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[Pg 691]

LECTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HENRY FUSELI.

At a time when the eye of the public is more remarkably, and we trust more kindly, directed to the Fine Arts, we may do some service to the good cause, by reverting to those lectures delivered in the Royal Academy, composed in a spirit of enthusiasm honourable to the professors, but which kindled little sympathy in an age strangely dead to the impulses of taste. The works, therefore, which set forth the principles of art, were not read extensively at the time, and had little influence beyond the walls within which they were delivered. Favourable circumstances, in conjunction with their real merit, have permanently added the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds to the standard literature of our country. They have been transferred from the artist to the scholar; and so it has happened, that while few of any pretension to scholarship have not read the "The Discourses," they have not, as they should have, been continually in the hands of artists themselves. To awaken a feeling for this kind of professional reading—yet not so professional as not to be beneficial—reflectingly upon classical learning; indeed, we might say, education in general, and therefore more comprehensive in its scope—we commenced our remarks on the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which have appeared in the pages of Maga. There are now more than symptoms of the departure of that general apathy which prevailed, when most of the Academy lectures were delivered. It will be, therefore, a grateful, and may we hope a useful, task, by occasional notices to make them more generally known.

The successors of Reynolds labour under a twofold disadvantage; they find that he has occupied the very ground they would have taken, and written so ably and fully upon all that is likely to obtain a general interest, as to leave a prejudice against further attempts. Of necessity, there must be, in every work treating of the same subject, much repetition; and it must require no little ingenuity to give a novelty and variety, that shall yet be safe, and within the bounds of the admitted principles of art. On this account, we have no reason to complain of the lectures of Fuseli, which we now purpose to notice. Bold and original as the writer is, we find him every where impressed with a respect for Reynolds, and with a conviction of the truth of the principles which he had collected and established. If there be any difference, it is occasionally on the more debatable ground—particular passages of criticism.

In the "Introduction," the student is supplied with a list of the authorities he should consult for the "History and Progress of his Art." He avoids expatiating on the books purely elementary—"the van of which is led by Leonardo da Vinci and Albert Durer, and the rear by Gherard Lavresse—as [Pg 692] the principles which they detail must be supposed to be already in the student's possession, or are occasionally interwoven with the topics of the lectures;" and proceeds "to the historically critical writers, who consist of all the ancients yet remaining, Pausanias excepted." Fortunately, there remain a sufficient number of the monuments of ancient art "to furnish us with their standard of style;" for the accounts are so contradictory, that we should have little to rely upon. The works of the ancient artists are all lost: we must be content with the "hasty compilations of a warrior," Pliny, or the "incidental remarks of an orator," (rhetorician,) Quintilian. The former chiefly valuable when he quotes—for then, as Reynolds observed, "he speaks the language of an artist:" as in his account of the glazing method of Apelles; the manner in which Protogenes embodied his colours; and the term of art *circumlitio*, by which Nicias gave "the line of correctness to the models of Praxiteles;" the foreshortening the bull by Pausias, and throwing his shade on the crowd—showing a forcible chiaroscuro. "Of Quintilian, whose information is all relative to style, the tenth chapter of the XII.th book, a passage on expression in the XI.th, and scattered fragments of observations analogous to the process of his own art, is all that we possess; but what he says, though comparatively small in bulk, with what we have of Pliny, leaves us to wish for more. His review of the revolutions of style in painting, from Polygnotus to Apelles, and in sculpture, from Phidias to Lysippus, is succinct and rapid; but though so rapid and succinct, every word is poised by characteristic precision, and can only be the result of long and judicious enquiry, and perhaps even minute examination." Still less have we scattered in the writings of Cicero, who, "though he seems to have had little native taste for painting and sculpture, and even less than he had taste for poetry, had a conception of nature; and with his usual acumen, comparing the principles of one art with those of another, frequently scattered useful hints, or made pertinent observations. For many of these he might probably be indebted to Hortensius, with whom, though his rival in eloquence, he lived on terms of familiarity, and who was a man of declared taste, and one of the first collectors of the time." He speaks somewhat too slightingly of Pausanias,[1] as "the indiscriminate chronicler of legitimate tradition and legendary [Pg 693] trash," considering that he praises "the scrupulous diligence with which he examined what fell under his own eye." He recommends to the epic or dramatic artist the study of the heroics of the elder, and the Eicones or Picture Galleries of the elder and younger Philostratus.

"The innumerable hints, maxims, anecdotes, descriptions, scattered over Lucian, Œlian, Athenæus, Achilles Tatius, Tatian Pollux, and many more, may be consulted to advantage by the man of taste and letters, and probably may be neglected without much loss by the student." "Of modern writers on art Vasari leads the van; theorist, artist, critic, and biographer, in one. The history of modern art owes, no doubt, much to Vasari; he leads us from its cradle to its maturity with the anxious diligence of a nurse; but he likewise has her derelictions: for more loquacious than ample, and less discriminating styles than eager to accumulate descriptions, he is at an early period exhausted by the superlatives lavished on inferior claims, and forced into frigid rhapsodies and astrologic nonsense to do justice to the greater. He swears by the divinity of M. Agnolo. He tells us that he copied every figure of the Capella Sistina and the stanze of Raffaelle, yet his memory was either so treacherous, or his rapidity in writing so inconsiderate, that his account of both is a mere heap of errors and unpardonable confusion, and one might almost fancy he had never entered the Vatican." He is less pleased with the "rubbish of his contemporaries, or followers, from Condior to Ridolfi, and on to Malvasia." All is little worth "till the appearance of Lanzi, who, in his 'Storia Pittorica della Italia,' has availed himself of all the information existing in his time, has corrected most of those who wrote before him, and, though perhaps not possessed of great discriminative powers, has accumulated more instructive anecdotes, rescued more deserving names from oblivion, and opened a wider prospect of art, than all his predecessors." But for the valuable notes of Reynolds, the idle pursuit of Du Fresnoy to clothe the precepts of art in Latin verse, would be useless. "The notes of Reynolds, treasures of practical observation, place him among those whom we may read with profit." De Piles and Felibien are spoken of next, as the teachers of "what may be learned from precept, founded on prescriptive authority more than on the verdicts of nature." Of the effects of the system pursued by the French Academy from such precepts, our author is, perhaps, not undeservedly severe.

"About the middle of the last century the German critics, established at Rome, began to claim the exclusive privilege of teaching the art, and to form a complete system of antique style. The verdicts of Mengs and Winkelmann, become the oracles of antiquaries, dilettanti, and artists, from the Pyrenees to the utmost north of Europe, have been detailed, and are not without their influence here. Winkelmann was the parasite of the fragments that fell from the conversation or the tablets of Mengs—a deep scholar, and better fitted to comment on a classic than to give lessons on art and style, he reasoned himself into frigid reveries and Platonic dreams on beauty. As far as the taste or the instruction of his tutor directed, he is right when they are; and between his own learning and the tuition of the other, his history of art delivers a specious system, and a prodigious number of useful observations." "To him Germany owes the shackles of her artists, and the narrow limits of their aim." Had Fuseli lived to have witnessed the "revival" at Munich, he would have appreciated the efforts made, and still making, there. He speaks of the works of Mengs with respect. "The works of Mengs himself are, no doubt, full of the most useful information, deep observation, and often consummate criticism. He has traced and distinguished the principles of the moderns from those of the ancients; and in his comparative view of the design, colour, composition, and expression of Raffaelle, Correggio, and Tiziano, with luminous [Pg 694] perspicuity and deep precision, pointed out the prerogative or inferiority of each. As an artist, he is an instance of what perseverance, study, experience, and encouragement can achieve to supply the place of genius." He then, passing by all English critics preceding Reynolds, with the petty remark, that "the last is undoubtedly the first," says—"To compare Reynolds with his predecessors, would equally disgrace our judgment, and impeach our gratitude. His volumes can never be consulted without profit, and should never be quitted by the student's hand but to embody, by exercise, the precepts he gives and the means he points out." It is useful thus to see together the authorities which a student should consult, and we have purposely characterized them as concisely as we could, in our extracts, which strongly show the peculiar style of Mr Fuseli. If this introduction was, however, intended for artists, it implies in them a more advanced education in Greek and Latin literature than they generally possess. Mr Fuseli was himself an accomplished scholar. How desirable is it that the arts and general scholarship should go together! The classics, fully to be enjoyed, require no small cultivation in art; and as the greater portion of ancient art is drawn from that source, Greek mythology, and classical history and literature, such an education would seem to be the very first step in the acquirements of an artist. We believe that in general they content themselves with Lempriere's Dictionary; and that rather for information on subjects they may see already painted, than for their own use; and thus, for lack of a feeling which only education can give, a large field of resources is cut off from them. If it be said that English literature—English classics, will supply the place, we deny it; for there is not an English classic of value to an artist, who was not, to his very heart's core, embued with a knowledge and love of the ancient literature. We might instance but two, Spenser and Milton—the statute-books of the better English art—authors whom, we do not hesitate to say, no one can thoroughly understand or enjoy, who has not far advanced in classical education. We shall never cease to throw out remarks of this kind, with the hope that our universities will yet find room to foster the art within them; satisfied as we are that the advantages would be immense, both to the art and to the universities. How many would then pursue pleasures and studies most congenial with their usual academical education, and, thus occupied, be rescued from pursuits that too often lead to profligacy and ruin; and sacrifice to pleasures that cannot last, those which, where once fostered, have ever been permanent!

The First Lecture is a summary of ancient art—one rather of research than interest—more

calculated to excite the curiosity of the student than to offer him any profitable instruction. The general matter is well known to most, who have at all studied the subject. Nor have we sufficient confidence in any theory as to the rise and growth of art in Greece, to lay much stress upon those laid down in this lecture. We doubt if the religion of Greece ever had that hold upon the feelings of the people, artists, or their patrons, which is implied in the supposition, that it was an efficient cause. A people that could listen to the broad farce of Aristophanes, and witness every sort of contempt thrown upon the deities they professed to worship, were not likely to seek in religion the advancement of art; and their licentious liberty—if liberty it deserved to be called—was of too watchful a jealousy over greatness of every kind, to suffer genius to be free and without suspicion. We will not follow the lecturer through his conjectures on the mechanic processes. It is more curious than useful to trace back the more perfect art through its stages—the "Polychrom," the "Monochrom," the "Monogram," and "Skiagram"—nor from the pencil to the "cestrum." Polygnotus is said to be the first who introduced the "essential style;" which consisted in ascertaining the abstract, the general form, as it is technically termed the central form. Art under Polygnotus was, however, in a state of formal "parallelism;" certainly it could boast no variety of composition. Apollodorus "applied the essential principles of Polygnotus to the delineation of the species, by investigating the leading forms that discriminate the various classes of human qualities and passions." He saw that all men were connected together by one general form, yet were separated by some predominant power into classes; "thence he drew his line of imitation, and personified the central form of the class to which his object belonged, and to which the rest [Pg 695] of its qualities administered, without being absorbed." Zeuxis, from the essential of Polygnotus and specific discrimination of Apollodorus, comparing one with the other, formed his ideal style. Thus are there the three styles—the essential, the characteristic, the ideal.

Art was advanced and established under Parrhasius and Timanthes, and refined under Eupompus, Apelles, Aristides, and Euphranor. "The correctness of Parrhasius succeeded to the genius of Zeuxis. He circumscribed the ample style, and by subtle examination of outline, established that standard of divine and heroic form which raised him to the authority of a legislator, from whose decisions there was no appeal. He gave to the divine and heroic character in painting, what Polycletus had given to the human in sculpture by his Doryphorus, a canon of proportion. Phidias had discovered in the nod of the Homeric Jupiter the characteristic of majesty, *inclination of the head*. This hinted to him a higher elevation of the neck behind, a bolder protrusion of the front, and the increased perpendicular of the profile. To this conception Parrhasius fixed a maximum; that point from which descends the ultimate line of celestial beauty, the angle within which moves what is inferior, beyond which what is portentous. From the head conclude to the proportions of the neck, the limbs, the extremities; from the Father to the race of gods; all, the sons of one, Zeus; derived from one source of tradition, Homer; formed by one artist, Phidias; on him measured and decided by Parrhasius. In the simplicity of this principle, adhered to by the succeeding periods, lies the uninterrupted progress and the unattainable superiority of Grecian art."

In speaking of Timanthes as the competitor with Parrhasius, as one who brought into the art more play of the mind and passions, the lecturer takes occasion to discuss the often discussed and disputed propriety of Timanthes, in covering the head of Agamemnon in his picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia. He thinks it the more incumbent on him so to do, as the "late president" had passed a censure upon Timanthes. Sir Joshua expressed his *doubt* only, not his censure absolutely, upon the delivery of the prize at the Academy for the best picture painted from this subject. He certainly dissents from bestowing the praise, upon the supposition of the intention being the avoiding a difficulty. And as to this point, the well-known authorities of Cicero, Quintilian, Valerius Maximus, and Pliny, seem to agree. And *if*, as the lecturer observes in a note, the painter is made to waste expression on inferior actors at the expense of a principal one, he is an improvident spendthrift, not a wise economist. The pertness of Falconet is unworthy grave criticism and the subject, though it is quoted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He assumes that Agamemnon is the principal figure. Undoubtedly Mr Fuseli is right—Iphigenia is the principal figure; and it may be fairly admitted, that the overpowering expression of the grief of the father would have divided the subject. It might be more properly a separate picture. Art is limited; nothing should detract from the principal figure, the principal action—passion. Our sympathy is not called for on behalf of the father here: the grief of the others in the picture is the grief in perfect sympathy with Iphigenia; the father would have been absorbed in his own grief, and his grief would have been an unsympathetic grief towards Iphigenia. It was his own case that he felt; and it does appear to us an aggravation of the suffering of Iphigenia, that, at the moment of her sacrifice, she saw indeed her father's person, but was never more—and knew she was never more —to behold his face again. This circumstance alone would justify Timanthes, but other concurrent reasons may be given. It was no want of power to express the father's grief, for it is in the province of art to express every such delineation; but there *is* a point of grief that is ill expressed by the countenance at all; and there is a natural action in such cases for the sufferer himself to hide his face, as if conscious that it was not in agreement with his feelings. Such grief is astounding: we look for the expression of it, and find it not: it is better than receive this shock to hide the face. We do it naturally; so that here the art of the painter, that required that his picture should be a whole, and centre in Iphigenia, was mainly assisted by the proper adoption of this natural action of Agamemnon. Mr Fuseli, whose criticism is always acute, and generally just and [Pg 696] true, has well discussed the subject, and properly commented upon the flippancy of Falconet. After showing the many ways in which the painter might have expressed the parent's grief, and that none of them would be *decere, pro dignitate, digne*, he adds—'But Timanthes had too true a sense of nature to expose a father's feelings, or to tear a passion to rags; nor had the Greeks yet

learned of Rome to steel the face. If he made Agamemnon bear his calamity as a man, he made him also feel it as a man. It became the leader of Greece to sanction the ceremony with his presence: it did not become the father to see his daughter beneath the dagger's point: the same nature that threw a real mantle over the face of Timoleon, when he assisted at the punishment of his brother, taught Timanthes to throw an imaginary one over the face of Agamemnon; neither height nor depth, *propriety* of expression was his aim.' It is a question whether Timanthes took the idea from the text of Euripides, or whether it is his invention, and was borrowed by the dramatist. The picture must have presented a contrast to that of his rival Parrhasius, which exhibited the fury of Ajax.

Whether the invention was or was not the merit of Euripides, certainly this is not the only instance wherein he has turned it to dramatic advantage. No dramatist was so distinct a painter as Euripides; his mind was ever upon picture. He makes Hecuba, in the dialogue with Agamemnon, say, "Pity me, and, standing apart as would a painter, look at me, and see what evils I have,"

> Οιχτειρον ημας, ως γραφευς τ αποοταθεις,
> Ιδα με χαναθρησον, οι εχω χαχα.

And this Hecuba, when Talthybius comes to require her presence for the burial of Polyxena, is found lying on the ground, *her face covered* with her robe:—

> Αυτη πελας σα, νωτ εχασ επι χθονι,
> Ταλθυβιε, κειται σνγκχλεισμενη πεπλοις.

And in the same play, Polyxena bids Ulysses to cover her head with a robe, as he leads her away, that she might not see her mother's grief.

> Κομιζ, Οδνσσευ, μ'αμφιθεις πεπλοις χαρα.

But in the instance in question, in the Iphigenia, there is one circumstance that seems to have been overlooked by the critics, which makes the action of Agamemnon the more expressive, and gives it a peculiar force: the dramatist takes care to exhibit the more than common parental and filial love; when asked by Clytemnestra what would be her last, her dying request, it is instantly, on her father's account, to avert every feeling of wrath against him:—

> Πατερα γε τον εμον μη στυγει, ποσιν τε σον.

And even when the father covers his face, she is close beside him, *tells him that she is beside him*, and her last words are to comfort him. Now, whether Timanthes took the scene from Euripides or Euripides from Timanthes, it could not be more powerfully, more naturally conceived; for this dramatic incident, the tender movement to his side, and speech of Iphigenia, could not have been imagined, or at least with little effect, had not the father first covered his face. Mr Fuseli has collected several instances of attempts something similar in pictures, particularly by Massaccio, and Raffaelle from him; and he well remarks—"We must conclude that Nature herself dictated to him this method, as superior to all he could express by features; and that he recognized the same dictate in Massaccio, who can no more be supposed to have been acquainted with the precedent of Timanthes than Shakspeare with that of Euripides, when he made Macduff draw his hat over his face." From Timanthes Mr Fuseli proceeds to eulogize Aristides; whom history records as, in a peculiar excellence, the painter of the passions of nature. "Such, history informs us, was the suppliant whose voice you seemed to hear, such his sick man's half-extinguished eye and labouring breast, such Byblis expiring in the pangs of love, and, above all, the half-slain mother shuddering lest the eager babe should suck the blood from her palsied nipple."—"Timanthes had marked the limits that discriminate terror from the excess of horror; Aristides drew the line that separates it from disgust." Then follows a very just criticism upon instances in which he considered that Raffaelle himself and Nicolo Poussin had overstepped the [Pg 697] bounds of propriety, and averted the feelings from their object, by ideas of disgust. In the group of Raffaelle, a man is removing the child from the breast of the mother with one hand, while the other is applied to his nostrils. Poussin, in his plague of the Philistines, has copied the loathsome action—so, likewise, in another picture, said to be the plague of Athens, but without much reason so named, in the collection of J. P. Mills, Esq. Dr Waagen, in his admiration for the executive part of art, speaks of it as "a very rich masterpiece of Poussin, in which we are reconciled by his skill to the horrors of the subject."

In the commencement of the lecture, there are offered some definitions of the terms of art, "nature, grace, taste, copy, imitation, genius, talent." In that of nature, he seems entirely to agree with Reynolds; that of beauty leaves us pretty much in the dark in our search for it, "as that harmonious whole of the human frame, that unison of parts to one end, which enchants us. The result of the standard set by the great masters of our art, the ancients, and confirmed by the submissive verdict of modern imitation." This is unphilosophical, unsatisfactory; nor is that of grace less so—"that artless balance of motion and repose, sprung from character, founded on propriety, which neither falls short of the demands, nor overleaps the modesty of nature. Applied to execution it means that dexterous power which hides the means by which it was attained, the difficulties it has conquered." We humbly suggest, that both parts of this definition may be found where there is little grace. It is evident that the lecturer did not subscribe to any theory of lines, as *per se* beautiful or graceful, and altogether disregarded Hogarth's line of beauty. Had Mr Hay's very admirable short works—his "Theory of Form and Proportion"—appeared in Mr Fuseli's day, he would have taken a new view of beauty and grace. By taste, he means not only a

knowledge of what is right in art, but a power to estimate degrees of excellence, "and by comparison proceeds from justness to refinement." This, too, we think inadequate to express what we mean by taste, which appears to us to have something of a sense, independent of knowledge. Using words in a technical sense, we may define them to mean what we please, but certainly the words themselves, "copy" and "imitation," do not mean very different things. He thinks "precision of eye, and obedience of hand, are the requisites for copy, without the least pretence to choice, what to select, what to reject; whilst choice, directed by judgment or taste, constitutes the essence of imitation, and alone can raise the most dexterous copyist to the noble rank of an artist." We do not exactly see how this judgment arises out of his definition of "taste." But it may be fair to follow him still closer on this point. "The imitation of the ancients was, *essential*, *characteristic*, *ideal*. The first cleared nature of accident, defect, excrescence, (which was in fact his definition of nature, as so cleared;) the second found the *stamen* which connects character with the central form; the third raised the whole and the parts to the highest degree of unison." This is rather loose writing, and not very close reasoning. After all, it may be safer to take words in their common acceptation; for it is very difficult in a treatise of any length, to preserve in the mind or memory the precise ideas of given definitions. "Of genius, I shall speak with reserve; for no word has been more indiscriminately confounded. By genius, I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge, which discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty; whilst talent arranges, cultivates, polishes the discoveries of genius." Definitions, divisions, and subdivisions, though intended to make clear, too often entangle the ground unnecessarily, and keep the mind upon the stretch to remember, when it should only feel. We think this a fault with Mr Fuseli; it often renders him obscure, and involves his style of aphorisms in the mystery of a riddle.

Second Lecture.—This lecture comprises a compendious history of modern art; commencing with Massaccio. If religion gave the impulse to both ancient and modern, so has it stamped each with the different characters itself assumed. The conceptions the ancients had of divinity, were the perfection of the human form; thus form and beauty became godlike. The Christian religion wore a more spiritual character. In ancient art, human form and beauty were triumphant; in modern [Pg 698] art, the greater triumph was in humility, in suffering; the religious inspiration was to be shown in its influence in actions less calculated to display the powers, the energies of form, than those of mind. Mere external beauty had its accompanying vices; and it was compelled to lower its pretensions considerably, submit to correction, and take a more subordinate part. Thus, if art lost in form it gained in expression, and thus was really more divine. Art in its revival, passing through the barbarity of Gothic adventurers, not unencumbered with senseless superstitions, yet with wondrous rapidity, raised itself to the noblest conceptions of both purity and magnificence. Sculpture had, indeed, preceded painting in the works of Ghiberti Donato and Philippo Brunelleschi, when Massaccio appeared. "He first perceived that parts are to constitute a whole; that composition ought to have a centre; expression, truth; and execution, unity. His line deserves attention, though his subjects led him not to investigation of form, and the shortness of his life forbade his extending those elements, which Raffaelle, nearly a century afterwards, carried to perfection." That great master of expression did not disdain to borrow from him—as is seen in the figure of "St Paul preaching at Athens," and that of "Adam expelled from Paradise." Andrea Mantegna attempted to improve upon Massaccio, by adding form from study of the antique. Mr Fuseli considers his "taste too crude, his fancy too grotesque, and his comprehension too weak, to advert from the parts that remained to the whole that inspired them; hence, in his figures of dignity or beauty, we see not only the meagre forms of common models, but even their defects tacked to ideal torsos." We think, however, he is deserving of more praise than the lecturer was disposed to bestow upon him, and that his "triumphs," the processions, (at Hampton Court,) are not quite justly called "a copious inventory of classic lumber, swept together with more industry than taste, but full of valuable materials." Yet when it is said, that he was "not ignorant of expression," and that "his Burial of Christ furnished Raffaelle with composition, and even "some figures and attitudes," the severity of the opinion seems somewhat mitigated. Luca Signorelli, more indebted to nature than the study of the antique, "seems to have been the first who contemplated with a discriminating eye his object; saw what was accidental, and what essential; balanced light and shade, and decided the motion of his figures. He foreshortened with equal boldness and intelligence." It was thought by Vasari, that in his "Judgment," Michael Angelo had imitated him. At this period of the "dawn of modern art, Leonardo da Vinci broke forth with a splendour which distanced former excellence; made up of all the elements that constitute the essence of genius; favoured by education and circumstances—all ear, all eye, all grasp; painter, poet, sculptor, anatomist, architect, engineer, chemist, machinist, musician, man of science, and sometimes empiric, he laid hold of every beauty in the enchanted circle, but without exclusive attachment to one, dismissed in her turn each." "We owe him chiaroscuro, with all its magic—we owe him caricature, with all its incongruities." His genius was shown in the design of the cartoon intended for the council-chamber at Florence, which he capriciously abandoned, wherein the group of horsemen might fairly rival the greatness of Michael Angelo himself; and in the well-known "Last Supper," in the refectory of the Dominicans at Milan, best known, however, from the copies which remain of it, and the studies which remain. Fra Bartolomeo, "the last master of this period, first gave gradation to colour, form and masses to drapery, and a grave dignity, till then unknown, to execution." His was the merit of having weaned Raffaelle "from the meanness of Pietro Perugino, and prepared for the mighty style of Michael Angelo Buonarotti." Mr Fuseli is inspired by his admiration of that wonderful man, as

painter, sculptor, and architect.

"Sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, are the elements of Michael Angelo's style. By these principles, he selected or rejected the objects of imitation. As painter, as sculptor, as architect, he attempted—and above any other man, succeeded—to unite magnificence of plan, and endless variety of subordinate parts, with the utmost simplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand. Character and beauty were admitted only as far as they [Pg 699] could be made subservient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanness, deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty; the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation, his infants teem with man; his men are a race of giants. This is the 'terribile via' hinted at by Agostino Caracci; though, perhaps, as little understood by the Bolognese as by the blindest of his Tuscan adorers, with Vasari at their head. To give the appearance of perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty, was the exclusive power of Michael Angelo. He is the inventor of epic in painting, in that sublime circle of the Sistine chapel which exhibits the origin, the progress, and the final dispensations of theocracy. He has personated motion in the groups of the cartoon of Pisa; embodied sentiment on the monuments of St Lorenzo; unraveled the features of meditation in the prophets and sibyls of the Sistine chapel; and in the 'Last Judgment,' with every attitude that varies the human body, traced the master trait of every passion that sways the human heart. Though, as sculptor, he expressed the character of flesh more perfectly than all who went before or came after him, yet he never submitted to copy an individual—Julio the Second only excepted; and in him he represented the reigning passion rather than the man. In painting, he contented himself with a negative colour, and as the painter of mankind, rejected all meretricious ornament. The fabric of St Peter's scattered into infinity of jarring parts by Bramante and his successors, he concentrated; suspended the cupola, and to the most complex, gave the air of the most simple of edifices. Such, take him for all in all, was Michael Angelo, the salt of art; sometimes, no doubt, he had his moments of dereliction, deviated into manner, or perplexed the grandeur of his forms with futile and ostentatious anatomy; both met with armies of copyists, and it has been his fate to have been censured for their folly." This studied panegyric is nevertheless vigorous—emulous as that of Longinus, of showing the author to be—

> "Himself, the great sublime he draws."

It hurries away the mind of the reader till it kindles a congenial enthusiasm, we have the more readily given the quotation, as it is not an unfair specimen of Mr Fuseli's power, both of thought and language. Our author is scarcely less eloquent in his eulogy of Raffaelle which follows. He has seized on the points of character of that great painter very happily. "His composition always hastens to the most necessary point as its centre, and from that disseminates, to that leads back, as rays, all secondary ones. Group, form, and contrast are subordinate to the event, and common-place ever excluded. His expression, in strict unison with, and inspired by character; whether calm, agitated, convulsed, or absorbed by the inspiring passion, unmixed and pure, never contradicts its cause, equally remote from tameness and grimace: the moment of his choice never suffers the action to stagnate or expire; it is the moment of transition, the crisis, big with the past, and pregnant with the future."

It is certainly true—the moment generally chosen by Raffaelle, is not of the action completed, the end—but that in which it is doing. You instantly acknowledge the power, while your curiosity is not quenched. For instance, in the cartoon of the "Beautiful Gate," you see the action at the word is just breaking into the miracle—the cripple is yet in his distorted infirmity—but you see near him grace and activity of limb beautifully displayed, in that mother and running child; and you look to the perfection which, you feel sure, the miracle will complete. This is by no means the best instance—it is the case in all his compositions where a story is to be told. It is this action which, united with most perfect character and expression, makes the life of Raffaelle's pictures. We think, however, that even in so summary a history of art as this, the object of which seems to be to mark the steps to its perfection, the influence of Pietro Perugino should not have been omitted. He is often very pure in sentiment, often more than bordering on grace, and in colour perhaps superior to Raffaelle. Notwithstanding Mr Fuseli's eulogy of Raffaelle, we doubt if he fully entered into his highest sentiment. This we may show when we comment on another lecture. While Rome and Tuscany were thus fostering the higher principles of art, the fascination of [Pg 700] colour was spreading a new charm to every eye at Venice, from the pencils of Giorgione, and of Titian. Had not Titian been a colourist, his genius was not unequal to the great style; perhaps he has admitted of that style as much as would suit the predominant character of his colouring. He worked less with chiaroscuro than colour, which he endowed with all the sentiment of his subject. Mr Fuseli considers landscape to have originated with Titian.

"Landscape, whether it be considered as the transcript of a spot, or the rich combination of congenial objects, or as the scene of a phenomenon, dates its origin from him:" so of portrait, he says—"He is the father of portrait painting, of resemblance with form, character with dignity, and costume with subordination." The yet wanting charm of art—perfect harmony, was reserved for Correggio. "The harmony and grace of Correggio are proverbial; the medium which, by breadth of gradation, unites two opposite principles, the coalition of light and darkness, by imperceptible transition, are the element of his style." "This unison of a whole predominates in all that remains of him, from the vastness of his cupolas to the smallest of his oil pictures. The harmony of Correggio, though assisted by exquisite hues, was entirely independent of colour; his great organ was chiaroscuro in its most extensive sense—compared with the expanse in which he floats, the effects of Leonardi da Vinci are little more than the dying ray of evening, and the concentrated

flash of Giorgione discordant abruptness. The bland, central light of a globe, imperceptibly gliding through lucid demi-tints into rich reflected shades, composes the spell of Correggio, and affects us with the soft emotions of a delicious dream." Here terminates the great, the primal era. Such were the patriarchs of modern art. Here, it may be said, terminated the great discoverers. Mr Fuseli pauses here to observe, that we should consider the characteristic of each of these painters, not their occasional deviations; for not unfrequently did Titian rise to the loftiness of conception of Michael Angelo, and Correggio occasionally "exceeded all competition in expression in the divine features of his *Ecce Homo*." If Mr Fuseli alludes to the *Ecce Homo* now in our National Gallery, we cannot go along with him in this praise—but in that picture, the expression of the true "Mater dolorosa" was never equaled. Art now proceeds to its period of "Refinement." The great schools—the Tuscan, the Roman, the Venetian, and the Lombard—from whatever cause, separated. Michael Angelo lived to see his great style polluted by Tuscan and Venetian, "as the ostentatious vehicle of puny conceits and emblematic quibbles, or the palliative of empty pomp and degraded luxuriance of colour." He considers Andrea del Sarto to have been his copyer, not his imitator. Tibaldi seems to have caught somewhat of his mind. As did Sir Joshua, so does Mr Fuseli mention his Polypheme groping at the mouth of his cave for Ulysses. He expresses his surprise that Michael Angelo was unacquainted with the great talent of Tibaldi, but lavished his assistance on inferior men, Sebastian del Piombo and Daniel of Volterra. We think he does not do fair justice to the merits of these undoubtedly great men. We shall have occasion hereafter to notice his criticism on the great work of Sebastian, in our National Gallery. We are surprised that he should consider Sebastian del Piombo deficient in ideal colour, and that the lines of Daniel of Volterra are meagre and sterile of idea—his celebrated Descent from the Cross being in its lines, as tending to perfect the composition, and to make full his great idea, quite extraordinary. Poor Vasari, who can never find favour with our author, is considered the great depravator of the style of Michael Angelo.

At the too early death of Raffaelle, his style fell into gradual decay. Still Julio Romano, and Polidoro da Carravaggio, "deserted indeed the standard of their master, but with a dignity and magnitude of compass which command respect."

The taste of Julio Romano was not pure enough to detach him from "deformity and grimace" and "ungenial colour." Primaticcio and Nicolo dell Abate propagated the style of Julio Romano on the Gallic side of the Alps, in mythologic and allegoric works. These frescoes from the Odyssea at Fontainbleau are lost, but are worthy admiration, though in the feeble etchings of Theodore van Fulden. The "ideal light and shade, and tremendous breadth of manner" of Michael Angelo [Pg 701] Amerigi, surnamed Il Caravaggi, are next commended. "The aim and style of the Roman school deserve little further notice here, till the appearance of Nicolo Poussin." His partiality for the antique mainly affected his style. "He has left specimens to show that he was sometimes sublime, and often in the highest degree pathetic." Mr Fuseli takes occasion, by contrasting "the classic regularity" of Poussin with the "wildness of Salvator Rosa"—we think unnecessarily, because there seems to be no true point of comparison, and unjustly to censure that great, we may say, that original painter. We have noticed occasionally a capricious dislike in our author to some artists, for which we are at a loss to account. That Salvator should "hide by boldness of hand his inability of exhibiting her (Nature) impassioned," is a sentence that will scarcely meet with an assenting critic. The wealth and luxury of Venice soon demanded of art, to sacrifice the modesty of nature to ostentation. The principle of Titian was, however, followed by Tintoretto, Bassan, Paul Veronese, and then passed to Velasquez the Spaniard, in Italy. From him "Rubens and Vandyck attempted to transplant it to Flanders, France, and England, with unequal success." The style of Correggio scarcely survived him, for he had more imitators of parts than followers of the whole. His grace became elegance under the hand of Parmegiano. "That disengaged play of delicate forms, the 'saltezza' of the Italians, is the prerogative of Parmegiano, though nearly always obtained at the expense of proportion." We cannot agree with the lecturer, that the Moses of Parmegiano—if he speaks of *the* Moses referred to in the Discourses of Sir Joshua, of which Mr Burnet, in his second edition, has given a plate—loses "the dignity of the lawgiver in the savage." Such was the state of art to the foundation of the Eclectic School by the Caracci—an attempt to unite the excellences of all schools. The principles are perpetuated in a sonnet by Agostino Caracci. The Caracci were, however, in their practice above their precepts. Theirs, too, was the school of the "Naturalists." Ludovico is particularly praised for his solemnity of hue, most suited to his religious subjects—"that sober twilight, the air of cloistered meditation, which you have so often heard recommended as the proper tone of historic colour." If the recommendation has at our Academy been often heard, it has entirely lost its influence; our English school is—with an ignorance of the real object of colour, or with a very bad taste as to its harmony—running into an opposite extravagance, destructive of real power, glaring and distracting where it ought to concentrate through vision the ideas of the mind. Annibal Caracci had more power of execution, but not the taste of Agostino. In their immediate scholars, the lecturer seems little disposed to see fairly their several excellences. They are out of the view of his bias. They are not Michael Angelesque. His judgment of Domenichino—a painter who greatly restored the simplicity and severity of the elder schools, and greatly surpassed his masters—is an instance of blindness to a power in art which we would almost call new, that is very strange to see. "Domenichino, more obedient than the rest to his masters, aimed at the beauty of the antique, the expression of Raphael, the vigour of Annibal, the colour of Ludovico; and mixing something of each, fell short of all." Nor do we think him just with regard to Guercino, or even at all describing his characteristic style, when he speaks of his "fierceness of chiaroscuro, and intrepidity of hand." We readily give up to him "the great but abused talents of Pietro da Cortona," a painter without sentiment, and the "fascinating but debauched and empty facility of Luca Giordano."

