pageant which succeeded their dismissal went out, as it came in, amidst smoke and confusion: the paper formulas, in the mean time, had become most substantial and durable realities.

It should, perhaps, rather be said, that all formulas are in themselves realities, so long as men consent to abide by them. It is surely a very poor philosophy which disregards the power of forms on human character, and fancies that the greatest exercise of manly free will and independence consists in dashing them aside. The shallowest, as well as the deepest, can do that. Forms will often yield, in times of crisis, like water, to any impulse which breaks through them; but the water will assuredly close again, and present the same smooth surface as before. Nay, what appear to us, from long habit, fundamental notions of right and wrong, frequently rest, as far as the multitude is concerned, on forms only; whatever philosophy may conjecture as to their principles. What is the real difference between destroying a national enemy in battle, and a private enemy in his bed? or, what was the difference between Alexander and the pirate captain? We defy the moralist to draw such an ethical distinction as shall be plain to ordinary intelligence. The Roman esteemed it *sacrilege* to slay the citizen of a foreign commonwealth, before the Fecial had performed the symbolic acts which dissolved the relation of peace. He had the strong feeling of a present Deity, ready to avenge the infraction of that particular observance. In after times, the superstition decayed into a form; the sacrilege ceased; yet the sentiment lost scarcely any thing of its power. The common soldier will scarcely account for the emotion which makes him shudder to-day at the mere thought of that which, when a few polite documents have passed between men whom he never saw or will see, he will regard with perfect indifference to-morrow. Yet that emotion is as strong as if the distinction had actually formed a part of that from which fine-spun reasoning makes it a deduction—the original command against the shedding of blood. Had Mr. Carlyle sufficiently remembered what these feelings are, and whence they arise, he would hardly have insulted them by borrowing such passages as the following from the hollow speculations of a school which certainly is not his:—

"It was the frightfullest thing ever born of time! One of the frightfullest. This convention, now grown anti-jacobin, did, with an eye to justify and fortify itself, publish lists of what the reign of terror had perpetrated: lists of persons guillotined. . . . They contain the names of, how many persons thinks the reader? Two thousand, all but a few. There were above four thousand, cries Montgaillard: so many were guillotined, fusilladed, noyaded, done to dire death: of whom nine hundred were women. It is a horrible sum of human lives, M. l'Abbé: some ten times as many shot rightly, on a field of battle, and one might have had his glorious victory with Te Deum. It is not far from the two hundredth part of what perished in the entire Seven Years' war. By which Seven Years' war did not the great Fritz wrench Silesia from the great Theresa; and a Pompadour, stung by epigrams, satisfy herself that she could not be an Agnes Sorel? The head of man is a strange vacant sounding-shell, M. l'Abbé: and studies Cocker to small purpose."

The heart of man will have become sorely perverted, we suspect, before it is persuaded by the sentimentalism of peace societies, or sophistry of would-be philosophers, into abandoning the sound and healthy feeling which regards a single life destroyed in cold blood as a more grievous outrage to humanity than ten thousand slaughtered on the field of battle. We do not suspect Mr. Carlyle of penning such passages as this in serious earnest—but he is playing with a firebrand paradox, of very dangerous brilliancy.

But as Mirabeau is Mr. Carlyle's hero, and Danton a kind of agreeble roué for whom he has a kindness, so Robespierre, as might be expected, is the favourite object of his contempt and aversion—the Joseph Surface of his revolutionary drama. A man of cant, formalities, and "formulas"—wholly without the *truth* and *energy* which are the highest, or rather the only proper attribntes of manhood; nay, odious even in his little paltry virtues; the "sea-green incorruptible," as he is fond of styling him, by an atrocious parody of Mad. de Staël's phrase—"ses veines étaient d'une couleur verte." "A poor atrabiliar *formula* of a man; meant by nature for a methodist of the stricter sort, to doom men who departed from the written profession." "A strict-minded strait-laced man of a small soul, transparent-looking as small ale."

All this follows naturally enough on Mr. Carlyle's axioms respecting man and his destiny. But he should nevertheless have cautioned his readers against the common error, into which such views would have naturally led them, of considering Robespierre as a man without importance or influence, lifted suddenly by some unnoticed and casual process into gigantic popularity. Contemporaries had their own reasons for so representing him. Madame de Staël and the constitutionalists were far too conscious of their own superior refinement and statesmanship, to admit that a vulgar provincial advocate ever entered into competition with them for the government of the public mind. Louvet, Madame Roland, Mercier, and the other Girondins, endeavoured to keep as much as possible in the background, in their narratives, the adversary whom they felt and knew to have been their most successful opponent. And the fashionable historians of the liberal school, such as MM. Thiers and Mignet, have chiefly adopted Girondin views. The fact is,

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that Robespierre's rise into popularity, and the concomitant hatred of him by the anti-popular party, were of more early date in the revolution than these writers choose to allow. Poor Abbé Lenfant, who was always looking out for signs of a counter-revolution (*le commencement de la fin*, as he calls it; one of the innumerable bon-mots which have been attributed by wholesale to Talleyrand) takes comfort as early as October, 1790, in the "report that the mob at Versailles have hanged Robespierre." He was important enough, at the close of the first assembly, to be named public accuser:—in April, 1792, to govern the Jacobin club, and make it an effectual rival to the legislative assembly itself; being at that particular period, strange to say, rather the less democratic of the two. From that time, with a little attention to facts and dates, we trace him throughout as a power in the revolution; as a man upon whom thousands were leaning for support, and to whom they looked for guidance; the representative of patriotism in the abstract—not that shade of it which prevailed in the commune, or on the upper benches of the mountain, but as it existed in the *soi-disant* patriotic part of the nation; and yet not a representative only—no mere mouth-piece, but one who chose his own part, and whose choice determined that of others. To what did a man, to whom all are pleased to ascribe a character so wholly unprepossessing and unattractive, owe this singular power?

Partly, it must be confessed, to a combination of paltry qualities; to one of the most intimate compounds of self-esteem and circumspection that ever met in the same character. Egotist to excess, his excessive caution not to commit himself made him the safest guide and model for all that multitude of cautious egotists which form so large a portion of human society. All who were afraid of great reputations and daring leaders—who felt oppressed by the grandeur of Mirabeau, cowed by the boldness of Danton, frightened by the atrocity of Marat, or the disgusting blasphemy of the Herbertists, rallied, one by one, round a personage who neither kept them at a distance, nor terrified them by his familiarity. In all times of crisis, such men as this, with business-like habits and plausible eloquence, are sure to meet with admirers and patrons.

But Robespierre had another great source of strength (and here it appears to us Mr. Carlyle has most misconceived his character,) as being, throughout, the very apostle and prolocutor, for the populace, of that vague and indefinite religion which Rousseau had created, and which then enjoyed so immense a popularity—a religion of sentiment without belief. Hollow and inadequate to human necessities as this shadowy system may appear, nothing is more certain than that it did, for a short time, supply thousands with *something* to still that craving after objects of faith, which the negation of definite creeds seems rather to irritate than to still. That Robespierre was sincere in his way it is impossible to doubt; the cant of the school to which he belonged is odious to the educated mind; but so is that of Cromwell, which was still more powerful in its way; but it was in this sense of reality that Robespierre stood so far above the *mere* infidel leaders of his time: it was this that rallied round him those very hearts which in other ages would have responded to the calling of the Hugonot or the Puritan preachers. Mirabeau believed in nothing at all; the idols of Danton's worship were merely the ordinary political abstractions of the day: Robespierre's was a religion. The proclamation of its creed—the "Fête de l'Etre Suprême," was, says Mr. Carlyle, the "shabbiest page in human annals." So it might well be described by one who considered merely its accessaries—the sky-blue silk coat of the poor pontiff Maximilian, and the pasteboard goddess who came forth, a little singed, from the conflagration of vice and atheism. But with all its absurdity, it was an act of faith notwithstanding.

Lastly, Robespierre was a moral man—a strict observer of the ordinary homespun *formulas* of honesty and decency which custom has framed for mankind. It is very strange that a man of Mr. Carlyle's insight into human nature should fail to perceive how strong a hold these minute observances, since he is pleased to think them so, retain over the heart of man. According to Romilly, it was a favourite phrase of Mirabeau, that, in many cases, *la petite morale était enemie de la grande;* a maxim which demagogues often follow, but seldom profess; a coarse and audacious *fanfaronade*, in the mouth of the man who uttered it. *La grande morale* is that which subordinates means to end, and consequently has abundance of admirers in times of eagerness and violence. Its results display themselves in brilliant *coups d'état*, and striking passages in history; sometimes in St. Bartholomews, September massacres, regicides, reigns of terror, and the like; often highly applauded, always justified by many at the time, but with respect to which, and the actors in them, men's views are apt to alter, and their sympathies to change sides. But these paltry moralities are strangely tenacious of life. Popularity may be attained in defiance of them; it cannot be long retained without them; and every man who abides by them has security against utter contempt in the after-world. Madame de Stael says of Danton, "on le soupçonnoit avec raison de pouvoir être corrompu par l'argent; et cette faiblesse finit toujours par perdre les démagogues; car le peuple ne peut pas souffrir ceux qui s'enrichissent; c'est un genre d'austerité dont rien ne sauroit l'engager à se départir." This fact is true: the reason is given with all those airs of superiority, and that want of appreciation of the genuine feelings which govern our common kind, which such writers as this eloquent lady—most superficial as soon as they get out of the sphere of their own class and clique—are apt to evince on such subjects. Mr. Carlyle, of all men in the world, we should consider as the most utterly removed from this aristocratic coxcombery. Yet he too insists slightly on the notorious venality of Danton. Mirabeau he boldly pronounces *paid, but not sold*, in the midst of the most degrading corruption by which a man of genius ever defiled his name. On the other hand, the "incorruptibility" of Robespierre is the subject of his constant sneers. If he is right, we must reform many of our views, and correct many old-fashioned prejudices. Plutarch would have treated the matter otherwise. Antiquity would have found something to respect in the man who had governed a kingdom at a period when the ransom and the spoils of half the nation were poured forth in daily tribute at the feet of the powerful; who saw

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his inferiors gorge themselves with rapine, setting the feeble restraints of the distracted time at defiance; and perished worth just fifty francs, which were found in his lodgings at his death, having been supported during his dictatorship in part by the sacrifice of his sister's little fortune!

For, after all, are not these matters of every day observance among the very few substantial things to which we can cling, in a world of shows and delusions? "As for me," says Algernon Sydney, justifying his conduct in days of political difficulty, when those of his own household shrank from him, "I walk in the light which God hath given me; if it be dim or uncertain, I must bear the penalty of my errors; I hope to do it with patience, and that no burden shall be very grievous to me except sin and shame. God keep me from those evils, and in every thing else dispose of me according to his pleasure!" Who does not feel that principles like these inspire more confidence than all the vigour, and talent, and daring that ever commanded parties and swayed senates? In such times as those, men wander indeed in a dim and uncertain light, when they carry their speculations into the distance; millions may shout at the rising of a star, which shall turn out only a meteor; but the light which every man carries with him, narrow as may be the limits to which its rays extend, cannot mislead. Therefore it is that the most common-place token of self-denial or disinterestedness—of superiority to any temptation to which the many succumb—Scipio's forbearance with his captive, or Andrew Marvel's honesty over his shoulder of mutton—gives a greater sense of confidence and security than the most brilliant display of greatness, unaccompanied by self-mastery. And the truth is, that the more ignoble and trivial the temptation, the more genuine, because less brilliant, may be the heroism of resistance. Mr. Carlyle's own predilections may be for audacious and eccentric energy, rather than the mechanical virtue of uprightness. But he seems bound, on his own principles, to explain why the great Mirabeau, making his exit amidst the loudest *plaudite* that ever rang in the ears of expiring mortal, left behind him scarcely a real friend except his Swiss valet; why Danton, although a genial and open-hearted man, was accompanied to the scaffold only by political associates, enveloped in his fall much to their own surprise, and very much against their will; while the companions of Robespierre died with him, and for him, in the midst of national execration, with all the enthusiasm of fellow-martyrs?

We might show with equal truth, that while most of the celebrated party leaders of the revolution have fallen into oblivion or discredit, even with the most fiery partisans of revolutionary doctrines, Robespierre finds his defenders, almost his canonizers, even at this day; and that the cause which Cambacères termed a *procès jugé et non plaidé*, still has advocates abundantly zealous, if not successful. We have, indeed, but little sympathy with their efforts. It is repulsive enough to toil through the dreary chapters of MM. Buchez and Roux, the republican editors of the *Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution*, following their endeavours to rescue the memory of their hero from obloquy. Still, allowing for something which yet remains of mysterious and ill-understood in Robespierre's history and character, we have surely now arrived at a period when he may be judged in a manly and reasonable tone, and not as a hobgoblin or a vampire. He began his revolutionary course pure in morals, with a character deservedly high, with plausible manners, and considerable talents; though obscured, in the eyes of observers of better *ton*, by the pedantic philosophical puritanism of the day. But he carried into it a boundless, though concealed ambition, continually prompting him to court public notice; while his habitual timidity made him dread it when fixed too exclusively or ardently upon him. He and Mirabeau were, each in his way, the very incarnations of egotism; but in the latter it was expansive, obtrusive, loud, and contemptuous: in the former, concentrated, perhaps envious. His vanity was fed by a popularity remarkable for its steadiness as well as its extent, until it brought him to destruction; when, had he possessed strength of mind to subdue it, he might, perhaps, have procured a dictatorship. He was not sanguinary by nature, but there was a total absence of generous feeling towards others; he seems to have taken such share as was really his in the atrocities of his time, partly through calculation, but much more through fear. There is no authenticated instance of his abusing his power against a private enemy: the story which assigns his personal enmity as the cause of the destruction of the Sainte Amaranthe family seems altogether fabulous. But neither is there a single case which proves that his heart was accessible to the desire of rescuing and protecting. He is said to have *wished* to save his old fellow-collegian, Camille Desmoulins—it is certain that he did not dare to attempt it; and by no means clear that he did not first employ him to *sound* the revolutionary torrent, in order to try whether it was abating, and then suffered him to be hurried by it to perdition. MM. Buchez and Roux have limited the period of his omnipotence in the executive government to the space between the beginning of May, 1794, and the latter end of June, when he left the committees; and they endeavour to show, that less blood was shed during that interval than either before or after—a futile attempt, as any one who will examine the records of the revolutionary tribunal may satisfy himself. They have succeeded somewhat better in exculpating him from personal responsibility for the crimes of the bloody proconsuls, Carrier, Lebon, Fréron, Tallien, and the like: none of the more notorious ones appear to have been creatures of his, except that precious pair of citizens, Brutus Maignet, and Agricola Moureau, the tyrants of Vaucluse.

On these facts the man himself must be estimated, when he has ceased to be named as a mere bug-bear. His own outward manifestations are of little assistance. Unlike other revolutionary orators, he never wore his heart upon his sleeve, or opened himself sincerely to his audience. He resembled Cromwell, as Madame de Stael has observed, in no respect so much as in this. Filled as his speeches are with cant, jargon, and egotism the most intolerable, there are two characteristics which can hardly fail to strike the reader;—the one, the most jealous art in avoiding any precise definition of the speaker's meaning on the immediate question; the other, an intimate belief at the bottom in the reality of his own mission, in the greatness of the objects which he conceived

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himself called to accomplish, in the heroism of self-sacrifice, in the prevailing and final victory of virtue. Our sense of eloquence is not unfrequently heightened by accessaries; and the voice of a man who is actually struggling in the death-grapple for life itself, with resolute and ferocious adversaries—crowns beneath his feet, the ruins of an empire around him, the consciousness of an imperishable fame or infamy present to his memory, the sceptre almost within his grasp, the flash from the steel of the guillotine almost dazzling his eyes—possibly acquires in our ears an impressiveness which, in the cold judgment of criticism, does not belong to it. At all events, we confess that there is some sound of eloquence, to our perception, in that last speech of Robespierre, which Mr. Carlyle calls his "screech-owl oration," delivered first at the convention and then at the Jacobins; of which the original, corrected and interlined with almost convulsive eagerness, is still in existence.

The next characteristic of Mr. Carlyle's historical style, and that which after all proves its greatest attraction to the majority of readers, is its picturesqueness. Detached scenes are often admirably drawn, and always with spirit and vivacity, rather to the prejudice of the connecting parts. It is this which renders it so agreeable a book to read in fragments, and so difficult to read through. Truth, that is, accuracy of detail, is hardly to be looked for in them. Verisimilitude his recitals frequently have; and it is surprising to perceive the life-like reality which is communicated to stories so familiar as those of the chief events of the revolution, by the mere art of the word-painter. The insurrection of the 5th October, 1789, the flight to Varennes, the mutiny at Nancy, are admirable specimens of almost epic energy. Others, and among the most elaborate of these pictures, please us less—probably from the sense of exaggeration which they convey.

Mr. Carlyle has attained his success in this particular (his own peculiar genius apart) in some measure through his method of taking his colours and perspectives invariably from contemporary narratives analysed by himself, and never at second hand. The advantage which such a process gives, in point of fire and force, may easily be conjectured: whether it is equally advantageous for the purposes of truth, admits of some doubt. Contemporary relations of occurrences so strange and so rapidly following each other as the principal events of the revolution, are useful in one respect; they give us the immediate view of them, before the partisans of opposite leaders and opposite principles have made up their mind in what way to manufacture them for their own several purposes. As corrections of received stories, therefore, no historian will deny their importance; but they will seldom afford sufficiently solid footing for independent narratives; not even when we have the advantage of comparing the impressions made on several observers by the very same incident. Each sees rarely more than a part; and each combines the impressions of the little he has actually seen with the vague notions he has collected at second hand; or from preconceived opinions only, as to the greater portion which he did not see. The result is a confused grouping of objects, which it requires a clear head and, if we may use the expression, something of a military eye to disentangle; and these are no qualities of Mr. Carlyle. His account of the Bastile affair, for example, abstracted as it is from the pages of Besenval, Dussaulx, Fauchet, and we know not how many pamphleteers and news-writers more, is full of warlike clamour and riotous hubbub, just about as like the real event as the sieges in "Ivanhoe" and "Old Mortality." After reading it through, the student would be quite as much puzzled as at the beginning, to know who took the Bastile, and why it surrendered; for the eloquent narrator has all but missed the one military point of the story, namely, that after several hours of ineffectual shouting and musket-firing on the part of the mob, the arrival of a piece or two of cannon belonging to the *Gardes Françaises* decided the event. And what unparallelled bathos, when, after page upon page of "fire-deluge," "fire-maelstrom," and fustian enough to furnish out a German ode on the battle of Leipzig or Borodino, the list of casualties is summed up at least at eighty-three besiegers, and *one* of the besieged!

The egotism of eye-witnesses, French eye-witnesses above all, is another serious difficulty to the historian who depends upon them; and it is the more apt to lead Mr. Carlyle out of his way, because his observation is peculiarly individualising; he loves to single out a particular figure from the aggregate, to trace its movements, and to adopt its perceptions. Now it is scarcely possible to open the works of any of the *genuine* memoir and anecdote writers of the revolution, without discovering that he, or she, considered that there was at least one very important personage in each momentous crisis, whose merits were too generally overlooked, and required a separate narrative to vindicate them. We were reminded of many a passage in well-known works of the kind, by the quiet simplicity of an observation of Sir Samuel Romilly in the memoir already cited. "The man who kept the hotel at which I stopped at Paris (in 1789), a certain M. Villars, was a private in the national guard. Upon my returning home on the day of the benediction of their colours at Notre Dame, and telling him that I had been present at the ceremony, he said, 'You saw me, sir?' I was obliged to say, that I really had not. He said, 'Is that possible, sir? you did not see *me?* why, I was in the first ranks! all Paris saw me.' I have often since thought of my host's childish vanity. What he spoke was felt by thousands. The most important transactions were as nothing, but as they had relation to the figure which each little self-conceited hero acted in them."

And even men who were too high-minded or too earnest for vanity, or whose part in the terrible events which they recount was too serious for such childish display, were too much pre-occupied, to use an expression of MM. Buchez and Roux, to see the very phenomena around them, much more to estimate manners or character, with much clearness of insight. It was a consequence of the frightful rapidity with which the events of the revolution succeeded each other, that no man had time to become really acquainted with his opponents. Each created an imaginary antagonist, and against this his attacks were directed: journalists, orators, statesmen, seem never to have listened or read; their whole thoughts were expended on speaking and writing.

The historians whom we have just cited, descending perhaps into rather too curious an observation of

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particulars, remark that partisan writers never learned how to spell the names of their opponents; that Marat, after having devoted several "bottles of ink" to the daily abuse of the Girondin minister of the interior, calls him "Rolland" to the last; that Péthion is constantly written for Pétion, Roberspierre for Robespierre, and so forth. Life, in fact, was to most of such men nothing but the delirious dream of a monomaniac: and Mr. Carlyle's peculiar success is rather in reproducing the wild phantoms such as they appeared to each, than the realities which they were unable to see and estimate. Thus, in describing the massacres of September, 1792, he has simply taken the three well-known narratives of Jourgniac de St. Méard, the Abbé Sicard, and Maton de la Varenne, just as they are printed, one after the other, by the editors of the *Histoire Parlementaire*. If his only object was to produce a dramatic effect, this was right enough; for neither Æschylus nor Dante could have added a shade to the horrors of those revelations of living men escaped from the slaughter-house. But in a history we surely require something more; something that will give us an idea of the *ensemble* of that tragical catastrophe;—its connection with the movement then in progress, and with the plans and views of the men who then governed the nation at the point of the pike. As it is, these mangled excerpts of separate stories leave nothing but a dull impression of horror;—confused noise, and garments rolled in blood. And the inaccuracies of these hasty fragments are left uncorrected; in some instances even rendered more erroneous in the transcription. The priests massacred on their way to the Abbaye on the 2d, were not thirty in number; nor was Sicard the only one saved; three were rescued out of twenty-one. The man whom Jourgniac de St. Méard saw dragged out to massacre from the tribunal at the Abbaye, "was," says Mr. Carlyle, "old Marshal *Maillé* of the Tuileries and August tenth." It could not have been *Mailly*, whom we presume Mr. Carlyle to mean, for he escaped the massacre, and was guillotined long afterwards at Arras. St. Méard may be excused for such a mistake as this, made when his own turn was coming next. But his whole narrative bears marks of exaggeration. There scarcely could have been that prolonged three days' massacre at the Abbaye, which he describes. The register of that prison still exists, spotted with the stains of wine, and with some, it is thought, of a darker hue, just as it lay open before Maillard and his fellow-murderers. It shows, after the execution of the priests and Swiss, who were slaughtered *en masse*, the names of no more than thirty-two put to death, and about forty released; a few of whom, it is thought, were afterwards slain in the street. It is also merely a dramatic artifice in Mr. Carlyle, to preserve the mysterious fashion in which the actors in these massacres were spoken of in the contemporary narratives, when their persons were not as yet publicly known. There is no obscurity about them now. "The man in gray," thus vaguely spoken of, was no other than the wretch Maillard himself, who is mentioned just before. The names of the very executioners are preserved; and, strange to say, they seem chiefly to have belonged not quite to the lowest class, but to that of the smaller tradesmen and their apprentices.

An odd instance of recantation on the part of a historian, deceived by similar contemporary rubbish, occurs in the narrative of the famous destruction of the *Vengeur*, in Lord Howe's battle of the first of June. Mr. Carlyle, in his first edition, copied Barrère's report, in which her crew is described as sinking amidst shouts of *Vive la Republique*—which, to do him justice, most other historians have done with as little scruple; and being an incident after his own heart, he has made the most of it. Unluckily, these pages happened to meet the eyes of a gallant British admiral, who, according to his own account, having done his duty for the day, was quietly eating his mutton-chop in his cabin, when the *Vengeur* went down right opposite; and after forty years' repetition of the old romance, he comes forward to assure the public that the crew of the *Vengeur* behaved neither better nor worse than other crews in similar circumstances—that, instead of perishing amidst shouts of defiance, they called lustily for assistance, and escaped, as many as could, in British boats. Mr. Carlyle, despite of much criticism in the French journals, subjoins, in his second edition, a most characteristic palinode, in which he styles the whole story "Barrère's masterpiece; the largest, most inspiring piece of *blague* manufactured, for some centuries, by any man or nation."—Vol. iii. p. 301.

Much of Mr. Carlyle's history, and other histories, requires to be re-written upon similar principles. What, for instance, if the whole memorable campaign of September, 1792, such as it has been described and sung a thousand times in history and poetry, were to turn out a mere *blague* or *yarn*, as palpable as the triumphant exit of the *Vengeur*? The reader will seek in vain, we need scarcely say, for any elucidation of the mystery which hangs over this event in the pages of Mr. Carlyle. He has dashed at this part of his history with the same gallantry with which he has solved various other knotty historical points;—with utter disregard of all insinuations of plots and underhand transactions, and the thousand ingenious conjectures with which the brains of his predecessors have teemed. Destiny is his great solvent of all difficulties: the energy of "Sans-Culottism" his agent in all miracles. This bold incredulity is sometimes a safer guide than caution; but not always:—

> "Succeeding times must equal folly call,
> Believing nothing, and believing all."

The simplest reader, who has not quite attained to Mr. Carlyle's pitch of sincerity and chivalrous credulity, must be startled at some of the phenomena which this campaign presents. Dumouriez's famous boast about Thermopylæ seems to have passed current for want of reflection upon the simple fact—that his Thermopylæ was never attacked, and *was* turned. His pass of the Argonne was left fairly in the rear of the Prussians. So far is plain; but the common notion is, that this success was attained at an enormous sacrifice, owing to Dumouriez's admirable strategic dispositions: for instance,

"Through the woods volleying war reverberates, like huge gong-music, or Moloch's kettle-drum, borne by the echoes; swoln torrents boil angrily round the foot of rocks, floating pale carcases of men. In vain! Islettes village, with its church steeple, rises intact in the mountain-pass, between the em-

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bosoming heights: your forced marchings and climbings have become forced slidings and tumblings back. From the hill-tops thou seest nothing but dumb crags, and endless wet moaning woods. . . . . Four days! days of a rain as of Noah, without fire, without food."—Vol. iii. 63.

Alas! that picturesque history should be brought to the vulgar tests of geography and meteorology! The "mountains" and "torrents" of the Argonne are altogether as fabulous as the Noachian deluge with which he has vexed the invaders. The Prussian retreat had not even the excuse of bad weather. All historians, without exception, and Dumouriez himself among the number, speak of the inclemency of the season; and yet M. Michaud, in his recent memoir of that general, proves the contrary.* Such is the value of loose assertion. September, 1792, was what it usually is in that part of Europe—one of the finest portions of the year. No rain fell, (except on one day, the 8th,) from the 1st to the 20th, the date of the affair at Valmy. Then there were three or four showery days; and again, fine weather to the end of the month. The equinoctial rains did not set in until the beginning of the next, when the invaders were already in full retreat. The Prussians turned the Argonne, not in discouragement and disorder, but in full force and good disposition. On the 20th they had cut off the French from the road to Paris, and confronted Kellerman at Valmy, with 50,000 to 25,000—the latter in a position utterly indefensible. Dumouriez, effectually separated from his lieutenant, was watched by a superior force in his insulated camp at St. Ménéhould—a still worse position; so bad, that Napoleon, who had examined the field of these operations with peculiar attention, said that nothing whatever could have induced *him* to remain in it in Dumouriez's place, "*unless there were some secret negotiations, of which we know nothing.*" A few days before, ten thousand of his men had run from fifteen hundred Prussian hussars. Such was the army *behind* Brunswick; Paris was *before* him;—*Gironde* and *Mountain* holding each other by the throat in the expiring assembly; the convention not yet met, and the vast city one scene of terror and disorder. In this state of things, Dumouriez writes to the assembly in the well-known and enigmatical words, "*Tout est répare et je réponds de tout;*" and with reason. After a few hours ineffectual cannonading, leaving some two or three hundred men *hors de combat* on both sides, Brunswick retires in perfect order; commences a retrograde movement to the frontier; and thereby decides the fate of France, of her king, kingdom, and many millions of men, the victims of three-and-twenty years of bloodshed. And we are to content ourselves for this strange solution of the greatest crisis in the history of modern Europe by the notion that Brunswick was frightened by the bravery of the sans-culotte invincibles;—in Mr. Carlyle's harmonious language, by "rock ranks," and shouts of *Vive la Patrie!*

That "secret negotiations" were the cause of all this was shrewdly suspected long ago; but historians have wavered between ascribing the result of the campaign to intrigue, and to French bravery and Prussian mismanagement; until their narratives present a most confused and unmeaning jumble. The truth is, that much of this obscurity seems to have arisen out of the narrative of Dumouriez himself, who tries to engross the double credit of first outmanœuvring Brunswick in the field, and then baffling him by diplomacy. But evidence, both internal and external, presses strongly against him. That interviews and messages were carrying on continually from the beginning of the campaign, is well known as a matter of fact. What was their purport? In the beginning of the year, Brunswick had been sounded as to the chimerical project of making him king of France. Was this offer repeated? Probably not. But the advantages held out may have been of a more tangible character. Had they any connection with the suspicious robbery of the *Garde Meuble* by the commune? Rumour says, that Carra and Tallien were actually despatched to the Prussian head-quarters on the Rhine with certain royal diamonds of France—which diamonds found their way back again to Paris in 1806, with the exception of one—the celebrated *Regent*. *French* rumour also speaks of heavy debts contracted by the little state of Brunswick, which, after 1792, were liquidated in a sudden and suspicious manner. But we would not willingly, on mere hostile report, impute personal corruption to the enthusiastic leader who expiated either grievous folly or grievous treachery by his gallant death on the field of Jena. Whatever his individual share in the transaction may have been, it is enough that the Prussians must have been fairly bought, or bewildered, into retreat—and that the whole campaign, after the sieges of the first fortnight, was, in pugillistic language, simply a "cross."

Whatever also may have been the exact character of these negotiations, over which, says M. Michaud, "tous les partis et tous les gouvernemens se sont efforcés de jeter un voile impénétrable," one thing appears plain, that the Gironde and the majority of the assembly knew nothing of them; that the leaders of the mountain had but a confused suspicion; and that the secret rested with three persons on the side of France—Danton, Dumouriez, and the minister Lebrun. When the Titan of the revolution uttered his famous exclamation—"What do we want to repel the enemy?"—"De l'audace, et encore de de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,"—he spoke as a wise man, who keeps a better bolt in his quiver than that which he makes display of on a day of parade. When he resisted the proposal of the Girondists to retire behind the Loire, he did so with full conciousness that the measure which would have destroyed his power at home was also quite unnecessary for the Republic. And poor Lebrun, though Madame Roland, in her high contempt for all non-Girondist statesmen, pronounced him only fit for a desk, and though he did christen his daughter *Civilis-Victoria-Jemmape-Dumouriez Lebrun*, had at least wit enough to keep the secret of the means by which France was saved. For it is strange that, in the long trial of Danton and his friends, which was in fact a two days' word-combat between him and his enemies of the committees, of which any momentary change of sentiment, or plucking up of courage on the part of the mob out of doors, might twenty times have turned the issue—not a syllable

* Biographie Universelle, supplement.

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was dropped of the secret transactions, either in prosecution or defence.

It must also be said, that whatever treachery there may have been, the king of Prussia was no party to it. If he had formed no very definite plan of action, he appears, at all events, to have been actuated throughout by the sincere and loyal desire of saving the royal family of France from the horrors with which they were menaced. It is said that at Valmy he insisted on taking the command, in the earlier part of the day, into his own hands; and that he made such dispositions as must inevitably have secured the easy object which he had in view, of dislodging Kellerman's mob from the heights which it occupied; but that the Duke of Brunswick, on finding that victory was unavoidable in spite of all his precautions, persuaded the monarch to let him resume the command, and changed the order of things at the very moment of success. The toils which surrounded the monarch were already too artificially laid to permit of his extricating himself; and shortly afterwards, the French government, having effected the important purchase of his mistress, Madame de Lichtenau, controlled the last remnant of his feeble free-will. Such was the commencement of that line of policy, on the part of Prussia, of which the downfall of 1806 was at once the consequence, and the just retribution.

Such, we fear, is the only rational account of—

> " Ces jours de liberté, de gloire
> Où la France abreuvait ses sillons altérés
> Du sang dont Kellerman arrosait sa victoire!"

Nor does it reflect any real discredit on Sans-Culotte heroism. Never was the maxim *possunt quia posse videntur* more truly exemplified, than in the early exploits of the republican soldiery. These half-disciplined volunteers, Parisian kennel-scrapers and others, really believed that they had beaten off the Prussians; and it was in the strength of that belief that they reaped at Jemmapes, only a few weeks later, the laurels of no sham victory, but one of the most desperate of modern battles.

The trial of Louis XVI. is a tolerably fair specimen of Mr. Carlyle's descriptive taste and style;—though the details are mainly copied from Mercier's account, heightened, as usual, by some touches of Germanism.

" And so, finally, at eight in the evening this third stupendous voting, by roll-call or *appel nominal*, does begin. What punishment? Girondins undecided, patriots decided, men afraid of royalty, men afraid of anarchy, must answer here and now. Infinite patriotism, dusky in the lamp-light, floods all corridors, crowds all galleries, sternly waiting to hear. Shrill-sounding ushers summon you by name and department; you must rise to the tribune, and say.

" Eye-witnesses have represented this scene of the third voting, and of the votings that grew out of it—a scene protracted, like to be endless, lasting, with few brief intervals, from Wednesday till Sunday morning—as one of the strangest seen in the revolution. Long night wears itself into day, morning's paleness is spread over all faces; and again the wintry shadows sink, and the dim lamps are lit; but through day and night and the vicissitudes of hours, member after member is mounting continually those tribune-steps; pausing aloft there, in the clearer upper light, to speak his fate-word; then diving down into the dusk and throng again. Like phantoms in the hour of midnight; most spectral, pandemonial! Never did President Vergniaud, or any terrestrial president, superintend the like. A king's life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trembling in the balance. Man after man mounts; the buzz hushes itself until he have spoken: Death: Banishment: Imprisonment till the Peace. Many say, Death: with what cautious well-studied plans and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy. Many too say, Banishment: something short of death. The balance trembles, none can yet guess whitherward. Whereat anxious Patriotism bellows: irrepressible by ushers.

" The poor Girondins, many of them, under such fierce bellowing of patriotism, say Death: justifying, *motivant*, that most miserable word of theirs, by some brief casuistry and jesuitry. Vergniaud himself says, Death; justifying by jesuitry. . . . . Manuel did surely rank with the decided in August last; but he has been sinking and backsliding ever since September and the scenes of September. In this convention, above all, no word he could speak would find favour; he says now, Banishment; and in mute wrath quits the place for ever—much hustled in the corridors." [This is inaccurate; Manuel was one of the secretaries who scrutinised the votes, and, leaving the chamber while this process was going on, he was mobbed by divers Jacobin members, under a notion that he was going to communicate the result out of doors. But he returned to his place, and it was not until the following day that he sent his demission.] " Philippe Egalité votes, in his soul and conscience, Death; at the sound of which, and of whom, even patriotism shakes its head; and there runs a groan and a shudder through this hall of doom." [Philippe did not utter these famous or infamous words; those which he did use in giving the *motif* of his vote will be found in the *Histoire Parlementaire*.] " Robespierre's vote cannot be doubtful; his speech is long. Men see the figure of shrill Sieyes ascend; hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, La mort sans phrase, Death without phrases; and fares onward and downward. Most spectral, pandemonial!

" And yet if the reader fancy it of a funereal, sorrowful, or even grave character, he is far mistaken. 'The ushers in the mountain quarter,' says Mercier, 'had become as box-openers at the opera;' opening and shutting of galleries for privileged persons, for D'Orleans Egalité's mistresses, or other high-dizened women of condition, rustling with laces and tricolour. Gallant deputies pass and repass thitherward, treating them with ices, refreshments, and small talk; the high-dizened heads beck responsive; some have their card and pin, pricking down the ayes and noes, as at a game of *rouge et noir*. Further aloft reigns Mère Duchesse, with her unrouged amazons; she cannot be prevented making long hahas, when the vote is not *La Mort*. In these galleries there is refection, drinking of wine and brandy as in open tavern, 'en pleine tabagie!' Betting goes on in all the coffeehouses of the neighbourhood. But within doors, fatigue, impatience, uttermost weariness, sits now on all visages; lighted up only from time to time, by turns of the game. Members have fallen

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asleep; ushers come and awaken them to vote; other members calculate whether they shall not have time to run and dine. Figures rise, like phantoms, pale in the dusky lamp-light: utter from the tribune one word—Death. 'Tout est optique,' says Mercier; the world is all an optical shadow.* Deep in the Thursday night, when the voting is done, and secretaries are summing it up, sick Duchâtel, more spectral than another, comes borne on a chair, wrapt in blankets, in night-gown and night-cap, to vote for mercy; one vote, it is thought, may turn the scale.

"Ah no! In profoundest silence, President Vergniaud, with a voice full of sorrow, has to say, 'I declare, in the name of the convention, that the punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet is that of death.' Death by a small majority of fifty-three. Nay, if we deduct from the one side, and add to the other, a certain twenty-six who said death, but coupled some faintest ineffectual surmise of mercy with it, the majority will be but one.

"Death is the sentence—but its execution? It is not executed yet! Scarcely is the vote declared when Louis's three advocates enter, with protest in his name, with demand for delay, for appeal to the people. For this do Desèze and Tronchet plead, with brief eloquence; brave old Malesherbes pleads for it with eloquent want of eloquence: that brave time-honoured face, with its gray strength, its broad sagacity and honesty, is mastered with emotion, melts into dumb tears. They reject the appeal to the people, that having been already settled. But as to the delay, what they call sursis, that shall be considered: shall be voted for to-morrow: for the present we adjourn. Whereupon patriotism hisses from the 'mountain:' but a 'tyrannical majority' has so decided and adjourns.

"There is still this fourth vote then, growls indignant patriotism: and who knows what other votes and adjournments of voting: and the whole matter still hovering hypothetical! And at every new vote those Jesuit Girondins, even they who voted for death, would so fain find a loop-hole! Patriotism must watch and rage. Tyrannical adjournments there have been: one, and now another at midnight on plea of fatigue: all Friday wasted in hesitation and giggling,—in re-counting the votes, which are found correct as they stood. Patriotism bays fiercer than ever: Patriotism, by long watching, has become red-eyed, almost rabid.

"Delay? yes or no? Men do vote it finally, all Saturday, day and night. Men's nerves are worn out, men's hearts are desperate: now it shall end. Vergniaud, spite of the baying, ventures to say Yes, delay: though he had voted death." [We are sorry to say, for we have some tenderness for the most eloquent, though one of the weakest, sons of the revolution, that this is incorrect: it appears that he voted against delay; more consistent in his cowardice than most of the Girondin leaders.] "Philippe Egalité says, in his soul and conscience, No. The next member mounting, 'Since Philippe says no, I for my part say Yes, *Moi je dis Oui.*' [This cannot be literally true, if the voting was according to the course of the *appel nominal*, as it is said to have been.] "The balance still trembles. Till finally, at three o'clock on Sunday morning, we have—No delay, by a majority of seventy. Death within four and twenty hours.

"Garat, minister of justice, has to go to the Temple with the stern message: he ejaculates repeatedly, *Quelle commission affreuse*, what a frightful function! Louis begs for a confessor: for yet three days of life, to prepare him to die. The confessor is granted: the three days and all respite is refused.

"To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, oh hapless Louis! The son of sixty kings is to die on the scaffold by form of law. Under sixty kings this same form of law, form of society, has been fashioning itself together these thousand years; and has become one way and another, a most strange machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful this machine; dead, blind; not what it should be; which with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now a king himself, or say rather kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures;—like a Phalaris shut in the belly of his own red-heated brazen bull! It is ever so, and thou shouldst know it, haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return 'always *home*,' 'wide' as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations; he too experiences that man's tribunal is not on this earth; that if he had no higher one, it were not well with him.

"A king dying by such violence, appeals impressively to the imagination; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at the bottom, it is not the king dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat; the grand loss is of the skin. The man from whom you take his life, to him can the whole combined world do *more?* Lally went on his hurdle; his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For kings, and for beggars, for the justly-doomed, and the unjustly, it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all; thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances, and throne-and-scaffold contracts, how far short is it of the thing pitied?"—Vol. iii. pp. 125—132.

We shall conclude with one extract more, and it shall be the closing scene of the revolution itself, strictly so called—the last struggle of Jacobinism in the days *Vendémiaire*.

"Some call for Barras to be made commandant; he conquered in Thermidor. Some, what is more to

* What Mr. Carlyle means by this we do not comprehend; what Mercier means is plain enough. Every thing visible, he says, is great or small according to the point of view from which it is seen. He is remarking on the singularly slight impression which extraordinary scenes produce on the observer's mind at the time, compared with the trace which they leave on the memory—the indifference with which we often regard their most important features, while the imagination clings indolently to any trifling detail. Any one who happens to have witnessed the acting of a great event, and can remember his own sensations on the occasion, finds it difficult to understand how little his mind was alive to its greatness at the time. This is among the striking remarks scattered here and there in the pages of that coarse and tasteless but sometimes impressive writer.

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the purpose, bethink them of the citizen Buonaparte, unemployed artillery officer, who took Toulon. A man of head, a man of action. Barras is named commandant's clerk; this young artillery officer is named commandant. He was in the gallery at the moment and heard it; he withdrew some half hour to consider with himself; after a half hour of grim compressed considering, to be or not to be, he answers yea.

"And now a man of head being at the centre of it, the whole matter gets vital. Swift, to camp of Sablons, to secure the artillery, there are not twenty men guarding it! a swift adjutant, Murat is the name of him, gallops; gets thither some minutes within time, for Lepelletier was also on march that way: the cannon are ours. And now beset this post, and beset that; rapid and firm; at Wicket of the Louvre, in Cul de sac Dauphin, in Rue Saint Honoré, from Pont Neuf all along the north quays, southward to Pont *ci-devant* Royal—rank round the sanctuary of the Tuileries, a ring of steel discipline; let every gunner have his match burning, and all men stand to their arms!

"Thus there is permanent session through the night; and thus at sunrise of the morrow there is seen sacred insurrection once again: vessel of state labouring on the bar; and tumultuous sea all round her, beating *générale*, arming and sounding—not ringing tocsin, for we have left no tocsin but our own in the Pavilion of Unity. It is an imminence of shipwreck for the whole world to gaze at. Frightfully she labours, that poor ship, within cable length of port; huge peril for her. However, she has a man at the helm. Insurgent messages, received and not received; messenger admitted blindfolded; counsel and counter-counsel: the poor ship labours! Vendémiaire 13th, year 4: curious enough, of all days it is the fifth day of October, anniversary of that Menad march, six years ago; by sacred right of insurrection we are got thus far.

"Lepelletier has seized the church of Saint-Roch; has seized the Pont Neuf, our piquet there retreating without fire. Stray shots fall from Lepelletier; rattle down on the very Tuileries' staircase. On the other hand, women advance dishevelled, shrieking, Peace; Lepelletier behind them waving his hat in sign that we shall fraternise. Steady! The artillery officer is steady as bronze; can, if need were, be quick as lightning. He sends eight hundred muskets with ball-cartridges to the convention itself; honourable members shall act with these in case of extremity; whereat they look grave enough. Four of the afternoon is struck. Lepelletier, making nothing by messengers, by fraternity, or hat-waving, bursts out, along the southern Quai Voltaire, along streets and passages, treble-quick, in huge veritable onslaught! Whereupon, thou bronze artillery officer? 'Fire!' says the bronze lips. And roar and thunder, roar and again roar, continual volcano-like, goes his great gun in the Cul-de-sac Dauphin against the church of Saint-Roch; go his great guns on the Pont Royal; go all his great guns;—blow to air some two hundred men; mainly about the church of Saint-Roch! Lepelletier cannot stand such horse-play; no sectioner can stand it; the forty thousand yield on all sides, scour towards covert. Some hundred or so of them gathered about the Théatre de la République; 'but,' says he, 'a few shells dislodged them. It was all finished by six."

"The ship is over the bar, then; free she bounds shorewards amidst shoutings and riots! Citoyen Buonaparte is named general of the interior by acclamation; quelled sections have to disarm in such humour as they may; sacred right of insurrection is gone for ever! The Sieyes' constitution can disembark itself and begin marching. The miraculous convention ship has got to land;—and is, shall we figuratively say, changed, as epic ships are wont, into a kind of *sea nymph*, never to sail more; to roam the waste azure, a miracle in history!

"'It is false,' says Napoleon, 'that we fired first with blank charge; it had been a waste of life to do that.' Most false; the firing was with sharp and sharpest shot; to all men it was plain that here was no sport; the rabbets and plinths of Saint-Roch church show splintered by it to this hour.—Singular; in old Broglie's time, six years ago, this whiff of grapeshot was promised; but it could not have been given then; could not have profited then. Now, however, the time is come for it, and the man; and behold you have it; and the thing we specifically call *French Revolution*, is blown into space by it, and become a thing that was!"*—Vol. iii. pp. 394—396.

From Tait's Magazine.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

BY THE REV. HORATIO SOUTHGATE.

(Concluded from our November number.)

The Persians are a much more fickle and volatile race than the grave and dignified Turks; though it is probable that Mr. Southgate labours under a slight Turkish prepossession, when he sets the hyperbolical Persians down as a nation of liars—"We always lie when we can," said an old man to him; and this he interprets literally.

Mr. Southgate was now on his way to Tebriz; but he was very naturally tempted to diverge to Ourmiah, in order to visit the mission established there by the American board. He spent a week with his countrymen, the missionaries; of whom four families live together in a beautiful seclusion. He says:—

"During my visit, I had a full opportunity to become acquainted with the policy and the prospects of the mission. Although, from the reports which I had heard and read, I had formed very high expectations concerning it, they were surpassed by the reality. Its policy is highly conservative. It aims

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* The history of the days of Vendémiaire affords a remarkable instance of the worthlessness of official documents, as independent sources of history. Two elaborate reports of these events were presented to the convention—one by Merlin of Thionville, the other by Barras. The first never mentions Napoleon at all; the other, once only, merely announcing his appointment as second in command. Barras takes all the credit of the military operations to himself; and if the career of Napoleon had ended there, Barras would certainly have kept it.

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not at the overthrow of the Nestorian church, to which its labours are almost exclusively directed. The missionaries do not interfere, in the least degree, with the religious practices of the Nestorians. Even those under their immediate charge are left free to attend the worship of their church, and to observe its fasts and festivals. They aim only to impart religious knowledge drawn from the word of God, and secular learning of a useful character. This is as it should be. It is the most politic, as well as the most catholic system. It is to be hoped that they will persevere in it.

The time may come when the Nestorians, enlightened by a spiritual knowledge of God's holy word, may find that their church has, in some respects, departed from the purity of apostolic faith and practice. A spirit of inquiry may rise, and this may be followed by a disposition to reform whatever is corrupt. That time will be a day of trial, when those who are now labouring for the welfare of the Nestorians, will need a double portion of the spirit of wisdom and love. They will not then be found, we confidently believe, either aiming at or countenancing any attempt to mar whatever is now sound. The Episcopal ministry and the liturgy of the Nestorian church, are no part of its corruptions. The former they hold, like all the churches of the east, from the apostles; so they and we believe. The latter, if it is the same among the Nestorians of Persia as among those of Mesopotamia, is regarded as having been, in part at least, framed by the apostles themselves.* With such institutions it were worse than impolitic, it were, in our view, sin to interfere. A blow struck at either would be more disastrous to the mission than to the church. We do not fear that it will be struck on the plain of Ourmiah. We firmly believe that the missionaries will ever, as now, refrain from all interference with the constitution and government of the Nestorian church.

"But we fear that the time may come when this will not be enough, when missionaries among the eastern churches must not only abstain from the introduction of schism themselves, but, if they do their whole duty, must lend their aid to prevent its originating within the bosom of the churches. The revival of spiritual religion we can hardly hope to see effected without agitation."

But Mr. Southgate is not content with this. He fears,

"Our brethren of other denominations will fall short of what we hold to be the catholic rule. If they content themselves with merely a neutral position, they will, we believe, overlook the very point of danger. And yet, how can they in consistency go farther? Regarding the episcopal ministry of the eastern churches as having no better foundation than expediency, esteeming their use of a liturgy as rather an imperfection than a praise, entertaining for them none of that sympathy and benevolent regard which arises from a similarity of ecclesiastical institutions, they may think it too much to ask, it is certainly too much to expect, that they should labour to uphold and preserve the unity and external order of the eastern churches. They will take, we are persuaded, the highest conservative ground to which their belief in the indifference of things that we regard essential will lead them; but they will go no farther."

The American episcopalian missionaries are labouring to train native teachers, or preachers, to carry out their designs. When Mr. Southgate was at Ourmiah, they had forty boys as pupils, ten of whom were learning English. These boys are wholly under their superintendence, and reside with them. Besides the boys, a bishop, three priests, and a deacon, were receiving instruction from the missionaries; and, although the bishop was but a learner, the greatest respect was paid to his official rank.

"He and the other clerical pupils ate at the same table with the missionaries; where they appeared, beside their other gettings, to have acquired a competent knowledge of western manners. One or another of them was invited to ask a blessing, or offer thanks, at every meal, which they did, in their own language, with great propriety. They had also a pleasant custom of repeating each a verse from the Bible in English or Syriac, every morning at breakfast. The simplicity and entire decorum of their manners were very gratifying. They observe punctually the duties enjoined by their church, and keep their fasts as regularly and fully as if they were in their own families.

"Prayers, in the modern language of the Nestorians, which is a corruption of the ancient Syriac, are said in the school. The apartment is in the basement of one of the houses, and is arranged after the style of American school-rooms. . . . . .

"The Nestorians of Persia reside chiefly upon the plain of Ourmiah. There are but few of them in the city itself: but they form a large part of the population of the villages in the vicinity. They belong to the same branch of the Nestorian church with the independent and hardy population who reside among the mountains of Kurdistan. The seat of their patriarch, Mar Shimon, is at Julamerik, a few days' journey from Ourmiah, in the heart of the Kurdish country. The missionaries have had some correspondence with the patriarch, but, on account of the dangerous character of the country which intervenes, have never visited the region where he resides."

The missionaries are treated with reverence and respect; which is, however, imagined to be in part from the novelty and singularity of their work. On the heights around Ourmiah, mounds are seen, which the missionaries conjecture to have been the ancient places of worship of the fire-worshippers. Mr. Southgate visited the *Begler Bey*, or governor of the city, by whom he was received in the courtly Persian style, and entertained with teas of excellent flavour. With one of the missionaries he also visited some of the villages around Ourmiah. The stranger received a most cordial welcome. Some of the old men embraced and kissed him. He relates:—

"We were conducted to a roof, where carpets had been spread, and every thing provided that was necessary for our comfort. Presently an aged bishop, Mar Elias by name, came up to see us. He in-

* The oldest member of the mission in Ourmiah assured me, that there was very little, if any thing, in the liturgy of the Nestorians which he wished to see changed.

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quired about my route through Kurdistan, which he had once travelled himself, and expressed great joy at my safe arrival, saying, 'God alone has brought you safely over so dangerous a road.'

"Our dinner was served upon the roof where we sat, the bishop imploring a blessing in his own language. After the meal, conversation turned on various matters. At one time the clear blue sky above us attracted our attention. One of the company gave an amusing explanation of the milky way, which I omitted afterwards to record, and have now forgotten. The boy mentioned before as an inmate of the mission-families was present. As soon as he learned the subject of conversation, he broke forth in a hymn which he had learned from his teachers. The lines were commemorative of the works of God. . . . . .

"The bishop left us at an early hour; beds were brought and spread upon the roof; and we slept on the same spot where we had dined and talked. Before returning to the city the next morning, we visited the school-room, this being one of the villages where the missionaries have established a school. The apartment was remarkably neat, and the slates, hanging against the walls, gave it a very familiar appearance."

Mr. Southgate, on leaving Ourmiah, fell into a track which Morier has described; and, in particular, the plain of Khoy; though that of Ourmiah, which Morier did not visit, in the opinion of Mr. Southgate, far surpasses it, both in beauty and the variety of its products.

A gentleman, a missionary to the Jews, accompanied Mr. Southgate to Ourmiah and Khoy, and his American friends escorted him for some distance. To their adventures we cannot advert, save, for the sake of the ladies, to this incidental description of the interior of an humble Persian harem, which was evacuated in haste, in order to accommodate the traveller.

"It consisted of one large room with two smaller ones adjacent, the latter being intended as receptacles for the beds which at night are spread upon the ground. The principal apartment was neatly plastered, and the whole furniture consisted of the Persian carpets which covered the floor. The room was lighted by one large latticed window, which occupied the whole side of the room, looking upon the court. The doorways were screened by large heavy curtains hanging before them. In the centre of the ceiling overhead, was an inscription taken from the Koran, whose sacred words, according to the superstition of the Mussulmans, are efficacious to preserve the person or place that bears them from harm.* In the niches of the walls were displayed all the articles of a Persian toilet; here a mirror, ornamented with the face of a Persian lady, there a bag of *surmeh*,† with a bodkin of sandal wood for its application; here combs and perfumes interspersed, and there one of those pieces of clay which the Persians use in their devotions, and which, in the present instance, seemed to show that the place had some better uses than the display of worldly vanity."

Mr. Southgate was much pleased with the fine and peculiarly healthy city of Tebriz, in which he remained during the greater part of August and September, 1837, earnestly pursuing those investigations which had brought him so far from home. He there engaged an empty house, consisting of two rooms on the ground floor—the only floor common in Persian dwellings—another in a kind of tower rising from the centre of the building, which he kept for himself, and a kitchen, cellar, and servant's room. For this he paid at the rate, in English money, of about a pound a-month. Furniture he hired from a bazaar, and the British agent lent him a chair and a table, His dwelling had a court adorned with a profusion of the beautiful *morning-flower*, and a reservoir. The care of the purse and of household affairs was entrusted to John, who showed himself a faithful and an able *maitre d'hotel*. The population of Tebriz was once reckoned at above a half million, and by the Persians themselves, at 1,100,000. It was probably never so large as even the lesser number, and cannot now be reckoned at above 80,000. The public buildings of the city have decayed with the population. Tebriz, like most of the eastern towns, is still walled, though many of the inhabitants live without the walls. It boasts of many beautiful gardens. The citadel or arsenal, named in Persian the *Ark*, is its most remarkable building. It was originally a mosque, though now an arsenal; but, the Shah's finances being in a low state, the arsenal is imperfectly furnished; and the notes of the government already paid to the contractor for the cannon supplied, are at a discount of forty per cent., and not easily exchangeable even at this rate. In barracks, within the arsenal, Mr. Southgate saw a number of unfortunate Russian deserters in a wretched condition; and, this more interesting sight:—

"In another part of the enclosure, a company of workman were engaged in the manufacture of shawls. They were from Kerman, and had been brought hither by Abbas Mirza, for this same purpose. The process was so difficult that they accomplished only half an inch daily, and six months, they said, were necessary to complete a shawl of one yard and a half in length. They said that they had been brought from their native country against their will; and, when asked about their compensation, replied that it was *enough not to die upon*."

This is hardly a shade better than the condition of our hand-loom weavers.

Mr. Southgate here renewed the study of the Persian language, which he had begun at Constantinople. His teacher was a young man who had been the instructer of those German missionaries, who, before this, were recalled by the Basle Missionary Society; because, as we are led to conjecture, they had not pretended to work miracles of sudden conversion, but had attempted something better.

"The plan which they had formed was, to establish a seminary of a high character, in Tebriz, for the purpose of training teachers for the nation. This plan they had began to act upon. Several young Per-

* The reader will be reminded of the phylacteries of the Jews; the superstition of the Mohammedans, on this point, being one of the innumerable particulars in which their religion resembles corrupted Judaism.

† A powder used by eastern ladies for staining the eyebrows and eyelashes.

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sians had been under their instruction; the Governor of Tebriz himself was, at one time, a pupil; Abbas Mirza, during his life-time, had patronised their undertaking; and the present Shah had declared his warmest approbation of the design, and had conferred upon one of them the unsought-for honour of the *Royal Order of the Lion and the Sun*. The foreign languages which they had taught were English and French. They had used Martyn's translation of the New Testament, as a text-book in Persian, and the same had been examined and approved by some mollahs of the city. They had wisely avoided all controversy on doctrinal subjects, believing it inexpedient and useless. They trusted rather to the gradual impartation of knowledge, for those high and holy effects which they hoped their labours would, at length, attain. They had commenced translations of European works of science, and a volume on geography had already been laid at the foot of the throne."

In short, these missionaries set to work, in the only feasible way for ensuring success, and for this their constituents had no patience. The very weakness of the Persian character, together with their accessibility, frankness, and lively curiosity, render them far more impressionable than the Turks; and they are much less prejudiced and intolerant; but they have less perseverance than the Turks, and are more fickle and reckless. Mr. Southgate considers Tebriz the most eligible place in Persia for commencing an effort at education and religious improvement.

Commerce has already acted there as the pioneer of civilisation. At Tebriz, there are several English merchants and handicraftsmen, and the bazaars are full of European articles. The Russians, who keep a very sharp look-out on the English in Persia, have a consul at Tebriz.

There is either a typographical blunder in the text, or some want of clearness; but, we presume, Mr. Southgate means to say that the annual European trade with Tebriz consists of 15,000 packages of the average value of £30 each package. Six eighths of the whole is English. The exportations of Tebriz are silk, the nut-galls of Kurdistan, cherry-wood pipe-sticks for the Turkish market, and dye-stuffs and gums. Shawls are also sent to Constantinople, and carpets, properly Persian, though called Turkey, to Europe.

The political revolutions and condition of Persia are foreign to Mr. Southgate's design; but as the political state of the country must affect his ulterior objects, it is incidentally noticed. One fact and one character, a patron of learning, and a person who may be paralleled in many latitudes, will afford the reader a glimpse of the social and moral condition of Persia.

"In my rides about the city, I used frequently to see two or three companies going through their drills under the instruction of an English serjeant. They were dressed in European military coats, made by one of the Frank tailors of the city, and large trousers, of an order between pantaloons and shalvars. I could not learn that this adoption of European costume had excited any prejudice, although the Persians are even more scrupulous than the Turks about the exposure of the natural figure of the body. It was first introduced, I was told, by Abbas Mirza, under the same impression which seems to have possessed the Sultan of Turkey, that European dress would make European soldiers.

"On the tenth of August, I received a message from Melik Cassam Mirza, a Persian prince, and one of the numerous uncles of the Shah. Having heard of my arrival, and being partly informed of my design in visiting Persia, he sent, requesting to see me. I went immediately in quest of him. After having wasted the greater part of a day in following the false directions that were given me, I found him, at last, in an old dilapidated palace within the walls. The building had two courts, of which the apartments around the interior one were alone inhabitable. I found the prince in the midst of a room crowded with European articles of all kinds, from which he was making a selection of such as pleased him best, while a scribe sat by, recording the names and prices of those which he chose. He was himself seated in a chair, from which he rose upon my entrance, and saluted me with a hearty English shake of the hand, and a cordial *How do you do?* His English, however, soon ran out, and we turned to French, which, he said, he had learned from an old French lady travelling in Persia. He spoke it with fluency and tolerable correctness. His dress, excepting the Persian cap, was in the style formerly described as prevailing in the Turkish court; he had a handsome and intelligent face, and wore a short beard. I had long before heard of him as one of the most zealous friends of education in Persia, and I esteemed it a providential favour that he had visited the city during my stay. His own residence was in Shishevan, on the eastern border of the lake of Ourmiah, and he had come to Tebriz for the laudable purpose of eating fruit.

"He turned the conversation, at once, to the subject of education, and went on to detail his past efforts and his plans for the future. He had established a school, some six months before, in his own village, in which he intended that instruction should be given in Persian, Armenian, French, and English. The principal was an Armenian, who had been educated in Bishop's College, Calcutta; but, although a man of ability and learning, his management of the school had not been altogether satisfactory. He wished now to procure a teacher from America; he would prefer a physician; but would be content with any one competent to the duty. He had desired to see me, hoping that I might aid him in accomplishing his object. His school, he said, was only a commencement and a very humble attempt. He had not the means to accomplish all that he was ambitious to undertake. 'This is a vile country,' he exclaimed, 'there are great difficulties in the way, and I am not Shah.' He was determined, he said, to make a dictionary of the Persian and English, as soon as he was qualified for the undertaking. The Shah had written to him, approving highly the plan of his school, and he was entertaining sanguine hopes of royal patronage. He spoke freely of missionary operations in Persia, and expressed his opinion that we should not engage in personal controversy, or circulate books of a disputatious character. He said that much was to be feared from the mollahs, and that the only safe course was to instruct and enlighten the people gradually. I offered to visit

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Shishevan and examine the state of the school, promising, if I should consider the project a feasible one, that I would render him all the aid in my power. He demurred strongly to the proposal, and seemed to entertain some secret aversion to my knowing the exact state of things. I left him, therefore, with a general expression of my interest in his efforts, and of my desire to promote the cause of education in Persia.

"A few days after this interview, the Prince's Armenian teacher made his appearance at my house. He introduced himself as a deacon of the Armenian Church, and produced very satisfactory testimonials from the late Bishop of Calcutta, and from the Principal of Bishop's College. His name was Mesrop David Taliatine. He spoke English fluently, and showed me a copy of Bishop Heber's Palestine, with a translation in Armenian verse from his own pen. He had been partly educated at the seat of the Armenian Catholicos in Etchmiadzin, and he gave me a long detail of his trials among his own countrymen. He came, at length, upon the history of his recent residence with the Prince Melik Cassam Mirza, at Shishevan, and told a very different story from that of the Prince himself. The pupils in the school were the Prince's own boys, and the Prince, also, had received instruction with them. He had been engaged with an express stipulation as to the salary, but, after the first two or three months, no pay had been given him. The pupils were so irregular in their attendance, that they received little or no profit from his instructions. The Prince, who was fond of hunting, always took several of them away with him in his excursions, so that, of some fifteen who were nominally his pupils, only three had attended regularly. The Prince, he said, was no Mussulman, because he drank wine and ate hog's flesh.

"The teacher affirmed that the peace of his own family was endangered by the habits of the boys, for they were all addicted to vicious courses. An Armenian female, connected with his family, had been enticed into the Prince's harem, and was detained there against her will. The Prince had written to the Shah, soon after the establishment of the school, and the Shah had sent him, in return, a letter full of sweet words, but without the more substantial accompaniment that the Prince had expected. From that time, his interest in the school began to decline. The teacher had long meditated an escape: but fearing lest the Prince should find means to detain him, he had not communicated to him his intention, and, at length, had found an opportunity of absconding privately. He declared that he would not return to the Prince until all arrears had been paid; and, as this was a hopeless condition, he was ready to try his fortune elsewhere. I advised him to go to Constantinople, where his Armenian learning would be of service to him. He was pleased with the idea, but said that he could not command the means necessary for the purpose. He succeeded, however, in accomplishing his object, for, when I reached Constantinople the next spring, he was already there.