The German schools here come under consideration, which, simultaneously with those of Italy, and without visible communication, spread the principles of art. "Towards the decline of the fifteenth century, the uncouth essays of Martin Schön, Michael Wolgemuth, and Albrecht Altorfer, were succeeded by the finer polish and the more dexterous method of Albert Durer." His well-known figure of "Melancholy" would alone entitle him to rank. The breadth and power of his wood engravings are worthy of admiration. Mr Fuseli thinks "his colour went beyond his age, and as far excelled, in truth and breadth of handling, the oil-colour of Raphael, as Raphael excels him in every other quality. His influence was not unfelt in Italy. It is visible in the style of even the [Pg 702] imitators of Michael Angelo—Andrea del Sarto, particularly in the angular manner of his draperies. Though Albert Durer had no scholars, he was imitated by the Dutch Lucas of Leyden. Now it was that the style of Michael Angelo, spread by the graver of Giorgio Mantuano, brought to Italy "those caravans of German, Dutch, and Flemish students, who, on their return from Italy, at the courts of Prague and Munich, in Flanders and the Netherlands, introduced the preposterous manner, the bloated excrescence of diseased brains, which, in the form of man, left nothing human; distorted action and gesture with insanity of affectation, and dressed the gewgaws of children in colossal shapes." But though such as Golzius, Spranger, Heyntz, and Abach, "fed on the husks of Tuscan design, they imbibed the colour of Venice, and spread the elements of that excellence which distinguished the succeeding schools of Flanders and of Holland." So it was till the appearance of Rubens and Rembrandt—"both of whom, disdaining to acknowledge the usual laws of admission to the temple of Fame, boldly forged their own keys, entered, and took possession, each of a most conspicuous place, by his own power." Rubens, with many advantages, acquired in his education at Antwerp, and already influenced by the gorgeous pomp of Austrian and Spanish superstition, arrived in Italy rather as the rival than pupil of the masters whom he travelled to study. Whatever he borrowed from the Venetian school—the object of his admiration—he converted into a new manner of florid magnificence. It is just the excellence of Rubens—the completeness, the congruity of his style—that has raised him to the eminence in the temple of fame which he will ever occupy. A little short of Rubens is intolerable: the clumsy forms and improprieties of his imitators are not to be endured. Mr Fuseli excepts Vandyck and Abraham Drepenbeck from the censure passed upon the followers of Rubens. As Drepenbeck is not so well known, we quote the passage respecting him:—"The fancy of Drepenbeck, though not so exuberant, if I be not mistaken, excelled in sublimity the imagination of Rubens. His Bellerophon, Dioscuri, Hippolytus, Ixion, Sisyphus, fear no competitor among the productions of his master." Rembrandt he considers a genius of the first class in all but form. Chiaroscuro and colour were the elements, in fact, in which Rembrandt reveled. In these he was the poet—the maker. He made colour and chiaroscuro throw out ideas of sublimity: that he might throw himself the more into these great elements of his art, and depend solely on their power, he seems purposely not to have neglected form, but to have selected such as, without beauty to attract, should be merely the objects of life, the sensitive beings in his world of mystery. That such was his intention we cannot doubt; because we cannot imagine the beautiful but too attractive figures of the Apollo or the Venus adopted into one of his pictures. Excepting in a few instances, we would not wish Rembrandt's forms other than they are. They appear necessary to his style. Mr Fuseli speaks very favourably of art in Switzerland; but says there are only two painters of name—Holbein, and Francis Mola. The designs of the Passion and Dance of Death of the former, are instanced as works of excellence. Mola, we are surprised to find ranked as Swiss; for he is altogether, in art, Italian. The influence of the school and precepts of the Caracci, produced in France an abundant harvest of mediocrity. In France was the merit of Michael Angelo first questioned. There are, however, names that rescue France from the entire disgrace of the abandonment of the true principles of art: Nicolo Poussin, Le Sueur, Le Brun, Sebastian Bourdon, and Pierre Mignard. The Seven Works of Charity, by Seb. Bourdon, teem with surprising, pathetic, and always novel images; and in the Plague of David, by Pierre Mignard, our sympathy is roused by energies of terror and combinations of woe, which escaped Poussin and Raphael himself." Of Spanish art he says but little, but that "the degree of perfection attained by Diego Velasquez, Joseph Ribera, and Murillo, in pursuing the same object by means as different as successful, impresses us with deep respect for the variety of their powers." Art, as every thing else, has its fashion. The Spanish school have, of later years, been more eagerly sought for; and a strange whim of the day has attached a very extraordinary value to the works of Murillo—a [Pg 703] painter in colour generally monotonous, and in form and expression almost always vulgar.

Art in England is the next subject of the lecture. He takes a view of it from the age of Henry VIII. to our own. No great encouragement was here given to art till the time of Charles I.: Holbein, indeed, and Zucchero, under Elizabeth, were patronized, but "were condemned to Gothic work and portrait painting." The troubles and death of Charles I. were a sad obstacle to art. "His son, in possession of the Cartoons of Raphael, and with the magnificence of Whitehall before his eyes, suffered Verio to contaminate the walls of his palaces, or degraded Lely to paint the Cymons and Iphigenias of his court; whilst the manner of Kneller swept completely what might yet be left of taste under his successors. Such was the equally contemptible and deplorable state of English art, till the genius of Reynolds first rescued from the mannered depravation of foreigners his own branch; and, soon extending his view to the higher departments of art, joined that select body of artists who addressed the ever open ear, ever attentive mind, of our royal founder with the first idea of this establishment." After this little parade of our artists as a body, but four are mentioned by name—"Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Wilson."

We are surprised that, in this summary history of art, no notice has been taken of Van Eyck, and the influence of his discovery on art. Nor are we less surprised that so important a branch as landscape painting should have been omitted; Claude and Gaspar Poussin not mentioned; yet, in

the English school, Wilson is spoken of, whose sole merit rested upon his landscape. He should more distinctly have stated his purpose to treat only of high and historical art.

THIRD LECTURE.—In the commencement, there is an unnecessary, and rather affectedly written disquisition of the old question, or rather comparison between poetry and painting, from which nothing is to be learned; nor does it suggest any thing. Nor do we now-a-days want to read pages to tell us what invention is, and how it differs from creation—nor is it at all important in matters of art, that we should draw any such distinction at all. It is far better to go at once "in medias res," and take it for granted that the reader both knows and feels, without metaphysical discussion, what that invention is which is required to make a great painter. Nor are we disposed to look upon otherwise than impertinent, while we are waiting for didactic rules, the being told that "he who discovers a gold mine, is surely superior to him who afterwards adapts the metal for use;" especially when it is paraded with comparisons between "Colombo" and "Amerigo Vespucci," and a misplaced panegyric on Newton. And much of this is encumbered with language that fatigues and makes a plain matter obscure. There is a little affectation sometimes in Mr Fuseli's writing of Ciceronic *ambages*, that is really injurious to the good sense and just thoughts, which would without this display, come free, open, and with power. Some pages, too, are taken up with a preliminary argument—"*whether it be within the artist's province or not, to find or to combine a subject from himself, without having recourse to tradition, or the stores of history and poetry*." We have a display of learning to little purpose, quotations from Latin and Greek, really "nihil ad rem;" the "φαντασιας" of the Greek, and "visiones" of the Romans. Who that ever saw even one work of Hogarth, the "Marriage à la Mode," would for a moment think the question worth a thought. "The misnamed gladiator of Agasias," seems forced into this treatise, for the sole purpose of showing Mr Fuseli's reading, and after all, he leaves the figure as uncertain as he finds it. He *once* thought it might have been an Alcibiades rushing from the flames, when his house was fired; but is more satisfied that "it might form an admirable Ulysses bestriding the deck of his ship to defend his companions from the descending fangs of Scylla, or rather, with indignation and anguish, seeing them already snatched up, and writhing in the mysterious gripe." In such fanciful humours, it might be made to mean any thing or any body. And we are, after all, quite at a loss to know whether the *conjecture* is offered as a specimen of "*invention*." He considers the cartoon of Pisa "the most striking instance, of the eminent place due to this [Pg 704] *intuitive faculty among the principal organs of invention*"—we mark these words in italics, not quite certain of their meaning. The work is engraved for Foster, by Schiavonetti; and a wonderful work it is—the work of Michael Angelo begun in competition with Leonardo da Vinci. The original is said to have been destroyed by Baccio Bandinelli; still there are the ancient prints and drawings which show the design, and there is a small copy at Holkham. Benvenuto Cellini—and could there be a better authority?—denies that the powers afterwards exerted in the Capella Sistina, arrive at half its excellence. Mr Fuseli's description is so good, that we give it entire. "It represents an imaginary moment relative to the war carried on by the Florentines against Pisa; and exhibits a numerous group of warriors, roused from their bathing in the Arno, by the sudden signal of a trumpet, and rushing to arms. This composition may, without exaggeration, be said to personify with unexampled variety, that motion which Agasias and Theon embodied in single figures. In imagining this transient moment from state of relaxation to a state of energy, the ideas of motion, to use the bold figure of Dante, seem to have showered into the artist's mind. From the chief, nearly placed in the centre, who precedes, and whose voice accompanies the trumpet, every age of human agility, every attitude, every feature of alarm, haste, hurry, exertion, eagerness, burst into so many rays, like sparks flying from the hammer. Many have reached, some boldly step, some have leaped on the rocky shore; here two arms emerging from the water, grapple with the rock, there two hands cry for help, and their companions bend over or rush on to assist them: often imitated, but inimitable, is the ardent feature of the grim veteran, whose every sinew labours to force over the dripping limbs his clothes, whilst gnashing, he pushes the foot through the rending garment. He is contrasted by the slender elegance of a half-averted youth, who, though eagerly buckling the armour to his thigh, methodizes haste; another swings the high-raised hauberk on his shoulder; whilst one, who seems a leader, mindless of his dress, ready for combat, and with brandished spear, overturns a third, who crouched to grasp a weapon; one, naked himself, buckles on the mail of his companion, and he, turned toward the enemy, seems to stamp impatiently the ground. Experience and rage; old vigour, young velocity; expanded or contracted, vie in exertions of energy. Yet in this scene of tumult, one motive animates the whole—eagerness to engage, with subordination to command. This preserves the dignity of the action, and from a strangling rabble, changes the figures to men, whose legitimate contest interests our wishes." Another example is given—Raffaelle's "Incendio del Borgo"—a good description follows: "the enraged elements of *wind* and fire," we do not see in the original, not even in the drapery of the woman with her back to us in the foreground. Speaking of this power of "invention," he says—after having, as we conceive, mistaken the aim of Raffaelle in his Madonnas, and Holy families, which was somewhat beyond even the "charities of father, son, and mother"—"Nor shall I follow it in its more contaminated descent, to those representations of local manners and national modifications of society, whose characteristic discrimination and humorous exuberance, for instance, we admire in Hogarth, but which, like the fleeting passions of the day, every hour contributes something to obliterate, which soon become unintelligible by time, or degenerate into caricature, the chronicle of scandal, the history-book of the vulgar." It seems, strangely enough, to have been the fashion among the, in comparison with Hogarth, puny academicians of that day, to underrate that great painter, that moral painter. We really should

pity the infatuated prejudice of the man, who could see in the deep tragedy, the moral tragedy, "Marriage à la Mode," any *humorous* exuberance; or not understand that the passions set forth, and for a moral end, are not "the fleeting passions of the day," but as permanent as human nature —who could see, in such series of pictures, any "caricature," or that their object is to "chronicle scandal." That it is the "history of the vulgar," we dispute not. For it is drama of the vulgar as of the unvulgar—a deep tragedy of human nature; alas! time has not made "*unintelligible*" these *not* "fleeting passions of the day." As long as man is man, will Hogarth be true to nature; and nothing [Pg 705] in art is more strange, than that such opinions should emanate from an Academy, and be either ventured upon or received *ex cathedra*.

Invention, according to Mr Fuseli, receives its subjects from poetry or tradition—"they are *epic* or sublime, *dramatic* or impassioned, *historic* or circumscribed by truth. The first *astonishes*, the second *moves*, the third *informs*." We confess ourselves weary of this sort of classification. They only tend to hamper the writer, painter, and critic. It is possible for a work to admit all three, and yet preserve its unity. And such we believe to be the case with Homer. He is epic and dramatic in one, and certainly historic. It is more ingenious than unquestionable, that Homer's purpose was to "impress one forcible idea of war—its origin, its progress, and its end." Nor will the "Iliad" be read with greater delight, by the reader's reception of such an idea. The drawing forth the purpose of Michael Angelo's design—his invention, in the series of frescoes in the Sistine Chapel —is more happy. That theocracy is the subject—the dispensations of Providence to man—the Creation—life and adoration in Adam and Eve, their sin, their punishment, their separation from God—justice and grace in the Deluge and covenant with Noah—prophets, sibyls, herald the Redeemer—and the patriarchs—the Son of Man—the brazen serpent—and the Fall of Haman—the giant subdued by the stripling in Goliah and David—and the conqueror destroyed by female weakness in Judith, are types of his mysterious progress, till Jonah pronounces him immortal. The Last Judgment, and the Saviour the Judge of man, complete the whole—and the Founder and the race are reunited. Such is the spirit of the general invention. "The specific invention of the pictures separate, as each constitutes an independent whole, deserves our consideration next: each has its centre, from which it disseminates, to which it leads back all secondary points, arranged, hid, or displayed, as they are more or less organs of the inspiring plan; each rigorously is circumscribed by its generic character." The more particular criticism on this great work of Michael Angelo, is very good, and we earnestly refer the reader to it. He thinks the genius of Michael Angelo more generic in its aim—that of Raffaelle more specific. That as M. Angelo's aim was the "destiny of man, simply considered as the subject of religion, faithful or rebellious," admitting only a "general feature of the passions;" so, in the hands of Raffaelle, the subject would have teemed with a choice of imagery to excite our sympathies; "he would have combined all possible emotions with the utmost variety of probable or real character; all domestic, politic, religious relations—whatever is not local in virtue and in vice; and the sublimity of the greatest events would have been merely the minister of sympathies and passions." The latter mode of representing the subject, that of Raffaelle, he considers dramatic. The distinction is, however, doubtful: we do not see why the mode of M. Angelo may not be held to be equally dramatic. The criticism on the comparison between Raffaelle's and Michael Angelo's Adam and Eve, if not quite just, is striking. "The elevation of Michael Angelo's soul, inspired by the operation of creation itself, furnished him at once with the feature that stamped on human nature its most glorious prerogative; whilst the characteristic subtility, rather than sensibility, of Raffaelle's mind, in this instance, offered nothing but a frigid succedaneum—a symptom incident to all, when, after the subsided astonishment on a great and sudden event, the mind, recollecting itself, ponders on it with inquisitive surmise. In Michael Angelo, all self-consideration is absorbed in the sublimity of the sentiment which issues from the august presence that attracts Eve; 'her earthly,' in Milton's expression, 'by his heavenly overpowered,' pours itself in adoration; whilst, in the inimitable cast of Adam's figure, we trace the hint of that half-conscious moment, when sleep began to give way to the vivacity of the dream inspired. In Raffaelle, creation is complete—Eve is presented to Adam, now awake; but neither the new-born charms, the submissive grace, and virgin purity, of the beauteous image; nor the awful presence of her Introductor, draw him from his mental trance, into effusions of love or gratitude; at ease reclined, with fingers pointing at himself and his new mate, he seems to methodize the surprising event that took place during his sleep, and to [Pg 706] whisper the words—'flesh of my flesh.'" Not subscribing to any criticism which concludes insensibility of mind to Raffaelle, and which is rather inconsistent with the judgment made by Mr Fuseli, that he was the painter of expression, from the utmost conflict of passions, to the enchanting round of gentler emotion, and the nearly silent hints of mind and character—we look to the object of the painter in this his series of works called his Bible. The first five pictures represent only the act of creation—the Deity, the Creator—all nature, is as yet passive—even adoration, the point chosen by Michael Angelo, might be said scarcely to have begun—the plan is developed, not put in action. As yet, the Deity is all in all—Eve, his gift to Adam, is the last of this division of the series. As in Genesis, there is the bare, short statement, grand from its simplicity, and our knowledge of its after consequences; but in the words unimpassioned—so Raffaelle, that he might make his pictorial language agree with the written book, with utmost forbearance, lest he should tell more, and beyond his authority, in this portion of the series manifestly avoids expression, or the introduction of any feeling that would make the creatures more than the most passive recipients of the goodness of their Maker. Nor is there authority to show, that as *yet* they were fully, perfectly conscious of the nature of the gifts of life and companionship; and we certainly do not agree with Mr Fuseli, that it was a moment for Adam to show his sensibility to the personal charms of Eve—the pure Adam—nor was he—the as yet untransgressing Adam—to feel fear, in "the awful presence of the Introductor." Raffaelle's aim seems to have been, to follow the text in its utmost simplicity, that the unlettered might read—and this justifies in him the

personality of the Creator, and the apparently manual act of his creation, corresponding with the words—"God *made*." The "allegoric drama" of the Church empire, that fills the stanzas of the Vatican, is praised by Mr Fuseli, with a full understanding of the purpose of the painter, and feeling for its separate parts. He does not cavil, as some have done, at the anachronisms. "When," says an able, reflecting, and very amusing author,[2] "Aristotle, Plato, Leo X., and Cardinal Bembo, are brought together in the school of Athens, every person must admit, that such offences as these, against truths so obvious, if they do not arise from a defect of understanding, are instances of inexcusable carelessness." Here we think this writer has missed the key of explanation. The very picture is the history of the progress of mind, through science and philosophy, to the acknowledgment of an immortal being. The very subject amalgamates, in one moral idea, times, epochs, localities. It treats of that which passes over time, and embodies only its results. Mr Fuseli notices not these anachronisms, but says aptly of the picture—"What was the surmise of the eye and wish of hearts, is gradually made the result of reason, in the characters of the school of Athens, by the researches of philosophy, which, from bodies to mind, from corporeal harmony to moral fitness, and from the duties of society, ascends to the doctrine of God and hopes of immortality." The very entertaining author whom we have quoted above, we must here, somewhat out of place, observe, has, with Mr Fuseli, mistaken the character of Hogarth's works. He says—"Hogarth has painted comedy!" and what is very strange, he seems to rank him as a comedian with "Pope, Young and Crabbe"—the last, the most tragic in his pathos of any writer. The invention in the Cartoons comes next under Mr Fuseli's observation. "In whatever light we consider their invention, as parts of *one whole*, relative to each other, or independent *each of the rest*, and as single subjects, there can be scarcely named a beauty or a mystery, of which the Cartoons furnish not an instance or a clue; *they are poised between perspicuity and pregnancy of moment*." We believe we understand the latter sentence; it is, however, somewhat affected, and does not rightly balance the *perspicuity*. We must go back, however, to a passage [Pg 707] preceding the remarks on the Cartoons; because we wish, above all things, to vindicate the purest of painters from charges of licentiousness. He sees in Cupid and Psyche a voluptuous history: this may or may not be so—we think it is far from being such; but when he adds, "the voluptuous history of his (Raffaelle's) own *favourite passion*," he is following a prejudice, an unfounded story—one which we think, too, has in no slight degree influenced his general criticism and estimation of Raffaelle. We would refer the reader to "Passavant's Life of Raffaelle," where he will see this subject investigated, and the tale refuted. It is surprising, but good men affect to speak of amorous passion as if it were a crime; by itself it may disgust, but surely coldness is not the better nature. Insensibilities of all kinds must be avoided, even where "Amor," as Mr Fuseli calls him, and Psyche are the subjects. It is the happiest genius that shall signify without offence the necessary existence of passion, and leave purity in its singleness and innocence. How exquisitely is this done by Shakspeare in his "Romeo and Juliet!" He keeps the lovers free from every grosser particle of love, while he throws it all upon the subordinate characters, particularly the nurse, whose part in the drama, in no small degree, tends to naturalise to our sympathy the youth, the personal beauty, and whole loveliness, of the unhappy Romeo and Juliet.

The differences of manner in which the same subject, "the Murder of the Innocents," has been represented by several painters, according to the genius of each, are well noticed. "History, strictly so called, follows the drama; fiction now ceases, and invention consists only in selecting and fixing with dignity, precision, and sentiment, the moments of *reality*." He instances, by a given subject, that were the artist to choose the "Death of Germanicus," he is never to forget that he is to represent "a Roman dying amidst Romans," and not to suffer individual grief to un-Romanize his subject. "Germanicus, Agrippina, Caius, Vitellius, the Legates, the Centurions at Antioch, the hero, the husband, the father, the friend, the leader—the struggles of nature and sparks of hope, must be subjected to the physiognomic character and features of Germanicus, the son of Drusus, the Cæsar of Tiberius. Maternal, female, connubial passion, must be tinged by Agrippina, the woman absorbed in the Roman, less lover than companion of her husband's grandeur. Even the bursts of friendship, attachment, allegiance, and revenge, must be stamped by the military ceremonial, and distinctive costume of Rome." For an instance of this propriety of invention in history, reference is made, we presume as much, to Mr West's "Death of Wolfe." Undoubtedly, this is Mr West's best picture. The praise from Mr Fuseli was, in all probability, purely academic; he frequently showed that he did not too highly estimate the genius of the painter. Having given these outlines of general and specific invention in the epic, dramatic, and historic branches of art, he admits that there is not always a nice discrimination of their limits: "and as the mind and fancy of man, upon the whole, consist of mixed qualities, we seldom meet with a human performance exclusively made up of epic, dramatic, or pure historic materials." This confession, as it appears to us, renders the classification useless to a student, and shows a yet incomplete view of arrangement, and specification of the power, subjects, and means of art.

Indeed Mr Fuseli proceeds to instances wherein his epic assumes the dramatic, the dramatic the epic, and the historic both. There does seem something wanting in an arrangement which puts the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, two works essentially different, in the same category. We do, therefore, venture the opinion, that such distinctions are, more particularly in painting, not available. With Sir Joshua, he considers borrowing justifiable, and that it does not impair the originality of invention. The instances given of happy adoption are the "Torso of Apollonius," by Michael Angelo; of the figure of "Adam dismissed from Paradise," by Raffaelle, borrowed from Massaccio, as likewise the figure of "Paul at Athens;" and for figures of Michael Angelo's, Raffaelle, Parmegiano, Poussin, are all indebted to the cartoon of Pisa. The lecture concludes with some just remarks upon the "Transfiguration," and a censure upon the coldness of Richardson, and the

burlesque of the French critic Falconet, who could not discover the point of contact which united the two parts of this celebrated picture. "Raphael's design was to represent Jesus as the Son of God, and, at the same time, the reliever of human misery, by an unequivocal fact. The transfiguration on Tabor, and the miraculous cure which followed the descent of Jesus, united, furnished the fact. The difficulty was, how to combine two successive actions in one moment. He overcame it, by sacrificing the moment of cure to that of the apparition, by implying the lesser miracle in the greater. In subordinating the cure to the vision, he obtained sublimity; in placing the crowd and patient on the foreground, he gained room for the full exertion of his dramatic powers. It was not necessary that the demoniac should be represented in the moment of recovery, if its certainty could be expressed by other means. It is implied, it is placed beyond all doubt, by the glorious apparition above; it is made nearly intuitive by the uplifted hand and finger of the apostle in the centre, who, without hesitation, undismayed by the obstinacy of the demon, unmoved by the clamour of the crowd, and the pusillanimous scepticism of some of his companions, refers the father of the maniac, in an authoritative manner, for certain and speedy help to his Master on the mountain above, whom, though unseen, his attitude at once connects with all that passes below. Here is the point of contact; here is that union of the two parts of the fact in one moment, which Richardson and Falconet could not discover."

It is with diffidence that we would suggest any thing upon a work that has so nearly exhausted criticism; but we will venture an observation, and if we are correct, the glory of the subject is heightened by its adoption. It has ever appeared to us to have purposed showing at one view, humanity in its highest, its divinely perfected state, the manhood taken into Godhead; and humanity in its lowest, its most forlorn, most degraded state, in the person of a demoniac: and this contrast seems acknowledged—abhorrently felt, by the reluctant spirit within the sufferer, whose attitude, starting from the effulgence and the power which is yet to heal him, being the strong action of the lower part of the picture, and one of suffering, throws the eye and mind of the spectator at once and permanently from earth to the heavenly vision, to ascending prophets, and that bright and central majesty, "whose countenance," Mr. Fuseli observes, "is the only one we know expressive of his superhuman nature." This idea of transformation to a higher nature is likewise kept up in the figures of the ascending prophets, and the apostles below.

The Fourth Lecture is in continuation of the subject—Invention; but we have left little space for further remarks. In another number of Maga we shall resume our review of the lectures.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Perhaps the author of the lectures received this ill opinion of Pausanias from Julius Cæsar Scaliger, who treats him as an impostor; but he is amply vindicated by Vossius. He lived in the second century, and died very old at Rome. In his account of the numerous representations of the Χαριτες, he seems to throw some light upon a passage in Xenophon's Memorabilia, which, as far as we know, has escaped the notice of the commentators. It is in the dialogue between Socrates and the courtesan Theodote. She wishes that he would come to her, to teach her the art of charming men. He replies, that he has no leisure, being hindered by many matters of private and public importance; and he adds, "I have certain mistresses which will not allow me to be absent from them day nor night, on account of the spells and charms, which learning, they receive from me"—εισι δε και φιλαι μοι, αι ουτε ημερας ουτε νυκτος αφ αυτων εασουσι με απιεναι, φιλτρα τε μανθανουσαι παρ εμον και επωδας. Who were these φιλαι? Had he meant the virtues or moral qualities, he would have spoken plainer, as was his wont; but here, where the subject is the personal beauty, the charms of Theodote, it is more in the Socratic vein that he refers to other *personal* charms, which engage his thoughts night and day, and keep him at home. Now, it appears too, that Socrates was taken to see her, on account of the fame of her beauty, and goes to her when she is sitting, or rather standing, to a painter; and it is evident from the dialogue, that she did not refuse the exhibition of her personal charms. It seems, then, not improbable, that Socrates was induced to go to her as the painter went, for the advantage of his art as a sculptor, and that the art was that one at home, the τις φιλωτερα σου ενδον. Be that as it may, it is extremely probable that the φιλαι were some personifications of feminine beauty, upon which he was then at work. Are there, then, any such recorded as from his hand? Pausanias says there were. "Thus Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, made for the Athenians statues of the Graces, before the vestibule of the citadel," And adds the curious fact, that after that time the Graces were represented naked, and that these were clothed. Σωκρατης τε ο Σωφρονισχου προ της ες την ακροπολιν εσοδον Χαριτων ειργασατο αγαλματα Αθηναιοις. Και ταυτα μεν εστιν ὁμοιως απαντα εν εσθετι. Οι δε υστερον, ουκ οιδα εφ οτω, μεταβεβληκασι το σχημα αυταις. Χαριτας γουν, οι κατ εμε επλασσον τε και εγραφον γυμνας. Did not Socrates allude to these his statues of the Graces?—*Pausanias*, cap. xxxv. lib. 9.

[2] *The Literary Conglomerate, or Combination of Various Thoughts and Facts.* Oxford: 1839. Printed by Thomas Combe.

SOMETHING ABOUT MUSIC.

Gentle Christians, pity us! We are just returned from a musical entertainment, and, with aching head and stunned ears, sit down and try to recover our equanimity, sorely disturbed by the infliction which, we regret to say, we have survived. Had we known how to faint, we had done so on the spot, that ours might have been the bliss of being carried out over the heads and shoulders of the audience ere the performance had well begun—a movement that would have insured us the unfeigned thanks of all whom we had rescued from their distressing situation under pretence of bearing us off, splashing us with cold water, causing doors to bang impressively during our exit, and the various other *petit soins* requisite to the conducting a "faint" with dignity.

But it could not be accomplished. We made several awkward attempts, so little like, that their only result was our being threatened with a policeman it we made any more disturbance; so, after a hasty glance round had assured us of the impracticability of making our escape in any more everyday style, we sat down with a stern resolution of endurance—lips firmly compressed, eyes fixed in a stony gaze on the orchestra, whence issued by turns groans, shrieks, and screams, from sundry foully-abused instruments of music; accompanied by equally appalling sounds from flat, shrill signorinas, quavering to distraction, backed by gigantic "basses," (double ones surely,) who, with voices like the "seven devils" of the old Grecian, bellowed out divers sentimentalisms about dying for love, when assuredly their most proximate danger was of apoplexy.

Well, the affair came to an end, as, it is to be hoped, will every other evil in this wicked world; in a spasm of thankfulness we extricated ourselves from the crush, and reached our home, where, under the genial influence of quiet and a cup of coffee, we can afford to laugh at the past, (our own vehement indignation included,) and ruminate calmly on the "how" and the "why" of the nuisance, which appears to us as well worthy of being put down by act of parliament, as the ringing of muffin bells and crying "sweep!"

It is a perfect puzzle to us by what process the standard of music has become so lowered, as to make what is ordinarily served up under that name be received as the legitimate descendant of the harmony divine which erst broke on the ear of the listening world, when "the morning stars sang together;" and, in the first freshness of its creation—teeming with melody—angels deigned to visit this terrestrial paradise, nor turned an exile's gaze to that heaven whose strains were chanted in glad accordance with the murmuring stream, and music of the waving forest—which, in its greenness and beauty, seemed but "a little lower" than its celestial archetype, for

> "Earth hath *this* variety from heaven."

(Blessings on the poet for that line! We have a most firm belief in Milton, and receive his representations of heaven as we would those of a Daguerreotype.)

But it is even so. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this entrancing art, it seems, has taken it; sorely dislocating its graceful limbs, and injuring its goodly proportions in the unseemly escapade. There—we have played over a simple air, one that thrills through our heart of hearts; and as the notes die on our ears, soothing though the strain be, we feel our indignation increase, and glow still more fiercely against this—music, as it is by courtesy called, for Heaven knows it has no legitimate claim to the name!—till it reaches the crusading point, and we rush headlong to a war of extermination against bars, rests, crotchets, quavers—undaunted even by "staves," and formidable inflated semibreves.

We hate your crashing, clumsy chords, and utterly spit at and defy chromatic passages from one end of the instrument to the other, and back again; flats, sharps, and most appropriate "naturals," splattered all over the page. The essential spirit of discord seems let loose on our modern music, tainted, as it were, with the moral infection that has seized the land; it is music [Pg 710] for a democracy, not the stately, solemn measure of imperial majesty. Music to soothe! the idea is obsolete, buried with the ruffs and farthingales of our great-grandmothers; or, to speak more soberly, with the powdered wigs and hoops of their daughters. There is music to excite, much to irritate one, and much more to drive a really musical soul stark mad; but none to soothe, save that which is drawn from the hiding-places of the past.

We should like to catch one of the old masters—Handel, for instance—and place him within the range of one of our modern executioners, to whose taste(!) *carte-blanche* had been given. We think we see him under the infliction. Neither the hurling of wig, nor yet of kettle-drum, at the head of the performer, would relieve his outraged spirit: he would strangle the offender on the spot, and hang himself afterwards; and the jury would, in the first case, return a verdict of justifiable homicide, and, in the second, of justifiable suicide, with a deodand of no ordinary magnitude on the musical instrument that had led to the catastrophe.

There is no repose, no refreshment to the mind, in our popular compositions; they are like Turner's skies—they harass and fatigue, leaving you certainly wondering at their difficulty, but, as certainly, wishing they had been "impossible." There is to us more of touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression, in some of the old psalm-tunes, feelingly played, than in a whole batch of modernisms. The strains go *home*, and the "fountains of the great deep are broken up"—the great deep of unfathomable feeling, that lies far, far below the surface of the world-hardened heart; and as the unwonted, yet unchecked, tear starts to the eye, the softened spirit yields to their influence, and shakes off the moil of earthly care; rising, purified and spiritualized, into a clearer

atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable associations brood over the mind,

"Like the far-off dreams of paradise,"

mingling their chaste melancholy with musings of a still subdued, though more cheerful character. How many glad hearts in the olden time have rejoiced in these songs of praise—how many sorrowful ones sighed out their complaints in those plaintive notes, that steal sadly, yet sweetly, on the ear—hearts that, now cold in death, are laid to rest around that sacred fane, within whose walls they had so often swelled with emotion! Tell us not of neatly trimmed "cemeteries," redolent of staring sunflowers, priggish shrubs, and all the modern coxcombry of the tomb; with nicely swept gravel walks, lest the mourner should get "wet on's feet," and vaults numbered like warehouses, where "parties may bring their own minister," and be buried with any form, or no form, if they like it better. No, give us the village churchyard with its sombre yew-trees, among which

"The dial, hid by weeds and flowers,
Hath told, by none beheld, the solitary hours;"

its grassy hillocks, and mouldering grave-stones, where haply all record is obliterated, and nought but a solitary "resurgam" meets the enquiring eye; its white-robed priest reverently committing "earth to earth," in sure and certain hope "of a joyful resurrection" to the slumbering clay, that was wont to worship within the grey and time-stained walls, whence the mournful train have now borne him to his last rest; while on the ivy-clad tower fall the slanting golden beams of an autumnal sun, that, in its declining glory, seems to whisper of hope and consolation to the sorrowful ones, reminding them that the night of the tomb shall not endure for ever, but that, so surely as the great orb of day shall return on the wings of the morning to chase away the tears of the lamenting earth, so surely shall the dust, strewed around that temple, scattered though it may be to the winds of heaven, "rise again" in the morning of the Resurrection, when death "shall be swallowed up in victory."

"'Tis fit his trophies should be rife
Around the place where he's subdued;
The gate of death leads forth to life."

But we are wandering sadly from our subject; it is perhaps quite as well that we have done so, for we should have become dangerous had we dwelt much longer on it. We were on the point of wishing (Nero-like) that our popular professors of the tuneful art had but one neck, that we might exterminate them at a blow, or hang them with one gigantic fiddle-string; but now, thanks to our episode, our exacerbated feelings are so far mollified, that we will be content with wishing them sentenced to grind knives on oil-less stones with creaking axles, till the sufferings of their own shall have taught them consideration for the ears of other people. [Pg 711]

But music, real music—not in the harsh, exaggerated style now in the ascendant, but simple, pure, melodious, such as might have entranced the soul of a Handel, when, in some vision of night, sounds swept from angelic harps have floated around him, the gifted one, in whose liquid strains and stately harmonies fall on our ravished ears the echoes of that immortal joy—such we confess to be one of our idols, before whose shrine we pay a willing, gladsome homage; though now, alas! it must be in dens and caves of the earth, since *modern* heresy has banished it from the temple of Apollo.

See how Toryism peeps out even in the fine arts! *Even* did we say? They are its legitimate province; "The old is better," is inscribed in glowing character on the portals of the past. Old Painting! See the throbbing form start from the pregnant canvass—the "Mother of God" folding her Divine Son to her all but celestial arms—the Son of God fainting beneath a load of woe, not his own. Old Poetry! Glorious old Homer, with his magic song; and sturdy, oak-like in his strength, as in his verdure, old Chaucer. Old Music! Hail, ye inspired sons of the lyre! A noble host are ye, enshrined in the hearts of all loyal worshippers of the tuneful god. And yet (we grieve to confess it) we, even we, spite of all our enthusiasm, have been seen laughing at "old music," the aspiring psalmody of a country church singing-pew.

Oh, to see the row of performers, the consequential choir, transcending in importance (in their own eyes) the clerk, the curate, the rector, and even the squire from the great hall, majestic and stern though he be, with his awful wig and gold-headed cane! There are the fubsy boys—copied apparently from cherubim—who, with glowing, distended cheeks, are simpering on the ceiling, *doing* the tenor, with wide open mouths that would shame e'er a barn-door in the village; their red, stumpy fingers sprawling over the music which they are (not) reading. The pale, lantern-jawed youths, in yellow waistcoats and tall shirt-collars, who look as if they were about to whistle a match, are holloing out what is professionally, and in this instance with most distressing truth, termed counter. "Counter" it is with a vengeance; and not only so, but it is a neck-and-neck race between them and the urchins aforesaid, which shall have done first. The shock-headed man, with chin dropped into his neckerchief, and mouth twisted into every *un*imaginable contortion, as though grinning through a horse-collar, has the bass confided to his faithful keeping; and emits a variety of growls and groans truly appalling, though evidently to his own great comfort and satisfaction. The bassoon, the clarinet, the flute—but how shall we describe them! Suffice it to say, that they appeared to be suffering inexpressible torments at the hands of their apoplectic-looking performers; who were all at the last gasp, and all determined to die bravely at their posts. And then the entranced audience, with half-shut eyes and quivering palms! Oh, it was too much; we lost our character typo irretrievably that day; half suppressed titters from the squire's pew

were not to be borne. In that unhappy moment we sinned away some quarter of a century's unrivalled reputation for good manners and musical taste. Old Fiddlestrings never forgave us, never did he vouchsafe us another anthem, spite of our entreaties and protestations, and the thousand and one apologies for our ill-timed merriment, which our fruitful brain invented on the spot. To his dying day he preserved the utmost contempt for our judgment, not only in this department of the fine arts, but also on every other subject. Not to admire his music, was condemnation in every thing—an unpardonable offence. We, who had been his great friend, patron, (or rather he was ours,) to whom he had so often condescended on the Saturday evening to hum, whistle, and too-too over the tune—of his own composing—that was to be the admiration of the whole parish on the succeeding day—we were henceforth to be as the uninitiated, and left [Pg 712] to find out, and follow, as we best might, the very eccentric windings of his Sunday's asthmatic performance; which always went at the rate of three crotchets and a cough, to the end of the psalm, which he took care should be an especial long one.

Poor old man! we see him now, with his unruly troop of Sunday scholars (in training for some important festival, to the due celebration of which their labours were essential) singing, bawling we should say, out of time and tune, to the utter discomfiture of his irritable temper, (there is nothing like a false note for throwing your musical man into a perfect tantrum,) and the bringing down on their unlucky heads a smart tap with the bow of his violin, which led the harmony. There they stood with their brown cheeks and white heads, fine specimens of the agricultural interest; each one of them looking as if he could bolt a poor, half-starved factory child at a mouthful—but certainly no singers. It was beyond the power even of the accomplished old clerk himself to make then such—an oyster, with its mouth full of sand, would have sung quite as well; but still he laboured on with might and main—with closed eyes, and open mouth—delightedly beating time with his head, as long as matters went on not intolerably; for David's musical soul supplied the deficiency in the sounds that entered his unwearied ears. And then he sang so loud himself, that he certainly could hear no one else, his voice being as monopolizing as the drone of a bagpipe—or as a violent advocate for free trade! Happy urchins when this was the case! for they were sure to be dismissed with the most flattering encomiums on their vocal powers, when, if truth must be told, the good old man had not heard a note.

But he is gathered to his fathers, and now sleeps beneath the sod in the quiet churchyard of——. We well remember his funeral. 'Twas a lovely day in spring when the long, lifeless trees and fields were bursting into all the glory of May—for May was spring then, and not, as now, cousin-german to winter; while the gay sunbeams played lovingly, like youth caressing age, on the low church-tower, gilding the ivy that waved in wild luxuriance around it. Slowly moved on the lowly train that bore to the "house appointed for all living" the mortal remains of one whom they well loved, and whose removal from among them—essential as he had always seemed to the very identity of the village—was an event they had never contemplated and which they now, in its unexpectedness, sorely lamented. The village choir preceded it, singing those strains which poor David's voice had so often led; and surely, for once, the spirit of the old man rested on his refractory pupils; for rarely have I heard sweeter notes than those that swelled on the balmy air, as the dusky procession wound its way across the heath, waving with harebells, and along the narrow lane, whose hedges were beginning to show the first faint rose, till it reached the church porch, where the good rector himself was waiting to pay the last token of respect to his humble friend; while groups of villagers were loitering around to witness the simple rites. Entering within the church, again was the voice of melody heard, and again was as sweetly chanted that mournful psalm, which is appointed, with such affecting appropriateness, for the burial of the dead. "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not in my tongue; I will keep my mouth, as it were, with a bridle, while the ungodly is in my sight." Then came the dull, hollow sound of "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" and so, amid many tears, (and we confess our eyes were not dry,) closed the grave over one who, despite some innocent, though mirth-provoking failings, was honoured by all who knew him for the stern, unbending integrity of his character, and the strictness with which he fulfilled all the duties of life. David was an *honest* man, one whose "word was as good as his bond," who "promised to his hurt, and changed not." Would that as much might be said of many who move in a higher sphere, and make far larger professions of sanctity than he did! But he shall be remembered, when their names are blotted out for ever.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust."

The music which we hear in our social intercourse, is too generally—we say it in grief, but in [Pg 713] truth—detestable. "Like figures on a dial-plate," sit the four-and-twenty Englishmen and Englishwomen, who have been drawn together to receive their friend's hospitality; till the awful silence convinces the host that some desperate effort must be made to break the spell, and that the best thing is some music to set them a-talking. Some *mimini-pimini* Miss is in consequence selected as the victim, (or rather, the victimizer,) and requested to "pain" the company. She fidgets, bridles, and duly declines, at the same time vigorously pulling off one of her gloves in evident preparation for the attack. After much pressing, she reluctantly yields to what she had from the first made up her mind to do; takes her seat at a grand pianoforte, behind a couple of candles and an enormous music-book, and—crash go the keys in a thundering prelude, (the pedal, and every other means of increasing the noise being unscrupulously resorted to,) which, after superhuman exertions, lands her in what, to our affrighted and stunned ears, is evidently the key of Z flat! Who would have thought those delicate hands could thus descend with the vigour of a pavior's hammer on the unhappy ivories, that groan and shriek beneath the infliction, as though fully sensible of the surpassing cruelty with which they are treated.

But hark! she sings—"Romè, Romè, thou art *n'more*," (*sic*)—a furious scramble on the keys, with a concluding bang—"On thy seven hills thou satt'st of yore,"—another still more desperate and discordant flourish, which continues alternating with her "most sweet voice," till she has piped through the whole of her song: when the group around, apprehensive of a repetition of the torture to which they have been subjected, overwhelm her with thanks and expressions of admiration, under cover of which they hurry her to her seat. Such is the stuff palmed off on us, varied as it is by glees, screamed out by four voices all in different keys; solos, squeaked out by stout gentlemen, and roared by pale lanky lads of eighteen; duets by young ladies, who accidentally set out on discordant notes, and don't find out the mistake till they come to the finale; with occasionally a psalm crooned by worthy sexagenarians, guiltless alike of ear and voice, but who, seeming to think it a duty to add their mite to the inexpressible dissonance, perform the same to the unmixed dismay of all their hearers.

We would far rather hear an unpretending street organ than such abominations; and, indeed, some of the itinerant music is, to our unsophisticated ears, sweet beyond expression, especially when accompanied, as it is sometimes, by a rich Italian or reedy German voice; for whose sake we can forgive the tuneless squalls that too often greet our ears from ambulatory minstrels, be they of the Madonna, or fishy, Dutch-swamp style of beauty. A sweet-toned street organ, heard in the distance, when all around is still, is not a thing to be despised, by those who have music enough in their souls to respond to the slightest touches of Apollo's lyre. If the heart be but attuned to harmony, it will vibrate to the simplest notes, faint though they be, as by the wafting of the evening breeze among the chords of a neglected harp, sadly hung upon the willows; it will cherish the feeblest idea, and nurture it into perfect melody. As love begets love, so does harmony beget its kind in the heart of him who can strike the keynote of nature, and listen to the wild and solemn sounds that swell from her mysterious treasure-house, and echo among her "eternal hills," while the celestial arch concludes and re-affirms the wondrous cadence. But these are secrets revealed to none but her loving worshipper; he who, with a reverential homage, seeks the hidden recesses of her temple, to bend in awe before her purest shrine. From him who lingers heedlessly in her antechamber with faint loyalty, they are deeply veiled, and the glowing revelations of her favoured ones seem but as the recital of a dream to his cold heart: for "to *love* is to know."

But surely of all instruments, the violin, first-rately played, is the most—yes, we will say it—heavenly. Hark! to the clear, vocal melody, now rapturously rising in one soul-exalting strain, anon melting away in the saddest, tenderest lament, as though the soft summer breeze sighed forth a requiem over the dying graces of its favourite flower; then bursting forth in haughty, [Pg 714] triumphant notes, swept in gusts from the impassioned strings, as though instinct with life, and glowing with disdain. Any one may see that painters are no musicians, else had they furnished their angels not with harps—beautiful and sparkling as the sea-foam, as are their most graceful chords—but with this, of all instruments the most musical, whose tones admit of more variety than any, (the Proteus organ alone excepted,) and whose delicious long-drawn notes must entrance every one not absolutely soulless. Oh, they are excruciatingly delightful! And yet you shall hear this identical violin, in the hands of an everyday performer, emit such squeals and screams as shall set your teeth on edge for a twelvemonth, curdle your whole frame, and make you vehemently anathematize all benevolent institutions for the relief of deafness.

Verily your violin is an exclusive instrument, and approachable by none but the eldest born of Apollo, who, in all the majesty of hereditary prerogative, calmly sway the dominions of their sire; while usurpers (as is the meed of all who grasp unrighteous rule) are plunged in utter confusion and ruin.

Warming with our theme, and impatient to manifest our royal descent, in a paroxysm of enthusiasm we clutch our Cremona, clasp him lovingly to our shoulder, and high waving in air our magical bow, which is to us a sceptre, bring it down with a crash, exulting in the immortal harmony about to gush, like a mountain torrent, from the teeming strings; when lo! to our unmitigated disgust, it glides noiselessly along its hitherto resounding path, for—ye gods and little fishes!—some murderous wretch, at the instigation of we know not what evil sprite, has *greased* the horsehair, for which we solemnly devote him to the "bowstring," the first time he is caught napping.

Well, it is over now, and we find ourselves once more on earth, after knocking our head gainst the stars; and, —— —— bless us! we have sat the fire out, having precisely one inch of candle left to go to bed by.

Good night, dearest reader. Can you find your way in the dark?

M. J.

THE PURPLE CLOAK; OR, THE RETURN OF SYLOSON TO

SAMOS.

HEROD. III. 139.

I.

The king sat on his lofty throne in Susa's palace fair,
And many a stately Persian lord, and satrap proud, was there:
Among his councillors he sat, and justice did to all—
No supplicant e'er went unredrest from Susa's palace-hall.

II.

There came a slave and louted low before Darius' throne,
"A wayworn suppliant waits without—he is poor and all alone,
And he craves a boon of thee, oh king! for he saith that he has done
Good service, in the olden time, to Hystaspes' royal son."

III.

"Now lead him hither," quoth the king; "no suppliant e'er shall wait,
While I am lord in Susa's halls, unheeded at the gate;
And speak thy name, thou wanderer poor, pray thee let me know
To whom the king of Persia's land this ancient debt doth owe."

IV.

The stranger bow'd before the king—and thus began to speak—
Full well, I ween, his garb was worn, and with sorrow pale his cheek,
But his air was free and noble, and proudly flash'd his eye,
As he stood unknown in that high hall, and thus he made reply —

V.

"From Samos came I, mighty king, and Syloson my name;
My brother was Polycrates, a chief well known to fame;
That brother drove me from my home—a wanderer forth I went —
And since that hour my weary soul has never known content!

VI.

"Methinks I need not tell to thee my brother's mournful fate; [Pg 715]
He lies within his bloody grave—a churl usurps his state—
Mœandrius lords it o'er the land, my brother's base born slave;
Restore me to that throne, oh king! this, this, the boon I crave.

VII.

"Nay, start not; let me tell my tale! I pray thee look on me,
And, prince, thou soon shalt know the cause that I ask this gift of thee;
Round Persia's king a bristling ring of spearmen standeth now,
But when Cambyses wore the crown—a wanderer poor wast *thou*!

VIII.

"Remember'st not, oh king! the day when, in old Memphis town,
Upon the night ye won the fight, thou wast pacing up and down?
The costly cloak that then I wore, its colours charm'd thy eye—
In sooth it was a gorgeous robe, of purple Tyrian dye—

IX.

"Let base-born peasants buy and sell, I gave that cloak to thee!
And for that gift on thee bestow'd, grant thou this boon to me—
I ask not silver, ask not gold—I ask of thee to stand
A prince once more on Samos' shore—my own ancestral land!"

X.

"Oh! best and noblest," quoth the king, "thou ne'er shalt rue
the day,
When to Cambyses' spearman poor thou gav'st thy cloak away;
The faithless eye each well-known form and feature may forget,
But the deeds of generous kindness done—the heart
remembers yet.

XI.

"To-day thou art a wanderer sad, but thou shalt sit, erelong,
Within thy fair ancestral hall, and hear the minstrel's song;
To-day thou art a homeless man—to-morrow thou shalt stand—
A conqueror and a sceptred king—upon thy native land.

XII.

"A cloud is on thy brow to-day—thy lot is poor and low,
To all who gaze on thee thou seem'st a man of want and wo;
But thou shalt drain the bowl erelong within thy own bright
isle,
A wreath of roses round thy head, and on thy brow a smile."

XIII.

And he called the proud Otanes, one of the seven was he
Who laid the Magian traitor low, and set their country free;
And he bade him man a gallant fleet, and sail without delay,
To the pleasant isle of Samos, in the fair Icarian bay.

XIV.

"To place yon chief on Samos' throne, Otanes, be thy care,
But bloodless let thy victory be, his Samian people spare!"
For thus the generous chieftain said, when he made his high
demand,
"I had rather still an exile roam, than waste my native land."

PART II.

I.

Oh, "monarchs' arms are wondrous long!"[3] their power is
wondrous great,
But not to them 'tis given to stem the rushing tide of fate.
A king may man a gallant fleet, an island fair may give,
But can he blunt the sword's sharp edge, or bid the dead to
live?

II.

They leave the strand, that gallant band, their ships are in the [Pg 716]
bay,
It was a glorious sight, I ween, to view that proud array;
And there, amid the Persian chiefs, himself he holds the helm,
Sits lovely Samos' future lord—he comes to claim his realm!

III.

Mœandrius saw the Persian fleet come sailing proudly down,
And his troops he knew were all too few to guard a leaguer'd
town;
So he laid his crown and sceptre down, his recreant life to save
—

Who thus resigns a kingdom fair deserves to be a slave.

IV.

He calls his band—he seeks the strand—they grant him
passage free—
"And shall they then," his brother cried, "have a bloodless
victory?
No—grant me but those spears of thine, and I soon to them
shall show,
There yet are men in Samos left to face the Persian foe."

V.

The traitor heard his brother's word, and he gave the youth his
way;
"An empty land, proud Syloson, shall lie beneath thy sway."
That youth has arm'd those spearmen stout—three hundred
men in all—
And on the Persian chiefs they fell, before the city's wall.

VI.

The Persian lords before the wall were sitting all in state,
They deem'd the island was at peace—they reck'd not of their
fate;
When on them came the fiery youth[4]—with desperate charge
he came—
And soon lay weltering in his gore full many a chief of fame.

VII.

The outrage rude Otanes view'd, and fury fired his breast—
And to the winds the chieftain cast his monarch's high behest.
He gave the word, that angry lord—"War, war unto the death!"
Then many a scimitar flash'd forth impatient from its sheath.

VIII.

Through Samos wide, from side to side, the carnage is begun,
And ne'er a mother there is seen, but mourns a slaughter'd
son;
From side to side, through Samos wide, Otanes hurls his prey,
Few, few, are left in that fair isle, their monarch to obey!

IX.

The new-made monarch sits in state in his loved ancestral
bow'rs,
And he bids his minstrel strike the lyre, and he crowns his head
with flow'rs;
But still a cloud is on his brow—where is the promised smile?
And yet he sits a sceptred king—in his own dear native isle.

X.

Oh! Samos dear, my native land! I tread thy courts again—
But where are they, thy gallant sons? I gaze upon the slain—
"A dreary kingdom mine, I ween," the mournful monarch said,
"Where are my subjects good and true? I reign but o'er the
dead!

XI.

"Ah! woe is me—I would that I had ne'er to Susa gone,
To ask that fatal boon of thee, Hystaspes' generous son.
Oh, deadly fight! oh, woeful sight! to greet a monarch's eyes!
All desolate—my native land, reft of her children, lies!"

XII.

Thus mourn'd the chief—and no relief his regal state could

bring.
O'er such a drear unpeopled waste, oh! who would be a king?
And still, when desolate a land, and her sons all swept away,
"The waste domain of Syloson," 'tis call'd unto this day!

FOOTNOTES:

[3] Greek proverb.

[4] "The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made for a space an opening large."—MARMION.

LOVE AND DEATH.

O strong as the Eagle,
O mild as the Dove!
How like, and how unlike,
O Death and O Love!

Knitting Earth to the Heaven,
The Near to the Far—
With the step on the dust,
And the eyes on the star!

Interweaving, commingling,
Both rays from God's light!
Now in sun, now in shadow,
Ye shift to the sight!

Ever changing the sceptres
Ye bear—as in play;
Now Love as Death rules us,
Now Death has Love's sway!

Why wails so the New-born?
Love gave it the breath.
The soul sees Love's brother—
Life enters on Death!

Why that smile the wan lips
Of the dead man above?
The soul sees Death changing
Its shape into Love.

So confused and so blending
Each twin with its brother,
The frown of one melts
In the smile of the other.

Love warms where Death withers,
Death blights where Love blooms;
Death sits by our cradles,
Love stands by our tombs!

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

Nov. 9, 1843.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE THUR.

FROM THE GERMAN.—GUSTAV SCHWAB.

Spurning the loud THUR'S headlong march,
Who hath stretcht the stony arch?
That the wayfarer blesses his path!
That the storming river wastes his wrath!

Was it a puissant prince, in quelling
This watery vassal, oft rebelling?—
Or earthly Mars, the bar o'erleaping,
That wrong'd his war of its onward sweeping?

Did yon high-nesting Castellan
Lead the brave Street, for horse and man?
And, the whiles his House creeps under the grass,
The Road, that he built, lies fair to pass?

Nay! not for the Bridge, which ye look upon, [Pg 718]
Manly hest knit stone with stone.
The loved word of a woman's mouth
Bound the thundering chasm with a rocky growth.

She, in turret, who sitteth lone,
Listing the broad stream's heavier groan,
Kenning the flow, from his loosen'd fountains,
From the clouds, that have wash'd a score of mountains.

A skiff she notes, by the shelvy marge,
Wont deftly across to speed its charge;
Now jumping and twisting, like leaf on a lynn,
Wo! if a foot list cradle therein!

Sooner, than hath she THOUGHT her FEELING,
With travellers twain is the light plank reeling.
Who are they?... Marble watcher! Who?
Thy beautiful, youthful, only two!

Coming, glad, from the greenwood slaughter,
They reach the suddenly-swollen water;
But the nimble, strong, and young,
Boldly into the bark have sprung.

The game in the forest fall, stricken and bleeding;
Those river-waves are of other breeding!
And the shriek of the mother helpeth not,
At seeing turn upwards the keel of the boat.

Whilst her living pulses languish,
As she taketh in her anguish,
By the roar, her soul which stuns,
On the corses of her sons.

Needs must she upon the mothers think,
Who yet may stand beholding sink,
Under the hastily-roused billow,
Sons, upthriven to be their pillow.

Till, in her deeply-emptied bosom,
There buds a melancholy blossom,
Tear-nourisht:—the will the wo to spare
To others, which hath left her bare.

Ere doth her sorrow a throe abate,
Is chiseling and quarrying, early, late.
The hoarse flood chafes, with straiten'd tides:
Aloft, the proud Arch climbs and strides.

How her eyes, she fastens on frolicsome boys,
O'er the stone way racing, with careless noise.
Hark!—hark!—the wild Thur, how he batters his rocks!
But YE gaze, laugh, and greet the gruff chider, with mocks.

Or, she vieweth with soft footfall,
Mothers, following their children all.
A gleam of pleasure, a spring of yearning,
Sweetens her tears, dawns into her mourning.

And her pious work endureth!
And her pain a slumber cureth!
Heareth not yonder torrent's jars!
Hath her young sons above the stars!

Fontainbleau, 1843.

THE BANKING-HOUSE.

A HISTORY IN THREE PARTS. PART II.

CHAPTER I.

A NEGOTIATION.

It is vastly amusing to contemplate the activity and perseverance which are exhibited in the regard shown by every man for his individual interests. Be our faults what they may—and our neighbours are not slow to discover them—it is very seldom indeed that we are charged with remissness in this respect. So far from this being the case, a moralist of the present day, in a work of no mean ability, has undertaken to prove that selfishness is the great and crying evil of the age. Without venturing to affirm so wholesale a proposition, which necessarily includes in its censure professors and professions *par excellence* unsecular and liberal, we may be permitted in charity to express our regret, that the rewards apportioned to good men in heaven are not bestowed upon those in whom the selfish principle is most rampant, instead of being strictly reserved for others in whom it is least influential; since it is more pleasing to consider celestial joys in connexion with humanity at large, than with an infinitesimal minority of mortals.

Whilst Michael Allcraft coolly and designedly looked around him, in the hope of fixing on the prey he had resolved to find—whilst, cautious as the midnight housebreaker, who dreads lest every step may wake his sleeping victim, he almost feared to do what most he had at heart, and strove by ceaseless effort to bring into his face the show of indifference and repose;—whilst he was thus engaged, there were many, on the other hand, eager and impatient to crave from him, as for a boon, all that he himself was but too willing to bestow. Little did Michael guess, on his eventful wedding-day, as his noble equipage rattled along the public roads, what thoughts were passing in the minds of some who marked him as he went, and followed him with longing eyes. His absorbing passion, his exhilaration and delight, did not suffer him to see one thin and anxious-looking gentleman, who, spyglass in hand, sat at his cottage window, and brought as near as art allowed—not near enough to satisfy him—the entranced and happy pair. That old man, with nine times ten thousand pounds safe and snug in the stocks, was miserable to look at, and as miserable in effect. He was a widower, and had a son at Oxford, a wild, scapegrace youth, who had never been a joy to him, but a trial and a sorrow even from his cradle. Such punishments there are reserved for men—such visitations for the sins our fathers wrought, too thoughtless of their progeny. How the old man envied the prosperous bridegroom, and how vainly he wished that his boy might have done as well; and how through his small grey eye, the labouring tear-drops oozed, as he called fresh to mind again all that he had promised himself at the birth of his unhappy prodigal! What would he not give to recover and reform the wayward boy? The thought occurred to him, and he dallied with it for his pleasure. "If I could but settle him with this young Allcraft! Why should it not be done? I will give him all I have at once, if necessary, and live in a garret, if it will save my poor Augustus. I will speak to him on his return. What a companion and example for my boy! Open and straightforward—steady as a rock—as rich as Crœsus. Most certainly I'll see him. I knew his father. I'll not grudge a few thousands to establish him. Stick him to business, and he shall do yet." The equipage rolled on as unconscious of the old man's dreams as were its animated inmates; and in due time it passed a massive lodge, which led through green and winding paths to the finest park and mansion in the parish. Close to the lodge's porch there stood a tall and gloomy-looking man, neatly dressed—alone. His arms were folded, and he eyed

the carriage thoughtfully and seriously, as though he had an interest there,

known to himself, and to no one else. He was a very proud man that—the owner of this vast estate, master of unnumbered acres, and feared rather than loved by the surrounding people. Wealth is the most royal of despots—the autocrat of all the world. Men whose sense of liberty forbids them to place their worst passions under wise control, will crawl in fetters to lick the basest hand well smeared with gold. There was not an individual who could say a good word for the squire behind his back. You would hardly believe it, if you saw individual and squire face to face. And there he stood, with as ill-omened a visage as ever brought blight upon a party of pleasure. He watched the panting horses out of sight—opened his gate, and walked the other way. He, like the old man, had his plans, and an itching for a share in Michael Allcraft's fortune. How he, so wealthy and respected, could need a part of it, remains a mystery at present. The squire knew his business. He went straightway to the banking-house, and made enquiry respecting Allcraft's destination. He gained intelligence, and followed him at once. They met abroad—they returned home in company. They became great friends, and within three months— [Pg 720]

PARTNERS

. And the old man had been, as he threatened to be, very busy likewise. He had fought his son's battle very hardly and very successfully, as he believed, and with twenty thousand pounds had purchased for him a junior partner's interest in the estate. The hopeful boy was admitted into the concern during his residence in Oxford. He had never been seen, but his father was a man of substance, well known and esteemed. The character which he gave with his son was undeniable. Its truth could not be questioned, backed as it was by so liberal an advance.

Let it not be supposed that Michael, in his anxiety to involve other men in his own fearful responsibility, was injudicious enough to act without all forethought and consideration. Not he. He had inherited from his sire the valuable faculty of detecting the wishes and views of men in their external evidences. On the countenances of men he read their hearts. It did not take long to discover that the venerable Mr Brammel and the haughty Mr Bellamy were bent upon the partnership, and would secure it at any cost. Satisfied of this, like a lazy and plethoric fish he kept within sight of his bait, close upon it, without deigning for a time as much as a nibble. It was his when he chose to bite. But there were deep enquiries to make, and many things to do, before he could implicate himself so far. In every available quarter he sought information respecting the one partner, and the father of the other, and of both; the intelligence that he received well repaid his trouble. Nothing could be more promising and satisfactory. Nor did he content himself with such arms against the selfishness of gentlemen, who, he was shrewd enough to know, were seeking only their own advantage in their earnest desire of a union with him. He had an eye to the balance of power. Two men, united and active, in the firm, pulling together on all occasions, might, not by one blow perhaps, but in the course of time, and by accumulating force and skill, oust him from his present elevated and natural position. Once admit them to authority, and the limits of their dominion must be prescribed by their own sense of honour, or by the opportunities afforded them of supremacy and independent action. Michael the impulsive saw and felt this most acutely, and took occasion, from their eagerness, to insure a proper equilibrium of the forces before permitting them to coalesce. There lived in the same city with Michael, and within a quarter of a mile of the banking-house, an individual to whom he turned his thoughts in his emergency. Mr Planner was his name, and his character is worth more than a mere passing observation. He was a study for an artist—a lesson for mankind. He was a man of surprising abilities, ill directed, and badly educated; at any period of his life capable of any thing—to the last moment of his existence accomplishing nothing. From a child he had displayed a love of admiration and applause, a craving after superiority and distinction, a burning ambition for fame. He had the body of a giant, and a giant's mental apparatus. But with all his gifts, physical and spiritual, all his energies and aims, he arrived at middle life a melancholy spectacle of failure and incompetency. There was no one object which he could pursue with steadiness

and patience—no single mark to which he could perseveringly apply the combined powers of his gifted intellect. He frittered his faculties upon a hundred trifles, never concentrated them upon a worthy purpose once. Pride, emulation, and the internal consciousness of strength, led him, year after year, and day after day, into difficulties and trials, and carried him through them only to drag him into deeper. There was no one man whom he would allow to perform any one thing so skilfully as himself. There was no branch of knowledge into which he did not grope his way, and from which he would not manage to extract sufficient learning to render his conceit intolerable, and his opposition dangerous to a more erudite antagonist. He could build a church—dam a river—form a company—warm a house—cool a room—one and all he would undertake at a minute's notice, and engage to execute better than any person living. He asserted it with confidence, and you believed him when he spoke with all the earnestness of self-conviction and of truth. He despised all works—all theories but his own; and these were unapproachable, inimitable. He wrote with his own invented pen, used his own ink, sat on his own chair, made with his own incomparable tools. Men were ignorant, behind their age—burdened with superstitions, clogged by false principles. This was a text from which he never ceased to preach. As a youth he was engaged in profitable business. Before he reached his thirtieth year he had realized a handsome competency. He retired from his occupation, and went abroad to found a city across the ocean, with views that were unknown to man, and which, well carried out, must prove infallible. He [Pg 721]

chose a spot removed from civilized society—lived for three years amongst a tribe of savages, and came home at last without a farthing in his scrip—beggared but not depressed. He had dwelt for many months in a district of swamps, and he had discovered a method of draining lands cheaper and more effectual than any hitherto attempted. He contracted to empty some thousand acres—began his work, succeeded for a time, and failed at last, from having falsely calculated his expenses, and for lack of means to carry out his plans. There were few public matters in which Mr Planner did not meddle. He wrote pamphlets, and "hints," and "original views" by dozens. His articles on the currency and corn-laws were full of racy hits and striking points—his criticisms on the existing state of art worthy of the artist's best attention. The temper of Mr Planner was such as might be expected from such a mass of arrogance and conceit. A man who, in the easiness of his heart, would listen humbly, patiently, approvingly to Mr Planner, must pronounce the ardent character an angel. The remarkable docility which Mr Planner evinced under such treatment, was only to be equalled by the volubility and pleasure with which he communicated his numerous and ingenious ideas. Sceptics—nay, men who had ventured only to contend for the soundness of their preconceived ideas, and who had been met with a torrent of vituperation and reproach in consequence—did not hesitate to call Mr Planner—the devil incarnate. Such as he was, he had become an agent and a tool in the hands of Allcraft's father. Michael had been his friend for years, and Planner liked the boy who had ever regarded him with awe and veneration. The youth had been taught by his parent to note the faults and inconsistencies of his character; but these had not rendered him insensible to the talents which had commanded even that discerning parent's respect and admiration. It was this personage, for some years the hanger-on at the bank, and the traveller and negotiator of many things for Allcraft senior, whose name suggested to Michael the means of providing against the encroachments of his future brethren. Planner could be relied upon. The smallest possible interest in the business would excite in him a corresponding interest in its prosperity, and secure his steadiness and good behaviour. Why not offer it then, and make his entrance into the firm a

sine qua non

in the bargain with Bellamy and Brammel? He revolved the matter, and saw no real objection to it. Planner was reputed a first-rate accountant; his services would be important, no remuneration could be too great, provided he would settle down, and fix his energies upon the one great object of advancing the welfare of the

establishment. His friendship was secured, and a word or two would suffice to gain his faithful support and co-operation. So far from his becoming burdensome and useless in the bank, his talents would be in every way desirable. A coadjutor, such as he might be, firm and trusty, was invaluable. And why should he not be? A day had been fixed for accepting or rejecting the propositions of the gentlemen. The time was drawing on, when Michael visited his friend to sound him on his purpose. [Pg 722]

Planner lived in a very humble part of a very humble house, in a very humble street. The two-pair back was his domain, and his territory was less adorned than crowded with the evidences of his taste and handiwork. In the remote corner of his unclean apartment was a lathe for turning ivory—near it the material, a monstrous elephant's tusk. Shelves, carried round the room, supported bottles of various sizes, externally very dirty, and internally what you please; for eyes could not penetrate so far, and determine the contents. A large label, crowning all, announced them to be "samples." Books were strewed every where—manuscripts met you at every turn. The walls were filled with charts and drawings, one of the former representing the field of Waterloo, dissected and intersected, with a view to prove Lord Wellington guilty of winning a battle, which, in conformity with every law of strategy, he should have lost. One drawing was a rough sketch of his unhappy swamp; another, the elaborate delineation of a hydraulic pump. In the niche corresponding to that in which the lathe was fixed, there was a small iron bedstead; and in this, although it was nearly noon when Michael paid his friendly visit, Mr Allcraft caught sight of Mr Planner when he opened the door, in obedience to the very sharp and loud voice which invited him to "walk in." The ingenious gentleman had breakfasted. The tea things were on a stool at his side. He wore his nightcap, and he was busy in examining a crimson liquid, which he held in a glass close to his eyes. "That man was murdered, Allcraft!" exclaimed Mr Planner after the briefest possible salutation. "Murdered, as I am a living Christian!"

"What man?" asked Allcraft.

"Him they hanged last week for poisoning his father. What was the evidence? Why, when they opened the body, they found a grain or two of arsenic. Hang a man upon that! A pretty state of things—look here, sir—look here!"—and he pointed triumphantly to his crimson liquid.

"What is that, Mr Planner?" inquired the visitor.

"What? My blood, sir. I opened a vein the very day they hanged him. I suspected it all along, and there it is. There is more arsenic there, sir, than they found in the entire carcass of that man. Arsenic! Why, it's a prime ingredient in the blood. This it is to live in the clouds. Talk of dark ages—when shall we get light?"

"I was not aware, Mr Planner,"——

"Of course you were not. How should you be? It is the interest of the ruling powers to darken the intellect of society. Why am I kept down? Why don't I prosper? Why don't my works sell? Ah, Allcraft—put that small pamphlet in your pocket—there it is—under the model—take care what you are about—don't break it—there, that's right! What is it called?"

"Popular delusions."

"Ah, true enough!—put it into your pocket and read it. If Pitt could be alive to read it!—-- Well, never mind! I say, Allcraft, how does that back room flue get on—any smoke now?"

"None."

"No. I should think not. Michael, I must say it, though the old gentleman is dead, he was one of the hardest fellows to move I ever met. He would have been smoke-dried—suffocated, years ago, if it hadn't been for me. I was the first man that ever sent smoke up that chimney. Nobody could do it, sir. A fellow came from London, tried, and failed."

"It is a pity, Mr Planner, that, with abilities like yours, you have not been more successful in life. Pardon me if I say that success would have made you a quieter and a happier man."

"Ah, Michael, so your father used to say! Well, I don't know—people are such fools. They will not think for themselves, and they are ready to crush any one who offers to think for them. It has ever been so. Men in advance of their generation have always fared badly. Ages ago they were [Pg 723] put to death cruelly and violently. Now they are left to starve, and die. The creatures are ignorant, but they are worse than that; they are selfish and jealous, and will rather sit in gloom, than owe light, and confess they owe it, to a fellow mortal and a superior spirit."

"I am afraid, Mr Planner, after such an observation, that you will hardly give me credit for the feeling which has induced me to visit you this morning."

"You are a good fellow, Michael. You were always a generous-hearted lad—an exception to the general rule. When you were five years old, you used to share your biscuits with me. It was a fine trait in your character. Proceed."

"You are aware, Mr Planner, that through my father's death increased responsibilities have come upon me."

"You may say that. He never would take my advice about the bank-notes. Stop—remind me before you go, of the few hints to bankers, which I drew up. You will do well to look at them. You'll see the advantages of my system of paper issues. Your father, sir, was stone-blind to his own interests—— but I am interrupting you."

"I have for some time past determined to associate with me in the bank, two gentlemen of noble fortunes and the first respectability. I would not willingly carry on the concern alone, and the accession of two such gentlemen as I describe, cannot but be in every way desirable."

"Humph—go on."

"Now Mr Planner, you are a very, very old friend of my father's, and I know he valued your advice as it deserved to be."

"The old gentleman was good in the main, Michael."

"Had he been aware of my position, he would have recommended the step which I am about to adopt. Mr Planner, I am young, and therefore inexperienced. These gentlemen are very worthy persons no doubt; indeed, I am assured they are; still, they are comparatively strangers to me, and I am certain you would advise me to be most cautious."

"Proceed."

"What I feel to want is the constant presence of a friend—one who, from personal attachment, may have my welfare and interest at heart, and form as it were a second self at all times—let me be present or absent—and absent I must be very often—you perceive?"

"Precisely."

"A sort of counterpoise to the opposite weight, in fact, if I may be allowed to call it so. Now, I can sincerely affirm that I know no person, Mr Planner, in whom I could rely so entirely and unreservedly as yourself; and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to serve a man so highly gifted, so long connected with our family by the closest friendship. If you think the occupation of a banker suitable to your present tastes, I believe that I can offer you an appointment worthy your serious consideration."

Mr Planner rose in his bed, and grasped firmly the hand of Mr Michael Allcraft. The latter sat at the bedside until past three o'clock, and then retired, leaving his friend in a state of great mental excitement. When Michael, upon taking his departure, reached the street door, he stopped short, and retraced his steps. Entering the apartment for a second time, he discovered Mr Planner in his night clothes, standing before a looking glass, and repeating one of his own compositions in a voice of thunder, and with the most vehement gesticulation.

"I beg your pardon. You told me to remind you, Planner, of your hints to bankers. Have you the book handy?"

"It is here, Michael. Read it attentively, my boy—trust to me. I'll make the house's name ring throughout the country. Don't forget what I have said. We must have a new façade to the old building after a while. I have such a plan for it!"

CHAPTER II.

A LULL.

Allcraft, Bellamy, Brammel, and Planner. It was a goodly ship that bore the name, and fair she looked at the launching; her sails well set, her streamers flying, and the music of men's voices [Pg 724] cheering her on her career. Happy and prosperous be her course! We think not of winter's cold in the fervent summer time, and wreck and ruin seem impossible on the smooth surface of the laughing sea; yet cold and winter come, and the smiling, sweet-tempered ripple can awaken from slumber, and battle and storm with the heavens. Never had bark left haven with finer promises of success. We will follow her from the port, and keep watchfully in the good ship's wake.

Michael formed a just conclusion when he reckoned upon increase of business. His own marriage, and the immense wealth of his lady, had inspired the world with unbounded confidence. The names of two of his partners were household words in the county, and stood high amongst the best. A convulsion of nature may destroy the world in half an hour, as love, it is said, *may* transform a man into an oyster; but either of these contingencies was as remote as the possibility of Allcraft's failure. Silently and successfully the house went on. For a quarter of a year the sun shone brightly, and profit, and advantage, and honour, looked Michael in the face. Thriving abroad, happy at home, what did he need more? His spirit became buoyant—his heart carefree and light. He congratulated himself upon the prudence and success of his measures, and looked for his reward in the brilliant future which he had created for himself and earned. His soul was calmed; and so are the elements, fearfully and oppressively, sometimes an hour before the tempest and the storm.

At the end of three months, Michael deemed it necessary to go abroad. The heaviest of his father's debts had been contracted with a house in Lyons, and notices as to payment had been conveyed to him—notices as full of politeness as they were of meaning. The difficulties in which he had found himself at the death of his parent—the seriousness of his engagements—and the wariness which he had been compelled to exercise—had gone far to sober down the impetuous youth, and to endue him with the airs and habits of a man of business. He had attended to his duties at the banking-house faithfully and punctually. He had entered into its affairs with the energy and resolution of a practical and working mind. He had given his heart to the work, and had put his shoulder to the wheel, honestly and earnestly. Whatsoever may have been his faults previously to his connexion with his partners, it is due to him to say that he was no sluggard afterwards, and that he grudged neither time nor labour that could be in any way productive to the house—could add a shilling to its profits, or a breath of reputation to its name. To pay his father's debts from the earnings of the bank—to keep those debts a secret—and to leave the fortune of his wife untouched, were the objects for which he lived, and soon began to slave. Believing that a favourable arrangement could be effected with his father's creditors, he determined to visit them in person. He had not been absent from the bank even for a day; and now, before he could quit it with comfort, he deemed it necessary to have a few parting words with his right hand and factotum, Planner.