"I found good reason, afterwards, to believe that his story respecting the seminary of Melik Cassam Mirza, was, in the main, true. I had, at first, felt a lively interest in it, as being the effort of a Persian noble, and the earliest of the kind of which I had any information as having been made in Persia. I was compelled, however, to conclude that the Prince had no just idea of the nature of his own undertaking, nor the stability of purpose necessary for its prosecution. Still, my conviction is that, in the hands of an efficient missionary, the Prince might be made the instrument of great good to his country; and his school, or a better one in its stead, might become, under the same direction, the germ of a noble work in Persia."

Such are the imperfect instruments which, in the commencement of a great and difficult work, must be used.

After long internal debate whether to curtail his wanderings, or, without an associate, to prosecute his projected long tour in Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt, our traveller decided to proceed. To note the condition of the Christians in Mesopotamia was, with him, an object of exceeding interest. His man, John, agreed to go on; and a medical friend, attached to the English embassy, gave Mr. Southgate a supply of medicines, with directions for their use.

The Persians, from the natural liveliness and restlessness of their temperament, are, though less strict Mussulmans, much fonder of going on pilgrimages than the Turks. They have other inducements to the observance of this exciting superstition. Every pilgrimage performed entitles the devotee to some distinction of rank; until when he has performed the great pilgrimage to Mecca, he acquires the proud title of *Haji*, or Pilgrim. Fashion and notoriety lend their attractions; and many of the devout contrive to kill two birds with one stone, by doing a little business at some point on the route. "Thus, the pilgrim to Meshed brings back, besides his new stock of merit, a valuable supply of Bokhara skins."

Troops of mounted pilgrims, women as well as men, were frequently met going or returning to Mecca; the women slung in the fashion of gipsy children. The caravansaries, in some of the towns, are mainly supported, as of old was the *Tabard* renowned by Chaucer. The American missionary, who often met them in these places of public resort, was far from admiring the character and manners of these devout personages, and heartily wished to see no more of them. They were noisy and brawling; and, to him, he says,

"They appeared a compound of self-complacency, arrogance, and bluster. The old keeper testified that when they were on their way to Kerbela, they could be endured, but on their return they had become so important that they were absolutely intolerable. They never addressed each other without the title of *Kerbelaï*, of which they seemed extravagantly proud. The poor beggars who thronged the caravansera prefaced all their supplications for charity with the same honourable appellation, as if experience had taught them that no argument would prove more conciliatory and moving. Being among pilgrims, we were constantly saluted in the same way; and when every other plea had proved unavailing, they would stand at our door, and repeat, in supplicating tones, *Kerbelaï, Kerbelaï*. . . . . Thousands of pilgrims annually pass through the country, to perform their devotions at the tombs of Ali and Hossein in the vicinity of Bagdad. These pilgrims come back imbued with a more enthusiastic reverence for the founders of their sect, which they diffuse

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among those who first receive them on their return. Besides, multitudes of the people in this region have, on account of the proximity of the sepulchres, themselves performed the pilgrimage. The poorer sort sometimes undertake it on foot."

Two thousand pilgrims had that year gone from the city of Kazvin and its dependencies to Mecca; and the whole number, from all quarters, amounts to 25,000 or 30,000 in a year. We make no apology for lugging in the following brief and picturesque description of a scene quite new to Europeans:—

"Soon after leaving Zenjan, we entered upon the extensive plain of Sultanieh. In front, as far as the eye could reach, was one broad sheet of seared herbage, upon which numerous herds, appearing in the distance like black spots sprinkled over the yellow surface, were feeding. The plain was bounded on the right and left by two parallel ranges strongly marked with the common features of Persian mountains, barren, dark, and presenting bold and sharp outlines, like the skeletons of mountains, as though nature had been interrupted while rearing them, and had left her work unfinished. We could just descry the extremity of the range on the left, breaking out boldly upon the hazy surface of the plain, like headlands into the sea."

Mr. Southgate relates some diverting stories of the means taken to put an end to the impudent pertinacity of those religious mendicants, who in virtue of their superior sanctity, assume the right to live in idleness upon the rest of the community, and to practise villanies of every sort. They obstinately *squat* before a house, and will not move; day after day, and week after week, continuing their importunity, until the money they demand is given, or they are beaten off. This deserved punishment the superstitious fears of the people prevent. One dervish sat for more than three months before the British residency in Bagdad. Another took post and commenced his importunity in a niche before the ambassador's palace in the capital, Tehran; and it not being thought prudent to oust the *masterful* or sturdy vagrant by violent means, the ambassador, after fair warning, gave orders that the niche should be bricked up. The dervish stood his ground until the wall got as high as his chin, when he thought it prudent to ask for his release. Another squatted under the flagstaff, and the English Resident fell upon the happy idea of ordering it to be profusely washed every day, by buckets of water being poured down from the top; which species of shower-bath made the holy intruder decamp.

Mr. Southgate reached Tehran, the modern capital of Persia, without any dangerous adventure, and was comfortably lodged in the vacant house of an Englishman, which had been kindly offered to him. In the midst of the English in this city, he felt again at home, and rejoiced exceedingly in the sound of English speech.

Tehran, though the seat of royalty, is a less agreeable residence than Tebriz, and is, in many respects, inferior to that city. It has, however, not yet had time to improve in a region where the march of improvement is always tardy; for it has, from a small place, been raised to importance only since the accession of the present dynasty, when Ispahan was deserted by the Conqueror, who wished to be near his native tribes. The bazaars are numerous, but small and filthy: the dwelling-houses mean; and unsightly ruins everywhere offend the eye. But worse remains;—

"Near the gate at which we entered the city, we passed an open space, by the side of the street, on which were several apertures leading to subterranean apartments. Some travellers have conjectured that the occupants are a remnant of an ancient race of the country, (the Troglodites, I believe,) who used to live under ground. It may be so, but it affects one strangely, on entering the city of the Shah, with his imagination, perhaps, full of splendid palaces and oriental luxury, to see (almost the first thing as he enters the gate) a herd of human beings burrowing in the earth like moles. It was, perhaps, some disappointment of this kind which made my whole impression of Tehran more unfavourable than it would have been, deprived of the association of royalty. Besides, for the most of the few weeks spent there, I was suffering with the intermittent, which, in itself, is no generator of bright emotions."

Fever was then prevalent. Mr. Southgate was permitted to visit the *Ark*, or royal residence, and to examine its numerous courts. Some of the apartments are stuffed like ill-arranged curiosity shops, with the presents sent from the different princes of Europe to the Shah. The bad taste and gross ignorance shown in many of these royal gifts, can hardly be imputed to that potentate. The population of the modern capital of Persia is estimated at 60,000; of whom a small number are Jews and Armenians. There are also a sprinkling of European artisans, and a few English drill-sergeants.

The reigning Shah does not, in the opinion of Mr. Southgate, make any adequate return to the English, who rendered him good service, if they did not actually secure the throne to him. But he is obliged to temporise with Russia; and it is not improbable that his genuine feelings are sacrificed to policy and necessity. He may also imagine, not without some cause, that, in serving him, the English merely sought to serve themselves. The affairs of the empire are considered to be in a bad and perilous condition; and the death of the Shah may, it is believed, be the signal for another revolution. The army is totally disorganised. The Shah is, by some of his friends, said to be possessed of great literary accomplishments; and it is believed that he has considerable knowledge of geography for an oriental. Soon after his elevation, it was proposed to send a select number of young Persians to England, to be educated.

"Upon inquiry being made for what profession or service the young men were to be trained, it was replied that two of them were to be *candle-makers*, it being the opinion of the Shah that candles were a very useful article. An order was afterwards given for an estimate of the expenses, which, when presented to the Shah, so terrified him that the plan sunk at once out of notice and was never more heard of.

"The only measure which seemed to indicate improvement was the establishment of a Gazette at Tehran, which commenced early in 1837 under the auspices of the Shah. It was printed in Persian,

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and, for want of types, was lithographed. Its principal object was to laud the Shah and his measures. Still its establishment must be regarded as a step in advance, and it may yet lead to important consequences. I could not learn that there was so much as a printing-press in the country, but two have since been introduced, and are in active operation at Tebriz."

Though tempted to visit Ispahan and Shiraz, Mr. Southgate nobly resisted, scarcely turning aside from his main errand when objects of great interest were at hand. Even the great temptation of visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, fortunately for his readers, gave way to higher duties, as he has more leisure to expatiate on more novel scenes, and on matters of deeper interest, after he fairly set his face towards Bagdad. Instead of tracing his route, we shall borrow a part of his general view of the condition of the peasantry: the *people*, the mass of the population of Persia, on whom former travellers have bestowed comparatively little or no attention:—

"A Persian village is always a collection of low mud-houses, with narrow paths running irregularly between them. A site is generally chosen near some water-course, about which trees are planted, thus giving to the scene, from a distance, a pleasant aspect. But there is seldom anything inviting within. The houses are poor and filthy, and the inhabitants often squalid and wretched in appearance.

"The same national characteristics are not found so strongly marked in the villages as in the towns. The habit of lying is universal, but the villagers have not the same cunning and adroitness in deception as the inhabitants of cities. Neither have they the excellences commonly attributed to the national character of the Persians. They are exceedingly ignorant and debased in intellect, and a more stupid and witless people I have never seen in any country.

The women, especially, seem to be at the lowest degree of humanity. They are, for the most part, poorly dressed, ugly and filthy, particularly the old. The children go clothed in rags, and generally without enough of these to cover their nakedness. Sometimes they are entirely destitute of clothing, and may be seen wallowing about in the dirt like little brutes.

"To this description there are of course some exceptions, especially in the villages between Tebriz and Tehran. The peasantry in those parts are often in a better condition than those of Turkey, and even some of the European states. Though oppressed, they often contrive to live well. Their food, though simple, is good. They eat wheat bread, and sometimes indulge in the luxury of a piece of meat. In some of the villages they are, for peasants, decently clothed, and the houses of the better sort are tolerably furnished, generally having one room neatly plastered and carpeted; and a good set of household vessels arranged on shelves or in cupboards.

"In the villages between Tehran and Hamadan, however, I found such exceptions extremely rare. The people are evidently a Turkish race, but they have no affinity with nor love for the Turks of Aderbeijan. They are poorer, apparently more oppressed, complain more of poverty, are lower in their habits, more degraded in mind, and more wretched in appearance. Their soil is less fertile, their houses meaner, their villages generally unwalled, poorly constructed, and often half-ruined. The villages in other parts are sometimes walled and sometimes open, but in the last case they have often an inclosure or citadel near them to which the people may fly in case of danger, and from which they can defend themselves.

"There is nothing which can be called education among the Persian peasantry. There is generally a mollah in each village, who teaches the children in winter; but the sum of the instruction is, as before said, to teach them to cantillate the Koran and the prayers without understanding them.

"The common employment of the men is husbandry—an art which they pursue very well after their fashion. Their agricultural implements are mostly of wood, the plough, the shovel, and ground-forks being of this material. The women weave. The work is done out of doors, the woof being stretched along the ground, and the shuttle suspended on three sticks meeting at the top, which are pushed along as the work proceeds. In this way a piece of carpeting twenty yards long and a third of a yard wide is completed in three weeks."

It must be recollected that our traveller is from the happiest country, so far as the *people* are concerned, which the world has yet seen, and that he had previously little actual experience of the painful aspects of European society. When he shall have travelled in Ireland, and investigated the lower human strata of such towns as Manchester and Glasgow, he may find that the physical condition of the Eastern peasantry, in all that regards the wants of civilised life, is not more wretched. The Kurds are generally an exception to the common degradation and misery; and among this fine and energetic race it is worthy of notice that the condition of the women approaches more nearly to that of their sisters in Europe than among any other of the Asiatic tribes.

"I have often," says Mr. Southgate, "remarked the superior importance of the Kurdish women in their families, when compared either to Turkish or Persian females. It was, indeed, one of the few things in the East which reminded me of the Western world.—I mean particularly the free and familiar manner in which they converse with their husbands, sometimes as equals, and sometimes even with an air of authority. There always appeared to me more of mutual confidence and of household sympathies among the Kurds than among their neighbours on either side of them. On leaving Maidesht I made, as was my custom, some compensation to my host who had so kindly entertained me. He immediately delivered it to his wife, in such a manner as showed that she was ordinarily the keeper of his purse."

Next night he relates—

"A Kurdish woman, whose husband was absent, received me into her house, and when she saw my weak state, treated me with great kindness. Her house had three apartments. One contained the cattle; another she gave to me; while she, with her four or five little children and my two servants, occupied the third. She seemed to have no question of the propriety of the arrangement, but long after we had all retired, kept up an animated conversation with Mohammed Ali, upon some subject that I could not understand.

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"The next day our course lay over a hilly country, and as we advanced, the ranges of mountains became more distant, more lofty, and more steep. We were evidently approaching the great range which intersects the country from N. W. to S. E., and forms the natural boundary between Turkey and Persia."

This household was the most opposite imaginable to the silent, listless, sullen, or desponding Persic families with which he came into contact, and in which a whole day would pass without the husband and wife, though occupying the same apartment, exchanging one word. Mr. Southgate repeatedly notices that the Kurds sing at their work, which is of itself a most significant trait of their national character and condition.

On the long and fatiguing journey between Tehran and Bagdad, the traveller suffered severely from bodily illness, aggravated by an accumulation of disasters and calamities. The people were rude and inhospitable, and the accommodation wretched. His travelling companion John, the Armenian, whom he had brought from Constantinople, was also ill and malcontent; his servant was sick; and, at Kermanshah, where he arrived more dead than alive, his funds failed. The three sick strangers obtained here a miserable small damp room, in a caravansera, and remained in a state which it is really painful to contemplate even after it is long and happily past.

"I lay upon one side of our little apartment, John upon the other, and Mohammed Ali on the baggage in one corner. Between us was a little pan of coals, which we caused to be replenished as often as any one could be found to wait upon us. . . . . .

"The hour of trial now commenced in good earnest. For ten days I lay upon my carpet, almost without moving from it during the whole time. Being unacquainted with the nature of my disease, I administered for it at random, but finding that the medicine produced no effect, I abstained and left it to take its course. There was no one to show us any kindness. I begged the keeper of the caravansera to procure for me lodgings in a private house, but he declared it to be impossible, and there was no one else to whom I could apply. Occasionally some one would come in and look at us, but none could be prevailed upon to help us. Sometimes they would come in companies of three or four, when they almost invariably found something to amuse themselves with in our forlorn appearance and condition. They would then go out upon the porch before our door and read the Koran, for it was now Ramazan, when Mussulmans are particularly called to this devout and holy act. Could they have understood what they read, they might have found that humanity was among the virtues which it inculcated. . . . .

"I entreated the caravansera-keeper, since he could not obtain lodgings for me, to procure me, from day to day, a little food fit for a sick man. But this request also failed. I could not even get a little milk warmed, and during ten days tasted nothing but the half-baked bread and fresh grapes which were brought to me from the bazars. These my palate so loathed that I sometimes passed twenty-four hours without tasting food rather than partake of them, and, at the best, I ate only so much as was necessary to sustain life.

"The evils of our situation were aggravated by the state of my companions. John's disease increased, and his temper grew every day more petulant. He would lie upon his carpet and pour forth the most bitter reproaches against himself for having undertaken the tour."

To crown the whole, the little money which remained to them was lost by John, who was purse-bearer, and death from hunger, if not disease, was before them. We notice these things to introduce the singular or rather providential interference by which the traveller and his suite were delivered. Before leaving Tehran he had met with some provoking hindrances occasioned by the remissness of John, but the delay permitted the delivery of a letter of introduction to a native merchant in Kermanshah which ultimately was of great service, though Mr. Southgate thought no more about it till, while languishing, day after day, in the miserable caravansera, it occurred to him like a forlorn hope. Fearing that, if he sent the letter, the merchant would not look near him, he merely sent intelligence that it was in his possession. The merchant immediately came. The interview, from the unfortunate position of the traveller, becomes truly affecting. He says—

"I gave him the letter, and when he had read it, told him my story from beginning to end. What was my surprise to find that he listened to me with attention and interest! After what I had experienced for ten days, this trivial act of courtesy seemed strange and unaccountable. All whom I had yet seen in Kermanshah were Mussulmans; this man was a *Guebr*—one of the despised and oppressed fire-worshippers of Persia. He was a good Samaritan nevertheless. He offered me his best services, and proved the sincerity of the offer by giving me a handful of silver as soon as I told him that my first want was money. He had known several English gentlemen in Tehran, and had had some dealings with them. My being a foreigner, therefore, and, in common with other Americans in Persia, under English protection, was a good passport to his confidence and kindness.

"He proposed to obtain for me more comfortable lodgings. I gladly accepted the offer, but I was unable to avail myself of it immediately, as I could hardly move from the spot where I lay. He undertook then to nurse me for a few days where I was, and the next morning I enjoyed the luxury of a little warm milk. He came often to see me, attended to all my wants, and brought me nourishing food."

In brief, under the unfailing kindness of this benevolent fire-worshipper, Mr. Southgate over whom he watched with the tenderness of a father to a son, rapidly recovered. The *Guebr* then furnished him with money for the rest of his journey, for which, and his other well-timed advances, the traveller gave him a note made payable to his agent at Bagdad. His last act of confidence was to re-deliver the note to him to carry to Bagdad. John had, meanwhile, though better, become so alarmed for his own health, that he unhandsomely deserted his sick employer, and travelled with a caravan to Bagdad, in order to reach medical aid. On the morning of Mr. Southgate's departure from Kermanshah, a poor Armenian,

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anxious to return to his home at Bagdad, begged permission to ride upon one of the baggage-horses, promising to requite the kindness by his services on the way. The request was granted, and to this grateful and faithful man, the traveller, who relapsed into illness and encountered many difficulties, was subsequently greatly indebted.

The narrative of the journey from Kermanshah to the borders of Turkey and Bagdad, abounds with interesting and novel information to which we cannot refer, farther than copying this brief notice of one of the many monuments of antiquity scattered over the whole route pursued by the missionary. They were in a bare mountainous region beyond Kerrend, and fell into a long and difficult pass.

"At length our course was suddenly intercepted by high peaks rising before us in the very mouth of the gorge. Before I could discover how we were to get beyond them, we were ascending and winding among them by a path as tortuous as the trail of a snake. From the highest point which we reached our descent was effected by a good road, evidently of ancient construction, built against the side of the mountain.

"The singular defile through which we had thus worked our way was, doubtless, no other than the *Zagri Pylæ*, or the Median Gates of the Romans. It is well worthy of the name, inasmuch as it affords an easy passage through a line of mountains which stand as a great natural barrier between kingdoms. Without having made any considerable ascent or descent, except at the termination of the gorge, we had passed from Media into Assyria, from the Persian into the Arabian Irak, and by a path which had, doubtless, often been trodden by armies.

"Until to-day my strength and health had been improving, but the exposure of yesterday had brought back some of the symptoms of my disorder, and I expected no improvement from being compelled to clamber over mountains to-day. The ride proved extremely painful, but I congratulated myself, on reaching the level country beyond, that I had passed the Zagros, and was fairly within the limits of Chaldea. My faithful Armenian, who had thus far been unwearied in his service, comforted me by the assurance that there were no more mountains before us, and that I should now enjoy a milder climate."

At last the long desired city of the Caliphs was reached; and Dr. Ross, the physician attached to the English embassy, on hearing that a foreigner or a European lay ill at the khan, hastened to his aid. Mr. Southgate was at once removed to the house of the British resident, Colonel Taylor; and the month spent in Bagdad still appears to him like a rich oasis in the lonely desert of his solitary wanderings. There his investigations into the theologies and the heresies of the different sects of the east, and especially those of the Mussulmans, were renewed, and prosecuted with ardour and success which have never, as we think, been surpassed even by the Jesuit missionaries in the east; but with this important difference, that what was by the Jesuits committed to the safe keeping of their superiors, is here laid open to the whole intelligent world. An exceedingly interesting and curious paper might be drawn up from this work alone, upon the sects and heresies of the east, and the corruptions of Mohammedism and Islamism. Such inquiries were properly the first object of Mr. Southgate, and we have only adverted to those that were regarded by him as secondary or subsidiary. According to him, monasticism is not more an original institution of Mohammedism than of Christianity. Both are the devices of subsequent ages; yet convents are found in most of the Turkish cities, though not under the strict rule of those of catholic countries. The dervishes of all orders are permitted to marry, and to live at home. The private habits of some of the orders indicate no peculiar sanctity.

"The historiographer of the late sultan, in his history of the destruction of the Janissaries, records that, when their convents in the capital were searched, there were found in them jars of wine, stopped with leaves of the Koran."

Mr. Southgate's work affords the most ample and complete description of Bagdad which we have met with in any book of general travel; and with deep interest have we contemplated his picture of the enchanted ground of the Arabian Night's Tales, the City of the Caliphs, of Haroun Al Raschid and Zobeide. But we have already trespassed so far, that for this also we must refer altogether to the original work; for every paragraph here is of importance, and to extract is to mutilate. In 1831, nearly two-thirds of the population of Bagdad were swept away by the plague. The city has not yet recovered from the effects of this awful visitation, and of the inundation which immediately followed it, and occasioned a great loss of life and property. Famine next appeared to complete the misery of the devoted city.

The state of the despised Jews, wherever they were found in the places that he visited, interested Mr. Southgate. Their condition is, in general, as miserable as the oppression and degradation which they suffer might lead us to conjecture. Yet they are numerous in many towns of Persia as well as in Turkey. A piece of information given by Mr. Southgate will be new and pleasing to many of his readers. We have heard, as who has not, Russian conquest of Turkey vindicated, and spoken of as a blessing, even because it would pave the way for the introduction of Christianity, and at once raise the condition of women by the abolition of the curse of polygamy. But save, as in one form or other, a privilege of the great in all countries, polygamy does not, it would appear, generally exist in Turkey more than in Russia. The incident quoted below occurred at a place between Bagdad and the city of Mossoul.

"The post-master was governor of Kifri and of seven other villages on the plain. He came in and spent the afternoon with us, and his presence gave me a rare entertainment. Every half hour some one entered to present a complaint against his neighbour, which was always done in the most vociferous tones. The bey settled their difficulties in the most summary manner, the complainant seldom staying more than five minutes. One case was of a more delicate nature than the others, but it was despatched with almost equal celerity. A man, having divorced one wife and married another, wished to take the first again, retaining the second. The former having the liberty of refusal, declined the re-union, and the

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man had urged his suit with unbecoming pertinacity. The offended woman had now come to claim protection from the governor, and standing without, unseen, screamed forth her complaint. When her story was ended, the bey replied, 'The man has one wife, why does he want another?' The question seemed a strange one to come from a Mohammedan judge: but in truth it was not so strange as it appeared, for everywhere in Turkey polygamy is rare among the Mussulmans, and not, as I had been accustomed to suppose, a common thing.

"Upon this, as upon many other topics relating to the domestic condition of the Turks, my opinions underwent an essential change; and so gross did I find many of my former errors to be, that it seems to me now hardly less than a duty to acknowledge them, and to avow those which have arisen in their stead. I cannot, however, pretend that my present information is by any means perfect. It is a subject upon which I hope yet to learn much: but whoever knows the difficulty of gaining anything authentic on such topics, will preserve even his gleanings with the most assiduous care. A part of what I have gathered I will now offer to the reader.

"The student of Islamism will often find occasion to remark that it holds a middle place between Christianity and paganism. This is not only true of its doctrines, which, in some points approach the eminent spirituality of the Bible, and, in others, border upon the fantastic follies of heathenish superstition, but its precepts also partake throughout of the same mingled character. Thus it is with the rank and duties which it assigns to woman. It neither exhibits the elevating influence of Christianity, nor the degrading tendencies of idolatry. It raises her above the rank which any other system, excepting our own, has ever assigned to her, but it leaves room for much higher improvement.

"The institutions of *Mohammed in this particular are worthy only of praise.* The remark may create surprise, but I do not utter it incautiously. We are not to judge of the false prophet of Islamism by our standard, but by that which he had before his own eyes. He was an Arab, born a pagan. The religion in which he was nurtured was as unfavourable in its influences upon woman as any form of heathenism that ever existed. It was, throughout, debasing and polluting. He undertook its reform. He raised the Arab female from her degradation. He made distinct provision for her relief from many of the wicked prejudices to which she had been subjected. The evils which he could not remove he suffered to remain. They reappear on the pages of the Koran, but they are not original there. They are only copies transferred from the immemorial usages of his people. He tolerated them, but he did not create them. On the contrary, in most instances he impliedly condemns while he allows them. Thus he gives permission to husbands to chastise their wives, if disobedient, but he recommends, at the same time, that they avoid all causes of quarrel. Divorce, too, although allowed, is strongly disapproved. Reconciliation is pronounced preferable to separation, and mediation is set before chastisement. Even here is improvement, the design being to abate evils which probably could not be removed.

"If now we turn to the other side of the picture, and observe the positive institutions of the Koran, we shall find still higher reasons to free its author from censure, however much its precepts may fall below the benign institutions of Christianity. Its prescripts with regard to the female right to inherit property, and the safeguards for female honour and happiness which it raised in the institution of dowries, were, doubtless, a great advance upon the barbarous usages of the ancient Arabs, which recognised no rights nor privileges whatever. These dowries were to be bestowed by the husband, and must be relinquished to the wife in case of divorce, unless the request for a separation came from her. It was intended to operate as a penalty for divorces, and thus to prevent an evil which it could not absolutely remove. Besides this, the general precepts of the Koran with regard to the treatment of females are more than could be looked for in the system of a man himself acquainted only with the gross manners of pagan ignorance. Husbands are forbidden to maltreat their wives in order to compel them to take the first step towards a divorce, and they are required to cherish them with kindness and love. 'If ye hate them,' saith the prophet, 'it may happen that ye shall hate that in which God has placed much good.'

"The place which the Mohammedan system assigns to women in the other world, has often been wrongfully represented. It is not true, as has sometimes been reported, that Mohammedan teachers deny her admission to the felicities of Paradise. The doctrine of the Koran is, most plainly, that her destiny is to be determined in like manner with that of every accountable being, and according to the judgment passed upon her is her reward, although nothing definite is said of the place which she is to occupy in Paradise. Mohammed speaks repeatedly of "believing women," commends them, and promises them the recompense which their good deeds deserve.

"The regulations of the Sunneh are in accordance with the precepts of the Koran. So far is woman from being regarded in these institutions as a creature without a soul, that special allusion is frequently made to her, and particular directions given for her religious conduct. Respecting her observance of Ramazan, her ablutions, and many other matters, her duty is taught with a minuteness that borders on indecorous precision. She repeats the creed in dying, and, like other Mussulmans, says, 'In this faith I have lived, in this faith I die, and in this faith I hope to rise again.' She is required to do every thing of religious obligation equally with men. The command to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca extends to her. In my journeys, I often met with women on their way to the Holy City. They may even undertake this journey without the consent of their husbands, whose authority in religious matters extends only to those acts of devotion which are not obligatory, of which I have formerly instanced one in the case of voluntary fasts.

"Women are not, indeed, allowed to be present in the mosques at the time of public prayers; but the reason is not that they are regarded, like pagan females, as insusceptible of religious sentiments, but because the meeting of the two sexes in a sacred place is supposed to be unfavourable to devotion. This, however, is an Oriental, not a Mohammedan prejudice. The custom is nearly the same among

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the Christians as among the Mussulmans. In the Greek churches, the females are separated from the males and concealed behind a lattice, and something of the same kind I have observed among the Christians of Mesopotamia."

Among the Jews, and also the Quakers, and some other Christian sects, the sexes are separated during public worship. But more: a Turkish woman, instead of having no soul, may officiate as an *Imam* or priest to an assembly of women.

"Her usual place of worship is the harem. There, in the midst of her maidens, she reads the Koran, and performs her devotions at the regular hours. I am aware that some Mohammedan writers have given a less favourable prospect to the future state of woman, They teach that she will hold the same place in Paradise that she now holds on earth, that her employment there, as here, will be to wait upon the pleasure of her lord. One writer reports as a traditional saying of Mohammed, that when he once looked down into hell, he saw the greater part of the wretches confined there to be women. That opinions like these have been promulgated, the writings of learned Mussulmans sufficiently prove; that individuals may be found who believe that females will be annihilated with the brutes, I know; but that such views are authorised by the Koran, sanctioned by the Sunneh, or widely embraced among the people, is not true."

Let us then never again hear that Russian domination would elevate the moral condition of the Turkish women. They are already in a better state than the bulk of the women among their prospective masters.

We are tempted by this passing view of a Chaldean village, a few miles beyond the ancient Arbela, near which, that famous Waterloo, the decisive battle between Alexander and Darius, was fought. The village is called Enkiva. Our traveller says—

"We arrived there at noon, and I entered the village with a heart bounding at the thought of spending half a day among a Christian people. I soon found a place in a family, and felt myself entirely at home. Every thing appeared different from what I had so long been accustomed to see. There was none of the distance and arrogance of Mussulmans. The women, with unveiled faces, were attending to their domestic duties. The husbands were aiding in the care of the children, and conversing freely and kindly with their wives. It seemed something like Christianity, and, though but a slight token, I could not help feeling it deeply.

"There were several Kurdish families in the village, and about sixty Christians. The latter had a church, which I visited just at the close of the evening service, shortly before sunset. Two of the three priests of the village were present, who showed me the interior. It was very plain, and I observed no pictures. The building was more than a century old, and altogether respectable for a village church. It was surrounded by a high wall, the door to which was so low that it could not be entered without almost getting on one's knees.

"I was surprised to find that a large number of the villagers were blind, or had diseased eyes. Having some sulphate of zinc with me, I prepared it, and delivered it to the Kiahya of the village, with orders to administer it to all who might make application. This gave me at once the name of Hekim Bashi, and patients began to flock in. . . . .

"The people of the village spoke a corrupt dialect of their ancient tongue, and many of them knew Turkish. They appeared contented, and described their situation as every way easy and comfortable, excepting occasional visits from the lawless soldiers of the Pasha. I noticed in them the same cheerful, open, and frank disposition which had so much impressed me among the Nestorians of Persia.

"There were two families in the house where I lodged, and we all occupied one apartment. I was amused at the distribution which was made of us when we came to seek our quarters for the night. The two families were stationed at the inner extremity of the apartment, Mohammed Agha, with his son Ahmed, in the middle, and myself on the outside. The Tartar, solely, as he protested, on my account, entered frequent complaints of the crying of the babies, but to no purpose, for one family had hardly become quiet before the children in the other corner began, so that we gained little sleep the whole night."

Mr. Southgate was traveling under the guidance of one of those Tartar government couriers who constitute the mail-gigs of the Turkish empire. While he was at Bagdad, letters had been received from London in the space of forty-five days, sent by steam, and Tartar couriers. This office of courier is a regular trade to which an apprenticeship is served. The couriers must at least be presumed Tartars born; and, from the confidential nature of their office, they are persons of no small importance. They are famed for their hardihood and powers of endurance; and will often ride for many successive days and nights without sleeping, save in the saddle. If not in all respects the purest of moral characters, they are at least honest and trustworthy.

Strongly are we tempted to linger on the banks of the Tigris, and amid the ruins of Nineveh; but we have already exceeded our limits, while the interest of the work increases; for now the traveller has reached Mossoul, after which town, the ladies should know, that *muslins* are named, and which, to conjoin great things with small, is at present the seat of an active Papal Mission, the operations of which, in the grand attempt to bring the Oriental Church into union with the Church of Rome, we leave to the reader—together with the present state of the Nestorian Church. The Virgin Mary has been an eminent patroness of Mossoul, which she miraculously delivered from its Persian besiegers only about a century ago: for which good service the pasha erected two churches in her honour.

The trade between Mossoul and Bagdad is partly carried on by rafts floated down the Tigris. The manufacture of all sorts of cotton stuff was considerable here, until European importations—the produce of the spinning-jennies and power-looms of Manchester and Glasgow—diminished it. The heat of the climate is so extreme at Mossoul in summer, that subterranean apartments are used as in Bagdad. The dress and customs of both cities closely resemble each other. The town is improving under the

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hereditary administration of a succession of Christian pashas, though, of late, several destructive insurrections have broken out.

We have, in the former part of this paper, seen something of the religious state of the people here, so far as that may be inferred from the primitive and apostolic character of the Syrian archbishop; but the entire account of Mossoul, as of Bagdad, is highly interesting. We cite but one paragraph, which may teach a lesson of charity to those who have the *Beast* and the *False Prophet* continually in their mouths.

"There is no subject upon which a Mohammedan is more apt to converse with a Christian than the nature of Christ. Among the Persians especially, it is even difficult to avoid it, for it is to them the great stone of stumbling and rock of offence. They almost always contrive to turn the conversation to it, and they are never weary of disputing about spiritual entities and metaphysical abstractions.

"I never heard a Mohammedan speak irreverently of Christ. They acknowledge that they receive him as we receive Moses, a true prophet from God, but of a past dispensation. They use his name with titles of respect, as for their own prophet. They hardly ever fail, when speaking of him, to fall upon his divinity, which is exceedingly offensive to them. The only thing, however, which makes it so, is their own misunderstanding of the doctrine. They suppose, as Mohammed did, that it involves the idea of a natural sonship, like that among men. . . .

"The doctrine of the Koran with regard to the nature of Christ, is very explicit. It declares that those who say, 'God is Christ are infidels,' that 'God could destroy him if he pleased,' (Chap. V.) that 'he is a man like Adam,' (Chap. III.) that he is only 'the minister and apostle of the Most High,' (Chap. V.) and that, 'in the day of judgment, he will deny he taught men to regard him, or his mother, as God,' (Chap. V.) He is acknowledged to be chief of the prophets before Mohammed, and to have been produced miraculously, 'by the breath of God's spirit,' (Chap. XXI.) Hence he is called 'the Word of God,' who will again appear before the judgment, 'strengthened by the Holy Spirit,' which the Mohammedan commentators suppose to be the angel Gabriel, (Chaps. II. V.)"

We must now stop, however abruptly, warmly recommending this work to the attention of our readers, and to popular book clubs and subscription libraries, as the best general work that we know on the present social and religious condition of Turkey and Persia.

Mr. Southgate returned to Constantinople by the ancient Nisibin and Dara, and by the towns of Mardin and Diarbeker.* At Mardin he saw the Chaldean prelate, a noble and dignified looking personage, who, when he heard of the government of the country of Mr. Southgate, expressed strong dislike of a republic. Like prelates near home, he could not

"Be made to believe that a people might ever become fit to govern themselves. He inquired whether it were true that the new sovereign of England was a woman, and, when informed of the fact, commented upon it in a manner which showed that he felt like an Oriental upon the subject."

At Mardin there is still a remnant of the worshippers of the sun, who conform externally to Christianity, but secretly practise the rites of their own religion.

Having fairly got our traveller out of Mesopotamia, we must leave him to find his own way to Constantinople, and finally to New York, which he reached on the 3d December, 1838, having performed a most meritorious service to literature, and, we trust, to the best interests of mankind.

* For the benefit of the Horticultural Societies, we give this note. At Diarbeker, among other fine fruits, excellent melons are raised. The land on which they are cultivated is enriched with pigeons-dung, for which purpose immense numbers of pigeons are kept in the neighbourbood. The delicious melons of Persia are raised in the same manner. At Bagdad and Tehran, Mr. Southgate saw the potato introduced by the English ambassador and resident in their gardens—a small beginning which may have a great end.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

"Facit indignatio versum:" mere disgust at the obstinacy of British blunders in one particular quarter of our policy, makes us politicians. One often becomes a political speculator *à force de s'enrager*. Let any man examine *de son chef*—let him note the disclosures from time to time occurring of facts or secret treaties—let him compare—let him remember—he will come at length to a conclusion:—that the British press is under a "craze"—a strong maniacal delusion—with regard to Russia. We say that a man has a craze when he manifests either a false enthusiasm, or an ill-regulated enthusiasm for any object—whether it be man, book, or system. But the craze which we impute to our domestic press, takes the shape of hypochondriacal horror—of visionary terror. All assume the Czar to be the general enemy of liberty—or even of national independence—and the special enemy of Great Britain. No plausible indications have ever been assigned to colour this assumption with likelihood: with willing hearers no proofs are required. "Many an empty head," it has been said, "is shaken at Aristotle." And, in the same spirit, we might say—"Many a servile head, equally willing to *be* a slave, or to *make* a slave, is shaken at the Czar." Witness in particular the French nation—so willing to be the slaves of a military chieftain, provided he would aid them in riding roughshod over the liberties of other nations.

Delusions are not always or necessarily misfortunes. But this delusion is: it is bad for what it causes, and for what it pre-supposes as its own cause. It causes injustice and the most perilous impolicy; and it argues a sort of infatuation. The result of this "craze" is likely enough to be, that we shall absolutely force Russia to become our enemy by the rancorous pertinacity with which we suppose her to be such. We shall make her learned in the arts of annoying us, by persisting to view every step taken in politics, under all the possible relations by which

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it could be made ministerial to Russian purposes of hostility: we shall suggest to the councils of St. Petersburg the weak points in our own lines of defence, by so eternally insisting on these as the ulterior objects of her policy. Every power knows her own infirmities more intimately than foreigners; and, if her journals *will* unmask all these in detail, for the sake of convincing people at home that such or such a Russian movement might remotely be made applicable to these infirmities, it is probable they will succeed at length in convincing somebody else besides their own readers.

Such is likely to be the result of our folly. We shall terminate in creating the danger which at present we solely imagine. But the *cause* implies even a nearer danger. The very same bias of feeling which turns our eyes towards Russia, turns them away *from* France. We are led to fear Russia because we do *not* fear France; or confide too much in France as having a common interest with ourselves. It is yet a stronger ground of jealousy—that *from* France and French journals it is that we derive our anti-Russian bias. We all know that France, without moving an inch on their behalf, doing nothing but talking, raised an uproar for the Poles which has been echoed in this country. Whether our own or the French were the "old original" howl, we shall not ask—"non nostrum." Certainly each, whether spurious echo or authentic original, increased the other. And, as the Three Days of July 1830 confessedly reacted upon us in the shape of the Reform Bill, there is no reason to doubt that very much in each country of the craze in behalf of Poland was a mere reaction from the false enthusiasm in the other. Each nation, however, wise at least in one point, buttoned up its breeches' pocket. And into that same depository for old affronts, did each nation consign any injury or shock that might have untuned the musical system of Europe. The injury or the insult (whichever it was) inflicted through Poland, was not considered too large for pocketing; and pocketed it was. The sympathy with Poland was not considered large enough for unpocketing money; and unpocketed it was not. Beyond a pension of 1s. per diem to a number of Poles, varying from 480 to 620, but averaging 500 *communibus annis*, we are not aware of any patronage British (and very little French) to Polish refugees. This is but poor encouragement to insurrection. It is true, that from the smallness of the bounty we are not to estimate the value put upon that sacred duty. The Czar might be the legitimate object of revolt, though the revolters were discountenanced. But what makes this anti-Russian fever suspicious in the mouth of France is, that it has been uniformly employed as a mode of decoy with regard to British interests. Our eyes have been directed by France upon Russia, apparently with no other purpose than that of drawing them away from herself. Our own British sympathy with Poland, if not very learned in the facts of the case, if not very energetic in act, nor very spirited in remonstrance, nor very munificent in money, has at least the merit of being sincere in the first place, and disinterested in the second. We suspect the French sympathy to be neither one nor the other. To keep alive the notion that the Russian emperor was almost *ex officio* the champion of despotism, that he was the professional enemy of free institutions, and by instinct the persecutor of liberal ideas, has had the effect at home, and probably was designed to have the effect, of urging us into the duty of clinging more closely to the powers who are interested in defending republican tendencies. France, as the leader amongst those powers, and considered on the continent as substantially a republic, was thus making sure of our friendship, and, consequently, of our friendly blindness to her ulterior purposes, at the very time when she nursed our absurd jealousy of Russia. The newspaper press of France is rather too wild for the atmosphere of London; but that regards its speculative part. In another section, in its articles of news and of reports, it furnishes nearly the whole of their matter and their authorities to our own press: and much of that which comes nominally from the journals of Western Germany, written under French influence, very often is a direct echo from the French papers. All this part was seasoned and prepared with a view to British prejudices. The thousand and one stories about Khiva, all pointed and envenomed with a view to British preconceptions of Russian objects, have originated from French manufactories; and from the same fountain are continually welling forth others of the same tenor. The fabricators of these stories must laugh immoderately at our credulity. And, in the mean time, the great purpose has been answered, of turning away the too calculating gaze from the real danger to England, which danger does and always will lie, not in a country having so very few points of contact with herself as Russia, but in the atrocious spirit of military conquest for ever burning in the French national mind. It seems inconsistent, and in a more thoughtful people would be inconsistent, with the democratic and levelling spirit of France, that she should thirst, at the same time, for a government martial, and therefore despotic, in its complexion. But this inconsistency beforehand, is no argument against positive facts. Napoleon, we all know, was never unpopular, in spite of his severe despotism, except for the last three years of his reign, when the public burdens were five times greater than usual, and the returns in martial "glory" ten times less. Nay, in the very teeth of the French mania for democratic institutions, (which in one instance, viz. the abolition of primogeniture and the minute subdivision of landed property, will probably soon work changes amongst them little anticipated,) the name and memory of Napoleon was never so popular as at this moment in France. A child knows how to interpret that. It means—that the old indomitable fever for military conquest, and for compelling neighbouring nations into holding their right under French sufferance, has again full possession of this vain-glorious people. The English do not appreciate the French character. They suppose that, as amongst themselves, there may in France be a youthful party of hot-headed clamourers for war; but that, doubtless, there is also a counterbalancing party of sober-minded men alive to the immense value of peace. This is too certainly an error. In the great commercial seaports there is such a peace party: interest keeps *their* eyes open. But there is no dominant party through the nation who value peace; and no body of Frenchmen any where who value it on the ground of high moral principle. To judge of France in that respect, we need only look at her literature.

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Does any writer in France dare to take up the ground of condemning the French aggressive warfare in past times? Look at the national mind, as exhibited in public meetings—Has there ever been a meeting called for the purpose of recording a dissent from the principles of lawless conquest? In this country, had our government attempted any thing so wanton and unprovoked as the appropriation of Algeria, the public feeling of the land would have put down the attempt summarily. In France there has been not a murmur heard except on the score of economy. As to India, the case is far different. Those who pretend that we have proceeded, in that instance, on principles of aggression, do so generally in pure ignorance of the facts. We have always been the assaulted parties. For that is virtually the character we hold, when preparations and treaties have been going on for eventually assaulting us. To anticipate, in such a case, through superior energy, address, or knowledge—that is not aggression. Besides, though that is not what we rely upon, the Company would be unfairly confounded with the British nation; and the mere distance obscures the facts. So determinately hostile is the public mind amongst us to all unprovoked aggression—to war waged for the primary purpose of profit—that, even in the case of China, where our provocations were gross and manifold, and tended to utter ruin of our interests, a movement was beginning to stir amongst the public for remonstrating against any appeal to arms. And it would have spread rapidly, had it not been for two counteracting forces. 1st, the Duke of Wellington's authority. He, as one who had been familiar with Eastern affairs, was listened to when he assured the public that their officers, the Queen's representatives, had been scandalously treated; that he had never read of any thing so bad; and that the public faith of the Indian Government required a military movement. In this way, and by his own commanding name, he gave a turn to the gathering storm. 2dly, The national good sense, which suggested at once that the information yet was too local and too narrow to furnish a ground for any public expression of opinion. In its present stage they felt that the conduct of the affair was left with more propriety to the government. But had the case of Algeria in 1830, or of Egypt in the year 1799, been ours, the government would have been compelled to desist by the national voice. From a nation so wantonly aggressive as the French, governed by feelings so essentially juvenile of martial vanity, we have every thing to fear. Temper and position alike make France formidable to us. But in Russia, neither the territorial situation, which nowhere places her in contact with ourselves, nor the national temper, which is not aggressive, nor the national interest, which in no point clashes with our own, gives us any cause for jealousy. Beforehand, we see no presumption arising that Russia should look with favour upon any feud with England; and, looking back to such feuds as have been created on her behalf by the French press, we see quite as little of any plausible grounds for the belief.

Let us begin with Khiva. If any thing could point the attention of the British press to the injurious use made of the Russian name in the foreign journals, it would be Khiva. Simply to reprint their own notifications upon this subject, would be the severest exposure. Seven times running, at seven independent periods of time, the London journals have solemnly announced to the world—that a Russian army had reached Khiva. Seven times running have these journals been obliged to confess, within a week of this general assurance, that all was smoke and mere abuse of the public credulity. To some readers this will seem to argue mere carelessness and levity of faith; but what is that more than every body allows for in newspapers? Surely no man of the world believes any thing until it has received official sanction, and then only according to the circumstantial details avowed. True; but these statements as to Khiva were never given as reports; they were announced, in each separate instance, as something that had been long expected, was at length accomplished, on which the public might finally rely, and with a consciousness, that more was conveyed than the mere military fact; there was an understanding between the editor and his shadow. Here at length is the *political* fact; here is that overt act of Russian aggression which we have so long promised. And again there were circumstances of distinction. Usually, when an editor has found himself indiscreetly misled into making his journal an instrument or ally of deception, he draws attention, with honourable frankness, to his own errors. He is even anxious to confess an error of credulity or inattention, lest the public should suspect an error of design. But in this long series of falsehood as to Khiva, as each successive falsehood was announced, no reference was made to previous exposures, no caution given as *in* a case liable to delusion; and in each subsequent withdrawal of the statement, no confession was made of error. But there is more to be remembered than simply this singular obstinacy of error, and this determination to avow no error. Generally and inevitably, where no tricks are going on underground, the natural course for an intelligent editor is—that, after repeated duperies, he becomes at least aware of the fact; his attention is called to the uniformity of the deception; he not only feels sorry that his journal has lent itself to the propagation of falsehoods, but he begins to suspect a *purpose* in this systematic falsehood. It is no longer simple distrust of the information that he feels—it is jealousy of the intentions. This is the natural course; but this was not the course followed in this case of the anti-Russian journals. Duly as this lie was withdrawn, duly as the contradiction was extorted and racked out of the newspapers by the mere progress of certainties, upon the very denial as to the fact was engrafted a re-assertion of the lie as to the calumnious meaning. Coupled with the very words of confession, that all the previous circumstantialities had been mere fictions, came a more bitter fabrication than ever of new circumstantialities arguing the deepest hostility in Russia.

But, after all, the malignant reports of intriguers, whatever be their exaggeration, and whatever their motive, are good for instruction and for our faith, in so far as they coincide with the statements of the honest. Now, is it not certain that our own incorruptible agents in Persia, and more recently in Cabul or other parts of Affghanistan, have corroborated these French reports in part? We answer, with this distinction—they have corroborated them in that part which Russia has no interest in denying. All that is hostile in our European fictions, disappears.—

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the *facts* of our own British agents. But we must remember one caution in reading even British letters on this subject; the honourable character of the writer will secure him from reporting unfaithfully what comes under his own knowledge, but cannot secure him against most unjust opinions, nor even (as respects downright facts) against precipitation and the large credulity of prejudice. Not an officer in the Indo-British army, not an *attaché* in any legation or royal commission, but has gone to those regions with pre-occupied minds. On this subject, there is no truth or impartiality to be found in the British press. It scarcely matters what journal a reader relies on; all are anti-Russian, with a unanimity that we do not remember on any broad aspect of politics in our times. And so rapid is the intercourse at present, especially with Bombay and the whole of Western India, that the private letters from Affghanistan at this time, reflect the most recent prejudices of the London journals. What is said on midsummer-day, by a morning paper, comes back to us from Cabulistan by Michaelmas; and the Michaelmas impression of London rebounds from the Upper Indus by Christmas.

Our British testimony, therefore, is good only for its facts: and amongst its facts only for that part which depends on official report. For all beyond this, we insist, that British testimony, as it is ultimately, even in Cabul or Candahar, only a reflection from the London press, and therefore of the Continental press, in so far as opinions are concerned, comes to us through a French atmosphere, distorting its proportions and colouring its complexion. So that all of us, in the moment when we think ourselves most on our guard against false biases, are too often unconsciously imbibing views originally French, French feeling as to persons, and French pre-occupations against truth. This caution given, let us now consider what is the apparent truth in regard to Khiva; what is the small amount of fact likely to survive as a settling or final sediment from all that huge hubbub of turbid fiction which the torrents of faction have carried suspended through the public journals.

There is, in some one of the farces composed by Foote, a sketch of a rabid politician (such as, in those days, obtained the name of a *Quidnunc* from the monotonous craving for news) whom it is the jest of the piece to exhibit in the act of gratifying his political gluttony at any cost of sense or probability. Sir Gregory Gazette, we believe, the man is called; and he is exhibited to the audience as swallowing for a cabinet secret, a certain confidential communication, to the following effect:—That the pope had become party to a treaty by which, in consideration of his immediately turning Protestant, and confessing himself to be the beast of the Apocalypse, he was to receive Nova Zembla; and, by way of exchange for his Italian states, a yearly tribute of blubber and salt herrings, the clerk of the peace in the Scilly Islands undertaking to guarantee the execution of the treaty. We are not quite sure of all the articles; but something like this is the amount. Now, seriously, there is nothing more extravagant in this papal treaty of exchange, than in the designs imputed to the czar upon Khiva, or in the motives of those designs.

In the first place, what is represented as the final object in this occupation of Khiva? Is it for itself that Khiva is sought? Oh no: in itself nobody has ventured to describe it as offering any bribe, either to the ambition or the cupidity of the czar. Not as a *terminus ad quem* but as a *terminus medius*; not as an end, bus as a means, it seems, has Khiva fixed the gaze of the Russian autocrat. And indeed so much is plain; it must be a stepping-stone to something higher than itself, if any power will face, for such an acquisition, the ruinous expenditure of a regular army, mounted in all its services.

But next, a stepping-stone to what? Of course, for the local circumstances allow of no other answer, to some operations upon Western India. This only could give a colour of reasonableness to the idea of a large Russian army invading Khiva. But, meantime, observe the see-saw of the logic in all the French papers: if you ask for the proof the great army, they infer it from the Indian schemes of the czar. If you ask for proof of his Indian schemes, they infer them from the great army. The vast expedition is argued from the ambitious purpose. The ambitious purpose is argued from the vast expedition.

Now, let us summarily consider both the points put forward in the hypothesis—the Indian object in the rear, and Khiva as the means to that object. First, then, of Khiva as the means. Could human imbecility, if the ulterior purpose were what is here supposed, select so irrationally as to fix on Khiva for a position of advance in relation to the Indus? Consider for one moment the flagrant points of disqualification. 1st, Khiva is hostile, whilst other adjacent countries are friendly; Khiva must be mastered, whilst other regions in that neighbourhood would have courted Russian intervention. 2dly, Khiva is so difficult of access, as to be all but impregnable from the quarter on which Russia approaches, whilst other territories on the southeast of the Caspian are open, in a military sense, and open in a negotiable sense. 3dly, For a long season of the year, Khiva, being laid under water, is as intractable a station for egress as for ingress. You are ruined in attempting to get in, and, once in, you are ruined (except at certain times) in attempting to get out. For two months after the periodic deluge, the ground is left in a soft miry state, giving way under the tread of armies, and offering a mere "slough of despond" for artillery. With this impracticable state of Khiva, first from inundation, secondly, from the consequences of inundation, combine the rainy season of the Punjaub at a different period—that same rainy season which brought Alexander of Macedon to a final pause. The result is, that for any purpose of military observation on Western India, or military action upon that frontier, to choose Khiva would be deliberately to say, We will put ourselves under lock and key for one half the year. And if it should be replied, "Oh, but Khiva is not chosen as a permanent station—it is meant for an ad-*interim* post,"—this would be to accumulate absurdity upon absurdity, since by possibility there *might* have been some hidden sense in surmounting so many difficulties, supposing the object to have been a *permanent* hold on that country; but on the other hypothesis of a mere fugitive purpose, it would be saying in effect that, for a purpose *in transitu*, and confessedly for no ultimate object, the Russian government had se-

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lected that route, of all others in Central Asia, which experience has shown to be so difficult as that now notoriously it may be pronounced under absolute interdict and physical sequestration. We must suppose it to be designed for something more than a post *in transitu*, if we would vindicate the Russians from mere mania; and then, once having supposed that, once assuming that it is a fixed station as a centre or basis for ulterior operations to the south and south-east, we find it liable to all the capital disadvantages already recited under three heads.

And, fourthly, It is liable to this beside, which, for any purposes of offensive war, seems conclusive. The passage of artillery from Khiva into Bokhara is pretty nearly a physical impossibility. Thus stands the case. The marauding people of Khiva go annually into Bokhara; as light cavalry, why should they not? The mountainous range between Khiva and Bokhara may be surmounted on horseback; but what means of transport will be applicable to the heavy artillery? Camels, no doubt, it will be said: and accordingly it is known that, in all attempts to reach Khiva, the Russians have relied hitherto upon this animal—so admirably adapted to the steppes, or the sandy deserts of Asia. But why? Why is the camel adapted to that quality of ground? Notoriously, because both the steppes of Central Asia, and the sands of Western Asia, present, generally speaking, a dead level. To such ground, or nearly such, the use of the camel is confined. Let the road ascend at any thing of a sharp angle, and the camel is neutralised. This fact was first practically made known on a large scale to the British in Upper India. It is well known that of late years, instead of resorting to the Cape of Good Hope for the restoration of shattered health, English valetudinarians from every quarter of India have sought health and relaxation of spirits in that delightful climate which is offered by the mountainous region to the north—in fact, the advanced guard of the mighty Himmalaya. In one instance, when a governor-general was making a progress in this direction, it happened that, from mere thoughtlessness in the official persons consulted, the whole camp had trusted to camels for the conveyance of their baggage. But, as soon as the ascent began in good earnest, it became apparent that the camel is as unsuitable for steep hills as the "horse marines" for the decks of a ship. The motion of ascent is painful to the camel: he cannot ease the difficulty by traversing: he cannot guide his own bulk at the edge of precipices. Thousands of camel skeletons remain to this day in the bottom of ravines, attesting the wholesale ruin which attends the use of this animal in Alpine regions. How is it, then, that we ourselves convey heavy artillery in India? Generally speaking, we have benefited hitherto by flat countries as the seat of war. Secondly, we have the command of water carriage, vast regions of Hindostan being (as Major Rennell remarked in his work upon Indian geography) more elaborately *reticulated* with water than any known country unaided by art. Thirdly, when these advantages are wanting, (though it is to be observed that, from the recent application of steam to the Indus—we are moving upon the ascending scale,) we, from our local connections, have the means of raising new local centres for the casting of great guns, without needing to transport them at all: an advantage which could rarely offer itself to a new or hasty invader.

These four points considered, it may be said very fairly, that as a station for a military power, as a basis for military operations towards the Indus, Khiva is as ludicrous an object for Russian ambition as Sir Gregory Gazette's equivalents would have been for papal diplomacy. On the other hand, if we are not determined to find mares' nests in every act of Russia, if we can content ourselves with plain reasonable purposes for a plain reasonable expedition, every man of good sense will find at once, in the real terms of that expedition, all that is sufficient to account for its very moderate objects. Once lend your ear to lying numbers, you must then, by the mere logic of proportion, suppose—a lying object. Armies of forty or fifty thousand men do not move across Asia for a merely commercial purpose. But an army of ten to fourteen thousand might. And the purpose, though commercial, is really important enough for an expedition on that scale. The whole communication of Russia with China, on account of her two great capitals, is carried on overland. A certain route, leading the caravans not from the south, but from the east, upon regions liable to Khiva marauders, cannot be abandoned without vast difficulty and loss. This system of Khiva piracy has increased. The perils are personal as well as to the property. To sabre a few columns of these pirates does no lasting service. If the trade is not to be abandoned—if a great potentate is not to lie down helplessly before the robbers of Central Asia—the nest of these vipers must be occupied. The capturing of individual Algerine corsairs, did nothing to exterminate the system. Now, when Algiers itself is captured, piracy is at an end. Surely those who were so quiet upon all the ulterior purposes of France in that Algerine expedition, might upon mere parity of cases have supposed—that the emperor of Russia, with a far greater interest at stake, (but an interest of the same kind,) might pursue the same policy for abating a nuisance under the same circumstances of provocation. The journals affect to laugh at the Russian zeal for the deliverance of two thousand obscure captives. But if that purpose happens to coincide with another, then, although the one might be unavailing, both might not. Even as regards the captives, the case is not truly stated. It is not to take vengeance, because captives have been made, and reduced to slavery. It is, that henceforwards captives may not be made; and, apart from considerations of person, the most luxurious portion of the Russian imports—all the tea, (of a far finer quality than any which *we* see,) all the spices, all the gems, all the ivory, &c. come by this route, lying open for three hundred miles to Khivan outrage. In short, the whole intercourse of Russia, with south-eastern Asia, is concerned in the Khiva question. And in the commercial permanence of the interest, arises the motive for attempting to reach Khiva by so difficult a route. Were the object merely to gain a station for military head-quarters in relation to some future base of military operations; then, in the event of so absurd a choice being made, the advance upon Khiva would have been, made without any sacrifices at all, through Persian provinces with Persian sanction. But the real object of Russia was to trace, 1st, The *shortest* route; 2dly, A *permanent*

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route; and to make that route safe, by a chain of military posts, for the commercial caravan. Now, it is clear that a route gained by Persian permission would have been a precarious route, and held on a tenure of accident. But the whole policy of the case was directly applied to the putting down of accident. The object was, that a great nation's commerce should no longer lie under the reproach of being the most perilous lottery in the world. There we see a good reason for floundering amidst Zaarrahs of snow, and fighting with storms. But had the motive for aiming at an occupation of Khiva, been what our journals and their suborners the French journals pretend, it is perfectly inexplicable why Russia should not have marched through southern latitudes, under permission from the Persian government.

Thus far as to Khiva, considered in the light of a *means* to Indian aggression; and in that light the whole scheme labours with so much absurdity, that, perhaps, we might find the reader willing to dispense with any separate consideration of the imaginary end. If it were evident to him that the whole plot against India is but a derivative fable from the fable about Khiva, then it must follow that with the one fable vanishes the other. If the means indicated were perfectly irrational with relation to the supposed end, it would follow of itself that no such end can have been contemplated by Russia. Yet, because the public mind is so much pre-occupied by this notion of Russia hankering after India, and French intrigues are so much interested in keeping up that delusion, very clear it is that no sooner will this Khiva romance be driven out of the market, than some other will take its place. There are, besides, people who will say that, apart from Khiva, there were other grounds for suspecting Russian intrigue moving in the direction of India. If you ask *what*, they will reply by bringing up the doubtful diplomatic cases of General Simonivitch and Wilkowitz. Now, to these cases the answers are short. One of them at least *was* an intriguer; but, 1st, In behalf of what object or interest? 2dly, Under whose authority? He was strongly disavowed by the Russian government. That is enough for us, else it will be always open to France, by suborning one of her Polish agents, (whom she possesses in such disagreeable excess, and whom she vainly endeavours to thin by enticing them under Arab spears in Africa,) with pretended Russian commissions for thwarting English interests in that region, to countenance her own lying legends. However, conceding for the moment that these, or either of these officers, were intriguing against England, that is no sort of proof that the negotiations had reference to so remote an object as India. Surely the Russians have an interest afloat in Persia of quite sufficient magnitude to account for any amount of intrigue, considering what sort of a court the Persian has always shown itself; considering the dreadful condition of tumult and uncertainty in which Persia has found herself since the death of the late Shah, and considering the pressure upon Persia from England on the east, and Turkey on the west. Of any intrigues looking forward to India, there has been no vestige of proof; what Sir A. Burnes detected were intrigues having reference to Herat, which is surely quite as much connected with Russian garrisons at Erivan and Ararat, as it can be with British garrisons in the Punjaub. The purpose, therefore, of the intrigues was not Indian but Persian and Dooranee. Secondly, whatever were the purpose, the authority under which the intriguer acted was far more probably ministerial and secondary than originally from the Russian cabinet. Even Russian generals in the Caucasus have interests to serve in the court of Teheran which must sometimes be forwarded by distant negotiations in Eastern Persia. And foreign secretaries in the Russian cabinet (as elsewhere) may sometimes have a wish to prosecute modes of irregular diplomacy for the sake of creating contingencies such as they may afterwards turn to public account.

In so vast an empire as Russia, where so large a system of fraud goes on incurably, if every detection of irregular agents or equivocal intrigues were to warrant us in suspecting the Czar and his cabinet, we should never be at peace. Organisation is confounded when applied to so vast a leviathan as the system of Russian armies in Asia, Russian police, Russian diplomacy. No eye at the centre can ever overlook so huge a circumference; and one visit of inspection to each principal station is as much as the entire life of an emperor usually affords. Naturally there must and will be great abuses in so vast a scale of administration. The Russian armies, when removed from the personal superintendence of the Czar, are notoriously ruined (as regards the comfort of the private soldier) by the peculation which goes on through all gradations of Russian official life. The public diplomacy will not be more faithfully managed. And surely it is not for France to complain of this, whose policy through the last century (*and perhaps since then*) has maintained double sets of ambassadors in important courts—one set avowed, the other masked. Intrigue, and nothing but intrigue, carried on by every excess of bribery or desperate deception, until European courts were in the condition of those in Hindostan, (where often enough it has happened that the secret agent, employed to watch another, found reason to suppose that he himself was watched by a third, and possibly this third again was only partially trusted)—such was too often the machinery of French diplomacy: and from her of all nations the complaint of Russian intrigue came with the least propriety. But in the midst of all this double dealing, double agency, and sometimes double policy, our business is with the supreme administration. The tricks of subordinate agents are little to us, so long as the Russian cabinet, both in words and acts, maintains that simplicity and frankness which are fit for us to experience and fit for itself to avow. As yet we cannot pretend to have met with any thing else. Russia and England, we repeat, cross each other in no quarter of the globe. Both must go out of their proper path to come into collision. To find any opportunity of contest, they must wilfully create it. Whilst on the other hand, France upon fifty separate grounds is inevitably in conflict with our English interests. And, if this were even otherwise, France is eternally in collision with England by means of her own mortified vainglory. Between Russia and England there is not a particle of jealousy subsisting. Between France and England there are six centuries of hostile recollections; and, if all were effaced, Waterloo itself is sufficient for corroding the French charity. Maritime recollections are painful enough to France—but

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Waterloo is viewed as an intrusion upon a field of glory essentially French.* Waterloo, were there no other grievances, is one that "young France" never *will* forgive.

The Russian expressions of hostility, meantime, have been as amply disavowed as we could expect or wish. The hostility, if any there were, did not emanate from the supreme government, but from some inferior centre of diplomacy. And secondly, emanate from what quarter it might, not India, but Persia, was the object of these intrigues. Now, as to India, apart from any external evidences this way or that, bearing upon that question, let us now consider what *intrinsic* reason there is for suspecting Russia of designs or of wishes leaning in that direction. Certain we must all be—that, if any great temptation existed for Russia in the prizes held out by Indian warfare, sooner or later we must make up our minds to expect a Russian invasion, not perhaps in this reign of the Emperor Nicholas, but in some period of vacation from those great collisions which at present point the Russian efforts to Constantinople and Asia Minor. Treaties will not restrain, if there is a solid interest embarked; so that the one question, in the long run, for England must be, what *is* the Russian interest in India?

We answer, boldly and *sans phrase*, None. We deny that Russia can even fancy an interest. Let us review the main items of the case. As to money, of what consequence is the gross revenue to a country that, if victorious, eventually could profit only by the net revenue? What is it to Russia that we raise an income of seventeen millions sterling per annum, if our vast Indian army, our Indian navy, and our Indian civil establishment, absorb fourteen millions at the least? The circumstances under which any conquering power would succeed to our empire, must oblige them to be contented with a very much inferior proportion.

But next, consider the outrageous vanity of supposing that a great military system like ours, with an army of 200,000 men, thoroughly acclimatised, in possession of innumerable forts, of all the rivers, of all the cities, and supporting this military possession by the greatest navy in the world, could be dispossessed by an unseasoned army, most certainly not one-fifth numerically of that brilliant and fixed army which it presumed to oppose. Russia could never carry 30,000 men to a point so distant as the Indus. And according to the remark of a great northern statesman, (Count Bjornstjerna,) who has recently written a very enlightened work on our astonishing Indian possessions, in less than six weeks two thirds of any Russian army would have died of disease. Retreat, as the count affirms, would be the dominant manœuvre present to the thoughts of any Russian general who should succeed in reaching the Indus. Pass the Punjaub he never could.

But let us imagine the whole face of Central Asia so far altered, that Russia should have vast colonies on the Oxus—let us suppose an army of 70,000 men to cross the Indus; all which would presume some centuries to have elapsed; but, for the sake of moving the question, let us carry our thoughts so far onwards; still, all that we thus gain for Russia is a military force not absolutely destroyed by its march across Asia. We suppose it starting from a point within six hundred miles of Lahore; two months' march, at twelve miles a-day, will have brought it to the Sutlege, (the Hysudrus of Alexander;) on crossing which it will first enter the British territory. From the British cantonments, on the left bank of the river, this invading army would have a clear march of 1250 miles to accomplish before it could reach Calcutta, supposing that to be its object. And were it only by the length of its march, one might estimate the scale of its difficulties. Now, without valuing the immeasurable superiority conferred by the actual military possession of all the strong places in the land, and of the navigation upon the Ganges, which must run pretty nearly parallel to any advance upon Calcutta, there stands a military force on our part three times superior in numerical strength; and in all other advantages incalculably superior to any army not Indian by habits and constitution. If the invading force is concentrated, ours is concentrated; if it is divided, ours is divided. And, until some great triumph had been obtained, none of the native states would venture to desert our banner.

But there is one advantage on our side that has been uniformly overlooked in calculating the progress of such an enemy. Our own career began about the year 1754. It was then we ceased to be merchants, and ascended a princely throne; for then it was that our influence was established in the Carnatic. In 1761 occurred the tremendous battle of Paniput—the battle on the widest scale of any known contest since that of Charles Martel against the Saracens, or possibly that battle earlier by four centuries in the *Campi Catalaunici* (the plains of Chalons) between Attila the Hun, on the one side, and the Goths, united with the Romans, on the other. This battle, almost entirely between cavalry, gave a shock to the Mahrattas which they never surmounted. They were at that time the great robber nation, and the predominant nation, in India. But for the English, they were in a regular course for overthrowing gradually all the native forces. In 1763, however, began the brilliant military success of the English. Henceforwards they were constantly ascending. But if we date from 1754, it has cost us a century within fourteen years to build up our present grandeur. At present the whole of India is dependant upon us. Nobody is powerful enough to think of moving war independently in any direction. But to attain this supremacy, besides many instances of good fortune, we have had a succession of great men. Lord Clive, in particular, who assumed the government in 1765, has rarely been equalled in the mixture of adventurous qualities with prudential. And, laying all things together, no nation under equal circumstances could hope to accomplish the same great revolution in a less compass of time.

But this supposes the circumstances [illegible],

* It has been justly remarked by many writers, that the English have no adequate conception of the French ignorance, in relation to the Spanish war. No publication was suffered by Napoleon in those days of adverse intelligence. And events which are not made known through the newspapers at the time, never can become nationally known by means of historical works afterwards. It is rare to meet any French person who is aware of the several battles in the Peninsula, or the sieges conducted by the Duke of Wellington.

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there is one remarkable point in which it is impossible that they should be equal. *We took the native powers in succession.* Once or twice, indeed, there was an overcasting of the sky, as if all were going to combine. But these gatherings were all dispersed by diplomatic skill. Now, on the other hand, a foreign invader will see them all combined at once. Treachery, it is true, might begin to stir after any great defeat, if we could apprehend that. But this would have no motive for showing itself until our interests were losing ground. And, in the mean time, the contingents of the native princes would be so posted or so employed as to retain constant pledges in our hands for their fidelity. These native forces, we must remember, are a clear addition to our own vast army. The invader, we repeat, would have (amongst a thousand other disadvantages such as we ourselves never had to face) the enormous disadvantage of fighting all the native princes, not in succession, but at once; not distracted, as heretofore, but combined by us, with our European science, and European means. And, laying all the considerations together, we may conclude that the scheme of invading India, especially when united under a mild government, protecting her from the various scourges that used annually to sweep over her provinces, is so utterly without hope, that, according to the Swedish minister's recent remark, the thoughts of the invader must be occupied from the very first with securing the possibility of retreat.

All nations standing under the same difficulties of advancing to the Indus, must so far stand on the same general level of disadvantage. The absence of a sufficient money temptation—that is, for an invader not coming as a plunderer, but as a regular settler—applies also equally to all nations. But there is one motive, viz. the finding employment for a vast body of political irritability, and the carrying off to a foreign region the excess and superfluity of the martial excitement, which might become an operative motive for an Indian war, as it has previously for an Algerine war. Such a motive might be available in France, as it has been heretofore; and, combining with other motives to hostility, might make the French nation an object of reasonable jealousy. But as to Russia, she breeds no such wild mode of the belligerent instincts. Neither has she an army too numerous for her means of employment. Her system of military colonies gives to multitudes of her soldiers a strong interest in stationary camps and in a pacific policy. France, on the other hand, who is so active to rouse our jealousy of Russia—France, and she only, throughout the world, is by constitutional temper restless, is a permanent object of jealousy to all the rest of mankind, and towards ourselves in particular is actuated by the most gloomy spirit of revenge.

Lastly, in pursuing this search into the separate position of Russia and of France, that is, into the real motives to hostility, in respect of England, which each derives from the mere circumstances in which she stands; and secondly, into the motives to hostility which each separately derives from her national temper, and her historical remembrances, (whether old as Crecy, or raw as Waterloo,) let us review the recent explosion of French frenzy on the Quintuple Treaty of July 15, 1840. All the world was confounded and mystified by that panic of wrath. Has any body been able to explain it? Has any ray of light been let in upon our utter darkness in this matter? We believe not. No man can guess what it is that excited the fury of France; nor even whether that fury were an unsimulated feeling, foolish but genuine, or merely counterfeit and theatrical. For the difficulty lies here:—if you suppose France to have seriously intended giving her subscription to the treaty, and to have resented this hasty procedure, as allowing no further time for explanations, and thus as intercepting her assent; in that case, her very anger declares that substantially she is not dissatisfied with the treaty; the very excess of the anger at being prematurely cut off from signing, becomes the measure of her approbation, thus indirectly expressed for the treaty: but then, in this case, the anger settles upon a punctilio; for the main act being thus violently opposed, there is nothing to complain of except the manner of proceeding; and it is surely unworthy of a great nation to show so much indignation for a breach of form. On the other hand, if France alleges that it is no form merely which she quarrels with, that she denounces the treaty itself in its capital provisions, then comes the puzzling question—how came it that for so long a time France went hand in hand with the other parties to the negotiation? How came it that France actually signed a provisional treaty in the summer of last year, virtually having the same tendency as this? In the first alternative there is a most unworthy outcry for nothing at all beyond a ceremony; in the latter, there is a flagrant self-contradiction.

Now, is it not exceedingly strange that our own journals, as if always in collusion with those of France, always in a secret understanding with the enemies of European repose, should never hold them to the question—*what was the subject of this anger?* Our papers continued to speculate from day to day on the chances of war; estimating these chances by the tone of the French papers, whether more or less violent. Whereas, if the point had once been ascertained—*In what lay the offence?* it would then have been easy to judge for ourselves how far the matter tended to a result susceptible of friendly accommodation. At present, not only is no man possessed of the secret, so as to apply his judgment in calculating the kind of propitiation likely to be required by France; but he cannot so much as judge whether the pretended insult is felt by France to be a real one; whether it is not probably a mere idle allegation of insult, by way of sheltering any subsequent violences which France may otherwise have contemplated.

In this complete darkness, to which we are consigned by the press of the two countries, many volleys of words having been exchanged without one single explanation as to the only point requiring light, may we be permitted to give our view and secret belief as to the conduct of France throughout the negotiation of the late treaty, and the ground of her furious explosion after its final signature? Our notion then is, that France all along meant to sign no treaty whatsoever for the control of Mehemet Ali. The first early draught of such a treaty, the provisional arrangement of last year, she signed, and for this reason—that if she had refused, then by that act she would have been shut out from the subsequent negotiations; consequently she would have lost all power to thwart the treaty, to throw delays in its

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progress, or even to know what was in agitation. In order to be admitted behind the curtain, to be taken along with the other great powers in their councils, it was indispensable that she should affect a general friendliness to the purposes on foot. Upon this principle she signed the first arrangement; upon this principle she affected to go along with the negotiators in their progress of the treaty, satisfied that she would never want the means of retarding the final adjustment, since any trifling scruple might serve as well as the weightiest to create delay. This mode of finessing was probably pursued too far; the other parties must at length have seen through the artifice: and having agreed with each other, that to a party animated with the views of France, any possible mode of hurrying the treaty to a close would be substantially the same in point of offence, and that in such a case some violent explosion of anger must, at any rate, be weathered, they concerted probably to finish the treaty without further delay, or giving time for any more remonstrances. France found that all her policy of tricks was thus torn asunder by one act of summary vigour. It was a double vexation to her that her policy had been defeated, and yet had been exposed. She had full credit for her sharping intentions, but had not been suffered to give them effect. Hence we comprehend at the same moment her wrath, and her vague explanation of this wrath. Angry she was, as one foiled and exposed has a natural right to be angry; but explain her anger she could not; for to state the true ground was to accuse herself, and no false ground offered as a colourable pretext for her purpose.

Such we believe to be the solution of the late enigmatical violence exhibited by France. But if this will account for her anger at having failed in her designs with regard to the treaty, what explanation can we give of her motives in having cherished such designs? Anxiety to intercept the treaty may have led naturally enough to this display of violence upon having failed; but what views of policy could ever have prompted that anxiety? We will explain. France, we are fully persuaded, has her eye still upon Egypt. After what Europe has seen of the French wishes in regard to Egypt, nobody can doubt that France keeps her eye continually upon any means whatever for re-asserting her ancient claim to that country; that France is ready for any tumultuary expedition against that country, the means and preparations for which she would always have the very best opportunity for maturing quietly and obscurely in Algiers. Now it was most obvious that, once taken into the formal keeping of the great European powers, Egypt was for ever sealed against French ambition. There was an end to that dream. Taken up into the European system, Egypt thenceforwards was under the public guarantees of Christendom. As yet it was a waif, a stray, a derelict; any bold party that should pocket it, though liable to have been prevented in case he had been suspected, would not have been too severely questioned after the deed was completed. "*Fieri non debuit, factum valet.*"—For as yet no party connected with Egypt was an obstacle. Ali is ripe for the grave, simply through his age; and great changes are likely to arise, nay, possibly intestine wars, amongst his sons. But were this catastrophe evaded, the absolute certainty of frequent insurrections under a set of monsters, cruel, barbarous, sanguinary in the last degree, (men who have duped Europe into the belief that they were civilised, simply because, being the tigers that they are naturally, they courted so much of civilisation as aided their instincts of destruction,) would have ensured to France, lying in ambush and couchant at Algiers, an occasion for appropriating Egypt, that now never can recur. This new extension of the *jus publicum* to a Mahometan power, puts an end to irresponsible aggressions. As things were before the signing of this Quintuple Treaty, had France even arbitrarily picked a quarrel with the pasha, and invaded him, this might have passed as a mere *experimentum in corpore vili*, such as France had previously practised on Algiers. But the great common and waste land of north-eastern Africa, is now brought under public jurisdiction by an inclosure bill.

Yet even at this point, when the French plans were suddenly detected, perhaps, but certainly foiled and miserably baffled by the energy of the Four Great Powers, it is most singular to witness the standing policy of France in regard to Russia played off in the midst of her own agony; and painful it is to witness this policy, as usual, caught up and echoed by the English press. "Take care of your pockets!" is the natural cry of pickpockets, to divert attention from themselves. "Take care of Russia!" cries France, as usual. "Russia is making free with your pockets!" "Gentlemen, be on your guard against Russia!" is the instant echo of the English press; and one tells us that she is coming down into the Sea of Marmora; another is sure that she will inundate Natolia from the Black Sea. God grant she may! is our way of reverberating the noisy clamour. That Russia, having no points for substantial collision with England, never can have meditated those injuries to England which France meditates both in a spirit of competition and in a spirit of vengeance—of this we feel assured. But we are not so perfectly assured that the everlasting iteration of senseless calumnies against Russia, may not finally work on her abused patience. She may say at length, worn out by provocation—"Confound you, vile brawlers, if I am for ever to lie under the odium of charges for which you cannot pretend that I ever gave any grounds, I will not be thus eternally stigmatised for nothing." We shall possibly, according to the natural course in such cases, drive Russia into realising at last, what at present is the very emptiest of delusions.

On one point, however, to forestall any misinterpretation, it may be well to conclude with a caveat. The affairs of Poland, in so far as they are reported to have infringed the acts of congress at Vienna, we do not pretend to understand; nor have we seen any proof that the brawlers against Russia understood them more accurately than ourselves. So far we abstain from all opinion. But, in so far as they concern the insurgents, we say boldly—that the right is on the side of the emperor. He might owe some duty to a great written contract which he has failed to fulfil. So far, if that is found, he will appear to have been in the wrong. But, as regards the insurgents, they, at least, were criminal in the heaviest degree. Hope, rational hope, they could have none. To lead Poland into a conflict of so fearful a nature, under these circumstances, was making themselves

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responsible for all the suffering and bloodshed which succeeded. The emperor must have been unworthy of his great office if he could have surrendered *his* authority at the bidding of such parties, so brought together, standing on such a basis of mock representative character, and in the most violent schism amongst themselves. We, like all tories, are the friends of liberty, but of liberty truly such, and not as a mask for aristocratic privilege. Poland is not capable of liberty; and for all such countries it is well to have a paternal governor who will execute the laws without respect of parties. Were it otherwise, were Poland in a condition for receiving liberty, still it is not to be demanded by insurrection. Finally, this is nothing to England. Were the czar debtor to Poland or to the congress of Vienna for any obligation unfulfilled, that gives no title of complaint to England. But the folly of our conduct is more clamorous than its injustice. At the bidding of France we charge the czar virulently and continually with imaginary purposes of wrong or aggression towards ourselves; and in the mean time France is silently pursuing those very purposes on her own account; has a real interest in devising them; and has more opportunities in a week, than the czar will ever have through his entire reign, for giving to such purposes a ruinous effect.

It is, however, but a trifling service to have destroyed an error of opinion, or shaken a prejudice, by comparison with that of drawing into light a great seasonable truth of practice. It will be little to have raised a scruple in the reader's mind on the propriety of considering Great Britain and Russia as natural enemies, if we should neglect to notice that great revolution for mankind, which at this very moment seems likely to force them into friendship. It is, by comparison, a slight thing to have negatived a foolish tendency in men's opinions which never had any facts to support it, when the dawn is already reddening in the sky of an alliance between Russia and England—not to be evaded by either—inevitable—rending, like a system of wedges, the old cohesions of Asiatic tyranny with Asiatic superstition—and pregnant with far more than political consequences. Already, in the sublime language of Wordsworth,

> "The aspiring heads of future things appear;"

already, in the mist and vapour which settle on all things which are vast, on all things which are distant, and on all things which in part belong to the future, we see those forces moulding themselves steadily which are destined to the total recasting of the Oriental world. Asia never can be Asia again. Two vast forms of Christian power have now interlocked themselves with the whole machinery of Oriental power or of Oriental influence so effectually, that, even for the sake of securing their hold upon what is won, they cannot dare to relax their grasp. No longer do we behold little teasings of the eastern nations at their outlying maritime extremities; no longer a Portuguese fort, with a riband of land attached, an English or French factory on the continent, a Dutch one on an island; little local molestations, that spread no sense of power to the centre, hardly, by report, ever reaching the distant head or the heart. At present, we behold the following system of forces applied to Asia. That great Christian power, that depends most on physical agencies, the power that in some features most approaches to a barbaric power, we behold in absolute, undisputed possession of Northern Asia, through all degrees of latitude; one clear moiety of the vast continent being gathered into unity under her sceptre. The other great colonising power of Christendom, depending, most of all nations, on her civilisation, and least upon her mere numbers, we behold in absolute possession, without tyranny, of a region which may be held to constitute one fifth section of Southern Asia—of that part which was not already in Christian hands. We behold these two great potentates, Britain and Russia, the Colossus of civilisation, and the Colossus of physical strength, almost meeting in the centre of Asia—and from that centre destined to an expansive radiation, which, if in one sense incalculable, viz. as to the precise lines on which it may travel, is thus far subject to the clearest calculation, that it must terminate in propagating new moral agencies, a mode of civilisation peculiar to Christianity, and finally (though more slowly) Christianity itself.

But this is no more than half the case: here we have but half the premises. Looking north and south in Asia, we have seen the two frontier nations of Europe, the westernmost and easternmost, travelling with gigantic strides upon a stage of gigantic proportions. Now, look east and west, along the whole huge zone of central Asia, and at every interval of a thousand miles you see the levers of European force, moral force reposing on mighty armies, already applied to the frail structures and the false foundation of Oriental grandeur. The first Mahometan power to the westward, and interesting otherwise as the acknowledged head of Islamism, commences to the west of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont. Here is seen the shell, the crater, of a great power that in former times, for two centuries, rode up to the gates of Vienna, and kept all Christendom militant for ages. Never was there beheld such another instance of power cancered from within, its foundations undermined, props withdrawn or crumbling, but still self-deluded by hollow pomps and mockeries of ancient forms. Turkey, as a self-supporting power, is gone; crazy, paralytic. She is kept erect, she is held upright from collapsing into ruins, by mere open force openly applied. To the charity of the great leaders in Christendom, operating through their prudent jealousies of each other, the Sultan owes it that his name is not absolutely extinct. The population, properly Turkish, is gone down into a mere shadow of itself, as it stood even two centuries ago. Fortunately for Turkey, as regarded the observation of external enemies, ruinously in the sense of self-delusion, this great decay has been partially concealed by the large intermixture of other races, not exposed to the same unhappy influences. At this moment, there is no reason to suppose the genuine Turkish people, the real Osmanlis, to exceed a total of four millions from the Balkan to Bagdad. The line of Othman have reached the last stage of their career: the race is dying out: their days are numbered, and their names will soon be a fable amongst fables. For this system of Mahometan power, which includes Asia Minor, Egypt, Syria, in short all that lies west of the Tigris, so completely is it coming within the network of Christian civilisation, were it merely through steam power, European travellers, com-

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merce, and the growing necessity felt in every thriving city of throwing itself on Christian aids of science, —that, even without the late intervention of the Great Powers by the ever memorable treaty of July 15, 1840, all this region would gradually become a neutral frontier for intercourse (on as much of a liberal scale as Mahometanism can ever tolerate) between that sensual superstition and the purity of Christian truth. It is true, no such absurd scheme will be realised as the recolonisation of Palestine by the Jews; and for this simple reason, if there were nothing otherwise in agricultural habits inconsistent with the training of men reared chiefly in towns, viz. that the land of Palestine happens to be in private occupation already wherever it is worth culture. But without this extensive scheme of colonisation, local colonies may, and probably will, be introduced in very many parts of Asia Minor, which, at present, is miserably under-peopled. That sort of police, which the Christian powers will compel the Sultan to introduce, cannot but invite settlers.

But this belongs to futurity. What is *now* certain, for all this section of Asia, is the supremacy of Christian control. Now, travel onwards from the Bosphorus to the heads of the Euphrates, and the regions of Ararat. You have advanced a thousand miles, and you find yourself on the dangerous frontier of another great Mahometan empire; but, like Turkey, a ruin, a wreck, an anarchy, and a mere wilderness over many a vast region once populous with life. This is the beginning of Persia. And here again you find a great Christian power, and amongst the ancient Christians of Armenia, standing ready with its levers to throw the old tottering edifice from its base, as circumstances of invitation offer. A vast fortress (Erivan) renders all partial reverses of no account. A powerful army—Russian in its main elements, but fitting into its discipline whatever martial qualities or martial means are offered by the wild nations around the Caspian—is kept reined up tightly, but ready, and on the fret, for any opening made to its advance.

Thirdly, move from the Tigris a thousand or twelve hundred miles to the east. You have been travelling across Persia, and you find yourself on the Indus. Ask not, for it is of no importance, how much of this country still owns the authority of the Shah, how much the authority of the Dooranee prince Shah Sooja, or of minor sovereigns. All this has fluctuated since the time of Nadir Shah—that is, for the last period of 100 years. But the Persian Shah is quite as much a wreck, a phantom, as the Turkish Sultan. An inquiry, made by order of Napoleon, into the amount of the Persian population, reported, that in the vast area, which (if you assume for the natural limits the Tigris to the west, the Indus to the east, the Oxus and the Caspian to the north) would repeat the dimensions of Hindostan, and ought therefore naturally to carry a population of ten times thirty-two millions (the population of France) there were—how many? Something under twelve millions. Here lies the capital delusion resting upon European minds. All Oriental nations exaggerate upon impulse. That sort of excess is the uniform disease of debility. They exaggerate also upon principle, and as a duty to their prince. We must remember—the statistical facts are never brought forward by Oriental people for any statistical purpose, but merely to flatter their sovereign. Hence the ridiculous legend of 333 millions in China: a number which betrays its own artificial coinage. We do not believe that China has a population of more than a hundred millions; nor should we readily lend an ear even to that amount, were it not for the long periods of repose which China has frequently enjoyed. Mean time it is an important suggestion—that eastern nations presume the Europeans to be as negligent of truth as themselves. And hence it is that China, for instance, derives her insolent undervaluation of our empire. They understand no modes of power but such as can be expressed by numbers and extent; hearing the very moderate claims which we make on either head for England, and applying the common eastern allowance to our estimate, as coming from interested parties, they conceive it to be a matter of course that we must be a very subordinate power. This great source of error should not be neglected. Returning mean time to the Persian empire, which gave occasion for the digression, we may not only repeat our assertion that it is miserably depopulated by the course of events through the last hundred years, but we will add that, as respects all intrinsic strength, Persia would long since have been swallowed up by Russia, were it not for two obstacles: one is the British support; the other is the difficulties which Russia would find in carrying on her administration of a Mahometan people. It is true, that many tribes or nations living under the Russian sceptre are Mahometan: but these are generally entrusted to the government of their own native princes.

It is, however, a broad indisputable fact—that were Russia disposed to cherish martial feuds with the British nation, she would find it incomparably easier to make the conquest of all Persia, than to wrest so much as a petty province from Hindostan. Why is it that our journals have overlooked this fact —so important in itself, and so fatal to all their hypothesis of a Russian yearning after India? Why should India be a more glittering prize than Persia? As mere territorial conquests, the one would be as tempting as the other; but, measured on the scale of difficulty, Persia would be a mere bagatelle compared with Hindostan.

Now resume the review:—On the Bosphorus stands the whole representative force of Christendom ready for operating upon that section of Asia. A thousand miles to the east, in Armenia, stands a Russian system of power and moral force prepared to act southwards and eastwards. A thousand miles further to the east stands an English system, of the same mixed quality, in Affghanistan. A thousand miles to the east of *that* stands a permanent system of British influence acting upon Burmese Asia, &c. And finally, at a thousand miles east of this is now going on such a demonstration of British aggressive power, as must place our future intercourse with China upon a footing suited to our dignity. Even in the extreme part of Asia a new influence will probably arise for Christian nations upon the inert masses of the East.

But for the present that is less important. It is sufficient that from the Ganges and Burrampooter, westwards to the Bosphorus, comprehending three stages of a thousand to twelve hundred miles each, the Oriental population is henceforwards interveined

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and penetrated by Christian civilisation, in a way that secures the rapid triumph of both elements in that compound power. The European civilisation will come first; then Christianity, which has been the parent of that civilisation, will, in this case, follow—it will follow in the train of what for ourselves have been its results. To the most timid of speculators this cannot appear doubtful, because the major part of the problem has been already accomplished. The population of Hindostan, which is really great in a positive sense, though very small in relation to the extent of India, has been already placed under the influence of European civilisation. A law code, modified by our lights, regulates their jurisprudence. Their commerce, diplomacy, taxation, war, treatment of prisoners, &c., all are thoroughly British in their moral principles, and Asiatic only in the adaptation of these principles to climate or ancient usage. What has been actually accomplished for the population of Hindostan, may be anticipated with less difficulty for the much smaller population to the west. In the first great chamber westwards, stretching from the Indus to the Tigris, two Christian powers are now operating, instead of the one which has revolutionised India. The second great chamber westwards, from the Tigris to the Sea of Marmora, is now not only under the operation of all Christian nations who trade to the Levant, but is actually taken under the *surveillance* of the great Christian powers. In this instance we see the slow but sure advance of European light. At the end of the last century, when France made a lawless invasion of Egypt, no interest was excited by that act, (apart from that of curiosity,) except in England, and there only from anxiety for India. Egypt was shut out from the European balance of power. Now, creeping like a tide over a flat surface of shore, gradually the European system of diplomatic calculations has reached Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor. Another generation will probably carry this tide beyond the Tigris; and if Persia should still exist at that era, she, like Turkey, will have her ruins propped up by a congress of European princes.

But whatever may be the fate of particular sovereigns or dynasties, nobody can fail to see in this regular succession and chain of European armies, (acting, observe, every where as organising forces, not as blind conquerors;) in these repeating telegraphs for carrying European influences over the whole of southern Asia, (that is, the whole of Asia not already in Christian hands,) that the great preliminary work is finished of posting and bringing to bear the machinery of a new civilisation. All the powers have taken up their positions. It ought to strike every man who fancies that Mahometanism (because better than idolatry) is compatible with a high order of civilisation, that it has never yet succeeded under any circumstances in winning for a people these results: 1. Civil liberty, or immunity from the bloodiest despotism. 2. The power of terminating from within any intestine tumults; nothing but the sword ever heals dissensions in the East. 3. Any such cohesive power as enabled a people to resist foreign invaders; military conquest passes like a gale of wind through eastern nations. 4. Above all, any progressive state. In every thing the East has been always impregressive.

Now, in the certainty that this state of things must at length come to an end, and that the vast regions of southern Asia, (soon to have vast proportionate populations,) will begin to partake in the great movement of the human race as now occupying the two continents of Europe and America, we see a pledge of pacific counsels for both Russia and England. The ground is so vast, and Persia so much of a nearer temptation to Russia, that we see no opening even for a future ambition pointing to India. The petty objects of ambition that might have arisen on a more limited scale, are absorbed by the grander necessities opened upon each nation through the new civilisation which both have assisted to diffuse. Mere space is an obstacle to private objects. Russia, if she were even the conquering power that she is supposed, could not venture to leave Persia in her rear unappropriated. And in the additional certainty that neither nation is seeking, or could rationally seek, any territorial expansion, we see a far happier range of influence opened to each in the new duties which will arise out of their new situations. The practical and the real will, in this instance, prove more splendid than the fanciful or the ambitious. As to any other influence of Russia, have we not all reason to be thankful that it exists? The whole of southern Europe is desperately and dangerously sold to levelling schemes of politics. Spain is probably on the brink of bloody civil struggles. The French people will not suffer any check to be applied from without. All of us are threatened by the contagion. In such a situation we do not seek for models of civil institutions in Russia. Her people are not ripe for such institutions. It is of more importance to us what will be the influence of Russia abroad. And then, considering the excess which exists in southern Europe to the whole politics of destruction, we have reason to think it happy for us all that in northern Europe exists an equal bias towards the excess of principles of conservation.

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THE AUSTRIANS.

1. *Weber's Deutschland. Zweiter Band*, pp. 181—690. Oestreich: Stuttgart, 1834.
2. *Reise nach Oestreich in Sommer* 1831. Von Wolfgang Menzel. Stuttgart und Tubingen, 1832.
3. *Austria*, by Peter Evan Turnbull, Esq., F.S.A.. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1840.

We have often purposed to write a sermon on that ode of Anacreon, beginning,

Φυσις κερατα ταυροις,

"God gave horns to the bull, hoofs to the horse, swiftness to the hare, a gaping of toothed jaw to the lion, fins to the fish, wings to the bird, wisdom (φρονημα) to men, and to women beauty." For if there be in any author, sacred or profane, a text which might afford the groundwork of a discourse on genuine contentment of spirit, and catholicity of taste, this is the text. It does not indeed say, what might appear heterodox, that all things are good—but it says that there is some good in all things; and that God never created any, the smallest worm, much less a reasoning man, without some special

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weapon of defence against the pricks, and thorns, and protrusive angularities of fate, to which each particular creature might be subject. Now, there are many pricks, and thorns, and protrusive angularities—to our English tastes at least—in Vienna. There is a double despotism, unlimited over soul and body—a conspiracy (shall we say?) of priests to keep down the soul, and a conspiracy of far-spreading, tight-tying bureaucratists to keep down the body—a jealous censorship of the press—an Argus-eyed police—an exclusive aristocracy, admitting a flaunting Mrs. Trollope now and then by special favour into its godlike fellowship—but sitting apart, for the general, from vulgar mortality in a coroneted coach, like the lady of title in Mr. Hood's steamboat, "not condescending even to be drowned with her inferiors;" and then in the far north distance there is the famous (or infamous) Spielberg, frowning with dark reminiscences. All this is bad enough. But did God leave the Austrians altogether defenceless against these things? Μη γενοιτο! A light heart, and a merry blood, and an easy conscience, make all these things, and worse, tolerable. To a singing and dancing generation the Spielberg, with all its horrors, exists only *in posse*. The Viennese believe in it as they believe in the devil, most piously, but as in a thing with which they—good and peaceable Christian people, loving God and honouring the kaiser—never *can* have any thing practically to do. "Our good Kaiser Franz," (or Ferdinand,) they opine, is paid specially for attending to these things. He is the captain, and Prince Metternich is head engineer of the great steam-vessel of the state. Blessed be God, not the cares, but the pleasures of life's navigation are ours! We are the passengers in the ship of mortality, travelling through time to eternity, where we expect to find not only a new heaven, but also a new earth; not only a new Jerusalem, but also a new "*Wiänstadt*:" and to sing and to dance, to eat and to drink, and to make merry, is literally our business here, (when we can) and a very pleasant business it is. While you, Britons, brawl and battle, and tear one another's eyes out, and bespatter each other daily with whig and tory bedevilment—a spectacle ludicrous to gods and men, like the hostile hind-legs and fore-legs of the elephant in the melodrame—we swim, and cradle, and envelope ourselves in the undulating harmonies of Haydn and Mozart, the most musical, the most joyous, the most happy, the most contented, the most loyal, the most religious, and (according to our own notions) also the most *moral* people in the universe. These things are, have long been, proverbial. Mrs. Trollope, though she assumed a wonderful air of importance, as if revealing things hidden to mortal men; and informing us for the first time, that, beyond the mountains also, happiness does dwell, preached no new gospel when she preached this. We only say, mark the philosophy of it; for heroes, moral or intellectual, you must not look in Vienna. The bull is not here to whom God gave horns, nor the lion with his χασμ' ὀφθαλμων, nor the eagle (except in the painted heraldry of the empire) with his wings; but you have mortal men who live and enjoy life, and bless God daily that they live. If the Viennese were put on a philosophical jury, they would assuredly bring in a verdict of insanity against that Frenchman, whoever he was, that dared to use the impious phrase, "*le malheur d'être.*" Nor let any "Presbyterian sour," (*absit invidia!*) or hard Englishman, whose delight is in battling, think this a small thing. It is a great virtue—the very Venus among the moral goddesses—HEARTILY TO ENJOY EXISTENCE. This virtue God gave to the Viennese, the only compensation they have for the want of what we, in this fox-hunting country, and those furred and silvered mandarins in Hungary, call a free constitution, and the healthy exercise of the lungs in speaking six months every year about grievances. Let no man grudge it. And if there be any person who will look upon that proud circle of smiling faux-bourgs, and not give free outlet for the moment to a gush of universal good fellowship, wholly regardless of the last edition of the book of etiquette, and the sage precepts of Αγαγος; and who will not, as he prances through the lively Prater, allow his fancy to revel freely in the unbelted whims of a careless merriment, that man is a prig, and a pedant; and, if he seeks a foreign domicile, may establish himself at Petersburgh, where, as the Marquis of Londonderry tells us, there is "such an indescribable vacuum," not in the swarming and whirling jubilee of Vienna. We, when we are at Rome, intend to do as the pope does; always, of course—*salvo jure cujuslibet*—saving the rights of the categorical imperative, and the ten commandments.

We have been often told that Paris is France; Vienna is not Austria. Austria is a giant with many arms; and one arm is of gold, and another of silver, another of iron, and another of clay: one grows naturally and organically out of the body—the other is fixed on mechanically by the hobnails of soldiership and the packthread of diplomacy; this, the blow that riveted may wrench—that, if you dislocate, the blood will come pumping out of the heart, and the brain will stagger. Vienna is heart and head both; but head mainly and exclusively; for Hungary and Bohemia have each a little heart of their own, fiery and proud; and Lombardy has a heart also, full of rabid and bitter blood—sitting, like the eagle in the Zoological Gardens, very sullen and discontented—remembering Loch-na-gar. It is not, therefore, every clever lady, mounted on a publisher's palfrey, that can ride up to this capital as to a citadel, and write VENI, VIDI, VICI, with a stroke of her pen, as the allies entered Paris suddenly in 1814, and no more was heard of "the great nation." Napoleon himself had to fight two of his hardest battles (in 1809) after he had mastered Vienna; and a man may even make himself master of all the creative ideas that radiate from the recesses of the state chancery in Vienna, and be very ignorant all the while of the strong under currents of social energy in Bohemia, Gallicia, Hungary, Lombardy, Venice, by the agency of which the future political geology of the Austrian empire (if the empire remain) shall be formed. We must, therefore, proceed with caution, when we attempt to frame to ourselves some intelligible notions on such a wide subject as Austria and the Austrians. Perhaps the following points, which we will set down in order, may serve as *nuclei* round which, in the mind of the reader, our stray observations on this subject may conveniently arrange themselves.

1. The form of government in Austria is a hereditary monarchy, in which the power of the sovereign

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is limited by no opposing power whatever, recognised by the law.

2. The leading principles of this form of government, as it is practically administered in Austria, are centralisation in the controlling energies, the strictest subordination in the functional members, and uniformity as far as possible in the results.

3. The temper of the government is mild and gentle; its aim internal peace and tranquillity rather than external grandeur; and its general policy is conciliation.

4. The great central controlling energy is German.

5. In Austria Proper, and the states that have long been attached to the archduchy, and in which the German language is predominant, the absolute authority of the government has practically the most free and unlimited play; while in Bohemia, and yet more in Hungary, a strong feudal power in a non-German nobility, modifies and controls in various ways the practical efficiency of the government: and in Italy, strong national feelings and ancient antipathies, with more disagreeable accompaniments, produce a similar result.

6. The religion that gives a character and a colour to the government, notwithstanding some rather extensive reforms in matters of church polity, is, and has been for ages, in spirit essentially Roman Catholic.

7. In material and physical resources, Austria is one of the richest and most luxuriant in Europe.

With these few leading ideas to guide us—points of the compass, as it were, by which to determine our whereabouts—we intend, on the present occasion, to give our readers a sketch of the spirit and character of the Austrians, such as we lately attempted of the Germans generally. We have found no better draughtsman for this purpose than our old friend, Herr Weber; but we have added to him another German, Wolfgang Menzel, whose name is a sufficient pledge of something substantial; and, for the sake of contrast or comparison, we shall also allow ourselves to hear evidence from an Englishman, who has presented us with two of the most complete and satisfactory volumes of foreign travelling that we have met with for some years. Not that Mr. Turnbull is a *travel-writer* in the modern sense of the word, strong in describing old castles, and nimble in bandying about multifarious gossip; but he has taken the trouble seriously to *study* the institutions of the country which he perambulates, and given us as intelligible a scheme of its social geography as can be given with lines and circles upon paper. Bating a little pardonable partiality for a favourite theme, which the British instinct of his readers will not be slow to correct, Mr. Turnbull's second volume is truly a most excellent performance; and the greatest compliment that we can pay it is to say, that it is *not* likely to be frequently asked for in the circulating libraries. With half a dozen such works, seriously written by serious men, who feel some of that reasonable respect for their subject, for themselves, and for their readers, that was wont to be associated with the name of a book, we may hope by degrees to redeem ourselves from the imputation of culpable ignorance in foreign matters, which has so long rested on us.

Of our other guides we shall only say, that Weber, from his cheerful temper, and pleasant gossiping wit, seems perfectly "at home" in the "Wianstadt;" and that the testimony of Menzel is peculiarly valuable, as he is somewhat of a stern constitutionalist, and cannot be supposed to have looked on the Imperial city with any such romantic predilections as those which seem to have woven a glamour before the eyes of Mrs. Trollope. With him, therefore, for the bright side of the picture, we are safe; and with him we now plunge in *medias res*, without further preface. We translate a whole chapter to begin with, for the sake of completeness, not omitting even the description of the locality, well known as that must be to many of our readers.

"Vienna spreads itself before the eye of the stranger with a most imposing grandeur; not indeed from without, in the direction in which I came, (from Saltzburg,) but, properly speaking, after you are in it. You pass the wide-spreading range of fauxbourgs, and find yourself in an open circus or ring, more than a mile in diameter, wreathed round with the neat, and here and there magnificent, buildings of the fauxbourgs. This circus is covered with green turf, and intersected by countless *alleys;* and in the midst of this smiling envelopment rises massively the old town, or Vienna proper, with its central point, the high-towering steeple of St. Stephen's. This centralisation of the city, this green open space, this amphitheatrical situation of the fauxbourgs, gives Vienna an air of regularity, which enables the eye easily to take in its vastness, and at the same time heightens in no small degree the grand total effect of the Imperial city. When the fault of mere mechanical uniformity is avoided, I know nothing which improves a city so much as regularity; it enables the mass, as it were, to control its own magnificence. And one is so much the more pleased with this peculiar beauty in Vienna, that the plan of the city is thus a perfect type of the spirit of the empire, and the character of the Viennese; stable and massive within; without, broad, luxuriant, and sunny.

"In the interior city only, the streets are dark and narrow; but this part is only the sixth of the whole, being inhabited only by 50,000 men, while the fauxbourgs number 250,000; and besides, this contrast of the dingy palaces in the centre—a stereotype of the middle ages—with the bright modern edifices of the periphery, adds one charm more to the view. In this sea of palaces, buildings that would command attention in any other situation are passed by unnoticed. The detail is lost in the mass. At the same time, after the steeple of St. Stephen's, the eye rests naturally on the Imperial palace, (*die Burg.*) There is an air of venerable grey antiquity about this building which awes one. It is half-concealed, however, as antiquity is apt to be, by a cluster of adjacent buildings of more recent date, among which the Imperial State-Chancery is the most prominent. These two buildings—the Burg and the Chancery—represent the court and the ministry—two mighty things in Austria, like the House of Lords and the House of Commons in England, but not, like these, given to quarrel.

"In Vienna, without a representative constitution, you find the living representatives of all the various peoples in whose language the weal of the sovereign is supplicated. I know no more beautiful heterogeneousness than the map of Austria, and no more beautiful centre can be conceived than this kindly

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Vienna; and yet, to be strict, that which is so beautiful in each individual part, as a whole fails to please. There are women in whom every detail of beauty is to be found, but whose general impression is not favourable. Such is Austria. Not plastic nature has here cast a perfect organism in one mould; but a wicked magic has stolen the beauties of a dozen lovely maids, and charmed them together into a beautiful illusion, which is all, and none, and something that your eye cannot rest upon with satisfaction. The whim haunts us to seek for the words of the spell, and dissolve a union, that, with all the imposing grandeur of magnificent multiformity, is, and remains unnatural.

"The genuine Austrian, whom the stranger figures as the very *beau ideal* of German phlegm, is the most merry Bursch in the world. The *vis inertiæ* of the moral world, which he has been said to represent, he represents only politically; in this sense, however, it is so strong that the surrounding nations seem to be attracted to this centre by a kind of cohesion. The Austrians live as it were in an isle of the blest, without being aware that this island is, at the same time, the magnetic mountain by which all the lances, sabres, and daggers of the Magyars, Hanoverians, Czechem (Bohemians,) and Lombards are polarised. They themselves look on their country only as the Venus-mount of romance, into which the stalwarth Ritter from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, willingly or unwillingly tumbles. The Viennese, out of the stately Roman triumph, have made a jovial procession of Bacchanalians, and the captives laugh with the captors. How many a proud nobleman, that in the provinces was a Cato, in Vienna becomes a Lucullus!

"Strange, too, all the races that are subject to Austria have a more intellectual and pregnant physiognomy than the Austrian proper; but in the giant forms of the Styrian mountains, in the muscular strength and lightning-eye of the Tyrolese, in the luxuriant fulness of blooming animality, we perceive that innate vigour which all the fiery passions and intellectual energies of their neighbours have never been able to wear out, to expel, or to subdue. If any where, we see here how nature exercises a giant power that not every spirit, not even every 'spirit of the age,' can control. I look upon these healthy, merry-blooded Austrians as a great nursery of nature, reserved by Providence for future experiments, so to speak, with the stiff-necked generation of mortal men. No man can say that there is not good stuff in the Austrians, of which God, in his own good time, will make use in some fashion, perhaps, unconceived either by Metternich or Thiers. The Austrian has the lyrical element—the fine under-current of feeling—in common with his neighbour the Suabian; but there is a difference, and not a small one. The Suabian loves moral earnestness; he sways naturally with his own Schiller in the regions of the ideal; while the Austrian rejoices mainly in the comical and humorous, and is, practically, a complete Epicurean. The Suabian mingles a quiet mirth with his earnestness; the Austrian makes his rudest jokes palatable by a tinge of the purest and most kindly sentiment.*

"The physiognomy of the Austian is unassuming, open, and cheerful; with this the dark and marked countenances of the Hungarians, Italians, and Bohemians, form a striking contrast; while these again differ no less among themselves. The Hungarian has, in his proud and dignified bearing, something set and formal, that seems to border on the phlegm of the Orientals; inwardly he is fiery enough. The Italian carries his fire much more in the front; so also the Pole. The Bohemian has the look of a man who has long been accustomed, but never can be reconciled, to oppression. Wherever, amid the multitude of merry faces that swarm in the merriest city of the world, a discontented visage frowned on me through the sunshine, that was the face of a Bohemian.

"Of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and others, I will make no mention here. Only one trait of a Greek lady of high rank, I must mention. Young, beautiful as the Byzantine Madonna, her features transfigured in loveliness, dressed, after the Oriental fashion, with a rich adornment of gold and precious stones, she walked before several elderly ladies of her own country, and on either side of her the poor people of the fauxbourg ran in throngs kissing the hem of her garment as she passed. This, as I afterwards learned, was in gratitude for the charities of their beautiful benefactress, who had lived long in Vienna, a voluntary deaconess and guardian angel of the poor.

"The lazaroni of Vienna, are the Sclavonians of the Neutraer Comitat,* and other Hungarian, Croatian, and Wallachian tatterdemalionry, (*Lumpengesindel,*) whose figure is marked in every limb by serfage—something that the free sons of the west must see to understand. Sitting apart, I beheld some Wallachians clothed in the coarsest sackcloth, and with long knotted hair—human beings with a physiognomy truly bestial. Among the Sclavonians, however, I have also seen very pretty boys and goodly youths—that is to say, when the half-naked little god could be seen through the swinish dirt in which he was enveloped.

"The Hungarian grenadiers are famous; picked men—a very Antinous each; not only tall, like the king of Prussia's celebrated grenadiers, but compact also and well proportioned.

"The Viennese are healthy, good-looking, and cheerful; and the charm which keeps them in such good condition is in some degree, perhaps, their fine climate, but mainly their instinctive skill in the art of good living, their virtuosity, to them a second nature, in enjoying existence; with such gentleness and consideration, however, as not to fall a sacrifice to their own joys. I might call it appropriately, *epicurism without passionateness.*†

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* "*Der Schwabe hat einen gemüthlichen ernst, der Oesterreicher einen gemüthlichen spass.*" We have here encountered that ominous word GEMUETHLICH, for which we refer our readers to our July number, p. 127. We have, on this occasion, been forced to paraphrase.

* The *Comitat* is a county, or, as the Germans call it, *grafschaft*, of which Hungary is divided into fifty-two.

† *Epicuraismus ohne leidenschaft.* We do not think Menzel is happy here. The essence of the Epicurean philosophy, is to enjoy every thing, but nothing to excess. It excludes all fire, but does not object to

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"These people eat and drink above all praise; but there is nothing offensive in their cherishing of the animal, nothing of the English Falstaff, or the Bavarian beer turn. Your great eaters and drinkers are generally somewhat coarse, bestial, and unmannerly; but the Viennese, by their wise virtuosity, as I said, do the thing gently, and like gentlemen. They are very susceptible of the tender passion; they are licentious, a strict moralist would say; but in vain will you search in Vienna for those hideous faces on which animal passions have printed the stamp of shame, to be met with so frequently in Berlin and Frankfort. Perhaps this is no compliment to Viennese morality; they can afford to be easy dilettantes in that which makes other men furrowed criminals; but they never lose their smiles and their amiability, and, what is a main thing, their good health. Their quiet of soul, their easy good nature, and unaffected cheerfulness, never suffer the warming flame to break out into a fire.

"In their outward manners, the same ease is remarkable. The stranger is taken aback by social usages of the most *naïve* description—is ashamed at first to go along with them, but presently yields, and finds them the most practical things in the world. I will give an example. I was sitting one very hot day at table in the house of a noble of ancient pedigree, when, with the most amiable abruptness, the baroness suddenly addressed me—'*Wollen sie nicht den rock ausziehen!*—Will you not take off your coat?' I was now informed that the other guests were only waiting for my example to disburden themselves of this elegant cumberment of the body, (I being the guest of honour,) and that it was the universal custom in Vienna, even in the most polished society, to take off the coat without ceremony when any one feels himself incommoded by the heat; a most convenient custom, and I can see no reason why it should not be practised in Stuttgart as well as in Vienna. I observed that, with the off-throwing of the coats, the company instinctively broke out into a fresher flow of merriment. The same custom is observed in all the *Gasthöfe*.

"Religious rigour, as might be expected, is a thing almost unknown in Vienna. The young theologians walk about wrapt up in long monkish uniforms; but there is little theology in their faces. At every fruit-basket, print-shop, or pretty milk-maid, they arrest their careless paces, at least their thoughts. You may read them all over at your pleasure, and you will find no trace of the spiritual pride that conquers the world, nor of the secret care that hankers after forbidden fruit; manifest proofs to me that they have as little to boast of the ecclesiastical virtue, as they have to desiderate of the worldly enjoyment. The Ligorians only possess or affect the dingy earnestness of the cloister; but for this very reason they will never make their fortune in Vienna. I seldom saw them pass along the street in pairs—for so they always go, the one to keep watch on the other—without the people behind them smirking and smiling, and tipping the wink most significantly. It is a standing joke in Vienna, that when a monk of the Ligorian order passes the Joseph's Place, where the statue of the liberal emperor stands, his stone majesty becomes sick. In vain are all attempts to smuggle asceticism into Vienna. I have every reason to believe in the genuine religious warmth of the Viennese, and indeed of all the Austrians; but their religion is altogether of a cheerful and open character. From strict observance, from cynical and monkish severity on the one hand, they are as far removed as from hypocrisy and sickly methodism on the other; and in this respect certainly command our respect.

"Nothing struck me more in Vienna than the many tri-coloured ladies that every where paraded the streets. I fancied myself transported to Strasburg, where, shortly after the revolution of the three days, I had seen all the ladies dressed in tri-colour. The analogy struck me the more strongly, that these Viennese fair wore, like the French ones, white and red, the only difference being green for the kindred blue. I was afterwards informed that they were Hungarians, who at that time made it a point of honour to wear the national colours. In the *Paradies gärtlein*, one evening, I saw Prince Metternich, like a modern Joshua, with his eyes fixed seriously on the setting sun. One of these pretty Hungarian damsels happened to pass between him and the receding luminary; the prince at first seemed as if, with his haughty eye, he would command her to be gone: she returned the glance boldly; and the prince, with a contemptuous smile, turned aside."

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We have, with this graphic chapter from Menzel, placed the reader thoroughly within the walls of Vienna; and he will not fail to observe that the motley panorama which is unfolded, bears traits too characteristic to admit of its being easily confounded with any other of a kindred nature. London it could not be; for no man can mistake business and smoke for pleasure and sunshine. Not Paris, because of the Gothic and Oriental elements that you find here, but seek for in vain in the most thoroughly civilised and modernised city of Europe. Not Petersburg, because Petersburg is dull. Not Naples, because in Naples you see only Italians.

To our feeling, Menzel has put the different elements of this picture together in a short compass with no small skill. That dark Bohemian, frowning through the carnival, with the memory of Huss and a whole thirty years' war upon his brow, is significant enough; and yet more admirable the Hungarian damsel, boasting her flaunting tri-colour in the very face of Metternich. Hungary is to Austria what Circassia would be to Russia, should Circassia now successfully maintain her independence, and some hundred years after this, by a free and voluntary pact, choose the Czar of Russia for her king. He would not be *czar* there; he would only be king; and that only so far and so long as the free Circassians found it convenient to allow the union of the crowns. Hungary has been Austrian now for more than three centuries, (from 1527;) but it is Hungary still; and its nationality, so far from having humbled itself beneath the levelling rule of German centralisation, has of late years been shooting out with new vigour; and the Magyar language, by the successful efforts of the famous diet of four years, 1832—6, now claims a place in the public legislation of Europe. But of the Hungarians again: meanwhile we cannot fail to remark with pleasure

music. The Viennese character is perfectly Epicurean, without the necessity of any qualification.

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what a contented and happy air this Viennese despotism wears: and how scarcely a shadow of the Spielberg seems to disturb the flickering sunshine in which these holiday children (*Sonntagskinder*) live. This is the working of the famous PATERNAL system—a word for which Mr. Turnbull requires to make no apology; for it expresses the relation between prince and people in this government accurately—more accurately, perhaps, when the comparison is consistently followed out, than those who invented it imagine. Let us consider for a moment to what it amounts. If the sovereign is a father, then the subjects are children, as the czar says to his soldiers, riding by the ranks gallantly—"*How are you, my children?*" while they reply in deafening response—"*We thank you, my father.*"* It is a relation not confined to Austria, but belonging in a manner to all despotic governments; and there is no inconsistency between the two designations father and despot, but rather a perfect congruity—a father being at once the most absolute and the most merciful of masters, (δεσποτα.) He may, however, also be the most stern castigator when occasion requires; and of this the Marquis of Londonderry gives us a notable example in the person of the same Russian Czar:—"There was a cholera-mob in St. Petersburg: '*What are you doing, impious and criminal men?*' said he, with a voice of thunder. '*You* DARE to oppose the orders of your superiors, the care of your physicians, and the *paternal* solicitude of your sovereign! *Kneel, rebels, and beg God's forgiveness! Make yourselves worthy of the clemency with which I will act if your repentance is sincere!*' On hearing these words," continues the marquis, "the numberless multitude prostrated themselves, and nothing but sobs and sighs were heard. The clergy of the adjacent church, St. Sauveur, arrived, and chanted the *Te Deum*; and, as soon as it was finished, the air resounded with acclamations of 'Long live the emperor!' The people surrounded him: kissed his clothes and his horse, and escorted him to the palace." Here we have a very characteristic picture of the sterner phasis of the paternal system in Russia, and a more favourable specimen of how it works practically could not be conceived. But this example will serve to illustrate the Austrian idea of paternity only by way of contrast; for the Peters and Pauls of the savage north, as we know well, are generally murdered by their rebellious children; whereas a Franz or Ferdinand of the Kaisersburg at Vienna, would scarcely seem to deserve the name, if he did not die quietly, like a good Christian, in his bed. It is a mighty difference. Here it is the obedience of love, there it is the obedience of fear. And, accordingly, Mr. Raikes tells us that there is a feeling of constraint about Petersburg, altogether opposed to the free and easy jovialty of Vienna—a constraint to a free-born Englishman, whig, tory, or radical, altogether intolerable.† Whence this difference may arise we shall not endeavour dogmatically to determine; perhaps from the inferior grade of civilisation attained by the Russians; perhaps from the character more decidedly military of every thing in Russia; perhaps from the lack of kindliness and amiability in the Russian, as compared with the German character. But the fact seems undeniable. "Russia," says Sir John Sinclair somewhere, "for offensive or defensive military operations, is the happiest of all political situations geographically;" but the happiest of all absolute governments morally, according to the unvarying testimony of a host of the most competent witnesses, is Austria. Hear what Herr Weber says on the subject:—

"The greatest eulogy of Austria lies in the fact, that the Austrian peasant is comparatively wealthy and contented; that is to say, the great majority of the nation is wealthy and happy. In Austria most people can boast not merely *esse* but *bene esse*, whereas in other countries the financiers are happy enough if they can bring about such a state of things as shall prevent total starvation in any limb of the body politic. We could name states which, compared with Austria, are really little better than workhouses. In no country do we find so many blue Mondays, green Thursdays, and golden Thursdays; and a *Treuga Dei* is realised here much more perfectly than ever it was in the middle ages. The great forced *fêtes* of the *grande republique* appear almost comical to me, when set against those natural feasts of the Austrian monarchy. Montesquieu talks wisely about all kinds of monarchies: but it is certain that the *vertu*, or love of fatherland, which he assumes as characteristic of republican states, flourishes here more lustily than it ever did in republican France, or in any of the ancient little republics of Germany."

This is comfortable. We have no Shah of Persia here, delighting in decimation; no political Blue-Beard, as some simple-minded people may picture the despot of an absolute government, but a real and veritable PATER PATRIÆ, living not in marble and brass only, but in the hearts of a happy and contented people. "The name of the Kaiser," continues our author, "works like magic; and many a time have I laughed at an honest old reigning Graf, before the days of mediatising, who was not content to say '*Der Kaiser*' simply, as the Viennese do so kindly, but with a full mouth rolled out the designation, '*Kaiserliche majestät unser allergnädigstes Reichs-oberhaupt.*'" And in another passage, discoursing on what we in England call public spirit, Herr Weber eulogises the imperial government in a strain that makes the iron yoke of the censorship appear, even to our British fancy, for the moment like the happy constraint of an artificial channel, cut by an irrigator, distributing the waters of an unruly river wisely over the thirsty plain. We extract the whole passage:—

* Marquis of Londonderry, *Tour in the North*. Vol. i. p. 198.

† "The constant fear of the emperor, which pervades all classes of society here, is almost incomprehensible to a foreigner, who is hardly able to appreciate the weight of that despotic power with which he is invested; more particularly as I can hear of no one instance on record of caprice or injustice in his conduct; and certainly his manner, though dignified, seems full of amenity. I suppose, however, the conviction that liberty, property, and even life, are solely dependent on the will of a sovereign, must affect the nervous system, and strew the path of all alike with care and apprehension."—RAIKES's *City of the Czar*, p. 303.

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"Of public spirit, I confess, a phrase with which undoubtedly much that is great and noble in social man is connected, the Austrians through the whole monarchy know nothing; and the newest political, or even literary notorieties, are not hunted after with that eager curiosity which is found in so many other countries. As little does the Austrian concern himself, in general, about the censorship of the press, and the political *index purgatorius*, which is well known to be pretty voluminous in the empire; but many a famous book in this register, the censor inserts doubtless with a smile, acting on the great Austrian principle of *safety*, but knowing all the while very well, that any body who chooses to give himself a little trouble, may have any book he pleases to ask for. Since the revolution, it has been the fashion in Austria to institute a regular chase after political heresy; and, for my part, I do not object to making a bonfire of most of our political pamphlets, for their only tendency is to teach foolish heads to reason conceitedly on all subjects which they do not understand, or to turn good subjects into bad patriots. '*Etwas lustiges dafür.*'—Give me rather something merry!—cries the Austrian.

"The spirit for constitutionalism, which has seized on all Europe in these latter times, appears in Austria almost comical; these people can afford to make a farce of the great world-Epos of the age; and yet they are not mere buffoons; they have an epos of their own, and a public spirit too, or something that serves the same purpose—the public spirit of the Austrians is their LOVE to the Imperial family. In Austria, one may read every where in large letters, (notwithstanding the principle of secrecy,) the great specific which this government employs to waken and keep alive the patriotism of the people—*the administration is in the main such, that the people feel themselves happy in Fatherland.* Their love to the Kaiser—the best proof of good government—goes so far, that their familiar discourse and daily language receive a peculiar tint from it. Thus a certain kind of blue, like Joseph's eyes, they called *kaisersblau;* the cab in which he used to ride they called *kaiserswagen;* a sweet pear of which they are very fond, they called *kaisersbirne;* a kind of sweet cake they call *kaiserskuchen;* and the short tender flesh on the ribs they call *kaisersfleisch.* Let no man tell me that there is not more of the philosophy of the Austrian government in these chance phrases, than in many books written by learned publicists."

We agree entirely with Herr Weber; the men who set out with the fixed idea that in an absolute monarchy every thing must be bad, and in a limited monarchy, or a republic, every thing must be good, are the most shallow reasoners in the world—mere pedants and formalists—very boys in capacity. And yet, it is only the other day that we read in a respectable publication a denunciation of the good old Kaiser, now, God rest him! in his grave, as a "base, brutal, and bloody wretch," because he had not treated "a charming young man," named Alexander Andryane,* very politely in the Spielberg. We do not mean to defend the Spielberg, or take under our patronage all the details of prison discipline used there. Even Mrs. Trollope, notwithstanding that flaunting breadth of indiscriminate eulogy wherewith she contrives to make the best things in Austria appear most ridiculous, makes a very awkward apology for the Spielberg. She says, it is not true that the comforts of the unfortunate prisoner are withdrawn from him, by little and little, with studied, lingering barbarity, because—mark the logic—(surely this galliard female has Irish blood in her veins) —because *all means of recreation and amusement are withdrawn before the prisoner enters the room allotted to him.* If Mrs. Trollope's book had ever been meant to be, or could ever be mistaken for, any thing else than a loose bundle of pleasant, saleable gossip, it might be edifying (while we are on this theme) to compare her bold and authoritative statements in vol. ii. p. 202, with respect to Austrian prison discipline, line by line, against some little *facts* mentioned by Andryane and others, who speak not from hearsay, but from personal experience. But this shall pass. We are only concerned to observe that the treatment of state prisoners in Austria may be as harsh, in principle and practice, as the English criminal laws are, or till very lately have been, notoriously and proverbially bloody—and no argument in the one case can be drawn from the facts against the Austrian system of paternal despotism; or in the other, against the English system of a representative constitution. We must remember also, that, according to the principle of paternity, the peace and quiet of the family is one of the great ends of domestic government; the family, indeed, cannot exist without it for a moment; and the boy who is eternally rioting and ramping, and making noise, deserves not to be laid upon a sofa, but to be put into a black-hole. And what shall not be said or done to the man who curses and blasphemes, and even beats his PARENT? Let these considerations excuse any severities of poor Franz towards his political prisoners; for *his* prisoners emphatically they were—"*meine gefangenen,*" as he used to phrase it. He was an old man before he died, and a little given to be peevish and anxious no doubt, especially after the July revolution in 1830; but still, to his own good children, he was Kaiser Franz to the end, or "*Franzel,*" as the kindly Viennese diminutive has it. Would it not appear almost high treason in this country, if a man were to talk of the queen familiarly as "our dear little Vick?" And yet such is the tone of Austrian loyalty; not a solemn architectural hymn, built with large square stones of massive melody, like our "God save the King;" but a gently-cradling, sweetly-swaying thing, in Haydn's kindest manner, where reverence, which Mr. Turnbull says is the principle of the Austrian despotism, is lost in love, and the subject taps the sovereign on the shoulder with a friendly familiarity—

"*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,*
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!"

Thus the Viennese sing their gentle hymn; and Kaiser Franz himself, look how quietly and without observance, how almost like a methodist parson he treads along! "I was on the Bastey, one day," says Herr Weber, "and a man in a grey greatcoat was walking before me, whom I should never have

* Memoirs of a Prisoner of State. By Alexander Andryane, fellow-captive of the Count Confalionari. London: 1840. 2 vols.

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thought of noticing, had it not been that many people, as they passed him, touched their hats with great respect. It was Kaiser Franz; and so I saw him again in the Prater, where he was taking the air in a plain two-horse coach, with his daughters; and had it not been for the frequent taking off of the hat that accompanied the progress of the vehicle, I should not have recognised my old friend, that simple grey man, the Kaiser of Oestreich. How is it that this mighty emperor has retained so little of the useful lore which the French emigrants taught in all our German courts, that the Revolution was caused by neglect of court etiquette; and that, in order to preserve the peace of Europe, a bold front of Spanish dignity and French brilliancy in these matters is absolutely necessary! No *Vive l'Empereur* deafens the quiet ears of good Kaiser Franz; but all look on him with eyes of love and reverence, and there is loyalty in every gesture." So lived Kaiser Franz. Madame Trollope was not so fortunate as Herr Weber. Kaiser Franz was dead before she reached Vienna, otherwise, after a reasonable flourish of trumpets in her best style, she would no doubt have given a similar account of this simple grey man. But she was in the convent of the Capuchins—where is the imperial vault—on All Souls' Day, in the month of November; and she witnessed a scene of affectionate loyalty on that occasion, which, fresh as it must be in the memories of many of our readers, we cannot permit ourselves to pass over. "The old and the young, the rich and the poor," says she, "pressed on together to the tomb of their common father; neither sex, age, nor condition, were observed in this unparalleled *melée* of general emotion; and I believe truly that of all the multitude who thronged that dismal vault, we alone profited by the light of the torches, which made its gloom visible, for the purpose of looking on as mere spectators of the scene. We watched tears stealing down many a manly cheek, from eyes that seemed little used to weeping, and listened to sobs that spoke of hearts bursting with sorrow and remembered love, beside the tomb of one who had already lain there above two years, and that one—an emperor!"* With these words—genuine gold, we believe, and not mere lacker—let the curtain drop on Kaiser Franz, and the virtues of the paternal system in Austria.