Planner was the only member of the firm who lived in the establishment. His specimens, his bottles, his maps, and drawings, had been removed to a spacious apartment over the place of business, and he rejoiced in the possession of an entire first floor. His bed-room had now a distinct existence. He had not enjoyed it for a week, before the water with which he performed his daily ablutions was insinuated by a cunning contrivance through the ceiling, and dismissed afterwards, as cleverly, through the floor. Hot water came through the wall at any hour of the day, and a constant artificial ventilation was maintained around his bed by night and day. There was no end to the artifices which the chamber exhibited. Michael, although he lived at a considerable distance from the bank, was always the first at his post, after Planner himself. He arrived unusually early on the day fixed for his visit to the Continent. Planner and he sat for an hour together, and in the course of their conversation, words to the following effect escaped them:—

"You will be careful and attentive, Planner. Let me hear from you by every post. Do not spare ink and paper."

"Trust me. I shall not forget it. But don't you miss the opportunity, Allcraft, of doing something [Pg 725] with those mines. Your father wouldn't touch them—but he repented it. I tell you, Michael, if we bought them, and worked them ourselves, we might coin money! I'd go abroad and see the shafts sunk. I could save a fortune in merely setting them to rights."

"It is rather strange, Planner, that Brammel is so long absent. He should come home, and settle down to work. It isn't well to be away. It hasn't a fair appearance to the world. You saw his father yesterday. What said he?"

"Oh, that young Brammel had a good many things to arrange in Oxford and in the neighbourhood, and would soon be back now. But never mind him, Allcraft. Between ourselves, he is better where he is; he is a horrible ass."

"Hush. So he is, Planner, but he must not run wild. We must keep him at home. He has been a rackety one, and I fear he is not much better now. I question whether I should have received him here, if I had known as much of him at first as I have heard lately. But his father deceived me."

"Queer old man that, Michael! How he takes the boy's part always, and how frightened he seems lest you should think too badly of him. Young Brammel will have every farthing of the old man's money at his death. A pretty sum, too. A hundred thousand pounds, isn't it?"

"Well, Planner, let me know when he returns. That was a curious report about his marriage. Can it be true?"

"His father denies it, but you mustn't trust the old sinner when he talks about his son. He'll lie through thick and thin for him. They do say he lived with the girl at the time he was at college, and married her at last because her brother threatened to kick him."

"Nonsense, Planner."

"Why nonsense? More than half the marriages you hear of are scarcely a whit better. What are the rules for a correct match? Who obeys them? Where do you ever hear, now-a-days, of a proper marriage? People are inconsistent in this respect as in other things. A beauty marries a beast. A philosopher weds a fool. They can't tell you why, but they do it. It's the perversity of human nature."

"I shall look sharp after Brammel."

"Take my advice, Michael, and look after the mines. Brammel can take care of himself, or his wife and brother-in-law can do it. The timber on the property will realize the purchase money."

"Well, we shall see; but here is Mr Bellamy. Mind you write to me, and be explicit and particular."

"I shall do it, Michael."

"And mark, Planner; prudence—prudence."

And so saying, Michael advanced to Bellamy with a smiling countenance. An hour afterwards, both he and his lovely bride were comfortably seated in a post-chaise and four, admiring the garden-land of Kent, and speeding to Dover fast as their horses could carry them.

CHAPTER III.

A SWEET COUPLE.

The very emphatic and somewhat vulgar expression of Mr Planner, was by no means ill-chosen to express the character of Augustus Theodore Brammel. He had been lovingly spoiled from his cradle—humoured and ruined with the most praiseworthy care and perseverance. His affectionate parents had studiously neglected the few goodly shoots which the youth had brought into the world with him, and had embarked all their energies in the cultivation of the weeds that grew noxious and numerous around the unhappy boy's heart. His mother lived to see her darling expelled from Eton—the father to see much worse, and yet not the worst that the hopeful one was doomed to undergo. Gross vices, if not redeemed, are rendered less hideous by intellectual power and brilliancy. Associated with impotency and ignorance, they are disgusting beyond expression. Augustus Brammel was the most sensual and self-engrossed of men— the most idle and [Pg 726] dissipated; and, as if these were not enough to render him an object of the deepest aversion, he was as self-willed, thick-headed, overbearing a dunce as ever moved a man to that contempt "which wisdom holds unlawful ever;" and Brammel was not only a fool, but a conceited, upstart, irritating fool. He considered himself the shrewdest of mortals, and presumed to dictate, to be impertinent, to carry matters with a high hand and a flourish. As for modesty, the word was not in his dictionary. He had never known its meaning; and therefore, perhaps, in justice is not to be blamed for the want of it. Augustus, being a great blusterer, was of course a low coward. He bullied, oppressed, and crushed the helpless and the weak, who were avenged as often as he cowered and sneaked beneath the look of the strong and the brave. The companions and friends of such creatures as Brammel, are generally selected from the lower grades of life. The tone of feeling found amongst the worst members of these classes, harmonizes with their own. They think the like thoughts, talk the same language. They are led to them by the true Satanic impulse, for it is their triumph to reign in hell—their misery to serve in heaven. Flattered by the dregs and refuse of society, they endeavour to forget that they are avoided, spurned, trodden on, by any thing higher. Just when it was too late to profit by the discovery, old Brammel found out his mistake; and then he sagaciously vowed, that if his time were to come over again, he would educate his boy in a very different manner. His first attempt had certainly been a failure. Augustus had been rusticated at the university; he had run away from his home; he had committed all kinds of enormity. He had passed weeks in the sinks of London, and had been discovered at last by his heartbroken parent amongst the stews of Shadwell, in a fearful state of disease and destitution. Years were passed in proceedings of this nature, and every attempt at recovery proved abortive and useless. His debts had been discharged a dozen times, and on every occasion under a solemn engagement that it should be the last. When Brammel senior signed the deed of partnership on behalf of his son, the latter, as I have already said, was in Oxford, having returned to the university only a month before, at the termination of his period of banishment. Whilst the father was engaged in publishing the imaginary virtues of his son to most admiring

listeners, the promising youth himself was passing his days in the very agreeable society of Miss Mary Anne Waters, the eldest daughter of the cook of his college—a young lady with some pretension to beauty, but none whatever to morality, being neither more nor less than Mr Augustus Brammel's very particular and *chère amie*. The letter which arrived with the unwelcome intelligence of the arrangement, found the charming pair together. A specimen of their discourse at the time, will show the temper with which the communication was received.

"I sha'n't go," ejaculated the youth. "I can't be nailed down to a desk. What business had the old man to do any thing without me? Why can't he mind his own affairs? He's old and ugly enough. It's cursed impudence in him, and that's a fact."

"Oh ducky!" interposed Miss Mary Anne, with a rueful face, "I know how it will be. You'll have to go home for good, and you won't think of me no more."

"Don't you bother yourself. I sha'n't do any thing of the kind. If I go home, Molly, you go with me."

"Do you mean it, dear bless-ed?"

"Don't I? that's all. I say it is blasted impertinent in the old man, and I shall tell him so. I shall have blunt enough when his toes are up. What is the good of working for more?"

"Oh dear me, bless-ed!"

"What is the matter, old girl?"

"If you should ever forget me!"

"Don't you fear."

"I should hang myself up to the bedpost with my garters. I know I should. Don't leave me, there's a dear ducky."

"Well, haven't I said I won't?"

"Ah, you think you won't, dear bless-ed!"

"I tell you I won't."

"Yes, but when they get you up, they'll just be trying to marry you to some fine rich woman; and I am sure she won't know how to take care of you as I do. They ain't brought up to air and mend linen, to darn stockings, and to tack on shirt-buttons. They'll never suit you, ducky." [Pg 727]

"Catch me marrying a fine woman, Moll!"

"Ha, won't you though, bless-ed? Oh, dear me!" Mary Anne burst into tears.

"What's the matter, Moll, now?"

"Oh, dear ducky! I wish I was an honest woman. I might go every where with you, and not be ashamed of it either; and I do love you so. I shall die if you leave me—I know I shall!"

"But I won't leave you."

"Oh, there's a ducks! But you know what you promised me, Tiddy dear?"

"Yes, I know, Molly, and I'll keep my word with you. If father makes a partner of me, he shall make partners of both of us."

"No, do you mean it though?"

"Haven't I said it, you stupid?"

"Yes, you dear ducks of diamonds! You do look so handsome this morning! And when shall it be? If you are to go to this business, the sooner the better, you know, darling. Oh, I shall be so happy!"

Happy or not, the lady was at least successful. In the course of a week Mary Anne Waters became extinct, and from her ashes rose the surprizingly fine, and surpassingly vulgar, Mrs Augustus Brammel. Augustus, notwithstanding his vapoury insubjection, visited his father and the partners in the bank, leaving his bride in snug lodgings at a respectable distance from all. He remained a few days at the banking-house, and then absented himself on the plea of finally arranging his incompleted affairs in Oxford and elsewhere. He had engaged to return to business at the end of a month. Nearly three had passed away, and no tidings whatever had been heard of him. Allcraft, as it has been seen, grew anxious—less perhaps for his partner's safety, than for the good name and credit of the firm. He had heard of his precious doings, and reports of his inauspicious marriage were already abroad. No wonder that the cautious and apprehensive Michael trembled somewhat in his state of uncertainty. As for Mr Augustus Brammel himself, the object of his fears, he, in conformity with general custom, and especially in compliance with the wishes of his wife, had quitted England on a wedding tour. With five hundred pounds in his purse—a sum advanced by his father to liquidate his present outstanding liabilities—he steamed from Dover on the very day that he was supposed to have reached Oxford for his final arrangements. From Boulogne, he, his wife, and suite, proceeded to Paris; and there they were, up to their eyes in the dissipation of that fascinating city, when Allcraft started on their track, followed them,

unwittingly enough, from town to town, and came upon them at length in the great city itself, and in the very hotel in which they lodged. It was at night that Michael first caught sight of the runaway. And where? In a gaming-house, the most fashionable of the many legalized haunts of devils in which, not many years since, Paris abounded. Allcraft had entered upon the scene of iniquity as into a theatre, to behold a sight—the sight of human nature in its lowest, most pitiable, and melancholy garb; in its hour of degradation, craziness, and desperation. He had his recreation in such a spectacle, as men can find their pleasure in the death-struggle of a malefacter on the gibbet. He came, not to join the miserable throng that crowded round the tables, exhibiting every variety of low, unhealthy feeling; nor did he come, in truth, prepared to meet with one in whose affairs and conduct he had so deep an interest. It was with inexpressible astonishment and horror that he beheld his colleague, busy and active amongst the busiest of the crew, venturing rouleau after rouleau, losing stake upon stake, and growing more reckless and madder with every new defeat. For a time Michael would not, could not, believe his own eyes. It was one of the curious resemblances which we meet every now and then in life: it was any thing but what he dreaded it to be—the actual presence of Augustus Brammel. Michael retreated to a distant part of the room, and watched his man. The latter spoke. He used a disgusting English oath, and flung his last rouleau across the table like a drunken fiend. The heart of Allcraft grew sick, but still he kept his eye upon the gamester. Losing his stake, Brammel quitted the apartment, and retired to a spacious saloon, splendidly furnished. He called for champagne— [Pg 728] drank greedily—finished the bottle—returned to the gaming-room flushed and feverish—looked at the players savagely, but sottishly, for a few moments, and then left the house altogether. Michael was on his heels. The worthy Brammel stopped at many small public-houses on his road, in each drank off a glass of brandy, and so went on. Michael had patience, and kept to his partner like a leech. It was midnight when he found himself once more before his hotel.

Brammel had rung at the porter's bell, and gained admittance. A quarter of an hour afterwards Allcraft followed his example. Before he retired to rest he learnt that Brammel and himself were inmates of the same house. About eleven o'clock on the following morning, Augustus quitted his dressing-room. Michael had been waiting some hours for this operation. A few minutes afterwards Mr Brammel's servant announced a visitor. Great was the consternation of Augustus Brammel when Mr Michael Allcraft looked him in the face. First the delinquent turned very white, like a guilty man—then his colour returned to him, and he tried to laugh like an innocent and careless one; but he was not so happy in the second instance. As a third experiment, he smoothed his hair with his fingers—pointed to a chair—and held out his hand. Mrs Brammel was at the breakfast table, reading an English newspaper.

"Ah! Mr Allcraft—glad to see you—glad to see you. Out on the same business, eh? Nothing like it—first weeks of marriage are delightful—there's nothing like a honey-moon on the Continent to my thinking. Mrs Brammel, my wife—Mr Allcraft, my partner, my dear."

Mrs Brammel looked up from her newspaper and giggled.

"I cannot tell you, Mr Brammel," said Allcraft in a serious tone, "how surprised I am to find you here. Are you aware, sir, that neither your father, nor any one of your partners, have the least knowledge of your movements. You were supposed to be in England. You gave your word to return to business within a month of your departure. You have not written or given the slightest account of yourself."

"Come, that's very good, Mister. Given an account of myself, indeed! Pray, whom am I accountable to?"

"To those, sir," replied Allcraft, quickly and angrily, "with whom you are associated in business, and who have an interest in your good conduct—who suffer by your acts, and will be blamed for your folly and indiscretion."

"Come, I say, that's all very fine in you, Mr Allcraft; but what brings you here, I should like to know? Haven't I as much right to bring my wife to Paris as you have? Give and take, if you please"——

"No, bless-ed," sagely and sarcastically interposed Mrs Brammel, "I ain't so rich as Mrs Allcraft; I can't dress so fine; we ain't sich gentle-folks"——

"Mr Brammel, pray let us have no more recrimination. I have met you here by the merest chance. It is my duty to speak to you at once, and very seriously, on your position. You are mistaken if you suppose that my own pleasure has brought me here; business—important, weighty business—is the sole cause, I can assure you."

"*Ally—ally*," answered Brammel with a knowing leer, attempting a little *facetiæ* in French.

"I tell you the truth, sir," continued Michael, reddening with anger, "and I warn you in good time to look to yourself, and to your course of conduct. You may bring infamy upon yourself, as you have brought sorrow and anguish upon the head of your aged father; but you shall not with impunity involve and disgrace others who are strangers to you, although unfortunately connected with you by their occupation. Depend upon it, you shall not."

"My aged father, as you call him, didn't stump up all that money, I'm thinking, Mr Allcraft, to bind me apprentice. Perhaps you'd like to kick me next. I am as much a partner in that concern as you are; and if I think proper to take my lady abroad, I am at liberty to do it as well as you. You ain't the first man because you married a rich widow, and because your name begins with A. Certainly

not, monsweer."

"In course not, bless-ed. Besides, ducky, your name begins with B—and that's A's next door neighbour."

"You shall take your own course, sir," proceeded Michael; "but it shall be at your own peril, and with your eyes opened. It is my part to give you good counsel. I shall do so. You may act as you then think fit." [Pg 729]

"I haven't done any thing to disgrace you, as you call it. It is cursed impudent in you to say so."

"You have. You disgraced yourself and me, and every one associated with you, only last night, when you were pleased to exhibit to the world as a public gamester. (Augustus Theodore changed colour.) You see that your actions are observed; they will become more so. The house shall not lose its good name through your misconduct, sir. Assure yourself of that. There are means to rid ourselves of a nuisance, and to punish severely, if we choose to use them."

"What do you mean by punish?" asked Augustus, unfeignedly alarmed by his partner's threat, and yet not liking to be bullied. "Don't you insult me, sir, in my own room; better not, I can tell you."

"Pshaw, you are an idiot;" exclaimed Michael most contemptuously.

"I'll just thank you to go, sir, and not call my husband names," said Mrs Brammel, rising from her chair. "You are a nasty ill-bred fellow, I'm sure. Talk of high people! I never see sich airs in all my life. If your wife ain't no better behaved, there's a nice pair of you, I don't think. Never mind him, ducky dear—don't you fret. We are as good as them any day. Let's go up stairs, there's a bless-ed. Call the *garsoon*."

Poor Michael knew not what step to take, what language to employ, in order to effect his purpose. He could not think of quitting Paris, leaving his partner behind him, open to the seductions of the city, and eager to avail himself of every license and indulgence. He had hoped to frighten him into better behaviour, and perhaps he would have succeeded but for the presence of the lady, whose appearance and demeanour, more than any thing else, confounded and annoyed him. He remained silent for a few seconds, and then, in a quieter tone, he asked Brammel when he really thought of getting back to business.

"Why, very soon," replied the youth, himself reduced to civility by Michael's more peaceful aspect; "and I should have been back before now, if I hadn't been bothered about a lot of things. If you hadn't come in blustering, I should have told you so. I shall be all right enough, don't you fear, when I get home. I promised father I should settle, and so I mean—but a wedding trip is a wedding trip, and ladies mustn't be baulked."

"Certainly not," answered Allcraft, grateful for as much as this—"then, when do you think of reaching home?"

"Oh, before you, I'll wager! We haven't got much more to see. We went to the Jordan de Plants yesterday. We are going to the Pantheon to-morrow. We shall soon get done. Make your mind easy."

"As soon as you have visited these places, I am to understand, then, that you return to business?"

"Exactly so."

"And may I venture to intreat you to abstain from visiting the gambling-house again?"

"Oh, don't you worry yourself! If you had only spoken at first like a gentleman, I should have promised you without being asked."

"Both you and Mrs Brammel must see, I am sure, the very great propriety of avoiding all such scenes."

"Yes," answered Mary Anne; and then repeating her husband's words, "but if you had only spoken at first like a gentleman!"

"Perhaps I was too hasty, madam. It is a fault that I have. We shall understand one another much better for the future. You will be at home in about—ten days we'll say, from the present time, at latest."

"Oh, don't fix days, I never could bear it! We shall be all right. Will you stay breakfast?"

Michael excused himself, and, having done all that was permitted him, departed. With a sad spirit he encountered his lady, and with gloomy forebodings his mind was filled that day. Augustus Brammel was destined to be his thorn, his trial, and his punishment. He could see it already. His house, otherwise so stable, so promising, and so prosperous, would receive a mortal blow from this one threatening point. It must be warded off. The hurtful limb must by degrees be got away. He must, from this time forward, engage himself in its removal. It was, after all, a consolation to have met the pair, and to have succeeded so far in frightening them home again, as he fully believed he had. For a time at least, he conceived that Brammel was still safe. This conviction gave him courage, and carried him on his road to Lyons, with a heart not altogether ill at ease, and without good hope. In the meanwhile Mrs Brammel had inveighed, in the most unmeasured terms, against the insolent behaviour of Mr Allcraft, the pride and arrogance of his wife, whom she had never seen—the marked, unpardonable insult she had offered her in not accompanying [Pg 730]

Allcraft on his visit; and had succeeded, in short, in effectually driving from her husband's mind the little good effect which had been produced by the partner's just remonstrance. Ignorant and vulgar as she was, the woman had unbounded influence and power. How much, may be guessed from the fact, that before Michael Allcraft was ten miles on his journey to Lyons, she had prevailed upon her husband to draw his first cheque upon his house to the tune of £500, and to prolong their holiday by visiting in succession the south of France, Switzerland, and Italy. The fool, after an inane resistance, consented; his cheque was converted to money—the horses were ordered—and on they dashed.

CHAPTER IV.

A SPECULATION.

"When the cat is away, the mice begin to play." It is an old and a true saying, and Michael, had he been an experienced mouser, would have remembered it to his advantage, when he thought of leaving the banking-house to the tender mercies of his colleagues. His confidence in Planner was very great, and I will not say undeserved; still some account should have been taken of his previous habits, and the positive abiding infirmity of human nature. It was surely dangerous to surround a man so fickle, and so easily led by the delusions of his sanguine spirit, with every temptation to walk astray, and to remove every check that had hitherto kept down the capricious movements of his most unsteady will. The daily, almost hourly presence of Allcraft, his vigorous and immediate superintendence of affairs, had subdued the speculative soul of Planner, and rendered him a useful man of business. He was, in truth, a good accountant, ardent in his pursuits, a faithful friend, an honest man. With the needful restraints upon him, he proved, as Allcraft had believed he would, a warm and active partisan. Had those restraints been continued for any time—had he been trained, and so reconciled and accustomed to his yoke, all might have prospered and been well with him. His own happiness might have been secured, and the hopes of his friend and patron would not have been blasted. It was the misfortune of Allcraft, with all his long-sightedness, not to see far enough. He was to blame, deeply to blame, for the desertion of a man whom he knew to be at the mercy of his own wayward spirit, and utterly incapable of self-defence. Yet, called abroad, what could he do? It is the fate of cunning, as it is of suspicion and other mortal weaknesses, to fall into toils of its own weaving. Michael too soon was called to pay the penalty. Allcraft had been in France a fortnight, when Planner received a fatal visit at the bank from a very old friend and stanch ally—a creature as excitable and sanguine as himself, as full of projects, and as unsuccessful. They had known each other in the early and distant days of their prosperity—they had grown poor together—they were united by the uniformity of their fortunes as by the similarity of their natures. They had both for years regarded themselves as the persecuted and injured of society—and both were satisfied of their ability to achieve miracles, time and the occasion serving. It is not for speculative spirits to be disheartened by failure, but rather to be encouraged by ill success to fresh extravagance, else had the poor result of all their schemes long since extinguished the fire at work within them. Not one of their innumerable plans [Pg 731] had shown a gleam, a spark, of reality and life. One morning, about five years before the present visit, Mr William Wedge rose from bed with the pleasing notion that he would ruin all the public gaming-houses in the world. He had suddenly discovered the secret of their success—the cause of their enormous gains—and had arranged, with minutest care and skill, a systematic course of play to bring against them. It was with difficulty that he contained himself until he mentioned his good fortune to his friend. They met time after time in secret, grew fearfully mysterious—closed their windows in the open day—played cards from morning till night, and sometimes through the night—with no other eye upon them than the very feeble, faint-glimmering one of their farthing rushlight;—they carried directions in their pocket—learnt them off—repeated them until they grew familiar as their oaths, and more familiar than their prayers. To realize between them a standing capital of five pounds, a sum essential to their operations, they pawned all the available clothing they possessed; and on the very night that they obtained the cash, they sallied forth to carry devastation and affright throughout the camps of innocent and unsuspecting blacklegs. As might be expected, it took about as many minutes as they had pounds to effect the ruin of the adventurers. Did they despond? Not they; a flaw existed in their calculations. They looked for it with care, and were torn from their employment only by the exigencies of the time, and the pressing demands of nature for immediate bread. Mr Wedge had from this period struggled on, living as he knew how, and nobody could tell, until Planner's unexpected good fortune and ascent provided him with an allowance and a quiet mind to follow out his views. Since Planner's introduction into the bank, he had behaved faithfully and well to his ancient crony; in addition to a pension, paid weekly and in advance, he gave him a right of entrée to his rooms after the hours of business, a certain supper three times a-week, and an uncertain quantity of brandy and water on the same occasions. One stipulation only he deemed necessary for his protection. He had given his word to Allcraft to avoid all trading unconnected with the bank—to abstain from speculation. Weak at the best of times, he knew himself to be literally helpless with the *ignis fatuus* of a hopeful project before his eyes; and he made a condition of Wedge's visits—his silence upon matters of business, private or public. It was a wise resolution, nobly formed, and for a season well carried out. Wedge promised to be cautious, and did not break his word. Peace of mind, a regular diet, and a full stomach, were such extraordinary circumstances in the daily doings of the latter, that the restraint upon his tongue was, in the first month or two of the new excitement, scarcely felt as an inconvenience. Planner himself, with the eye of Allcraft upon him, kept his natural inclination safely in the rear of *his* promise, and so the days and nights passed pleasantly. On the evening above alluded to—that is to say, just a fortnight after Michael's

departure—Wedge came as usual for his supper, grog, and conversation. The clock had just struck eleven—the friends were sitting together, their feet upon the fender, their hands upon their tumblers. As was usual with them, they discussed the doings of the nation, and called in question the proceedings of the existing government. One subject after another was dismissed—politics, law, love, and religion—they abused every thing, and agreed marvellously. It was getting very near midnight, the hour at which, it is said, devils are let loose upon earth for mischief—when a rascally little imp crawled up to Planner's ear, and put it into his head to talk about the amusements of the poor, and their effects upon the rising generation.

"They will be sorry for it, Wedge—mark my words. All this stabbing and killing comes from too much work and no play. Jack's at his tools for ever—gets a dull boy—and then stabs and cuts about him for the sake of getting lively. Government should have playgrounds in every parish. They would save the expense in the rapid diminution of the standing army. I wrote a letter once to the prime minister"——

Wedge sighed.

"What do you mean by that, Wedge? Ah, quite right—I see! You are a good fellow, Wedge. You have kept the compact. I won't be the first to break it. Let us change the subject. I burnt all my letters and papers the day I got here. What was the good of keeping them? This is an ungrateful country, Wedge!" [Pg 732]

Wedge sipped his grog, and sighed again.

"What is the matter, boy?" enquired his patron. "Speak your mind—relieve your heart."

"No, I won't, Planner—I won't be the first. You sha'n't say it is me. I don't mean to be blamed, that's a fact—but if I dared, oh, that's all!"

"Is it any thing very good?"

"Good! Good, did you say? Well, an agreement's an agreement, Planner. It isn't for me to introduce the subject; but I could tell you something, if we were differently situated, that would be a fortune to you. Ah, Planner, I sha'n't be a burden upon you long! I have hit upon a thing at last—I am a made man!"

"Now I tell you what, Wedge," said Planner, pulling out his watch, and looking very serious, "we'll have just five minutes' private conversation on this matter, and then have done with it. Only five minutes, mind you, by the watch. If we mutually agree to lay aside our compact for a minute or so, there's no great harm done, provided it isn't made a precedent. I should like to see you set a-going, Wedge. You may open your mind to me, and be sure of good advice. It's now seven minutes to twelve. Till twelve, Wedge, you are at liberty to talk on business."

"What were you saying just now about amusements, Planner? Do you recollect."

"I do."

"I have thought about it for the last six months. We have formed a company."

"A company!"

Wedge was as full of mystery as an Oxford tractman. He rose on tiptoe from his chair, proceeded to the passage, listened on the stairs, returned as carefully, closed the door, resumed his seat.

"A company!" repeated Planner.

"Such an undertaking!" proceeded the ungagged and self-deluded Wedge. "It's the finest thing that has been thought of for these hundred years. I *am* surprised it never once occurred to you. Your mind, Planner, should have grasped it."

"What can it be?"

"We mean to call it the *Pantamorphica*, because it takes all shapes. We are in treaty now for a hundred acres of land within three miles of London. We are to have a race-course—public gardens with fountains and promenades—a gymnasium for callisthenic and other exercises—boating—a menagerie—a library—lecture-rooms—conservatories"——

"By Jove, I see!" ejaculated Planner. "Capital!—a universal playground; trust me, I have thought of it before. Go on."

"These are for the daylight. At night we have a concert-room—a theatre—saloons for dancing—halls for refreshment—museums for *converzatione*. In the centre of the public walks we have a synagogue, a church, and chapel for Sabbath visitors. Then we shall have aviaries—apiaries—caves—alpine scenery"——

"Upon my soul, Wedge, it's a grand conception!" There was a large clock at the bottom of the stairs which struck twelve, loud enough to awake the sleeping household; but, strange to say, neither Planner nor his friend heard a single chime. "Who are your men?" continued Planner.

"Oh, first-rate men! Three of the first London bankers, two of the chief architects, the richest capitalist in England"——

"What, have you got them all?"

"No, but we mean to ask them to take shares, and to take part in the direction. They'll jump, sir, at the offer."

"Ah, that they will! What's your capital?"

"Half a million—five thousand shares of a hundred each. It's nothing at all!"

"No, nothing really. What is your appointment?"

"I am secretary; and I am to have a bonus of five thousand pounds when the thing is fairly started."

"You well deserve it, Wedge. Ah, sir, I have dreamt of this before!"

"No—have you?"

"It must do, Wedge. It can't help itself. People will be amused—people will pay for it. Amuse them from morning till night—change the scene every hour of the day—vary the pleasures. Wedge, you are a national benefactor."

"It is past twelve," said Wedge hesitatingly, looking at the watch.

"No—is it?" asked Planner, looking at it likewise. "There must be some mistake. Have you heard the clock strike?" [Pg 733]

"No."

"Nor I; my watch is out of order—too fast a great deal. Let us go by the big clock. Now, when that strikes twelve, Wedge, you shall go home, and I'll to bed—an understanding is an understanding, Wedge."

"And so you like it, Planner—eh?"

"Like it, sir"——

It was exactly a quarter to four o'clock when Planner put out his bedroom candle, and Wedge tucked himself up as well as he could on the hard horsehair sofa in Planner's sitting-room. Having enlarged upon the *Pantamorphica* speculation until the above unreasonable hour, it was not deemed respectable for Mr Wedge to quit the banking-house on the dark side of sunrise. The latter gentleman had worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement in blowing out his bubble, that it was very nearly six o'clock before he could be pronounced in a condition to say his prayers like a rational being, and go to sleep. As for Planner, he had heard too much to be quiet. He tossed his head on his pillow—turned from side to side—sat up and lay down again at intervals, until the break of day. He had resolved to take an active interest in this glorious undertaking. Nothing should hinder him. Its returns must necessarily be immense. He had promised Allcraft to enter into no business foreign to the banking-house. But what of that? He should be without an excuse for his blindness if he closed his eyes to the advantages which stared him in the face. He would not be selfish. Allcraft should share in the reward. He, who had acted so friendly a part to him, should be repaid for his noble conduct. "Share and share alike," should be his motto. And he would not hesitate or postpone his intentions. He would look thoroughly into the affair at once, and go boldly forward. It should be his pleasure and his pride to greet and surprise his partner with the unexpected news the instant he returned. Sweet are the visions of life, sleeping or waking. It is the substance and the truth that pass like iron to the soul, and kill it. Poor Planner!

CHAPTER V.

A LANDED PROPRIETOR.

After Michael had spent a month in France, he discovered that he must still travel on, and still sacrifice time and exertion, if he hoped to bring his unfortunate parent's affairs to a satisfactory issue. Many things had happened since his arrival to give him great pain and annoyance. In the first place, he had learned, with a sickening heart, that the private debts of his father considerably exceeded in amount those which had appeared in the testamentary memorandum. He had seen with his own eyes his father's acknowledgment of liabilities, the existence of which was thus revealed to him for the first time. In his immediate and violent disgust, he burned to expose his parent's cupidity and dishonesty, and to rid himself of the burden which he had voluntarily taken as his own; but pride, shame, and other low incentives, came between him and the fulfilment of a rash resolution, and he had nothing to do but to look his difficulty fully and bravely in the face. In addition to this trial, he found it necessary to proceed without delay as far eastward as Vienna; for thither his chief creditor had taken himself on urgent business, which threatened to detain him on the spot until the following year. Nor was this all; a Lyonese merchant, who held old Allcraft's note of hand for a considerable sum, advanced under assurances of early payment, had grown obstinate and restive with disappointment and anxiety. He insisted upon the instant discharge of his claim, and refused to give another hour's grace. To rid himself of this plague, Michael had not hesitated to draw upon his house for a sum somewhat greater than five thousand pounds. The act had not been committed without some distress of mind—some murmurings of conscience; but the necessity was great—the compulsion not to be avoided. To put an end to all further and importunate demands, he posted into Austria fast as he could be conveyed. The chief creditor was destined to be Michael's chief misery. He was an [Pg 734]

obdurate, unyielding man, and, after days of negotiation, would finally listen to nothing but the chink of the gold that was due to him. And how much that was, Michael dared not trust himself to think. Now, what was to be done? To draw again upon the bank—to become himself, to his partners, an example of recklessness and extravagance, was out of the question. He had but one course before him, and it was one which he had solemnly vowed never to adopt. To beg a loan from his wife so early in the morning of their union, seemed a thing impossible—at least it seemed so in the outset, when the thought first blushed upon him, and there remained a chance, a hope, of escaping from the miserable alternative. But as the creditor got clamorous, and every prospect of satisfying his demand—every means save one—grew dim, and shadowy, and blank, the wrongfulness, the impropriety of making an appeal to her, whose heart was willing as her hand was able to release him from despair, became less evident, and by degrees not evident at all. It would have been well for Allcraft, and for Margaret too, had the latter resisted his demand, or opposed it with one kind word of remonstrance. Michael was prepared for this, and the gentlest opposition would have saved them both. But what did Margaret possess, which she wished not to share with him who was her idol—dearer to her than her life—the joy and light of life! He hinted his request; she hardly suffered him to hint it. She placed her substance at his command, and bade him use it. Like a guilty man—one guilty of his first but heavy fault—blushing and faltering, Allcraft thanked his Margaret for the loan, promised speedy payment, and vowed that he would beg no more. Fond Margaret! she kissed the vow away, and bade him clear his brow, smile, and be happy. It was a woman's part, who loves not wisely, but too well. The day that gave him the means of satisfying the claims of one great creditor, bound Allcraft more seriously to another; but he rejoiced at his success, which brought him temporary ease, and he congratulated himself upon his deliverance from failure and exposure. There was little to do. The lady's broker was written to; the legal adviser of the gentleman, at Michael's own request, prepared an instrument to secure repayment of the loan; the money came—the debts of Allcraft senior to the last farthing were discharged, and scarcely discharged before Michael, eager and anxious to be at home, quitted Vienna, ready to travel by night and day, and longing to feel his footing safely in the banking-house again.

It is now proper to state, that on the very day that Michael's draft of five thousand pounds applied for honourable reception at the counter of his most respectable establishment, by a curious coincidence another demand for double that amount appeared there likewise; not in the shape of cheque or written order, but in that of a request, personal and oral, proceeding from the proud and high-born lips of Walter Bellamy, Esquire, lord of the manor—gentleman and banker. Mr Bellamy was not the first man, by a great number, who has attempted to clothe and conceal real poverty in the stately apparel of arrogance and offensive self-sufficiency. He, man of the world, knew well enough, that, thus disguised, *necessity* need never fear discovery—might look and laugh in secret at mankind—might feed and thrive upon its faults and weaknesses. How comparatively easy it is to avoid the shoals and rocks of life—to sail smoothly and pleasantly on its waters, when we take for our rudder and our guide the world's great axiom, "RICHES ARE VIRTURE —POVERTY IS VICE." "Assume the *virtue*, if you have it not;" assume its shows and appearances, its tricks, its offences, and its crimes, rather than confess your nakedness. Be liberal and prodigal, if it must be, with the crown you need to pay your necessary lodging; adorn with velvet and with silk the body that grows sick for lack of wholesome food; bribe, beyond their expectation, the pampered things in livery that stand between you and the glory you aspire to—bribe them, though to part with money is to lose your meal. Upon this broad principle it was, that Walter Bellamy existed—in virtue of it he held lands, and by its means he had become a partner in the bank, an active one, as very soon he proved himself to be. His property was estimated by shrewd calculators at a hundred thousand pounds—that, at the very least. And Bellamy chuckled at his [Pg 735] fireside—no one being by—at the universal gullibility of man. A hundred thousand pounds! Why, he could not—at any one period during the last twenty years, command as many farthings. What right had strangers to calculate for him? What right had Allcraft to depend upon such calculations? We may well ask the question, since Mr Bellamy did so, when he endeavoured, as the worst of us will do, to justify bad conduct to an unfaithful conscience. Why, what was he? a simple *locum tenens* of a dozen mortgagees, who had advanced upon the estate a great deal more money than it would ever realize, if forced to sale—a haughty, overbearing man, (though very benevolent to postboys and other serving men,) a magistrate, and a great disciplinarian. This was the amount of his pretensions, and yet men worshipped him. It was surely not the fault of Mr Bellamy, but rather his good fortune; and if he chose to make the most of it, he was a wise and prudent personage. When it is borne in mind that the possessions of Mr Bellamy were involved beyond their actual worth—that for some time he had lived in a perpetual dread of exposure and utter ruin—that for years he had looked abroad for some kind friend, who, if not altogether willing, might still be prevailed upon to release him from his difficulties—it will be easy to understand his very great desire to confer on Michael Allcraft all the advantages of his own position and high character.

The part which Bellamy had taken in the business of the house, was very inconsiderable until Michael's departure. Up to that time, he came to the bank in his carriage with much ceremony—spoke to the dependents there with becoming *hauteur*, and took his leave, on all occasions, as a rich man should, with abundant fuss, scarcely troubling himself with the proceedings of the day. "He had," he was always repeating the words, "he had the greatest confidence in Allcraft. It was unbounded. He felt that he could trust to him entirely and unreservedly." Gratefully did such expressions fall upon the flattered ear of Michael, applauding himself ever upon his victory—upon the acquisition of such a man. Of what service he would be to him in his well-laid plans! Of what use was his name already—and how much more serviceable than all would be the noble sum

of money which he had *promised* to bring into the bank at the close of the year! Michael, in his moments of chivalry, standing in the presence of Bellamy, looked upon him almost with an eye of pity and self-reproach. Whilst he himself could only plead guilty to a most refined and cunning policy, his innocent partner was but too full of trust; too simple and too unsuspecting. Somebody remarks, that God reserves unto himself that horrid sight—a naked, human heart. Had Allcraft and Bellamy, during one of their early interviews, suddenly stripped, and favoured each other with reciprocal glances—one or both would have been slightly startled by the unexpected exhibition. Planner had always looked upon Mr Bellamy as a very great man indeed—had contemplated him with that exact admixture of awe and admiration, that was pleasing and acceptable to the subject of it. Mr Bellamy, in his turn, conducted himself towards the schemer with much cordiality and kindness. Proud men never unbend until their supremacy is acknowledged through your servility. Your submission turns their gall to honey—converts their vinegar to milk—to the very cream of human complaisance. Mr Bellamy acted his part in this respect, as in every other—well; a tiger to such as would not cringe, he could become a playful lamb to all who were content to fawn. Planner and he were on the best possible terms. Looking into what is called the nature of things, we shall think it very natural on the part of Mr Bellamy, when he found himself so agreeably situated in regard to the circulating medium, if he took an early opportunity to help himself of the abundance by which he was surrounded. The truth is, that some time before the visit of Allcraft to the Continent, he had entertained a very serious intention of drawing out of the concern the anticipatory profits of a few years, in order to relieve himself and fine estate from certain engagements which pressed inconveniently on both—but his object had not, for many reasons, been carried into effect. In the first place, a moderate degree of [Pg 736] actual shame withheld him—and again, he had begged for time from his creditor, and obtained it. Allcraft absent, the sense of shame diminished; before he could return to England, the grateful respite was at an end. It was a fine bright morning when Mr Bellamy's grand carriage drew up in state before the banking-house, and the highly respectable proprietor descended from it with his accustomed style and dignity. Mr Planner was, at the moment, at his desk, very busy with the prospectus of the *Pantamorphica* Association, in which he had just completed some very striking additions—but perceiving his respected colleague, he jumped from his seat, and hastened to give him greeting.

"Don't let me disturb you, my dear friend," said the gracious Mr Bellamy. "I beg you'll prosecute your labours."

"Don't mention it, I pray—so like you, Mr Bellamy—always considerate and kind."

"Busy, Mr Planner—eh?—a deal to do now in the absence of our good friend?"

"Enough, enough sir, I assure you—but business, sir, is pleasure to the active mind."

"Very true—we feel your worth, sir—the house acknowledges your ability, Mr Planner."

"Dear Mr Bellamy—you are very flattering."

"No—not at all. Have you any engagement, Mr Planner, for this evening? Can you find time to dine with us at the Hall? I am positively angry with you for your repeated excuses."

"I shall be too proud, sir—business hitherto"——

"Ay—ay—but, my good sir, we must not sacrifice ourselves to business. A little recreation is absolutely necessary."

"So it is, sir—so it is—and you, sir, with your splendid fortune and superior taste"——

"Ah, ah—*apropos*! have you heard from Mr Allcraft lately?"

"This morning, sir."

"When does he return, pray?"

"In about a week from this. He writes he leaves Vienna this very day."

"Dear me, how very inconvenient, how very vexing!"

"What is it, may I ask, sir?"

"Oh, a trifle, Mr Planner. Dear me—dear me—it is annoying too!"

"Is it nothing that we can do, sir? Any thing the bank can offer?"

"Why—my dear sir—it is rather awkward, certainly. I have engaged to complete a purchase, and it must be done to-morrow. What cash have we in the house? There can be no impropriety in withdrawing a few thousand pounds for a short time. What do you think—Mr Allcraft being away?"

Now, Planner himself, during the last few days, had been very busy with the cash-box, in order to meet the expenses of certain preliminaries essential to the success of the infant *Pantamorphica*—into which speculation, by the way, he had entered heart and soul—and it was quite a relief and a joy to him to find his partner turning his attention to the same quarter; so true it is, that no pleasure is so sweet to a sinner, as the wickedness and companionship of a brother criminal.

"Impropriety, sir!" exclaimed the schemer. "Certainly not. Draw your cheque, sir. If we have not

the money here, we have a heavy purse in London—and I beg you will command it."

"You think, then, that until our friend's return"——

"I am perfectly satisfied, Mr Bellamy," said Planner, with an emphasis on every word, as men will sometimes use, feeling and believing all that they assert. "I am thoroughly convinced that nothing would give Mr Allcraft greater pain than to know you had needed a temporary loan, and had not availed yourself of every opportunity that the bank affords you. I entreat you not to hesitate one instant. How much may you require?"

"Well, my dear sir—you will dine with us this evening. We will talk the matter over. Don't be late. Upon consideration, it may be quite as well, perhaps, to draw upon the bank."

"Much better, sir, I am sure, in every way. Will you walk into the private room? You'll find pen, ink, and paper there. We can accommodate you, sir—no doubt."

"Thank you, Mr Planner, thank you."

How very few of the numerous clients of Messrs Allcraft, Bellamy, Brammel, and Planner, in their worst dreams that night, dreamt of the havoc which was making with their beloved and hard-earned cash!

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COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

It wanted but two or three weeks to the Christmas vacation, and we—the worshipful society of under-graduates of —— College, Oxford—were beginning to get tired of the eternal round of supper parties which usually marked the close of our winter's campaign, and ready to hail with delight any proposition that had the charm of novelty. A three weeks' frost had effectually stopped the hunting; all the best tandem leaders were completely screwed; the freshmen had been "larked" till they were grown as cunning as magpies; and the Dean had set up a divinity lecture at two o'clock, and published a stringent proclamation against rows in the Quad. It was, in short, in a particularly uninteresting state of things, with the snow falling lazily upon the grey roofs and silent quadrangle, that some half dozen of us had congregated in Bob Thornhill's rooms, to get over the time between lunch and dinner with as little trouble to our mental and corporal faculties as possible. Those among us who had been for the last three months promising to themselves to begin to read "next week," had now put off that too easy creditor, conscience, till "next term." One alone had settled his engagements of that nature, or, in the language of his "*Testamur*"—the prettiest bit of Latin, he declared, that he ever saw—"*satisfecit examinatoribus*." Unquestionably, in his case, the examiners must have had the rare virtue of being very easily satisfied. In fact, Mr Savile's discharge of his educational engagements was rather a sort of "whitewashing" than a payment in full. His passing was what is technically called a "shave," a metaphor alluding to that intellectual density which finds it difficult to squeeze through the narrow portal which admits to the privileges of a Bachelor of Arts. As Mr S. himself, being a sporting man, described it, it was "a very close run indeed;" not that he considered that circumstance to derogate, in any way, from his victory; he was rather inclined to consider, that, having shown the field of examiners capital sport, and fairly got away from them in the end without the loss of his brush, his examination had been one of the very best runs of the season. In virtue whereof he was now mounted on the arm of an easy-chair, with a long *chibouque*, which became the gravity of an incipient bachelor better than a cigar, and took upon himself to give Thornhill (who was really a clever fellow, and professing to be reading for a first) some advice as to his conducting himself when his examination should arrive.

"I'll tell you what, Thornhill, old boy, I'll give you a wrinkle; it doesn't always answer to let out all you know at an examination. That sly old varmint, West of Magdalen, asked me who Hannibal was. 'Aha!'—said I to myself—'that's your line of country, is it? You want to walk me straight into those botheration Punic Wars, it's no go, though; I sha'n't break cover in that direction.' So I was mute. 'Can't you tell me something about Hannibal?' says old West again. 'I can,' thinks I, 'but I won't.' He was regularly flabbergasted; I spoilt his beat entirely, don't you see? so he looked as black as thunder, and tried it on in a fresh place. If I had been fool enough to let him dodge me in those Punic Wars, I could have been run into in no time. Depend upon it, there's nothing like a judicious ignorance occasionally."

"Why," said Thornhill, "'when ignorance is bliss,' (*i. e.* when it gets through the schools,) 'tis folly to be wise.'"

"Ah! that's Shakspeare says that, isn't it? I wish one could take up Shakspeare for a class! I'm devilish fond of Shakspeare. We used to act Shakspeare at a private school I was at."

"By Jove!" said somebody from behind a cloud of smoke—whose the brilliant idea was, was afterwards matter of dispute—"why couldn't we get up a play?"

"Ah! why not? why not? Capital!"

"It's such a horrid bore learning one's part," lisped the elegant Horace Leicester, half awake on the sofa.

"Oh, stuff!" said Savile, "it's the very thing to keep us alive! We could make a capital theatre out of the hall; don't you think the little vice principal would give us leave?" [Pg 738]

"You had better ask for the chapel at once. Why, don't you know, my dear fellow, the college hall, in the opinion of the dean and the vice, is held rather more sacred of the two? Newcome, poor devil, attempted to cut a joke at the high table one of the times he dined there after he was elected, and he told me that they all stared at him as if he had insulted them; and the vice (in confidence) explained to him that such 'levity' was treason against the '*reverentia loci*!'"

"Ay, I remember when that old villain Solomon, the porter, fined me ten shillings for walking in there with spurs one day when I was late for dinner; he said the dean always took off his cap when he went in there by himself, and threatened to turn off old Higgs, when he had been scout forty years, because he heard him whistling one day while he was sweeping it out! Well," continued Savile, "you shall have my rooms; I sha'n't trouble them much now. I am going to pack all my books down to old Wise's next week, to turn them into ready *tin*; so you may turn the study into a carpenter's shop, if you like. Oh, it can be managed famously!"

So, after a few *pros* and *cons*, it was finally settled that Mr Savile's rooms should become the Theatre Royal, —— College; and I was honoured with the responsible office of stage-manager. What the play was to be was a more difficult point to settle. Savile proposed *Romeo and Juliet*, and volunteered for the hero; but it passed the united strength of the company to get up a decent *Juliet*. *Richard the Third* was suggested; we had "six *Richards* in the field" at once. We soon gave up the heroics, and decided on comedy; for, since our audience would be sure to laugh, we should at least have a chance of getting the laugh in the right place. So, after long discussion, we fixed on *She Stoops to Conquer*. There were a good many reasons for this selection. First, it was a piece possessing that grand desideratum in all amateur performances, that there were several parts in it of equal calibre, and none which implied decided superiority of talent in its representative. Secondly, there was not much *love* in it; a material point where, as an Irishman might say, all the ladies were gentlemen. Thirdly, the scenery, dresses, properties, and decorations, were of the very simplest description: it was easily "put upon the stage." We found little difficulty in casting the male characters; old Mrs Hardcastle, not requiring any great share of personal attractions, and being considered a part that would tell, soon found a representative; but when we came to the "donnas"—*prima* and *secunda*—then it was that the manager's troubles began. It was really necessary, to ensure the most moderate degree of success to the comedy, that Miss Hardcastle should have at least a lady-like deportment. The public voice, first in whispers, then audibly, at last vociferously, called upon Leicester. Slightly formed, handsome, clever and accomplished, with naturally graceful manners, and a fair share of vanity and affectation, there was no doubt of his making a respectable heroine if he would consent to be made love to. In vain did he protest against the petticoats, and urge with affecting earnestness the claims of the whiskers which for the last six months he had so diligently been cultivating; the chorus of entreaty and expostulation had its effect, aided by a well-timed compliment to the aristocratically small hand and foot, of which Horace was pardonably vain. Shaving was pronounced indispensable to the due growth of the whiskers; and the importance of the character, and the point of the situations, so strongly dwelt upon, that he became gradually reconciled to his fate, and began seriously to discuss the question whether Miss Hardcastle should wear her hair in curls or bands. A freshman of seventeen, who had no pretensions in the way of whiskers, and who was too happy to be admitted on any terms to a share in such a "fast idea" as the getting up a play, was to be the Miss Neville; and before the hall bell rang for dinner, an order had been despatched for a dozen acting copies of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Times have materially changed since Queen Elizabeth's visit to Christ-Church; the University, one of the earliest nurses of the infant drama, has long since turned it out of doors for a naughty child; and forbid it, under pain of worse than whipping, to come any nearer than Abingdon or Bicester. Taking into consideration the style of some of the performances, in which under-graduates of some three hundred years ago were the actors, the "Oxford Theatre" of those days, if it had more wit in it than the present, had somewhat less decency: the ancient "moralities" were not over moral, and the "mysteries" rather Babylonish. So far we have had no great loss. Whether the judicious getting up of a tragedy of Sophocles or Æschylus, or even a comedy of Terence—classically managed—as it could be done in Oxford—and well acted, would be more unbecoming the gravity of our collected wisdom, or more derogatory to the dignity of our noble "theatre," than the squalling of Italian singers, masculine, feminine, and neuter—is a question which, when I take my M.A., I shall certainly propose in convocation. Thus much I am sure of, if a classical play-bill were duly announced for the next grand commemoration, it would "draw" almost as well as the Duke; the dresses might be quite as showy, the action hardly less graceful, than those of the odd-looking gentlemen who are dubbed doctors of civil law on such occasions; and the speeches of Prometheus, Oedipus, or Antigone, would be more intelligible to the learned, and more amusing to the ladies, than those Latin essays or the Creweian oration. [Pg 739]

However, until I am vice-chancellor, the legitimate drama, Greek, Roman, or English, seems little likely to revive in Oxford. *Our* branch of that great family, I confess, bore the bar-sinister. The offspring of our theatrical affections was unrecognized by college authority. The fellows of —— would have done any thing but "smile upon its birth." The dean especially would have burked it at

once had he suspected its existence. Nor was it fostered, like the former Oxford theatricals to which we have alluded, by royal patronage; we could not, consistently with decorum, request her Majesty to encourage an illegitimate. Nevertheless—spite of its being thus born under the rose—it grew and prospered. Our plan of rehearsal was original. We used to adjourn from dinner to the rooms of one or other of the company; and there, over our wine and dessert, instead of quizzing freshmen and abusing tutors, open each our copy, and, with all due emphasis and intonation, go regularly through the scenes of "She Stoops to Conquer." This was all the study we ever gave to our parts: and even thus it was difficult to get a muster of all the performers, and we had generally to play dummy for some one or more of the characters, or "double" them, as the professionals call it. The excuses for absenteeism were various. Mrs Hardcastle and Tony were gone to Woodstock with a team, and were not to be waited for; Diggory had a command to dine with the principal; and once an interesting dialogue was cut short by the untoward event of Miss Neville's being "confined"—in consequence of some indiscretion or other—"to chapel." It was necessary in our management, as much as in Mr Bunn's or Mr Macready's, to humour the caprices of the stars of the company: but the lesser lights, if they became eccentric at all in their orbits, were extinguished without mercy. Their place was easily supplied; for the moment it became known that a play was in contemplation, there were plenty of candidates for dramatic fame, especially among the freshmen: and though we mortally offended one or two aspiring geniuses by proffering them the vacant situations of Ralph, Roger, and Co., in Mr Hardcastle's household, on condition of having their respective blue dress coats turned up with yellow to represent the family livery, there were others to whom the being admitted behind the scenes, even in these humble characters, was a subject of laudable ambition. Nay, unimportant as were some parts in themselves, they were quite enough for the histrionic talent of some of our friends. Till I became a manager myself, I always used to lose patience at the wretched manner in which some of the underlings on the stage went through the little they had to say and do: there seemed no reason why the "sticks" should be so provokingly sticky; and it surprised me that a man who could accost one fluently enough at the stage door, should make such a bungle as some of them did in a message of some half dozen words "in character." But when I first became initiated into [Pg 740] the mysteries of amateur performances, and saw how entirely destitute some men were of any notion of natural acting, and how they made a point of repeating two lines of familiar dialogue with the tone and manner, but without the correctness of a schoolboy going through a task—then it ceased to be any matter of wonder that those to whom acting was no joke, but an unhappily earnest mode of getting bread, should so often make their performance appear the uneasy effort which it is. There was one man in particular, a good-humoured, gentlemanly fellow, a favourite with us all; not remarkable for talent, but a pleasant companion enough, with plenty of common sense. Well, "he would be an actor"—it was his own fancy to have a part, and, as he was "one of us," we could not well refuse him. We gave him an easy one, for he was not vain of his own powers, or ambitious of theatrical distinction; so he was to be "second fellow"—one of Tony's pot-companions. He had but two lines to speak; but, from the very first time I heard him read them, I set him down as a hopeless case. He read them as if he had just learned to spell the words; when he repeated them without the book, it was like a clergyman giving out a text. And so it was with a good many of the rank and file of the company; we had more labour to drill them into something like a natural intonation than to learn our own longest speeches twice over. So we made their attendance at rehearsals a *sine qua non*. We dismissed a promising "Mat Muggins" because he went to the "Union" two nights successively, when he ought to have been at "The Three Pigeons." We superseded a very respectable "landlord" (though he had actually been measured for a corporation and a pair of calves) for inattention to business. The only one of the supernumeraries whom it was at all necessary to conciliate, was the gentleman who was to sing the comic song instead of Tony, (Savile, the representative of the said Tony, not having music in his soul beyond a view-holloa.) He was allowed to go and come at our readings *ad libitum*, upon condition of being very careful not to take cold.

When we had become tolerably perfect in the words of our parts, it was deemed expedient to have a "dress rehearsal"—especially for the ladies. It is not very easy to move safely—let alone gracefully—in petticoats, for those who are accustomed to move their legs somewhat more independently. And it would not have been civil in Messrs Marlow and Hastings to laugh outright at their lady-loves before company, as they were sure to do upon their first appearance. A dress rehearsal, therefore, was a very necessary precaution. But if it was difficult to get the company together at six o'clock under the friendly disguise of a wine-party, doubly difficult was it to expect them to muster at eleven in the morning. The first day that we fixed for it, there came a not very lady-like note, evidently written in bed, from Miss Hardcastle, stating, that having been at a supper-party the night before, and there partaken of brandy-punch to an extent to which she was wholly unaccustomed, it was quite impossible, in the present state of her nervous system, for her to make her appearance in character at any price. There was no alternative but to put off the rehearsal; and that very week occurred a circumstance which was very near being the cause of its adjournment *sine die*.

"Mr Hawthorne," said the dean to me one morning, when I was leaving his rooms, rejoicing in the termination of lecture, "I wish to speak with you, if you please." The dean's communications were seldom of a very pleasing kind, and on this particular morning his countenance gave token that he had hit upon something more than usually *piquant*. The rest of the men filed out of the door as slowly as they conveniently could, in the hope, I suppose, of hearing the dean's fire open upon me, but he waited patiently till my particular friend, Bob Thornhill, had picked up carefully, one by one, his miscellaneous collection of note-book, pencil, penknife, and other small wares, and had been obliged at length to make an unwilling exit; when, seeing the door finally closed, he

commenced with his usual—"Have the goodness to sit down, sir."

Experience had taught me, that it was as well to make one's-self as comfortable as might be upon these occasions; so I took the easy-chair, and tried to look as if I thought the dean merely wanted to have a pleasant half-hour's chat. He marched into a little back-room that he called his study, and I began to speculate upon the probable subject of our conference. Strange! that week had been a more than usually quiet one. No late knocking in; no cutting lectures at chapel; positively I began to think that, for once, the dean had gone on a wrong scent, and that I should repel his accusations with all the dignity of injured innocence; or had he sent for me to offer his congratulations on my having commenced in the "steady" line, and to ask me to breakfast? I was not long to indulge such delusive hopes. Re-enter the dean, O. P., as our stage directions would have had it, with—a pair of stays! [Pg 741]

By what confounded ill-luck they had got into his possession I could not imagine; but there they were. The dean touched them as if he felt their very touch an abomination, threw them on the table, and briefly said—"These, sir, were found in your rooms this morning. Can you explain how they came there?"

True enough, Leicester had been trying on the abominable articles in my bedroom, and I had stuffed them into a drawer till wanted. What to say was indeed a puzzle. To tell the whole truth would, no doubt, have ended the matter at once, and a hearty laugh should I have had at the dean's expense; but it would have put the stopper on "She Stoops to Conquer." It was too ridiculous to look grave about; and blacker grew the countenance before me, as, with a vain attempt to conceal a smile, I echoed his words, and stammered out—"In my rooms, sir?"

"Yes, sir, in your bed-room." He rang the bell. "Your servant, Simmons, most properly brought them to me."

The little rascal! I had been afraid to let him know any thing about the theatricals; for I knew perfectly well the dean would hear of it in half an hour, for he served him in the double capacity of scout and spy. Before the bell had stopped, Dick Simmons made his appearance, having evidently been kept at hand. He did look rather ashamed of himself, when I asked him, what business he had to search my wardrobe?

"Oh dear, sir! I never did no sich a thing; I was a-making of your bed, sir, when I sees the tag of a stay-lace hanging out of your topmost drawer, sir—("I am a married man, sir," to the dean apologetically, "and I know the tag of a stay-lace, sir")—and so I took it out, sir; and knowing my duty to the college, sir, though I should be very sorry to bring you into trouble, Mr Hawthorne, sir"——

"Yes, yes, Simmons, you did quite right," said the dean. "You are bound to give notice to the college authorities of all irregularities, and your situation requires that you should be conscientious."

"I hope I am, sir," said the little rascal; "but indeed I am very sorry, Mr Hawthorne, sir"——

"Oh! never mind," said I; "you did right, no doubt. I can only say those things are not mine, sir; they belong to a friend of mine."

"I don't ask who they belong to, sir," said the dean indignantly; "I ask, sir, how came they in your rooms?"

"I believe, sir, my friend (he was in my rooms yesterday) left them there. Some men wear stays, sir," continued I, boldly; "it's very much the fashion, I'm told."

"Eh! hum!" said the dean, eyeing the brown jean doubtingly. "I have heard of such things. Horrid puppies men are now. Never dreamt of such things in my younger days; but then, sir, *we* were not allowed to wear white trousers, and waistcoats of I don't know what colours; we were made to attend to the statutes, sir. '*Nigri aut suspici*,' sir, Ah! times are changed—times are changed, indeed! And do you mean to say, sir, you have a friend, a member of this university, who wears such things as these?"

I might have got clear off, if it had not been for that rascal Simmons. I saw him give the dean a look, and an almost imperceptible shake of the head.

"But I don't think, sir," resumed he, "these can be a man's stays—eh, Simmons?" Simmons looked diligently at his toes. "No," said the dean, investigating the unhappy garment more closely—"no, I fear, Simmons, these are female stays!"

The conscientious Simmons made no sign. [Pg 742]

"I don't know, sir," said I, as he looked from Simmons to me. "I don't wear stays, and I know nothing about them. If Simmons were to fetch a pair of Mrs Simmons's, sir," resumed I, "you could compare them."

Mrs Simmons's figure resembled a sack of flour, with a string round it; and, if she did wear the articles in question, they must have been of a pattern almost unique—made to order.

"Sir," said the dean, "your flippancy is unbecoming. I shall not pursue this investigation any further; but I am bound to tell you, sir, this circumstance is suspicious—very suspicious." I could not resist a smile for the life of me. "And doubly suspicious, sir, in your case. The eyes of the

college are upon you, sir." He was evidently losing his temper, so I bowed profoundly, and he grew more irate. "Ever since, sir, that atrocious business of the frogs, though the college authorities failed in discovering the guilty parties, there are some individuals, sir, whose conduct is watched attentively. Good-morning, sir."

The "business of the frogs," to which the dean so rancorously alluded, had, indeed, caused some consternation to the fellows of——. There had been a marvellous story going the round of the papers, of a shower of the inelegant reptiles in question having fallen in some part of the kingdom. Old women were muttering prophecies, and wise men acknowledged themselves puzzled. The Ashmolean Society had sat in conclave upon it, and accounted so satisfactorily for the occurrence, that the only wonder seemed to be that we had not a shower of frogs, or some equally agreeable visitors, every rainy morning. Now, every one who has strolled round Christ-Church meadows on a warm evening, especially after rain, must have been greeted at intervals by a whole gamut of croaks; and, if he had the curiosity to peer into the green ditches as he passed along, he might catch a glimpse of the heads of the performers. Well, the joint reflections of myself and an ingenious friend, who were studying this branch of zoology while waiting for the coming up of the boats one night, tended to the conclusion, that a very successful imitation of the late "Extraordinary Phenomenon" might be got up for the edification of the scientific in our own college. Animals of all kinds find dealers and purchasers in Oxford. Curs of lowest degree have their prices. Rats, being necessary in the education of terriers, come rather expensive. A pole-cat —even with three legs only—will command a fancy price. Sparrows, larks, and other small birds, are retailed by the dozen on Cowley Marsh to gentlemen under-graduates who are aspiring to the pigeon-trap. But as yet there had been no demand for frogs, and there was quite a glut of them in the market. They were cheap accordingly; for a shilling a hundred we found that we might inflict the second plague of Egypt upon the whole university. The next evening, two hampers, containing, as our purveyor assured us, "very prime 'uns," arrived at my rooms "from Mr S——, the wine merchant;" and, by daylight on the following morning, were judiciously distributed throughout all the come-at-able premises within the college walls. When I awoke the next morning, I heard voices in earnest conversation under my window, and looked out with no little curiosity. The frogs had evidently produced a sensation. The bursar, disturbed apparently from his early breakfast, stood robed in an ancient dressing-gown, with the *Times* in his hand, on which he was balancing a frog as yellow as himself. The dean, in cap and surplice, on his way from chapel, was eagerly listening to the account which one of the scouts was giving him of the first discovery of the intruders.

"Me and my missis, sir," quoth John, "was a-coming into college when it was hardly to say daylight, when she, as I reckon, sets foot upon one of 'em, and was like to have been back'ards with a set of breakfast chiney as she was a-bringing in for one of the fresh gentlemen. She scritches out in course, and I looks down, and then I sees two or three a' 'oppin about; but I didn't take much notice till I gets to the thoroughfare, when there was a whole row on 'em a-trying to climb up the bottom step; and then I calls Solomon the porter, and"——

Here I left my window, and, making a hasty toilet, joined a group of under-graduates, who were now collecting round the dean and bursar. I cast my eyes round the quadrangle, and was delighted with the success of our labours. There had been a heavy shower in the night, and the frogs were as lively as they could be on so ungenial a location as a gravelled court. In every corner was a goodly cluster, who were making ladders of each other's backs, as if determined to scale the college walls. Some, of more retiring disposition, were endeavouring to force themselves into crevices, and hiding their heads behind projections to escape the gaze of academic eyes; while a few active spirits seemed to be hopping a sweepstakes right for the common-room door. Just as I made my appearance, the principal came out of the door of his lodgings, with another of the fellows, having evidently been summoned to assist at the consultation. Good old soul! his study of zoology had been chiefly confined to the class edibles, and a shower of frogs, authenticated upon the oaths of the whole Convocation, would not have been half so interesting to him as an importation of turtle. However, to do him justice, he put on his spectacles, and looked as scientific as any body. After due examination of the specimen of the genus *Zana* which the bursar still held in captivity, and pronouncing an unanimous opinion, that, come from where he would, he was a *bona fide* frog, with nothing supernatural about him, the conclave proceeded round the quadrangle, calculating the numbers, and conjecturing the probable origin of these strange visitors. Equally curious, if not equally scientific, were the under-graduates who followed them; for, having strictly kept our own secret, my friend and myself were the only parties who could solve the mystery; and though many suspected that the frogs were unwilling emigrants, none knew to whom they were indebted for their introduction to college. The collected wisdom of the dons soon decided that a shower of full-grown frogs was a novelty even in the extraordinary occurrences of newspapers; and as not even a single individual croaker was to be discovered outside the walls of ——, it became evident that the whole affair was, as the dean described it, "another of those outrages upon academic discipline, which were as senseless as they were disgraceful."

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I daresay the dean's anathema was "as sensible as it was sincere;" but it did not prevent our thoroughly enjoying the success of the "*outrage*" at the time; nor does it, unfortunately, suffice at this present moment to check something like an inward chuckle, when I think of the trouble which it cost the various retainers of the college to clear it effectually of its strange visitors. Hopkins, the old butler, who was of rather an imaginative temperament, and had a marvellous tale to tell any one who would listen, of a departed bursar, who, having caught his death of cold by superintending the laying down of three pipes of port, might ever afterwards be heard, upon

such interesting occasions, walking about the damp cellars after nightfall in pattens. Hopkins, the oracle of the college "tap," maintained that the frogs were something "off the common;" and strengthened his opinion by reference to a specimen which he had selected—a lank, black, skinny individual, which really looked ugly enough to have come from any where. Scouts, wives, and children, (they always make a point of having large families, in order to eat up the spare commons,) all were busy, through that eventful day, in a novel occupation, and by dinnertime not a frog was to be seen; but long, long afterwards, on a moist evening, fugitives from the general prescription might be seen making their silent way across the quadrangle, and croakings were heard at night-time, which might (as Homer relates of *his* frogs) have disturbed Minerva, only that the goddess of wisdom, in chambers collegiate, sleeps usually pretty sound.

The "business of the stays," however, bid fair to supersede the business of the frogs, in the dean's record of my supposed crimes; and as I fully intended to clear myself, even to his satisfaction, of any suspicion which might attach to me from the possession of such questionable articles so soon as our theatre closed for the season, I resolved that my successful defence from this last imputation would be an admirable ground on which to assume the dignity of a martyr, to appeal against all uncharitable conclusions from insufficient premises, and come out as the personification of injured innocence throughout my whole college career. [Pg 744]

When my interview with the dean was over, I ordered some luncheon up to Leicester's rooms, where, as I expected, I found most of my own "set" collected, in order to hear the result. A private conference with the official aforesaid seldom boded good to the party so favoured; the dean seldom made his communications so agreeable as he might have done. In college, as in most other societies, La Rochefoucauld's maxim holds good—that "there is always something pleasant in the misfortunes of one's friends;" and, whenever an unlucky wight did get into a row, he might pretty confidently reckon upon being laughed at. In fact, under-graduates considered themselves as engaged in a war of stratagem against an unholy alliance of deans, tutors, and proctors; and in every encounter the defeated party was looked upon as the deluded victim of superior ingenuity —as having been "done," in short. So, if a lark succeeded, the authorities aforesaid were decidedly done, and laughed at accordingly; if it failed, why the other party were done, and there was still somebody to laugh at. No doubt, the jest was richer in the first case supposed; but, in the second, there was the additional gusto, so dear to human philanthropy, of having the victim present, and enjoying his discomfiture, which, in the case of the dons being the sufferers, was denied us. It may seem to argue something of a want of sympathy to find amusement in misfortunes which might any day be our own; but any one who ever witnessed the air of ludicrous alarm with which an under-graduate prepares to obey the summons, (capable of but one interpretation,)—"The dean wishes to see you, sir, at ten o'clock"—which so often, in my time at least, was sent as a whet to some of the assembled guests at a breakfast party; whoever has been applied to on such occasions for the loan of a tolerable cap, (that of the delinquent having its corners in such dilapidated condition as to proclaim its owner a "rowing man" at once,) or has responded to the pathetic appeal—"Do I look *very* seedy?"—any one to whom such absurd recollections of early days occur—and if you, good reader, are a university man, as, being a gentleman, I am bound in charity to conclude you are, and yet have no such reminiscences—allow me to suggest that you must have been a very slow coach indeed;—any one, I say once more, who knows the ridiculous figure which a man cuts when "hauled up" before the college Minos, or Radamanthus, will easily forgive his friends for being inclined to laugh at him.

However, in the present case, any anticipations of fun at my expense, which the party in Leicester's rooms might charitably entertain, were somewhat qualified by the fear, that the consequences of any little private difference between the dean and myself might affect the prosperity of our unlicensed theatre. And when they heard how very nearly the discovery of the stays had been fatal to our project, execrations against Simmons's espionage were mingled with admiration of my escape from so critical a position.

The following is, I apprehend, an unique specimen of an Oxford bill—and the only one, out of a tolerably large bundle which I keep for the sake of the receipts attached, (a precaution by no means uncalled for,) which I find any amusement in referring to.

—— Hawthorne, Esq.,

	To M. Moore.	
2 pr. brown jean corsets,	8	0
Padding for do., made to order,	2	6
	10	6

Rec^{d}. same day, M. M.

(Savile, when I showed it to him, said the receipt was the only one of the kind he had seen in the course of a long experience.) Very much surprised was the old lady, of whom I made the purchase in my capacity of stage-manager, at so uncommon a customer in her line of business; and when, after enjoying her mystification for some time, I let her into the secret, so delighted was she at the notion, that she gave me sundry hints as to the management of the female toilet, and offered to get made up for me any dresses that might be required. So I introduced Leicester and his fellow-heroines to my friend Mrs Moore, and by the joint exertions of their own tastes and her experience, they became possessed of some very tolerable costumes. There was a good deal of fun going on, I fancy, in fitting and measuring, in her back parlour; for there was a daughter, [Pg 745]

or a niece, or something of the sort, who cut out the dresses with the prettiest hands in the world, as Leicester declared; but I was too busy with carpenters, painters, and other assistants, to pay more than a flying visit to the ladies' department.

At last the rehearsal did come on. As Hastings, I had not much in the way of dress to alter; and, having some engagement in the early part of the morning, I did not arrive at the theatre until the rest of the characters were already dressed and ready to begin. Though I had been consulted upon all manner of points, from the arranging of a curl for Miss Neville to the colour of Diggory's stockings, and knew the costume of every individual as well as my own, yet so ludicrous was the effect of the whole when I entered the room, that I threw myself into the nearest chair, and laughed myself nearly into convulsions. The figure which first met my eyes was a little ruddy freshman, who had the part of the landlord, and who, in his zeal to do honour to our preference, had dressed the character most elaborately. A pillow, which he could scarcely see over, puffed out his red waistcoat; and his hair was cut short, and powdered with such good-will, that for weeks afterwards, in spite of diligent brushing, he looked as grey as the principal. There he stood —his legs clothed in grey worsted, retreating far beyond his little white apron, as if ashamed of their unusual appearance,

> "The mother that him bare,
> She had not known her son."

Every one, however, had not been so classical in their costume. There was Sir Charles Marlow in what had been a judge's wig, and Mr Hardcastle in a barrister's; both sufficiently unlike themselves, at any rate, if not very correct copies of their originals. Then the women! As for Mrs Hardcastle, she was perfection. There never was, I believe, a better representation of the character. It was well dressed, and turned out a first-rate bit of acting—very far superior to any amateur performance I ever saw, and, with practice, would have equalled that of any actress on the stage. Her very curtsy was comedy itself. When I recovered my breath a little, I was able to attend to the dialogue which was going on, which was hardly less ridiculous than the strange disguises round me. "Now, Miss Hardcastle," (Marlow *loquitur*,) "I have no objection to your smoking cigars during rehearsal, of course—because you won't do that on Monday night, I suppose; but I must beg you to get out of the practice of standing or sitting crosslegged, because it's not lady-like, or even barmaid-like—and don't laugh when I make love to you; for if you do, I shall break down to a certainty." "Thornhill, do you think my waist will do?" said the anxious representative of the fair Constance. "I have worn these cursed stays for an hour every evening for the last week, and drawn them an inch tighter every time; but I don't think I'm a very good figure after all—just try if they'll come any closer, will you?" "Oh! Hawthorne, I'm glad you are come," said Savile, whom I hardly knew, in a red wig; "now, isn't there to be a bowl of real punch in the scene at the Three Pigeons—one can't *pretend* to drink, you know, with any degree of spirit?" "Oh! of course," said I; "that's one of the landlord's properties: Miller, you must provide that, you know—send down for some cold tankards now; they will do very well for rehearsal." At last we got to work, and proceeded, with the prompter's assistance, pretty smoothly, and mutually applauding each other's performance, going twice over some of the more difficult scenes, and cutting out a good deal of love and sentiment. The play was fixed for the next Monday night, playbills ordered to be printed, and cards of invitation issued to all the performers' intimate friends. Every scout in the college, I believe, except my rascal Simmons, was in the secret, and probably some of the fellows had a shrewd guess at what was going on; but no one interfered with us. We carried on all our operations as quietly as possible; and the only circumstances likely to arouse suspicion in the minds of the authorities, was the unusual absence of all disturbances of a minor nature within the walls, in consequence of the one engrossing freak in which most of the more turbulent spirits were engaged. [Pg 746]

At length the grand night arrived. By nine o'clock the theatre in Savile's rooms was as full as it could be crammed with any degree of comfort to actors and audience; and in the study and bedroom, which, being on opposite sides, served admirably for dressing-rooms behind the scenes, the usual bustle of preparation was going on. As is common in such cases, some essential properties had been forgotten until the last moment. No bonnet had been provided for Mrs Hardcastle to take her walks abroad in; and when the little hairdresser, who had been retained to give a finishing touch to some of the coiffeurs, returned with one belonging to his "missis," which he had volunteered to lend, the roar of uncontrollable merriment which this new embellishment of our disguised friend called forth, made the audience clamorous for the rising of the curtain—thinking, very excusably, that it was quite unjustifiable to keep all the fun to ourselves.