Our excellent bachelor, Herr Weber, (worth a whole host of modern critics and modern travel-writers, by your leave, good friends,) is, as we have said, peculiarly at home in Vienna. He lives with the people, he feels with them, he thinks with them, he talks with them, he *enjoys* them thoroughly. He is a true philosopher. Not indeed that, because the steeple of St. Stephen's and the Vienna morality decline a little from the perpendicular, our strict British reason is to decline along with them; but simply that a man must keep an open eye and an open heart for whatsoever is good and beautiful in this multiform world, and not allow himself to be deceived by *formulas*. So Herr Weber, though with strong British and constitutional leanings, is not slack to rejoice with them that do rejoice at Vienna, under a system of unlimited despotism, and to know the soul of good in things evil. For evil, after all, or at least imperfection, as free-born Britons we must say, notwithstanding the magniloquencies of Mrs. Trollope, the paternal system is. Does it not, in fact, imply that we are all children politically, and to remain children forever? But there is also another evil on the opposite side, and that not a small one—imagining, like the Abbe Sieyes, that one has perfected political science upon paper, and telling all children straightway, at the word of command, to stand on the legs of political manhood, when they have none to stand on. Herr Weber is aware, as we must all be, that the Austrian government does not pretend to have taught human nature—that drunken boor, according to Martin Luther—to ride upright upon his horse; but, giving up self-government in any shape as an altogether hopeless essay in social economy, it arranges matters so that the rider, in spite of himself, shall not break his neck; and, though not sitting in the most graceful way imaginable, nevertheless, by aid of cords and packthreads, and thongs of various kinds, wisely applied, does *not* tumble. And do you not hear that clown, or cavalier as it may chance to be—riding joyously along, despite of Metternich and *espionage*, drinking tokay bountifully and blessing the gods? Are not these men *happy*? and not only *happy*, but kind-hearted and amiable, and virtuous in their own way? Take a few familiar traits from Herr Weber, and if you do not love these Viennese, you may be a strict saint, and a good whig, but you are not a man. What genuine—not modern French—but true Christian urbanity, for instance, is in the following!—

"I do not think that an areopagus here would have occasion to make a law against the man who should kill a sparrow flying from the persecution of a hawk, or against boys who should put out the eyes of singing-birds. During the war, the *employés* of government felt the press of the dearth and the paper money more even than the common citizen; but here also the natural kindness of the Austrian character showed itself. A shopman and a government official were chaffering with considerable warmth, and interchanging some hard words about unchristian prices:—'*Wos? Sie seyn a beomte? Worum hobens, dos nit glei gsogt? So hätt's parlament nit braucht; sie zahl'n halt, statt n' gulden acht groschen.*'* What? You are an official!—Why did you not tell me that before?—so we might have spared our prattle. I take only eight groschen in the florin from you!

"The Austrians have a certain air of calm coldness (*Eine Eigene ruhige Kälte*,) which, after a time, pleased me—'tis almost Turkish. But as to rudeness, with which I have heard them charged, they are substantially a most polite people; and what your superficial sketchers call rude, is only an honest plumpness of phrase, such as the Bavarians and Suabians also have, to which an honest man soon gets accustomed. I was a great frequenter of the imperial library. One day I had left some im-

* Vienna and the Austrians, vol. i. p. 382.

* In these and other German phrases, which we have, for the sake of character, given in the original, the German student will observe the broad, open, easy, indolent character of the Viennese dialect. It is curious enough that Leipsic and Vienna—the north and the south—exhibit the same linguistical peculiarities in Germany that Aberdeen and Kelso do in Scotland.

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portant notes in one of the volumes of a very voluminous work; I was accordingly obliged to return and ask for the whole work again. '*Jo! worum nit gor!*' (Yes! and why not?) was the ready reply; or, 'Will you rather take me to the shelf where the book lies?' '*Jo! worum nit gor!*' again, and so on; you will never get an angry answer. In Berlin, or Dresden, they would have said tartly, '*Er lauben sie, das is gegen unsere gesetze.*' 'With your permission, sir, that is contrary to our regulations.' For six months continuously, a perfect stranger, I made the most liberal use of his majesty's books; and my friend, '*Jo! worum nit gor!*' always treated me with the same complaisance. A Frenchman is externally more *polite*—to use a word valued in these times fully at its worth; but as his politeness is based, not like the Austrian's, on thorough good nature, but on national vanity, which continually makes him mirror his own actions before an imagined admiring world, it is for the most part *vox et præterea nihil;* and the more polite a Frenchman is, the more likely is he to be a *chevalier d'industrie.* A Viennese, again, I believe to be radically incapable of doing or saying an ungentlemanly thing; at least, I never met with any thing that I could properly call rude; unless, indeed, you will choose to think it very uncivilised in a poultry-wife, when she flings in the face of a chary madam, '*Legt d'aaar selber, wens engs' z' theuer sind!*' Lay the eggs yourself, if mine are too dear for you."

In Vienna, if there be a riot act, it is certainly never read; witness the following:—

"No where are the public places so little infested by brawls and bickerings as in Vienna. No noises and no blows; for here the people are submissive, and the subordination is perfect. By ten o'clock of an evening every thing is as still as a mouse. They never break their jaws or their heads about politics. If you wish to know the meaning of the word *politiquer* (*kannegiessern*) go to London, Hamburgh, or Berlin,* there you may talk yourself to satiety. But not only are there few politicians in Austria; in no country are there so few criminals of any kind. Before an Austrian magistrate I never was; but one evening standing before the principal police house, having nothing better to do, I was humming to myself mechanically a *tralira*, which, in a less orderly capital, would scarcely have been heard; suddenly there popped out a head magnificently frizzed, and a broad vituperation came on my ears—'*Wos mochts vor excessen?*' Who makes disturbance here? If now, instead of humming a tune, I had only politicised! Verily, a most decent and orderly government.

"But the Austrian is not indifferent to the weal of his own fatherland any more than the Briton. He is a true patriot. The distinction is, that he never allows himself, or rather it never enters his head, to make a judgment on matters of internal administration; because, with him, it is always a postulate that the government does every thing for the best. How happy! Never did Austrian affairs look worse than in the late wars with France; but, instead of reasoning about the matter, and blaming, perhaps, right and left, as would have been the case in other countries, the Viennese only pitied the sad case of their dear Francis, pitied his ministers, pitied the soldiers, who, despite of their undoubted patriotism, were so wofully beaten. Hard words they had for none except the German princes, who had so shamefully deserted their *koaser* in his need. Put an Austrian out of temper for more than three days, and you may poison the whole Atlantic with a drop of prussic acid. His merry blood flows cheerfully on. If it was rain yesterday, that is the very reason why it should be sunshine to-day. He can always solace himself with a delicate slice from the loin, and a glass of genuine *Rattelsdorfer.* He can go to see Punch, (*Casperli,*) or with dear little Nanny to the Prater, or to the fire-works, or to the Leopoldstadt theatre, to hear his own jokes repeated; and he is always ready, if it must be, to take five for an even number, and paper for gold."

Our pleasant bachelor alludes here to the state of the finances in Austria, and to the difference between silver and paper florins, which the reader, when he comes to settle his accounts with the Bohemian landladies, will (like Mr. Turnbull) find to be something considerable. But this is a delicate subject; "the weak side of Austria," as Professor Bulau says. We shall let it pass till the government or some unexpected press of events shall bring it fairly before the public. Meanwhile, we may bear in mind that Austria in the late war fought again and again, not only for herself, but for Germany and Prussia. They who preach of Dennewitz and the Katzbach, ought to recollect also Aspern and Wagram, which were less successful in the issue, but infinitely more noble in the attempt. Whatever may have been the cause of the embarrassment of the Austrian finances, Herr Weber, who was a lawyer, does not scruple to attribute the happiness of its people to two causes—to the excellence of the Austrian legislation, and the abundance of the country in rich sources of national wealth. The following passage touches on the finances, and also on another interesting subject—Hungary:

"The legislation of Austria, and even the administration, deserve to be *studied*, (how few have done that?) and then some large talkers might learn that the Prussian *landrecht* is not the compendium of all possible wisdom. The state, indeed, has suffered much from the long exhausting wars, and has debts; but the nation is substantially wealthy, and with it the state. This wealth springs from the surest of all sources, the rich native soil, and the ennobling of the native products by internal industry; and countless fields of industry that might be cultivated, for very luxuriance of other parts, literally lie fallow, or sleep, an untouched treasury. Bohemia, Moravia, Austria Proper, Italy, are well peopled: the barren ridges of the Alps cannot support a great population; but fertile Hungary might well support double its

* But the Berlin talk about politics is mere *talk*. A friend of ours, who was in Berlin in 1832, when the celebrated decrees of the diet were published, told us that he found the worthy Berlinese in a coffee-house, reading article after article aloud, and commenting on each clause with a laugh! "I would rather they had not read at all, or held their tongues for fear of spies, as in Austria," said our friend, who is a stanch constitutionalist. "From a man who laughs at things so serious, no good is to be expected."

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present population;* Transylvania, Sclavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia, all more than double, even with our present very imperfect agricultural machinery. These lands, indeed—which might be the brightest gems in the crown of Austria—lie, like Gallicia, in a state of comparative barbarism. Time must be allowed to work here; the government is not to be blamed for all this apparent neglect: it does what it can; but that is not much in many regions; as for instance in Hungary, where 200,000 nobles, in opposition to all improvement, are continually ready to appeal to *pacta conventa* and *statuta*, where the aristocracy and the clergy assume to themselves the title of people, while the people proper—the *populus* of millions, designated even in the chancery phrase as mere '*misera plebs contribuens*'—are not much better than the vilest villains of the middle ages!"

We have purposely quoted this passage from Weber, because it brings prominently before our view what has been a main feature in the internal policy of Austria, for the last seventy or eighty years; viz. the *elevation of the peasant class, and the depression of the nobility;* a matter that requires to be looked at from more sides than one, before its bearings can be fully understood. It is natural enough here to look upon this as a natural working of the wise paternal system, which we have noticed above as so characteristic of Austria. Mr. Weber, and also Mr. Turnbull, seems inclined to look upon the matter in this light, much to the credit of the government, no doubt; but the provincial nobility, Bohemian and Hungarian, are thus represented as a body of petty, selfish, and mercenary little tyrants, while the crown stands forward clad with all the noblest attributes of Christian heroism. We must beware of this one-sidedness. It is perfectly true that from the rebellion of the Bohemian peasants in 1773, under Maria Theresa, to the Hungarian diet of 1832–6, under Francis and Ferdinand, and the late Diet in 1840, the various changes in the provincial laws for effecting the emancipation of the serf-population, have been made by virtue of propositions emanating from the crown; but the principle which operates here is not mainly or exclusively the fostering principle of paternity for which Austria has been so justly lauded; but it is rather the very vulgar principle of centralisation and levelling to be found in Russia, in Prussia, in Republican and Imperial France, as much as in Austria. It is one of those less noble, mainly selfish principles, out of which, by setting the one against the other, in a particular stage of social development, Providence often produces an immense quantity of good. So when people are crowding into the theatre by the pit door on a benefit night, a strong man, planting himself on the proper place, and keeping his ground by a determined show of elbow, saves perchance some score of weaklings from a fatal squeeze. The Emperor of Austria finds himself planted by Providence between the people and nobility, the nobility being the stronger: against these, therefore, in the first place, he elbows steadily; the nobility recede, naturally enough, inch by inch only, grumbling a little perhaps, but not viciously, after the Austrian fashion, not stabbing, as they do in Russia, or poisoning, as they did in Italy; as room is made, the peasants rise out of serfage into a sort of honourable vassalage; out of vassalage into free proprietorship and farming; what the emperor wants all the while is equilibrium of the opposing powers, that he may stand steady between them; but it is an equilibrium of all classes, far below, and unconditionally in subordination to himself. By crushing the nobility, the chancery at Vienna not only emancipates the peasant, but it renders itself omnipotent. It is not, in this case, that being free to use the iron rod of the hard taskmaster, the Kaiser prefers to use the tender admonition, and gentle castigation of the parent, but that being utterly destitute of all native authority, he steps in as a merciful father in behalf of the *misera plebs contribuens*, and walks out as an absolute master. But, are these Hungarian mandarins blameless in allowing themselves to be thus forestalled in exercising one of the main charities of advancing civilisation? Assuredly not. *They* ought to have emancipated the peasants; and thus they might have had a perfect joy in their own good deeds. As it is, however, we cannot say that they have been altogether unpatriotic; while they stood aloof, culpably, we must say, from the benevolent schemes of the government to wipe out the brand of villanage from the mass of the population, they made bold front against those other manifestations of the levelling system of centralisation, which had no other aim than to denationalise the different members of the empire, and reduce Hungary, Bohemia and Croatia into one monotonous uniformity of constrained Germanism. Nothing is more natural than that the metropolitan power which sways absolutely at Vienna, should strive by every possible means to Germanise the independent functions of the Sclavonic race in the provinces. But the attempt is vain. The chessboard uniformity of social existence at which centralising despotism aims, is contrary to nature, as Madame de Staël told Napoleon. It was never intended by Providence that the world should be quakerised into one great French empire; and even Robert Owen's new moral world, when it shall become triumphant, is not likely to make all mountains and valleys exactly of the same level, plane down universal creation into a Westphalian flat, and metamorphose the irregular grandeur of nature's Alps into a methodical circumvallation of Dutch dikes. So Hungary can never be German; the native nobility deserve all praise for asserting and maintaining their nationality against the encroachments of the crown; the Magyar damsels are right to wear tricolour ribands flaunting proudly, even between Metternich and the sun; and every true Hungarian ought to rejoice in speaking his mother-tongue publicly, though Latin may be esteemed more orthodox by the Jesuits, and German be a more hopeful medium of request for obtaining admission into the most worshipful knighthood of the Golden Fleece at Vienna.

The reader will excuse these hasty remarks on Hungary. The subject is fruitful, and would require a separate chapter.* It will be clear enough, how-

* Mr. Turnbull (ii. 7.) gives the population of Hungary according to the census of 1824, as 11,404,350 souls; the population of the whole monarchy being 35,000,000.

* English writers on Austria are apt to look with a

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ever, from what we have shortly said in reference to this matter, as well as from the general tone of our remarks, that we are far from thinking the paternal system in all respects a perfect one—much less, with certain recent panegyrists, are we ready to throw away trial by jury, freedom of the press, yearly exercise of tongue-fence—as Carlyle calls it—in the general assembly of national palaver, and many other nameless British privileges in which we rejoice, for a fat Styrian capon, a delicate Bohemian pheasant, or a flask of genuine tokay, enjoyed daily without the fear, even in the most remote possibility, of a mob, a revolution, or an agrarian law, to disturb the quiet process of healthy digestion. The fact of the matter is, that with all the praise we have been able and willing to bestow on it, there is a radical error at the bottom of the whole Austrian system, that prevents it, like other mortal things, from being as good as it might be, or may be fancied to be. The paternal system in the juices of the Viennese character, produces only a sweet, soft, unctuous chyle; whereas, bile also is necessary, as physiology teaches; bile, in itself a bitter and most unpleasant thing, but without which, as Napoleon who knew well has told us, great battles cannot be gained. The Austrian character wants freedom and independence, and, with that, self-esteem, and a just pride, boldness, enterprise, manliness. Nay, there is a more woful want still—there is a lack of intellect. "BRAUCHEN, HALT, KEIN GESCHEIDT LEUT," is a famous saying of the late emperor, "We want no CLEVER people:"—and though, when he used this expression, he was perhaps only delicately satirising that forward thing called "genius," which protrudes itself impertinently every where in these latter times, there is no doubt a literal honest German truth also in the matter. An absolute monarch requires, indeed, a clever minister—a Metternich—but a clever people generally, or clever subordinate *employés*, may be dispensed with: say, rather, may often prove embarrassing. Here then lies the weak point of the paternal system, as developed in Austria. The children are happy children, and the boys are happy boys; but they are not, cannot, under the postulate, be MEN: and that which marks manhood, the eagle-sway of godlike intellect, is, by universal testimony, deficient in them. Menzel says, in his preface, with much kindness, that they are "*Ein kerngesundes und liebenswürdiges Volk*"—a loveable thoroughly-healthy people; but a man may be healthy in his way, without being strong, and strong without being great. Herr Weber, also, whom we have seen to be such a cordial amateur of things in Vienna, never attempts to conceal this deficiency. Mr. Turnbull, too, though he expresses himself in a more dignified, decent, and courtly way, comes substantially to the same conclusion. Let us look at this side of the picture a little more in detail. Herr Weber is very pleasant on the Austrian love of good eating, and does not scruple to ascribe to this excessive culture of the animal, that *slowness* of motion which made such a famous figure in the late wars.

"The Austrians have long been famous for good eating. They used to eat literally as if they considered it a duty of the subjects of the empire, to prove that, like their own eagle, they were double. Perhaps they are a little more temperate now; but habits of that kind are not so easily unlearned. *Cogito, ergo sum*, said Descartes. I respect the wisdom of the philosopher; but to me it appears more natural to say—*Edo, ergo sum—er isst, also ist er auch*,—whatever eats is. Eating was certainly, we may argue metaphysically in the manner of Locke, one of our earliest ideas. ESSE, to be, is the most abstract of verbs; and was, no doubt, merely an enlargement of the original ESSE, to eat. Nay, even in religion we see this idea prominent; offerings with the ancient heathens were properly eatings: they offered the flesh to the gods as a real feast—the best part, as Homer tells us, the thighs, and covered with fat too, to make them savoury.

—κατα δε κνισση καλυψαν.

"But we pay taxes for all enjoyments in this world; no wonder therefore, that the Austrian, like other great eaters, became indolent and heavy in his motions, and acquired a character for taking things easily, both in the cabinet and the field, which history will not soon allow to fall into oblivion. The ostrich is the largest of birds, with a stomach that devours iron; but it has very worthless wings, or, properly speaking, none at all. Charles lost the Spanish succession by indecision in the cabinet; and many victories have been lost while the Austrians were deliberating over their dinners, as the ancient Germans did over their drink.

'Langsam voran—langsam voran!
*Damit die Landwehr halt folgen kann!'**

"'Would you perfectly understand,' said the Count Windisch-Grätz to an engineer in the time of Maria Theresa, 'the great deliberation with which we set about all our affairs, get from some man in authority a promise to pay—fifty strokes, and I bet you a louis d'or you will have to wait a quarter o' year before you get payment.' In Joseph's day, things were managed differently. Joseph was Frederick in all things; and had he lived two decades earlier, Silesia had never been Prussian. Daun, his Fabius Maximus, he would certainly have brought into more expert exercise; and as for the numberless Fabii of the Aulic council of the empire—with them, in the latter part of his reign, Joseph positively refused to have any thing to do. Of a truth, only at Vienna do people practically understand what the philosophical phrase VIS INERTIÆ means; though they might have learned, from Kaiser Albert II.'s motto long ago—'*Geschwind gewinnt*'—that despatch is the soul of business. For myself, I never can forget a worthy Viennese whom I met early one morning in the neighbourhood of the *Linien*. He greeted me with a *guten morgen* so kind and friendly as only a Viennese can give; and this encouraged me to catechise him a little in detail about my plan of operations for the day, which was, to ramble over

very unfavourable eye on Hungary, treating with perfect ridicule the Hungarian pretensions to kinship with freedom and with the British constitution. They ought to bear in mind, that in a certain stage of social development *the nobility are the people*—at least the only natural representatives of national independence. To whom do we owe Magna Charta?

* Easy, my lads, fairly and fine!
That the Landwehr may have time to join.

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the neighbouring hills till evening—losing my dinner of course—with only a dry biscuit and a bit of cheese in my pocket. My easy friend could not understand the pleasure of such peregrination. He laughed heartily, holding his sides—'*Dos ist holter a rechte Teufels commotion!* That is a devil of a commotion, indeed!'—God bless thee, thou genuine son of the good old Kaiser, (KOASER, I ought to say, dwelling with the true Viennese breadth of complacency on the word,) and may angels carry him and thee gently to heaven in a litter!"

The following passage on the Austrian army, however fairly it begins, ends in the same strain:—

"The Austrian army, which consumes almost the fourth part of the yearly income, numbers 300,000 men; and with the militia, (*landwehr*,) and the Hungarian insurrection, can, in time of need, be increased to 600,000. 'Tis a noble army—What men are these grenadiers! Only the French Guards of Napoleon stood higher. The cavalry and artillery are excellent; and a main advantage they have in the number of light troops, which once and again brought Frederick to perfect despair: they cut off the supplies of the enemy; cover the retreat of the main army in the case of a defeat, and in the case of victory harass the enemy. It is strange that, with these admirable light troops, the wars of the revolution can boast so very few successful surprises on the part of the Austrians; whereas, in the wars with the Prussians, history records more than one brilliant *sortie* of this kind. No army in the world has better built, more robust, more valiant, and better conditioned men than the Austrians. What bodies, set against the French or the Prussians! And yet they were obliged to knock under to both; for not the BODY, but the SOUL strikes the blow in which lives victory. They read Greek in Austrian universities also, I believe; and they might have learnt from Plato, in the Alcibiades, that the soul only is the man, the body a mere instrument."

And, in the following passage, our pleasant old bachelor almost reaches the sublime of indignancy:

"Blessed God! what a country might this Austria be, and become, could it only shake itself triumphantly out of the old world of feudalism, reconcile itself with the spirit of the age, that acknowledges no more the exclusive privileges of nobility and clergy, but the good of the nation; and, above all, learn to bring out a thing that lies as yet sleeping, the MORAL POWER of its noble state! With genius and enterprise, the spirit of a Joseph at the head of every department, Austria were the prime state in Europe!—Was Madame de Staël so much in the wrong, when she wrote—*les bases de l'edifice social sont bonnes et respectables*, mais il y manque UNE FAITE et des COLONNES, pour que la GLOIRE et le GENIE puissent y avoir un temple?'

"Johannes Von Müller, like many other strangers, was treated in Vienna, not exactly according to his taste. His history of Switzerland lay near his heart; but *that* they would not allow him to print there; and the situation of first librarian, to which, above all men, he had a legitimate claim, he could not obtain because of catholicism. He went accordingly to Berlin; but it was not without a pang that he left the good city of the kaiser—'*les Autrichiens sont bons*, IL Y A DE L'ETOFFE, *il y a quelque chose du cordial, c'est une belle monarchie!*' said he. Right, every thing here is full of life, merriment, and heart's content; and if the stranger sometimes feels dull here, and sooner than he might expect, there is only one cause of this—viz., that, if not in the highest, yet certainly in the middle class of society, there is too much SPIRITUAL DEADNESS. I cannot give it a gentler name. Into the head of no mortal man could it ever enter to prefer Berlin to Vienna, were it not these same spiritual chains that pinched Müller. When will they learn to look upon books as something better than mere fashionable furniture; and when will they boast a nobler philosophy than that Eudæmonism, whose first proposition is '*Losst's gehen wie's geht!*' (let things go as they are going!) —and the second—'*Aber wer hätte das gedacht?*' —(but who could have fancied that?)"

With this every true British man will agree cordially. We now see where we are clearly. The Austrians have attained in social life neither to the strength of Michael Angelo, nor to the divine beauty of Raphael, but merely to the material mellowness and fleshly lusciousness of Titian. The goddess that sits on the Danube is neither a Juno nor a Pallas, but only a Venus. More than this, indeed, we scarcely think the system of political and ecclesiastical paternity can, even under the most favourable auspices, effect. It does not appear that the Roman Catholic religion, whose spirit is dominant in Vienna,* views with any particular jealousy the healthy developement of the fleshly functions, or mere animal of the laity; but it does appear, and belongs indeed essentially to the idea of a clerical *caste* on which Romanism is based, that the free developement of mind is viewed with an excess of jealousy, sufficient, even without calling into account the system of centralisation in civil things, to account for the intellectual deficiency of the Viennese. No doubt, like the Prussians, the Austrians boast a superior school-organisation; but the human plant does not grow naturally in those schools; every rule of teaching is anxiously prescribed, and every motion of the growing energies is curiously constrained.

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* Our sixth proposition (p. 423.) we drew up with special reference to the late persecution of the protestants in Tyrol, as an evidence of the essentially exclusive spirit of the dominant religion in Austria. That Joseph, for the sake of *justice*, and Francis, for the sake of *peace*, wished to avoid such collisions of religious feeling by a perfect system of toleration *on paper*, does not alter the fact as to what the real spirit of the Romish religion is in Vienna. Mr. Turnbull (ii. p. 113) is strangely sceptical about this matter. Is the famous Saltzburgh emigration (1731) of such an ancient date, that he should be disinclined to believe the existence of the same spirit, in the same quarter, *anno* 1840? The men who rule in Innspruck and Vienna are wise in their generation. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Protestantism in the Zillerthal—let men prate of Austrian toleration as they please—would have been just as inconsistent with the whole spirit of the government, as the freedom of the press in Vienna. As a set-off, however, against this escapade of the old Adam in Austria, we are bound in duty to mention the old Lutheran affair in *protestant* Prussia. "Whoso is without sin amongst you,"—&c.

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The confessor and the censor, and the commissary of police, watch over every genial irregularity, till the fair muscularity of nature, in the estimation of these good people, becomes an enormity, and the starry shootings of genius are looked upon as fearful comet-wanderings, presaging desolation. The Austrian education is practical, mechanical, utilitarian, in the highest degree: a certain dexterity of the fingers, so far as their easy animal good-nature allows them to be dexterous, they doubtless acquire; but that undefinable something which is most godlike in man, that which makes Shakspeare, Dante, and Milton great; that which, though no education can give it, a jealous system of priestly and bureaucratic supervision can certainly suppress, they must be content to remain without. On this subject we may hear Mr. Turnbull:—

"On the intellectual faculties the effect of the whole system of education must necessarily be of an *equalising*, not an *exciting* character. In proscribing the wild vagaries, so often encouraged in other states, it may tend not unfrequently to *cramp the force of genius into a sort of stunted uniformity*; but this is not inconsistent with the genius of a philosophy which aims at training the child for *contentment* in the path of life, wherever Providence has placed it; and represses all that may tend to disturb, *even by the force of intellectual energies*, that *general tranquillity*, which it conceives to form the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

And then he describes admirably the national character as formed by this system:—

"When the mere wants of nature are supplied, no people on earth are so *happy in themselves* as the Austrians. No people are more attached to their existing institutions—more mild and kindly in their dispositions towards others—more free from bad and malignant passions. Patient, docile, and obedient, they are faithful subjects, soldiers, and servants. Tranquil and enjoying, they are benevolent superiors, landlords and masters. Simple-minded in the belief of their own religion, whatever it be, and *preserved by the strong hand of government from ever hearing controversial discussion*, they are *tolerant and* INDIFFERENT as to the creeds of others. Well instructed in practical science, they are excellent military and civil engineers and artificers, mechanicians, and manufacturers. On the other hand, without being indolent they are *careless* and *unenergetic* in their general pursuits—regardless of the value of time—and *without that ambition to excel which brings enterprise to perfection*. Their classical acquirements, even at their principal universities, are rarely adequate to render them able critics, or profound scholars. Their *easiness of temper* produces, in certain respects, a somewhat *lax and indulgent morality*; and, in point of daring original genius, it is rare to see a work of literature, art, or science, proceed from an Austrian."*

So much for the dark side of the picture; but let us "not be high-minded, but fear." God gave us freedom, as he gave to certain trouts, by the agency of a benevolent individual, who let them out of my lady's private pond into a large mill-dam; but there were pikes in the mill-dam that were not in the pond. In this free country there walks abroad a monster not seen in Austria, called *party spirit*. It is naught, it is naught, says the left hand to the right, because I did it not. "All that the subjects of a constitutional monarch ask, is permission to utter periodical expressions of contempt towards him and his office," said a Viennese philosopher to Mrs. Trollope. Not so. Our bickerings in this free country are not with the monarch, but with one another; and as we are always battling, we can never see any thing calmly and clearly as it is, but always in reference to the present weal and the present advantage. It is the nature of soldiers; they cannot stop to measure how far the bayonet goes in, when they are on the charge. We write newspapers, tormenting, calumniating, anathematising one another daily—the Viennese sing songs. Perhaps you feel inclined to prefer this. Very natural. It is pleasant for an easy man to lie down on a pillow; but remember that war, as Mr. Alison somewhere says, is the condition of existence; our state under the moon is a state militant. We must endure hardness, like good soldiers, in a political as well as a religious sense. This must be our consolation. In despotic countries, as in Austria, where there are no popular energies, it is a cheap praise to say, that you have made a peaceful people. Properly speaking, it is not that much lauded Austrian peace and tranquillity after which the world is striving; it is the balance of power and the harmony of opposite functions that society, through much trouble and tribulation, would attain. We cannot rest in a forced peace; we cannot submit to a mechanical tranquillity; we cannot snatch premature civilisation from a withholding Providence; our pieced mosaic never can be a living organisation. Nevertheless, these people in Vienna, though centralisation and popery will never manufacture manhood, are a good people, and we can afford to love them perfectly, '*Les Autrichiens sont bons, et il y a de l'etoffe, c'est quelque chose de* CORDIAL, *c'est* UNE BELLE MONARCHIE! Ja wohl, mein Herr!' Without a doubt it is a beautiful monarchy!—And as for DESPOTISM—that ugly word—how many centuries have elapsed since England had her Henry VIII. making and unmaking creeds as gallantly as any Joseph! Constitutions are not built, though as we have all seen they may be overturned, in a day. There is, undoubtedly, much in Austria that a mind trained under the popular institutions of Great Britain would wish to see altered. As protestants and limited-monarchy men, we are compelled to think—somewhat narrowly, perhaps—that under their present system of combined spiritual and civil absolutism, the Austrians can never arrive at the perfect estate of social manhood; but this system, like every living thing in the world, is not a thing stereotyped. Unless it be already crumbling into dissolution, it is capable of improvement and enlargement in thousandfold ways; nay, its very tenure of existence is a calm, silent expansion and enlargement, according to laws, which, in their full extent, God only can measure. Our representative constitution in Britain was a *growth*. There is no people in the world whose development, in this respect, has been more similar to our own than the Austrian. In that country, we find all the elements in full vigour out of which our own constitution has

* Turnbull's *Austria*, vol. ii. 153–5.

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grown—king, lords, commons, and clergy. There have been no Prussian military levellings, no French volcanic outbreakings, there. Perhaps they are on the same road with ourselves, travelling only more slowly, and making less noise;—children of the same father but of different ages. Be it so. We hate to be critical. If the Austrians have not produced a sublime Dante, or a strong Shakspeare, they are also free from the brilliant negations of a Voltaire, and the grand peevishness of a Byron. Their brain certainly is not of the surging, billowy, onward nature—this is the worst that can be said of them; but a man's happiness does not consist in the multitude of books which he has written: it is not the head, but the heart, which makes the man. The Austrians are too good-natured, take things too easily; but there is "*stuff*" in them, and they are healthy at the core. We may apply to them what Burke said of Fox—"Verily, they are a people made to be loved."

From the Spectator of 17th October.

THE WAR IN EUROPE PROBABLY AVOIDED.

In our last week's summary of news we had occasion to remark of M. THIERS, first minister of France—

"He valorously threatens, that if certain events take place—if certain acts be done—then there must be war without fail. But he takes good care to select for those acts and events, which according to him must necessarily lead to war, such as he is pretty well assured cannot occur, (thus saving appearances as to consistency, and hoping also to save his imperilled place): if an attempt be made to take Egypt from Mehemet Ali, then France will go to war: but the organs of our government have again and again protested that the idea of taking Egypt from Mehemet Ali has never been entertained."

M. Thiers has followed the exact course we expected. In a note addressed to M. Guizot, published here in the beginning of the week, he confined his pen to a review of the steps hitherto taken by Lord Palmerston and the Allies on the one hand, by himself and his predecessors in office on the other; but he carefully refrained from making explicit declaration respecting the intentions of himself and colleagues for the future. It is alleged that there was some procrastination on the part of M. Thiers in drawing up the first part of his reply to the note addressed by Lord Palmerston to Mr. L. Bulwer. He was prompt enough in the production of the second part—the note to M. Guizot which purports to have been elicited by the Porte's announcement of the deposition of Mehemet Ali. That hasty step afforded M. Thiers an opportunity of occupying the position he wished. Aware that the English ministerial organs had repeatedly disclaimed any intention of taking Egypt from the pasha,—aware, to use his own words, "that the Four Powers could not approve of such conduct," and "that, in effect, several of them have already expressed their disapprobation of it,"—aware, or believing, that the urgency of Lord Ponsonby, our minister at Constantinople, had been mainly instrumental in precipitating the deposition of Mehemet Ali—M. Thiers pronounced his ultimatum—

"France believes herself to be under the necessity of declaring that the deposition of the viceroy, if put in force, will be, in their estimation, a blow given to the general equilibrium. The question with respect to the limits which ought to be established in Syria in order to divide the possessions of the sultan from those of the viceroy of Egypt, *might with safety be left to the chances of the war now actually in progress;* but France cannot prevail upon herself to abandon to such a chance the existence of Mehemet Ali as prince-vassal of the empire. Whatever territorial limits may ultimately separate the two powers by the fortune of war, their continued double existence is necessary to Europe, and France cannot consent to admit the suppression either of the one or of the other. Disposed as she is to enter upon and take part in every acceptable arrangement which shall have for its basis the double guarantee of the existence of the sultan and that of the viceroy of Egypt, she confines herself at present to the declaration on her part that she cannot consent to the carrying into execution of the act of deposition pronounced at Constantinople."

On the whole, then, notwithstanding the parade of warlike demonstration in France, our impression is, that M. Thiers feels convinced he has contrived to put matters in such a train that an interchange of notes and protocols will suffice to terminate the affair; and that Lord Palmerston and his colleagues are of the same opinion. But we are far from asserting that they are already safe from the obloquy which must rest upon the names of those who for such a quarrel should involve Europe in war. France is not yet reconciled to the memory of Waterloo; and the ideas of war, for some weeks so familiar with her excitable population, may produce an effect upon their passions beyond what their rulers are capable of controlling. M. Thiers (and we, to our cost) may yet find it is more easy to "conjure up the wild Devil" than to lay him again. Under these circumstances, it is impossible to peruse the clever special pleadings of Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers without a painful emotion. There is much of skill and dexterous controversy in both; but the interest is entirely personal—the question is always, which of the antagonists has succeeded in reducing the other to a dilemma. The danger of involving two great countries in a causeless war by this dazzling display of diplomatic fence, haunts the reader like a nightmare. Besides, it is certain that much mischief has been done already. Men's minds have been unsettled; old national grudges have been furbished up anew; and the commercial interests in both countries must have suffered from the protracted uncertainty.

Two cabinet councils have been held in London since our last publication; at which, no doubt, the despatch of M. Thiers, with its additional note, *both* of which, we believe, were received at the foreign office before the first meeting of ministers on Saturday, formed the subject of deliberation. The intimation we made a short time since, of divisions in our cabinet respecting Lord Palmerston's policy on the Eastern question, was repeated yesterday by the

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Times; which expressed a belief that "preparations have been in progress within the last two days *to back out bodily* from those demands which had before been insisted on as essential to a peace attended with honour or security." The *Times*, though still expressing itself with a measured decorum, which some of our liberal prints have not preserved throughout these discussions, seems to grudge the prospect of a termination of the present embarrassments without the aid of the conservative party: for our part, we can resign ourselves even to a longer infliction of the whig reign, if it purchase peace. The other leading conservative journal, the *Standard*, aims a destructive fire at M. Thiers personally, and wishes to separate his conduct from that of the French government: to which we, who look upon Thiers as an unprincipled adventurer in politics, can have no objection, save that it is not our business to judge between him and his countrymen—"surely to his own master he standeth or falleth."

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From the same.

THE THIERS AND PALMERSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

M. Thiers has addressed a long note to the French ambassador in London, in reply to Lord Palmerston's note of the 30th of August: it bears date the 3d of October, but appears to have reached England no earlier than the 9th. Lord Palmerston had retraced the history of negotiations between France and England on the Eastern question, for the purpose of showing that France had withdrawn from alliance with the Four Powers, not that they had abandoned her. M. Thiers also retraces the history of affairs in a similar way, for the purpose of proving a totally opposite conclusion.

He sets out with a clever condensation of Lord Palmerston's note, which brings out all the main points with simplicity and clearness—

"That 'Great Britain, being completely disinterested in the question of the East, has pursued one sole object—the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire. This was the object proposed by her to all the courts, adopted by them, pursued by them all, and by France as well as by the other powers. With this object in view, it was necessary to reduce the excessive pretensions of the viceroy of Egypt within narrower limits; it was necessary to remove the possessions and the armies of that ambitious vassal as far as possible from the Taurus. The best means was to place the Desert between the sultan and the pasha; that is, to restrict Mehemet Ali to Egypt, and to restore Syria to the sultan Abdul Mejid. The Syrian Desert would then have served as a barrier between the two states, and secured the Ottoman empire, and Europe, interested in the safety of that empire, against the ambition of the Egyptian family.'

"That 'such has been the declaration of England at every period of this negotiation. France, by the collective note signed at Constantinople on the 27th of July 1832, and by a circular addressed on the 17th of the same month to all the courts—France had appeared to adhere to the common principle, by proclaiming as absolutely as the other cabinets the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire. But she subsequently departed from this principle, by demanding in favour of the viceroy a dismemberment of the empire, which is incompatible with its existence. Desirous of securing the co-operation of France, the Four Powers who have signed the treaty of the 15th of July have made reiterated attempts to bring her to join in their views. They have even made considerable sacrifices to her, for they added to Egypt, hereditarily granted, the Pashalic of Acre without the fortress, and they afterwards consented to join the fortress itself to their former proposal. But all these sacrifices were of no avail; France persisted in her departure from the principle which the five cabinets had thought it their duty to proclaim in common.'

"That 'the other courts could not follow her in this course. However they might desire to secure her co-operation, they were driven to separate from her, and to sign an act which ought not to surprise her, for France had been warned more than once that if they did not come to an understanding it would, after all, be necessary for the Four Powers to settle a question on which the five could not agree.'

"That 'Lord Palmerston had, in fact, carefully repeated to the French ambassador that the proposal, since contained in the treaty of the 15th of July, was his ultimatum, and that, if this proposal was refused, he should make no other. It was necessary to proceed, and not to allow the Ottoman empire to perish by too protracted hesitation. The other courts cannot be accused of any intention of offending France on this occasion. Four cabinets, having agreed upon a question of the highest importance, could not make an indefinite sacrifice of their views and their perfectly disinterested intentions to a fifth.'

"That, 'moreover, whilst they acted thus, the four cabinets remembered that France had in the month of September 1839, proposed a plan of arrangement through her ambassador at London, founded upon nearly the same basis as the treaty of the 15th of July: that subsequently, while she objected to the plan put forward by England, she had admitted that, setting aside the difficulty and the danger of the means of execution, that plan would be incontestibly preferable to any other; lastly, that on every occasion, she had manifested the intention of opposing no obstacles to the means of execution. The four cabinets had, therefore, reason to think that if, from motives peculiar to herself, she refused to join them in measures of coercion against Mehemet Ali, she would at least put forward no obstacle to their efforts, and that she would even second them by the exercise of her moral influence at Alexandria. The Four Powers still hope that, when the treaty of the 15th of July has been fulfilled, France will again unite with them to secure definitively the maintenance of the Ottoman empire.' "

The foregoing précis, however, fails to put Lord Palmerston's charge against France, of inconsistency, in so forcible a way as it stood in his lordship's note. We therefore quote that passage, in which he shows the groundlessness of the complaints of France, from the original—

"In the early stages of the negotiation, the declarations of principle made by the government of France led her majesty's government to imagine that the two governments could not but agree as to the means of carrying their common principles into

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execution. If the intentions and opinions of the French government upon the means of execution differed, even in the outset of the negotiations, from those of the British government, then France has no right to represent as an unexpected schism between England and France a difference which the French government knew all along to exist. If the intentions and opinions of the French government as to the means of execution have undergone a change since the negotiations begun, then France has no right to impute to Great Britain a divergence of policy, which arises from a change on the part of France, and not from a change on the part of Great Britain. But in any case, when four out of the five powers found themselves agreed upon one course, and when the fifth had determined to pursue a course entirely different, it could not reasonably be expected that the four should, in deference to the fifth, give up opinions in which they were daily more and more confirmed, and which related to a matter of vital importance to the great and permanent interests of Europe."

M. Thiers reduces the results of Lord Palmerston's statement to the following propositions—

"That France has been inconsistent;
"That she had desired, and desires no longer, the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire;
"That the Four Powers have made repeated sacrifices to her views;
"That they at last offered her an *ultimatum*, based upon a former proposal of her own ambassador;
"That they did not proceed further until that *ultimatum* had been refused;
"That they have reason to be surprised at the manner in which France has received the treaty of the 15th of July, since, in accordance with her own declarations, it might be expected that she would have given to this treaty more than a passive assent, and at least her moral support."

M. Thiers proceeds to rebut these charges, by a recapitulation of the steps of the conduct of France throughout the negotiations. He makes the question between France and England turn upon the acceptation in which the phrase of "the integrity of the Ottoman empire" is to be understood. At first, he says, it meant that Constantinople was to be defended, on the one hand from the threatened march of Ibrahim Pasha, and on the other from the exclusive protection and occupation by a Russian army. In that view France fully concurred. Austria and Prussia also agreed to the views of France and England; but Russia held back, recommending non-intervention. The contemplated danger to Constantinople was postponed when Ibrahim suspended his victorious march: there were then two opposing parties—the conquered sultan and the conquering Ibrahim; but both, "thanks to the intervention of France," were motionless. England, however, proposed to force the Turkish fleet from the hands of Mehemet Ali; and here began the unfortunate difference between France and England. At the instance of France, however, England gave up her violent intentions against the viceroy; but when it became necessary more strictly to define the boundaries between the sultan's and the viceroy's territories, the difference between England and France became more apparent—

"Lord Palmerston declared that according to him the viceroy ought to receive the hereditary possession of Egypt, but that, as a compensation for this, he ought to abandon immediately the holy cities, the island of Candia, the district of Adana, and the whole of Syria. He modified, however, his first views in a slight degree, and consented to add to the hereditary possession of Egypt the possession (also hereditary) of the pashalic of Acre, excepting the fortress of Acre.

"France did not accede to these propositions: she considered that the viceroy, after having vanquished the sultan at Nezib, without having been the aggressor, and having moreover consented to stop his course, merited to be better dealt with. She thought that it would be hardly just on the part of the powers who had induced him, in 1833, to accept the conditions of Kiutaya, to impose far more rigorous conditions upon him, when he had done nothing to be deprived of the benefit of this arrangement. She conceived that if deprived of the holy cities, the island of Candia, and the district of Adana, (an offensive position, which, when restored to the porte, would grant it every security,) he ought to be allowed to retain the hereditary possession of Egypt and Syria. The victory of Nezib, gained without any aggression on his part, might alone have earned for him the hereditary right to his possessions from the Nile to the Taurus. But in considering the victory of Nezib as non-existent, and making Mehemet Ali purchase this hereditary possession at the price of a part of his possessions at the time, it was only strict justice not to deprive him of more than Candia, Adana, and the holy cities."

Besides, France demanded to know the means by which the viceroy could be reduced. When he menaced Constantinople, the fleets in the sea of Marmora would have sufficed to stop him; but where were the means to deprive him of Syria? blockade, insurrections, and a Russian army? From the position which she had thus taken up France had never swerved. This variance between France and England was the signal for sudden harmony between the other four powers: Austria, at first agreeing with France, went over to England; Prussia followed Austria; and Russia adopted England's definition of boundaries; and in September 1839 she proposed, in the name of the five powers, to cover Constantinople with an army, while English and French fleets blockaded Syria. This proposition realised the combination which till then England had regarded as the most dangerous to the Ottoman empire. In January 1840, Russia modified her proposition, to the extent of allowing France and England to send three vessels of war into a limited part of the sea of Marmora. No "reiterated offers" were made to induce France to adopt these views. Lord Palmerston made one single proposition: it was, that the fortress of Acre should be ceded to Mehemet Ali, but that the pashalic of Acre should only be given to him for life. Even this proposition, so little different from the former one, was not represented to France in the light of an *ultimatum*; nor was it so understood—

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"France had every right to suppose that so long a negotiation would not be terminated without some last explanation; that the great and advantageous alliance which had bound her for the last ten years to England, would not be broken asunder without a last attempt at coming to some agreement. The suggestions which had been made to her, tending to induce her to believe that perhaps the possession of Syria for life would be granted to the viceroy, could not but confirm her in this expectation. All at once, on the 17th of July, Lord Palmerston invites the ambassador of France to come to the foreign office, and informs him that the treaty had been signed two days before, and that without acquainting him with the text of the treaty. The French cabinet could not but be surprised at this. It was certainly not ignorant that the three continental courts had concurred in the views of England, and that an arrangement between the four courts was, consequently, possible without France; but it could not suppose that this arangement would take place without its being previously advised of it, and that the French alliance would be thus promptly sacrificed."

M. Thiers denies the charge made by Lord Palmerston, that the French ambassador at Constantinople had sought to negotiate a direct arrangement between the sultan and the porte unknown to the other four powers. The instructions of the French government never directed him to take any step of the kind.

Having thus stated the facts and denied the charges brought against the French government, M. Thiers sums up the results—

"1. That at the commencement of the negotiation the dependence and integrity of the Ottoman empire were understood, as France to this day understands —not as a territorial limit of greater or lesser advantage between the sultan and the viceroy, but as a guarantee of the five courts against offensive measures on the part of Mehemet Ali, and against the exclusive protection of one of the five powers.

"2. That France, far from modifying her opinions in opposition to a constant union of views, intentions, and expressions of opinion on the part of the four courts, has always, on the contrary, regarded the Turco-Egyptian question in one and the same light, while she has seen the four courts, although at first at variance, afterwards agree in the intention of sacrificing the viceroy; and England, satisfied with sacrifice, coming to terms with the three others, and forming a union which, it is true, is now most persevering in its views, and most sudden and alarming in its resolutions.

"3. That repeated sacrifices have not been made to France in order to bring her over to the plans of the four courts, since nothing more has been done than to offer her, in 1839, to add to Egypt the pashalic of Acre, without the fortress of Acre, but with the hereditary possession of the pashalic, and to offer her, in 1840, the pashalic of Acre with the citadel, but without the hereditary possession.

"4. That she was not forewarned, as is asserted, that the four courts would proceed without her if she did not adhere to their views; that, on the contrary, she had reason to expect to receive fresh proposals, when, upon the news of the departure of Sami Bey for Constantinople and the insurrection in Syria, the treaty of the fifteenth of July was suddenly signed without her being previously informed; and she was only made acquainted with it after it had been signed, and received the communication of it only two months afterwards.

"5. That no one has a right to count upon her passive concurrence in the execution of the treaty; and if she has insisted more especially upon the difficulties attendant upon the means of execution, she has never professed an indifference either as to the end or the means,—an indifference which would admit of the conclusion that she would in no case interfere in what might take place in the East; that, far from it, she has always declared that she would withdraw herself from the four other powers, if certain resolutions were adopted; that none of her agents have ever been authorised to say any thing which might lead to the conclusion that this isolated position would be one of inaction, and that she has always intended, as she still intends, to preserve her full liberty in this respect."

M. Thiers, having thus adduced the facts which he considers to establish his position, goes on to argue upon the general question. He is surprised that England, who suffered Moldavia and Wallachia and Greece to be taken from Turkey, without any remonstrances about "the integrity of the Ottoman empire," should be so anxious about the remoter provinces of Egypt and Syria. He is amused at the reasoning which can represent the integrity of the Ottoman empire as saved though Egypt and the Pashalic of Acre are detached from it, but destroyed if the three other Pashalics of Syria, Tripoli, Damascus, and Aleppo, are detached. He asks, if the alliance of France is not of more avail for the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and for the peace of the world, than this or that boundary in Syria? Referring to the present position of France, standing aloof from the four powers, he says—

"Although she is armed and free to act, all her efforts will be employed to avert calamities and catastrophes from the world. She will make all the sacrifices in her power for the maintenance of peace, short of those which would touch her honour; and if she holds this language at the present moment to the British cabinet, it is less for the purpose of complaint than for that of proving the frankness of her policy, not to Great Britain only, but to the world, whose opinion no state, however powerful, can at this time despise."

In a postscript, M. Thiers observes, that while he writes he learns that the conciliatory advances of the pasha have been met by the most violent hostilities; and that he is therefore bound to subjoin an additional note.

The additional note was not published till three days afterwards: it is dated the 8th October; and appeared first in the *Morning Herald* of yesterday, being forwarded by an "occasional" correspondent at Paris. This additional document is of fully equal importance to any of the preceding; and having been written since the declared deposition of Mehemet Ali by the Sultan, it presents the views and ultimatum of the French cabinet on the present state of affairs. The reply made by the Porte to the concessions offered by the Viceroy of Egypt, M. Thiers observes,

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has given an aspect altogether new to the "grave question" which now occupies the attention of all parties—

"Mehemet Ali, in reply to the summons of the Sultan, has declared that he submitted himself to the will of his august master; that he accepted the hereditary possession of Egypt; and that he placed himself, with respect to the remainder of the territories actually in his occupation, entirely at the magnanimity of the Sultan.

"We have made known to the British cabinet the interpretation which must be put upon this mode of expressing himself; and although Mehemet Ali would not consent to declare immediately the full extent of the concessions to which he had been led to agree by the pressing recommendations of France, we have taken it upon ourselves to make them known, and we have announced that the viceroy resigns himself to the necessity of accepting the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt, and the possession during his life of Syria; at the same time consenting to abandon immediately Candia, Adana, and the Holy Cities. We must also add that had the Porte adhered to this arrangement, we would at once have consented to guarantee its fulfilment in concert with the powers which are occupied in determining the future condition of the Ottoman empire."

"In reply to these concessions, the Porte, either acting spontaneously, or else swayed by hasty and inconsiderate counsels, proffered on the spot at the moment—the Porte, I repeat, before any reference could be made to the allied powers, replied to the submissive answer of the viceroy, by declaring his deposition. Such a step, equally outrageous and unexpected, goes beyond even the spirit of the treaty of July 15th, and exceeds also the most extraordinary results which might have been expected to arise out of that document."

That treaty M. Thiers observes, gave the Porte the power, in the event of "an absolute refusal by the viceroy to comply with its conditions, of withdrawing its first proposals, and of acting as it might deem most advantageous to its interests, according to the counsels of the allied powers.

"But still there were two supposed contingencies involved in this treaty,—namely, an absolute and peremptory refusal on every one of the points contained in it on the part of the Viceroy, and a consequent reference to the Four Powers for advice. Nothing of the kind, however, has taken place. The Viceroy has not offered an absolute refusal; and the Sultan has not even given himself the time to concert a reply in conjunction with his allies. He met unhoped-for concessions by an act of deposition!

"The Four Powers could not approve of such conduct; and *we know in effect that several of them have already expressed their disapprobation of it.* Lord Palmerston has caused a communication to be made to our cabinet, that we must only look upon this proceeding in the light of a threat (*comminatoire*) without any necessary or effective consequences. The Count d'Appony, in an interview which I had with him on this subject, announced to me that the same opinion was entertained by his cabinet of the proceeding. We have willingly taken cognizance of this wise intimation, and we now seize the opportunity of stating the intentions of France with respect to this matter.

"France has declared that she will use every means in her power to preserve the peace and the balance of power in Europe. Now is the time for her to explain clearly what meaning this declaration is to have. In accepting, with a religious fidelity, the state of Europe, such as is settled by existing treaties, France has understood, that during the general peace which has happily prevailed since 1815, this state should not be changed either for the profit or to the detriment of any one of the existing powers. It has been under this impression that she has always declared in favour of preserving the Ottoman empire."

In the opinion of France, it is as essential for the preservation of the integrity of the Ottoman empire that the independence of Egypt and Syria should be maintained, as the independence of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. The "Prince-vassal," who has succeeded in establishing a firm rule in two provinces, which during a long period the sultans of Constantinople were unable to govern, has become, in the view of France, "an essential and necessary part of the Ottoman empire"—

"In this conviction, France, equally disinterested in the oriental question with the Four Powers who have signed the protocol of September 17th, believes herself to be under the necessity of declaring that the deposition of the Viceroy, if put in force, will be, in her estimation, a blow given to the general equilibrium.

"The question with respect to the limits which ought to be established in Syria in order to divide the possessions of the Sultan from those of the Viceroy of Egypt, *might with safety be left to the chances of the war now actually in progress*, but France cannot prevail upon herself to abandon to such a chance the existence of Mehemet Ali as prince vassal of the empire. Whatever territorial limits may ultimately separate the two powers by the fortune of war, their continued double existence is necessary to Europe, and France cannot consent to admit the suppression either of the one or of the other. Disposed as she is to enter on and take part in every acceptable arrangement which shall have for its basis the double guarantee of the existence of the Sultan and that of the Viceroy of Egypt, she confines herself at present to the declaration on her part that she cannot consent to the carrying into execution of the act of deposition pronounced at Constantinople.

"In other respects the spontaneous manifestations of several of the powers who have signed the treaty of July 15th, prove to us that in this respect we understand the term 'balance of Europe' in the same sense that they do, and that in this respect their views are not at variance with ours. We should regret this disagreement, which as yet we do not perceive; but we could in nowise swerve from this manner of comprehending and of assuring the maintenance of that equilibrium.

"France entertains the hope that Europe will appreciate the motives by which she has been induced to break the silence hitherto preserved by her. Her love of peace may be relied upon, as that sentiment has constantly animated her, notwithstanding the proceedings of which she believes she has a right to

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complain. Her disinterestedness may also be relied upon, for it is not possible even to suspect her of aspiring to any acquisitions of territory in the East. What she does aspire to is the maintenance of the equilibrium of Europe. This is also the care of the great powers in common with her, and it ought to form at once the object of their glory and of their ambition.

"Accept, &c. (Signed) A. THIERS."

Foreign Office, October 13th.—It is hereby notified, that her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has received a despatch from her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, dated the 17th of September last, transmitting a note from Reschid Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Sublime Porte, of the 16th of the same month, announcing that Mehemet Ali Pasha having rejected the conditions of arrangement offered to him according to the treaty of alliance concluded in London on the 15th of July, 1840, and the separate act annexed thereto, it had been decided by his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, that all the sea-ports and harbours of Egypt and Syria should be closely blockaded.—*London Gazette*, Oct. 13.

By advices from Paris, dated Monday last, we learn that a rumour respecting the policy of Russia, which was first mentioned on Sunday, was still repeated, and so far believed in Paris as to cause a considerable rise—no less than 3 per cent.—in the French Funds. It purports to have originated with M. Mauguin, the deputy, who has recently returned from St. Petersburg. It is to the effect, that the Emperor Nicholas had declared, when he heard of the bombarding of Beyrout, that "that was going too far." It is also said that the Russian government had signified to the French government, through its diplomatic representative at Paris, its disapproval of that act of aggression.

MEHEMET ALI, BY DR. BOWRING.

Part of an article in the Examiner.

It is to be hoped that the present movement in the east, while it settles his claims finally in one way or the other, will leave him at least freer than he has hitherto been to do justice to the better part of his character.

One thing is quite certain,—that it will leave him still the Egyptian Pasha. It is absurd to talk of deposing him. He had been deposed again and again, long before this last folly of Lord Ponsonby; again and again had firmans fulminated against him; but he would not obey, the sultan did not insist, and they left him as they found him. The same result will follow in this case. While his powers of mischief will be abridged, we are very sure that nothing will move in the least his hold on the government of Egypt. He has his work to do there, and he will do it; for it is too late in the day to suppose that England or any other European power will dare to interfere in an internal quarrel between any subject and his sovereign, which cannot by possibility involve the external safety or peace of Europe. Give back the sultan the key of his dominions, but leave him to arrange his quarrel with Egypt as he best may. We are no great admirers of Mehemet Ali, but when the increased revenues he has worked out of Egypt are considered, when we look at her novel productions and manufactures, the progress of toleration there, the diffusion of education, the introduction of military and naval tactics, the improved communication, the safety of travellers, the many large gains of European visiters or settlers,—it is impossible not to feel that something has been done, in the confused and imperfect struggle for improvement that has been made by this crafty and ambitious old man, to counterbalance the great misery he has been the means of inflicting. He has been an instrument in the hands of a higher power, for changes that may not be yet foreseen. Best leave it as it is. The storms and meteors that Providence sends to visit the earth, have their appointed work as well as the sun and the summer days.

But Mehemet Ali has been excommunicated as well as deposed! Now Dr. Bowring tells a characteristic anecdote in his Report, that, when he expressed his surprise to Mehemet Ali that the pilgrims going to Mecca should avail themselves of the steamboats of the infidels which navigate the Red Sea, the pasha said with a laugh—"There is not a word against steam-boats in the Koran." So might he say here, with a louder laugh, there is not a word about Lord Ponsonby in the Koran. His intellect, practical at the least, must despise the child's play of paper war. When the Palestine rebellion broke out in '34, Ibrahim Pasha wrote to his father that he was reduced to great straits, but Mehemet Ali did not excommunicate the Syrians. He ordered down nine thousand troops from Cairo, started for Jaffa, beheaded three chiefs of the revolt, and in less than a month was again in Egypt, having crushed the insurrection. On one occasion he referred to this, in conversation with Dr. Bowring. "Practice and action are everything," he said. "M. D—— told me one day, I should be a greater man if I read history, and were acquainted with the fine words which I should find in books. I am too old to study history. My son wrote to me for instructions, as he was surrounded with difficulties. I thought the best instruction was to go myself. So I went to Jaffa, and I put down the insurrection immediately. This was practical government."

So it was—and yet Mehemet Ali is not so ignorant of books as he would craftily have his visiters suppose. Though he was forty-seven years old before he even learned to read or write, he has made use of his time since then. Desire of information on all possible subjects has been a sort of passion with him. No intelligent traveller has visited Egypt during his rule, without obtaining access to his presence, and adding to the stores of his knowledge. "His curiosity," says Dr. Bowring, "is boundless, and he has the rare but felicitous art of abstracting from his visiters that species of instruction which they are particularly fitted to communicate." He knows the name of every European statesman, especially among ourselves; and familiarly discusses their history, their character, and their supposed or alleged motives. He has even had translated for his own use the greater portion of the works published by our "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge!" Nor should we omit, while speaking of the favourable aspects of this strange character, to observe on a less ferocious version of one of the

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equivocal acts of his life than has been commonly ascribed to him, as given in this report. He himself told Dr. Bowring that he had made several attempts before the massacre of the Mamelukes to induce them to settle in Upper Egypt; and that even after he had had the proofs of their plotting against his life (for the correspondence fell into his hands) he made them an offer of lands provided they would take themselves away from the capital, which they refused to do. The massacre was his last resource.

We take leave of the subject for the present with some interesting notes of conversations with Mehemet Ali, preserved by Dr. Bowring, which exhibit, perhaps a little too favourably, but with great graphic power, the character of his mind. The expressions, Dr. Bowring observes, are exactly translated.

"Do not judge me by the standard of your knowledge. Compare me with the ignorance that is around me. We cannot apply the same rules to Egypt as to England; centuries have been required to bring you to your present state, I have had only a few years. You have numbers of intelligent persons who comprehend their rulers and carry on their work. I can find very few to understand me and do my bidding. I am often deceived, and I know I am deceived, whereas many are deceived but do not know it. I seek every body who can give me information.

"I visited Candia some time ago; I found the island better peopled than I expected. The inhabitants complained of the amount of taxation, and said they should be better off under the Greek government; upon which I offered to remove every tax they paid me, and to introduce the Greek system of imposts even with considerable reductions. They refused to accept my proposal. The Christians complained of the capitation tax paid by them and not by the Turks, and I offered to compound for a house tax, but the matter is not yet settled.

"I have been almost alone for the greater part of my life, finding nobody except Boghos Bey to second me. It is only for the last fifteen years that I can say I have lived; and now I can accomplish more in four years than in the fifteen past. I doubted the aptitude even of my own children—even of Ibrahim Pasha; but I have now learned that he is to be relied on and fully trusted. We cannot go on as fast as we wish, nor do every thing we desire to do. If I were to put on Colonel Campbell's trousers (looking at the consul-general, who is six feet high,) would that make me as tall as Colonel Campbell?

"When I was in Upper Egypt, I was visited by a Russian count and an English naval captain. The Russian count began to talk about my fleet, and he praised it beyond bounds; upon which I said to him, 'What do Russian counts know about ships?' I will ask the English captain, for he knows something of such matters; and I said to the English captain, 'What do you think of my fleet?' and he said, 'It is tolerably good.'

"When I went to Candia, there was the French consul, who did nothing but talk, talk, talk. If twenty or thirty persons were present, he talked more than all; nobody could talk but himself. Well! he is gone to the Brazils, and if he talks and talks now he is too far away to be heard.

"I am sometimes deceived by others, and I sometimes deceive myself, but the deceit does not last long."

I ventured to say that rulers were frequently surrounded by those whose interests were more advanced by not communicating than communicating the real state of things, and that it required no small strength of character to allow, and still more to invite the truth. He said, "I want good advice; I look round in search of it; my wish is to have a council of honest men.

"What Turkey wants is what England has got—men, men fit to govern: but the Turks are proud and ignorant, and their pride and ignorance will lead to their overthrow.

"I came to Egypt, and I found it inhabited by barbarians; there was scarcely one person in the country able to read or write. In fact, only one man could I discover who was fit for a secretary. Now I have done what I can to civilise the country. I knew that Europe was more advanced than Egypt, and I endeavoured to bring to Egypt the knowledge of Europe.

"If I could devote myself for ten years to the improvement of Egypt, should I live so long, I would entirely change the appearance of the country. I have done something already, but nothing to what I will do.

"I have educated at my own expense some thousands of people. I have sent some of them to Europe, and I am told that even in the schools of Europe many of my young men have distinguished themselves.

"Your country, England, has reached its present eminence by the labours of many generations; and no country can be made suddenly great and flourishing. Now I have done something for Egypt. I have begun to improve her; and she may be compared in some respects, not only with Eastern, but with European countries. I have much to learn, and so have my people; and I am now sending Edhem Bey with 15 young men to learn what your country can teach. They must see with their own eyes; they must learn to work with their own hands; they must examine your manufactures; they must try to discover how and why you are superior to us; and when they have been among your people a sufficient time they must come home and instruct my people.

"The English have made many great discoveries, but the best of their discoveries is that of steam navigation." I told him the inventor of steam navigation was an American, and he replied, 'Had they not had fathers like you they would not have been such clever children.'