After some little trial of our "public's" patience, the play began in good earnest, and was most favourably received. Indeed, as the only price of admission exacted was a promise of civil behaviour, and there were two servants busily employed in handing about punch and "bishop," it would have been rather hard if we did not succeed in propitiating their good-humour. With the exception of two gentlemen who had been dining out, and were rather noisy in consequence, and evinced a strong inclination occasionally to take a part in the dialogue, all behaved wonderfully well, greeting each performer, as he made his first entrance, with a due amount of cheering; rapturously applauding all the best scenes; laughing, (whether at the raciness of the acting or the grotesque metamorphoses of the actors, made no great difference,) and filling up any gap which occurred in the proceedings on the stage, in spite of the prompter, with vociferous encouragement to the "sticket" actor. With an audience so disposed, each successive scene went off better and better. One deserves to be particularized. It was the second in the first act of the comedy; the stage directions for it are as follow:—"Scene—An ale-house room.—Several shabby

fellows with punch and tobacco; Tony at the head of the table, &c., discovered." Never perhaps, in any previous representation, was the *mise en scène* so perfect. It drew three rounds of applause. A very equivocal compliment to ourselves it may be; but such jolly-looking "shabby fellows" as sat round the table at which our Tony presided, were never furnished by the supernumeraries of Drury or Covent-garden. They were as classical, in their way, as Macready's Roman mob. Then there was no make-believe puffing of empty pipes, and fictitious drinking of small-beer for punch; every nose among the audience could appreciate the genuineness of both liquor and tobacco; and the hearty encore which the song, with its stentorian chorus, was honoured with, gave all the parties engaged time to enjoy their punch and their pipes to their satisfaction. It was quite a pity, as was unanimously agreed, when the entrance of Marlow and Hastings, as in duty bound, interrupted so jovial a society. But "all that's bright must fade"—and so the Three Pigeons' scene, and the play, too, came to an end in due course. The curtain fell amidst universal applause, modified only by the urgent request, which, as manager, I had more than once to repeat, that gentlemen would be kind enough to restrain their feelings for fear of disturbing the dons. The house resolved itself into its component elements—all went their ways—the reading men probably to a Greek play, by way of afterpiece—sleepy ones to bed, and idle ones to their various inventions—and the actors, after the fatigues of the night, to a supper, which was to be the "finish." It was to take place in one of the men's rooms which happened to be on the same staircase, and had been committed to the charge of certain parties, who understood our notions of an unexceptionable spread. And a right merry party we were—all sitting down in character, Mrs Hardcastle at the top of the table, her worthy partner at bottom, with the "young ladies" on each side. It was the best *tableau* of the evening; pity there was neither artist to sketch, nor spectators to admire it! But, like many other merry meetings, there are faithful [Pg 747] portraits of it—proof impressions—in the memories of many who were present; not yet obliterated, hardly even dimmed, by time; laid by, like other valuables, which, in the turmoil of life, we find no time to look at, but not thrown aside or forgotten, and brought out sometimes, in holidays and quiet hours, for us to look at once more, and enjoy their beauty, and feel, after all, how much what we have changed is "*calum non animum*." I am now—no matter what. Of my companions at that well-remembered supper, one is a staid and orthodox divine; one a rising barrister; a third a respectable country gentleman, justice of the peace, "and quorum;" a fourth, they tell me, a semi Papist, but set us all down together in that same room, draw the champagne corks, and let some Lethe (the said champagne, if you please) wash out all that has passed over us in the last five years, and my word on it, three out of four of us are but boys still; and though much shaving, pearl powder, and carmine, might fail to make of any of the party a heroine of any more delicate class than Meg Merrilies, I have no doubt we could all of us once more smoke a pipe in character at "The Three Pigeons."

Merrily the evening passed off, and merrily the little hours came on, and song and laugh rather grew gayer than slackened. The strings of the stays had long ago been cut, and the tresses, which were in the way of the cigars, were thrown back in dishevelled elegance. The landlord found his stuffing somewhat warm, and had laid aside half his fleshy incumbrance. Every one was at his ease, and a most uproarious chorus had just been sung by the whole strength of the company, when we heard the ominous sound of a quiet double rap at the outer door.

"Who's there?" said one of the most self-possessed of the company.

"I wish to speak to Mr Challoner," was the quiet reply.

The owner of the rooms was luckily in no more *outré* costume than that of Sir Charles Marlow; and having thrown off his wig, and buttoned his coat over a deep-flapped waistcoat, looked tolerably like himself as he proceeded to answer the summons. I confess I rather hoped than otherwise, that the gentleman, whoever he was, would walk in, when, if he intended to astonish us, he was very likely to find the tables turned. However, even college dons recognize the principle, that every man's house is his castle, and never violate the sanctity of even an under-graduate's rooms. The object of this present visit, however, was rather friendly than otherwise; one of the fellows, deservedly popular, had been with the dean, and had left him in a state of some excitement from the increasing merriment which came somewhat too audibly across the quadrangle from our party. He had called, therefore, to advise Challoner, either to keep his friends quiet, or to get rid of them, if he wished to keep out of the dean's jurisdiction. As it was towards three in the morning, we thought it prudent to take this advice as it was meant, and in a few minutes began to wend our respective ways homewards. Leicester and myself, whose rooms lay in the same direction, were steering along, very soberly, under a bright moonlight, when something put it into the heads of some other stragglers of the party to break out, at the top of their voices, into a stanza of that immortal ditty—"We won't go home till morning." Instantly we could hear a window, which we well knew to be the dean's, open above us, and as the unmelodious chorus went on, his wrath found vent in the usual strain—"Who is making that disturbance?"

No one volunteering an explanation, he went on.

"Who are those in the quadrangle?" Leicester and I walked somewhat faster. I am not sure that our dignity did not condescend to run, as we heard steps coming down from No. 5, at a pace that evidently portended a chase, and remembered for the first time the remarkable costume, which, to common observers, would indicate that there was a visitor of an unusual character enjoying the moonlight in the quadrangle. When we reached the "thoroughfare," the passage from the inner to the outer quadrangle, we fairly bolted; and as the steps came pretty fast after us, and Leicester's rooms were the nearest, we both made good our retreat thither, and sported oak.

The porter's lodge was in the next number; and hearing a knocking in that quarter, Leicester gently opened the window, and we could catch the following dialogue:— [Pg 748]

"Solomon! open this door directly—it is I—the dean."

"Good, dear sir!" said Solomon, apparently asleep, and fumbling for the keys of the college gates —"let you out? Oh yes! sir, directly."

"Listen to me, Solomon: I am not going out. Did you let any one out just now—just before I called you?"

"No, sir, nobody whatsomdever."

"Solomon! I ask you, did you not, just now, let a *woman* out?"

"Lawk! no, sir, Lord forbid!" said Solomon, now thoroughly wakened.

"Now, Solomon, bring your light, and come with me, this must be enquired into. I saw a woman run this way, and, if she is not gone through the gate, she is gone into this next number. Whose rooms are in No. 13?"

"There's Mr Dyson's, sir, on the ground floor."

Mr Dyson was the very fellow who had called at Challoner's rooms.

"Hah! well, I'll call Mr Dyson up. Whose besides?"

"There's Mr Leicester, sir, above his'n."

"Very well, Solomon; call up Mr Dyson, and say I wish to speak with him particularly."

And so saying, the dean proceeded up stairs.

The moment Leicester heard his name mentioned, he began to anticipate a domiciliary visit. The thing was so ridiculous that we hardly knew what to do.

"Shall I get into bed, Hawthorne? I don't want to be caught in this figure?"

"Why, I don't know that you will be safe there, in the present state of the dean's suspicions. No; tuck up those confounded petticoats, clap on your pea-jacket, twist those love-locks up under your cap, light this cigar, and sit in your easy-chair. The dean must be 'cuter than usual, if he finds you out as the lady he is in search of."

Leicester had hardly time to take this advice, the best I could hit upon at the moment, when the dean knocked at the door.

"Who are you? Come in," said we both in a breath.

"I beg your pardon, Mr Leicester," said the dean in his most official tone; "nothing but actually imperative duty occasions my intrusion at this unseasonable hour, but a most extraordinary circumstance must be my excuse. I say, gentlemen—I saw with my own eyes," he continued, looking blacker as he caught sight of me, and remembering, no doubt, the little episode of the stays—"I saw a female figure pass in this direction but a few minutes ago. No such person has passed the gate, for I have made enquiry; certainly I have no reason to suppose any such person is concealed here, but I am bound to ask you, sir, on your honour as a gentleman—for I have no wish to make a search—is there any such person concealed in your apartments?"

"On my honour, sir, no one is, or has been lately here, but myself and Mr Hawthorne."

Here Dyson came into the room, looking considerably mystified.

"What's the matter, Mr Dean?" said he, nodding good-humouredly to us.

"A most unpleasant occurrence, my dear sir; I have seen a woman in this direction not five minutes back. Unfortunately, I cannot be mistaken. She either passed into the porter's lodge or into this staircase."

"She is not in my rooms, I assure you," said he, laughing; "I should think you made a mistake: it must have been some man in a white mackintosh."

I smiled, and Leicester laughed outright.

"I am not mistaken, sir," said the dean warmly. "I shall take your word, Mr Leicester; but allow me to tell you, that your conduct in lolling in that chair as if in perfect contempt, and neither rising, nor removing your cap, when Mr Dyson and myself are in your rooms, is neither consistent with the respect due from an under-graduate, or the behaviour I should expect from a gentleman."

Poor Leicester coloured, and unwittingly removed his cap. The chestnut curls, some natural and some artificial, which had been so studiously arranged for Miss Hardcastle's head-dress, fell in dishevelled luxuriance round his face, and as he half rose from his previous position in the chair, [Pg 749] a pink silk dress began to descend from under the pea-jacket. Concealment was at an end; the dean looked bewildered at first, and then savage; but a hearty laugh from Dyson settled the business.

"What, Leicester! you're the lady the dean has been hunting about college! Upon my word, this is the most absurd piece of masquerading!—what on earth is it all about?"

I pitied Leicester, he looked such an extraordinary figure in his ambiguous dress, and seemed so thoroughly ashamed of himself; so displaying the tops and cords in which I had enacted Hastings, I acknowledged my share in the business, and gave a brief history of the drama during my management. The dean endeavoured to look grave: Dyson gave way to undisguised amusement, and repeatedly exclaimed, "Oh! why did you not send me a ticket? When do you perform again?"

Alas! never. Brief, as bright, was our theatrical career. But the memory of it lives in the college still: of the comedy, and the supper, and the curious mistake which followed it: and the dean has not to this hour lost the credit which he then gained, of having a remarkably keen eye for a petticoat.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ISLE OF BUTE.

BY DELTA.

I.

Ere yet dim twilight brighten'd into day,
Or waned the silver morning-star away,
Shedding its last, lone, melancholy smile,
Above the mountain-tops of far Argyle;
Ere yet the solan's wing had brush'd the sea,
Or issued from its cell the mountain bee;
As dawn beyond the orient Cumbraes shone,
Thy northern slope, Byrone,
From Ascog's rocks, o'erflung with woodland bowers,
With scarlet fuschias, and faint myrtle flowers,
My steps essay'd; brushing the diamond dew
From the soft moss, lithe grass, and harebell blue.
Up from the heath aslant the linnet flew
Startled, and rose the lark on twinkling wing,
And soar'd away, to sing
A farewell to the severing shades of night,
A welcome to the morning's aureate light.
Thy summit gain'd, how tranquilly serene,
Beneath, outspread that panoramic scene
Of continent and isle, and lake and sea,
And tower and town, hill, vale, and spreading tree,
And rock and ruin tinged with amethyst,
Half-seen, half-hidden by the lazy mist,
Volume on volume, which had vaguely wound
The far off hills around,
And now roll'd downwards; till on high were seen,
Begirt with sombre larch, their foreheads green.

II.

There, save when all, except the lark, was mute,
Oh, beauty-breathing Bute
On thee entranced I gazed; each moment brought
A new creation to the eye of thought:
The orient clouds all Iris' hues assumed, [Pg 750]
From the pale lily to the rose that bloom'd,
And hung above the pathway of the sun,
As if to harbinger his course begun;
When, lo! his disk burst forth—his beams of gold
Seem'd earth as with a garment to enfold,
And from his piercing eye the loose mists flew,
And heaven with arch of deep autumnal blue
Glow'd overhead; while ocean, like a lake,
Seeming delight to take
In its own halcyon-calm, resplendent lay,
From Western Kames to far Kilchattan bay.
Old Largs look'd out amid the orient light,

With its grey dwellings, and, in greenery bright,
Lay Coila's classic shores reveal'd to sight;
And like a Vallombrosa, veil'd in blue,
Arose Mount Stuart's woodlands on the view;
Kerry and Cowall their bold hill-tops show'd,
And Arran, and Kintire; like rubies glow'd
The jagged clefts of Goatfell; and below,
As on a chart, delightful Rothesay lay,
Whence sprang of human life the awakening sound,
With all its happy dwellings, stretching round
The semicircle of its sunbright bay.

III.

Byrone, a type of peace thou seemest now,
Yielding thy ridges to the rustic plough,
With corn-fields at thy feet, and many a grove
Whose songs are but of love;
But different was the aspect of that hour,
Which brought, of eld, the Norsemen o'er the deep,
To wrest yon castle's walls from Scotland's power,
And leave her brave to bleed, her fair to weep;
When Husbac fierce, and Olave, Mona's king,[5]
Confederate chiefs, with shout and triumphing,
Bade o'er its towers the Scaldic raven fly,
And mock each storm-tost sea-king toiling by!—
Far different were the days,
When flew the fiery cross, with summoning blaze,
O'er Blane's hill, and o'er Catan, and o'er Kames,
And round thy peak the phalanx'd Butesmen stood,[6]
As Bruce's followers shed the Baliol's blood,
Yea! gave each Saxon homestead to the flames!

IV.

Proud palace-home of kings! what art thou now?
Worn are the traceries of thy lofty brow!
Yet once in beauteous strength like thee were none,
When Rothesay's Duke was heir to Scotland's throne;[7]
Ere Falkland rose, or Holyrood, in thee [Pg 751]
The barons to their sovereign bow'd the knee:
Now, as to mock thy pride
The very waters of thy moat are dried;
Through fractured arch and doorway freely pass
The sunbeams, into halls o'ergrown with grass;
Thy floors, unroof'd, are open to the sky,
And the snows lodge there when the storm sweeps by;
O'er thy grim battlements, where bent the bow
Thine archers keen, now hops the chattering crow;
And where the beauteous and the brave were guests,
Now breed the bats—the swallows build their nests!
Lost even the legend of the bloody stair,
Whose steps wend downward to the house of prayer;
Gone is the priest, and they who worshipp'd seem
Phantoms to us—a dream within a dream;
Earth hath o'ermantled each memorial stone,
And from their tombs the very dust is gone;
All perish'd, all forgotten, like the ray
Which gilt yon orient hill-tops yesterday;
All nameless, save mayhap one stalwart knight,
Who fell with Græme in Falkirk's bloody fight—
Bonkill's stout Stewart,[8] whose heroic tale
Oft circles yet the peasant's evening fire,
And how he scorn'd to fly, and how he bled—
He, whose effigies in St Mary's choir,
With planted heel upon the lion's head,
Now rests in marble mail.
Yet still remains the small dark narrow room,
Where the third Robert, yielding to the gloom
Of his despair, heart-broken, laid him down,
Refusing food, to die; and to the wall
Turn'd his determined face, unheeding all,
And to his captive boy-prince left his crown. [9]

Alas! thy solitary hawthorn-tree,
Four-centuried, and o'erthrown, is but of thee
A type, majestic ruin: there it lies, [Pg 752]
And annually puts on its May-flower bloom,
To fill thy lonely courts with bland perfume,
Yet lifts no more its green head to the skies; [10]
The last lone living thing around that knew
Thy glory, when the dizziness and din
Of thronging life o'erflow'd thy halls within,
And o'er thy top St Andrew's banner flew.

v.

Farewell! Elysian island of the west,
Still be thy gardens brighten'd by the rose
Of a perennial spring, and winter's snows
Ne'er chill the warmth of thy maternal breast!
May calms for ever sleep around thy coast,
And desolating storms roll far away,
While art with nature vies to form thy bay,
Fairer than that which Naples makes her boast!
Green link between the High-lands and the Low—
Thou gem, half claim'd by earth, and half by sea—
May blessings, like a flood, thy homes o'erflow,
And health—though elsewhere lost—be found in thee!
May thy bland zephyrs to the pallid cheek
Of sickness ever roseate hues restore,
And they who shun the rabble and the roar
Of the wild world, on thy delightful shore
Obtain that soft seclusion which they seek!
Be this a stranger's farewell, green Byrone,
Who ne'er hath trod thy heathery heights before,
And ne'er may see thee more
After yon autumn sun hath westering gone;
Though oft, in pensive mood, when far away,
'Mid city multitudes, his thoughts will stray
To Ascog's lake, blue-sleeping in the morn,
And to the happy homesteads that adorn
Thy Rothesay's lovely bay.

ASCOG LODGE, EAST BAY, ROTHESAY,
September 1843.

FOOTNOTES:

[5] Rothesay Castle is first mentioned in history in connexion with its siege by Husbac the Norwegian, and Olave king of Man, in 1228. Among other means of defence, it is said that the Scots poured down boiling pitch and lead on the heads of their enemies; but it was, however, at length taken, after the Norwegians had lost three hundred men. In 1263, it was retaken by the Scots after the decisive battle of Largs.

[6] This bid was the scene of a conflict between the men of Bute and the troops of Lisle, the English governor, in which that general was slain, and his severed head, presented to the Lord High Steward, was suspended from the battlements of the castle.

[7] In 1398, Robert the Third constituted his eldest son Duke of Rothesay, a title still held by every male heir-apparent to the British crown. It was the first introduction of the ducal dignity—originally a Norman one—into Scotland.

[8] The walls forming the choir of the very ancient church dedicated to the Holy Virgin are still nearly entire, and stand close to the present parish church of Rothesay. Within a traceried niche, on one side, is the recumbent figure of a knight in complete armour, apparently of the kind in use about the time of Robert the Second or Third. His feet are upon a lion couchant, and his head upon a faithful watch-dog, with a collar, in beautiful preservation, encircling its neck. The coat-of-arms denotes the person represented to have been of royal lineage. Popular tradition individualizes him as the "Stout Stewart of Bonkill" of Blind Harry the minstrel, who fell with Sir John the Grahame at the battle of Falkirk—although that hero was buried near the field of action, as his tombstone there in the old churchyard still records.

Sir John Stewart of Bonkill was uncle and tutor to the then Lord High Steward, at that time a minor.

A female figure and child recumbent, also elaborately sculptured in black marble, adorn the opposite niche, and under them, in alto-relievo, are several figures in religious habits. Another effigies of a knight, but much defaced, lies on the ground-floor of the choir—the whole of which was cleaned out and put in order by the present Marquis of Bute in 1827.

[9] On the 4th of April 1406, this unfortunate prince, overwhelmed with grief for the death of his eldest son, David, Duke of Rothesay and Earl of Carrick, who miserably perished of hunger in Falkland Castle; and the capture, during a time of truce, of his younger son, Prince James, by the English—died in the Castle of Rothesay of a broken heart. The closet, fourteen feet by eight, in which he breathed his last, is still pointed out, in the south-east corner of the castle.

[10] In the court of the castle is a remarkable thorn-tree, which for centuries had waved above the chapel now in ruins; and which, at the distance of a yard from the ground, measures six feet three inches in circumference. In 1839, it fell from its own weight, and now lies prostrate, with half its roots uncovered, but still vigorous in growth.

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TRAVELS OF KERIM KHAN.

CONCLUSION.

While tracing the progress of our friend the Khan through the various scenes of amusement and festivity at which he assisted rather as a spectator than an actor, we had omitted to notice in its proper place an incident of some interest—his presence at the opening of the Parliamentary session of 1841, on the 26th of January, by the Queen in person. By the kindness of one of his friends, who was a member of the royal household, he had succeeded in obtaining a ticket of admission to the House of Lords, and was placed in a position which afforded him an excellent view of the brilliant multitude assembled to receive their sovereign. "When I had sufficiently recovered from the first impression of all the magnificence around me, I could compare it only to the Garden of Trem[11]—nay, it appeared even more wonderful than that marvellous place. At twelve o'clock, twenty-one peals of artillery announced the approach of the Queen, who shortly after entered with Prince Albert, followed by her train-bearers, &c. All rose as she advanced; and when the Lords were again seated, the *cadhi-ab-codhat* (Lord Chancellor) put a piece of paper in her hands, and placed himself on the right of the throne, while the grand-vizir stood on the left. Shortly after, the gentlemen of the House of Commons entered, when the Queen read with a loud voice from the paper to the following effect." We need not, however, follow the Khan through the details of the royal speech, or the debate on the address which succeeded, though, in the latter, he appears to have been thunderstruck by the freedom of language indulged in by a certain eccentric ex-chancellor, remarking, "that under the emperors of Delhi such latitude of speech, in reference to the sovereign, would inevitably have cost the offender his head, or at least have ensured his spending the remainder of his life in disgrace and exile at Mekka." On the dignified bearing and self-possession of our youthful sovereign, the Khan enlarges in the strain of eulogy which might be expected from one to whom the sight of the ensigns of sovereignty borne by a female hand was in itself an almost inconceivable novelty, declaring, that "the justice and virtues of her Majesty have obliterated the name of Nushirvan from the face of the earth!" But the remarks of the simple-minded Parsees on the same subject will be found, from their honest sincerity, we suspect, more germane to the matter—"We saw in an instant that she was fitted by nature for, and intended to be, a queen; we saw a native nobility about her, which induced us to believe that she could, though meek and amiable, be firm and decisive; ... that no man or set of men would be permitted by her to dictate a line of conduct; and that, knowing and feeling that she lived in the hearts and affections of her people, she would endeavour to temper justice with mercy; and we thought that if no unforeseen event (which God forbid) arose to dim the lustre of her reign, that the period of her sway in Britain would be quoted as the golden age."

After this introduction, the Khan appears to have become an occasional attendant in the gallery of the House of Commons, and was present at a debate on the admission of foreign corn, in which Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell took part—"These three being the most eloquent of the speakers, and the chiefs of their respective parties, though several other members spoke at great length either for or against the motion, according as each was attached to one or other of the great factions which divide the House of Commons, and hold the destinies [Pg 754] of the people in their hands." Of the speeches of these three leaders, and the arguments adduced by them, he accordingly attempts to give an abstract; though as his information must have been derived, we imagine, principally through the medium of an interpreter, this first essay at Parliamentary reporting is not particularly successful; and if we are to conclude, from his constant use of the phrase *zemindars* to denote the landed interest, that he considered the estates of the English proprietors to be held by *zemindarry* tenures similar to those in Bengal, his notions on the subject of the debate must have been considerably perplexed. "At length, however, as the debate had already been protracted to a late hour, and there was no probability of a speedy termination to this war of words, I left the House with no unfavourable impression of what I had heard. This eternal wrangling between the two factions is inherent, it appears, in the nature of the constitution. With us, two wise men never dispute; yet every individual member of the legislature is supposed to possess a certain share of wisdom—so that here are a thousand wise men constantly disputing. One would think no good could result from such endless

differences of opinion; but the fact is the reverse—for from these debates result those measures which mark the character of the English for energy and love of liberty."

But though thus constantly alluding to the two great political parties which divide the state, the Khan nowhere attempts to give his readers a definition of the essential differences which separate them; and, for a statement of the respective tenets of Whigs and Tories, as represented to an oriental, we must once more have recourse to the journal of Najaf Kooli, who has apparently taken great pains to make himself acquainted with this abstruse subject. "The Tories," says the Persian prince, "argue as follows:—'Three hundred years ago we were wild people, and our kingdom ranked lower than any other. But, through our wisdom and learning, we have brought it to its present height of honour, and, as the empire was enlarged under our management, why should we now *reform* and give up our policy which has done all this good?' To which the Whigs reply—'It is more prudent to go according to the changes of time and circumstances. Moreover, by the old policy, only a few were benefited; and, as government is for the general good, we must observe that which is best for the whole nation, so that all should be profited.'" The Shahzadeh's description of the ceremony of opening Parliament, and his summary of the usual topics touched upon in the royal speech, are marked by the same amusing *naïveté*—"When all are met, the king, arrayed in all his majestic splendour and state, with the crown on his head, stands up with his face to the assembly, and makes a speech with perfect eloquence as follows:—'Thank God that my kingdom is in perfect happiness, and all the affairs, both at home and abroad, are in good order. All the foreign badishahs (kings and emperors) have sent to me ambassadors, assuring me of their friendship. The commerce of this empire is enjoying the highest prosperity; and all these benefits are through your wise ordination of affairs last session. This year also I have to request you again to meet in your houses, and to take all affairs into the consideration of your high skill and learning, and settle them as you find best. Should there be any misunderstanding in any part which may require either war or peace to be declared, you will thereupon also take the proper measures for settling it according to the welfare and interests of the kingdom.' Then they receive their instructions, the king leaves them, and they meet every day, Sunday excepted, from one o'clock in the afternoon till four hours after sunset. They take all things into consideration, and decide all questions; and when there is a difference of opinion there will arise loud voices and vehement disputes."

But we must now return to the movements of the Khan, after the Lord Mayor's dinner, described in our last Number, in the world of amusement which surrounded him in London. His next visit, when he recovered from the fit of meditation into which he was thrown by the sight of the marvellous banquet aforesaid, was to the Colosseum; but his account of the wonders of this celebrated place of resort, perhaps from his faculties still being in some measure abstracted, is [Pg 755] less full than might have been expected. The ascending-room (which the Persian prince describes as "rising like an eagle with large wings into the atmosphere, till, after an hour's time, it stopped in the sky, and opened its beak, so that we came out") he merely alludes to as "the talismanic process by which I was carried to the upper regions;" and though the panoramic view of London is pronounced to be, "of all the wonders of the metropolis the most wonderful," it is dismissed with the remark that "it is useless to attempt to describe it in detail. After this," continues the Khan, "I passed under ground among some artificial caves, which I at first took for the dens of wild beasts; and that people should pay for seeing such places as these, does seem a strange taste. By going a short distance out of Delhi, a man may enter as many such places as he pleases, bearing in mind, at the same time, that he runs the greatest chance in the world of encountering a grinning hyæna, or some such beast; and it was with some such feeling that I entered these grottoes, not being exactly acquainted with their nature."

The Khan had now nearly exhausted the circle of places of public entertainment; but one yet remained to be visited, and that, perhaps, the most congenial of all to oriental tastes in the style of its decorations, brilliant lights, and multifarious displays—Vauxhall. "A large garden! a paradise!"—such is the rapturous description of the Persian princes—"filled with roses of various hues, with cool waters running in every direction on the beautiful green, and pictures painted on every wall. There were burning about two millions of lamps, each of a different colour; and we saw here such fire-works, as made us forget all others we had already seen. Here and there were young moon-faces selling refreshments; and in every walk there were thousands of Frank *moons* (ladies) led by the hand, while the roses grew pale with admiring their beautiful cheeks." The Khan, though less ardent and enthusiastic than the grandsons of Futteh Ali Shah, does ample justice to the splendour of the illumination; "thousands of lights distributed over the gardens, suspended on the trees, and arranged in numberless fanciful devices, so as to form flowers, names, &c.; and when it became dark, one blaze of bright light was presented, extending over a vast space." He was fortunate, moreover, in making his visit to the gardens on the evening of a balloon ascent, "and thus I witnessed the most wonderful sight I ever saw—a sight which a hundred millions of people in India consider to be a *Feringhi* fiction, an incredible fable; for though a Frenchman made an ascent at Lucknow some years ago, nobody believes it who did not see it, and many even who were present, believed that their senses had been beguiled by magic.... A car in the shape of a *howdah* was swung by ropes beneath the balloon, in which six individuals seated themselves, besides the æronaut; and when it was filled with the gas and ready to start, the latter tried to prevail on me to take a seat, telling me he had performed nearly three hundred ærial voyages, and that, if any accident should happen, he himself would be the first to suffer. I certainly had a wish to satisfy my curiosity, by ascending to the skies, but was dissuaded by the friends who accompanied me, who said it was safer to remain on *terra firma*, and look on at the voyagers; and accordingly I did so."

Though it would appear that the Khan had already paid more than one visit to the treasures of art and nature collected within the walls of the British Museum, his description of that institution, "one like which I had never before heard of," is reserved almost to the last in the catalogue of the wonders of London; and his remarks on the numberless novel objects which presented themselves at every turn to his gaze, form one of the most curious and interesting passages in his journal. The brilliant plumage of the birds in the gallery of natural history, and particularly of the humming birds "from the far isles of the Western Sea," the splendour of which outshone even the gorgeous feathered tribes of his native East, excited his admiration to the highest degree —"animals likewise from every country of the earth were placed around, and might have been mistaken for living beings, from the gloss of their skins and the brightness of their eyes." The [Pg 756] library, "containing, as I was told, 300,000 volumes, among which were 20,000 Arabic, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts," is briefly noticed; and the sight of the mummies in the Egyptian collection sets the Khan moralizing, not in the most novel strain, on these relics of bygone mortality. The sculptures were less to his taste—the Egyptian colossi are alluded to as "the work in former days, I suppose, of some of the mummies up stairs;" and the Grecian statues "would appear, to an unbiassed stranger, a quantity of useless, mutilated *idols*, representing both men and monsters; but in the eyes of the English, it is a most valuable collection, said to have cost seven *lakhs* of rupees, (£70,000,) and venerated as containing some of the finest sculptures in the world. I cannot understand how such importance can be attached in Europe to this art, since the use of all images is as distinctly forbidden by the *Tevrāt*, (Bible,) as it is by our own law ... But the strangest sight was in one of the upper rooms, which contains specimens of extinct monsters, recently discovered in the bowels of the earth in a fossil state, and supposed to be thousands of years old. Many men of science pass their whole lives in inventing names for these creatures, and studying the shape of a broken tooth supposed to have belonged to them; the science to which this appertains, being a branch of that relating to minerals, of which there is in the next room a vast collection ranged in well-polished cases, with the names written on them.... Among these, the most extraordinary were some stones said to have fallen from the sky, one of which was near 300 lbs. in weight, and with regard to the origin of which their philosophers differ. The most generally received opinion is, that they were thrown from volcanoes in the moon, thus assuming, first, the existence of volcanoes there; secondly, their possessing sufficient force to throw such masses to a distance, according to their own theory, of between 200,000 and 300,000 miles; and this through regions, the nature of which is wholly unknown. This hypothesis cannot be maintained according to the Ptolemaic system; indeed, it is in direct contravention to it."

The perverse abandonment by the Feringhis of the time-honoured system of Ptolemy, in favour of the new-fangled theories of Copernicus, by which the earth is degraded from its recognised and respectable station in the centre of the universe, to a subordinate grade in the solar system, seems to have been a source of great scandal and perplexity to the Khan; "since," as he remarks, "the former doctrine is supported by their own Bible, not less than by our Koran." These sentiments are repeated whenever the subject is referred to; and particularly on the occasion of a visit to the Observatory at Greenwich, where he was shown all the telescopes and astronomical apparatus, "though, owing to the state of the weather, I had not the opportunity of viewing the heavens to satisfy myself of the correctness of the statements made to me. I was told, however, that on looking through these instruments at the moon, mountains, seas, and other signs of a world, are distinctly visible." After satisfying his curiosity on these points, the Khan proceeded to inspect the hospital, where he saw the pensioners at dinner in the great hall; "most of these had lost their limbs, and those who were not maimed were very old, and nearly all of them had been severely wounded; indeed, it was a very interesting spectacle, and reflected great credit on the English nation, which thus provides for the old age of those who have shed their blood in her defence." To the charitable institutions of the country, indeed, we find the Khan at all times fully disposed to do justice; "there is no better feature than this in the national character, for there is scarcely a disease or deformity in nature for which there is not some edifice, in which the afflicted are lodged, fed, and kindly treated. Would that we had such institutions in Hindustan!" In pursuance of this feeling, we now find him visiting the Blind Asylum and the Deaf and Dumb School; and the circumstantial details into which he enters of the comforts provided for the inmates of these establishments, and the proficiency which many of them had attained in trades and accomplishments apparently inconsistent with their privations, sufficiently evidences the interest with which he regarded these benevolent institutions. Another spectacle of the same [Pg 757] character, which he had an opportunity of witnessing about this period, was the annual procession of the charity children to St Paul's:—"I obtained a seat near the officiating *imam* or high priest, and saw near ten thousand children of both sexes, belonging to the different eleemosynary establishments, which are deservedly the pride of this country, all clothed in an uniform dress, while every corner was filled with spectators. After the *khotbah* (prayer) was read, they began to sing, not in the ordinary manner, but, as I was given to understand, so as to involve a form of prayer and thanksgiving. I was told that they belonged to many schools,[12] and are brought here once a year, that those who contribute to their support may witness the progress they have made, as well as their health and appearance."

The military college at Addiscombe, for the education of the cadets of the East India Company's army, would naturally be to the Khan an object of peculiar interest; and thither he accordingly repaired, in company with several of his friends, apparently members of the Indian direction, on the occasion of the examination of the students by Colonel Pasley.[13] "After partaking of a sumptuous luncheon, we went to the students' room, where they were examined in various branches of the military science, as mathematics, fortification, drawing, &c., besides various languages, one of which was the Oordoo."[14] After the close of the examination, and the

distribution of prizes to the successful candidates,[15] the company repaired to the grounds, where the Khan was astonished by the quickness and precision with which the cadets took to pieces and reconstructed the pontoons, and went through other operations of military engineering; and still more by a subaqueous explosion of powder by the means of the voltaic battery—"a method by which Colonel Pasley was engaged near Portsmouth in raising a vessel which had sunk there." It would be hardly fair to surmise the probable tendency of the Khan's secret thoughts on thus witnessing the care bestowed on the training of those destined hereafter to maintain the Feringhi yoke on his native country; but he expressed himself highly gratified by all that he saw; and we find him, shortly after, in attendance at a spectacle more calculated than any thing he had yet witnessed, to impress him with an adequate idea of British power—the launch of a first-rate man-of-war at Woolwich.[16] "The sight was extremely exhilarating, from the fineness of the day, and the immense crowds of people, of all ages and both sexes, generally well dressed, who were congregated on the land and the water, expecting the arrival of the Queen. Her majesty appeared at one o'clock, and proceeded to the front of the great ship, where a place, covered with red cloth, was prepared for her; I had a seat quite close, and saw it all very well.... The ceremony of *christening* a ship is taken from that of christening a child, which, as practised in the Nazarene churches, consists in throwing water in its face, and saying a prayer; but here a [Pg 758] bottle of wine hung before her majesty, and opposite to it a piece of iron, against which she pushed the bottle and broke it, and the wine was sprinkled over the ship, which then received its name.... In a short time the slips were drawn, and she glided nobly into the stream of the Thames amidst the shouts of the spectators, and anchored at a short distance. I went on board this immense floating castle, but observed that she was not ready for sea, and I was told that she would require some time to be rigged, provisioned, &c. Our party then returned to Greenwich; and after my friends had dined, with whom I partook of a delicate little fish now in season, (whitebait,) drove back to town."