He frequently spoke of the difference between European and oriental modes of government; once he said to me, "In your country you must have a great many hands to move the machine of state; I move it with my own. I do not always exactly see what is best to be done, but when I do see it I compel prompt obedience to my wishes, and what is seemingly best is done.

"Turks who come to me from Europe are afraid of appearing to adopt European opinions. I once happened to say to a man, 'Now you are come from England you mean to be an Englishman;' and he took it to heart as a reproach, and on every occasion thereafter showed a violent antipathy to Englishmen; this was not my meaning."

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From the United Service Journal.

NARRATIVE OF THE EMBARCATION AND CONVEYANCE OF NAPOLEON FROM FREJUS TO ELBA, IN THE UNDAUNTED FRIGATE, WITH PERSONAL ANECDOTES AND OPINIONS OF THE EX-EMPEROR ON THE VOYAGE AND AFTER HIS OCCUPATION OF THAT ISLAND.

BY CAPTAIN SIR THOMAS USSHER, R. N., C. B., K. C. H.

[The following narrative is seasonably offered, to fill, perhaps, the sole blank in the history of the extraordinary personage to whom it relates. It is needless to add that this account proceeds from the only source capable of supplying these original details in an authentic form; and we are proud to connect this historical memoir with the name of one of the first seamen in the British Navy.—ED.]

In 1813 I was stationed in the Undaunted frigate, in the Gulf of Lyons, with the Redwing, Sir John Sinclair, and the Espoir, the Hon. Captain Spencer, under my orders. The latter, who had joined some time before, had brought me letters and papers from England, in which were various reports of the reverses of the French army, and of the probable downfall of the Emperor Napoleon, with many speculations and surmises thereupon, and hinting at the possibility of his attempting to make his escape to America. The Courier newspaper even went so far as to insert in its columns a minute description of the Emperor's person, in case the attempt should be made. Singularly enough, I cut out the paragraph in question, and wafered it on the book-case in my cabin, jokingly observing to the other captains, who happened to be dining with me about that time, that they had better take a copy of it, as he might possibly come our way,—little imagining at the time I made this observation, that a few short months would see him at the very table at which we were then sitting. The Redwing and Espoir afterwards returned to England, and I remained through the winter cruising off the coast of France.

On the 24th of April, 1814, about ten o'clock at night, being about five or six leagues from the town of Marseilles, in company with the Euryalus, Captain Charles Napier, then under my orders, my attention was attracted by a brilliant light in the direction of and seemingly coming from the town, which I conjectured was an illumination for some important event. I began to think the Courier might prove after all to be a true prophet. Every exertion was then made, and every sail set, in both ships, to work up the bay. At daybreak we were close off the land. All was apparently quiet in the batteries,—not a flag flying,—nor were the telegraphs (which was uniformly the case on the approach of an enemy) at work. Every thing betokened that some great change had taken place. The morning was serene and beautiful, with a light wind from the southward. Eager to know what had happened, but above all things anxious to hear (for who that has experienced the horrors and miseries of war can wish for its continuance?) that peace had been restored, I pushed in towards the island of Pomegue, which protects the anchorage of the bay of Marseilles. To guard against a surprise, however, should such be attempted, I took the precaution of clearing the ship for action, and made signal to the Euryalus to shorten sail, that, in the event of the batteries opening unexpectedly upon the Undaunted, my friend, Captain Napier, by whose judgment and gallant conduct I had on former occasions profited, might render me any necessary assistance, in the event of being disabled. We now showed our colours, and hoisted a flag of truce and the royal standard of the Bourbons, which the ship's tailor had made during the night, at the main. This flag had not been displayed on the French coast for a quarter of a century. Thus equipped, we were allowed to approach within gunshot, when we observed men coming into the battery, and almost immediately a shot struck us on the main deck. Finding it was not their intention to allow us to proceed, I ordered the ships to be wore round, and hauled down the flag of truce and standard. While wearing, a second shot was fired, which dropped under the counter. This unusual and unwarrantable departure from the rules of civilized warfare I resolved to notice in the only way such attacks ought to be noticed, determined at once, and in the promptest and most energetic way, to convince our assailants, that, under no circumstances, was the British flag to be insulted with impunity. I, therefore, again wore round, and arriving within point-blank shot of the battery, poured in a broadside, which swept it completely; and, in five minutes, not a man was to be seen near the guns; it was entirely abandoned. I now made sail for a second battery, and by signal directed the Euryalus to close, intending to anchor off the town. Shortly afterwards, observing a boat with a flag of truce standing out of the harbour, I shortened sail to receive it. On coming alongside, I found she had on board the mayor and municipal officers of Marseilles, who had come from the town to apolgize for the conduct pursued by the batteries, and intimating that it was an unauthorised act of some of the men. They informed me of the abdication of Napoleon, and the formation of a provisional government at Paris; and I congratulated them on the change. I assured these gentlemen that, with respect to the conduct of the batteries, I could have no hesitation in forgiving all that had past, and that I only hoped *I* might be as easily forgiven for the part I had taken,—that, to prove my confidence in the honour and loyalty of their city, I should anchor my ship abreast of the town,—a proposition they did not seem very much to approve of. I then made sail with the Euryalus in company, and dropped anchor in the mouth of the harbour, that I might be the better able to take advantage of any circumstances that might occur. Captain Napier and myself then proceeded in the barge of the Euryalus towards the land. We found a dense crowd collected at the landing-place, who, as we stopped to inquire for the pratique officers, rushed into the water, and seizing the bow, hauled her by main force on shore. Never did I witness such a scene as now presented itself, as, almost choked by the embraces of old and young, we were hoisted on their shoulders, and hurried along we knew not whither. I certainly did not envy the situation of my friend, Captain Napier, whom I saw most lovingly embraced by an old lady with one eye, from whom he endeavored in vain to extricate himself, not using, I must admit, the most gentle terms our language affords.

In this way we arrived at the Hotêl de Ville, amidst loud cries of "*Vivent les Anglais!*" We were here received by our friends, who had come with the flag of truce in the morning, but who were evidently not prepared for such a visit from us now. Indeed, under any other circumstances, we should not have been justified in appearing then as we did. Conscious, however, that we had no infectious disease on board, and had not visited any part of the Mediterranean where the plague prevailed, we endeavored to quiet their fears, and to satisfy them that no danger was to be apprehended from our visit. This infringement, however, of their sanitory laws (the observance of which they consider so essential to their safety) they appeared to feel deeply, though I gave them every assurance of the healthy state of the ships. Besides, as I observed, it was no act of ours, but had been forced upon u by themselves, and under circumstances which we could not very well control. They said there was no previous instance of their sanitory laws having been violated, except by Napoleon, when he landed from Egypt. They then invited us, with true French politeness, into the Maison de Ville, remarking, at this time, how much their city had suffered in the reign of Louis XIV. from the dreadful

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plague,—a magnificent picture of which, by David, showing some of the horrors of that visitation, hung in one of the principal rooms of the building. They now politely requested us to wait on the general in command. We found that officer attending high mass at the cathedral; and it is hardly possible to describe his astonishment, and the excitement caused by seeing two British naval officers, in their uniforms, in the midst of the congregation. I went up to the general, who received me with great apparent cordiality, and with considerable tact (for *we* were at that time the greater "lion" of the two) invited us to join the procession (I think it was that of the Virgin), for which preparations had been made, and which was about to set out from the church where we then were.

The streets through which we passed were excessively crowded,—so much so, that it was with the utmost difficulty the procession could make its way at all. The predominance of old people and children among the crowd was remarkable. Observing upon this to some of the municipal officers, they told me that this was caused by the conscription, which had swept off, without distinction, (like another plague) all the young men who were capable of bearing arms, causing indescribable misery not only here, but everywhere throughout France. Happy, indeed, were these poor people at seeing us amongst them, the harbingers of peace, which many of them had so long and ardently desired. That this was the prevailing feeling among them their whole demeanor amply testified, as, with vociferations loud and vehement of "*Vivent les Anglais!*" they plainly told us we were not unwelcome visiters.

On arriving near the general's house, we were invited to take some refreshment, which we did; but the populace outside were very impatient, and were not satisfied till we again made our appearance amongst them.

I began now to reflect on the singular and difficult circumstances in which I was placed, and the responsibility I was incurring, being positively without any information on which I could rely as to the state of affairs outside of Marseilles. Nevertheless, as I knew the ships were prepared for any emergency that might happen, and in the hands of Lieutenant Hastings, my first lieutenant, in whose zeal and gallantry I had the greatest possible confidence, I did not think there was much cause for apprehension, come what might. I had an idea, indeed, that this enthusiasm would not last. In the midst of all this rejoicing I received a communication from the commandant of the town, informing me that he had been instructed by his superior, the Prince of Essling, the governor of Toulon, and commander-in-chief of the district, to order us to our ships, and to allow of no further communication, excepting by flags of truce. I replied to this somewhat insolent mandate by declaring my determination to remain where I was, telling the commandant pretty plainly that I should not comply with the prince's orders. I knew my strength, and that the ships, from their position, had the entire command of the town. The prince then intimated that he would march 3000 men against the town: *this*, also, I was prepared for.

During this angry discussion, Colonel Campbell, the English commissioner, arrived, bringing with him a very important note. I immediately waited upon him. He informed me that, when four posts from Marseilles, he had heard I was in communication with the town, which had induced him to hasten his journey, in order to put me in possession of Lord Castlereagh's instructions, relative to the mission with which he was charged. He informed me that he had left the Emperor Napoleon on the road, pursuing his journey to St. Tropez, from which place it had been arranged he was to embark, accompanied by the envoys of the Allied Sovereigns. I immediately made arrangements for quitting the harbour of Marseilles, and on the following morning (April 26th) set sail for St. Tropez, leaving Captain Napier in command of the station.

On arriving off St. Tropez, on the 27th, we hoisted a red flag at the main, bearing the distinguished signal agreed upon with Colonel Campbell at Marseilles. A boat immediately came out of the harbour, with a lieutenant from the French frigate Dryade, commanded by the Comte de Montcabré, who was lying there with the Victorieuse corvette. The Comte sent his lieutenant to inform me that the Emperor Napoleon had abdicated, and that the Comte de Montcabré had orders from the provisional government to remain at St. Tropez, with the Victorieuse, for the purpose of conducting the emperor to the island of Elba, the sovereignty of which island had been guaranteed to him by the Allied Sovereigns. At this moment a boat came alongside with an Austrian officer, Major Sinclair, despatched from Frejus by Colonel Campbell, to inform me that, at the particular request of the Emperor, the commissioners of the Allied Sovereigns had thought proper to change the place of embarcation, requesting me to proceed to Frejus Bay. Frejus is an open roadstead, five or six leagues to the north of St. Tropez. Here it was Napoleon landed on his return from Egypt. On arriving at the anchorage I received a note from Colonel Campbell, informing me that horses had been sent down from the town, and an orderly sergeant placed at my disposal, to carry on any communication with the town, which lies on a height, three or four miles from the anchorage. I took advantage of this conveyance, and immediately waited on Colonel Campbell, who, although suffering severely from his wounds, accompanied me immediately to the Chapeau Rouge, a small hotel, (and I believe the only one in Frejus) where Napoleon was lodged; and whatever my previous feelings might have been towards this, the most powerful and constant enemy the country ever had to contend with, I am proud to confess all resentment and uncharitable feeling (if any ever existed) quickly vanished, and I felt all the delicacy of the situation in which circumstances the most extraordinary had placed me.

His faithful follower in adversity, Comte Bertrand, was in attendance, and having announced Colonel Campbell and myself, we were immediately received by him. Napoleon was dressed in the regimentals of the Vieille Garde, and wore the star of the Legion of Honour. He walked forward to meet me, with a book open in his hand, to which he occasionally referred, when asking me questions about Elba, and the voyage thither. He received us with great condescension and politeness; his manner was dignified, but he appeared to feel his fallen state. Having asked me several questions regarding my ship, he invited us to dine with him, upon which we retired. I was shortly afterwards waited upon by Comte Bertrand, who presented me with inventories of the baggage, carriages, horses, &c., belonging to the Emperor. I immediately made arrangements for receiving them, and then demanded an interview with all the envoys of the Allied Sovereigns, feeling that, placed in a position of such peculiar responsibility and delicacy, it was necessary for me to learn from them the instructions they had received from their respective sovereigns, that I might shape my conduct accordingly; and particularly to know from them in what way Napoleon was to be received on arriving on board the Undaunted, as I was desirous of treating him with that generosity towards a fallen enemy which is ever congenial to the spirit and feelings of Englishmen. They informed me that their instructions were precise, and that he was styled, by the treaty of Fontainebleau, Emperor and Sovereign of the Island of Elba. I still entertained doubts as to the propriety of receiving him with a royal salute, but Colonel Campbell (in order to remove every doubt on that subject) showed me Lord Castlereagh's instructions to him, which were conclusive. I now issued orders to embark the

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Emperor's baggage, carriages and horses; in the midst of which the Dryade, French frigate, and Victorieuse corvette arrived in the Roads, and anchored. The Count de Montcabre, on landing, expressed his surprise to my first lieutenant, on seeing the baggage in the boats; but on being presented to the Emperor, shortly after, and learning his intention of embarking on board the Undaunted, he returned to his ship, and sailed out of the bay, with the Victorieuse in company. The corvette was to have remained at Elba, in the Emperor's service. The party at table consisted of Prince Schouwalloff, Russian Envoy, Baron Koller, Austrian Envoy, Comte Truxos, Prussian Envoy, and our Envoy, Colonel Campbell, Comte Clam, Aide-de-Camp to Prince Schwartzenburg, Comte Bertrand, Drouet, and myself. The Emperor did not appear at all reserved, but, on the contrary, entered freely into conversation, and kept it up with great animation. He appeared to show particular attention to Baron Köller, who sat on his right hand, talking of his intentions of building a large fleet. He alluded to the Dutch navy, of which he had formed a very mean opinion; he said that he had improved their navy, by sending able naval architects to Holland, and that he had built some fine ships there. The Austerlitz, he said, was one of the finest ships in the world; in speaking of her he addressed himself to Prince Schouwalloff, who did not seem to like the allusion. He said, the only use he could make of the old Dutch men-of-war was to fit them to carry horses to Ireland. He talked of the Elbe, and said, the importance of that river was little known; that the finest timber for ship-building could be brought there, at a small expense, from Poland, &c. &c.

I slept this night at Frejus, and was awoke at four in the morning by two of the principal inhabitants, who came into my room, to implore me to embark the Emperor as quick as possible, they having received intelligence that the army of Italy, lately under the command of Eugene Beauharnois, was broken up,—that the soldiers were entering France in large bodies, and were as devoted as ever to their chief. Those gentlemen appeared apprehensive that the Emperor might put himself at their head. I informed them, that I had no more to do with embarking the Emperor than they had; and referred them to the envoys, to make known their fears and misgivings, who I dare say were as little pleased as I was, in being awoke at so unseasonable an hour; however, as it was pretty evident that Napoleon was in no hurry to quit the shores of France, and appeared to have some motive for remaining, the envoys became rather uneasy, and requested me to endeavour to prevail upon him to embark that day. In order to meet their wishes, I demanded an interview, and pointed out to the Emperor the uncertainty of winds, and the difficulty I should have in landing in the boat, should the wind change to the southward, and drive in a swell upon the beach, which from the present appearance of the weather, might probably happen before many hours; in which case I should be obliged for the safety of H. M. ship to put to sea. I then took leave, and went on board; and at ten o'clock received the following note from Col. Campbell:—

"Dear Ussher,—The Emperor is not very well, and wishes to delay embarking for a few hours, if you think it will be possible then; that you may not be kept in suspense, he begs you will leave one of your officers here, who can make a signal to your ship when it is necessary to prepare, and he will send previous warning; also I think you had better come up, or send and we can fix a signal, such as a white sheet at the end of the street. The bearer has orders to place at your disposal a hussar and a horse, whenever you wish to go up or down; let me know your wishes by bearer. You will find me at General Koller's.

"Yours truly,

"10 A. M. N. CAMPBELL."

Napoleon finding that it was my determination to put to sea, saw the necessity of yielding to circumstances: Bertrand was accordingly directed to have the carriages ready at seven o'clock; and about a quarter before seven I waited on the Emperor, to inform him, that my barge was at the beach. I remained alone with him in his room at the inn, until the carriage which was to convey him to my boat was announced. He walked up and down the room, apparently in deep thought. There was now a loud noise in the street; upon which I remarked, that a French mob was the worst of all mobs, (I hardly knew why I made this remark:) he replied, "Yes, they are a fickle people; they are like a weathercock." At this moment, Comte Bertrand announced the carriages; he immediately put on his sword, which was lying on the table, and said, "Allons, Capitaine." I turned from him to feel if my sword was loose in the scabbard, fancying I might have occasion to use it; the folding-doors (which opened on a pretty large landing-place) were thrown open, and there appeared a number of most respectable looking people—the ladies in full dress—they were perfectly silent, but bowed most profoundly. The Emperor, who went up to a very pretty young woman, asked her in a courteous tone, if she was married, and how many children she had? He scarcely waited for a reply, but bowing to every individual, as he descended the staircase, stepped into his carriage, desiring Baron Koller, myself, and Comte Bertrand (the Mareschal du Palais,) to accompany him. The carriage immediately drove off at full speed to the beach, followed by the carriages of the envoys.

On arriving, the scene was deeply interesting; it was a bright moonlight night, with little wind; a regiment of cavalry was drawn up in a line upon the beach and among the trees. On the carriage approaching, the bugles sounded, which, with the neighing of horses, and the noise of the people assembled to bid a last adieu to their fallen chief, was to me in the highest degree interesting.

The Emperor having alighted from the carriage, embraced Prince Schouwalloff, who, with Comte Truxos, took leave and returned to Paris. He then took my arm: I immediately proceeded towards the barge. Lieutenant Smith, nephew to Sir Sidney Smith (who had been some time confined in the Temple with Captain Wright,) was, by a strange coincidence, the officer of the boat; he came forward and assisted the Emperor along the gang-board into the boat. The Undaunted lay close in, with her topsails hoisted, lying to. On arriving alongside, I immediately went up the side to receive the Emperor on the quarter-deck; he took his hat off and bowed to the officers, who were all assembled on the deck. He then immediately went forward to the forecastle amongst the people, and I found him there talking to some of the men, conversing with those among them who understood a little French. Nothing seemed to escape his observation: the first thing which attracted his notice, was the number of boats; I think we had eleven. Having made all sail, and fired a royal salute, I accompanied him to my cabin, and showed him his cot (my cot which I had ordered to be prepared for him); he smiled when I said I had no better accommodation for him, said that every thing was very comfortable, and was sure he should sleep soundly. We now made all sail out of the bay, and shaped our course for Elba. At four, his usual hour, he was up and had a strong cup of coffee, (his constant custom;) and at seven he came on deck, and not the least affected by the motion of the ship. At this moment we were exchanging numbers with the Malta (Sir Benjamin Hallowell,) standing towards Genoa, and I telegraphed to him that I had the Emperor Napoleon on board. The wind having changed to the south-east, I hauled on the larboard tack towards Corsica. At ten we breakfasted; Comte Bertrand, Comte

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Drouet, Baron Köller, Col. Campbell, Comte Clam, and the officer of the morning watch, were present. Napoleon was in good spirits, and seemed very desirous of showing that, though he had ambition, England also had her share. He said that, ever since the time of Cromwell, we had set up extraordinary pretensions, and arrogated to ourselves the dominion of the sea; that after the peace of Amiens, Lord Sidmouth wished to renew the treaty of commerce which had been made by Vergennes after the American war; but that he, anxious to encourage the industry of France, had expressed his readiness to enter into a treaty, not like the former, which it was clear, from the portfolio of Versailles, must be injurious to the interests of France, but on terms of perfect reciprocity, viz., that if France took so many millions of English produce, England should take back as many millions of French produce in return. Lord Sidmouth said, "This is totally new; I cannot make a treaty on these conditions. "Very well, I cannot force you into a treaty of commerce, any more than you can force me, and me must remain as we are, without commercial intercourse." "Then," said Lord Sidmouth, "there will be war; for unless the people of England have the advantage of commerce secured to them, which they have been accustomed to, they will force me to declare war." "As you please. It is my duty to study the just interests of France, and I shall not form any treaty of commerce on other principles than those I have stated. Then England made Malta a pretext, but all the world knows that was not the cause of the war." He was sincere in his desire for peace; as a proof of which he sent his expedition to San Domingo. When, it was remarked by Col. Campbell, "that England did not think him sincere, from his refusing a treaty of commerce, and sending consuls to Ireland with engineers, to examine the harbours." He laughed, and said, "that was not necessary, for every harbour in England and Ireland, was well known to me;" and Bertrand remarked, "that every ambassador and minister was a spy." Napoleon said, that the Americans acknowledged the justness of his principles of commerce; formerly they brought over some millions of tobacco and cotton, took specie in return, and then went straight to England, where they furnished themselves with British manufactures. He refused to admit their tobacco or cotton, unless they took from France an equivalent in French produce; they yielded to his system as being just. He added, that now England had it all in her own way; that there was no power that could successfully oppose her system, and that she might now impose on France any treaty she pleased. "Les Bourbons, pauvres diables!" (here he checked himself,) "ils sont de grands seigneurs qui se contentent d'avoir leurs terres et leurs chateaux, mais si le peuple de France devient mécontent de cela, et trouve qu'il n'y a pas d'encouragement pour leurs manufactures dans l'intérieur tel qu'il devroit avoir, ils seront chassés dans six mois. Marseilles, Nantz, Bordeaux, et la côte, ne se soucient pas de cela car ils ont toujours le même commerce, mais dans l'intérieur c'est autre chose. Je sais bien comment l'espirit etoit pour moi à Tarere, Lyons, et ces endroits qui ont des manufactures, et que j'ai encouragé." He said that Spain was the natural friend of France, and enemy of Great Britain, that it was the interest of Spain to unite with France in support of their commerce and foreign possessions, that it was a disgrace to Spain to allow us to hold Gibraltar, it was only to bombard it night and day for a year, and it must eventually fall. He asked whether we still held Ceuta. He did not invade Spain, he said, to put one of his own family on the throne, but to revolutionize her; to make her a kingdom en régle, to abolish the inquisition, feudal rights, and the inordinate privileges of certain classes. He spoke also of our attack-
[illegible] Spain, without a declaration of war and without cause, seizing the frigates bringing home treasure. Some one remarked, that we knew Spain intended to make common cause with him, as soon as the treasure should arrive: he said he did not want it—all he had was five millions (francs) per month. On my asking a question regarding the Walcheren expedition, he said, we could not hold Walcheren with less than 14,000 men, half of whom would be lost annually by disease; and as he had such means in the neighbourhood (at Antwerp,) it could at any time suddenly be attacked, and, by dint of superiority of numbers, must fall; that the expedition against it was on too great a scale, and too long preparing, as it gave him time; he told me he wrote from Vienna, that the expedition was going to Antwerp. He thinks that a *coup de main* with 10,000 men, and with less preparation, would have succeeded: laughed at our ignorance in suffering so much time to be lost, and the loss of a large proportion of our army by disease, in sitting down before Flushing, instead of advancing rapidly on Antwerp; and seemed astonished at our government selecting such a commander-in-chief for so important an expedition.

After breakfast, Napoleon read for some hours and came on deck about two o'clock, and remained two or three hours, occasionally remarking what was going forward, as the men were employed in the ordinary duty of the ships, mending sails, drawing yarns, exercising the guns, &c. After dinner he referred to a map of Toulon harbour, and went over the whole of the operations against Lord Hood and General O'Hara; he commanded the artillery there as Major. All the other officers were for a regular siege; he gave in a memoir to drive off the fleet from the inner harbour, which, if successful, would place the garrison of Toulon in danger; he said that it was upon this occasion he felt the superiority of the new tactic. He related an anecdote of one of the representatives of the people ordering his battery to fire, which unmasked it too soon. This evening a small trading vessel passed near us; I ordered her to be examined, and as Napoleon was anxious to know the news, I desired the captain to be sent on board. Napoleon was on the quarter-deck; he had a great coat and round hat on: as he was anxious to question the captain, I sent him to him on the afterpart of the quarter-deck, and afterwards ordered him down to my cabin. Supposing that Napoleon was the captain of the ship, he said, "Your captain is the most extraordinary man I ever met with; he put questions to me, scarcely waiting for a reply, and repeated those questions rapidly a second time." When I told him who he had been speaking to, he appeared all astonishment, and instantly run on deck, hoping again to see him, but Napoleon had left the deck and gone below, to his very great disappointment. When Napoleon heard that the man had remarked the rapidity with which he put questions to him twice over, he said it was the only way to get at the truth from such fellows. One morning when Napoleon was on deck, I ordered the ship to be tacked, and we stood towards the Ligurian coast. The weather was very clear; as we approached the land we had a fine view of the Alps; he leaned on my arm, and gazed on them with great interest: for nearly half an hour his eye appeared quite fixed. I remarked that he had passed those mountains on a former occasion under very different circumstances; he merely said it was very true. The wind now increasing to a gale, he asked me, laughing, if there was any danger, which was evidently meant to annoy Baron Köller, who was near him, and who had no great faith in ships, and whom he constantly joked on his bad sailorship, as he suffered much from sea sickness. He made some remarks to me on our men's allowance of provisions, and seemed surprised that they had cocoa and sugar, and asked how long they had had that indulgence; I told him they were indebted to him for it, that the continental system had done this good for the sailors; that, as we could not send

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our cocoa and sugar to the Continent, the government had made that addition to their allowance of provisions.

We now tacked and stood over to the Corsican shore; passing a small vessel, he was very anxious for me to hail her for any news. I told him we could not get near enough for that purpose, as she was to windward, crossing us on the opposite tack; we were at table at the time; sitting next to him, he whispered to me, "Fire at her, and bring her down." I said I was surprised at his request, as it would denationalize her (referring to his Milan Decree). He pinched my ear, laughed, and remarked, "The treaty of Utrecht directs, that when vessels are boarded, it shall be done out of gun-shot." It was also, on this occasion, he said, England was not prepared for the steps he took in retaliation upon her blockading an entire line of coast from the river Elbe to Brest; it was that which forced him to take possession of Holland. America behaved with spirit; he said, laughing, "Ah! vous traitez les Americains, comme s'ils etoient toujours vos sujets." He thought their state correspondence was very well managed, and contained much sound reasoning; I asked him if he issued his Milan Decree for the purpose of forcing America to quarrel with us? He said he was angry with America for suffering her flag to be denationalized; he spoke long on this subject, remarking, that America had justice on her side. He rather expected America to invade Mexico. He observed, that the expedition against Copenhagen was most unjust, and in every point of view bad policy; that after all, we only took a few vessels which were of no use to us; that the gross injustice of attacking a weaker nation without a cause, and without a declaration of war, did us infinite harm. I remarked, that it was at that time believed, that this fleet was sold to him.

In speaking of Toulon, he said he found great inconvenience in being obliged to complete the provisions and stores after the ships went out of the inner harbour, as it gave information of his intentions to the British cruisers; to avoid this, he sent the Rivoli out from Venice on a canal, with her guns, stores, and provisions on board; he meant to form an establishment for building men of war at Boux, near the mouth of the Rhone, instead of at Toulon, the timber for which was to be brought there by a canal from the Rhone, and that he intended to make Toulon a port of equipment. In speaking of Cherbourg, he described the basin cut out of the solid rock, with docks for ships, executed by his orders, and drew with a pencil, upon a plan I have of the town, a line of fortifications erected for its defence, against any expedition from England, which it seemed he expected. The entrance is mined on each side.

The Empress Marie Louise visited Cherbourg when he was at Dresden, upon the completion of the works last year. He said, he had in his possession what would be invaluable to England, (this was when speaking of the weak and strong points of the empire). Upon remarks arising from this observation, he said, "France is nothing without Antwerp; for while Brest and Toulon are blockaded, a fleet can be equipped there, as wood is brought from Poland." He never would consent to give it up, having sworn at his coronation not to diminish France. He had the Elbe sounded and surveyed carefully; and near Hamburgh found it was as favourable as the Scheldt for great naval establishments. He told me his plans for the navy were on a gigantic scale: he would have had 300 sail of the line. I remarked, it was impossible he could half man that number; he said, the naval conscription, with the enlistment of foreigners, (whom he could have from all parts of Europe,) would supply men enough for his whole navy; that the Zuyder-Zee was particularly well calculated for exercising conscripts. Having expressed some doubts as to the merits of his conscript sailors, he said, I was mistaken, and asked my opinion of the Toulon fleet, which I had had frequent opportunities of seeing manœuvre in presence of our fleet; he begged I would tell him frankly what I thought of it; he said the conscripts were trained and exercised two years in schooners, and his best officers and seamen appointed to command them; they were constantly at sea, either to protect the coasting trade, or exercising. He did not calculate on their becoming perfect seamen by these means, but intended sending squadrons out to the East and West Indies, not for the purpose of attacking the colonies, but for the improvement of the men, and at the same time annoying our commerce. He expected to lose some ships, but should be able to spare them,—that they would have been well paid for.

Whilst on this topic, he surprised me, by explaining to Baron Köller (and that very well), a very nice point of seamanship, viz., that of keeping a ship clear of her anchor in a tide-way. He admired much the regularity with which the duty of the ship was carried on, every thing being so well-timed; and, above all, the respect observed by the different ranks of officers to each other, and to the quarter deck. He thought this most essential towards good discipline, and seemed quite aware we were very tenacious of the slightest deviation from it. He said he endeavored to establish it in the French navy, but could not beat it into the heads of his captains.

The wind still continuing to the eastward, with a heavy swell, we stood on, to get well in, with the Corsican shore, having carried away the leech-ropes of the fore and main topsails; we repaired them aloft, and close-reefed them, and sent down topgallant-yards and royal masts, there being now every appearance of bad weather. I mentioned my intention of anchoring at Bastia, if the gale increased. Napoleon seemed most desirous we should in that case anchor at Ajaccio; I explained to him it was much out of our course. He then proposed to go to Calvi, for which place he appeared a good pilot, mentioning the depth of water and other particulars, in the harbour, showing a most retentive memory.

This evening we fell in and exchanged numbers with the Berwick, Aigle and Alcmene, with a convoy. I invited, per signal, Sir John Louis and Captain Coghlan to dinner. When they came on board, I presented them to Napoleon, who questioned them about their ships, as to their sailing and other qualities. Captain Coghlan was not a little surprised by his asking him if he was Irish and a Roman Catholic. All this night we carried sail to get in shore, the Aigle and Alcmene keeping company; at daylight saw the town of Calvi, bearing south. Napoleon was on deck earlier than usual; he seemed in high spirits, looked most earnestly at the shore, asking the officers questions relative to landing-places, &c. As we closed with the shore, the wind moderated. During the bad weather, Napoleon was always on deck, and not affected by the motion of the ship; his attendants were, particularly Comte Drouet, who had been much at sea with Villeneuve, and with him in the action with Sir Robert Calder off Ferrol.

The wind now coming off the land, we hauled in-shore. Napoleon took great delight in examining it with his glass, and told us many anecdotes of his younger days, &c. We rounded a bold rocky cape within two or three cables' length. Napoleon, addressing himself to Baron Köller, said, he thought a walk on shore would do them good, and proposed landing to explore the cliffs. The Baron whispered to me, that he knew him too well to trust him on such an excursion, and begged me not to allow him to land. We now hauled in towards the Gulf of San Fiorenzo, fired a gun, and brought to a felucca from Genoa, who informed us, that Sir Edward Pellew, the commander-in-chief, and fleet, were lying there. We shaped our course for Cape Corso, which we passed in the night. In

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the morning we tacked, and stood towards Capraja Isle; and, observing colours flying at the castle, stood close in and hove to.

A deputation came off from the island, requesting me to take possession of it, and informing me, that there was a French garrison in the castle. I accordingly sent Lieut. Smith, with a party of seamen, to hoist the British colors for its protection. Napoleon held a long conversation with the members of the deputation, who expressed the utmost surprise at finding their Emperor on board an English man-of-war. Having now made all sail, and shaped our course for Elba, Napoleon became very impatient to see it, and asked if we had every sail set. I told him we had all that could be of any use. He remarked, "Were you in chase of an enemy's frigate, should you make more sail?" I looked aloft, and seeing that the starboard topgallant stern-sail was not set, I observed, "That if I were in chase of an enemy, I should certainly carry it." "Then, if it could be of use in that case, might it not be so now?" I mention this anecdote to show what a close observer he was, that in fact nothing escaped him.

When the man stationed at the mast head hailed the deck that Elba was in sight, he became exceedingly impatient; went forward to the forecastle; and as soon as the land was perceived from the deck, was most anxious to know what colours were flying on the batteries. He seemed to doubt the garrison having given in their adhesion to the Bourbons; and it appears, not without reason, as they had in fact only done so during the preceding forty-eight hours, so that, if we had had a fair wind, I should have found the island in the hands of the enemy, and consequently must have taken my charge to the commander-in-chief, who would no doubt have ordered him to England.

On nearing Elba, General Drouet, with Comte Clam (aid-de-camp to Prince Schwartzenburg), and Lieutenant Hastings, the first lieutenant of the Undaunted, were sent on shore, commissioned by Napoleon to take possession of the island; Colonel Campbell accompanied them. They were conducted to the house of General Dalheme, who had received orders from the provisional government only two days before, in consequence of which, he and his troops had given in their adhesion to Louis XVIII., and mounted the white flag. The general expressed his desire to do whatever should be agreeable to Napoleon.

May 3, 1814.—One part of Drouet's instructions from Napoleon mentioned, his desire to receive the names of all officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, who would wish to enter into his service. He desired also a deputation of the principal inhabitants to come off to him. About eight o'clock P. M., we anchored at the entrance of the harbour, and soon after the deputation waited upon Napoleon. There had been originally about 3000 troops; but desertion, and the discharge of discontented foreigners, had reduced the number to about seven hundred. The island had been in a state of revolt for several weeks, in consequence of which, the troops were shut up in the fortifications which surround the town of Porto Ferrajo. During the night, an Austrian officer was sent off in one of my boats to Piombino, inviting a renewal of communication for commercial purposes, news, &c. This was done by a letter from the commissioner to the commandant, who, however, politely declined it, not having the permission of his superior, for which he had written.

May 4th.—Napoleon was on deck at daylight, and talked for two hours with the harbour-master, who had come on board to take charge of the ship as pilot, questioning him minutely about the anchorage, fortifications, &c. At six o'clock, we weighed and made sail into the harbour, anchored at half-past six, near the Mole-head, and moored shin, hoisted out all the boats, and sent some of the bag-
ore. At eight, the Emperor asked me for a boat, as he intended taking a walk on the opposite side of the bay, and requested me to go with him. He wore a great-coat and a round-hat; Comte Bertrand, Col. Campbell, and Col. Vincent, chief engineer, went with us, Baron Köller declined. When halfway, he remarked, he was without a sword, and soon afterwards asked, if the peasants of Tuscany were addicted to assassination. We walked for about two hours. The peasants considering us all Englishmen, cried, "Viva!" which seemed to displease him; we returned on board to breakfast. He afterwards fixed upon a flag for Elba, requesting me to remain while he did so. He had a book, containing all the ancient and modern flags of Tuscany. He asked my opinion of that which he had chosen. It was white, with a red band running diagonally through it, with three bees on the band; the bees were in his arms as Emperor of France. He then requested me to allow the ship's tailor to make two, one of them to be hoisted on the batteries at one o'clock.

At two P. M., the barge was manned; he begged me to precede him down the side of the vessel. After him came General Köller, followed by Comte Bertrand and Comte Clam. The yards were manned, and a royal salute fired, as did each of the French corvettes; the ship was surrounded by boats, with the principal inhabitants, and bands of music: the air also resounded with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!* On landing, he was received by the prefect, the clergy, and all the authorities, &c.; the keys were presented to him on a plate. He then made a complimentary speech to the prefect, the people welcoming him with loud acclamations. We proceeded to the church, through a double file of soldiers, and from thence to the Hotel de Ville, where all the principal inhabitants were assembled, with several of whom he conversed. Remarking an old soldier in the crowd, (he was a serjeant, I believe, and wore the order of the Legion of Honour,) he called him up, and seemed delighted to see him, spoke to him by name, and recollected having "decorated" him on the field of battle at Eylau. The old soldier shed tears; the idea of being recollected by his Emperor fairly overcame him: he felt, I doubt not, that it was the proudest day of his life. Napoleon afterwards mounted a horse, and, attended by a dozen persons, visited some of the outworks, having previously invited me to dine with him at seven o'clock. Before leaving the ship, I ordered all my wine and stock to be landed for his use, the island being destitute of provisions of that sort.

May 5th, at four A. M., I was awoke by shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* and drums beating. Napoleon was already up and going on foot over the fortifications, magazines, and storehouses; at ten he returned to breakfast, and at two mounted his horse, and I accompanied him two leagues into the country. He examined various country houses, and gave money to all the poor we met on the road; at seven he returned to dinner. Before leaving the Undaunted, Napoleon requested that a party of fifty Marines might accompany him to remain on shore, but this he afterwards changed to an officer and two serjeants; one of whom, O'Gorman, one of the bravest and best soldiers I ever met with, and whom he had taken a great fancy to, he selected to sleep outside the door of his bedchamber, on a mattrass, with his clothes and sword on. A *valet de chambre* lay on another mattrass in the same place, and if Napoleon lay down during the day, the serjeant remained in the antechamber.

May 6th, at six o'clock we crossed the bay in my barge, and found horses waiting for us. We rode to Rion to see the famous Iron Mountains; we went over several mines, and visited the temple built by the Romans and consecrated to Jupiter. The road to the latter is highly romantic and beautiful, but it is difficult of access, being situated on the summit of a steep and lofty mountain. This obliged

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us to dismount, and we walked through a thick covert of beautiful trees and shrubs, till we arrived at the temple. There is a small museum very nicely kept, and containing, principally, fine specimens of the ore of the mines, two or three of which Napoleon presented me with. He expressed a wish to see the principal mine; when every thing was prepared, he asked Baron Koller and one or two others to accompany him, which they politely declined; two guides with flambeaux accompanied us. When we arrived at about the centre of what appeared to me an immense cavern, the guides struck the ground with their flambeaux, and all around became suddenly illuminated. At the moment, I expected an explosion; Napoleon may have thought so too, but he very coolly took a pinch of snuff, and desired me to follow him. At Rion, *Te Deum* was chanted, I suppose for the first time, as the officiating priest did not seem to understand his business. In passing through Rion, a salute was fired, and he was received with loud acclamations and cries of "Vive l'Empereur." There was great curiosity to see him, several old women presented him petitions, and numbers pressed forward to kiss his hand. At five we re-embarked in the barge, and crossed the harbour to Porto Ferrajo. At seven we sat down to dinner; he spoke of his intention of taking possession of Planosa, a small island without inhabitants, about ten miles from Elba. He said, "Toute l'Europe dira, que j'ai déjà fait une conquête." Already he had plans in agitation for conveying water from the mountains to the city. It appears also to have been considered by him of the first importance, to have a supply of good water for the inhabitants of towns, and upon this occasion, it was evidently the first thing that occupied his mind, having almost immediately requested me to go with him in the barge in search of water. One day, exploring for this purpose, he remarked the boats of the Undaunted in a small creek watering; he said, he was quite sure that good water was to be had there. I asked him why he thought so; he said, depend upon it, sailors always know where to find the best, there are no better judges. We landed at the place; he desired to taste the water; Jack made the rim of his hat into what is called a cocked hat, and filled it with water; Napoleon was amused at this contrivance, tasted the water, and pronounced it excellent. He also thought the cleanliness of the streets of so much importance, that he requested that I would allow the carpenter of the ship to go to him. I told him he was a tolerably good engineer, that he might consult him about forcing the sea water, by means of pumps, to the summit of the hill.

The town of Porto Ferrajo is built on the side of a hill, crowned by strong works for its defence. I believe he afterwards abandoned his sea-water plan, which would have been attended with great expense. He had also plans for a palace and country-house, and a house for Princess Pauline; stables, a lazaretto, and quarantine ground; about the latter he asked my opinion.

May 7th, from four till ten A. M., Napoleon was employed visiting the town and fortifications. After breakfast he embarked in the barge, and visited the different store-houses round the harbour. In making excursions into the country, he was accompanied by a dozen officers, and the captain of the gens-d'armerie, and one of the fourriers du palais always rode before, and sometimes a party of gens-d'armes à pied went into the country before. After taking our places in the barge, some of the party kept their hats off, he desired them to put them on: "Nous sommes ici ensemble en soldats." The fishing of the tunny is carried on here by one of the richest inhabitants, who, from poverty, has amassed a large fortune; he employs a great number of the poor, and has considerable influence. The removal of his stores to a very inferior building, to make way for a stable for the Emperor's horses, was likely to give great offence.

May 8th, the Curaçoa, Captain Towers, arrived with Mr. Locker, secretary to Sir Edward Pellew, commander-in-chief; he requested an audience to present to the Emperor a copy of the treaty of peace. Napoleon received Mr. Locker very graciously, and seemed to read the treaty with deep interest. Baron Koller, Count Bertrand, Drouet, General Dalheme, &c., Colonel Campbell, Captain Towers and myself were present. Having read it, he folded and returned it to Mr. Locker, expressing his obligations to the commander-in-chief.

May 9th, Baron Koller, having demanded audience, took leave of the Emperor, and embarked in the Curaçoa for Genoa. I this day accompanied Napoleon to Longone, where we lunched, amid repeated cries of "Vive l'Empereur." Longone is a place of considerable strength. The works are regular, the bay is small, but there is a safe anchorage within. Many old people presented petitions, and girls brought flowers, which he accepted with much condescension, talking to all, but particularly to those that were pretty. A young lad fell on his knees before him, either to ask charity, or merely as a mark of respect. He turned to Colonel Campbell and said, "Ah! je connois bien les Italiens, c'est l'education des moines, on ne sait pas cela parmi le peuple du nord." On proceeding a little further, we met two well dressed young women, who saluted him with compliments; one of them, the youngest, told him with great ease and gayety, that she had been invited to the ball at Longone two days before, but as the Emperor did not attend it, as was expected, she had remained at home. Instead of returning by the same road, he turned off by goat-paths to examine the coast, humming Italian airs, which he does very often, and seemed quite in spirits; he expressed his fondness for music, and remarked, that this reminded him of passing Mont St. Bernard, and of a conversation which he had had upon that occasion with a young peasant. The man, he said, not knowing who he was, spoke freely of the happiness of those who possessed a good house and a number of cattle, &c. He made him enumerate his greatest wants and desires, and afterwards sent for him, and gave all that he had described. "Cela m'a couté 60,000 francs."

May 10th, Napoleon rode to the top of the highest hill above Porto Ferrajo, from whence we could perceive the sea at four different points, and apparently not an English mile in a straight line, in any direction from the spot where we stood. After surveying it for some time, he turned round and laughed, "Eh! mon isle est bien petit." On the top of this hill is a small chapel and a house, where a hermit had resided till his death; some one remarked, that it would require more than common devotion to induce persons to attend divine service there—"Oui bien, le prêtre peut dire autant de bêtises qu'il veut." On the evening of the 9th, after his return from Longone, he entered upon the subject of the armies and their operations at the close of the last campaign, and continued it for half an hour, until he rose from table. After passing into the presence-chamber, the conversation again turned on the campaign, his own policy, the Bourbons, &c., and he continued talking with great animation till midnight, remaining for three hours on his legs. He described the operations against the Allies as always in his favour, while the numbers were in any sort of proportion; that in one affair against the Prussians, who were infinitely the best, he had only seven hundred infantry en tirailleurs, with two thousand cavalry, and three battalions of his guards in reserve, against double their numbers. The instant those old soldiers showed themselves, the affair was decided. He praised General Blucher, "Le vieux Diable m'a toujoûrs attaqué avec la même vigueur s'il etoit battu; un instant après, il se montrait encore prêt poul le combat." He then described his last march from Arcis to Brienne, and said

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that he knew Schwartzenburg would not stand to fight him, and that he hoped to destroy half his army upon his retreat; he had already taken an immense quantity of baggage and guns.

When it was reported to him that the enemy had crossed the Aube to Vitry, he was induced to halt. He would not, however, credit it, till General Gerard assured him that he saw twenty thousand infantry: he was overjoyed at this assurance, and immediately returned to St. Dizier, where he attacked Wintzingerode's cavalry, which he considered the advanced guard of Schwartzenburg's army, drove them before him a whole day, like sheep at full gallop, took fifteen hundred or two thousand prisoners, and some light pieces of artillery; but to his surprise, did not see any army, and again halted. His best information led him to believe that, instead of retreating to Langres, they had returned to Troyes. Accordingly he marched in that direction, and there ascertained, after a loss of three days, that the two armies of Schwartzenburg and Blucher had marched upon Paris. He then ordered forced marches, and went forward himself, (with his suite and carriages,) on horseback, day and night: never were he and his friends more gay and confident. He said he knew that all the workmen of Paris would fight for him; what could the Allies do against such a force? The National Guards had only to barricade all the streets with casks, and it would be impossible for them to advance before he arrived to their support. At eight A. M., a few leagues from Paris, he met a column of stragglers, who stared at him and he at them. "Qu'est ce que c'est que cela?" he demanded; they stopped, seemed stupified, "Quoi! l'Empereur?" They informed him they had retreated through Paris; he was still confident of success. His army burnt with desire to attack the enemy and drive them out of the capital; he knew very well what Schwartzenburg would risk, and the composition of the allied army compared with his own; that he never would hazard a general battle with Paris in his rear; that he would take the defensive position on the other side; he would have engaged them in various points for two or three hours, then have marched with his thirty battalions of guards, and eighty pieces of cannon, himself at the head, upon one part of the enemy's force, nothing could withstand that; but, although his inferiority of numbers would not enable him to hope for a complete victory, yet he should succeed in killing a great number of the enemy, and forcing them to abandon Paris and its neighbourhood; what he would afterwards do, must depend on various circumstances.

Who could have supposed that the Senate would have dishonoured themselves, by assembling under the force of 20,000 foreign bayonets (a timidity unexampled in history), and that a man, who owed every thing to him, who had been his aide-de-camp, and attached to him for twenty years, would have betrayed him! Still it was but a faction which ruled Paris under the influence of the enemy's force, the rest of the nation was for him; the army would almost to a man continue to fight for him, but with so great an inferiority in point of number, it would be certain death to many of his friends, and a civil war for years; he preferred, therefore, sacrificing his own rights, although the army still remained faithful to him. When he abdicated his throne, it was not for the sake of a crown that he continued the war, it was for their glory, for plans which he saw no prospect of realizing. He wished to have made France the first nation in the world; now it was at an end. "J'ai abdiqué, à present je suis un homme mort." He repeated this latter expression several times. In remarking on his confidence in his own troops, and his Vieille Garde, and on the want of union among the Allies, he referred to Colonel Campbell, to say candidly if it was not so. "Dites, Campbell, franchement n'est ce pas vrai?" Colonel Campbell told him it was; that he had never seen any very considerable portion of the French army, but every one spoke of the Emperor and his "Garde," as if there were something more than human in them to be dreaded; that the inferiority which he conceived of Schwartzenburg's army was justly founded—they had no confidence in themselves or in their allies, each party thought he did too much and his allies too little, and that they were half beaten before they closed with the French. He sneered at Marmont's anxiety for his life. "Fut il jamais rien de si naive que cette capitulation?" boasting of his intention to protect his person, yet deserting, leaving him and the whole of his comrades open to the surprise of the enemy: for it was Marmont's corps which covered the whole front. The night previous he said to Napoleon, "Pour mon corps d'armée je réponds." So he might, for the officers and soldiers were enraged when they found what had been done, 8000 infantry, 3000 cavalry, and 60 pieces of cannon. —"voila l'histoire." He animadverted on Marmont's conduct before Paris, saying, "Who ever heard the like? 200 pieces of artillery in the Champ de Mars, and only 60 on the heights of Mont Martre." General Dalheme asked whether he had not fought with vigour. This was nearly all that passed at that time.

After accompanying him into another room, he resumed the conversation, enlarging upon the general state of the army, and the policy of France. He seemed to repent his abdication, and, had he known that it was owing to the treachery of Augereau only that his army fell back behind Lyons, he would have united his own to it, even after Marmont's capitulation. He animadverted strongly upon the conduct of Augereau, who had met him with all the kindness of a friend; the first idea of his defection struck him after separating from him on the road between Valence and Lyons. General Köller expressed his surprise at Augereau's duplicity, and asked Napoleon whether he had seen the proclamation of Augereau. He said not. The spirit of the troops was such that he durst not remain among them; for, on his arrival, many old officers and soldiers came up to him weeping, and said they were betrayed by Augereau, and requested Napoleon would put himself at their head. He had an army of 30,000 fine troops, many of them the army of Spain, which ought to have kept its ground against the Austrians. He again spoke of Marmont's defection; that it was reported to him in the morning, but he did not believe it; that he rode out, and met Berthier, who confirmed it, from an undoubted source. He referred to the armistice between Lord Castlereagh and Talleyrand; that he thought the Allies were pursuing a bad policy with regard to France, by reducing her so much, for it would wound the pride of every man there; they might have left them much more power without any risk, and yet without being on an equality with several other powers. France had no longer any fleet, she had not any colonies; peace would not restore ships or San Domingo. Poland no longer existed, nor Venice; these went to aggrandize Russia and Austria. Spain, which is the natural enemy of Great Britain, more so than France, was incapable of doing any thing as an ally. If to these sacrifices were added that of a disadvantageous treaty of commerce with Great Britain, the people of France would not continue tranquil under it. "Pas même six mois, après que les puissances étrangères quitteront Paris." He then remarked that a month had already elapsed and the king of France had not yet come over to the people, who had placed him on the throne. He said that now England did as she pleased, the other powers were nothing in comparison. "Pour vingt années au moins, aucune puissance ne peut faire guerre contre l'Angleterre et elle fera ce qu'elle veut." Holland would be entirely subservient to her; the armistice gave no information as to the ships at Antwerp, or in the Texel. "Le brave Verheul se defend toujours." (This admiral commanded the ships at Ant-

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werp.) He then enumerated the number of ships he had in each of the ports; that in three or four years he was to have had 300 sail of the line. "Quelle différence pour la France." With many other remarks in the same strain. Col. Campbell said, "But we do not know why your Majesty wished to annihilate us." He laughed and replied, "Si j'etois Ministre d'Angleterre, je tâcherais d'en faire la plus grande puissance du monde."

Napoleon frequently spoke of the invasion of England; that he never intended to attempt it without a superiority of fleet to protect the flotilla. This superiority would have been attained for a few days by leading ours out to the West Indies and suddenly returning; if it arrived three or four days before ours in the Channel, it would be sufficient; the flotilla would immediately push out, accompanied by the fleet, and the landing might take place on any part of the coast, as he would march directly to London; he preferred the coast of Kent, but that must have depended on the wind and weather. He would have placed himself at the disposal of the naval officers and pilots, to land the troops wherever they thought they could arrive with the greatest security and in the least time. He had 100,000 men; each of the flotilla had her boats to land them. Artillery and cavalry would soon have followed, and the whole could have reached London in three days. He armed the flotilla merely as a false attack, to lead us to suppose that he intended them to fight their way across the Channel, but it was only to deceive us. It was remarked that we expected to be treated with great severity, in case of his succeeding, and he was asked what he would have done had he arrived in London. He said it was a difficult question to answer; for a people with spirit and energy, like the English, was not to be easily subdued, even by taking their capital. He would certainly have separated Ireland from Great Britain; and the occupying the capital would have been a death-blow to our funds, credit, and commerce. He asked us to say frankly whether we were not alarmed at his preparations for invading England. He entered into a long conversation with Comte Drouet, who was with Admiral Villeneuve in the action with Sir Robert Calder, as to his operations. Comte Drouet said Admiral Villeneuve did not want either zeal or talents, but he was impressed with a great fear of the British navy; that after the action he was entreated by all the officers to pursue the British squadron, and to renew the action. He said that about the end of the campaign of 1804, before England had seized the Spanish galleons, and before he had obtained from Spain an entire and frank co-operation, having then no other auxiliary but the Dutch, he wished to run the Toulon fleet through the Straits, unite it to six sail of the line at Rochefort, and the Brest fleet, which consisted of twenty-three sail of the line, and with this combined force to appear before Boulogne, there to be joined by the Dutch fleet; thus securing the passage and landing of his troops. He said he was diverted from his intention of invading by the Austrians. At the death of admiral de la Touche Treville (one of his most able admirals) Villeneuve was appointed commander-in-chief at Toulon, and hoisted his flag in the Bucentaur; his squadron consisted of four 80-gun ships, eight 74's, six frigates, and 7000 troops.

On the 30th of March, 1805, Admiral Villeneuve sailed from Toulon, and on the 7th of April was before Carthagena, waiting a reinforcement of six Spanish sail of the line. These ships not being ready, he pursued his course about the middle of April, appeared before Gibraltar, and chased Sir John Orde, who, with five sail of the line was before Cadiz. Admiral Villeneuve was joined by a 74 and two corvettes, and by Admiral Gravina, with six sail of the line and 2000 troops, making eighteen sail of the line in all.

The 9th May Villeneuve opened his sealed orders, and gave Admiral Gravina his instructions, which were to separate with his squadron, reinforce the garrison of Porto Rico and Havana, and rejoin him at a prescribed rendezvous. Villeneuve anchored at Martinique on the 14th May, and learned that Admiral Missiessy had just left the West Indies. He sailed from Rochefort the 11th January, his squadron consisting of six sail of the line and three frigates, and 3000 troops—his flag-ship the Majestueux. Napoleon said he was visiting the fortresses on the Rhine when he wrote the orders for these expeditions; the first to reinforce Martinique and Guadaloupe, take Dominica and St. Lucie; the second to take Surinam and its dependencies, and strengthen St. Domingo; the third to St. Helena. It was before he quitted Milan, to visit the departments of the east, that he learnt the return of the Rochefort squadron. Though he blamed the precipitation with which Dominica had been abandoned, he saw in this fortunate cruise the advantage he had gained. He felicitated himself in having concealed the destination of Villeneuve; still he was uneasy about Nelson. In his despatch, written at the moment of his departure for Milan, he said, "It is uncertain what Nelson intends doing; it is very possible the English, having sent a strong squadron to the East Indies, have ordered Nelson to America. I am, however, of opinion that he is still in Europe. The most natural supposition is that he has returned to England to refit, and turn over his men to other vessels, as some of his ships require docking." He impressed on the mind of the minister of marine the importance he attached to Villeneuve having the means of victualling his fleet at Ferrol. He said, with respect to the Rochefort squadron, "The English will, no doubt, send a squadron after them. You must not calculate upon what it is the duty of the admiralty to do. 100,000 men are at Boulogne, seven sail of the line in the Texel, with an army of 30,000 men, and a fleet of twenty-two sail of the line at Brest. It may happen that Villeneuve may return suddenly; but he might also direct his course to India or to Jamaica. What responsibility, then, weighs on the heads of the ministers if they allow months to pass without sending a force to protect the colonies! It is scarcely probable the English could at any time assemble sixty-five sail of the line. I think you should send to Admiral Villeneuve the moment he arrives at Ferrol; as nothing gives greater courage, and so well clears the ideas, as knowing the position of the enemy. It is true the English have 111 sail of the line, of which 3 are guard-ships, and not to be counted, 16 prison-ships or hospitals; there remain, then, 92, out of which 20 are under repair, viz., not ready for sea; there remain, then, 72, the disposition of which is, probably, 8 or 10 in India, 3 or 4 at Jamaica, 3 or 4 at Barbadoes, making 16 or 18, leaving 54 or 56, with which it is necessary to blockade Cadiz, Ferrol, and Brest, and to follow Villeneuve and Missiessy.—The following is the state of our force: 22 at Brest, 15 at Cadiz, 12 at Ferrol, 20 with Admiral Villeneuve, 1 at l'Orient, 5 with Missiessy; total 74. The 15 at Cadiz occupy but 6 English; deduct the 9 from 74 there remain 65, which I can unite. It is scarcely possible that England can at any time assemble 65."

"Villeneuve," he continued, "having sailed to the West Indies, was pursued by Nelson. He had left the anchorage of Martinique on the 21st May, captured a convoy off Barbadoes and off the Azores, fell in with and captured a privateer with a rich prize,—a galleon. He was afterwards reinforced by Admiral Magon, with two sail of the line, and received from him instructions to proceed off Ferrol, where he would be reinforced by five sail of the line under the command of Rear-Admiral Gourdon, and six sail of the line, Spaniards, under the command of Admiral Grandelina, and a third squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Lallemande, consisting of five sail

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of the line, formerly under the command of Missiessy. It was with this mass of about forty sail of the line that Villeneuve, driving away Admiral Cornwallis from Brest, would necessarily open the passage for Admiral Gantheaume, who had twenty-two sail of the line, and form, at the entrance of the Channel, sixty-two sail of the line, six three-deckers, nine 80-gun ships, and forty-seven 74's. They were to cover the 2283 transports of which the flotilla consisted."

Such was his plan, the execution of which was defeated by Villeneuve, who, after the action with Sir Robert Calder, went into Vigo, landed his wounded, and, leaving three sail of the line there, ran into Corunna, where he was reinforced by six sail of the line, French, and ten sail of the line, Spanish,—making thirty-one sail of the line. Napoleon was at Boulogne at this time, and learned from England the situation of the different squadrons. He ordered Gantheaume to anchor in Bertheaume Bay (Brest), to be ready to join Villeneuve with twenty-two sail of the line, three of them three-deckers. The 21st of August he anchored in the Bay. The 10th of August, wind easterly, Villeneuve having been reinforced by the French and Spanish squadrons under Gourdon, Gravina, and Grandelina, anchored in the Bay of Arros, near Ferrol, and put to sea on the 13th. Nothing being then in sight, he first steered north-west, suddenly changed his course to the southward, out of sight of land, cruised four days off Cape St. Vincent, and entered Cadiz the 21st, the very day that he was expected at Brest. Lord Collingwood was before Cadiz with four sail of the line,—was surprised, and narrowly escaped.

Whilst this was going on, Admiral Lallemande, with four sail of the line, was cruising in the Bay of Biscay. His orders were to cruise till a certain period, then to wait in a particular latitude for orders, and if none reached him, then he was to proceed to Vigo the 13th, in order to reinforce Villeneuve. He executed his orders punctually, and anchored on the 16th, two days after Villeneuve had sailed; and although he expected this reinforcement he left no orders for Lallemande, compromising, by this extraordinary conduct, the safety of the squadron. Lallemande, finding no orders, put to sea again, and cruised till the 24th of December. He took a 50-gun ship, a sloop-of-war, and a convoy; and anchored at Rochefort.

Napoleon went to Boulogne on the anniversary of his birth-day. It was there he learned from England the certainty of Villeneuve arriving at Cadiz. He was furious, saying it was treason, &c. Villeneuve, before leaving Ferrol, said that he was going to Brest, and even wrote to Lallemande, who was to meet him at Vigo; and notwithstanding that he expected this squadron there, he passed the port without sending in. Napoleon ordered the minister of marine to make a report of his proceedings.

May 26.—Napoleon had been so long expecting his troops and baggage, horses, &c., that he began at length to show signs of impatience, and even to suspect the good faith of the French government; but when I told him that our transports were engaged for the purpose of embarking his troops, and might shortly be expected at Elba, he seemed surprised, complimented us on our generosity, and added, that had he known our ships were to bring his troops, he should not have a moment's uneasiness. I dined with Napoleon the following day. While at table a servant announced one of my officers, who wanted to see me. It was an officer whom I had stationed at a signal-post, established by me on a neighbouring height. He reported seven sail in the north-west quarter, standing towards the island. I had no doubt, from their number, and the course these vessels were steering, that they were the long-expected transports. The Emperor almost immediately rose from table, and I accompanied him to his garden, which with his house, occupies the highest part of the works, and has a commanding view of the sea towards Italy and the coast of France. Full of anxiety, he stopped at the end of every walk, and looked eagerly for the vessels. We walked till it was quite dark: he was very communicative, and his conversation highly interesting. It was now near midnight. I told him that, with a good night-glass, I should be able to see them, as, from the breeze they had, they could not be very far from the island. He brought me a very fine night-glass, made by Donaldson, which enabled me to see the vessels distinctly,—they were lying-to at the time. He was quite delighted, and in the highest spirits wished me good-night. At four o'clock in the morning he was out again giving orders. I was awoke by the beating of drums, and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" He ordered the harbour-master and pilots out to the transports, made arrangements for the comfort of his troops, and provided stables for a hundred *horses*. At about seven o'clock the troops were landed, and paraded before Napoleon, who addressed every officer and soldier. They appeared quite delighted at again seeing their Emperor. Among the officers were several Poles, remarkably fine young men. At eight o'clock I ordered half the crew of the Undaunted to be sent on board the transports; and by four o'clock they were ready for sea. During the whole of the operation he was on the quay, in the midst of an excessively hot sun. When I informed him that every thing was landed, and that the transports had completed their water, and were ready for sea, he expressed surprise, and said, pointing to some Italian sailors, "Those fellows would have been eight days doing what yours have done in as many hours; besides, they would have broken my horses' legs, not one of which has received a scratch."

General Cambrone, who came in command of the troops, remained in conversation with Napoleon the whole time. At four o'clock he mounted his horse and rode into the country, and returned to dinner at seven. At half-past seven o'clock he rose from table, and I accompanied him to his garden, where he walked till half-past eleven. It was during our conversation this night that I told him it was generally thought in England that he intended rebuilding Jerusalem; and that what gave rise to the supposition was his having the Sanhedrim at Paris. He laughed, and said the Sanhedrim was held for other purposes. It collected Jews, who came from all parts of Europe, but particularly from Poland; and from them he obtained information of the state of their country. He added, that they gave him much useful information—that they were well informed as to the real state of the country on every point, and possessed all the information he wanted, and which he was able to turn to account. A great number of Jews also came from England. In talking of his marshals he seemed to regret that he had not allowed some of them to retire. He said they wanted retirement. He ought to have made a batch of young men, who would have been attached to him, like Massena. He considered Gouvion St. Cyr one of his best soldiers. He said Ney was a man who lived on fire,—that he would go into the cannon's mouth if he were ordered,—but he was not a man of talent or education; Marmont was a good soldier, but a weak man; Soult was highly talented, and a good soldier: Bernadotte, he said, had behaved ill upon one occasion (Austerlitz), and that he ought to have been tried by a court-martial,—he did not interfere or influence in any way his election by the Swedes. He had a high opinion of Junot, who stood at his side, and was writing a despatch upon a drum-head, during which time a shot passed close, throwing up the earth about them; upon which Junot remarked, that it came *apropos*, as he wanted sand to dry his ink.