The Khan had no leisure, on this occasion, to inspect the wonders of the *top-khana*, or arsenal; but he paid a second visit for the purpose a few days later, duly armed with an order from the Master-General of the Ordnance, which is indispensable for the admission of a foreigner. His sensations, on entering this vast repository of arms, were not unlike those attributed to a personage whose fictitious adventures, though the production of a *Feringhi* pen, present one of the most faithful pictures extant of the genuine feelings of an oriental on Frank matters:—"When we came to the guns," says the eximious Hajji Baba, "by my beard, existence fled from our heads! We saw cannons of all sizes and denominations, enough to have paved the way, if placed side by side, from Tehran to Tabriz—if placed lengthways, Allah only knows where they would have reached—into the very grave of the father of all the Russians, perhaps!" "The cannon distributed over the whole place," says the graver narrative of the Khan, "are said to amount to 40,000! all ready for use in the army, navy, or fortresses; and, as if these were not sufficient for the destruction of the human race, other pieces are constantly casting by a process the reverse of that in India, where the guns are cast in moulds—whereas here a solid cylinder is cast, and afterwards bored, shaped, and finished by steam power.... There are, moreover, a considerable number taken from enemies in battle, two of which, taken from Tippoo Sultan at Seringapatam, have their muzzles in the form of a lion's mouth, and are very well cast and elaborately ornamented; having their date, with the weight of powder and ball they carry, expressed in Persian characters about the mouth. There are also three from Bhurtpore, and three others from Aden, the inscriptions on which denote that they were cast by order of the Turkish emperor, *Mahmood*[17] Ibn Soliman." After leaving the arsenal, the Khan proceeded to the dockyard, of which he merely enumerates the various departments; but the proving of the anchors and chain-cables by means of the hydraulic press, impressed him, as it must do every one who has witnessed that astonishing process, with the idea of almost illimitable power. "On the ground lay a huge anchor which had been broken a few days before in the presence of Prince Albert, and when I was there four men were trying the strength of a chain by turning a wheel, the force produced by which was more than sufficient to break it; for just as I arrived it began to give way, when they desisted. The force here produced by means of this single wheel must have been equal to that of some 200,000 elephants, which might perhaps have pulled till doomsday without effecting it. Such is the wonderful effect of this agent (steam,) the results of which I meet with in so many different places, and under so many different circumstances!" After visiting the convict-hulk, and seeing the anchor-founderies in operation, the Khan crossed to Blackwall, and returned to town by the railway, his first conveyance when he landed in England. His increased experience in steam-travelling had now, however, enabled him to detect the difference between the mode of propulsion by engines on the other railroads, and the "immense cables made of iron wires" by which the vehicles are drawn on this line; the construction of which, as well as the electro-telegraph, ("a process for which we have no phrase in Oordoo,") by which communication is [Pg 759] effected between the two ends of the line, he soon after paid another visit to inspect. "This railway is carried partly over houses and partly under ground; and as the price of the ground was unusually high, I was told that it cost, though only three miles and a half in length, the enormous sum of a crore of rupees, (£1,000,000!")

With this notice of the Blackwall railway, the personal narrative of the Khan's residence in England is brought to an abrupt conclusion; leaving us in the dark as to the time and circumstances of his return to his native land, which we believe took place soon after this period. The remainder of his work is in the nature of an appendix, consisting chiefly of dissertations on the manners, institutions, &c., of Great Britain, as compared with those of Hindustan. He likewise gives an elaborate retrospect of English history, from the Britons downwards; excepting, however, the four centuries from the death of William the Conqueror to the accession of Henry

VIII.—an interval which he perhaps considers to have been sufficiently filled up by his disquisitions on the struggles for power between the crown and the barons, and the consequent origin and final constitution of parliament, related in a previous part of his work. His object in undertaking this compilation was, as he informs us, "for the benefit of those in Hindustan, who are to this day entirely ignorant of English history, and indifferent as to acquiring any knowledge whatever of a people whose sway has been extended over so many millions of human beings, and whose influence is felt in the remotest corners of the globe." The manner in which the Khan has performed his self-imposed task, is highly creditable to his industry and discrimination, and strongly contrasts, in the accuracy of the facts and plain sense of the narration, with the wild extravagances in which Asiatic historiographers are apt to indulge; the Anglo-Saxon part of the history, on which especial pains appears to have been bestowed, is particularly complete and well written—unless (as, indeed, we are almost inclined to suspect) it be a translation *in toto* from some popular historical treatise. The Khan's acquired knowledge of English history, indeed, is sometimes more accurate than his acquaintance with the annals of his own country; as when, in comparing Queen Elizabeth with the famous Queen of Delhi, Raziah Begum, he speaks of the latter princess as "daughter of Behlol Khan, the Pathan Emperor of Delhi;" whereas a reference to Ferishta, or any other native historian, will inform us that Raziah died A.D. 1239, more than 200 years before the accession of Behlol Lodi. No such errors as this, either in fact or chronology, disfigure the Khan's sketch of English history; but as it would scarcely present so much novelty to English readers as it may possibly do to the Hindustani friends of the author for whom it is intended, we shall give but a few brief notices of it. His favourite hero, in the account of the Saxon period, is of course Alfred, and he devotes to the events of his reign more than half the space occupied by the history of the dynasty;[18] thus summing up his character:—"To describe all the excellent qualities, intellectual and moral, attributed to this prince by English historians, would be to condense in a single individual the highest perfections of which the human species is capable. Qualities contradictory in their natures, and which are possessed only by men of different characters, and scarcely ever by one man, seem to have been united in this monarch; he was humane, prudent, and peaceful, yet brave, just, and impartial; affable, and capable of giving and receiving counsel. In short, he was a man especially endowed by the Deity with virtue and intelligence to benefit the human race!"

The story of Edwy and Elgiva, and the barbarities which the beautiful queen suffered at the hands of Dunstan, are related with fitting abhorrence by the Khan, who seems to entertain, on all occasions, a special aversion to the ascendancy of the Romish priesthood. The loves of Edgar and [Pg 760] Elfrida, and the punishment of the faithless courtier who deceived his sovereign by a false report of the attractions of the lady, are also duly commemorated; as well as the fall of the Saxon kingdom before the conquering swords of the Danes, during the reign of Ethelred the Unready, the son of the false and cruel Elfrida. But the intrusive monarch Canute "was looked upon, in those times of ignorance, as a very extraordinary man, and supposed to be the greatest king of the world, the sovereign of the seas and the land." The well-known story of his pretending to command the waves, as related by the Khan, differs considerably from the usually received version, and perhaps may be better adapted to the notions prevalent in the East, where success by stratagem is always considered preferable to a manly avowal of incompetency. "One day he was seated on the sea-shore, when the waves reached his chair. Canute commanded them to retire; and as the tide happened to be actually ebbing at the time, the waters retreated to the ocean. Then turning to his courtiers, he exclaimed, that the king whose mandates were obeyed by the billows of the sea, as well as by the children of men, was truly the monarch of the earth. Ever after this he was regarded by the ignorant multitude with a sort of religious awe, and was called Canute *the Great*, as we should say *Sahib-i-kirān*," (the Lord of the Conjunction, implying a man born under a peculiar conjunction of planetary influences which predestines him to distinguished fortunes.)

But of all the English monarchs whose reigns are noticed by the Khan, the one who appears to stand highest, as a pious and patriotic king, in his estimation—a distinction which he not improbably owes to his zeal as an iconoclast, the use of images in worship being abhorred by the Moslems—is no other than Henry VIII. No hint of the "gospel light that beamed from Boleyn's eyes," or of the doom which overtook more than one of his consorts, is allowed to interfere with the lustre of his achievements; such allusions, indeed, would probably be regarded by the Khan as unwarrantable violations of the privacy of the zenana. But in order to set in a stronger light the difficulties which he had to encounter, we have a circumstantial account of the rise of the Papal power, and the exorbitant prerogatives assumed for some centuries previously, by the Pope. "This personage was the monarch of Christendom, something analogous to our holy khalifs, who were the heads of Islam and the Mohammedan world; and from him the princes of Christendom received investiture, as did our Mohammedan sovereigns from the khalifs of Bagdad. The ecclesiastics every where gave out that the pontiff was the vicegerent of God, and that every one who died without his blessing and forgiveness would suffer endless torments hereafter. Moreover, if the king of any country did aught contravening the Pope's pleasure, his people were excommunicated, and anathemas published against them to the whole of Europe. Thus were the nations led by the nose like a string of camels." He then proceeds to state how Henry, by holding forth to his nobles the prospect of participation in the rich possessions of the church, induced them to join him in the enterprize of destroying the papal ascendency. "He then commanded the name of the Pope to be expunged from the *khotbah*, and his own to be substituted as head of the church; while the *idols* and pictures were removed from the churches, and not allowed to be again used in worship; and the confiscated property was divided into three parts, one of which he reserved for himself, the second he gave to the nobles who had assisted

him, and distributed the third among the clergy of the new or reformed religion.

> "The Pope's wrath was kindled at these proceedings, and he excommunicated the king, who trampled the edict under his feet. The Pope then wrote to the princes of Christendom, exhorting them all to undertake a *holy war* against Henry, who was not only a heretic, but an infidel; adding, that if they did not, fire would be rained on them from heaven as a punishment for their neglect. Some of the Christian monarchs, as the King of Spain, declared war accordingly against Henry, and sent ships to the coast of England; but all their attempts failed; and the King of Denmark and other potentates, perceiving that the Pope's threats were not accomplished, and that no fire fell from heaven, followed Henry's example in [Pg 761] expelling the Pope's clergy from their dominions, and adopted measures of reform similar to his. From this time the Pope's power began to decline in all the countries of Europe, so that at the present day his name is read in the *khotbah* only in the city of Rome and the small territory which is yet left him in its neighbourhood; and the old practice of excommunication seems to have entirely ceased; while the reformed religion introduced by Henry, and which is so different from the ancient faith, has existed in England ever since, a period of above three hundred years."

We need not pursue further our extracts from the Khan's speculations on English history, of which the passages already given afford a sufficient specimen; but we may notice that he mentions James I. as the first English monarch who sent an ambassador (Sir Thomas Roe) to the court of Delhi, and refers to the history of Ferishta for an account of his reception by the Emperor Jehanghir. He next proceeds to describe the climate, productions, and statistics of the country, its division into *zillahs* or counties, the law of primogeniture as regards succession to landed property, &c.; and enters into minute details on the laws regulating the succession to the throne, the responsibility of ministers, the election of the members of the House of Commons, and the mutual dependence of the three branches of the legislature; but his remarks on these subjects, though creditable from their general accuracy, possess little originality; and may be left without comment for the edification of his friends in Hindustan, for whose benefit it is to be presumed they were intended. The doctrine of the responsibility of ministers, (which the Khan in a former part of his narrative, as we had occasion to remark, seemed either to have been unacquainted with, or to have lost sight of,) is here stated with a full appreciation of its practical bearings; and is pronounced to be "the best law which the English ever made for the government of the people, by imposing a check on the absolute will of the sovereign; resembling the similar restraint on the power of our monarchs which prevails in Islam, though with us the check is still more powerful and effectual, as the judge is empowered by the Koran to demand satisfaction from the sovereign himself!" The details of the British finances are briefly touched upon, with a special denunciation of "that most extraordinary tax laid on the light of the sun when it comes through a window:"—but the Khan contents himself with stating the amount of the national debt, and the interest annually paid to the public creditors, without offering any scheme for its extinction, like that of his countryman Mirza Abu-Taleb, who with perfect gravity and good faith proposes that the fundholders should be summoned before Parliament, and informed by the minister, that since the pressure of the taxes necessary to meet the interest must inevitably, erelong, produce a revolution, in which the whole debt would be cancelled, it would be far better for them at once to relinquish with a good grace great part of their claim, and accept payment of the balance by instalments. Of the feasibility, as well as equity of this plan, the Mirza does not appear to entertain the smallest doubt:—"and thus," he triumphantly concludes, "in twenty or thirty years, the whole of the debt would be liquidated; some of the most oppressive taxes might be immediately abolished, and others gradually relinquished; provisions would become cheaper, and the people be rendered happy, and grateful to the government."

"When in Hindustan," says the Khan, "I had heard, like millions of others, of something in connexion with the Feringhi rulers, called *Company*; but no one knew whether this was a man, or a medicine, or a weapon, or a horse, or a ship, or any thing else. The most prevalent notion was, that it was an old woman; but as the oldest among us, and their fathers before them, had always heard it spoken of in exactly the same terms, they were further puzzled to account for her preternatural longevity." A well-directed course of enquiry in England, speedily enabled the Khan to unravel the mystery; and he has enlightened his countrymen with full details on the composition of the venerable Begum, with the Court of Directors, the Board of Control, &c.; but in the prosecution of these researches, he was surprised by finding that *Company* was so far from [Pg 762] being one and indivisible, that *Companies* "exist by thousands for multifarious objects—many even for speculation in human life. The most recent is the Victoria, composed of twelve directors, and other officers. A man puts a value on his life, and on this sum they put a per centage, varying according to his age and state of health, which he pays, and when he dies his heirs receive the money. People of the middle classes generally resort to this method of providing, by small annual contributions, for the support of their families after their decease—and consequently the man's own relations often rejoice when he dies, while strangers (the Insurance Company) grieve."

On the important subject of the domestic usages and manners of the English, the Khan enters less at length than might have been expected. Of country life, indeed, from which alone correct ideas on such subjects can be derived, he saw absolutely nothing, his knowledge of the country being apparently limited to the prospect from the windows of a railway carriage; and his acquaintance with London manners was drawn more from ballrooms and crowded soirées, than from the private circles of family réunions. With these limited opportunities of observation, his remarks on the mass of the people are necessarily confined, in a great measure, to their outdoor

habits; in which nothing appears to have surprised him more than the small number of horsemen (as he considers) to be seen in the streets of London; "the generality of these, too, are extremely bad riders, though this, perhaps, may be owing to the uncouth and awkward saddles they use:" a libel on our national character for horsemanship, into which we must charitably hope that the Cockney cavaliers who crowd the Regent's Park on Sundays, are responsible for having misled him. The important point of the comparative deference paid to women, and the amount of liberty and privileges enjoyed by them, in the social systems of Mohammedan and Christian countries respectively, is taken up by the Khan in behalf of the former, with as much warmth as in past years by his compatriot Mirza Abu-Taleb,[19] and in much the same line of argument—to the effect that the dowery which the eastern husband is bound by law to pay over in money to his wife in the event of a separation, is a far more effectual protection to the wife from the fickleness and caprice of her partner, ("whose *interest* it thus becomes, setting affection wholly out of the question, to remain on good terms with her,") than any remedy afforded by the laws of England; where a wife, though bound by ties less easily dissolved than under the Mohammedan system of divorces, may still be driven, without misconduct on her part, from her husband's house, and left to seek redress by the slow process of litigation. The Khan assures us that several ladies with whom he conversed on these interesting topics, and who had passed many years of their lives in India, were utterly unacquainted with these protective rights of Hindustani wives; and were obliged to confess, that if they were correctly stated, "the ladies in India are far better off than ourselves. For (said they) the dowery we receive from our fathers on our marriage goes to our husbands, who may squander it in one day if they like; and even the dresses we wear are not our own property, but are given us by our husbands." But if we allow the Khan all due credit for the adroitness and success with which he maintained on this occasion the cause of his fair countrywomen, we can scarcely acquit him of something like disingenuousness in a discussion with "another lady," apparently one who had *not* been in India, and who lamented the hard fate (as she believed) of the Indian widows, who could not marry again after the death of their first husband, and were at the mercy of the priests, who filled their heads with terrors of a future state to prevent their doing so. "With regard to this last idea, it is so utterly groundless, that [Pg 763] there is no word in our language corresponding with 'priest;' and of all religions in the world, Islam is the least influenced by spiritual meddlers of any sort. It is, besides, expressly enjoined in the Koran, that widows should marry; they may do so as often as they like, if they survive their husbands; and if they do not, it is their own choice." Now, though this vehement denial of the Khan's is perfectly true as regards *Moslem* law and *Moslem* widows, he must have been well aware that the lady's error arose from her considering as common to all the natives of India, Hindustanis as well as Hindus, those customs and restrictions which are peculiar to the Hindus alone. Among the latter, as is well known, both the priestcraft of the Brahmins, and the impediments to the marriage of a widow,[20] exist in full force at this day; and it would have been more candid on the part of the Khan, even at the expense of a little of his Moslem pride, to have set his fair opponent right on these points, than to have triumphed over her ignorance, without showing her wherein lay her error.

But however deeply the Khan may have commiserated the unprotected condition of English wives, as compared with the security of rights enjoyed by the more fortunate dames of Hindustan, we find him at all times disposed to do ample justice to the social qualifications and accomplishments of our countrywomen, and the beneficial influence exercised by them in smoothing the asperities of society. The masculine portion of the community, indeed, find little favour in the eyes of the Khan, who accuses them of being prone to indulge in inveterate enmity and ill-feeling on slight grounds, while instances of real friendship, on the contrary, are extremely rare: and he is wearied and disgusted by the endless disputes which occur at all times and all places, from the collision of individuals of adverse political sentiments. "They dispute in parliament, they dispute in their social circles, they dispute in steam-boats, on railroads, in eating and drinking; and I verily believe that, but for some slight feeling of religion, they would dispute even in their churches. But in the same proportion as the men were hostile to each other, did the women seem united: the more there were of these fair creatures, the pleasanter did they make the party by their smiles and good-humour: with the men, the more there were collected together, the more wrangling always ensued. In qualities of the mind and heart, as well as in the social virtues, the women far surpass the men—they are more susceptible of friendship, more hospitable to strangers, less reserved, and, I must say, generally better informed. Wherever I have been conversing with gentlemen in society, if a difficulty occurred on any topic, the men would invariably turn to their wives or sisters, and ask for an explanation, thus tacitly admitting the superior attainments of the ladies: and I have always found that I obtained from the latter a more satisfactory answer to any of my enquiries on national customs and institutions. Nor must it be supposed that this superiority was only apparent, and arose from the desire the men might have to display the accomplishments of their ladies by referring so constantly to them: it is the real state of the case, as far as I can judge from the manners of the people."

We cannot better close our extracts from the Khan's remarks on English manners and society, than with this spontaneous tribute to the merits and attractions of our countrywomen, the value of which is enhanced by its coming, as it does, from an acute observer of a social system in which every thing was wholly at variance with his preconceived habits and ideas, and from one, moreover, totally unacquainted with that routine of compliment, which serves gentlemen in the [Pg 764] regions of Franguestan, to use the words of Die Vernon, "like the toys and beads which navigators carry with them to propitiate the inhabitants of newly-discovered lands." But the impression produced on the Khan by the contemplation of the institutions and resources of England has yet to be viewed in another light—in its relations to the government of India under

Feringhi rule, and the comparative benefits conferred on the people at large, by the sway respectively of the English, and of their old Mohammedan rulers. The Khan's opinions on these subjects will doubtless be read with surprise by that numerous and respectable class of the community, who hold as an article of faith, (to use the words of our author,) that in Mohammedan countries "every prince is a tyrant; every court of justice full of corruption; and all the people sunk in depravity, ignorance, and misery:" and who cling to the comfortable delusion that we have succeeded, by the equity of our civil government, in attaching to our rule the population of India. As a view of this important subject *from the other side of the question*, taken by one, however, by no means indisposed to do justice to what he considers as the meritorious features of the English administration, the Khan's comparative summary, though not wholly devoid of prejudice, possesses considerable interest: and it must be admitted, that with respect to the internal improvement of the country, his strictures have hitherto had but too much foundation, though the schemes of the present governor-general, if carried into effect, will go far to remove the stigma from the Anglo-Indian rulers. After contrasting, in a conversation with an English friend, the expedition of legal proceedings under the Moslem rule, with the slow process of the English courts in India, to be finally remedied only by the endless and generally ineffectual course of appeal to the privy-council at home, (in which, according to the Khan's statement, not a single individual of the number who have undertaken the long voyage from India has ever succeeded,) he proceeds—

"Historical facts seem to be wholly lost sight of by those who talk of the conduct of Mohammedan rulers in India, who, as I could prove by many instances, were constantly solicitous of the happiness of their subjects. Shah-Jehan constructed a road from Delhi to Lahore, a distance of 500 miles, with guard-houses at intervals of every three miles, and at every ten or twelve miles a caravanserai, where all travellers were fed and lodged at the Emperor's expense. Besides this, canals were dug, and public edifices built, at the expense of millions, without taxing the people to pay for them as here; and these edifices still stand, and will endure for many years, as monuments of the munificence of the monarchs who erected them. During the seventy years of the English dominion in India, what has been done which would remind the people fifty years hence, if they should retire from the country, that such a nation had ever held sway there? The only memorials they would leave, would be the numerous empty bottles scattered over the whole empire, to indicate what has been done *in*, if not *for* India! In some cases also, they have squandered millions without benefit either to the people or themselves. The money spent in three years on the insane war in Cabul, if expended on the construction of railroads or canals, or the extension of steam navigation on our great rivers, would have employed thousands of men for twenty years, returned an immense profit to government, and have gained them a good name among the people. But it is the misfortune of India, that notwithstanding the high qualities of energy and enterprise, united with superior education and intelligence, unquestionably possessed by its masters, they display so lamentable and apathetic an indifference to the amelioration of the country. Since I have had such opportunities of observing the proofs of English art and skill which I see every where and in every department, I cannot but the more deeply regret that these wonderful discoveries, and strange and unheard-of inventions, in every branch of science and art, are likely to remain unknown to the people of India. If I were to relate on my return all the wonders I have seen, no one would believe me: and to what could I appeal in evidence of the truth of what I say? Are there any establishments where these things can be shown to the people on any thing like an adequate scale? If such institutions had been [Pg 765] established, the people would have some tangible proof of the real intellectual superiority of their English rulers: but in the lapse of seventy years, nothing has been done. Again, if seminaries had been founded on the principle of those built and endowed by the emperors, they might have produced men eminent in various faculties: but though it is true that schools were built by the Company some fifteen years since, in various parts of the empire, in which some thousands of children, both Hindoo and Moslem, have received education, they have never turned out a single man of superior attainments in any department of literature there taught:—and it is remarkable that not an instance exists, as far as I am aware, of a man thus educated in the Company's own schools having been selected for the high judicial offices of *Sadr-ameen*, and principal *Sadr-ameen* (judges in the local courts;) but that these functionaries have invariably been chosen from those educated in the native method. Is not this strange, that Government should have established schools professing to give superior instruction to the people; and that not one so trained should have been found eligible to fill any of the judicial or fiscal offices of their own government? and how can it be accounted for, except by these institutions having been conducted on an erroneous principle? When I return to India, I must be like the free-masons, silent and reserved, unless when I meet one who has been, like myself, in England, and with whom I can converse on the wonders we have both witnessed in that marvellous country, and which, if I venture to narrate them in public, or even among my own immediate friends and relatives, would draw on me such disbelief, that I would certainly die from grief of heart."—Here leave we Kerim Khan; not without a hope, that in spite of the apprehensions expressed in the passage just quoted, of incurring the reproach to which "travellers' tales" are supposed to be sometimes obnoxious, he has not eventually persisted in withholding from his countrymen a narrative which, both from the opportunities of observation enjoyed by the writer, and the ability and good judgement with which he has availed himself of these advantages, is better calculated to dispel the incredulity which he anticipates, than the Travels of Mirza Abu-Taleb, (the text of which has been printed at Calcutta,) or indeed than any work with which we are acquainted. Trusting, then, that the Khan's patriotic aspirations for the welfare of his country may be realized by the speedy introduction of all those Feringhi appendages to high civilization, the want of which he so feelingly deplores, and that he may live a thousand years in the full fruition of all the

advantages therefrom resulting, we now take leave of him.

FOOTNOTES:

[11] The palace constructed, in the early ages of the world, by the giant-king Sheddad, as a rival to the heavenly paradise, and supposed still to exist, though invisible to mortal eyes, in the recesses of the Desert—See LANE'S *Thousand and One Nights*, vol, ii. p. 342.

[12] The Persian princes imagine these children to be collected from all parts of the United Kingdom, for the purpose of this procession!

[13] The Khan never gives dates; but on investigation we find that this must have been on the 11th of June 1841; as among the list of visitors on that day occur the names of *Kurreen* Khan, Mohabet Khan, and, singularly enough, the Parsee poet, Manackjee Cursetjee, who will be well remembered as a lion of the London drawing-rooms during that season.

[14] The *polite* dialect of Hindustani, which differs considerably from that in use among the lower orders. The phrase is derived from *Oorda*, the court, or camp, of the sovereign—whence our word *horde*.

[15] "One hundred and fifty-three of the students," he adds, "were fixed upon for commissions, who were to be sent out to India;" but the Khan must have been strangely misinformed here, as the number actually selected was only thirty-one.

[16] This must have been the Trafalgar of 120 guns, which was launched June 21, 1841; but the Khan is mistaken in supposing that the Queen personally performed the ceremony of *christening* the ship, since that duty devolved on Lady Bridport, the niece of Nelson, who used on the occasion a bottle of wine which had been on board the Victory when Nelson fell.

[17] This must be a slip of the pen for *Selim*, or perhaps for Soliman Ibn Selim, (Soliman the Magnificent.)

[18] "At this epoch," adds the Khan in a note, "reigned the great Harūn-al-Rashid, the khalif and supreme head of Islam; and Charles the Great was Emperor of the Franks."

[19] The Mirza even went so far as to write during his stay in England a treatise, entitled "Vindication of the Liberties of the Asiatic Women," which was translated by Captain Richardson, and published first in the *Asiatic Annual Register* for 1801, and again as an Appendix to the Mirza's Travels. It is a very curious pamphlet, and well worth perusal.

[20] Great efforts have of late been made, among the more enlightened Hindus, to get rid of this prejudice. Baboo Motee Loll Seal, a wealthy native of Calcutta, offered 20,000 rupees, a year or two since, to the first Hindu who would marry a widow, and we believe the prize has been since claimed:—and in the *Asiatic Journal* (vol. xxxviii. p. 370,) we find the announcement of the establishment, in 1842, of a "Hindu widow re-marrying club" at Calcutta!

NOTES ON A TOUR OF THE DISTURBED DISTRICTS IN WALES.

BY JOSEPH DOWNES.

Author of "The Mountain Decameron."

LLANGADDOCK, CARMARTHENSHIRE, SEPTEMBER 9.

"And this is the '*disturbed district!*'—this is the seat of war!—the '*Agrarian civil war!*'—the headquarters of the '*Rebecca rebels!*" I soliloquized, about the hour of one A.M. on the night of September 9, 1843—a night of more than summer beauty, sultry and light as day—while thrusting my head from the window of "mine inn" the Castle, in this pretty picturesque little village-town, to coin a term. The shadows of the rustic houses, and interspersed corn-stacks, trees, and orchards, stretched across the irregular street, without a causeway, in unbroken quiet; not a sound was heard but the voice of an owl from a "fold" in the very heart of "the town," and the low murmur of the river chafing against the buttresses of an antique bridge at the end of the said "street;" while an humble bow window of a shop, where at nightfall I had observed some dozens of watches (*silver*, too!) displayed, without a token of "Rebecca" terrorism appearing, was seen jutting into the road, only hidden, not defended, by such a weak apology for a shutter, as would not have resisted a burglar of ten years' old.

It was now Sunday morning, and the clean-swept neatness of the sleeping village, whose inhabitants we had seen busily engaged in this pleasing preparation for the day of rest, as we

strolled there at twilight, confirmed the assurance of profound and fearless peace; for only in that happy condition of society could the mind be supposed disengaged enough to regard those minute decencies of rural English life. With a smile of well-pleased wonder at the exaggerations of the press, which were persuading the Londoners that the "dogs of war" were really "let slip" among these our green mountains and pastoral valleys, after enjoying this prospect of a village by moonlight at the foot of the majestic *Mynydd Du*, (black mountain,) whose range is seen by day, towering at a few miles' distance, and hugging myself in the security of life and purse, which warriors (if they would cross-question their own great hearts) do really prize as much as I do, I returned to bed, (the heat of which had first driven me forth to this air-bath of half an hour.) "And *this* is the seat of insurrection!" I reiterated sarcastically against all English and all Welsh purveyors of "news" for terror-loving readers.

I have a huge deal of patriotism in my composition—also, a great love of rural quiet, joined to some *trifling* degree of cowardice, as my family pretend; but that I impute to my over-familiarity with them. "No man is great to his valet," has been remarked. The domestics of Alexander wondered what the world found to wonder at, in the little man their master. However this may be, I confess it was very pleasant to me to find peace unbroken in these my old haunts. Here I had many a summer night enacted, as recorded in my "Mountain Decameron," the amateur-gipsy, "a long while ago," *bivouacking* in their wildest solitudes, between some wood and water, on moonlight greensward, or reading at our tents' mouth by a lamp, while two boys, my sons, slept soundly within; and in the blindness of human nature, thus sneering against the "gentlemen of the press," sneered myself to sleep, "shut up in measureless content."

"Most lame and impotent conclusion!" The peace of nature in that sweet night was weak assurance of any kindred feeling in the bosom of man. It so happened (as I afterwards learned) that felony—*bloody* felony—was at that very time busy, at no great distance; that murder, that arson in its direst character, were stamping their first damnable characters on a province noted, through ages, for innocence and simple piety; that the first victim to rebellion was, at that moment, bleeding to death under the hands of those wearing the shapes of men; that victim innocent, helpless, and—a woman!!

But of this in the course of my narrative. Sunday, September 10.

As I proceeded from Llangaddock this afternoon, in company with my son, we found no slackness [Pg 767] in the attendance on the chapels, which keep rising in all directions in the principality. The groups issuing from them, survey us with surly eyes, as *Sabbath-breakers*, for travelling on the "Lord's day." It is curious to reflect that these very persons who have just been listening to the preachers of a gospel of peace, with white upturning eyes and inward groans, who present countenances deeply marked, as it seems to us, with the spirit of severe sanctity, betrayed by their sour looks at us, and not rarely vested in two or three expressions *at* us among themselves —I say, how curious a fact in the *pathology* of minds does it present, that these very men will (some of them) reappear in a few hours, or days, in the characters of *felons*, midnight rebels to law and order, redressing minor wrongs committed by a few against themselves, by a tenfold fouler wrong against all men, against society itself. For a *system* which consists in defying the laws, is a systematic waging of war against the very element that binds men in society—it is a casting off of civilization, a return to miserable dependence on animal strength alone, on brutish cunning, or midnight hiding in the dark, for all we enjoy. It seems well known that the farmers themselves are the Rebeccaites, aided by their servants, and that *the* Rebecca is no other than some forward booby, or worse character, who ambitiously claims to *act* the leader, under the unmanly disguise of a female, yielding his post in turn to other such petticoat heros. The "Rebecca" seems no more than a living figure to give *effect* to the drama, as boys dress up an effigy and parade it as *the* Guy Fawkes.

It is curious to witness the chop-fallen aspect of the poor toll-collectors. The "looking for" of a dark hour is depicted on the *female* faces, at least, and a certain constrained civility mixed with sullenness, marks the manners of the male portion near large towns; for elsewhere, humble civility has *always* met the traveller in this class of Welsh cottagers. The frequent appearance of dragoons, the clatter of their dangling accoutrements of war, and grotesque ferocity of hairy headgear, and mock-heroic air of superiority to the more quietly grotesque groups of grey-coated men, and muffled up Welsh women gives a new feature to our tour in this hitherto tranquil region, where a soldier used to be a monster that men, women, children, all alike, would run to the cottage door to look at. A very different sort of look than that of childish curiosity now greets these gallant warriors, at least from the farmers. "'Becca" is the beloved of their secret hearts —'Becca has already given them roads without paying for them! 'Becca is longed for by every *honest* farmer of them all, whenever he pays a toll-gate. And these fellows are come sword in hand, to hunt down poor innocent 'Becca! Well may the Welshman's eyes lower on them, whatever may be the looks of the Welsh women.

We have now rode through several toll-gates, the ruins of the toll-houses only remaining, and rode scatheless! No toll asked—no darting forth of a grim figure from his little castle, at the shake of the road by tramp of horses—like the spider showing himself at his hole, on the trembling of his web to the struggle of a luckless fly. Nothing appeared but a shell of a house, with blackened remains of rafters, or a great heap of stones, not even a wall left—and huge stumps of gate-posts, and not a hand extended, or voice raised to demand payment for our use of a road!—that payment which the laws of the land had formally pronounced due! Had new laws been passed? Had a new mode arisen of discharging the debt we had incurred by the purchase of the use of so much road for two horses? Nothing of the kind! A mob at midnight had thrown down

the barrier law had built; and law dared not, or neglected to—erect it again! "Rebecca," like Jack Cade, had pronounced *her* law—"sic volo, sic jubeo"—and we rode through, by virtue of her most graceless Majesty's absolute edict—cost free. It was really a very singular feeling we experienced on the first of these occasions. I assure thee, my reader; believe me, my pensive public! I never was transported—never held up hand at the Old Bailey, or elsewhere; am not conscious of any sinister sort of projections about my skull that phrenologists might draw ugly conclusions on; yet [Pg 768] I confess, that after an eloquent burst of Conservative wrath against this strange triumph of anarchy—after looking down on these works of mob law, unreversed, tamely endured—after fancying I saw the prostrate genius of social order there lying helpless—the dethroned majesty of British law there grovelling among the black ruins, insulted, unrestored—left to be trampled over with insolent laughter, by refractory boors, ignorant as savages of that law's inestimable blessing—I say, after all these hurried thoughts and feelings—let me whisper thee, my reader, that a certain scandalous pleasure *did* creep up from these finger-ends, instinctively groping the pocket for the pre-doomed "thrippence," yea, quite up to this lofty, reasoning, and right loyal sensorium, on leaving the said sum in good and lawful money, snug and safe in my own pocket, instead of handing it over to a toll collector. Let us not expect too much from poor human nature! I defy any man—Aristides Redivivus himself, to ride *toll free* through, or rather over, a turnpike defunct in this manner, and not feel a pernicious pleasure at his heart, a sort of slyly triumphing satisfaction, spite of himself, as of a dog that gets his adversary undermost; in short—without becoming for the moment, under the Circean chink of the saved "coppers," a rank Rebeccaite! The Lord and the law forgive me, for I surely loved 'Becca at *heart* at that moment!

My son being a young man about returning to college, it was highly important to conceal this backsliding within; so I launched out the more upon the monster character of this victory of brawny ignorance and stupid rebellion over the spirit of laws—but it wouldn't do. "But you don't *look* altogether so angry about it as you speak, father," said he, though what he could see to betray any inward chuckling, I am not aware. If the casual saving of a toll could thus operate upon ME, who should, perhaps, never pass there again, can it be wondered at that farmers, to whom this triumph must prove a great annual gain, are Rebeccaites *to the backbone*, and to a man? I fear they must be more than man, not to cry secretly to this levelling lady "God speed!" And this leads me to more serious reflection on the incomprehensible and fatal conduct of the local authorities *in the first instance*, in not *instantly* re-erecting the toll-gates, or fixing chains *pro tempore*, protecting at whatever expense some persons to demand compliance with the laws, that not for a week, a day, an hour, the disgraceful and dangerous spectacle should be exhibited, of authority completely down-trodden, law successfully defied. Surely the first step in vindication of the dignity of legal supremacy could not be difficult. By day, at least, surely a constabulary force might have compelled obedience. A few military at *first*, stationed near the gates, would have awed rustic rebels. It is the *impunity* which this unheard-of palsy of the governing strong hand so long ensured to them, which has fostered riot into rebellion, and rebellion into incendiarism and murder. Is it possible for a thinking man to see these poor and (truth to tell) most money-loving people, saving two or three shillings every time they drive their team to market or lime, by the prostration of a gate, and be at a loss to discover the secret of this midnight work spreading like wildfire? Why, every transit which a farmer makes cost free, is a spur to his avarice, a tribute of submission to his lawless will, a temptation to his ignorant impatience of *all* payments to try his hand against all. The quiet acquiescence in refusal to pay—the vanishing of toll-house and toll-takers without one magisterial edict—the mere submission to the mob, seems to cry "*peccavi*" too manifestly, and affords fresh colour to indiscriminate condemnation of all. A *bonus* in the shape of a toll for horse or team remitted, is thus actually presented, many times a-day, to the rioter, the rebel, the midnight incendiary of toll-houses, for this good work, by the supine, besotted, or fear-palsied local authorities. Shall a man look on while a burglar enters his house, ransacks his till, let him depart, and then, in despair, leave the door he broke open, open still all night for his entrance, and then wonder that burglary is vastly on the increase? The wonder, I think, is that one gate remains; and that wonder will not exist long, if government do not do something more than send down *a* gentleman to ask the Welsh what they please to want? The temptation forced upon the eyes and minds of a poverty-stricken [Pg 769] and greedy people, by this shocking spectacle of the mastery of anarchy over order, in the annihilation of an impost by armed mountain peasants, is in itself a great cruelty; for in all Agrarian risings the state has triumphed at last, inasmuch as wealth and its resources are an over-match for poverty, however furious or savage; hence blood will flow under the sword of justice ultimately, which early vigilance on her part might have wholly spared. "Knock down that toll-house—fire its contents—murder its tenant," seems the voice of such sleepy justice to pronounce, "and neither I, nor my myrmidons will even *ask* you again for toll! Do this, and you shall not pay!!"