The following morning I requested an interview, to take leave on my sailing from Elba to join the commander-in-chief at Genoa. He was alone at the time; he

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seemed affected, and requested me to prolong my stay at Elba, and asked me if the wind was fair for Genoa. He said, "You are the first Englishman I have been acquainted with," and spoke in a flattering manner of England. He said he felt under great obligations to Sir Edward Pellew, and requested I would assure him of his gratitude for the attentions shown him,—hoped, when the war with America was terminated, I would pay him a visit. I told him I had that morning breakfasted with the Comte de Montcabré, on board the Dryade frigate, who informed me of the Prince of Essling having had some dispute with Sir Edward Pellew,—that the government had, in consequence, an intention of removing him from the command at Toulon. He remarked, that he was one of his best marshals, a man of superior talent, but that his health was bad, owing to breaking a blood-vessel. I said it was understood he was so much displeased with the conduct of the Prince of Essling in the Peninsula, that he had ordered him to Barèges. He seemed surprised, and said that I was greatly mistaken, for at the time alluded to his health was very delicate, and his physicians recommended him to go to Nice, the place of his birth: after his recovery, he gave him the command at Toulon, which was just then vacant. I requested he would allow me to present Lieutenant Bailey, the agent of transports, who had been appointed agent to embark his guards, &c. at Savona. He thanked him for the attention paid to his troops, and the care taken of his horses; and complimented him on no accident having happened to them (there were ninety-three) either in the embarcation or disembarcation; and gave credit to his skill, adding, that our sailors exceeded even the opinion he had long since formed of them.

During this conversation, Napoleon gave a remarkable proof of his retentive memory, and of his information on subjects connected with naval matters. Lieutenant Bailey informed him, that after the guards were embarked, a violent gale of wind arose, with a heavy sea, which at one time threatened the destruction of the transports; that he considered Savona a dangerous anchorage. Napoleon told him, that had he gone to a small bay, near Savona, he might have lain there in perfect safety. Napoleon requested me to inform the commander-in-chief how much he was satisfied with Lieutenant Bailey's kind and skilful conduct. He then thanked me for my attention to himself; and embracing me *à la Francaise*, said,—"Adieu, Capitaine! Comptez sur moi. Adieu!" He seemed considerably affected.

In closing this narrative, I may be permitted to observe, that I endeavored throughout to execute the somewhat difficult mission with which I was charged faithfully and and zealously, but at the same time with that deference and respect for the feelings of Napoleon, which appeared to me no less due to his misfortunes than to his exalted station and splendid talents.

POOR JACK.

CHAPTER XL.

Showing the great advantages to be derived from patronage.

I left Old Nanny, and arrived at my mother's house in time for breakfast. I did not, however, find her in a very good humour; something had evidently ruffled her. Virginia, also, who welcomed me most cordially, was taciturn and grave. My mother made but one observation during our repast.

"Well, Tom," said she, "you've found out what it is to wish to marry for love; I only wish it may be a lesson to others."

To this evident attack upon Virginia, at the expense of my feelings, I made no reply; and soon afterward my mother went to superintend her establishment, leaving me and my sister alone.

"Tom," said she, "I hope by this time you are no longer suffering from your late cruel disappointment. I have felt for you, I assure you, and assuring you of that, will not again revert to the subject. Let her be blotted from your memory as soon as possible."

"Be it so, my dear Virginia; but you are grave, and my mother is evidently out of humour. You must explain this."

"That is easily done; I have made a sad mistake. I was so much annoyed at my mother's system toward me that I ventured, without her knowledge, to write to Lady Hercules, requesting her protection and influence to procure me some situation as a companion to a lady, amanuensis, or reader. It appears that her ladyship was not very sincere in her professions when we had an interview with her; at all events, her reply was any thing but satisfactory, and, unfortunately, it was addressed to my mother, and not to me. You can have no idea of my mother's indignation upon the receipt of it; and she has not been sparing in her reproaches to me for having written without her knowledge, and having, by so doing, subjected her to much mortification. I certainly am sorry to have done so. And for her ladyship's answer, it would have been to me more a subject of mirth than any other feeling. It has, however, proved the cause of much annoyance from my mother's continually harping upon it."

"Have you the letter of Lady Hercules?"

"I have a copy of it, which I took, intending to have sent it to you the next time that I wrote. I will bring it down, if you will wait a minute."

When Virginia returned, she put the following epistle into my hands—

"Mrs. Saunders: I have received a letter from your daughter, which, I presume, was forwarded as a specimen of her penmanship; otherwise it was your duty to have addressed me yourself. I said to you, when I met you at Greenwich, that you were educating your daughter above her condition in life, and now repeat it. My patronage is extended only to those who are not above their situations, which, I am sorry to observe, most people are now. Nevertheless, as I did say that I would exert my influence in your daughter's behalf, in consequence of your having been a decent, well-behaved menial to me, I have made inquiry among my acquaintances, and find that I may be, possibly, able to place her with my friend, Lady Towser, as a 'boudoir assistant.' I have said possibly, as I am by no means sure that she will be equal to the situation, and the number of applicants are very numerous. The enclosed paper from Lady Towser will give you an idea of what will be requisite—

"Morning, up at 6, and nicely dressed; come in list shoes, and wait at bedside, in case Lady Towser should be troubled with her morning cough, to hand the emulsion, &c. At 9, to call and assist to dress Lady Towser's head tire-woman; follow her to Lady T.'s chamber, and obey orders. Breakfast in housekeeper's room. After breakfast assist housemaid to dust ornaments, and on Saturdays and Wednesdays wash, comb, and examine dogs: other days, comb and examine them only; clean and feed macaw, cockatoo, and parrot, also canary, and other birds; bring up dogs' dinners, and prevent them fighting at meals. After dogs' dinners read to Lady T., if required; if not, get up collars and flounces, laces, &c. for Lady T. and Lady T.'s tire-woman. After your dinner, assist housekeeper as required in the still-room; fine needlework; repair clothes before they go to wash; dress and brush Lady

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T.'s perukes; walk out with dogs if weather is fine, and be careful to prevent their making any acquaintances whatever.

"Evening.—Read to Lady T., write notes, look over bills and keep general accounts: if not wanted, to make herself useful in housekeeper's room, and obey all orders received from her or head tire-woman. At night see that the hot water is ready for Lady T.'s feet, and cut corns as required: read Lady T. to sleep, or, if not required to read, wait till she is certain that Lady T. is so.

"Now the only points in which I think your daughter may fail is in properly washing, combing, and examining the dogs, and cutting her ladyship's corns; but surely she can practise a little of both, as she will not be wanted for a month. There can be no difficulty about the first; and, as for the latter, as all people in your rank of life have corns she may practise upon yours or her father's. At all events, there can be no want of corns in the Greenwich Hospital among the pensioners. I am desired to say that Lady T. gives no wages the first year: and you will be expected to send your daughter neatly fitted out, that she may be able to remain in the room when there is company. If this offer will not suit, I can do nothing more: the difficulty of patronage increases every day. You will send an answer. "VIRGINIA HAWKINGTREFYLYAN.

"I was just closing my letter when Lady Scrimmage came in; she tells me that Lady Towser is suited, and that you have no hopes of this situation. I have done my best. Lady Scrimmage has, however, informed me that she thinks she can, upon my recommendation, do something for you in Greenwich, as she deals largely with a highly respectable and fashionable milliner of the same name as your own, and with whom it would be of the greatest advantage to your daughter to be placed as an apprentice, or something of that sort. This is an opportunity not to be lost, and I therefore have requested Lady S. to write immediately; and I trust, by my patronage, she will gain a most enviable situation."

"That postscript is admirable," observed I, "and ought to have put my mother in a good humour. Is she not called by Lady Hercules 'highly respectable and fashionable?'"

"Very true," replied Virginia; "but my mother cannot get over the first part of the letter, in which she is mentioned as 'a decent and well-behaved menial.' She has since received a note from Lady Scrimmage, requesting her to take me in some capacity or another; adding, by way of postscript, 'You know you need not keep her if you do not like; it is very easy to send her away for idleness or impertinence; but I wish to oblige Lady Hercules, and so, pray, at all events, write and say that you will try her.'"

"And what has my mother said in reply?"

"She did not show me the answer; but, from what I have collected from her conversation, she has written a most haughty, and, I presume, it will be said, a most impertinent letter to both the ladies; the one to Lady Scrimmage, accompanied with her bill, which has not been paid these three years. I am sorry that my mother has been annoyed. My father, to whom I related what had taken place, told me that my mother was very ill-treated by Lady Hercules; and that she had smothered her resentment with the hopes of benefiting her children by her patronage; but that was at a time when she little expected to be so prosperous as she is now."

"It is all true, my dear girl; I recollect my father telling me the whole story. However, I presume my mother, now that she can venture upon defiance, has not failed to resort to it."

"That I am convinced of. I only hope that she will carry her indignation against great people so far, as not to court them as she has done, and abandon all her ridiculous ideas of making a match for me. After all, she has my welfare sincerely at heart, and, although mistaken in the means of securing it, I cannot but feel that she is actuated solely by her love for me.

We then changed the conversation to Janet, about whom I could not speak calmly; after which I narrated to her what had occurred during the night, and my intention to consult with my father and Anderson upon the subject.

Virginia then left me that she might assist her mother, and I hastened to my father's ward, where I found him, and, after our first greeting, requested that he would accompany me to Anderson's office, as I had something to communicate to them both. As I walked along with my father, I perceived Spicer at a corner, with his foot on a stone step, and his hand to his knee, as if in pain. *At last* he turned round and saw us. I walked up to him, and he appeared a little confused, as he said, "Ah! Tom, is that you? I did not know you were at Greenwich."

"I came here last night," replied I; "and I must be off again soon. Are you lame?"

"Lame! No; what should make me lame?" replied he, walking by the side of us as if he were not so.

I looked at his coat, and perceived that the third button on the right side was missing.

"You have lost a button, Spicer," observed I.

"So I have," replied he; and, as we had now arrived at Anderson's door, my father and I turned from him to walk in, and wished him good-by.

Anderson was in his office; and, as soon as the door was closed, I communicated to them what had occurred during the night, expressed my conviction that Spicer was the party who had attempted the murder. In corroboration I reminded my father of the loss of the button from Spicer's coat, and produced the one which Nanny had torn off.

"This is something more than suspicion," observed Anderson; "but if, as you say, Old Nanny will not give evidence against him, I know not what can be done. Did you say that the old woman wanted to speak with me?"

"Yes, and I really wish that you would call there oftener."

"Well," replied Anderson, "I'll go, Tom; but, to be plain with you, I do not think that I can be of much use there. I have been several times—she will gossip as long as you please; but, if you would talk seriously, she turns a deaf ear. You see, Tom, there's little to be gained when you have to contend with such a besetting sin as avarice. It is so powerful, especially in old age, that it absorbs all other feelings. Still it is my duty, and it is also my sincere wish, to call her to a proper sense of her condition. The poor old creature is, like myself, not very far from the grave; and, when once in it, it will be too late. I will go, Tom; and most thankful shall I be, if, with God's help, I may prove of service to her."

We then left old Anderson to his duties, and my father went home with me. We had a long conversation relative to my sister, as well as about my own affairs. I had intended to have remained some days at Greenwich, but this was the first time that I had been there since Janet's desertion, and the sight of every thing so reminded me of her, and made every thing so hateful to me, that I became very melancholy. My mother was, moreover, very cross, and my sister any thing but comfortable: and, on the third day, having received a letter from Bramble, stating that he had arrived at Deal, and that the easterly winds having again set in, they talked of setting out again in the galley, I made this an excuse for leaving; and, for the first time, did I quit Greenwich without regret.

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CHAPTER XLI.

In which it is proved that Sailors have very correct ideas as to Metempsychosis.

The day after my return to Deal I again embarked with Bramble and three others, to follow up our vocation. The second day we were abreast of the Ram Head, when the men in another pilot boat, which had come out of Plymouth and was close to us, waved their hats and kept away to speak to us. We hove-to for them.

"Have you heard the news?" cried one of the men.

"No."

"Lord Nelson has beat the French and Spanish Fleet."

"Glad to hear it—huzza!"

"Lord Nelson's killed."

"Lord Nelson's killed!!" the intelligence was repeated from mouth to mouth, and then every voice was hushed; the other boat hauled her wind without further communication, nor did we at the time think of asking for any more. The shock which was given to the whole country was equally felt by those who were seeking their bread in a small boat, and for some little while we steered our course in silence.

"What d'ye say, my lads?" said Bramble, who first broke silence; "shall we haul up for Cawsand, and get a paper? I sha'n't be content till I know the whole history."

This was consented to unanimously; no one thought of piloting vessels for the moment, and earning food for their families. When the country awarded a public funeral to our naval hero, it did not pay him a more sincere tribute than was done in this instance by five pilots in a galley. At Cawsand we obtained the newspaper, and after a few pots of beer, we again made sail for the mouth of the Channel. It hardly need be observed, that the account of this winding-up, as it proved, of our naval triumphs, with the death of Nelson, was the subject of conversation for more than one day. On the third, we were all separated, having fallen in with many wind-bound vessels who required our services. The one I took charge of was a West Indiaman, deeply laden with rum and sugar, one of a convoy which were beating about in the chops of the Channel. As we were standing out from the English coast, the captain and one of the passengers were at the taffrail close to me.

"What do you think of the weather, pilot? said the captain.

"I think we shall have a change of wind, and dirty weather before twelve hours are over our heads," replied I.

"Well," said he, "that's my opinion; there is a cloud rising in the southwest; and, look, there are some of Mother Carey's chickens dipping in the water astern."

"Where?" said the passenger, a curly-headed Creole, about twenty years old.

"Those small birds," replied the captain, walking forwards.

The passenger went down below, and soon returned with his double-barrelled fowling-piece.

"I have long wished to shoot one of those birds?" said he; "and now they are so near, I think I may get a shot."

He raised his piece several times without firing, when the captain came aft, and perceiving his intention, caught his arm as he was about to level again.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Higgins, but I really must request that you will not fire at those birds."

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot permit it."

"But what's to hinder me?" replied the young man, colouring up; "they are not in your manifest, I presume."

"No, sir, they are not; but I tell you frankly, that I would not kill one for a hundred pounds. Nay, I would as soon murder one of my fellow-creatures."

"Well, that may be your feeling, but it's not mine."

"Nevertheless, sir, as it is, to say the least of it, very unlucky, you will oblige me by yielding to my request."

"Nonsense!—just to humour your superstitious feeling."

"We are not in port yet, Mr. Higgins; and I must insist upon it you do not fire. You have taken my gunpowder, and I cannot allow it to be used in that way."

During this altercation I observed that many of the sailors had come aft, and, although they said nothing, were evidently of the same opinion as the captain. I was aware that there was a superstitious feeling among the seamen relative to these birds, but I had never seen it so strongly exemplified before.

The mate gave a wink to the captain, behind the passenger's back, and made a motion to him to go forward, which the captain did. The passenger again raised his gun, when it was seized by two of the seamen.

"You must not fire at these birds, sir?" said one of them.

"Why, you scoundrel?—I'll give you the contents of both barrels if you don't leave my gun alone."

"No, you won't—you're not among niggers now, master," replied the seaman; "and as you have threatened to shoot me, I must take the gun from you."

A scuffle ensued, during which both barrels were discharged in the air, and the gun taken from Mr. Higgins, who was boiling with rage: the gun was handed forward, and I saw it no more. Mr. Higgins, in a state of great excitement, went down into the cabin.

The captain then came aft to me, when I observed that I had no idea that seamen were so very particular on that point; and I thought that they had gone too far.

"You may think so, pilot," replied he; "but when I tell you that I fully believe that these birds are as good as ourselves, you will not be surprised—"

"How do you mean as good as ourselves?"

"I believe that they *were* every one sailors like ourselves in former times; they are now the sailors' friends, come to warn us of the approaching storm, and I can tell you a circumstance which occurred in the West Indies, which fully proves to me that they are not wantonly killed without a judgment upon those who do so. I never believed it myself till then; but old Mason, who is now on board, was one of the seamen of the vessel in which the circumstance happened."

"Indeed!" replied I, "I should like to hear it."

"I can't tell you now," said he, "I must go down and satisfy that puppy Creole, whose sugars are on board; he will otherwise make such a row between me and the owners, that I may lose the command of the vessel. And yet, would you imagine it? although he will not credit what I tell him about Mother Carey's chickens, the foolish young man firmly believes in the Obi."

I did not think one superstition more ridiculous than the other, but still, as I always found that it was useless to argue such points, I said nothing, and the captain went down into the cabin to pacify Mr. Higgins.

It was late in the first watch, and when the passengers had retired to bed, that the captain came on deck. "Well," said he, "I told Mr. Higgins my story, and as there was a bit of Obi nonsense in it, he believed it, and he has not only made friends, but thanked me for not having allowed him to shoot the birds; and now I'll tell you the real story.

"A schooner was coming down from the Virgin Isles with sugar and passengers to Antigua, where I was lying with my ship. She had a fine young fellow of the name of Shedden on board; and, besides other passengers, there was an old black woman, who, where she resided, had always been considered an Obi woman. I saw her afterwards; and you never beheld such a complication of

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wrinkles as she was, from her forehead to her feet, and her woolly head was as white as snow. They were becalmed as soon as they were clear of the islands; and, as it happened, some Mother Carey's chickens were flying about the stern. Shedden must needs get at his gun to shoot them. The old black woman sat near the taffrail; she saw him with his gun, but she said nothing. At last he fired, and killed three of them.

"'There are three down!' cried out some of the other passengers.

"'How many?' said the old woman, raising her head; '*three!* Then count the sharks which are coming up.'

"'Count the sharks, mother! why count them? There's plenty of them," replied Shedden, laughing.

"'I tell you there will be but three sent,' replied the old woman, who then sunk down her head and said no more.

"Well, the negroes who were passengers on board, most of them Mr. Shedden's slaves, looked very blank, for they knew that old Etau never spoke without reason. In about ten minutes afterwards three large sharks swam up to the vessel, with their fins above water.

"'There's the three sharks, sure enough!' said the passengers.

"'Are they come?' said Etau, raising her head.

"'Yes, moder, dere dey be—very large shark,' replied one of the negroes.

"'Then three are doomed,' said the old woman: 'and here we stay, and the waves shall not run, nor the wind blow, till the three sharks have their food. I say—three are doomed!'

"The passengers were more or less alarmed with this prophecy of old Etau's, according as they put faith in her; however, they all went to bed quite well, and the next morning they got up the same. Still there was not a breath of wind; the whole sea was as smooth as glass, and the vessel laid where she was the night before, in about six fathoms water, about a mile from the reef, and you could see the coral rocks beneath her bottom as plain as if they were high and dry; and what alarmed them the next morning was, that the three large sharks were still slowly swimming round and round the schooner. All that day it remained a dead calm, and the heat was dreadful, although the awnings were spread. Night came on, and the people, becoming more frightened, questioned old Etau; but all the answer she gave was, '*Three* are doomed!'

"The passengers and crew were now terrified out of their wits, and they all went to bed with very melancholy forebodings, for the elements appeared as if they were arrested till the penalty was paid. For, you observe, pilot, there is always a light breeze as regular as the sun rises and goes down; but now the breezes only appeared to skirt the land, and when they came from the offing, invariably stopped two or three miles from the schooner. It was about midnight that there was a stir in the cabin, and it appeared that Mr. Shedden had the yellow fever, and shortly afterwards another white man, a sailor, belonging to the schooner, then one of Mr. Shedden's slaves. Well, there the fever stopped—no one else was taken ill,—the usual remedies were applied, but before morning they were all three delirious. At sunrise it was still calm, and continued so till sunset; and all the day the passengers were annoyed by the back fins of the three sharks, which continued to swim about. Again they went to bed; and just before one o'clock in the morning, Mr. Shedden, in his delirium, got out of his bed, and, rushing on the deck, jumped overboard before any one could prevent him: and old Etau, who never left where she sat, was heard to say, '*One!*' and the bell was struck *one* by the seaman forward, who did not know what had happened. Morning came on again, and there were but two sharks to be seen. About noon the other white man died, and he was thrown overboard; and as one shark seized his body and swam away, old Etau cried out, '*Two!*' An hour afterwards the negro died, and was thrown overboard and carried away by the third shark, and old Etau cried out '*Three!* the price is paid!'

"Well, every one crowded round the old woman to hear what she would say, and they asked her if all was over, and whether they should have any wind? and her reply was,—'When the three birds come from the sea to replace those which were killed.' For you see, pilot, if one of these birds is killed, it is certain that some one of the crew must die and be thrown overboard to become a Mother Carey chicken, and replace the one that has been destroyed. Well, after a time, although we never saw them rise, three Mother Carey's chickens were seen dipping and flying about astern of the schooner; and they told old Etau, who said, 'You'll have wind and plenty—and plenty of waves to make up for the calm; and so they had, sure enough, for it came on almost a hurricane, and the schooner scudded before it under bare poles until she arrived at Antigua, with her bulwarks washed away, and a complete wreck. I was there at the time, and old Mason, who was on board, told me the story, and asked me to take him, as he would not remain on board of the schooner. And now I leave you to judge, after knowing this to be a fact, whether I was not right in preventing Mr. Higgins from shooting the Mother Carey chickens?"

"Why, yes," replied I; "with such a *fact* before my eyes, I should have done the same."

Mr. Higgins not venturing to kill any of these receptacles for the souls of departed seamen, we arrived safely at the Downs, where I gave up charge to a river pilot, for the other vessels which Bramble and our companions had taken charge of were all bound to the Downs, and arrived at nearly the same time that I did, and we had agreed to embark again in the galley, and run out in *quest of the* remainder of the convoy. This we did on the following day, much to the vexation of Bessy, who declared we only came on shore to be off again. I ought to observe that Bessy and I had become much more intimate since the explanation which had taken place; and although it never entered my head that I should ever feel towards her more than as a brother to a sister, I was pleased and soothed with the touching proofs of kindness and commiseration which she took every opportunity of showing towards me.

CHAPTER XLII.

A Heavy Gale, a Wreck and a Rescue.

We had run out in our galley as far as the Start, when the appearance of the weather became very threatening. It was just about the time of the equinoctial gales; and there was a consultation among us whether we should run into Torquay or return to Deal.

Bramble observed, that as the gale coming on would, in all probability, blow for three days, he thought it was no use remaining all that time at Torquay, where we should be put to extra expense, and that we should be better on shore at our own homes. This remark decided the point: and about dusk we put the boat's head along shore for up Channel. The wind was at that time about S. S. W., but occasionally shifting a point or two. The sky had become covered over with one black mass of clouds, which hung down so low that they appeared almost to rest on the water; and there was that peculiar fitful moaning which is ever the precursor of a violent gale of wind. At nightfall we reefed our lug sail; and, while one sat at the helm, the rest of us lounged against the gunnel, buttoned up in our pilot-jackets; some shutting their eyes, as if to invite sleep, others watching the waves, which now rose fast, and danced and lopped at the weather broadside as if they would fain have entered into the boat. But of that we

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had little fear; our galley was one of the finest boats that ever swam, and we felt as secure as if we were on board of a three-decked ship. As the night advanced, so did the wind increase and the sea rise; lightning darted through the dense clouds, and for a moment we could scan the horizon. Every thing was threatening; yet our boat, with the wind about two points free, rushed gallantly along, rising on the waves like a sea-bird, and sinking into the hollow of the waters as if she had no fear of any attempt on their parts to overwhelm her. Thus did we continue to run on during the night, every hour the gale increasing; the billows mounting up until they broke in awful and majestic crests, and often so near to us that we presented our backs in a close file against the weather bulwarks to prevent any body of water from pouring in.

"We shall have light soon," observed one of the men.

"And we shall want it to beach the boat in such weather as this," replied another. "We shall have it harder yet before day."

"Depend upon it, this will be a mischievous gale," observed Bramble, "and our coast will be strewed with wrecks. Any ships under canvass now, between the Channel shores, will stand but a poor chance against this heavy sea, which bears down with such force. I'd rather be in this boat now than in any vessel in mid Channel."

"And I had rather be on shore than in either," rejoined I.

"Well, Tom," said one of the pilots, "I do really believe you this time."

When it was broad daylight, the coast to leward presented a wild and terrific scene, lashed as it was by the furious surf which dashed its spray half way up the towering white cliffs, for it was within two hours of high water. The waves were now really mountains high, and their broad surfaces were pitted into little waves by the force of the wind, which covered the whole expanse of waters with one continued foam. On our weather-bow a vessel with her foremast gone was pitching heavily, and at times nearly buried beneath the wild tumult. Her fate was sealed; to leeward were the cliffs of the South Foreland, and on our leebow lay the shelving beach of Deal.

"This will be awkward landing, shipmates," said Bramble; and yet we must try it. I'll fill my pipe—hope it won't be the last."

Although not said in a serious manner, there were few of us whose hearts did not flutter responsively to this surmise, for the danger became every minute more imminent, and we knew what a terrific surf there must be then running on the shingle beach. But we now rapidly approached the shore; we were near to the floating light, and in the roadstead not a vessel remained; all had weighed and preferred being under what canvass they could bear. At last we were within two cables length of the beach, and even at this distance from it, we were surrounded with the breakers; the surf broke many feet high, and roared as it rushed up with a velocity that was appalling; dashing the foam right to the door of Bramble's cottage, which was forty or fifty yards higher than it generally gained to, even in very bad weather: we now lowered our sails, stowed them in the boat, and got our oars to pass, backing against the surf to prevent it from forcing us on the beach until the proper time.

It may not, perhaps, be known to many of my readers, that there is a sort of regularity even in the wild waves; that is, occasionally a master wave, as it is termed, from being of larger dimensions than its predeccasors, pours its whole volume on the beach; after which, by watching your time, you will find that two waves will run into one another, and, as it were, neutralize each other, so that for a few seconds, you have what they call a smooth; the safest plan of landing then is to watch these two chances, either to run in on the master wave, or to wait till the arrival of the smooth.

The latter is generally preferred, and with good reason, as unless a boat can be forced in as fast as the master wave runs in, you are worse off than if you landed at any other time.

The helm had been resigned to Bramble, who ordered me to go forward with the boat's painter, a long coil of rope, and stand ready either to leap out with it, or throw it to those on shore, as might be most advisable; the other men were sitting on the thwarts, their long oars in the rollocks, backing out as desired, and all ready to strain every nerve, when the order was given by Bramble to pull in.

The danger which we were about to incur was fully evident to the crowds which were assembled on the beach; not only the pilots, who stood there ready to assist us—some with ropes with iron hooks at the end of them—others all ready to dart into the surf to hold on the boat, or, if required, to link their arms together, so as to form a living chain which the undertow could not drag away with it; higher up, women and children, their clothes driven by the furious gale, with one hand holding on their caps, and with the other supporting themselves by the gunnels of the boats hauled up, the capsterns, or perhaps an anchor with its fluke buried in the shingle, were looking on with dismay and with beating hearts, awaiting the result of the venturous attempt, and I soon discovered the form of Bessy, who was in advance of all the others.

After a careful watching for perhaps two minutes on the part of Bramble, he gave the word, and on dashed the galley towards the strand, keeping pace with the wild surges, and although buried in the foam, not shipping one drop of water.

"Now, my men, give way,—for your lives give way," cried Bramble, as a cresting wave came towering on, as if in angry pursuit of us. The men obeyed, but, in their exertions, the stroke oar snapped in two, the man fell back, and prevented the one behind him from pulling; our fate was sealed; the surge poured over, and throwing us broadside to the beach, we were rolled over and over in the boiling surf. A cry was heard—a cry of terror and despair—on the part of the women. I heard it as I was swept away by the undertow, the next wave was poured over me; but all was activity and energy on the part of the men who were on the beach; the next wave that run in, they recovered me and two more by linking their arms and allowing the surf to break over them. We were so much bruised that we could not stand; they dragged us up, and left us to the women. Bramble and four others were still struggling for life; again two were saved—but the men on the beach were exhausted by their strenuous exertions.

I had just recovered myself so as to sit up, when I perceived that they were not acting in concert as before; indeed, in the last attempt, several of them had narrowly escaped with their own lives. Bessy was now down among them wildly gesticulating: Bramble still floated on the boiling surf; but no chain was again formed; the wave poured in bearing him on its crest; it broke, and he was swept away again by the undertow, which swept him back with a confused heap of shingles, clattering one over the other as they descended. I saw him again, just as another wave, several feet in height, was breaking over him.—I felt that he was lost; when Bessy, with a hook rope in her hand, darted towards him right under the wave as it turned over, and as she clasped his body, they both disappeared under the mountain surge. Another shriek was raised by the women, while the men stood as if paralysed. In my excitement I had gained my legs, and I hastened to seize the part of the rope which remained on the beach. Others then came and helped; we

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hauled upon it; and found that there was weight at the end. Another sea poured in; we hastily gathered in the slack of the rope, and when the water retreated, we found both Bramble and Bessy clinging to the rope. In a moment the men rushed down and hauled up the bodies. Bramble had hold of the rope by both hands—it was the clutch of death; Bessy had her arms round her father's neck; both were senseless. The boatmen carried them up to the cottage, and the usual methods of recovery were resorted to with success. Still we had to lament the death of two of our best pilots, whose loss their wives and children were loudly wailing, and whose bodies were not found for many days afterwards. Alas! they were not the only ones who were lamented. Upwards of three hundred vessels were lost during that dreadful gale, and hardly a sea-port or fishing town, but bewailed its many dead.

Whether it was that the women who attended Bessy were more active then the men, or that she was younger, and her circulation of blood was more rapid, or because she was a female, certain it is that Bessy first recovered her speech, and her first question was "Where was her father?" Bramble did not speak, but fell into a sleep immediately after he was brought to life. I had changed my clothes, and was watching by him for an hour or more when he woke up.

"Ah! Tom, is that you? Where's Bessy?"

"She is in bed, but quite recovered."

"Quite recovered—I recollect. I say, Tom, ain't she a fine creature? God bless her. Well, she owes me nothing now at all events. I think I should like to get up, Tom. I wonder whether I smashed my old pipe on the shingle? just look into my wet jacket. I say, Tom, were they all saved?"

"No," I replied; "Fisher and Harrison were both drowned."

"Poor fellows! I wish they had been spared. Fisher has seven children,—and Harrison, he has a wife, I think."

"Yes, and two children, father."

"Poor woman! God's will be done! He giveth and he taketh away! Tom, I must get up and see Bessy."

I assisted Bramble to dress, and as soon as he had put on his clothes he went to Bessy's room. I staid at the door. "You may come in, Tom; she's muffled up in her blankets, and fast asleep."

"Quite fast," said Mrs. Maddox; "she has slept more than an hour. Dear heart, it will do her good."

Bramble kissed Bessy's pale forehead, but it did not waken her. "Look, Tom," said Bramble, "look at that smooth, clear skin—those pretty features. Look at the delicate creature! and would you have thought that she would have dared what no man dared to do—that she would have defied those elements raving in their might, and have snatched their prey from their very grasp? Did I ever imagine that, when I brought her as a helpless baby on shore, that she would ever have repaid the debt with such interest, or that such a weak instrument should have been chosen by the Lord to save one who otherwise must have perished? But His ways are not our ways, and He works as He thinks fit. Bless you, bless you, my Bessy,—and may your fond heart never be again put to such trial! Is she not beautiful, Tom? just like a piece of cold marble. Thank Heaven, she is not dead, but sleepeth!"

I certainly never did look upon Bessy with so much interest; there was something so beautifully calm in her countenance as she lay there like an effigy on a tomb, hardly appearing to breathe; and when I thought of the courage and devotion shown but a few hours before by the present almost inanimate form, I bent over her with admiration, and felt as if I could kneel before the beautiful shrine which contained such an energetic and noble spirit. While this was passing through my mind, Bramble had knelt by the bed-side and was evidently in prayer; when he rose up he said, "Come away, Tom; she is a maiden, and may feel ashamed if she awaken and find us men standing by her bed-side. Let me know when she wakes up, Mrs. Maddox, and tell her I have been in to see her; and now, Tom, let's go down;—I never felt the want of a pipe so much as I do now."

CHAPTER XLIII.

A scene in the Hospital, and a strange discovery.

In a very few days Bramble and Bessy were sufficiently recovered to resume their usual avocations; but the former expressed no willingness to embark again, and Bessy's persuasions assisted to retain him at the cottage. With me it was different; I was still restless and anxious for change; my feelings towards Bessy were those of admiration and esteem, but not yet of love; yet I could not help recalling to mind the words of Bramble, "Observe how she performs those duties which fall to her lot; if she is a good daughter she will make a good wife." I felt that she would make a good wife; and I wished that I could have torn from my bosom the remembrance of Janet, and have substituted the form of Bessy in her place. We had been at the cottage nearly a week, when I received a letter from Anderson; he informed me that he had visited Old Nanny, who had made her will in due form, and confided it to him; and that he thought that she was more inclined to listen to him than she had before been; that *my father*, and mother, and sister were well; and that *Spicer* had been obliged to go into the hospital, with *an abcess in his* knee, occasioned by running something into it; and that it was reported that he was very ill, and, in all probability, amputation must take place. I felt convinced that Spicer must have, in his hasty retreat, fallen over the iron railings which lay on the ground, and which had, as I mentioned, tripped me up; but with this difference, that as the spikes of the railing were from me, and consequently I met with little injury, they must have been towards him, and had penetrated his knee: and thus it was that he had received the injury. Anderson also stated that they were very busy at the Hospital, receiving the men who had been maimed in the glorious battle of Trafalgar. Altogether, I made up my mind that I would take the first ship that was offered for pilotage up the river, that I might know more of what was going on; and, as we sat down to supper, I mentioned my intentions to Bramble.

"All's right, Tom, you're young, and ought to be moving; but, just now, I intend to take a spell on shore. I have promised Bessy, and how can I refuse her any thing, dear girl! I don't mean to say that I shall never pilot a vessel again; but I do feel that I am not so young as I was, and this last affair has shaken me not a little, that's the truth of it. There's a time for all things; and when a man has enough he ought to be content, and not venture more. Besides, I can't bear to make Bessy unhappy; so, you see, I've half promised—only half, Bessy, you know."

"I think you would have done right if you had promised altogether," replied I; "you have plenty to live upon, and are now getting a little in years. Why should you not stay on shore, and leave them to work who want the money."

Bessy's eyes beamed gratefully towards me, as I thus assisted her wishes. "You hear, father," said she, fondling him, "Tom agrees with me."

"Ah!" replied Bramble, with a sigh, "if——; but we cannot have all we wish in this world."

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Bessy and I both felt what he would have referred to, and we were silent. She cast down her eyes, and appeared busy with her fork, although she was eating nothing. I no longer felt the repugnance that I had a short time before; and I was in deep revery, watching the changes of her beautiful countenance, when she looked up. Our eyes met; she must have read my thoughts in mine, for from that moment each hour increased our intimacy and confidence. We were no longer afraid of each other.

A day or two after this conversation an opportunity was given to me of going up the river, which I did not neglect; and having delivered up charge of the ship, I hastened down to Greenwich. I found every thing in statu quo at my mother's house, and Virginia much pleased at there being no lodgers. Anderson I met walking with Ben the Whaler and my father. He told me that Spicer had refused to have his leg amputated, when the surgeon had pointed out the necessity of the operation; and that it was now said that it was too late to have the operation performed; and that there was little or no chance of his recovery. They asked me many questions relative to the narrow escape of Bramble, and the behaviour of Bessy.

As soon as I could get away, I set off to the Hospital to see Spicer; for as the reader must be aware, I had many reasons for having communication with him;—not that I expected that at first he would acknowledge any thing; I knew that his heart was hardened, and that he had no idea of his danger; but I had his secrets,—he was indeed in my power; and I hoped, by terrifying him, to obtain the information which I wished.

I found him in bed, in the corner of the Hospital ward, to the left. He was looking very pale, and apparently was in great pain.

"Spicer," said I, "I have come to see you; I am sorry to hear of your accident. How is your leg? is it better!"

"No, not much," replied he, writhing, "I am in great pain; another man would scream out with agony; but I'm like the wolf,—I'll die without complaint."

"But you don't think that you're going to die, Spicer?"

"No, Jack, I don't think that, I never have thought that, when I have been worse than now. I'll never believe that I'm dead until I find myself so. It must come some time or another, but I'm hale and hearty in constitution as yet, and my time is not yet come."

"It was the iron railings which you fell over, was it not? I fell over them myself the same night when I landed, on the Monday, going up to Old Nanny's."

"Who told you it was those cursed spikes? Well, well, so it was; but not on the Monday, Jack, it was on the Wednesday."

"Nay, that cannot be; for on the Tuesday, as I went down to the beach, I saw them all fixed up in the stone-work, and soldered in. It must have been on the Monday—the night on which Old Nanny was nearly smothered by some one who went in to rob her. I came there just in time to save her life;—indeed, if you recollect, you were lame the next day, when I met you in the Hospital."

"Well Jack, you may think what you please; but I tell you it was on the Wednesday."

"Then you must have fallen over something else."

"Perhaps I did."

"Well, it's of no consequence. I'm glad to find that you're so much better; for I was told that the doctor had said—"

"What did the Doctor say?" interrupted Spicer.

"Why, it's better to tell the truth; he said it was impossible for you to get over it—that the inflammation was too great to allow of amputation now, and that it must end in mortification."

"He said that!" said Spicer, wildly raising himself on his elbow.

"Yes he did; and it's known all over the Hospital."

"Well," replied Spicer, "he may have said so; but I think I ought to know best how I feel. He'll be here in half an hour or so, and then I'll put the question to him. I'm a little tired, Jack, so don't speak to me any more just now."

"Shall I go away, Spicer."

"No, no, stay here. There's a book or two; read them till I feel a little stronger."

That my communication had had an effect upon Spicer was evident. He was startled at the idea of the near approach of death, which he had not contemplated. Alas! who is not? He shut his eyes, and I watched him; the perspiration trickled down his forehead. I took up the book he had pointed out to me; it was the History of the Buccaneers, with plates; and I thought then that it was a parallel of Spicer's own career. I looked at the plates, for I was not much inclined to read. In a few minutes Spicer opened his eyes. "I am better now, Jack, the faintness has passed away. What book is that?—oh, the Buccaneers. That and Dampier's Voyages were the only two books of my father's library that I ever thought worth reading. Have you ever read it?"

"No," replied I, "I never have. Will you lend it to me?"

"Yes; "I'll give it to you, Jack, if you like."

"Thank you. Was your father a sailor, Spicer, as well as you?"

"Yes, Jack, a sailor every inch of him."

"Did you ever sail with him?"

"No, he died about the time that I was born."

Here the doctor, who was going round the wards, came up to Spicer, and asked him how he felt. "Pretty well, doctor," said he.

"Come, we must look at your leg, my man; it will require dressing. Is it very painful?"

"Why, yes, sir; it has been very painful, indeed, all night."

The Hospital mates unbandaged Spicer's leg, and took off the poultices; and I was horrified when I saw the state which his leg was in—one mass of ulceration from the middle of the thigh down to half-way below his knee, and his ankle and foot swelled twice their size; a similar inflammation extending up to his hip. The doctor compressed his lips, and looked very grave. He removed some pieces of flesh, it was then cleaned, and fresh poultices put on.

"Doctor," said Spicer, who had watched his countenance, "they say in the Hospital that you have stated that I cannot live. Now, I should wish to know your opinion myself on this subject, as I believe I am the most interested party."

"Why, my man," said the doctor, "you certainly are in great danger; and if you have any affairs to settle, perhaps it will be prudent so to do."

"That's a quiet way of saying there is no hope for me; is it not, doctor?" replied Spicer.

"I fear, my good man, there is very little."

"Tell me plainly, sir, if you please," replied Spicer; "is there *any*?"

"I am afraid that there is not, my good man; it's unpleasant to say so; but perhaps it is kindness to tell the truth."

"Well, sir, that is honest. May I ask you how long I may expect to live?"

"That will depend upon when the mortification takes place—about three days: after that, my poor fellow, you will probably be no more. Would you like the chaplain to come and see you?"

"Thank you, sir; when I do I'll send for him."

The doctor and the attendants went away to the other patients. I was silent. At last Spicer spoke.

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"Well, Jack, you were right; so it is all over with me. Somehow or another, although I bore up against it, I had an inkling of it myself, the pain has been so dreadful. Well, we can die but once, and I shall die game."

"Spicer," said I, "that you will die without fear I know very well; but, still, you know that you should not die without feeling sorry for the sins you have committed, and praying for pardon. We have all of us, the very best of us, to make our peace with Heaven; so, had I not better tell the chaplain to come and talk with you?"

"No, Jack, no; I want no parsons praying by my side. What's done is done, and can't be undone. Go now, Jack, I wish to get a little sleep."

"Shall I come and see you to-morrow, Spicer?"

"Yes, come when you will; I like to have some one to talk to; it keeps me from thinking."

I wished him good-day, and went away with the book in my hand. Before I went home I sought out old Anderson, and told him what had passed. "He will not see the chaplain, Anderson, but, perhaps, he will see you; and, by degrees, you can bring him to the subject. It is dreadful that a man should die in that way."

"Alas for the pride of us wretched worms," ejaculated Anderson; "he talks of dying game,—that is to say, he defies his Maker. Yes, Jack, I will go and see him; and happy I am that he has a few days to live. I will see him to-night; but will not say much to him, or he might refuse my coming again."

I went home. I was not in a very gay humour, for the sight of Spicer's leg, and the announcement of his situation, had made a deep impression upon me. I sat down to read the book which Spicer had made me a present of. I was interrupted by my mother requesting me to go a message for her, and during my absence Virginia had taken up the book.

"Who lent you this book, Tom?" said she, when I returned,

"Spicer—the man whom they call Black Sam, who is now dying in the Hospital."

"Well, that's not the name on the title page—it is Walter James, Tynemouth."

"Walter James, did you say, dear? Let me look! Even so."

"Why, what's the matter, Tom?" said my sister; "You look as if you were puzzled."

And indeed I do not doubt but I did; for it at once recalled to my mind that Old Nanny's married name was *James*, and that Spicer had said that his father was a sailor, and that he had died at the time that he was born, which agreed with the narrative of Old Nanny. The conclusions which I came to in a moment made me shudder.

"Well, my dear, I was surprised, if not frightened; but you don't know why, nor can I tell you; for it's not my secret. Let me look at the book again?"

Here my father came in, and the conversation took a different turn, which I was not sorry for. I wished, however, to be left to my own reflections; so I soon afterwards took up my candle, and retired to my room.

I turned the subject over in my mind in a hundred ways, but could not come to any conclusion as to the best method of proceeding. At last I thought I would see Peter Anderson the next day, and take his advice. I was out immediately after breakfast; but I could not find Anderson, so I walked to the Hospital to see Spicer. I found Anderson sitting by his bedside, but they were not then conversing. After a short time Anderson rose, and giving a slight shake of the head, as if to inform me that he had no success, he walked away.

"He has been trying to convert me," said Spicer, with a grim smile.

"He has been trying, Spicer, to bring you to a sense of your condition; and is he not kind? he can have no interest but your own good. Do you think that no one knows the sins you have committed except yourself?—there is one eye which sees all."

"Come, Jack, no preaching."

"Spicer, you are here under a false name, and you think no one knows any thing about you; but every thing has been discovered by me; and I cannot help thinking that it has been made known providentially, and for your good."

"Ah!" replied Spicer, "and pray what do you know? Perhaps you can tell me all the sins I have committed."

"No, Spicer, but perhaps I can tell you of sins which you yourself are not aware of; but first answer me—you know that you cannot live long, Spicer; will you acknowledge that what I state is correct, should it really be so?"

"I give you my word, that if you tell me any thing about me which is true, that I will acknowledge it; so now, Mr. Fortuneteller, here's my hand—it may be useful, you know, in helping your discovery."

"I do not want your hand, Spicer;—now hear me. Is not your name James?—and were you not born at Tynemouth?"

Spicer started. "How did you find that out? Well, Tom, it is so, and what then?"

"As you told me yourself, although I knew it before, your father was lost at sea, about the time that you were born. Spicer, I know how you left your mother, and how you returned from *you know where*—how you robbed her of every farthing, and left her again destitute and in misery. Is there nothing to repent of in that, Spicer?"

"Who the devil——"

"Nay, Spicer, the devil has had nothing to do with the discovery."

"Strange, strange indeed," muttered Spicer; "but still, it is true."

"Spicer, you know best how your life was passed from that time until you came into the Hospital; but it was to be hoped, that when laid up to rest in this haven, after such a stormy life, that you would have amended your life; but what have you done?"

"And what have I done?"

"What would have brought you to the gallows, if I had not held my tongue. You attempted to murder the old woman to obtain her money, and in escaping, you received the wound which soon will bring you to your grave."

"What proofs?"

"Every proof, your stump struck me in the face when you rushed out—the button was off your coat the next morning when I met you—I had every proof, and had I chosen, would have sworn on the Bible, to your having been the party."

"Well, I'll not deny it—why should I, when I cannot be taken out of this bed to be tried, even if you wished? Have you more to say?"

"Yes, more."

"I doubt it."

"Then hear me:—the poor woman whom you would have murdered, whom I found at her last gasp, and with difficulty restored to consciousness, that poor woman, Spicer, is *your own mother!*"

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed he, covering his face.

"Yes, Spicer, your fond, indulgent mother, who thinks that you suffered the penalty of the law many years ago; and whose energies have been crushed by the supposed unhappy fate of her still loved and lamented son. Spicer, this is all true, and have you now nothing to repent of?"

"I thought her dead, long dead. God, I thank thee that I did not the deed; and, Jack, I am really grateful to you for having prevented it. Poor old woman!—yes, she did love me, and how cruelly I treated her!—And she is then still alive, and thinks that I was hanged—yes, I

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recollect now, she must think so. Oh! my brain, my brain!"

"Spicer, I must leave you now."

"Don't leave me, Jack—yes, do, come to-morrow morning."

"Spicer, will you do me a favour?"

"Yes."

"Will you see Anderson, and talk with him?"

"Yes, if you wish it; but not now: this evening I will, if he'll come."

I left Spicer, well satisfied with what had passed, and hastened to Anderson, to communicate it to him.

"A strange and providential discovery, Tom, indeed," said he, "and good use it appears to me you have made of it: his heart is softened, that is evident; I will certainly go to him this evening."

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CHAPTER XLIV.

Spicer discloses strange matters.

The next day, when I called to see Spicer, I found him in great pain. Anderson had been with him, but he had been in such agony that he found it almost impossible to converse with him. Spicer did not like that I should leave him, although he could not talk, and I therefore remained by his bedside, occasionally assisting him to move from one position to another, or to take the drink that was by his bedside. Towards the evening he became more easy, and went to sleep: I left him, therefore, till the next day. As I supposed, the mortification had commenced, for the doctor told him so the next morning, when he visited him, and the chaplain pointed out to him that all hopes of living were now over. Spicer heard the communication unmoved. He asked the doctor how long he might live, and his reply was, it was possible four or five days, and that he would feel no more pain. He was now able to listen to Anderson, and he did so. I shall not trouble the reader with repeating what Anderson imparted to me, as I can give him an idea of Spicer's feelings by what passed between us.

"Tom," said he, "I have led a very wicked life, so wicked, that I hate to think of it, and I hate myself. I believe all that Anderson and the chaplain tell me, and I find that I may hope and do hope for mercy; but I can't cry or wail or tear my hair. The fact is, Tom, I can't feel afraid: if I am pardoned, and I do scarcely expect it, I shall be all gratitude, as well I may. Should I be condemned, I shall acknowledge my punishment just, and not complain, for I have deserved all; but I cannot feel fear; I believe I ought; but it is not in my nature, I suppose."

"But you do not feel any thing like defiance, Spicer?"

"No, God forbid! no, nothing like that, but my spirit cannot quail."

He was very anxious for the chaplain, the two last days of his life, and I really believe he was *sincere* in his repentance; but before I wind up this history, I will narrate to the reader those portions of his life which are unknown, and which are necessary to the explanation of other matters.

He told me that when he first went to sea, he had joined a vessel employed in the slave trade, that he had left it at Gambia, and shipped on board of a vessel which was about to cruise on the Spanish Main. He was some time in her, and had been appointed second officer, when he resolved to fit out a vessel and cruise for himself. He had therefore quitted the vessel at Surinam, and worked his passage home in a sugar ship.

It was on his return home this time, that, as Old Nanny had told me, he had taken to gaming, and eventually had robbed his mother. With the £2000 in his pocket, he had repaired to Liverpool, where he fell in with Fitzgerald, a young man who had served as first mate in the vessel in which they had cruised on the Spanish Main, and to him he had proposed to join him as first officer, in the vessel which he was about to fit out. It appeared that this young man had but a few days returned from Ireland, where he had married a young woman, to whom he had been some time attached, and that his disinclination to leave his wife made him at first refuse the offer made by Spicer. Spicer, however, who was aware of his value, would not lose sight of him, and contrived, when Fitzgerald had taken too much wine, to win of him by unfair means about £1500. Spicer then offered Fitzgerald a release from the debt provided he would sail with him; and he exacted as a farther condition that he should not return, and take a farewell of his wife. To these harsh terms, Fitzgerald, being without means of liquidating the debt, consented, and they sailed accordingly. "And now, Jack, I will tell you why I was so curious about that spy-glass. I know the moment that I saw it in your hands that it was one that belonged to Fitzgerald, when we were on our first cruise together. It was the best glass I ever met with. When we left Liverpool this time, I asked him for the spy-glass, and he told me that, expecting to return to his wife before he sailed, he had left it at home. How it came into the lady's hands, I can't tell." "I never said that Lady Hercules gave it to me," replied I, "although I did not undeceive you when you thought so. The fact is, it was given me by a very pretty young Irish widow." "Then, Jack, I should not wonder if she was not the wife of Fitzgerald, whom I have been talking about; but that I leave to you. Let me finish my story.

"When we arrived on the Spanish coast I had as fine a crew with me as were ever on board of a vessel; but I had long made up my mind that I would hoist the black flag. Yes, Jack, it is but too true. But when I proposed it, Fitzgerald declared that the first act of piracy that was committed he would leave the vessel. I tried all I could to persuade him, but in vain. However, we did take an English vessel, and plundered her. Upon this Fitzgerald protested, and half the crew, at least, joined him. I threatened the men to shoot them through the head; but they were resolute; and, being rather the stronger party, I dared not make any attempt. They insisted upon leaving the vessel; and I, not being able to help it, landed them all in the Bay of Honduras, where I thought it very possible they would be taken by the Spaniards, and imprisoned, if not hanged. They were imprisoned; but, after some time, they were released. The desertion of Fitzgerald and the other men left me with my vessel half manned; and I vowed vengeance against him if ever I had an opportunity. I now cruised as a pirate, and was very successful, and my name was a terror to those seas. A high reward was offered for me, dead or alive, which pleased me much, and I became more murderous than ever. Jack, all this rises up in judgment against me now; and I recollect every single life taken away by me, or by my orders, as well as if I had noted them down in a book. May God forgive me!" continued Spicer, covering his eyes up for a time.

After a pause he continued, "I had ordered a vessel with a valuable cargo to be taken on a rendezvous we had in the Caicos; but it was recaptured and taken into Port Royal, Jamaica. As the proofs of the piracy were well established, the men on board were thrown into prison to take their trial. I heard of this, for I was often on shore in disguise in one island or another, and a scheme entered my head which I thought would benefit myself and wreak my vengeance upon Fitzgerald. But I must leave off now. Here comes the chaplain; he promised to talk with me this evening, and you see that I have changed my opinion on that point, praised be God for it. Good-night, Jack, come to-morrow."

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CHAPTER XLV.

Spicer's Death.

When I saw Spicer again he continued his narrative:—

"I told you that I was anxious to wreak my vengeance upon Fitzgerald, and the plan which I hit upon was as follows: I contrived to get to Port Royal, and to speak to the two men whom I had been on the best terms with. I told them that the only chance of escape would be for them to give their names as those of *James*, which was mine, and of *Fitzgerald*, the first officer; and I explained to them why;—because Fitzgerald and I had saved the life of the daughter of one of the chief planters, who, in gratitude, had promised that he would assist us, if we were ever in difficulty. I told them that they must adhere to what they said, as they would be condemned with the others; but that a reprieve would be given when they were on the scaffold."

"But why should you have done this?" inquired I.

"First, because I wished people to believe that I was dead, that there might not be so great a hue and cry after me, and the temptation of so high a reward: next, because I knew that Fitzgerald was still in prison; and that his wife would read the account of his execution in the newspapers, which I hoped would break her heart and so make him miserable."

"Oh, Spicer, that was too cruel."

"It was, but my plan succeeded. The men gave our names, went to the scaffold, expecting a reprieve, and were hanged."

"And thus it is that your poor mother thinks even now that you were hanged," said I.

"Even so, Jack, even so. Well, after a time, I quitted my vessel, and returned to England; for I was actually tired of bloodshed, and I had collected a great deal of money. On my arrival I inquired after Fitzgerald. It appeared that his wife had heard the account of his execution; and, as her bonnet was found by the side of the mill-dam, it was supposed that she had destroyed herself. Fitzgerald returned home, and was distracted at the intelligence. I have always thought that she was dead; but, by what you say, Jack, I now doubt it."

"And Fitzgerald, Spicer, what became of him?"

"I really cannot tell. I heard that he had entered on board of a king's ship, but not under his own name; how far that was true or not, I cannot say, but I have every reason to believe that such was the case."

"And how came you on board of a man-of-war?"

"Why, that's soon told. I spent my money, or lost it all in gambling, went out again, obtained command of a vessel, and did well for some time; but I was more tyrannical and absolute than ever. I had shot five or six of my own men when the crew mutinied, and put me and two others who had always supported me in an open boat, and left us to our fate. We were picked up by a frigate going to the East Indies when we were in the last extremity. And now, Jack, I believe you have my whole history. I am tired now, and must go to sleep; but, Jack, I wish you to come to-morrow morning, for I have something to say to you of great importance. Good-by, Jack, don't forget."

I promised Spicer that I would not fail, and quitted the Hospital. When I called again upon him, I found him very low and weak—he could not raise himself from his pillow. "I feel that I am going, now, Jack," said he—"going very fast—I have not many hours to live, but, I thank Heaven, I am not in any pain. A man who dies in agony cannot examine himself—cannot survey the past with calmness, or feel convinced of the greatness of his offences. I thank God for that; but, Jack, although I have committed many a foul and execrable murder, for which I am full of remorse—although I feel how detestable has been my life—I tell you candidly, that, although those crimes may appear to others more heavy than the simple crime of theft, to me the one that lies most heavy on my soul is the robbing of my poor mother, and my whole treatment of her. Jack, will you do one favour to a dying man—and it must be done soon, or it will be too late. Will you go to my poor mother, acquaint her with my being here, still alive, and that my hours are numbered, and beg for me forgiveness? Obtain that for me, Jack—bring that to me, and so may you receive forgiveness yourself."

"I will, Spicer," replied I; "I will go directly; and I have little fear but that I shall succeed."

"Go, then, Jack—don't tarry, for my time is nearly come."

I left the Hospital immediately, and hastened to old Nanny's. I found her very busy, sorting a lot of old bottles, which she had just purchased.

"Well, Jack," said she, "you are just come in time to help me. I was just saying if Jack was to call now, he'd be of some use, for I can't well reach so high as the shelf where I put the bottles on, and when I get on a stool my old head swims."

"Mother," said I, "suppose you put down the bottles for a little while, as I have that to say to you which must not be delayed."

"Why, what's the matter, boy?—and how pale you look—what has happened? You don't want money, do you?"

"No, mother, I want no money—I only want you to listen to matters important, which I must disclose to you."

"Well—well—what is it?—about the fellow who tried to rob me, I suppose. I told you before, Jack, I won't hurt him, for my poor boy's sake."

"It is about your poor boy I would speak, mother," replied I, hardly knowing how to begin. "Now, mother, did you not tell me that he was hanged at Port Royal?"

"Yes—yes—but why come and talk about it again?"

"Because, mother, you seem to feel the disgrace of his being hanged so much."

"Well, to be sure I do—then why do you remind me of it, you bad boy—it's cruel of you, Jack—I thought you kinder."

"Mother, it is because you do feel it so much that I have come to tell you that you have been deceived. Your son was not hanged."

"Not hanged! Why, Jack, are you sure?"

"Yes, mother, quite sure."

"Not hanged—quite sure——"

Here Old Nanny burst out into a wild laugh, which ended in sobbing and tears. I was obliged to wait some minutes before she was composed enough to listen to me: at last I said, "Mother, I have more to say, and there is no time to be lost!"

"Why no time to be lost, my dear boy?" said she. "Oh! now that you have told me this, I could dwell for hours—ay, days—more—I shall dwell my whole life upon this kind news."

"But listen to me, mother, for I must tell you how I discovered this."

"Yes, yes, Jack—do, that's a good boy. I am quite calm now," said Nanny, wiping her eyes with her apron.

I then acquainted her with what Spicer had told me, relative to his inducing the man to take his name; and continued the history of Spicer's life, until I left him on board of a man-of-war.

"But where is he now? And who told you all this?"

"He told me so himself," replied I. "He has been in the Hospital some time; and living here close to you, without either of you being aware of it. But, mother, he is now ill—very ill in the Hospital: he would not have confessed all this, if he had not felt how ill he was."

"Deary, deary me," replied Old Nanny, wringing her hands; "I must go see him."

"Nay, mother, I fear you cannot; the fact is, that he is

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dying, and he has sent me to ask your forgiveness for his conduct to you."

"Deary, deary me," continued Old Nanny, seemingly half out of her wits; "in the Hospital—so near to his poor mother—and dying—dear Jemmy!"

Then the old woman covered up her face with her apron, and was silent. I waited a minute or two, and then I again spoke to her.

"Will you not answer my question, mother? Your son has but an hour, perhaps, to live, and he dies penitent not only for his conduct to you, but for his lawless and wicked life; but he feels his treatment of you to be worse than all his other crimes; and he has sent me to beg that you will forgive him before he dies. Answer me, mother."

"Jack," said Nanny, removing the apron from her face, "I feel as if it was I who ought to ask his pardon, and not he who should ask mine. Who made him bad?—his foolish mother. Who made him unable to control his passions?—his foolish mother. Who was the cause of his plunging into vice—of his intemperance, of his gaming, of his wild and desperate career—which might have ended, as I supposed it had done, on the gallows—but a foolish, weak, selfish mother, who did not do her duty to him in his childhood. It was I who was his great enemy—I who assisted the devil to lead him to destruction—I who, had he been hanged, had been, and have felt for years, that I was his executioner. Can I forgive him? Can *he* forgive *me*?"

"Mother, his time is short—I will come to you again, and tell you much more. But if you knew how earnest he is to have your forgiveness before he dies, you would at once send me away to him."

"Then go, my child—go, and may you often be sent on such kind missions. Go, and tell my poor James that his mother forgives him—begs to be forgiven—still dotes upon him—and God knows with how much pleasure would die for him. Go quick, child—the sands of the glass run fast—quick, child—the dying cannot wait—quick—quick."

Nanny had risen from her stool and taken me by the arm: when we were clear of the threshold she loosed me, and sunk down to the earth, whether overcome by her feelings, or in a state of insensibility, I did not wait to ascertain: I fled to execute my mission before it was too late.

In a few minutes I was at the hospital—breathless, it was true. I went in, and found Spicer still alive, for his eyes turned to me. I went up to him; the nurse, who was standing by him, told me he was speechless, and would soon be gone. I told her I would remain with him, and she went to the other patients. I gave him his mother's message, and he was satisfied: he squeezed my hand, and a smile, which appeared to illumine, like a rainbow, his usual dark and moody countenance, intimated hope and joy; in a few seconds he was no more, but the smile continued on his features after death.

I then returned to Old Nanny, who, I found, had been put into bed by some neighbours, and at her bedside was Mrs. St. Felix, who had been passing by, and had observed her situation. She was now recovered, and quiet. As soon as they had left her, I entered into a more full detail of how I became acquainted with the circumstances which led to the discovery. I did not conceal from her that it was her son who attempted the robbery; and I wound up, by stating that he had died, I really believed, not only penitent, but happy from having received her forgiveness.

"Jack—Jack—you have been as good as an angel to me, indeed you have. It was you, also, who prevented my poor James from killing his mother—it was you that have been the means of his making his peace with Heaven. Bless you, Jack; bless you."

CHAPTER XLVI.

I left Old Nanny as soon as she was more composed, for I was so anxious to have some conversation with Old Anderson. I did not call on my father, as it was not a case on which he was likely to offer any opinion, and I thought it better that the secret which I possessed should be known but to one other person. I refer to the knowledge which I had obtained relative to the husband of Mrs. St. Felix, who, it appeared, was not hanged, as supposed by her. The information received from Spicer accounted for Mrs. St. Felix's conduct when any reference was made to her husband; and I was now aware how much pain she must have suffered when his name was mentioned. I found Anderson alone in his office, and I immediately made him acquainted with what I had learnt, and asked him his opinion as to the propriety of communicating it to Mrs. St. Felix. Anderson rested his head upon his hand for some time in silence: at last he looked up at me. "Why, Tom, that she suffers much from the supposed ignominious fate of her husband is certain, but it is only occasionally; her spirits are good, and she is cheerful, except when reminded of it by any casual observation. That it would prove a great consolation to her to know that her husband did not forfeit his life on the scaffold, is true; but what then—he is said to have entered the king's service under another name, and of course, there is every probability of his being alive and well at this moment. Now she is comparatively tranquil and composed, but consider what anxiety, what suspense, what doubts, must ever fill her mind, must oppress her waking hours, must haunt her in her dreams, after she is made acquainted with his possible existence. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; and her existence would be one of continued tumult, of constant anticipation, and I may say, of misery:—He may be dead, and then will her new-born hopes be crushed when she has ascertained the fact; he may never appear again, and she may linger out a life of continual fretting. I think, Tom, that were she my daughter, and I in possession of similar facts, I would not tell her—at least not at present. We may be able to make inquiries without her knowledge. We know his name; an advertisement might come to his eyes or ears; and moreover, you have the telescope, which may be of use if it is constantly seen in your hands. Let us at present do all we can without her knowledge, and leave the result in the hands of Providence, who, if it thinks fit, will work by its own means. Are you of my opinion, Tom."

"When I came to ask your advice, Anderson, it was with the intention of being guided by it, even if it had not coincided with my own opinion, which, now that I have heard your reasons, it certainly does. By the bye, I have not yet called upon Mrs. St. Felix, and I will go now. You will see Old Nanny again?"

"I will, my boy, this evening. Good-by! I am very busy now, for the officers will inspect to-morrow morning."

I quitted the Hospital, and had arrived in Church Street, when, passing the doctor's door on my way to Mrs. St. Felix, Mr. Thomas Cobb, who had become a great dandy, and, in his own opinion, at least, a great doctor, called to me: "Saunders, my dear fellow, just come in—I wish to speak with you particularly." I complied with his wishes. Mr. Cobb was remarkable in his dress. Having sprung up to the height of at least six feet in his stockings, he had become remarkably thin and spare; and the first idea that struck you when you saw him was, that he was all pantaloons—for he wore blue cotton net tight pantaloons; and his Hessian boots were so low, and his waistcoat so short, that there was at least four feet, out of the sum total of six, composed of blue cotton net, which fitted very close to a very spare figure. He wore no cravat, but a turn-down collar with a black riband; his hair very

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long, with a very puny pair of mustachios on his upper lip, and something like a tuft on his chin. Altogether, he was a strange-looking being, especially when he had substituted for his long coat a short nankeen jacket, which was the case at the time I am speaking of.

"Well, Mr. Cobb, what may be your pleasure with me? You must not detain me long, as I was about to call on Mrs. St. Felix."

"So I presumed, my dear sir," replied he, "and for that very reason I requested you to walk in. Take a chair. Friendship, Tom, is a great blessing—it is one of the charms of life. We have known each other long—and it is to tax your friendship that I have requested you to come in."

"Well, be as quick as you can—that's all," replied I.

"*Festina lente*, as Dr. Tadpole often says, adding that it is Latin for hat and boots. I am surprised at his ignorance of the classics; any school-boy ought to know that *caput* is the Latin for hat, and *Bootes* for boots. But lately I have abandoned the classics, and have given up my soul to poetry."

Indeed!"

"Yes—'Friendship and Love' is my toast, whenever I am called upon at the club. What does Campbell say?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"I'll tell you, Tom."—

> Without the smile from heav'nly beauty won,
> Oh, what were man? A world without a sun.

"Well, I dare say it's all true," replied I; "for if a woman does not smile upon a man, he's not very likely to marry her, and therefore has no chance of having a *son*."

"Tom, you have no soul of poetry."

"Perhaps not—I have been too busy to read any."

"But you should—youth is the age of poetry."

"Well, I thought it was the time to work: moreover, I don't understand how youth can be age. But pray tell me what is it you want of me, for I want to see Mrs. St. Felix before dinner-time"

"Well then, Tom, I am in love—deeply, desperately, irrevocably, and everlastingly in love."

"I wish you well out of it," replied I with some bitterness. "And, pray, with whom may you be so dreadfully in love—Anny Whistle?"

"Anny Whistle!—to the winds have I whistled her long ago. No, that was a juvenile fancy. Hear me—I am in love with the charming widow."

"What, Mrs. St. Felix?"

"Yes. Felix means happy in Latin—and my happiness depends upon her. I must either succeed, or—Tom, do you see that bottle?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's laudanum—that's all."

"But, Tom, you forget; you certainly would not supplant your patron, your master, I may say, your benefactor—the doctor?"

"Why not? he has tried and failed. He has been trying to make an impression upon her these ten years, but it's *no go*. Ain't I a doctor, as good as he—ay, better,—for I'm a young doctor, and he is an old one! All the ladies are for me now. I'm a very rising young man."

"Well, don't rise much higher, or your head will reach up to the shop ceiling. Have you any thing more to say to me?"

"Why, I have hardly begun.—You see, Tom, the widow looks upon me with a favourable eye; and more than once I have thought of popping the question over the counter; but I never could muster up courage, my love is so intense. As the poet says,—

> Silence in love betrays more wo
> Than words, howe'er so witty;
> The beggar that is dumb, you know,
> Deserves our double pity.

Now, Tom, I wish to tax your friendship—I wish you to speak for me."

"What, speak to Mrs. St. Felix?"

"Yes, be my ambassador.—I have attempted to write some verses; but somehow or another I never could find rhymes—the poetic feeling is in me nevertheless. Tell me, Tom, will you do what I ask?"

"But what makes you think that the widow is favourably inclined?"

"What? why, her behaviour, to be sure. I never pass her but she laughs or smiles; and then the doctor is evidently jealous,—accuses me of making wrong mixtures—of paying too much attention to dress—of reading too much—always finding fault—however the time may come ——I repeat my request. Tom, will you oblige me. You ought to have a fellow feeling."

This last remark annoyed me. I felt convinced that Mrs. St. Felix was really laughing at him—so I replied—

"I shall not refuse you, but recollect that he who has been so unsuccessful himself, is not likely to succeed for others. You shall have your answer very soon."

"Thanks, Tom—thanks; my toast, as I said before, when called upon, is—Friendship and love."

I quitted the shop, and went into that of Mrs. St. Felix, who, I thought, looked handsomer than ever.

"Come at last, Tom," said the widow, extending her hand; "I thought you would have called yesterday. Your sister was here."

"I have been less pleasantly engaged. You know that Spicer is dead."

"One of the pensioners—I never saw him that I know of; but I heard old Ben mention his death this morning—and that you were with him: was he a friend of yours?"

"No, indeed, I thought you knew something *of him*, or I should not have mentioned his name."

I then changed the conversation, telling her what had passed at Deal, and listening to her remarks upon old Nanny, my mother, and our mutual acquaintances.

"And the doctor—how is he?"

"As busy as ever: I'm sorry, however, that he complains very much of Tom Cobb, and says that he must dismiss him. He has made some very serious mistakes in mixing the medicines, and nearly killed five or six people."

"Had he killed them outright, their deaths must have been lain at your door," replied I very seriously.

"Good heavens! what do you mean, Tom?"

"I mean this—that your bright eyes have fascinated him; and that, to use his own expression, he is deeply, desperately, irrevocably, and everlastingly in love—with *you*."

Here Mrs. St. Felix burst out in a laugh, so violent that I thought that it would end in hysterics. As soon as she had recovered herself, I continued—

"It is all true—and independent of the five or six people half killed, you will have to answer for a *whole* death besides, for Tom has intimated to me that if he fails in his suit, he will have recourse to the big bottle of laudanum. You must further know, that he has taxed my friendship to make known to you his deplorable condition, being unequal to the task himself."

"He must be mad," observed Mrs. St. Felix, quietly.

"He flatters himself that you have given him encouragement; I asked him in what way;—he says you always laugh at him."

"True as the Bible—I can't help laughing at such a droll figure as he makes of himself. Mercy on me, what are men made of! Well, Tom, I'm sure I ought to be flattered—for (let it be a secret between us, Tom,) this is the second offer I have received within these twenty-four hours."

"The doctor, I presume; Tom says that he is jealous."

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"I mention no names. This is all very foolish."

"But you have not yet rejected both—Tom awaits his answer."

"Tell him any thing that you please—by the by, you may just as well add, that instead of taking the laudanum, he had better resort to his old remedy—of liquorice and water. It will look just as killing in the phial, and not be quite so fatal in its results."

"I shall certainly execute your commission in as delicate a way as I possibly can."

"Do, Tom, and pray let me hear no more of this nonsense;' for, ridiculous as it may appear, it is to me very painful. Leave me now—I am nervous and low-spirited. Good-by. Come this evening with your sister,—I shall be better then."

Mrs. St. Felix went into the back parlour, and I left the shop. I had turned the wrong way, almost forgetting to give Tom his answer, when I recollected myself, and returned to the doctor's house.

"Well," said Tom eagerly.

"Why," replied I, hardly having made my mind up what to say, yet not wishing to hurt his feelings—"the fact is, Tom, that the widow has a very good opinion of you."

"I knew that," interrupted Tom.

"And if she were ever to marry again—why, you would have quite as good a chance as the doctor."

"I was sure of that," said he.

"But at present the widow—for reasons which she cannot explain to any body—cannot think of entering into any new engagement."

"I see—no regular engagement."

"Exactly so—but as soon as she feels herself at liberty—"

"Yes," said Tom, breathless.

"Why, then she'll send, I presume, and let you know."

"I see—then I may hope."

"Why, not exactly—but there will be no occasion to take laudanum."

"Not a drop, my dear fellow, depend upon it."

"There is no saying what may come to pass, you see, Tom; two, or three, or four years may——"

"Four years—that's a very long time."

"Nothing to a man sincerely in love."

"No, nothing—that's very true."

"So all you have to do is to follow up your profession quietly and steadily—and wait and see what time may bring forth."

"So I will—I'll wait twenty years, if that's all."

I wished Tom good-by, thinking that it was probable that he would wait a great deal longer; but at all events he was pacified and contented for the time, and there would be no great harm done, even if he did continue to make the widow the object of his passion for a year or two longer. It would keep him out of mischief, and away from Anny Whistle.

On my return home I met with a severe shock, in consequence of information which my mother did not scruple to communicate to me. Perhaps it was all for the best, as it broke the last link of an unhappy attachment. She informed me very abruptly that the shutters of Mr. Wilson's house were closed in consequence of his having received intelligence of the death of Lady ——. Poor Janet had expired in her first confinement, and the mother and child were to be consigned to the same tomb. This intelligence drove me to my chamber, and I may be considered weak, but I shed many tears at her untimely end. I did not go with my sister to Mrs. St. Felix, but remained alone till the next day, when Virginia came, and persuaded me to walk with her to the Hospital, as she had a message for my father.

After we had seen my father, we walked down to the Hospital Terrace, by the river-side. We had not been there but a few minutes, when we heard Bill Harness strike up with his fiddle:

O cruel was my parents as tore my love from me,
And cruel was the press-gang as took him off to sea;
And cruel was the little boat as row'd him from the strand,
But crueller the big ship as sail'd him from the land.
Sing tura-la, tura-la, tura-lara ley.

O cruel was the water as bore my love from Mary,
And cruel was the fair wind as wouldn't blow contrary;
And cruel was the captain, his boatswain, and his men,
As didn't care a farding if we never meet again,
Sing tura-la, tura-la, tura-lara ley.

O cruel was th' engagement in which my true love fought,
And cruel was the cannon-ball as knock'd his right eye out;
He used to ogle me, with peepers full of fun,
But now he looks askew at me, because he's only one.
Sing tura-la, &c. &c.

"Eh! wid your tura-la. You call dat singing?" cried Opposition Bill stumping up, with his fiddle in his hand. "Stop a little. How do you do, Mr. Tom—how you do pretty lady? Now I sing you a song, and show that fellow how to make music. Stop a little, Miss Virginny."

"Well," said Bill Harness, "I'll just let you sing, that Miss Saunders may judge between us."

Virginia felt half inclined to go away; but as the pensioners always treated her with as much respect as any of the ladies of the officers of the Hospital, I pressed her arm that she might stay. Opposition Bill then struck up as follows, saying, "Now I give you a new 'Getting up stairs.'"

On board of a man of war dey hauled me one day,
And pitch me up de side, just like one truss of hay.
Such a getting up stairs I nebber did see,
Such a getting up stairs.

Dey show me de mast head, and tell me I must go,
I tumble on de rattling, and break my lilly toe.
Such a getting up stairs I nebber did see, &c.

Dey pipe de hands up anchor, and Massa Boatswain's cane
Come rattle on our backs, for all de world like rain.
Such a getting up stairs, &c.

And den dey man de rigging, the topsail for to reef,
And up we scull together, just like a flock of sheep,
Such a getting up stairs, &c.

Dey send de boats away, a Frenchman for to board,
We climb the side with one hand, the other hold the sword.
Such a getting up stairs, &c.

Now here I sent to Greenwich because I lost a leg,
And ab to climb up to de ward upon my wooden peg.
Such a getting up stairs, &c.

"Dere now—I ask you, Mister Tom, and de young lady, which sung best, dat fellow, or your humble servant Bill—dat's me."

"You sing very well, Bill," said Virginia, laughing, "but I'm not able to decide such a difficult point."

"No more can I; it is impossible to say which I like best," continued I. "We must go home now—so good-by."

"Thanky you, Mister Tom, thanky you, Missy. I see you wish to spare him feelings; but I know what you tink in your heart."

Virginia and I now left the Hospital. There was one subject which was often discussed between my sister and me, which was, my situation with regard to Bramble and Bessy. I had no secrets from her, and she earnestly advised me to try if I could not make up my mind to an union with a person of whom I could not possibly speak but with the highest encomiums.

"Depend upon it, my dear Tom," said she, "she will make you a good wife; and with her as a companion, you will soon forget the unhappy attachment which has made you so miserable. I am not qualified from experience to

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advise yon on this point; but I have a conviction in my own mind that Bessy is really just the sort of partner for life who will make you happy. And then you owe much to Bramble, and you are aware how happy it would make him: and as her partiality for you is already proved, I do wish that you would think seriously upon what I now say. I long to see and make her acquaintance, but I really long much more to embrace her as a sister."

I could not help acknowledging that Bessy was as perfect as I could expect any one to be, where none are perfect. I admitted the truth and good sense of my sister's reasoning, and the death of Janet contributed not a little to assist her arguments; but she was not the only one who appeared to take an interest in this point: my father would hint at it jocosely, and Mrs. St. Felix did once compliment me on my good fortune in having the chance of success with a person whom every one admired and praised. The party, however, who had most weight with me was Old Anderson, who spoke to me unreservedly and seriously. "Tom," said he, "you must be aware that Bramble and I are great friends, and have been so for many years. He has no secrets from me, and I have no hesitation in telling you that his regards and affections are so equally bestowed between you and his adopted child, that it is difficult for himself to say to which he is the most attached; further, as he has told me, his fervent and his dearest wish,—the one thing which will make him happy, and the only one without which he will not be happy, although he may be resigned, is that an union should take place between you and Bessy. I am not one of those who would persuade you to marry her out of gratitude to Bramble. Gratitude may be carried too far. But she is, by all accounts, amiable and beautiful—devoted to excess, and capable of any exertion and any sacrifice for those she loves,—and, Tom, she loves you. With her I consider that you have every prospect of being happy in the most important step in life. You may say that you do not love her, although you respect, and admire, and esteem her: granted, but on such feelings towards a woman is the firmest love based, and must eventually grow. Depend upon it, Tom, that that hasty and violent attachment which is usually termed love, and which so blinds both parties that they cannot, before marriage, perceive each other's faults—those matches which are called love-matches, seldom or ever turn out happily. I do not mean to say but that they sometimes do; but, like a lottery, there are many blanks for one prize. Believe me, Tom, there is no one who has your interest and welfare at heart more than I have. I have known you since you were a child, and have watched you with as much solicitude as any parent. Do you think, then, that I would persuade you to what I thought would not contribute to your happiness? Do, my dear boy, make Bramble, Bessy, yourself, and all of us happy, by weaning yourself from the memory of one who was undeserving of you, and fixing your affections upon her who will be as steadfast and as true to you as the other was false and capricious." I promised Anderson that I would think seriously of what he said; and I kept my word, using all my endeavours to drive the image of Janet from my memory, and substitute that of Bessy; I often recalled the latter to my mind, as she laid beautiful and motionless, after her having rescued her father from the waves, and at last dwelt upon the image with something more than interest. The great point, when you wish to bring yourself to do any thing is, to make up your mind to it. I did so; and soon found that Bessy was rapidly gaining possession of my heart.

I remained several days at Greenwich. My mother was still as busy as ever, attempting to obtain lodgers in her house who were people of family, and this unwearied system was a source of great vexation to my sister. "Oh, Tom," she would sometimes say, "I almost wish sometimes, selfish as it is, that you were married to Bessy; for then I should be able to live with you, and escape from this persecution."

"Better marry yourself, dear," replied I.

"There is but little chance of that, Tom," replied Virginia, shaking her head.

On my return to Deal, I found Bramble had remained at the cottage ever since my departure. Our greeting was warm, and when I went over to Bessy, for the first time since she had returned from school, I kissed her. She coloured up, poor girl, burst into tears, and hastened to her own room.

"I hope that was in earnest, Tom," said Bramble, fixing his eye upon me inquiringly—"otherwise it was cruel."

"It was, indeed, father," replied I, taking him by the hand.

"Then all's right, and God bless you, my dear good boy. You don't know how happy you have made me—yes, and now I will say it—poor Bessy also."

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CHAPTER XLVII.

In which a new character appears upon the stage, and I play the part of a pilot on shore.

"A FRIGATE has anchored in the Downs, Tom, and makes the signal for a pilot," said Bramble, coming into the cottage, with my telescope in his hand. "There is but you and I here—what do you say?—will you venture to take her up to the Medway?"

"To be sure I will, father; I would not refuse a line-of-battle ship. Why should I? the tides are the same, and the sands have not shifted. Would you not trust me?"

"Ay, that I would, Tom, and perhaps better than myself; for my eyes are not so good as they were. Well, then, you had better be off."

I got my bundle ready, and was about to start, when I perceived my telescope lying down where Bramble had placed it on the table. "They are not very fond of letting pilots have their glasses on board of a king's ship," said I, "so I will take mine this time."

"You're right, Tom—you can't take the spy-glass out of the captain's hand, as you do in a merchant vessel."

"Well, good-by, father; I shall come down again as soon as I can—there's another gun, the captain of the frigate is in a hurry."

"They always are on board of a man-of-war, if no attention is paid to their orders or their signals. Come, start away."

I went down to the beach, the men launched the galley, and I was soon on board. As I gained the quarter-deck, I was met by the captain and first lieutenant, who were standing there.

"Well," said the captain, "where's the pilot?"

"I am, sir," replied I, taking off my hat.

"Where's your warrant?"

"There, sir," replied I, offering him the tin case in which I carried it.

"Well, all is right, my good fellow; but you seem but a young hand."

"Not so young as to lose so fine a vessel as this, I trust, sir," replied I.

"I hope not, too; and I dare say you are as good as many with gray hairs. At all events your warrant is sufficient for me, and the frigate is now under your charge. Will you weigh directly!"

"If you please; the wind will probably fail as the sun goes down, and, if so, we may just as well lie off the foreland to-night."

The frigate was soon under weigh; she was evidently well manned, and as well commanded. The wind fell, as

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I expected, and after dark we barely stemmed the ebb tide. Of course I was up all night, as was my duty, and occasionally entered into conversation with the officer of the watch and midshipmen. From them I learnt that the frigate, which was called the Euphrosyne, had just returned from the West India station; that they had been out four years, during which they had two single-handed encounters, and captured two French frigates, besides assisting at many combined expeditions; that they were commanded by Sir James O'Connor, who had distinguished himself very much, and was considered one of the best officers in the service; that the frigate had suffered so from the conflicts in which they had been engaged, that she had been sent home to be surveyed; it was found that she must be docked, and undergo a thorough repair, and consequently they had been ordered to Sheerness, where the ship would be paid off. At daylight there was a leading wind up the river, and we made sail, carrying with us three-fourths of the flood. The discipline and order of the ship's company were so great that I felt much more confidence in piloting this vessel, notwithstanding her greater draught of water, than I did a merchant vessel, in which you had to wait so long before the people could execute what you required: there, it was but to speak, and it was done, well done, and done immediately; the vessel appeared to obey the will of the pilot, as if endued with sense and volition; and the men at the lead gave quick and correct soundings: the consequence was, that I had every confidence, and, while the captain and officers sometimes appeared anxious at the decrease of the depth of water, I was indifferent, and I dare say, appeared to them careless, but such was not the case.

"Quarter less 5."

"Quarter less 5. Pilot, do you know what water we draw?"

"Yes, Sir James, I do; we shall have *half four* directly, and after that the water will deepen."

As it proved exactly as I stated, the captain had after that more confidence in me. At all events the frigate was brought safely to an anchor in the river Medway, and Sir James O'Connor went down to his cabin, leaving the first lieutenant to moor her, for such were the port orders. As I had nothing more to do, I thought I might as well go on shore, and get a cast down by one of the night coaches to Dover. I therefore begged the first lieutenant to order my certificate of pilotage to be made out, and to inquire if I could take any thing down to Deal for the captain. A few minutes afterwards I was summoned down to the captain. I found him sitting at his table with wine before him. My certificates, which the clerk had before made out, were signed, but my name was not inserted.

"I must have your name, pilot, to fill in here."

"Thomas Saunders, Sir James," replied I.

"Well, my lad, you're young for a pilot; but you appear to know your business well, and you have brought this ship up in good style. Here are your certificates," said he, as he filled in my name.

I had my spy-glass in my hand, and, to take up the certificates and fold them to fit them into my tin case, I laid my glass down on the table close to him. Sir James looked at it as if surprised, took it up in his hand, turned it round, and appeared quite taken aback. He then looked at the brass rim where the name had been erased, and perceived where it had been filed away.

"Mr. Saunders," said he, at last, "if not taking a liberty, may I ask where you procured this spy-glass!"

"Yes, Sir James, it was given me by a person who has been very kind to me ever since I was a boy."

"Mr. Saunders, I beg your pardon—I do not ask this question out of mere curiosity—I have seen this glass before; it once belonged to a very dear friend of mine. Can you give me any further information? You said it was given you by ——"

"A very amiable woman, Sir James."

"Did she ever tell you how it came into her hands?"

"She never did, sir."

"Mr. Saunders, oblige me by sitting down; and if you can give me any information on this point, you will confer on me a very great favour. Can you tell me what sort of a person this lady is—where she lives—and what country woman she is?"

"Yes, Sir James; I will first state that she is Irish, and that she lives at present at Greenwich." I then described her person.

"This is strange, very strange," said Sir James, with his hand up to his forehead as he leant his elbow on the table.

After a pause, "Mr. Saunders, will you answer me one question candidly? I feel I am not speaking to a mere Thames pilot—I do not wish to compliment, and if I did not feel as I state, I should not put these questions. Do you not know more about this person than you appear willing to divulge? There is something in your manner which tells me so."

"That I know more than I have divulged is true, Sir James; but that I know more than I am willing to divulge, is not the case, provided that I find that the party who asks the question is sufficiently interested to warrant my so doing."

"There can be no one more interested than I am," replied Sir James, mournfully. "You tell me she is Irish—you describe a person such as I expected would be described, and my curiosity is naturally excited. May I ask what is her name?"

"The name that she goes by at present is St. Felix."

"She had distant relations of that name; it may be one of them—yet how could they have obtained—? Yes, they might, sure enough?"

"That is not her real name, Sir James."

"Not her real name! Do you know then what is her real name!"

"I believe I do, but I obtained it, without her knowledge, from another party, who is since dead."

"Ah! may I ask that name?"

"A man who died in the hospital, who went by the name of Spicer, but whose real name was Walter James; he saw the glass in my hand, recognized it, and on his death-bed revealed all connected with it; but he never knew that the party was still alive when he did so."

"If Walter James confessed all to you on his death-bed, Mr. Saunders, it is certain that you can answer me one question. Was not her real name Fitzgerald?"

"It was, Sir James, as I have understood."

Sir James O'Connor fell back in his chair, and was silent for some time. He then poured out a tumbler of wine and drank it off.

"Mr. Saunders, do others know of this as well as you?"

"I have never told any one, except to one old and dearest friend, in case of accident to myself. Mrs. St. Felix is ignorant of my knowledge, as well as others."

"Mr. Saunders, that I am most deeply interested in that person I pledge you my honour as an officer and a gentleman. Will you now do me the favour to detail all you do know on this subject, and what were the confessions made you by that man Walter James?"

"I have already, sir, told you more than I intended. I will be candid with you; so much do I respect and value the person in question, that I will do nothing without I have your assurance that it will not tend to her unhappiness."

"Then, on my honour, if it turns out as I expect, it will, I think, make her the happiest woman under the sun."

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"You said that the spy glass belonged to a dear friend?"

"I did, Mr. Saunders; and if I find, from what you can tell me, that Mrs. St. Felix is the real Mrs. Fitzgerald, I will produce that friend and her husband. Now are you satisfied?"

"I am," replied I, "and I will now tell you every thing." I then entered into a detail from the time that Mrs. St. Felix gave me the spy-glass and erased the name, until the death of Spicer.

"I have now done, sir," replied I, "and you must draw your own conclusions."

"I thank you, sir," replied he; "allow me now to ask you one or two other questions. How does Mrs. St. Felix gain her livelihood, and what character does she bear?"

I replied to the former, by stating, that she kept a tobacconist's shop; and to the latter, by saying, that she was a person of most unimpeachable character, and highly respected."

Sir James O'Connor filled a tumbler of wine for me, and then his own. As soon as he had drunk his own off, he said, "Mr. Saunders, you don't know how you have obliged me. I am excessively anxious about this matter, and I wish, if you are not obliged to go back to Deal immediately, that you would undertake for me a commission to Greenwich. Any trouble or expense——"

"I will do any thing for Mrs. St. Felix, Sir James; and I shall not consider any trouble or expense," replied I.

"Will you then oblige me by taking a letter to Greenwich immediately?—I cannot leave my ship at present—it is impossible."

"Certainly I will, Sir James."

"And will you bring her down here?"

"If she will come: the letter, I presume, will explain every thing, and prevent any too sudden shock."

"You are right, Mr. Saunders—and indeed I am wrong not to confide in you more. You have kept her secret so well, that trusting to your honour, you shall now have mine."

"I pledge my honour, Sir James."

"Then, Mr. Saunders, I spoke of a dear friend; but the truth is, *I* am the owner of that spy-glass. When I returned to Ireland, and found that she had, as I supposed, made away with herself, as soon as my grief had a little subsided, I did perceive that, although her apparel remained, all her other articles of any value had disappeared; but I concluded that they had been pillaged by her relations, or other people. I then entered on board of a man of war, under the name of O'Connor, was put on the quarter-deck, and by great good fortune have risen to the station in which I now am. That is my secret—not that I care about its being divulged, now that I have found my wife. I did nothing to disgrace myself before I entered on board of a man-of-war; but having changed my name, I do not wish it to be known that I ever had another, until I can change it again on a fitting opportunity. Now, Mr. Saunders, will you execute my message?"

"Most joyfully, Sir James; and I now can do it with proper caution: by to-morrow morning I will be down here with Mrs. St. Felix."

"You must post the whole way, as hard as you can there and back, Mr. Saunders. Here is some money," said he, thrusting a bundle of notes in my hand, "you can, return me what is left. Good-by, and many, many thanks."

"But where shall I meet you, sir?"

"Very true, I will be at the King's Arms Hotel, Chatham."

I lost no time; as soon as the boat put me on shore, I hired a chaise, and posted to Greenwich, where I arrived about half-past nine o'clock. I dismissed the chaise at the upper end of the town, and walked down to Mrs St Felix's. I found her at home, as I expected, and to my great delight the doctor was not there."

"Why, Mr. Pilot, when did you come back?" said she.

"But this minute—I come from Chatham."

"And have you been home?"

"No, not yet; I thought I would come and spend the evening with you."

"With me! Why, that's something new; I don't suppose, you intend to court me, do you, as the doctor does?"

"No, but I wish that you would give me some tea in your little back parlour, and let Jane mind the shop in the meantime."

"Jane's very busy, Mr. Tom, so I'm afraid that I can't oblige you."

"But you must, Mrs. St. Felix. I'm determined I will not leave this house till you give me some tea—I want to have a long talk with you."

"Why, what's in the wind now?"

"I'm not in the wind, at all events, for you see I'm perfectly sober; indeed, Mrs. St. Felix, I ask it as a particular favour. You have done me many kindnesses, now do oblige me this time: the fact is, something has happened to me of the greatest importance, and I must have your advice how to act; and, in this instance, I prefer your's to that of any other person."

"Well, Tom, if it really is serious, and you wish to consult me, for such a compliment the least I can do is to give you a cup of tea." Mrs. St. Felix ordered Jane to take the tea-things into the back parlour, and then to attend in the shop.

"And pray say that you are not at home even to the doctor."

"Well, really, the affair looks serious," replied she, "but it shall be so, if you wish it."

"We took our tea before I opened the business, for I was thinking how I should commence: at last I put down my cup and said, "Mrs. St. Felix, I must first acquaint you with what is known to no one here but myself." *I then* told her the history of Old Nanny; then I went on to Spicer's recognition of the spy-glass,—his attempt to murder his mother, the consequences, and the disclosures on his death-bed.

Mrs. St. Felix was much moved.

"But why tell me all this?" said she at last: "it proves certainly, that my husband was not hanged, which is some consolation, but now I shall be ever restless until I know what has become of him—perhaps he still lives."

"Mrs. St. Felix, you ask me why do I tell you all this? I beg you to reply to my question—having known this so long, why have I not told you before."

"I cannot tell."

"Then I will tell you: because I did feel that such knowledge as I had then would only make you, as you truly say, unhappy and restless. Nor would I have told you now, had it not been that I have gained farther intelligence on board of a frigate which I this afternoon took into the Medway."

Mrs. St. Felix gasped for breath—"And what is that?" said she, faintly.

"The spy-glass was recognised by a person on board, who told me that your husband still lives."

I ran out for a glass of water, for Mrs. St. Felix fell back in her chair as pale as death.

I gave her the water, and threw some in her face: she recovered, and put her handkerchief up to her eyes. At first she was silent, then sobbed bitterly: after a while she sunk from the chair down on her knees, and remained there some time. When she rose and resumed her seat, she took my hand and said, "You may tell me all now."

As she was quite calm and composed, I did so; I repeated all that had passed between Sir James O'Connor and me, and ended with his wish that I should accompany her at once to Chatham.

"And now, Mrs. St. Felix, you had better go to bed. I told Sir James that I would be down to-morrow morning.

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I will come here at seven o'clock, and then we will go to the upper part of the town and hire a chaise. Will you be ready?"

"Yes," replied she, smiling. "Heaven bless you, Tom! and now good-night."

I did not go to my mother's, but to an inn in the town, where I asked for a bed. In the morning I went down. As soon as Mrs. St. Felix saw me she came out, and followed me at a little distance. We went up to where the chaises were to be obtained, and in less than three hours were at the King's Arms, Chatham. I asked to be shown into a room, into which I led Mrs. St. Felix, trembling like an aspen leaf. I seated her on the sofa, and then asked to be shown into Sir James O'Connor.

"She is here, sir," said I.

"Where?"

"Follow me, Sir James."

I opened the door of the room, and closed it upon them.

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

My Sister Virginia is at last placed in a situation which is satisfactory to my Mother, as well as to herself.

I remained very quietly in the coffee-room of the hotel, in case I should be sent for; which I presumed I should be before the day was over. In the afternoon a waiter came to say that Sir James O'Connor wished to speak to me, and I was ushered into his room, where I found Mrs. St. Felix on the sofa.

As soon as the door was closed, Sir James took me by the hand, and led me up, saying, "Allow me to introduce your old friend as Lady O'Connor."

"My dear Tom," said she, taking me by the hand, "I am and ever shall be Mrs. St. Felix with you. Come now, and sit down. You will again have to take charge of me, for I am to return to Greenwich, and leave it in a respectable manner. I dare say they have already reported that I have run away from my creditors. Sir James thinks I must go back as if nothing had happened, give out that I had some property left me by a relation, and then settle every thing, and sell the good-will of my shop. It certainly will be better than to give grounds for the surmises and reports which may take place at my sudden disappearance,—not that I am very likely to fall in with my old acquaintances at Greenwich."

"Don't you think so, Tom?—for Tom I must call you, in earnest of our future friendship," said Sir James.

"I do think it will be the best plan, sir."

"Well, then, you must convey her ladyship to Greenwich again this evening, and to-morrow the report must be spread, and the next day you will be able to re-escort her here. I hope you feel the compliment that I pay you in trusting you with my new-found treasure. Now let us sit down to dinner. Pray don't look at your dress, Tom; at all events it is quite as respectable as her ladyship's."

After dinner a chaise was ordered, and Lady O'Connor and I returned to Greenwich, arriving there after dark. We walked down to her house: I then left her, and hastened to my mother's.

"Well, mother," said I, after the first salutations were over, "have you heard the news about Mrs. St. Felix?"

"No, what has she done now?"

"Oh, she has done nothing, but a relation in Ireland has left her a lot of money, and she is going over there immediately. Whether she will come back again, nobody knows."

"Well, we can do without her," replied my mother, with pique; "I'm very glad that she's going, for I have always protested at Virginia's being so intimate with her: a tobacco shop is not a place for a young lady."

"Mother," replied Virginia, "when we lived in Fisher's Alley Mrs. St. Felix was above us in situation."

"I have desired you very often, Virginia, not to refer to Fisher's Alley, you know I do not like it—the very best families have had their reverses."

"I cannot help thinking that such has been the case with Mrs. St. Felix," replied Virginia.

"If you please, Miss Saunders, we'll drop the subject," replied my mother, haughtily.

The news soon spread; indeed I walked to several places where I knew it would be circulated; and before morning all Greenwich knew that Mrs. St. Felix had been left a fortune: some said 10,000*l.*, others had magnified it to 10,000*l.* a-year. When I called upon her the next day, I found that she had made arrangements for carrying on her business during her absence, not having stated that she quitted for ever, but that she would write and let them know as soon as she arrived in Ireland what her decision would be, as she was not aware what might be the property left her. The doctor, who had undertaken to conduct her affairs during her absence, looked very wo-begone indeed, and I pitied him; he had become so used to her company, that he felt miserable at the idea of her departure, although all hopes of ever marrying her had long been dismissed from his mind. Mrs. St. Felix told me that she would be ready that evening, and I returned home, and found Virginia in tears: her mother had again assailed her on account of her feelings towards Mrs. St. Felix; and Virginia told me that she was crying at the idea of Mrs. St. Felix going away, much more than at what her mother had said; and she requested me to walk with her to Mrs. St. Felix, that she might wish her farewell.

When we arrived, Mrs. St. Felix embraced Virginia warmly, and took her into the little back parlour. Virginia burst into tears. "You are the only friend in the town that I dearly love," said she, "and now you are going."

"My dear girl, I am more sorry to part with you and Tom that I can well express—our pain is mutual, but we shall meet again."

"I see no chance of that," said Virginia, mournfully.

"But I do; and what is more, I have thought about it since I have had the news. Tom, your sister, of course, only knows the common report?"

"Of course she knows no more than any body else."

"Well, do you, at all events; and I give you leave, as I know she is to be trusted, to confide my secret to her. And, Virginia dear, when I tell you that I shall want you to come and stay with me, and shall arrange accordingly, after you have heard what your brother has to tell to you, you will understand that we may meet again. Good-by, and God bless you, dearest;—go away now, for I have much to do."

When I told to Virginia what the reader is well acquainted with, her joy was excessive. "Yes," said she, "I see now; my mother is so anxious that I should be taken into some grand family as a companion; and when Lady O'Connor agrees to receive me, she will never have an idea that it is Mrs. St. Felix: if she had, nothing would induce her to let me go, that I am sure of; for she has taken an aversion to her for, reasons known only to herself."

I returned to Mrs. St. Felix's house, as soon as I had escorted Virginia home, leaving her very happy. The doctor was there, mute and melancholy; and I was thinking that we should have some difficulty in getting rid of him, when Tom made his appearance.

"If you please, sir," said he, "Mrs. Fallover wants you immediately: she's taken very bad."

"I can't help it."

"Indeed, but you must help it, doctor," said Mrs. St. Felix; "the poor woman is, as you know, in her first confinement, and you must not neglect her, so let's say good-

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by at once, and a happy return. I asked Tom to come down, that I might call upon his sister and one or two other people, before I go; so you see, doctor, as you can't go with me, you may just as well go and attend to the poor woman; so, good-by, Doctor Tadpole, I will write to you as soon as I know what I'm to do."

The doctor took her hand, and after a pause said, "Mrs. St. Felix, *Eheu, me infelix!*" and hastened out of the shop.

"Poor fellow!" said she, "he'll miss me, and that's the truth. Good-by, Jane; mind you look after every thing till I come back, and take care of the dog and cat. Come, Tom, we'll go now."

I threw her trunk on my shoulders, and followed her till we came to the post-house: the chaise was ordered out, and we set off.

"Tom," said Lady O'Connor, as I again call her, now that she is clear of Greenwich, "there is one portion of my history which you do not know—a very trifling part indeed. When I saw in the newspapers that my husband had, as I supposed, been executed, I am ashamed to say that I first thought of suicide; but my better feelings prevailed, and I then resolved to change my name, and to let people *suppose* that I was dead. It was for that reason that I left my bonnet by the river-side, and all my apparel in the house, only taking away a few trinkets and valuables, to dispose of for my future subsistence. I obtained a passage in a transport bound to Woolwich, on the plea of my husband having arrived from abroad; and, by mere accident, I found the goodwill of the tobacconist's shop to be sold; it suited me—and there is the whole of my history which you do not know.

"And now, as to Virginia—I intend to have her with me very soon. Your mother is anxious that she should get into a high family, trusting that her beauty will captivate some of the members—a bad kind of speculation. I will advertise for a companion, and so arrange that your mother shall not see me; and when your sister does come to me, it shall not be as a companion, but as a child of my own. I owe you much, Tom,—indeed almost every thing; and it is the only way in which I can repay you. I have already spoken to Sir James on the subject; he is equally ready to pay the debt of gratitude, and therefore in future Virginia is our adopted child."

"You are more than repaying me, Lady O'Connor," replied I, "and you are obliging me in the quarter where I feel the obligation the greatest."

"That I believe, Tom; so now say no more about it."

I may as well here inform the reader that I remained a week at Chatham, and that during that time Lady O'Connor put an advertisement in the county paper, such as we knew would be a bait to my mother. This paper I forwarded to Virginia, marking the advertisement. My mother immediately replied to it, and Sir James O'Connor went up to Greenwich, and had an interview with my mother and Virginia, at apartments he had taken at the hotel—appeared pleased with my sister, and said that as soon as Lady O'Connor was sufficiently recovered she would send for her to Chatham. This took place in two days afterwards; my mother escorted Virginia there. Sir James stated that her ladyship was too unwell to see any body, but that she would speak a few words to Virginia, and leave Sir James to settle the rest with my mother. Virginia came down to her mother, declared that Lady O'Connor was a very ladylike elegant person, and that she should wish to take the situation. The terms were handsome, and my mother, although she regretted not seeing her ladyship, was satisfied, and Virginia was to come in two days afterwards, which she did. Thus was my sister comfortably settled, and after remaining two days I took my leave of Sir James and Lady O'Connor, intending to return to Deal, when I received a letter from Peter Anderson, informing me that Old Nanny had been suddenly taken very ill, and that Doctor Tadpole did not think it possible that she would survive more than twenty-four hours—that she was very anxious to see me, and that he hoped I would come up immediately.

I showed the letter to Lady O'Connor, who said, "You will go of course, Tom."

"Immediately," replied I, "and the more so as this letter is dated three days back; how it has been delayed I do not know. Farewell, Lady O'Connor, and farewell, dearest Virginia. Old Nanny, as you both know, has many claims upon my gratitude."

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CHAPTER XLIX.

My Father, much to his surprise, has a bit of land to put his foot upon, and say, "This is my own."

"You're too late, Tom," said Ben the Whaler, as I jumped down from off the basket of the coach; "the old woman died last night."

"I'm sorry for it, Ben," replied I, "as she wished so much to see me; but I did not receive Anderson's letter till this morning, and I could not get here sooner."

This intelligence induced me to direct my course to the hospital, where I had no doubt that I should find old Anderson, and obtain every information. I met him as he was walking towards the bench on the terrace facing the river, where he usually was seated when the weather was fine. "Well, Tom," said he, "I expected you, and did hope that you would have been here sooner. Come, sit down here, and I will give you the information which I know you have most at your heart. The *old woman* made a very happy end. I was with her till she died. She left many kind wishes for you, and I think her only regret was that she did not see you before she was called away."

"Poor old Nanny! she had suffered much."

"Yes, and there are great excuses to be made for her: and as we feel so here, surely there will be indulgence from above, where the secrets of all hearts are known. She was not insane, Tom; but from the time that she supposed that her son had been gibbeted, there was something like insanity about her; the blow had oppressed her brain—it had stupified her, and blunted her moral sense of right and wrong. She told me, after you had communicated to her that her son was in the hospital, and had died penitent, that she felt as if a heavy weight had been taken off her mind; that she had been rid of an oppression which had ever borne down her faculties,—a sort of giddiness and confusion in the brain, which had made her indifferent, if not reckless to every thing; and I do believe it, from the change which took place in her during the short time which has since elapsed."

"What change was that? for you know that I have been too busy during the short intervals I have been here to call upon her."

"A change in her appearance and manners: she appeared to recover in part her former position in life; she was always clean in her person, as far as she could be in such a shop as hers,—and if she had nothing else, she always had a clean cap and apron."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and on Sundays she dressed very neat and tidy. She did not go to church, but she purchased a large Bible and a pair of spectacles, and was often to be seen reading it at the door; and when I talked to her, she was glad to enter upon serious things. I spoke to her about her fondness for money, and pointed out that it was a sin. She replied, that she did feel very fond of money for a long while, for she always thought that some one was nigh her snatching at it, and had done so ever since her son had

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robbed her; but that since she knew what had become of him, she did not feel fond of it,—that is, not so fond of it as before; and I believe that such was the case. Her love of money arose from her peculiar state of mind. She had many comforts about her house when she died, which were not in it when I called to see her at the time when she was first ill: but her purchasing the large Bible on account of the print was to me a satisfactory proof that she had no longer such avaricious feelings."

"I am very glad to hear all this, Anderson, I assure you, for she was one of my earliest friends, and I loved her."

"Not more than she loved you, Tom. Her last words almost were calling down blessings on your head; and, thanks be to God! she died as a Christian should die, and, I trust, is now happy."

"Amen!" said I; for I was much moved at Anderson's discourse.

After a pause, Anderson said, "You know, Tom, that she has left you all that she had. She told me before that such was her intention, although I said nothing to you about it; but I thought it as well that Mr. Wilson should make out a paper for her to put her name to, which she did: Ben and I witnessed it; but as for what she has left you, I cannot imagine it can be much, for we examined, and found no money except about 7*l.* in two small boxes; and then in her will she has left your sister Virginia 10*l.*; now when that comes to be paid, I'm sure I don't know whether the things in the shop will fetch so much money as will pay your sister's legacy, and the expenses of her funeral."

"It's of no consequence," replied I, smiling; "but we shall see. At all events, all her debts shall be paid, and her funeral shall be decent and respectable. Good-by now, Anderson, I must go up and see my mother and sister."

Old Nanny's remains were consigned to the tomb on the following Monday. Her funeral was, as I had desired it to be, very respectable, and she was followed to the grave by Anderson, my father, Ben, and me. As soon as it was over, I requested Anderson to walk with me to Mr. Wilson's.

"I'm afraid, Tom," said Mr. Wilson, "you'll find, like a great many other residuary legatees, that you've not gained much by the compliment."

"Nevertheless, will you oblige me by walking down with Anderson and me to her house?"

"And take off the seals, I presume, in your presence: but the fact is, Tom, that not thinking the property quite safe there, even under seal, I have kept it all in my own pocket."

"Nevertheless, oblige me by coming down."

"Oh, with all my heart, since you do not like to take possession unless in due form."

As soon as we arrived at the hovel, I went into the bedroom, and threw open the window. I then, to their great astonishment, went to the fire grate,—threw out some rubbish which was put into it,—pulled up the iron back, and removed the bricks. In a short time I produced two small boxes, one of them very heavy. There was nothing else in the hole.

"Here," said I, "Mr. Wilson, is a portion of the property which you have overlooked."

"No wonder," replied he: "pray let us see what it is."

I opened the boxes, and, to their surprise, made up in a variety of packages, I counted out gold coin to the amount of 420*l.*

"Not a bad legacy," said Mr. Wilson. "Then you knew of this."

"Of course; I have known it some time—ever since the attempt to rob her."

"But what are those papers?"

On one was written "*Arsenic—Poison;*"—on the other, "*Receipt for Toothache.*"

"Nothing of any value," said I, "by the outside." I opened them, and found, to my surprise, bank notes to the exact amount of 200*l.*

"Well, I declare," said I, smiling, "I had nearly thrown all this money away."

"And now you see what induced the old woman to write those labels on the outside of it;—in case she should be robbed, that the robbers might have thrown the papers away—as you nearly did,—and as very probably they might have done."

"Well, Mr. Wilson, I have no further search to make. Will you oblige me by taking care of this money for me?"

"Yes—that is, if you'll carry the gold, which is rather heavy, up to my house, and then I will give you a receipt for the whole."

Anderson then left us, and I followed Mr. Wilson home. As soon as the money was all re-counted, and a note made of it, Mr. Wilson asked me what I wished that he should do with it. I replied, what was the truth—that I really did not know what to do with it, but still I should like to lay it out in something tangible.

"You want to buy a farm, I suppose, and be a landed proprietor, like Bramble; but I'm afraid there is not enough. But I tell you what, Tom—we lawyers know many things which do not come to every body's ears, and I know that the proprietor of the house in which your mother lives, wishes to sell it; and I think, as he is much pinched for money, that this sum will about buy it. Now your mother pays fifty-five guineas a year for it, and if it sells for 600*l.* that will give you more than nine per cent. for your money. What do you think?"

"Well, sir, I think it's the very best thing I can do; if more should be necessary, I have saved a little besides, which Bramble takes care of. Well then, I'll see about it."

A few days afterwards, Mr. Wilson told me that the house was to be had for 560*l.*, and that he had closed the bargain.

"I thank you, sir," replied I. "Since I have been with you I have been thinking about it, and I wish now you would make it over to my father for his life. You see, sir, my father does put my mother to some expense, and I should like him to be more independent of her. If the house belongs to him, the rent will more than meet any demands he may make upon her purse—and it will be pleasant for both parties—and my mother will pay more respect to my father."

"I shall do it with pleasure, Tom. You deserve money, for you make a good use of it—I must say that. Come to me to-morrow."

The next day I went to my father, and gave him the deed by which he was owner of my mother's house. "Well, now, Tom," said he, after I had explained why I did so, "this is the kindest thing that ever was done, and God bless you, boy, and a thousand thanks. I shan't mind now calling for two extra pots of porter when I have friends—and I say, Tom, is the garden mine too?"

"Yes, and summer-house, father, all your own property."

"Well, then," replied he, chuckling, "I have a bit of land of my own to stick my timber toe on after all. Well, I never did expect that. I must go up there, and stand upon it, and feel how I feel."

I communicated to my mother that my father was in future her landlord, at which she expressed much surprise, until I told her how I became possessed of the money. When my father came in, which he did shortly after, she said rather sharply,—

"Well, Mr. Saunders, I suppose I must pay you my rent now every quarter?"

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"Pay me!" exclaimed my father: "Come, not so bad as that, neither. Hav'n't you found me in beer, without a grumble, for these many years, and do you think I've forgotten it? No, no! You've been a kind woman to me after all, although things did go a little cross at first, and so here's the paper for you to keep for me; and there's an end of the matter, only——"

"Only what?" inquired my mother, looking very kindly at my father.

"Only let's have a pot of beer now, to drink Tom's health—that's all."

Having thus satisfactorily settled this point, I returned to Chatham; I had promised to take a farewell of my sister and the O'Connors, as I expected they would leave previous to my again coming up the river.

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CHAPTER L.

An adventure which at first promised to be the most unfortunate, and eventually proved the most fortunate in my life.

As Sir James O'Connor would have to remain at least a fortnight longer at Chatham, until his ship was paid off, I made Lady O'Connor promise to write to me, and then started for Deal. I found Bramble and Bessy as usual, delighted to see me, and Mrs. Maddox was as talkative as ever. I received a letter from Lady O'Connor, and also one from Dr. Tadpole, written at the request of my father, informing me that by a letter from Mrs. St. Felix, there was little prospect of her return to Greenwich. I had not been a week at Deal, when a large ship dropped her anchor in the Downs, and made the signal for a pilot.

"Well, Tom," said Bramble, "I think I shall take a turn now, for I want to go up and see old Adderson."

"I will take her through, if you please, father; and you may go as a passenger. You don't want money, and I do."

"All's right, Tom;—well, then, I'll go as a passenger, and you shall be pilot."

"Why must you go at all, father? Why not go to Greenwich by the stage?" exclaimed Bessy. "When will you leave off, my dear father. Surely you've enough now, and might let Tom go without you."

"Quite enough money, but not quite enough of the salt water yet, Bessy," replied Bramble; "and when I do travel, I won't go by land, when I can sail under canvass."

"Well, you may go this time, father, but this is the last: if you won't leave off, I will not stay here, that's positive; so when you come on shore some fine day, you may expect to find me absent without leave."

"Very well; then I'll send Tom to look after you; he'll soon bring you back again."

"Tom! he would'nt take the trouble to look after me."

"Very true," replied I, "every woman who requires looking after is not worth the trouble; but I've no fear but we shall find you when we come back."

"Tom, I hate you," replied Bessy. "Why do you not join me in persuading father to stay on shore."

"Well, if you hate me, Bessy, it proves, at all events, that I'm not indifferent to you," said I, laughing; "but really and truly, Bessy, I do not consider there is any very great risk in your father going up the river with me, as he will be in smooth water before dark."

"Well, but allowing that, why should father go at all?"

"I want to see old Anderson, my love," replied Bramble, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"Yes, and if you once begin again, you'll not leave off—I know it well: you will never come home except to get clean linen, and be off again; and I shall be in a constant state of alarm and misery. How selfish of you, father! You had better by far have left me to drown on the Goodwin Sands—it would have been more kind," replied Bessy, weeping.

"Bessy," said Bramble, "it's my opinion that you are in love."

"In love!" cried Bessy, colouring to her throat.

"Yes, in love, my dear; or you would not talk such nonsense."

"If loving you as my father is being in love, I am, unfortunately."

"That's only half of the story; now give us the other," said Bramble, smiling.

"What do you mean?" inquired Bessy, turning to him.

"Why, how do you love Tom?"

"Not half so much as I love her," said I.

"Well, if that's the case," replied Bramble, "we may as well publish the banns; for Bessy's in love right over the ankles."

"Father, this may be very pleasant mockery; but I think it is not kind to breed ill-will between those who live under the same roof. Now, you may go away; and if the knowledge that you have made me unhappy will add to the pleasure of your journey, I can assure you that you have succeeded." Bessy having said this, immediately left the room and went up stairs.

"Well," said Bramble, after a pause, "I'm glad that I never was in love; for people so situated do make themselves very silly, that's a fact. Tom, if you're going, it's time to be off."

"Why—" replied I, hesitatingly.

"I know—but I'll tell you, Tom, no such thing. She'll have a good cry, and then she'll come down as well as ever. Leave her alone, till we come back."

Bramble and I then left the cottage, jumped into the galley, and were soon on board of the ship.

On our arrival on board we found that the vessel was a Dutch Indiaman, which had been captured by one of our cruizers on her voyage home from Java. She was laden very deeply with cinnamon, nutmegs, cloves, and other spices, besides pepper, and was valued at £400,000 sterling. She had come home from the Island of St. Helena, with convoy, and was now proceeding up the river, to be given in charge of the prize agents in London. Not only her hold, but even her main deck, as far aft as the mainmast, was filled up with her cargo; in short, she was a very valuable prize, and although when I came on board the pepper made me sneeze for ten minutes, the officer in charge told me very truly that she was a prize "not to be sneezed at." She was manned by a lieutenant and eighteen men, belonging to the frigate which had captured her—hardly sufficient for so large a vessel, but no more could be spared.

"We'll up anchor as soon as you please, pilot," said the lieutenant, "for I shall not be sorry to get rid of my charge, I assure you."

"I don't doubt you, sir," replied Bramble—"Well, you've not much farther to go."

We weighed with the young flood, the weather was fine, but, as usual, at that time of the year, thick fogs prevailed. We had, however, a leading wind, and had well rounded the North Foreland, and entered the Queen's Channel, when it came on very thick.

"Tom, have you the bearings," said Bramble, "if not, take them at once, for the fog will soon be over the land."

"I have them," replied I, "and we may as well put them down in the log-book:—North Foreland Light N.N.W. ½ W. Why, we should see the Tongue buoy. Now we'll drop the anchor, and furl the sails, if you please, sir—we can do nothing at present." We did so; the fog came on thicker than before, and with it a drizzling rain and wind

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from the S. At dusk there was no change, or prospect of it. The men went down to supper, and the watch was set. Bramble and I did not turn in: we laid down on the lockers of the cabin, and every now and then went on deck to see how the weather was. About eleven o'clock we were awakened by a noise: we both started up and went on deck To our surprise it was full of men—we had been boarded by a French privateer, and they had gained possession of the deck without any alarm being given, for the men who had the watch had sheltered themselves from the rain down the hatchway.

As soon as we came up, we were collared and seized.

"Pilot," said Bramble.

"Pilot," said I.

They then asked us in English how many men were on board.

As it was no use concealing the fact, we replied: a portion of the privateersmen then went down, and surprised them all in their beds. In about five minutes they came up again, leading the lieutenant and his men, in their shirts. By the directions of the French captain they were immediately passed over the side into the privateer, and Bramble and I were the only two Englishmen left on board the ship.

The French captain then asked us if we knew where we were; and whether there was any danger. We replied that we were among the sands, and that it would be difficult to get her out of them with that wind, and impossible until the tide turned.

"When will the tide turn," said the captain.

"In an hour or less?" replied Bramble, appealing to me.

I replied in the affirmative.

"Well then, you will take this vessel clear of the shoals, my men; and if you do not, your lives are worth nothing:—hold pistols to their heads," continued he to the officer, "and the moment that the ship touches blow their brains out."

Here Bramble, to my astonishment, went on his knees. "Spare our lives," said he, "and we will take the vessel safe to the French coast; at the same time he gave me a pinch.

"If you do not you shall not live a minute," said the captain (another pinch from Bramble). I now understood him, and I also went down on my knees, and pretended to cry. "We can't take her out if this weather lasts," said I, whimpering. "It's impossible."

"No no! not if this weather lasts," said Bramble, "but as soon as it changes we will do it."

"Very well, so long as you do it when you can, that is all I ask. Now," said he to the officer he had before addressed, "you'll have twenty men—keep a sharp look-out—and don't lose a moment in getting under weigh as soon as you can.

The captain then returned to the privateer with the rest of the men, leaving the ship in the charge of the prize-master. The privateer was boomed off; but whether she dropped her anchor near to us or remained under weigh, I could not tell. The men who had held the pistols to our heads now went away with the others, to plunder, according to the manners and customs of all privateer's-men, of whatever nation they may happen to be. Bramble and I walked aft.

"Pinned once more, by all that's blue! Well, it can't be helped—but we're not in a French prison yet."

"Why did you go down on your knees to those fellows," said I, rather sulkily.

"Why, because I wished them to think we were chicken-hearted, and that we should not be watched—and might have a chance—who knows."

"Two against twenty are heavy odds," replied I.

"That depends upon whether you trust to your heads or your arms. It must be head work this time. You see, Tom, we have so far a chance, that we cannot weigh till it clears up, they know that as well as we do. I'm pretty sure it will be thick all to-morrow, and perhaps longer; so you see something may turn up by that time. We are well in, and right in the channel for vessels up or down—I say again, we are not in a French prison yet. They can't take her out of this—we must do it; and we may run on shore if we like: and I tell you what, Tom, if it was'nt for Bessy, I'd just as soon that my brains should be blown out as that these French fellows should take such a rich prize. Now let's go below—we must'nt be seen talking together too much; but look out sharp, Tom, and watch my motions."

The officer who had charge of the vessel now came on deck, and looked round him; he could speak English sufficient to carry on a conversation. The weather was very thick, and the rain drove down with the wind: he saw that it was impossible that the ship could be moved. He told us that we should have a hundred guineas each, and our liberty if we took the ship safe either to Ostend or any French port. We replied that we should be very glad to do so, as it would be ten times as much as we should have received for piloting her up the Thames; and then we went down below. In the mean time the men were sent for on deck, divided into watches, and when the watch was set the others went down below again. After taking a glass or two of wine, for the Frenchmen had soon rummaged out what there was to be drank in the cabin, Bramble and I returned on deck. We found the Frenchmen in charge of the watch diligent: one was looking out forward—another at the taffrail; the remaining three were walking the deck. Bramble went to the gangway and I followed him.

"Tom, I see the hatchway grating is on deck—I only wish we once had them all beneath it."

"I only wish we had all but the watch—I'd have a try for it then," replied I.

"No, no, Tom, that would'nt do; but we must trust to Providence and a sharp look out. See where you can put your hand upon a crowbar or handspike, in case you want it; but don't touch it. Come, there's nothing to be done in any way, just now, so let's go down and take a snooze for an hour or two; and, Tom, if they ask us to drink, drink with them, and pretend to be half fuddled."

We went down again, and found the privateer's men getting very jolly; but they did not offer us any thing to drink, so we laid on some spare sails outside the cabin, and tried to go to sleep, but I could not, for I was very unhappy. I could see no chance of our escape, as nothing but a man-of-war would be likely to interfere and re-capture us. I thought of Virginia and Lady O'Connor, and then I thought of poor Bessy, and having left her in such an unfriendly way, perhaps to remain in a French prison for years. Bramble and I were fully aware that the promises of the prize-master were only to cajole us, and that once in a French port, had we claimed the fulfilment of them, a kick would have been all which we should, in all probability, receive for our pains.

About one o'clock in the morning, I rose and went on deck. The watch had been relieved; the weather also looked brighter, as if it were going to clear up; and I became still more depressed. Bramble soon followed me.

"It's clearing up," said I, "but I don't think it will last."

"Never a bit," replied Bramble, "in half an hour it will be thicker than ever, so now I'll go and call the officer, and tell him he had better get under weigh—that will make him have less suspicion of us."

Bramble did so: the officer came on deck, the men were turned out, and the windlass was manned, for, although so large a vessel, she had no capstern. The men hove in the cable in silence, and were short stay apeak, when, as we

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had foreseen, it came on thicker than ever. Bramble pointed it out to the officer, who was perfectly satisfied that nothing could be done: the cable was veered out again, and the men sent below.

"We hope you'll think of your promise to us, sir," said Bramble to the officer, as he was going down.

"Yes, I will, I swear," replied he, slapping Bramble on the back.

The morning broke, and the weather continued the same: it was not possible to see ten yards clear of the ship, and of course, in such weather it was not likely that any other vessel would be attempting to pass through the channel. At noon it cleared up a little, and the windlass was again manned; but, in a short time, the fog became thicker than ever. The Frenchmen now became very impatient, but there was no help for it; they walked about the deck swearing and stamping, and throwing out invectives against the fog and rain as they looked up at it. The night closed in; the men were kept on deck until 11 o'clock, when the flood tide made, and then they were sent down again, as nothing could be done until the ebb. At 12 o'clock the weather became worse, the wind freshened considerably, and veered more to the southward, the rain poured down in torrents, and the men of the watch sheltered themselves down the hatchway. The officer came up on the deck, and called Bramble, who had been down below. Bramble told him, what was very true, that the wind would probably shift, and the weather clear up in a few hours, and that we should be able to weigh with the coming down of the ebb. He asked Bramble whether he thought it would blow hard. Bramble could not say, but it would be better that the men should not turn in, as they might be wanted, and that if the fore-topmast staysail was hoisted, she would lie better at her anchor; and in case of parting, he would be able to manage her till sail was set. This advice was followed, and all the men sat up in the cabin drinking—those who had the watch occasionally coming down to refresh themselves.

They gave us a glass of grog each that night, a proof that they had drunk until they were good-natured. Bramble said to me, as we sat down outside, "It will be clear to-morrow morning, Tom, that's sartain—it must be to-night or never. I've been thinking of lowering the quarter boat down, when they are a little more mizzled—they are getting on pretty fast, for Frenchmen haven't the heads for drinking that Englishmen have. Now it pours down beautifully, and here they come down again for shelter."

For three hours we watched; it was then four o'clock, and the men were most of them asleep, or more than half drunk. Those of the middle watch came down dripping wet, and called the others to relieve them, but only two of them answered to the call. They who had come down began to drink freely to warm themselves, after their ducking, and by half-past four, except the two men on deck, there was not one who was not fast asleep or muddled.

"Tom," said Bramble, "now's our time—slip up on deck—go forward if no one is there, and saw through the cable as quickly as you can—it won't take long, for it's a coir rope. As soon as you have got through two strands out of the three, come aft."

I went on deck, and looked round; I could not see the two men, it was so dark. I then walked forward, and looking well round to see that they were not on the forecastle, I sat down before the windlass, and commenced operations. In a couple of minutes I had divided the two strands, and I went aft, where I found Bramble at the binnacle, in which a light was burning.

"I have done it," said I, "and if the wind freshens at all, she will part."

"All's right," said Bramble, "those two fellows are fast asleep under the taffrail, covered up with the trysail, which lies there. Now, Tom, for a bold push; go down once more, and see how they are getting on in the cabin."

I went down: every man was asleep—some on the locker, some with their heads on the table. I came on deck: it rained harder than ever.

"This will be a clearing shower, Tom, depend upon it; and the wind is freshening up again. Now, have you looked out for a handspike or crowbar?"

"Yes, I know where there are two."

"Then come with me: we must unship the ladder, and pull it up on deck, and then put on the grating; after that we must take our chance—we may succeed, and we may not—all depends upon their not waking too soon."

We went to the hatchway, cut the cleat-lashings, hauled the ladder on deck, and then put on the grating.

"That will do, Tom, for the present. Now do you take the helm with a crowbar all ready by your side. I will go forward and cut the cable; if those fellows rouse up while I am forward, you must do your best. I leave you, Tom, because you are more powerful than I am."

"I'll manage them both, never fear," whispered I.

"When she swings, mind you put the helm a-starboard, Tom," said Bramble, in my ear.

This was the most nervous part of the whole transaction: the men abaft might wake, and I should have to master them how I could—and even if I did, the scuffle might awake those below, who were not yet secured; although for a time, it would be difficult for them to get on deck. But fortune favoured us; the cable was severed, the ship swung round, and Bramble returned aft, and took the helm.

"Now is the time to see if I'm a pilot or not, Tom," said he. "I think I can steer her through by compass, now that it's nearly high water—luck's all." It was fortunate that we got the staysail hoisted for us, or we could have made nothing of it.

"It's clearing up fast," said I, as I kept my eyes upon where the men were lying abaft; "and there'll be plenty of wind."

"Yes, and we'll have daylight soon. Tom, I don't want you: I should like you to step aft, and stand over those two chaps; if they wake, knock them senseless—don't kill them, as you can easily bind them while they are stupified. And, Tom, look about you for some seizings all ready. I wish they would wake, for we are not safe while they are not secure. Put a handspike by me, and, if necessary, I will leave the helm for a minute, and help you: it's better that she should go on shore, than they should master us. We're pretty safe now, at all events—I see the land—all's right."

It was now daylight. After this whispering with Bramble, I went aft, with a handspike in my hand—and I had not been there more than two minutes when one of the privateer's-men turned the canvass on one side, and looked up. The handspike came down upon his head, and he dropped senseless; but the noise roused up the other, and I delt him a blow more severe than the first. I then threw down my weapon, and, perceiving the deep-sea leadline coiled up on the reel, I cut off sufficient, and in a short time had bound them both by the hands and feet. They groaned heavily, and I was afraid that I had killed them—but there was no help for it.

"They are safe," said I, returning to Bramble.

"I thought I heard you, but I did not look round at the time. Half an hour more, Tom, and, even with this wind, we shall be safe—and, Tom, our fortune's made. If they wake below, we must fight hard for it, for we've a right to salvage, my boy—one eighth of the whole cargo—that's worth fighting for. Depend upon it they'll be stirring soon—so, Tom, go aft, and drag the trysail here and put it on the hatchway grating—its weight will prevent their

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lifting it up in a hurry. If we can only hold our own for twenty minutes longer, she is ours, and all right."

As soon as I had stowed the trysail on the hatchway grating, I looked about me to see what else I could put on the skylight, which they might also attempt to force up. I could find nothing but the coils of rope, which I piled on; but, while I was so doing, a pistol was fired at me from below, and the ball passed through the calf of my leg; it was, however, not a wound to disable me, and I bound it up with my handkerchief.

"They're all alive now, Tom, so you must keep your eyes open. However, we're pretty safe—the light vessel is not a mile off. Keep away from the skylight—you had better stand upon the trysail, Tom—you will help to keep the hatchway down, for they are working at it."

Another pistol was now fired at Bramble, which missed him.

"Tom, see if there's no bunting aft, and, if so, just throw some over this part of the skylight, it will blind them at all events; otherwise I'm just a capital mark for them."

I ran aft, and gathered some flags, which I brought and laid over the skylight, so as to intercept their view of Bramble; but whilst I was so doing another pistol-shot was fired—it passed me, but hit Bramble, taking off one of his fingers.

"That's no miss, but we've got through the worst of it, Tom—I don't think they can see me now—don't put that English ensign on—but hoist it Union downwards. I shall round to now; there's the men-of-war in the Medway. Why don't the fools look out, and they will see they can't escape."

"They've only the stern windows to look out of: the quarter-galleries are boarded up."

"Then, Tom, just look if they have not beat them out, for you know they may climb on deck by them."

It was fortunate that Bramble mentioned this: I went aft with the handspike in my hand, and when I was about to look over, I met face to face a Frenchman, who had climbed out of the starboard quarter-gallery, and was just gaining the deck. A blow with the handspike sent him overboard, and he went astern; but another was following him, and I stood prepared to receive him. It was the officer in command, who spoke English. He paused at the sight of the other man falling overboard and my uplifted handspike; and I said to him, "It's of no use—look at the English men-of-war close to you: if you do not go back to the cabin, and keep your men quiet, when the men-of-war's men come on board we will show you no quarter."

We were now entering the Medway; and the Frenchman perceived that they could not escape, and would only bring mischief on themselves by any farther assaults, so he got into the quarter-gallery again, and spoke to his men. As soon as I perceived that he was entering, I ran over to the other side to the larboard quarter-gallery, and there again I found a Frenchman had nearly gained the deck. I levelled the handspike at his head, but he dodged, and returned to the cabin by the way he came; and after that there were no more attempts at recovering the vessel. In five minutes more we were abreast of the Euphrosyne, Sir James O'Connor's frigate, which was now lying, with only her lower masts in, along-side of the hulk. I hailed for assistance, and let fly the foretopmast staysail sheet, while Bramble rounded the ship to. The boats were sent on board immediately; and as we had not a cable bent, they made the ship fast to the hulk astern of them. We stated our case in a few words to the officer; and having ascertained that Sir James O'Connor was on board, requested that we might be sent to the frigate.

"Is it you?" said Sir James, as I came on the gangway; "what is it all about—are you hurt? Come down in the cabin."

Bramble and I followed him down in the cabin; and I stated the whole particulars of the capture and recapture.

"Excellent—most excellent! I wish you both joy; but first we must have the surgeon here." Sir James rang the bell; and when the surgeon came he went on deck to give orders.

The ball had passed through my leg, so that the surgeon had little to do to me. Bramble's finger was amputated, and in a few minutes we were all right, and Sir James came down again.

"I should say, stay on board till you are able to get about again; but the ship will be paid off to-morrow, so I had better send you up to Chatham directly. You are entitled to salvage, if ever men were, for you have earned it gloriously; and I will take care that you are done justice to. I must go now and report the vessel and particulars to the admiral; and the first lieutenant will send you to Chatham in one of the cutters. You'll be in good hands, Tom, for you will have two nurses."

We were taken up to Chatham to the hotel, where we found Lady O'Connor and Virginia very much surprised, as may be imagined, at our being brought there wounded; however, we were neither of us ill enough to go to bed, and had a sitting-room next to theirs.

This re-capture made a great deal of noise. At first the agent for the prize wrote down a handsome letter to us, complimenting us upon our behaviour, and stating that he was authorised to present us each with 500*l.* for our conduct; but Sir James O'Connor answered the letter, informing him that we claimed, and would have, our one eighth, as entitled to by law, and that he would see us righted. Mr. Wilson, whom we employed as our legal adviser, immediately gave the prize agent notice of an action in the Court of Admiralty, and finding we were so powerfully backed, and that he could not help himself, he offered 40,000*l.*, which was one-eighth, valuing the cargo at 320,000*l.* The cargo proved to be worth more than 400,000*l.*, but Mr. Wilson advised us to close with the offer, as it was better than litigating the question, so we assented to it, and the money was paid over.

In a fortnight we were both ready to travel again. Sir James O'Conner had remained a week longer than he intended to have done at Chatham on our account. We now took leave of them, and having presented Virginia with 5000*l.*, which I had directed Mr. Wilson to settle upon her, we parted, the O'Connors and Virginia for Leamington, and Bramble and I for Deal.

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CHAPTER LI.

Being the last chapter, the reader may pretty well guess the contents of it.

"Tom, do you know that I very often find myself looking about me, and asking myself if all that has happened is true or a dream," said Bramble to me, as we sat inside the coach to Dover, for there were no other inside passengers but ourselves. "I can't help thinking that great good fortune is as astounding as great calamity. Who would have thought, when I would, in spite of all Bessy's remonstrances, go round in that ship with you, that in the first place we should have been taken possession of by a privateer in the very narrows (he was a bold cruiser that Frenchman)! After we were captured I said to myself, Bessy must have had a forewarning of what was to happen, or she never would have been, as I thought, so perverse; and since it has turned out so fortunately, I can't help saying how fortunate it was that we did not allow her to persuade us; for had we not both gone, nothing

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could have been done. Well, I think we may promise Bessy this time when we meet her, that we will not trust ourselves to salt water again in a hurry. What do you think, Tom?"

"No; I think the best thing I can do is to marry and live on shore," replied I.

"Yes, Tom—that's it—give me your hand; you don't know how happy you make me. We'll all live together; but where shall we live, for the poor little cottage that I thought quite big enough for us a month ago, will not do now."

"We have plenty of time to talk that over, father. I love the cottage for many reasons; although, as you say, it is not large enough now for our means, or future way of living."

"And I love it too, boy; I love to look out of the door and see the spot where my Bessy rescued me from death. God bless her! she is a noble girl, Tom, though I say it who—but I'm not her father after all; and if I were, I would still say it."

"It is evident, by her letter to you, that she has been most anxious about us. What will she say when she hears that we have both been wounded?"

"Ay! it wouldn't have done to have told her that, or she would have set off for Chatham, as sure as we are sitting here."

Here a pause ensued for some time, and we were busied with our own thoughts: the silence was at last broken by me.

"Father," said I, "I should like to ask my father and Peter Anderson to come down to us; they can easily get leave."

"Is it to be present at your wedding, Tom?"

"Exactly—if Bessy will consent."

"Well, I have no doubt of that, Tom; but she will now require a little courting—you know why."

"Why—because all women like it I suppose."

"No, Tom; it is because she was in love before you were, d'ye understand;—and now that things are all smooth, and you follow her, why it's natural, I suppose, that she should shy off a little in her turn. You must mind that, Tom; it's a sort of soothing to the mortification of having at one time found herself, as it were, rejected."

"Well, I sha'n't mind that; it will only serve me right for being such a fool as not to have perceived her value before. But how do you understand women so well, father?"

"Because, Tom, I've been looking on, and not performing, all my life: except in one instance in a long life, I've only been a bystander in the way of courtship and matrimony. Here we are at last, and now for a chaise to Deal. Thank God, we can afford to shorten the time, for Bessy's sake, poor thing!"

We arrived at the cottage; the sound of the wheels had called out not only Bessy and Mrs. Maddox, but all the neighbours; for they had heard of our good fortune. Bessy, as soon as she had satisfied herself that it was Bramble and me, went into the cottage again. Once more we entered the humble roof. Bessy flew into her father's arms, and hung weeping on his shoulder.

"Hav'n't you a kind word to say for Tom?" said Bramble, kissing her as he released himself.

"Does he deserve it, to leave me as he did, laughing at my distress? *He* had no right to treat me so."

"Indeed, Bessy, you do me injustice. I said at the time, that I thought there was no risk; and I certainly did think there was none. Who would have expected a privateer half-way up the Thames, any more than a vessel with twenty men on board could be re-captured by two men?"

"Well, Bessy, you ought to make friends with him: for without his arm, your father would not have been back here quite so soon. He beat down the Frenchmen, one after another, in good style, when they attempted to recover the vessel—that he did, I can tell you, wounded as he was."

"Wounded?" cried Bessy, starting, her eyes running over me to find out where.

"Yes, with a bullet in his leg; I didn't like to say a word about it in the letter. But I suppose if he had been killed you would not have cared."

"Oh, father!" cried Bessy, as she turned towards me, and I received her in my arms.

Bessy soon recovered her smiles, and thankful for our preservation, and good fortune, and satisfied with our mutual affection, we passed a most happy evening. Somehow or another, Bramble having sent Mrs. Maddox on a message, found out that it was very sultry in doors, and that he would take his pipe on the beach. He left me alone with Bessy, and now, for the first time, I plainly told her of the state of my affections, and asked her to consent to be my wife. I did not plead in vain, as the reader may suppose from what he has already been made acquainted with.

After Bessy had retired, and I was sitting with Bramble, who had his glass of grog and pipe as usual, I made him acquainted with my success.

"All right, Tom," said he, "I'm thankful—and God bless you both."

And had I not reason also to be thankful? When I had retired to my room that night I thought over the various passages in my life. What might I have been if Providence had not watched over me? When neglected in my youth, in a situation which exposed me to every temptation, had not Old Anderson been sent as a guardian to keep me in the right path, to instruct me, and to give me that education, without which my future success might have turned out a disadvantage instead of a source of gratitude.

In Bramble, again, I had met with a father, to supply the place of one who was not in a situation to do his duty to me, or forward me in life. In Old Nanny I had met with a kind friend, one who, at the same time that she would lead me right, was a warning to me from her sufferings. To Mrs. St. Felix I was equally indebted—and had I not been permitted to pay the debt of gratitude to both of them? Even my mother's harshness, which appeared at first to my short-sightedness, to have been so indefensible, was of great advantage to me, as it had stimulated me to exertion and industry, and pointed out to me the value of independence. Was I not also most fortunate in having escaped from the entanglement with Janet, who, had I married her, would, in all probability, have proved an useless, if not a faithless helpmate, and still more so, in finding that there was, as it were, especially reserved for me the affection of such a noble, right-minded creature as Bessy? My life, commenced in rags and poverty, had by industry and exertion, and the kindness of others, step by step progressed to competence, and every prospect of mundane happiness. Had I not, therefore, reason to be grateful, and to feel that there had been a little cherub who had watched over the life of Poor Jack? On my bended knees I acknowledged it fervently and gratefully, and prayed that, should it please Heaven that I should in after life meet any reverse, that I might bear it without repining, and say, with all humility, "Thy will, and not mine, O Lord, be done."

How bright was the next morning, and how cheerful did the dancing waves appear to me!—and Bessy's eyes were radiant as the day, and her smiles followed in rapid succession; and Bramble looked so many years younger—he was almost too happy to smoke—it was really the sunshine of the heart which illumined our cottage. And

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thus did the few days pass until Anderson and my father made their appearance. They were both surprised at Bessy's beauty, and told me so; they had heard that she was handsome, but they were not prepared for her uncommon style, for now that her countenance was lighted up with joy, she was indeed lovely.

"Well, Tom," observed my father, "there's only one thing which surprises me."

"What is that?"

"Why, how with such a fine craft in view, you could ever have sailed in the wake of such a little privateer as —but I must not mention her—never mind, don't answer me that;—but another question—when are you going to be spliced?"

"Very soon I hope; but I really don't exactly know; all I can say is, the sooner the better."

"And so say I. Shall I bring the subject up on the plea of my leave being only for ten days?"

"Yes, father, I wish you would, as it is really a good reason to allege for its taking place immediately."

"Tom, my dear boy," said Old Anderson, "from what I can perceive, you have great reason to be thankful in having obtained this young woman for your future partner in life. I admire her exceedingly, and I trust in Heaven that you will be happy."

"I ought to be," replied I, "and grateful also, particularly to you, to whom, under Providence, I am so much indebted."

"If the seed is sown upon good ground, it will always yield a good harvest, Tom. You are a proof of it, so thank Heaven, and not me. I wish to tell you what your father has mentioned to me. The fact is, Tom, he is in what may be called a false position at Greenwich. He is a pensioner, and has now sufficient not to require the charity, and he thinks that he ought not to avail himself of it, now that you have made him independent; but if he leaves the hospital and remains at Greenwich, he and your mother would not agree well together; they are very good friends at a certain distance, but I do not think with her high notions, that they could ever live together in the same house. He says that he should like to live either with you or near you, and I think myself now that he is become so very steady a character, it does require your consideration whether you ought not to permit him. He will be a very good companion for Bramble, and they will get on well together. I do not mean to say that it might not be more agreeable if he were to remain at Greenwich, but he is your father, Tom, and you should make some sacrifice for a parent."

"As far as I am concerned, Anderson, I most gladly consent. Bramble is to live with us—that is arranged, and if no objections are raised by others, you may be sure of my acceding, and indeed, if objections should be raised, of persuading all I can."

"You can do no more, Tom," replied Anderson; "nor can more be expected."

This point was very satisfactorily arranged. Bramble and Bessy both gave their cheerful consent, and it was settled that, as soon as he had a house to receive him, my father should quit Greenwich, and live with us. The arguments of my father, added to the persuasions of Bramble and me, had their due weight, and on the 13th of September, 1807, Bessy and I exchanged our vows, and I embraced her as my own.

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FINALE.

If the reader will refer back to the first part of this narrative, he will find that I was born in the year 1786; and as I am writing this in the year 1840, I am now 54 years old. I was but little more than 21 when I married; I have, therefore, the experience of 32 years of a married life; but I will not anticipate. I ended the last chapter with my own happy union; I must now refer to those events which followed close upon that period.

Sir James and Lady O'Connor had taken up their residence at Leamington, then a small village, and not the populous place which it has since become. After a few months' residence, during which I had repeated letters from Lady O'Connor and Virginia, they were so pleased with the locality and neighbourhood, that Sir James purchased a property of some hundred acres, and added to a house which was upon it, so as to make it a comfortable and elegant residence. Lady O'Connor, after the first year, presented her husband with a son, and has since that been very assiduous in increasing his family—more so, perhaps, than would have been convenient to Sir James O'Connor's income at the time that he purchased the property, had it not been that the increase of its value, in consequence of a large portion of it having been taken as building land, has been so great as to place them in most affluent circumstances. About a year after my marriage, I had notice from Lady O'Connor that a certain gentleman had arrived there who had shown great attention to Virginia; and she added, that he had been very well received by my sister, being an old acquaintance of the name of Somerville, a clergyman, with a good living, and a very superior young man. I immediately recollected him as the preceptor, who had behaved with such propriety when my sister was persecuted by the addresses of the young nobleman; and I, therefore, felt very easy upon the subject. A few months afterwards I had a letter from Virginia, stating that he had proposed, and that she had conditionally accepted him. I wrote to her, congratulating her upon the choice she had made, giving her father's consent and blessing (of my mother hereafter); and shortly after they were married; and, I am happy to say, that her marriage has turned out as fortunate as my own.

We had remained in the cottage for some months after my own marriage, very undecided what we should do. Bramble did not like to quit the seaside; nor, I believe, his old habits and localities. Money was of little value to him; indeed, on my marriage, he had insisted upon settling upon Bessy and her children the whole sum he had received for the salvage of the Dutch Indiaman, reserving for himself his farm near Deal. It did so happen, however, that about that period, while we were still in perplexity, that I received a letter from Mr. Wilson's son, at Dover, telling me that the manor-house, and 300 acres of land, adjoining to Bramble's farm, were to be disposed of. This exactly suited, so I made the purchase, and took possession, and then sent for my father to join us, which he hastened to do. Bramble did not, however, give up his cottage on the beach. He left Mrs. Maddox in it, and it was a favourite retirement for my father and him, who would remain there for several days together, amusing themselves with watching the shipping, and gaining intelligence from the various pilots as they landed, as they smoked their pipes on the shingle beach. It was not more than half a mile from the great house, so that it was very convenient; and Bessy and I would often go with the children and indulge in reminiscences of the former scenes which had there occurred.

My father and mother parted very good friends; the fact was, that she was pleased with the arrangement, as she did not like my father wearing a pensioner's coat, and did not want his company at her own house. When he left the hospital, she insisted upon paying him his rent; and she did so very punctually until she gave up business. On her marriage, my sister requested that we would come to Leamington and be present; to which we all consented, particularly as it was a good opportunity of introducing

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Bessy to her and Lady O'Connor. My mother was also to join the party on the occasion. The only circumstance worth mentioning was the surprise of my mother on being introduced to Lady O'Connor, and finding that in this great lady she met with her old acquaintance, Mrs. St. Felix. Whatever she may have felt, she certainly had tact enough to conceal it; and was as warm in her congratulations as the best well-wisher. I must say, that I never knew my mother appear to such advantage as she did during this visit to Leamington; she dressed remarkably well, and would have persuaded those who did not know her history, that she had always been in good society: but she had been a lady's maid, and had learnt her mistress's airs; and as she could dress others so well, it would have been odd if she did not know how to dress herself. A good copy will often pass for an original. It was not till about six years after our marriage, that my mother decided upon retiring from business. She had made a very comfortable provision for herself, as Mr. Wilson informed me, and took up her abode at Cheltenham, where she lived in a very genteel way, was considered quite a catch at card-parties, and, when she did ask people to tea, she always did the thing in better style than any body else; the consequence was, that she was not visited by most people, but in time became rather a person of consideration. As she never mentioned her husband, it was supposed that she was a widow, and, in consequence of her well regulated establishment, she received much attention from several Irish and foreign bachelors. In short, my mother obtained almost the pinnacle of her ambition, when she was once fairly settled at Cheltenham. I ought to observe, that when she arrived there, she had taken the precaution of fixing a name to her own, to which by baptismal rite she certainly was not entitled, and called herself Mrs. Montague Saunders.

Shortly after Mrs. St. Felix had given notice to the doctor that she should not return, and that her shop, and the good-will thereof, were for sale, I received a letter from my friend, Tom Cobb, the doctor's assistant, telling me that as he perceived he had now no chance of Mrs. St. Felix, he had some idea of taking her shop, and setting up as a tobacconist; his reasons were that physic was a bore, and going out of nights when called up a still greater. I wrote to Lady O'Connor inclosing Mr. Tom's letter, and pointed out to her that I thought it would be a public benefit to prevent Tom from killing so many people, as he certainly would do, if he continued in his present profession, and eventually set up for himself. She replied that she agreed with me, but at the same time that she was anxious to benefit fat Jane, who really was a very good girl; and that therefore she empowered me to enter into a treaty with Mr. Thomas, by which, provided he could obtain the lady's consent, he was to wed her, and receive the stock in trade, its contents and fixtures, and good-will, &c. as her portion.

As this was an offer which required some consideration before it was refused, I wrote to Tom, pointing out to him the advantage of settling down with a good business, with a wife to assist him, and a cat and dog all ready installed, upon such advantageous conditions. Tom agreed with me, won the love of fat Jane, which was easily done, as he had no rival, and in a short time was fairly set down as the successor of Mrs. St. Felix. As for the doctor, he appeared to envy Tom his having possession of the shop which his fair friend once occupied: he was inconsolable, and there is no doubt but that he, from the period of her quitting Greenwich, wasted away, until he eventually was buried in the churchyard. A most excellent man was Doctor Tadpole, and his death was lamented by hundreds who esteemed his character, and many hundreds more who had benefited not only by his advice but by his charitable disposition. About ten years after my marriage Ben the Whaler was summoned away. His complaint was in the liver, which we are not to be surprised at, considering how many gallons of liquor he had drunk during his life.

Peter Anderson—my father, my friend, my preceptor—was for many years inspecting boatswain of the Hospital. At last he became to a certain degree vacant in mind, and his situation was filled up by another. He was removed to what they call the helpless ward, where he was well nursed and attended. It is no uncommon, indeed I may say it is a very common thing, for the old pensioners, as they gradually decay, to have their health quite perfect when the faculties are partly gone; and there is a helpless ward established for that very reason, where those who are infirm and feeble, without disease, or have lost their faculties, while their bodily energies remain, are sent to; and there they pass a quiet easy life, well attended, until they sink into the grave. Such was the case with Peter Anderson; he was ninety-seven when he died, but long before that time his mind was quite gone. Still he was treated with respect, and many were there who attended his funeral. I erected a handsome tombstone to his memory, the last tribute I could pay to a worthy, honest, sensible, and highly religious good man.

Mr. Wilson has been dead some time: he left me a legacy of 500*l*. I believe I have mentioned all my old acquaintances now, except Bill Harness and Opposition Bill. In living long, certainly Opposition Bill has beat his opponent, for Harness is in the churchyard, while Opposition Bill still struts about with his hair as white as snow, and his face shrivelled up like an old monkey's. The last time I was at Greenwich, I heard the pensioners say to one another, "Why you go ahead about as fast as Opposition Bill." I requested this enigma to me to be solved, and it appeared that one Greenwich fair, Opposition Bill had set off home rather the worse for what he had drunk, and it so happened that crossing the road next to the Hospital, his wooden leg had stuck in one of the iron plug-holes of the water conduit. Bill did not, in his situation, perceive that any thing particular had occurred, and continued playing his fiddle and singing, and, as he supposed, walking on the whole time, instead of which he was continually walking round and round the one leg in the plug-hole with the other that was free. After about half an hour's trotting round and round this way, he began to think that he did not get home quite as fast as he ought, but the continual circular motion had made him more confused than before.

"By Gum!" said Bill, "this Hospital is a confounded long way off. I'm sure I walk a mile, and I get no nearer—howsoebber, nebber mind—here goes."

Here Billy struck up a tune, and commenced a song along with it, still walking round and round his wooden leg which was firmly fixed in the plug-hole, and so he continued till he fell down from giddiness, and was picked up by some of the people, who carried him home to the Hospital.

I have but one more circumstance to relate. I was one day sitting with Bessy and my children, at the old cottage on the beach, Bramble and my father were smoking their pipes on a bench which they had set up outside, when one of the Deal boats landed with passengers. As they passed by us, one old gentleman started, and then stopped short, as he beheld Bessy. "Mine frau," he cried, "mine frau dat was in Heaven."

We stared very much, as we did not comprehend him: but he then came up to me and said—

"I beg your pardon, mynheer, but what is dat young woman?"

"She is my wife," replied I.

"I was going to say dat she was my wife, but dat is impossible. Look you here, sar."

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The old man pulled a miniature out of his breast, and certainly the resemblance to Bessy was most remarkable.

"Now sar, dat was my wife. Where did you get dis young woman?"

I requested him to walk into the cottage, and then told him the history of Bessy.

"Sar, my wife was coming home with her child in a brig, and the brig was never heard of. It was supposed that she did perish, and every one else too. Sar, this lady must be my daughter."

"I'm sorry that we have no proofs to offer you," replied I; "she had only bed-clothes on when she was taken into the boat, and there is nothing to establish her identity."

"I am content, sar, she must be my daughter. She was in a brig with her mother, and she was saved the very same year that her mother came home. There, sar, look at this picture: it is the same person. I want no more proof—she is my daughter."

Although this was what might be called only collateral proof, I did agree with the old gentleman, that it was very strong; at all events it was sufficient for him, and he claimed Bessy as his child. Had he claimed her to take her away, I might have disputed it; but as he loaded her with presents, and when he died, which he did three years afterwards, and left 20,000 rix dollars, of course I was perfectly satisfied with his relationship.

So much for what has occurred since the time I married; and now, as the reader may, perhaps, wish to know something about the present condition of myself and family, I must inform him that my father and Bramble are still alive, and flourishing under their gray hairs. My sister has four children, and her husband is now a dean: they do say, that from the interest of his patron, he will in all probability be a bishop, a distinction not to be envied in these days, and therefore I do not wish him success. My mother is, however, of the contrary opinion; having ascertained that her daughter as a bishop's lady will take precedence, and be led out before Lady Hercules. Sir James and Lady O'Connor are still well, and as happy as they well can be. Bessy has blessed me with three boys and three girls, now all grown up; but the boys came first. The eldest is a lieutenant in his majesty's service, the second is a captain of an Indiaman, and the third commands a free trader. They are all well to do, and independent of their father. My girls, who are much younger, have been well educated, and people say that they are very handsome; at all events, they are modest and good-tempered. I have not attempted to conceal what I once was, yet Time has called away most of those who knew me in my profession. I am still considered as having been a seafaring man, but nevertheless, in consequence of my property, I am generally addressed by the title of Squire Saunders. By not assuming a station which does not become me, I find myself treated not only with respect, but with friendship, by those who are in birth, as well as other qualifications, my superiors. My daughters are invited out to all the balls and fêtes in the neighbourhood, and are great favourites wherever they go: they all of them are like their mother, not only in appearance but in temper and disposition. We have plenty of young men who visit the house, and I am afraid that we shall soon have to part with two of them, my eldest, Virginia, being engaged to a ship-builder at Limehouse, and Elizabeth to a young clergyman in the neighbourhood. Jane thinks she never will marry, and, as I tell her, I suppose she never will till she is asked. To wind up, I may say, that Bessy and I have been very happy, and promise still to be as happy as most people are who pass through this pilgrimage. We have competence—the good opinion of the world—a family who have never caused us one hour's uneasiness (how few can say that!), and we have, I trust, a due sense of God's mercy and kindness towards us, and never lie down in our beds without thanking Him for the many mercies we have received, and acknowledging how unworthy we are to have been so signally blessed.

THE END.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK

The Old Curiosity Shop.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Kit—for it happens at this juncture, not only that we have breathing time to follow his fortunes, but that the necessities of these adventures so adapt themselves to our ease and inclination as to call upon us imperatively to pursue the track we most desire to take—Kit, while the matters treated of in the last fifteen chapters were yet in progress, was, as the reader may suppose, gradually familiarising himself more and more with Mr. and Mrs. Garland, Mr. Abel, the pony, and Barbara, and gradually coming to consider them one and all as his particular private friends, and Abel Cottage Finchley as his own proper home.

Stay—the words are written, and may go, but if they convey any notion that Kit, in the plentiful board and comfortable lodging of his new abode, began to think slightingly of the poor fare and furniture of his old dwelling, they do their office badly and commit injustice. Who so mindful of those he left at home—albeit they were but a mother and two babies—as Kit? What boastful father in the fulness of his heart ever related such wonders of his infant prodigy, as Kit never wearied of telling Barbara in the evening time, concerning little Jacob? Was there ever such a mother as Kit's mother, on her son's showing; or was there ever such comfort in poverty as in the poverty of Kit's family, if any correct judgment might be arrived at, from his own glowing account!

And let us linger in this place for an instant to remark that if ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal and bear the stamp of Heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; his associations with them are associations of pride and wealth, and triumph; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household goods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stone; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of rags and toil and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.

Oh! if those who rule the destinies of nations would but remember this,—if they would but think how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring, when they live in dense and squalid masses where social decency is lost, or rather never found,—if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and great houses, and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in by-ways where only Poverty may walk,—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky, than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt, and crime, and horrible disease, to mock them by its contrast. In

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hollow voices from workhouse, hospital, and jail, this truth is preached from day to day, and has been proclaimed for years. It is no light matter—no outcry from the working vulgar, no mere question of the people's health and comforts that may be whistled down on Wednesday nights. In love of home, the love of country has its rise; and who are truer patriots or the best in time of need—those who venerate the land, owning its wood, and stream, and earth, and all that they produce? or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain?

Kit knew nothing about such questions, but he knew that his old home was a very poor place, and that his new one was very unlike it, and yet he was constantly looking back with grateful satisfaction and affectionate anxiety, and often indited square-folded letters to his mother, inclosing a shilling or eighteen pence or such other small remittance, which Mr. Abel's liberality enabled him to make. Sometimes, being in the neighborhood, he had leisure to call upon her, and then great was the joy and pride of Kit's mother, and extremely noisy the satisfation of little Jacob and the baby, and cordial the congratulations of the whole court, who listened with admiring ears to the accounts of Abel Cottage, and could never be told too much of its wonders and magnificence.

Although Kit was in the very highest favour with the old lady and gentleman, and Mr. Abel, and Barbara, it is certain that no member of the family evinced such a remarkable partiality for him as the self-willed pony, who, from being the most obstinate and opinionated pony on the face of the earth, was in his hands the meekest and most tractable of animals. It is true that in exact proportion as he became manageable by Kit, he became utterly ungovernable by any body else (as if he had determined to keep him in the family at all risks and hazards,) and that, even under the guidance of his favourite, he would sometimes perform a great variety of strange freaks and capers, to the extreme discomposure of the old lady's nerves; but as Kit always represented that this was only his fun, or a way he had of showing his attachment to his employers, Mrs. Garland gradually suffered herself to be persuaded into the belief, in which she at last became so strongly confirmed that if in one of these ebullitions he had overturned the chaise, she would have been quite satisfied that he did it with the very best intentions.

Besides becoming in a short time a perfect marvel in all stable matters, Kit soon made himself a very tolerable gardener, a handy fellow within doors, and an indispensable attendant on Mr. Abel, who every day gave him some new proof of his confidence and approbation. Mr. Witherden, the notary, too, regarded him with a friendly eye; and even Mr. Chuckster would sometimes condescend to give him a slight nod, or to honor him with that peculiar form of recognition which is called "taking a sight," or to favour him with some other salute combining pleasantry with patronage.

One morning Kit drove Mr. Abel to the Notary's office, as he sometimes did, and having set him down at the house, was about to drive off to a livery stable hard by, when this same Mr. Chuckster emerged from the office-door, and cried "Woa-a-a-a"—dwelling upon the note a long time, for the purpose of striking terror into the pony's heart, and asserting the supremacy of man over the inferior animals.

"Pull up, Snobby," cried Mr. Chuckster, addressing himself to Kit. "You're wanted inside here."

"Has Mr. Abel forgotten any thing, I wonder?" said Kit, as he dismounted.

"Ask no questions, Snobby," returned Mr. Chuckster, "but go and see. Woa-a-a-a then, will you? If that pony was mine, I'd break him."

"You must be very gentle with him, if you please," said Kit, "or you'll find him troublesome. You'd better not keep on pulling his ears, please. I know he won't like it."

To this remonstrance, Mr. Chuckster deigned no other answer than addressing Kit with a lofty and distant air as "young feller," and requesting him to cut, and come again with all speed. The "young feller" complying, Mr. Chuckster put his hands into his pockets, and tried to look as if he were not minding the pony, but happened to be lounging there by accident.

Kit scraped his shoes very carefully, (for he had not yet lost his reverence for the bundles of papers and the tin boxes) and tapped at the office-door, which was quickly opened by the Notary himself.

"Oh! come in Christopher," said Mr. Witherden.

"Is that the lad?" asked an elderly gentleman, but of a stout, bluff figure—who was in the room.

"That's the lad," said Mr. Witherden. "He fell in with my client, Mr. Garland, sir, at this very door. I have reason to think he is a good lad, sir, and that you may believe what he says. Let me introduce Mr. Abel Garland, sir, his young master; my articled pupil, sir, and most particular friend.—My most particular friend, sir," repeated the Notary, drawing out his silk handkerchief and flourishing it about his face.

"Your servant, sir," said the stranger gentleman.

"Yours, sir, I'm sure," replied Mr. Abel, mildly. "You were wishing to speak to Christopher, sir?"

"Yes, I was. Have I your permission."

"By all means."

"My business is no secret; or I should rather say it need be no secret *here*," said the stranger, observing that Mr. Abel and the Notary were preparing to retire. "It relates to a dealer in curiosities with whom he lived, and in whom I am earnestly and warmly interested. *I* have been a stranger to this country, gentlemen, for many years, and if I am deficient in form and ceremony, I hope you will forgive me."

"No forgiveness is necessary, sir:—none whatever," replied the Notary, and so said Mr. Abel.

"I have been making inquiries in the neighbourhood in which his old master lived," said the stranger, "and I learnt that he had been served by this lad. I found out his mother's house, and was directed by her to this place as the nearest in which I should be likely to find him. That's the cause of my presenting myself here this morning."

"I am very glad of any cause, sir," said the Notary, "which procures me the honour of this visit."

"Sir," retorted the stranger, "you speak like a mere man of the world, and I think you something better. Therefore, pray do not sink your real character in paying unmeaning compliments to me."

"Hem!" coughed the Notary. "You're a plain speaker, sir."

"And a plain dealer," returned the stranger. "It may be my long absence and inexperience that led me to the conclusion, but if plain speakers are scarce in this part of the world, I fancy that plain dealers are still scarcer. If my speaking should offend you, sir, my dealing, I hope, will make amends."

Mr. Witherden seemed a little disconcerted by the elderly gentleman's mode of conducting the dialogue; and as for Kit, he looked at him in open-mouthed astonishment, wondering what kind of language he would address to him, if he talked in that free and easy way to a Notary. It was with no harshness, however, though with something of constitutional irritability and haste, that he turned to Kit and said:

"If you think, my lad, that I am pursuing these inquiries with any other view than that of serving and reclaiming those I am in search of, you do me a very great wrong,

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and deceive yourself. Don't be deceived, I beg of you, but rely upon my assurance. The fact is, gentlemen," he added, turning again to the Notary and his pupil, "that I am in a very painful and wholly unexpected position. I came to this city with a darling object at my heart, expecting to find no obstacle or difficulty in the way of its attainment. I find myself suddenly checked and stopped short in the execution of my design, by a mystery which I cannot penetrate. Every effort I have made to penetrate it, has only served to render it darker and more obscure; and I am afraid to stir openly in the matter, lest those whom I anxiously pursue, should fly still further from me. I assure you that if you could give me any assistance, you would not be sorry to do so, if you knew how greatly I stand in need of it, and what a load it would relieve me from."

There was a simplicity in this confidence which occasioned it to find a quick response in the breast of the good-natured Notary, who replied, in the same spirit, that the stranger had not mistaken his desire, and that if he could be of service to him, he would most readily.

Kit was then put under examination and closely questioned by the unknown gentleman touching his old master and the child, their lonely way of life, their retired habits, and strict seclusion. The nightly absence of the old man, the solitary existence of the child at those times, his illness and recovery, Quilp's possession of the house, and their sudden disappearance, were all the subjects of much questioning and answer. Finally, Kit informed the gentleman that the premises were now to let, and that a board upon the door referred all inquirers to Mr. Sampson Brass, Solicitor of Bevis Marks, from whom he might perhaps learn some further particulars.

"Not by inquiry," said the gentleman shaking his head. "I live there."

"Live at Brass the attorney's!" cried Mr. Witherden in some surprise, having professional knowledge of the gentleman in question.

"Aye," was the reply, "I entered upon his lodgings t'other day, chiefly because I had seen this very board. It matters little to me where I live, and I had a desperate hope that some intelligence might be cast in my way there, which would not reach me elsewhere. Yes, I live at Brass's—more shame for me, I suppose?"

"That's a mere matter of opinion," said the Notary, shrugging his shoulders. "He is looked upon as rather a doubtful character."

"Doubtful?" echoed the other. "I am glad to hear there's any doubt about it. I supposed that had been thoroughly settled, long ago. But will you let me speak a word or two with you in private?"

Mr. Witherden consenting, they walked into that gentleman's private closet, and remained there in close conversation for some quarter of an hour, when they returned into the outer office. The stranger had left his hat in Mr. Witherden's room, and seemed to have established himself in this short interval on quite a friendly footing.

"I'll not detain you any longer now," he said, putting a crown into Kit's hand, and looking towards the Notary—"You shall hear from me again. Not a word of this, you know, except to your master and mistress."

"Mother, sir, would be glad to know—" said Kit, faltering.

"Glad to know what?"

"Any thing—so that it was no harm—about Miss Nell."

"Would she? Well then, you may tell her, if she can keep a secret. But mind, not a word of this to any body else. Don't forget that. Be particular."

"I'll take care, sir," said Kit. "Thankee, sir, and good morning."

Now, it happened that the gentleman, in his anxiety to impress upon Kit that he was not to tell any body what had passed between them, followed him out to the door to repeat his caution, and it further happened that at that moment the eyes of Mr. Richard Swiveller were turned in that direction, and beheld his mysterious friend and Kit together.

It was quite an accident, and the way in which it came about was this. Mr. Chuckster being a gentleman of a cultivated taste and refined spirit, was one of that Lodge of Glorious Apollos whereof Mr. Swiveller was Perpetual Grand. Mr. Swiveller passing through the street in the execution of some Brazen errand, and beholding one of his Glorious Brotherhood intently gazing on a pony, crossed over to give him that fraternal greeting with which Perpetual Grands are by the very constitution of their office bound to cheer and encourage their disciples.

He had scarcely bestowed upon him his blessing, and followed it with a general remark touching the present state and prospects of the weather, when lifting up his eyes, he beheld the single gentleman of Bevis Marks in earnest conversation with Christopher Nubbles.

"Hallo!" said Dick, "who is that?"

"He called to see my Governor this morning," replied Mr. Chuckster, "and beyond that I don't know him from Adam."

"At least you know his name?" said Dick.

To which Mr. Chuckster replied, with an elevation of speech becoming a Glorious Apollo, that he was "everlastingly blessed" if he did.

"All I know, my dear feller," said Mr. Chuckster, running his fingers through his hair, "is, that he is the cause of my having stood here twenty minutes, for which I hate him with a mortal and undying hatred, and would pursue him to the confines of eternity, if I could afford the time."

While they were thus discoursing, the subject of their conversation (who had not appeared to recognise Mr. Richard Swiveller) re-entered the house, and Kit came down the steps and joined them; to whom Mr. Swiveller again propounded his inquiry with no better success.

"He's a very nice gentleman, sir," said Kit, "and that's all *I* know about him."

Mr. Chuckster waxed wroth at this answer, and without applying the remark to any particular case, mentioned as a general truth that it was expedient to break the heads of Snobs, and to tweak their noses. Without expressing his concurrence in this sentiment, Mr. Swiveller after a few moments of abstraction inquired which way Kit was driving, and being informed, declared it was his way, and that he would trespass on him for a lift. Kit would gladly have declined the proffered honour, but as Mr. Swiveller was already established in the seat beside him, he had no means of doing so otherwise than by a forcible ejectment, and therefore drove briskly off—so briskly indeed as to cut short the leave-taking between Mr. Chuckster and his Grand Master, and to occasion the former gentleman some inconvenience from having his corns squeezed by the impatient pony.

As Whisker was tired of standing, and Mr. Swiveller was kind enough to stimulate him still further by shrill whistles, and various sporting cries, they rattled off at too sharp a pace to admit of much conversation, especially as the pony, incensed by Mr. Swiveller's admonitions, took a particular fancy to the lamp-posts and cart-wheels, and evinced a strong desire to run on the pavement and rasp himself against brick walls. It was not, therefore, until they had arrived at the stable, and the chaise had been extricated from a very small doorway into which the pony dragged it, under the impression that he could take it along with him into his usual stall, that Mr. Swiveller found time to talk.

"It's hard work," said Richard. "What do you say to some beer?"

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Kit at first declined, but presently consented, and they adjourned to the neighbouring bar together.

"We'll drink our friend what's-his-name," said Dick, holding up the bright frothy pot;—"that was talking to you this morning, you know—*I* know him—a good fellow, but eccentric—very—here's what's-his-name."

Kit pledged him.

"He lives in my house," said Dick; "at least in the house occupied by the firm in which I'm a sort of a—of a managing partner—a difficult fellow to get any thing out of, but we like him—we like him."

"I must be going sir, if you please," said Kit, moving away.

"Don't be in a hurry, Christopher," replied his patron, "we'll drink your mother."

"I thank you, sir."

"An excellent woman that mother of yours, Christopher," said Mr. Swiveller.

> 'Who ran to catch me when I fell,
> And kissed the place to make it well?
> My mother.'

A charming woman. He's a liberal sort of fellow. We must get him to do something *for* your mother. Does he know her, Christopher?"

Kit shook his head, and glancing slyly at his questioner, thanked him, and made off before he could say another word.

"Humph," said Mr. Swiveller, pondering, "this is queer. Nothing but mysteries in connexion with Brass's house. I'll keep my own counsel, however. Every body and any body has been in my confidence as yet, but now I think I'll set up in business for myself. Queer—very queer!"

After pondering deeply and with a face of exceeding wisdom for some time, Mr. Swiveller drank some more of the beer, and summoning a small boy who had been watching his proceedings, poured forth the few remaining drops as a libation upon the gravel, and bade him carry the empty vessel to the bar with his compliments, and above all things to lead a sober and temperate life, and abstain from all intoxicating and exciting liquors. Having given him this piece of moral advice for his trouble (which as he wisely observed was far better than half-pence) the Perpetual Grand Master of the Glorious Apollos thrust his hands into his pockets and sauntered away; still pondering as he went.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

All that day, though he waited for Mr. Abel until evening, Kit kept clear of his mother's house, and determined not to anticipate by the slightest approach the pleasures of the morrow, but to let them come in their full rush of delight, for to-morrow was the great and long looked-for epoch in his life—to-morrow was the end of his first quarter—the day of receiving for the first time one fourth part of his annual income of Six Pounds in one vast sum of Thirty Shillings—to-morrow was to be a half-holiday devoted to a whirl of entertainments, and little Jacob was to know what oysters meant, and to see a play.

All manner of incidents combined in favour of the occasion: not only had Mr. and Mrs. Garland forewarned him that they intended to make no deduction for his outfit from the great amount, but to pay it him unbroken in all its gigantic grandeur; not only had the unknown gentleman increased the stock by the sum of five shillings, which was a perfect godsend and in itself a fortune; not only had these things come to pass which nobody could have calculated upon, or in their wildest dreams have hoped; but it was Barbara's quarter too—Barbara's quarter, that very day—and Barbara had a half-holiday as well as Kit, and Barbara's mother was going to make one of the party, and to take tea with Kit's mother, and cultivate her acquaintance.

To be sure Kit looked out of his window very early that morning to see which way the clouds were flying, and to be sure Barbara would have been at her's too if she had not sat up so late over-night, starching and ironing small pieces of muslin, and crimping them into frills, and sewing them on to other pieces to form magnificent wholes for the next day's wear. But they were both up very early for all that, and had small appetites for breakfast and less for dinner, and were in a state of great excitement when Barbara's mother came in with astonishing accounts of the fineness of the weather out of doors (but with a very large umbrella notwithstanding, for people like Barbara's mother seldom make holiday without one,) and when the bell rung for them to go up stairs and receive their quarter's money in gold and silver.

Well, wasn't Mr. Garland kind when he said "Christopher, here's your money and you have earned it well;" and wasn't Mrs. Garland kind when she said "Barbara, here's yours, and I'm much pleased with you;" and didn't Kit sign his name bold to his receipt, and didn't Barbara sign her name all a trembling to her's; and wasn't it beautiful to see how Mrs. Garland poured out Barbara's mother a glass of wine; and didn't Barbara's mother speak up when she said "Here's blessing you, ma'm, as a good lady, and you, sir, as a good gentleman, and Barbara my love to you, and here's towards you, Mr. Christopher;" and wasn't she as long drinking as if it had been a tumblerfull; and didn't she look genteel standing there with her gloves on; and wasn't there plenty of laughing and talking among them as they reviewed all these matters upon the top of the coach, and didn't they pity the people who hadn't got a holiday.

But Kit's mother again—wouldn't any body have supposed she had come of a good stock and been a lady all her life?—There she was, quite ready to receive them, with a display of tea-things that might have warmed the heart of a china-shop; and little Jacob and the baby in such a state of perfection that their clothes looked as good as new, though Heaven knows they were old enough. Didn't she say before they had sat down five minutes that Barbara's mother was exactly the sort of lady she expected, and didn't Barbara's mother say that Kit's mother was the very picture of what *she* had expected, and didn't Kit's mother compliment Barbara's mother on Barbara, and didn't Barbara's mother compliment Kit's mother on Kit, and wasn't Barbara herself quite fascinated with little Jacob, and did ever a child show off when he was wanted, as that child did, or make such friends as he made?

"And we are both widows too!" said Barbara's mother. "We must have been made to know each other."

"I haven't a doubt about it," returned Mrs. Nubbles.—"And what a pity it is we didn't know each other sooner."

"But then you know it's such a pleasure," said Barbara's mother, "to have it brought about by one's son and daughter, that it's fully made up for, now an't it?"

To this, Kit's mother yielded her full assent, and tracing things back from effects to causes, they naturally reverted to their deceased husbands, respecting whose lives, deaths, and burials, they compared notes, and discovered sundry circumstances that tallied with wonderful exactness; such as Barbara's father having been exactly four years and ten months older than Kit's father, and one of them having died on a Wednesday and the other on a Thursday, and both of them having been of a very fine make and remarkably good-looking, with other extraordinary coincidences. These recollections being of a kind calculated to cast a shadow on the brightness of the holiday,

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Kit diverted the conversation to general topics, and they were soon in great force again and as merry as before.—Among other things, Kit told them about his old place, and the extraordinary beauty of Nell (of whom he had talked to Barbara a thousand times already); but the last named circumstance failed to interest his hearers to anything like the extent he had supposed, and even his mother said (looking accidentally at Barbara at the same time) that there was no doubt Miss Nell was very pretty, but she was but a child after all, and there were many young women quite as pretty as she; and Barbara mildly observed that she should think so, and that she never could help believing Mr. Christopher must be under a mistake—which Kit wondered at very much, not being able to conceive what reason she had for doubting him. Barbara's mother too observed that it was very common for young folks to change at about fourteen or fifteen, and whereas they had been very pretty before, to grow up quite plain: which truth she illustrated by many forcible examples, especially one of a young man who being a builder with great prospects had been particular in his attentions to Barbara, but whom Barbara would have nothing to say to, which (though every thing happened for the best) she almost thought was a pity. Kit said he thought so too, and so he did honestly, and he wondered what made Barbara so silent all at once, and why his mother looked at him as if he shouldn't have said it.

However, it was high time now to be thinking of the play, for which great preparation was required in the way of shawls and bonnets, not to mention one handkerchief full of oranges and another of apples, which took some time tying up, in consequence of the fruit having a tendency to roll out at the corners. At length every thing was ready, and they went off very fast; Kit's mother carrying the baby, who was dreadfully wide awake, and Kit holding little Jacob in one hand, and escorting Barbara with the other—a state of things which occasioned the two mothers, who walked behind, to declare that they looked quite family folks, and caused Barbara to blush and say, "Now, don't mother." But Kit said she had no call to mind what they said; and indeed she need not have had, if she had known how very far from Kit's thoughts any love-making was. Poor Barbara!

At last they got to the theatre, which was Astley's; and in some two minutes after they had reached the yet unopened door, little Jacob was squeezed flat, and the baby had received divers concussions, and Barbara's mother's umbrella had been carried several yards off and passed back to her over the shoulders of the people, and Kit had hit a man on the head with the handkerchief of apples for "scrowdging" his parent with unnecessary violence, and there was a great uproar. But when they were once past the pay-place and tearing away for very life with their checks in their hands—and above all, when they were fairly in the theatre, and seated in such places that they couldn't have had better if they had picked them out and taken them beforehand; all this was looked upon as quite a capital joke, and an essential part of the entertainment.

Dear, dear, what a place it looked, that Astley's! with all the paint, gilding, and looking-glass, the vague smell of horses suggestive of coming wonders, the curtain that hid such gorgeous mysteries, the clean white saw-dust down in the circus, the company coming in and taking their places, the fiddlers looking carelessly up at them while they tuned their instruments, as if they didn't want the play to begin, and knew it all beforehand! What a glow was that which burst upon them all, when that long, clear, brilliant row of lights came slowly up; and what the feverish excitement when the little bell rang and the music began in good earnest, with strong parts for the drums, and sweet effects for the triangles! Well might Barbara's mother say to Kit's mother that the gallery was the place to see from, and wonder it wasn't much dearer than the boxes; and well might Barbara feel doubtful whether to laugh or cry, in her flutter of delight.

Then the play itself! the horses which little Jacob believed from the first to be alive, and the ladies and gentlemen of whose reality he could be by no means persuaded, having never seen or heard any thing at all like them—the firing, which made Barbara wink—the forlorn lady, who made her cry—the tyrant, who made her tremble—the man who sung the song with the lady's maid and danced the chorus, who made her laugh—the pony who reared up on his hind legs when he saw the murderer, and wouldn't hear of walking on all fours again until he was taken into custody—the clown who ventured on such familiarities with the military man in boots—the lady who jumped over the nine-and-twenty ribbons and came down safe upon the horse's back—every thing was delightful, splendid, and surprising. Little Jacob applauded till his hands were sore; Kit cried "an-kor" at the end of every thing, the three-act pieces included; and Barbara's mother beat her umbrella on the floor, in her ecstacies, until it was nearly worn down to the gingham.

In the midst of all these fascinations, Barbara's thoughts seemed to have been still running upon what Kit had said at tea-time, for when they were coming out of the play, she asked him, with an hysterical simper, if Miss Nell was as handsome as the lady who jumped over the ribbons.

"As handsome as HER?" said Kit. "Double as handsome."

"Oh Christopher! I'm sure she was the beautifullest creature ever was," said Barbara.

"Nonsense!" returned Kit. "She was well enough, I don't deny that; but think how she was dressed and painted, and what a difference that made. Why you are a good deal better-looking than her, Barbara."

"Oh Christopher!" said Barbara, looking down.

"You are, any day," said Kit—"and so's your mother."

Poor Barbara!

What was all this though—even all this—to the extraordinary dissipation that ensued, when Kit, walking into an oyster-shop as bold as if he lived there, and not so much as looking at the counter or the man behind it, led his party into a box—a private box, fitted up with red curtains, white tablecloth, and cruet-stand complete—and ordered a fierce gentleman with whiskers, who acted as waiter and called him, him, Christopher Nubbles, "sir," to bring three dozen of his largest-sized oysters, and to look sharp about it. Yes, Kit told this gentleman to look sharp, and he not only said he would look sharp, but he actually did, and presently came running back with the newest loaves, and the freshest butter, and the largest oysters, ever seen. Then said Kit to this gentleman, "a pot of beer"—just so—and the gentleman, instead of replying, "Sir, did you address that language to me?" only said, "Pot o' beer, sir? yes sir," and went off and fetched it; and put it on the table in a small decanter-stand, like those which blind-men's dogs carry about the streets in their mouths to catch the halfpence in; and both Kit's mother and Barbara's mother declared as he turned away that it was one of the slimmest and gracefullest young men she had ever looked upon.

Then they fell to work upon the supper in earnest; and there was Barbara, that foolish Barbara, declaring that she couldn't eat more than two, and wanting more pressing than you would believe before she would eat four; though her mother and Kit's mother made up for it pretty well, and ate and laughed and enjoyed themselves so thoroughly that it did Kit good to see them, and made him laugh and eat likewise from strong sympathy. But the greatest miracle of the night was little Jacob, who ate oysters as if he had been born and bred to the business, sprinkled the

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pepper and the vinegar with a discretion beyond his years, and afterwards built a grotto on the table with the shells. There was the baby too, who had never closed an eye all night, but had sat as good as gold, trying to force a large orange into his mouth, and gazing intently at the lights in the chandelier—there he was, sitting up in his mother's lap, staring at the gas without winking, and making indentations in his soft-visage with an oyster-shell, to that degree that a heart of iron must have loved him. In short, there never was a more successful supper; and when Kit ordered in a glass of something hot to finish with, and proposed Mr. and Mrs. Garland before sending it round, there were not six happier people in all the world.

But all happiness has an end—hence the chief pleasure of its next beginning—and as it was now growing late, they agreed it was time to turn their faces homewards. So, after going a little out of their way to see Barbara and Barbara's mother safe to a friend's house where they were to pass the night, Kit and his mother left them at the door, with an early appointment for returning to Finchley next morning, and a great many plans for next quarter's enjoyment. Then Kit took little Jacob on his back, and giving his arm to his mother, and a kiss to the baby, they all trudged merrily home together.

From the Asiatic Journal.

ANTICIPATED DESPATCH FROM CHINA.

Sir: The impatience of the public to learn the result of the expedition to China has led me to devise an expedient for gratifying it. The justice of our cause, the cowardice of the Chinese, and the bravery of our troops, do not permit a single individual in the country to doubt what the result must be: the failure of the expedition is, in fact, looked upon as an event barely within the limits of possibility. Nothing remains, therefore, but to conceive the means and operations whereby this certain end has been (for it must now have been) effected; and after conferring with several experienced officers of the army and navy, and some old commanders in the China trade, and after receiving some valuable suggestions from Mr. Murphy (to whom I beg to tender my thanks) as to the best mode of combining causes and deducing consequences, I flatter myself that the following anticipated despatch to Lord Auckland, the governor-general of India, will prove not far from the truth:

Peking, 25th August, 1840.

"My Lord:—I have the honour to congratulate your lordship upon the complete success of the expedition, which you were pleased to place under my command, and to inform you that her majesty's troops are in possession of the city from whence I date this despatch, and in fact masters of the whole Chinese empire, after a course of triumphs which have added fresh lustre and new trophies to the military renown of Britain. I might say of this army, without arrogance, "we came, we saw, we conquered."

"His excellency the admiral will report in detail to your lordship the brilliant feats of the naval part of the expedition; I shall, therefore, briefly state, that on arriving at the Bocca Tigris, we captured a war-junk of formidable dimensions, which had been sent thither apparently to reconnoitre, but which surrendered without firing a shot. Upon interrogating the people on board, in the hope of aining some information respecting the preparations of ie enemy, their means of defence, the strength of the 'ts, &c., we found the poor creatures so paralyzed with , that they had not the power of articulation. The officers were in the same condition, or stupified with opium, and the commander of the junk (an admiral in the Chinese navy) had expired just previous to her surrender—whether from suicide, or the intensity of his terror, we could not, of course, ascertain. Left, therefore, to conjecture, it was deemed prudent to lose no time in sending forward the troops to Canton, forbearing from actual hostilities until a gun should be fired by the enemy, and then to strike a salutary terror by displaying the superiority of her Majesty's arms.

"This resolution was soon to be put into execution. Upon reaching the first fort, where the Chinese had engaged some Portuguese and Lascar gunners, several shots were fired, and one was distinctly heard whizzing above the main-top-gallant-mast head of the admiral's ship. A broadside from that vessel, accompanied by three hearty cheers, was sufficient to lay the whole fort in ruins, precisely (to use the admiral's own words, in a private letter to me) 'as if it had been made of ginger-bread;' and the garrison was seen flying across the country, with the utmost precipitation, their tails streaming in the wind.

"The advantages attending this prompt procedure were soon apparent. All the other forts, some seemingly of great strength, were regularly evacuated as the expedition approached, and as there was no prospect of resistance, the troops were put on board the boats and small craft, and proceeded up the Canton river, exhibiting rather the appearance of a regatta, than that of a hostile force coming to take possession of the largest empire in the world.

"Upon reaching Canton, we found the landing-place occupied by a vast body of persons, and as we could not be satisfied whether their intentions were peaceable or not, I ordered Mr. Gutzlaff, the interpreter, to go forward and ascertain the fact. He returned with the gratifying intelligence that they were all friends; that they consisted mostly of respectable opium-smugglers, in Canton and its vicinity, who not only professed the utmost friendship, but offered to co-operate with us in overthrowing the tyrannical domination of Tuou-kwang; advising us not to delay for an instant our advance to Peking. Mr. Gutzlaff brought a letter from one of the principal men, which I think your lordship will be convinced not only breathes a warm spirit of attachment to the British cause, but is no despicable evidence of the progress which the English language is making amongst the more influential portion of the Chinese nation, affording the grand prospect of our language spreading over this vast part of Asia. It is as follows:—'First chop sir high, Glad come have you—opium have, you have, we have, eh?—Lin he bow-wow,* English hohot—fan-kwei ever for, Han-jin no go down up tea give much ever.'

"Having effected a landing outside the city of Canton, without the slightest disaster—if I except some trifling pecuniary losses sustained by a few incautious officers who, staring about them, suffered their pockets to be picked by some of the lower order of by-standers—I established my head-quarters in the late British factory, which I was mortified to find stripped of all its elegant furniture, and much deteriorated, the walls being scribbled over with Chinese characters, the import of which Mr. Gutzlaff reported to be of the most insulting kind. The characters were accompanied by rude attempts at caricature—for example, a human figure, with red hair and a blue jacket (no doubt intended for Captain Elliot), was represented hanging upon a gibbet, with a chest of opium dangling from his legs. Such an insult upon the British nation and uniform roused the indignation of the army, and I had much difficulty in restraining the troops from committing excesses upon our friends the opium-traders, which I should

* A clerical error probably for *puh-haou*, i. e. 'bad'—meaning 'a bad man.'

† Ditto for *haou-haou*, 'very good.'

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have been grieved at, for a more kind, inoffensive, and honourable body of men, I never saw.

"The requisite arrangements having been made, I directed the troops to march towards the city-gate, preceded by some pieces of heavy artillery and a corps of sappers, expecting it would be necessary to force an entrance; but we soon found that this barrier, which had been impassable to our peaceable countrymen, asking for their just rights, was open and undefended. A few Tartar guards were stationed there, for ornament's sake, for their countenances and demeanour indicated the utmost courtesy and civility. Being at the head of the advanced column, and Mr. Gutzlaff not being at hand, I inquired of one of these men whether the governor was in the city, using the Canton jargon: 'John Tuck Lin, where?' The fellow threw a grotesque expression of alarm into his countenance, and pointed up the street, imitating with his feet the action of a man running very fast. I deduced from this the inference that his excellency the viceroy and commissioner had abandoned the city, which we soon discovered to be really the fact.

"I now called a council of my officers in the viceroy's palace (whence so many insulting edicts have been issued, commanding foreigners to 'tremble intensely'), when it was resolved to commence the march to Peking by land, all my officers being of opinion (in which I concurred) that such a measure would strike great alarm into the Chinese, make us better acquainted with the country, and, if necessary, facilitate co-operation with the malcontents, of which we were given to understand there are great numbers, comprising the aboriginal mountaineers, a hardy race, the members of the Triad societies, and the opium-dealers, and opium-eaters, who are to a man our fast though secret allies.

"We found the roads in admirable condition, paved, lighted, and watched, and without even a turnpike; and meeting with no opposition, we passed through admiring crowds till we reached the city of ——, but I must entreat your lordship to dispense with the proper names of places, which, I fear, I should write very improperly, the language being execrable, *you* meaning *I*, and emperors and kings being called by such indecorous names as *shang* and *wang*. It must suffice to say, that it was a city of immense size, there being no less than ninety-nine bridges (it is contrary to their absurd laws to build a hundredth), and 87,600 streets, running very regularly, at every possible angle. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the inhabitants, who brought provisions of every kind (I may say so literally), and seemed to demand no other return than the pleasure of being allowed to see us eat them. The eating-house keepers rushed out of their shops with viands ready dressed, consisting of pieces of flesh on wooden skewers, and cauldrons of rich soups. Some of the European troops (the only part of the army that touched the animal food) experienced a slight nausea after eating the soup, which was at first attributed to the richness of the article; but an artillery-man having found in the soup a fragment of vertebræ of a suspicious kind, I directed it to be examined, and Assistant-surgeon ——— pronounced it to be the tail of a dog. I summoned before me the Chinese cook, from whose shop it came, who, upon being shown the tail, manifested no fear or surprise, but imitated the barking of a dog, patting the pit of his stomach at the same time. Upon inquiry, I found that the viands which had been so greedily devoured by the army had consisted of dogs, cats, rats, mice, snakes, lizards, grubs, and caterpillars of various species; a fact which your lordship may be sure I did not fail to conceal from the knowledge of the army.

"Next day, we resumed our march, when our scouts brought us intelligence that a vast force was collecting in the line of our advance, with the intention of stopping our further progress—intelligence which, I need not assure your lordship, was hailed with enthusiasm by the army. I took the precaution to cover my flanks well, and to keep the troops together, and towards the evening we came in sight of the enemy, who presented, indeed, a most formidable aspect, the line extending on either side apparently to the horizon. His front was defended by batteries of great strength, and several rows of breastworks, one behind the other, bristling with cannon. The most experienced of my officers reported that the number of the enemy could not be less than 900,000 fighting men.

"I thought it prudent to delay an attack till the ensuing morning, when I determined to carry the entrenchments by assault, and marching boldly up to them, covered by a heavy fire of artillery, our soldiers leaped over the breastwork in the very face of the enemy, who were so astonished that they fled with loud cries, literally choking up every avenue with their dense masses, our troops having nothing to do but to secure the prisoners, who bawled terribly for quarter. I am happy to announce to your lordship that this splendid victory, which has left in our possession 847 pieces of cannon (most of them, indeed, made of wood) and 96,000 prisoners, was gained without the loss of a single man.

"The incumbrance of so many prisoners was soon felt as a serious evil, and I consulted with my officers what had best be done with them: to liberate them on parole would have been impolitic, without some security for its observance, and these people do not understand such an obligation; whilst it would be impossible for us to recognize them again, their faces being so much alike, that, when my tent has been crowded with Chinese, they have appeared to me only as the multiplication of one person by a set of mirrors. To have dismissed them absolutely, would only have been to recruit the ranks of the enemy. A young officer (Captain ———, whom I beg strongly to recommend to your lordship's notice) relieved us from this dilemma, by sending in a proposition that we should cut off the tails of all the prisoners and let them go, whereby it would be easy to recognize them if taken in arms again. This happy idea was immediately adopted, not without great opposition on the part of the prisoners, who implored us to take all they had and spare their tails. These people are extremely fond of tails; they give this name even to their money, which at first caused some confusion.

"As soon as the necessary arrangements were completed, I put the troops again in motion, and we made forced marches, in order to reach Peking before the panic occasioned by our late victory could subside. Not the slightest demonstration of resistance was exhibited; the people in the cities offering us tea and food in abundance, and letting off crackers from their pagodas, in token of rejoicing. Every where even the rabble were most attentive and civil, calling out 'Fan-kwei!' meaning 'foreign genii!' and other expressions, of delight, amongst which I could recognize 'Opium, opium!' The confidence thus inspired led to a slight inconvenience, for a small party, under the command of Ensign ——, having been detached from the left flank to beat up a few soldiers who appeared to be in ambuscade, the latter showed some resistance, being commanded by a Tartar mandarin, and the ensign was compelled to retreat, having, to use a phrase hardly perhaps suited to the gravity of a despatch, 'caught a Tartar.'

"With this exception, no opposition was offered till we came in sight of the city of Peking, when we were met by a large body of mandarins, with very white beards and very long nails, who proposed terms of capitulation. I however signified to them, that I would settle the terms when I was in the imperial palace. I accordingly pressed on the advance of the troops; the city gates were opened, the streets were almost deserted, and I dismounted at the