Such was the tacit invitation kindly presented by the *first* torn down toll-gate that remained in ruins, to every Welsh farmer. The farmer has accepted it, and "justice"—justice keeps her promise religiously, for no toll is demanded. If the law had been violated by trustees, we have a body called parliament strong enough to reform, ay, and punish them, as they, some of them perhaps, richly deserve; but was that a reason for the laws to be annulled, and lawlessness made the order of the day, in so important a matter as public roads, by the very men who are to profit by it, self-erected into judges in their own cause?

Llandilo Vaur. Evening, Sept. 10. Sunday.

A scene to turn even a "commercial traveller" (*vulgo* a bagman) into a "sentimental" one, if any

thing could! Clouds that had overcast our ride of the last few miles, kindly "flew diverse" as we reached the bridge over the Towey, that flows at the foot of the declivity on which this romantic town stands. The sun broke forth, and all at once showed, and burnished while it showed, one of the noblest landscapes in South Wales—not the less attractive for being that which kindled the muse of Dyer—on which the saintly eye of a far greater poet had often reposed—the immortal *prose-poet* bishop, Jeremy Taylor, a refugee here during the storm of the Civil Wars. Golden Grove, his beautiful retreat, with its venerable trees, was in our sight, the green mountain meadows between literally verifying its name by the brilliance of their sunshiny rich grass, where "God had showered the landscape;" to a fantastic fancy, giving the idea of the quivering of the richest leaf gold on a ground of emerald. The humbler Welsh Parnassus of the painter poet, Grongar Hill, towered also in distance. We traced the pastoral yet noble river, winding away in long meanders, up-flashing silver, through a broad mountain valley, dotted with white farms, rich in various foliage, marked as a map by lines, with well-marked hedge-rows; harvest fields full of sheaves, yellowing all the lofty slopes that presented these beautiful farms and folds full to the descending sun; those slopes, surmounted by grand masses of darkness, solemnly contrasted with the gay luxuriance all below; that darkness only the shade of woods, nodding like the black plume over the golden armour of some giant hero of fable, "magna componere parvis."

Nearer, rose directly from the river a noble park, with all the charm of the wild picturesque, from its antique look, its romantic undulations and steepness, its woody mount and ivied ruin of a castle, "bosomed high in tufted trees," half-hidden, yet visible and reflected in the now-placid mirror of a reach of the river.

Being Sunday, a moral charm was added to those of this exquisite natural panorama, from which the curtain of storm-cloud seemed just then drawn up, as if to strike us the more with its flashing glory of sunshine, water, and a whole sky become cerulean in a few minutes. No Sabbath bells chimed, indeed; but the hushed town, and vacant groups come abroad to enjoy the return of that Italian weather we had long luxuriated in, impressed, equally with any music, the idea of Sabbath on the mind. It was hard to believe, revolting to be forced to believe, that this fine scene of perfect beauty and deep repose, as presented to the eye, directed to nature only—to the mind's eye rolling up to nature's God—was also the (newly transfigured) theatre of man's worst and darkest passions; that the *army*—that odious, hideous, necessary curse of civilization, the severe and hateful guardian of liberty and peace, (though uncongenial to both)—was at that moment [Pg 770] evoked by all the lovers of both for their salvation; was even then violating the ideal harmony of the hour, by its foul yet saving presence; was parading those green suburbs, and the sweet fields under those mountain walls, with those clangours so discordant to the holy influences of the hour and scene—emerging in their gay, shocking costume, (the colour of blood, and devised for its concealment,) from angles of rocks, and mouths of bowered avenues, where the mild fugitive from civil war, and faithful devotee of his throneless king, had often wandered, meditating on "Holy Dying"—of "Holy Living" himself a beautiful example—where even still, nothing gave outward and visible sign of incendiarism and murder lurking among those hermitages of rustic life; yet were both in active, secret operation!

In that very park of *Dynevor*, whose beauty we were admiring from the bridge, a little walk would have led us to—a *grave!*—no consecrated one, but one dug ready to receive a corpse; *dug, in savage threatening of slaughter, for the reception of one yet living*—the son of the noble owner of that ancient domain—dug in sight of his father's house, in his own park, by wretches who have warned him to prepare to fill that grave in October! The gentleman so threatened, being void of all offence save that of being a magistrate—a sworn preserver of the public peace!

Equally abhorrent to rational piety, if less shocking, is that air of sourest sanctity which the groups now passing us bring with them out from the meeting-houses.

Ask a question, and a nasal noise between groan and snort seems to signify that they ask to be asked again, a sort of *ha—a—h?* "long drawn out." The human face and the face of nature, at that hour, were as an east of thunder fronting a west of golden blue summer serenity. The Mawworms of Calvinistic Methodism have made a sort of monkery of all Wales, as regards externals at least. To think a twilight or noonday walk for pleasure a sin, involves the absurdest principle of ascetic folly, as truly as self-flagellation, or wearing horsehair shirts. Not that these ministers set their flocks any example of self-mortification. The greater number of preachers show excellent "condition," the poorest farmers' wives vying with each other in purveying "creature comforts" for these spiritual comforters. Preparing hot dinners, it seems, is not working on the Lord's Day when it is for the preacher; though to save a field of corn, which is in danger of being spoiled if left out, as in some seasons, would be a shocking desecration of that day. Yet, to observe the abstracted unearthly carriage of these men, who seem "conversing with the skies" while walking the streets, one wonders at the contrast of such burly bodies and refined spirits.

To return to the flock from these burly shepherds of souls—this outbreak of a devilish spirit—this crusade against law and order, tolls and tithes, life and property, is a damning evidence against these spiritual pastors and masters, for such they are to the great body of the Welsh common people, in the fullest sense. The *Times* newspaper has ruffled the whole "Volscian" camp of Dissent, it appears, by thundering forth against them a charge of inciting their congregations to midnight crime. "John Joneses, and David Reeses, and Ap Shenkinses, have sprung up like the men from the dragon's teeth, to repel this charge. It is probable that it was not well founded, for the simple reason, that such daring subornation of crime would have brought *themselves* into trouble. But what sort of defence is this, even if substantiated? You did not *excite* your followers to rebellion and arson! *You*, with your unlimited command of their minds, and almost bodies, why

did you not allay, resist, put down the excitement, by whomever raised? That is the gravamen of the charge against you! You who make then weep, make then tremble, puff them with spiritual conceit, or depress them with terrors of damnation just as you please, how comes it that you are powerless all at once in deterring them from wild and bad actions—you, who are all-powerful in inciting them to any thing, since to refrain from violence is easier than to commit it?

The increase of these outrages proves, that not the power, but will, is wanting on your part, to put down this spirit of revenge and revolt. You perceive the current of their ignorant minds [Pg 771] setting strongly in toward rapine and rebellion, (the *feeler* put forth being the toll grievance,) and you basely, wickedly, pander to their passions, by a discreet silence in your rostra, an unchristian apathy; while deeds are being done under your very eyes—in your daily path—which no good man can view without horror; no bold good man in the position which you hold, of public instructors in human duties, could see, without denouncing! And as your boldness, at least, is pretty apparent, whatever your goodness may be, other motives than fear must be sought for this unaccountable suspension of your influence—and I find it in *self-interest*—love of "filthy lucre." You are "supported by voluntary contribution," and to thwart the passions of your followers, and stem the tide of lawless violence, though your most sacred spiritual duty, is not the way to conciliate—is not compatible with that "voluntary principle" on which your bread depends, and which too often places your duty and your interest in direct opposition."

Llanon, Carmarthenshire.

The good woman of our inn in this village has just been apologizing for the almost empty state of her house, the furniture being chiefly sent away to Pembree, whither she and her family hoped to follow in a few days. The cause of her removal was *fear of the house being set fire to*, it being the property of Mr Chambers, a magistrate of Llanelly, and the "Rebecca's company" had warned all his tenants to be prepared for their fiery vengeance. His heinous offence was heading the police in discharge of his duty, in a conflict that has just occurred at Pontardulais gate, near this place, in which some of the 'Beccaites were wounded. [Since this, farm-houses and other property of this gentleman have been consumed, his life has been threatened, and his family have prevailed on him to abandon his home and native place.] The wounded men, now prisoners, were of this village, the *focus* of this rebellion that dares not face the day. It is here that the murderous midnight attack was made on the house of a Mr Edwards, when the wretches fired volleys at the windows, where his wife and daughter appeared *at their command*. They escaped, miraculously it might be said, notwithstanding. The poor old hostess complained, as well she might, of the hardship of being thus put in peril, purely in hostility to her landlord. We slept, however, soundly, and found ourselves alive in the morning; whether through evangelical Rebecca's scruples about burning us out (or *in*) on a "Lord's Day" night, or her being engaged elsewhere, we knew not.

And here also we rode through a crowd, murmuring hymns, pouring from the chapel, where, no doubt, they had heard some edifying discourse about the "sweet Jesus," and "sweet experiences," and "new birth," the omnipotence of faith to salvation, and all and every topic but a *man's* just indignation, and a religious man's most solemn denunciation against the bloody and felonious outrages just committed by those very villagers—against the night-masked assassins, who had just before wantonly pointed deadly weapons against unoffending women—against the chamber of a sick man, a husband, and a father!

Llanelly, Sept. 11, Monday.

The headquarters of vindictive rebellion, arson, and spiritual oratory! An ugly populous town near the sea, now in a ferment of mixed fear and fury, from recent savage acts of the Rebeccaites against a most respectable magistrate, resident in the town, Mr W. Chambers, jun., the denounced landlord of our old Welsh hostess at Llanon. Two of his farm-houses have been burned to the ground, and his life has been threatened. His grievous offence I stated before. Soldiers are seen every where; and verily, the mixture of brute-ignorance and brute-ferocity, depicted in the faces of the great mass of "operatives" that we meet, seem to hint that their presence is not prematurely invoked. Their begrimed features and figures, caused by their various employments, give greater effect to the wild character of the coatless groups, who, in their blue check shirt-sleeves, congregate at every corner to *cabal*, rather than to *dispute*, it seems; for, fond as they are of dissent, (though not one in fifty could tell you *from* what they dissent, or *to* what they cleave in doctrine,) there seems no leaning to dissent from the glorious new Rebecca law of [Pg 772] might (or midnight surprisals) against right.

In this neighbourhood, our Welsh annals will have to record—*the first dwelling-house*, not being a toll-house, *was laid in ashes; the first blood was shed* by "Rebecca's company," as they call the rioters here. And *here* resides, rants, prays, and preaches, and scribbles sedition, an illiterate fanatic, who is recognised as an organ of one sect of Methodists, Whitfieldites publishing a monthly inflammatory Magazine, called Y Diwygiwr, (the "*Reformer!*")—God bless the mark!

This little pope, within his little circle of the "great unwashed," is very oracular, and his infallibility a dogma with his followers and readers. How much he himself and his vulgar trash of prose run mad, stand in need of that wholesome reform which some of his English brother-firebrands have been taught in Coldbathfields and Newgate, let my reader judge from the following extract. The *Times* newspaper did good service in *gibbeting* this precious morceau, supplied by its indefatigable reporter, in its broad sheet. How great was the neglect of *Welsh* society, and every thing Welsh, when this sort of war-cry of treason could be raised, this trump of

rebellion sounded, and, as it were, from the pulpit "Evangelical," with perfect impunity to the demagogue, thus prostituting religion itself to the cause of anarchical crime!—

"We cannot regard these tumults, with their like in other parts, but as the effects of Tory oppression. Our wish is to see *Rebecca and her children arrayed by thousands, for the suppression of Toryism*. These are the only means to remove the burden from the back of the country.... Resolve to see the sword of reason plunged in oppression's heart." He goes on to say, "*there must be a hard-blowing storm* before the high places in State and Church can be levelled," &c. &c. There is the usual twaddle about "*moral* force," forsooth, under which saving periphrasis, now-a-days, every rebel ranter in field, or tub, or conventicle, insinuates lawless violence without naming it. Jack Cade would have made it the rallying cry of his raggamuffins, so would Wat Tyler, had it been hit upon in his day. The *array* of *thousands* is intelligible "to the meanest capacity." The dullest Welsh "copper-man," or collier, or wild farm cultivator, could not miss the meaning. But as to this magical weapon, "moral force," which they are to handle when so arrayed—the brightest capacity must be at a loss to know what it means. How absurd (if he pretends such a thing) to expect that enlightened statesmen will stand reformed, restrained, stricken through, with a new light in politics by the exhibition of these smutty patriots' *minds* alone!—by the force of conviction, wrought by ascertaining *their* convictions, (the *illuminati* of Llanelly coal-works, of Swansea copper-works, of Carmarthen farm-yards,) will instantly *tack*—put the vessel of State right about, and bring her triumphant into the placid haven of Radicalism! And why *physical* "array" to wield such shadowy arms as "*moral*" force? This favourite stalking-horse of incendiary politics is but the secret hiding-place of retreat from the "force of government." The peace, the forbearance it breathes, is like the brief silence maintained—the holding of the breath—by those snugly ensconced within that other horse of famous memory, the *Trojan*, which served admirably to lay vigilance asleep, and evade the defensive *force* of the garrison, till the hour came to leap from its protection, and fire the citadel. This "moral force" covert of revolt, is every whit as hollow, as treacherous, as fatal, if trusted to. Inflame, enrage, and then gather together "thousands" of the most ignorant of mankind, pointing to a body, or a class, or a government, as the sole cause of whatever they suffer or dislike, and then—*tell* them to be moral! peaceable! not to use those tens of thousands of brawny arms, inured to the sledge-hammer; oh, no! tell them that *force* means to stand still—or disperse—or gabble—any thing but to—*fight!* And such vile "juggling with us in a double sense" as this, is evangelical morality!

In justice to the Liberal party, I shall add that it does not sanction the ravings of this hypocrite, but laughs at his illiterate pretensions to the character of a public writer. As evidence of this, the editor of the *Welshman*, a Liberal journal, published at Carmarthen, has ably castigated this [Pg 773] sedition-monger, who has exposed his own ignorance in venting his wrath at the infliction.

PONTARDULAIS. MONDAY EVENING.

It was pleasant to emerge from that dingy seat of fanaticism and fury, pseudo religion and moral violation of religion's broad principles. Its aspect almost recalled the description of one of Rome's imperial monsters, equally in physionomy and nature—"a mixture of dirt and blood." The day was superb, and the adjacent country, though rather tame *for Wales*, improved in rural beauty as we approached a crossway very near to this village, Pontardulais. Two cottages appeared in a green, quiet, dingle we were descending to, watered by a small river, and surrounded by sloping meadows, now yellowed by the evening sun, and well inhabited by their proper population, sheep and cows, now beginning their homeward course at the call of the milkmaid; the only other motion in this simply beautiful landscape, being a scattered gleaner or two, with her load, and the rather thick volume of blue smoke curling up from one of those cots, which, standing so close, without any other near, prompted the idea of some rustic old couple in conjugal quietude, smiling out life's evening, by themselves, apart from all the world. Such was the perfect calm of scene, and the day in which summer heat was joined to the golden serenity of autumn.

We were beginning to dismiss ugly Rebeccaism from our thoughts, meditating where we should find one of those Isaac Waltonian hostelries, with a sign swinging from an old tree, which we delight to make our evening quarters; for Pontardulais, we knew, was too lately a little battle-field to afford hope of this tranquil bliss, for here had occurred the first conflict, in which men had been wounded and prisoners made. The advance of evening, with its halcyon attributes of all kinds, had the effect of a lullaby on the mind, disturbed at every stage by some hurrying dragoon, some eager gossiping group, or fresh "news" of some farm "burned last night," or rumours of "martial law" being actually impending over us poor rebels of South Wales.

Reaching the little houses in their lonely crossway, we were startled by the appearance of a gutted house; the walls alone having remained to present to us, on the higher ground, the semblance of a white cottage. The old thatch, fallen in, and timber, were still smouldering visibly, though the house was fired about one A.M. yesterday morning.

Before the near adjoining cottage a quiet crowd of some twenty persons appeared, and a few rustic articles of furniture on the roadside. Where was their owner? Dismounting, we entered this cottage, that had looked all peaceful security so lately to our eyes. It had not been injured, but was all dismantled and in confusion; and stretched on some low sort of bench or seat, lay the murdered owner of that smoking ruin—the Hendy toll-house. Her coffin had been already made, (the coffin-plate giving her age, 75,) and stood leaning against the wall, but the body was preserved just as it fell, for the inspection of the jury. (The jury! a British jury! Is there a British *man*, incapable of perjury, of parricide, of bloody and blackest felony, *himself*, who will ever

forget, who will ever cease to spurn, spit upon in thought, execrate in words, that degraded, wretched, most wicked knot of murder-screeners—*the Hendy Gate jury?*)

There was nothing in this dismal spectacle for a poet to find there food for fancy. All was naked, ugly horror. An old rug just veiled the corpse, which, being turned down, revealed the orifice, just by the nipple, of a shot or slug wound, and her linen was stiff and saturated with the blood which had flowed. Another wound on the temple had caused a torrent of blood, which remained glued over the whole cheek. The retracted lips of this poor suffering creature, gave a dreadful grin to the aged countenance, expressing the strong agony she must have endured, no doubt from the filling up of the breast with those three pints of blood found there by the surgeons. The details of this savage murder have been too fully given in all the papers to need repetition here. Suffice it to say, that to any one *viewing* the body as we thus happened to do, the atrocity of this heartless treason against society and the injured dead becomes yet more striking; it seeming wonderful that the piteousness of the sight—the mute pleading of that mouth full of cloated blood—the [Pg 774] arousing ocular evidence of the unprovoked assassin's cruelty—the helplessness of the aged woman—her innocence—all should not have kindled humanity in their hearts, (if all principle was dead in their dark minds,) just enough to dare to call a foul murder "murder"—to turn those twelve Rebecca-ridden, crouching slaves into *men*! Some of them, probably, had old helpless mothers at home; did no flying vision of her white hairs all blooded, and the breast, where they had lain and fed, full of blood also, cross the conscience of one of them, when, by their conspiracy, protection for life was to be denied to her, to all, by their unheard-of abuse of the only known British protective power—trial by jury? It is almost an apology for them to imagine, that one or more of them were actually part of the gang. Self-preservation, under *instant* danger, (involved in a just verdict,) is less revolting than the less urgent degree of the same natural impulse, implied in the hypothesis of pure selfish and most dastardly dread of some remoter evil to self from the ill-will of those impugned by a righteous verdict.

The verdict, it will be remembered, was, that Sarah Williams died from effusion of blood, *but from what cause is to this jury unknown!!!* The designed *trick*—the sly juggle concocted by these men, sworn before Almighty God to tell truth respecting the cry of blood then rising to his throne, evidently was to leave a loop-hole for a doubt whereby justice might be defeated—a possibility, so they flattered themselves, that, just in the nick of time, a bloodvessel burst, or fright destroyed her, or any thing but the bloody hand of "Rebecca." Though, as the slugs were actually found *in* the lungs, the hope they "dressed themselves in" was as "drunk," as swinishly stupid, as their design was unmanly, inhuman, and devilish—to wink at this horror! to huddle up this murder, and hurry into the earth a murdered woman, as if she had lived out her term!

Whatever was the prompting feeling of this monster-jury, let us hope that the arm of the law will reach them yet, for this double crime against bleeding innocence and against their country. It would be a fitting punishment to them, to pronounce every individual an outlaw—to deny him all benefit of those laws he has done his best to defeat, and leave the craven traitor to his kind—to adopt his beloved "'Becca's" disguise for ever, skulk about the land that disowns him in petticoats, and blush out his life (if shame be left him;) and let his name be fixed up, as a scarecrow to deter such evil doers, on the wall of every court of justice:—"To the infamous memory of A. B., one of the perjured protectors of murder—The Hendy Gate Jury!"

Most revolting was the *betrayed* bias of almost all we spoke with, toward palliation of this dark act. "*Didn't she die in a fit; or of fright; or something?*" was a frequent question, even from those near the scene of this tragedy. "*What did ail the old creture to go near 'em? Name of goodness! didn't they order her not?*" Even from her own sex, a disgusting lack of warm-hearted pity and indignation was most palpable. Truly, morality and the meeting-house have a deep gulf between them, if these are the morals of the people. The regular church is really so little prized here, that we can only turn to the *dissenting* ministers of religious instruction, for the lower orders. And seeing these doings and sentiments in the flocks, one turns with astonishment to those professing *teachers* of the Welsh, and is ready to exclaim—"What is it that you *do* teach?" Only the *mechanical* part of religion, only the necessary outer *mummery*, I shall venture to say, which, perhaps, all revealed religions require, to maintain a hold on the reverence of the common people. It seems impossible that the voice of *true* religion can have reached hearts that a slight pecuniary interest, the abatement of a turnpike toll, or the like, can sear against the death-shriek of murdered woman; the cry of blood out of the earth; the fear of God's judgement against perjury, and connivance at murder!

Kidwelly, Carmarthenshire, Sept. 12.

Riding from Llanelly to this place, by a road skirting the coast, we, for the first time, heard the horn of Rebecca sounded, and replied to from among the darkling hills, the night being one of dusky moonlight. We at first believed it the signal of some persons in the collieries, but learned [Pg 775] that "'Becca's company" had been out round Kidwelly that night, and an incendiary fire was the "good work" accomplished. It being near ten o'clock at night, and our road wild and solitary, we felt rather pleased to gain the covert of this usually most quiet little town, with its air of antiquity and dead repose, as agreeable to a sentimental traveller, as unwelcome to its few traders and dwellers.

The innkeepers and shopkeepers, *being much injured in their trades by* the terrifying effect of Rebeccaism on strangers, who have kept aloof all the summer, lift up the voice (but cautiously) against this terrible lady. Hardly an expression of regret for the poor victim at Hendy Gate

reaches our ears; but rather, they seem to visit on her the anticipated severity of future dealing with the rioters, which they foresee.

We see already posted placards, offering £500 for the discovery of the actual perpetrator of the murder of the poor toll-collector. It is headed "Murder," in the teeth of the audacious, solemn declaration by the jury, of their ignorance of the cause of death. *Query*, Was a coroner warranted in receiving such a verdict? Was he not empowered—required—to send the jury back to learn common sense?

Inn between Carmarthen and Llandilo.

Just as we were sauntering in the rural road, admiring the placidity of the night, about ten o'clock, and the twilight landscape of the banks of the Towey, a sudden light opened up to us the whole night prospect, where the farther side of this broad vale rises finely covered with woods, round Middleton Hall, and soon learned the nature of this sudden illumination and pyramidal fire, being the conflagration of extensive property belonging to its owner, Mr Adams, close to the mansion.

The terror of the female inhabitants may be imagined, there being, I believe, not any male inmates but servants at home, and the incendiaries doing their work at that early hour in the most daring manner, firing guns, blowing horns, &c. Mr Adams drove in just as the fire was at its height, (having, indeed, believed the house to be in flames while he approached,) and found the goods and moveables all brought out in fear of its catching fire; but it escaped—so did the Rebeccaites, of course.

Not to extend too far these hasty Notes, I shall throw together the heads of a few made on the spot. Our "sentimental journey" occupied about three weeks, and brought us to almost every part infested by the disturbers. Having put up at an inn in the outskirts of a town in Cardiganshire for the night, leaving the horses, we walked to the town. As we returned, the night being rather dark, I was not conscious of any one being on the same road behind, and was talking to my son, rather earnestly, of the iniquitous verdict of the Hendy Gate assassin jury, when a voice behind asked in English, saucily, if *I* was going to attend the future trial of the "Hugheses, and them of the Llanon village, then in Swansea jail?" The tone clearly indicated how alien to the Welshman's feelings were those I was expressing, though but those of common humanity. Giving the voice in the dark such short answer, refusing to satisfy him, as the question deserved, and with responsive bluffness, we left the man behind, who, it proved, was bound to our inn. We found our parlour filled with farmers, who instantly became *mum* as we entered, but their eyes suspiciously surveyed us. It was near eleven o'clock, so we retired to our double-bedded chamber, which happened to be situated over the parlour. The inn (whose owners were *ultra* "Welshly," speaking English very badly,) was well situated for holding a midnight council of (Rebecca) war, being lonely, at the confluence of two roads, and this proved to be the nature of this late assemblage. We were just in bed, (having *secured the door as well as we could*,) when we heard through the imperfect flooring a very animated *mêlée* of Welsh tongues all astir at once, and I fancied I recognized the voice of the pious Christian in the dark, who had been moved by the spirit (of religion of course) to hint or betray his dissent from the Saxon "stranger's" rebuke of perjury and murder-screening. A few minutes after, several hurried out, and three or four discharges of guns followed in front of the house, but nothing more. I was pleased to think that the said house and windows were "mine host's," and not mine, otherwise a little hail of shot might have followed the "short thunder;" but as it was, nothing more than this warning bravado (as I imagine it to have been) occurred. [Pg 776]

A great deal of *solo* spouting, by orators in orderly succession, went on till near two in the morning—*Sunday*. At least, falling asleep, I left this little patriot parliament sitting, and found it in full tongue on awaking at that hour. I suppose this sitting in judgment on toll-houses (and possibly *other* houses) of these anti-landlord committees, are *not* breaches of the observance of the Sabbath.

On the whole, we may remark, that neither Poor-Law, nor Tory, nor Whig, nor right rule, nor misrule, nor politics, nor party, had the slightest influence in this astounding moral revolution among an agricultural people. Utterly false is almost all that the London Press broached and broaches, implicating ministers in the provocation of this outbreak. Twenty years of residence, and leisure for observation among them, allows me to positively deny that any feeling of discontent, any sense of oppression, any knowledge of "Grievances," now so pompously heading columns of twaddle—ever existed before the *one* daily, weekly spur in their side, goaded this simple people to a foolish mode of resistance to it.

Why, not one in ten of the farmers has yet heard of Sir Robert Peel's accession to office! and I doubt if one in twenty knows whether they live under a Whig or Tory administration. Nor does one in a hundred *care* which, or form one guess about their comparative merits.

The only idea they have of Chartists, is a vague identification of them with "*rebels*," as they *used* to call *all* sorts of rioters, not dreaming of their forming any party with definite views, unless that of seizing the good things of the earth, and postponing, *sine die*, the day of payment.

Judge what chance the brawling apostles of Chartism would have here among them, especially under the difficulty of haranguing them through interpreters!

The Poor-Law they certainly hate, but from no pity for paupers. The dislike arises from a wide

spread belief, that the host of "officers" attached to it swallows up great part of what they pay for the poor. They grudged the poor-rate before, even when their own overseer paid it away to poor old lame Davy or blind Gwinny; but now that it reaches them by a more circuitous route, and in the altered form of loaves or workhouse support, they seem to lose sight of it, and fancy that it stops *by the way*, in the pockets of these "strange" new middlemen, as we may call them, thrust in between the farmers and their poor and worn-out labourers.

The prevalence of the Welsh language perpetuates the ignorance which is at the root of the mischief. Of their *native* writers, I have given a specimen from the monthly magazine published at Llanelly, and the evil of these is uncorrected by English information.

The work of mounting heavenward was, we are told, defeated by a confusion of tongues—the advance of civilization (which we may designate a progress toward a divine goal, that of soul-exalting and soul-saving wisdom) is as utterly prevented by this non-intercourse system between the civilized and the *half* civilized; which, with all deference to the ancient Britons, I must venture to consider them. Camden, the antiquary, has preserved a tradition, that "certain Brittaines" (Britons) going over into Armorica, and taking wives from among the people of Normandy, "*did cut out their tongues*," through fear that, when they should become mothers, they might corrupt the Welsh tongue of the children, by teaching them that foreign language! The love of their own tongue thus appears to be of very old standing, if we are to believe this agreeable proof of it. I believe the extirpation of Welsh, as a spoken language, would pioneer the way to knowledge, civilization, and *religion* here, of which last blessing there is a grievous lack, judging from the morals of the people.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

NO. II.

A TRIAL BY JURY.

When I recovered from my state of insensibility, and once more opened my eyes, I was lying on the bank of a small but deep river. My horse was grazing quietly a few yards off, and beside me stood a man with folded arms, holding a wicker-covered flask in his hand. This was all I was able to observe; for my state of weakness prevented me from getting up and looking around me.

"Where am I?" I gasped.

"Where are you, stranger? By the Jacinto; and that you are *by* it, and not *in* it, is no fault of your'n, I reckon."

There was something harsh and repulsive in the tone and manner in which these words were spoken, and in the grating scornful laugh that accompanied them, that jarred upon my nerves, and inspired me with a feeling of aversion towards the speaker. I knew that he was my deliverer; that he had saved my life, when my mustang, raging with thirst, had sprung head-foremost into the water; that, without him, I must inevitably have been drowned, even had the river been less deep than it was; and that it was by his care, and the whisky he had made me swallow, and of which I still felt the flavour on my tongue, that I had been recovered from the death-like swoon into which I had fallen. But had he done ten times as much for me, I could not have repressed the feeling of repugnance, the inexplicable dislike, with which the mere tones of his voice filled me. I turned my head away in order not to see him. There was a silence of some moments' duration.

"Don't seem as if my company was over and above agreeable," said the man at last.

"Your company not agreeable? This is the fourth day since I saw the face of a human being. During that time not a bit nor a drop has passed my tongue."

"Hallo! That's a lie," shouted the man with another strange wild laugh. "You've taken a mouthful out of my flask; not *taken* it, certainly, but it went over your tongue all the same. Where do you come from? The beast ain't your'n."

"Mr Neal's," answered I.

"See it is by the brand. But what brings you here from Mr Neal's? It's a good seventy mile to his plantation, right across the prairie. Ain't stole the horse, have you?"

"Lost my way—four days—eaten nothing."

These words were all I could articulate. I was too weak to talk.

"Four days without eatin'," cried the man, with a laugh like the sharpening of a saw, "and that in a Texas prairie, and with islands on all sides of you! Ha! I see how it is. You're a gentleman—

that's plain enough. I was a sort of one myself once. You thought our Texas prairies was like the prairies in the States. Ha, ha! And so you didn't know how to help yourself. Did you see no bees in the air, no strawberries on the earth?"

"Bees? Strawberries?" repeated I.

"Yes, bees, which live in the hollow trees. Out of twenty trees there's sure to be one full of honey. So you saw no bees, eh? Perhaps you don't know the creturs when you see 'em. Ain't altogether so big as wild-geese or turkeys. But you must know what strawberries are, and that *they* don't grow upon the trees."

All this was spoken in the same sneering savage manner as before, with the speaker's head half turned over his shoulder, while his features were distorted into a contemptuous grin.

"And if I had seen the bees, how was I to get at the honey without an axe?"

"How did you lose yourself?"

"My mustang—ran away"—

"I see. And you after him. You'd have done better to let him run. But what d'ye mean to do now?"

"I am weak—sick to death. I wish to get to the nearest house—an inn—anywhere where men are."

"Where men are," repeated the stranger, with his scornful smile. "Where men are," he muttered again, taking a few steps on one side. [Pg 778]

I was hardly able to turn my head, but there was something strange in the man's movement that alarmed me; and, making a violent effort, I changed my position sufficiently to get him in sight again. He had drawn a long knife from his girdle, which he clutched in one hand, while he ran the fore finger of the other along its edge. I now for the first time got a full view of his face, and the impression it made upon me was any thing but favourable. His countenance was the wildest I had ever seen; his bloodshot eyes rolled like balls of fire in their sockets; while his movements and manner were indicative of a violent inward struggle. He did not stand still for three seconds together, but paced backwards and forwards with hurried irregular steps, casting wild glances over his shoulder, his fingers playing all the while with the knife, with the rapid and objectless movements of a maniac.

I felt convinced that I was the cause of the struggle visibly going on within him, that my life or death was what he was deciding upon. But in the state I then was, death had no terror for me. The image of my mother, sisters, and father, passed before my eyes. I gave one thought to my peaceful happy home, and then looked upwards and prayed.

The man had walked off to some distance. I turned myself a little more round, and, as I did so, I caught sight of the sane magnificent phenomenon which I had met with on the second day of my wanderings. The colossal live oak rose in all its silvery splendour, at the distance of a couple of miles. Whilst I was gazing at it, and reflecting on the strange ill luck that had made me pass within so short a distance of the river without finding it, I saw my new acquaintance approach a neighbouring cluster of trees, amongst which he disappeared.

After a short time I again perceived him coming towards me with a slow and staggering step. As he drew near, I had an opportunity of examining his whole appearance. He was very tall and lean, but large-boned, and apparently of great strength. His face, which had not been shaved for several weeks, was so tanned by sun and weather, that he might have been taken for an Indian, had not the beard proved his claim to white blood. But his eyes were what most struck me. There was something so frightfully wild in their expression, a look of terror and desperation, like that of a man whom all the furies of hell were hunting and persecuting. His hair hung in long ragged locks over his forehead, cheeks, and neck, and round his head was bound a handkerchief, on which were several stains of a brownish black colour. Spots of the same kind were visible upon his leathern jacket, breeches, and mocassins; they were evidently blood stains. His hunting knife, which was nearly two feet long, with a rude wooden handle, was now replaced in his girdle, but in its stead he held a Kentucky rifle in his hand.

Although I did my utmost to assume an indifferent countenance, my features doubtless expressed something of the repugnance and horror with which the man inspired me. He looked loweringly at me for a moment from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"You don't seem to like the company you've got into," said he. "Do I look so very desperate, then? Is it written so plainly on my face?"

"What should there be written upon your face?"

"What? What? Fools and children ask them questions."

"I will ask you none; but as a Christian, as my countryman, I beseech you"——

"Christian!" interrupted he, with a hollow laugh. "Countryman!" He struck the but of his rifle hard upon the ground. "That is my countryman—my only friend!" he continued, as he examined the flint and lock of his weapon. "That releases from all troubles; that's a true friend. Pooh! perhaps it'll release you too—put you to rest."

These last words were uttered aside, and musingly.

"Put him to rest, as well as—— Pooh! One more or less—Perhaps it would drive away that cursed spectre."

All this seemed to be spoken to his rifle.

"Will you swear not to betray me?" cried he to me. "Else, one touch"——

As he spoke, he brought the gun to his shoulder, the muzzle pointed full at my breast.

I felt no fear. I am sure my pulse did not give a throb the more for this menace. So deadly weak and helpless as I lay, it was unnecessary to shoot me. The slightest blow from the but of the rifle would have driven the last faint spark of life out of my exhausted body. I looked calmly, indifferently even, into the muzzle of the piece. [Pg 779]

"If you can answer it to your God, to your and my judge and creator, do your will."

My words, which from faintness I could scarcely render audible, had, nevertheless, a sudden and startling effect upon the man. He trembled from head to foot, let the but of his gun fall heavily to the ground, and gazed at me with open mouth and staring eyes.

"This one, too, comes with his God!" muttered he. "God! and your and my creator—and—judge."

He seemed hardly able to articulate these words, which were uttered by gasps and efforts, as though something had been choking him.

"His and my—judge"—groaned he again. "Can there be a God, a creator and judge?"

As he stood thus muttering to himself, his eyes suddenly became fixed, and his features horribly distorted.

"Do it not!" cried he, in a shrill tone of horror, that rang through my head. "It will bring no blessin' with it. I am a dead man! God be merciful to me! My poor wife, my poor children!"

The rifle fell from his hands, and he smote his breast and forehead in a paroxysm of the wildest fury. It was frightful to behold the conscience-stricken wretch, stamping madly about, and casting glances of terror behind him, as though demons had been hunting him down. The foam flew from his mouth, and I expected each moment to see him fall to the ground in a fit of epilepsy. Gradually, however, he became more tranquil.

"D'ye see nothin' in my face?" said he in a hoarse whisper, suddenly pausing close to where I lay.

"What should I see?"

He came yet nearer.

"Look well at me—*through* me, if you can. D'ye see nothin' now?"

"I see nothing," replied I.

"Ah! I understand, you can see nothin'. Ain't in a spyin' humour, I calkilate. No, no, that you ain't. After four days and nights fastin', one loses the fancy for many things. I've tried it for two days myself. So, you are weak and faint, eh? But I needn't ask that, I reckon. You look bad enough. Take another drop of whisky; it'll strengthen you. But wait till I mix it."

As he spoke, he stepped down to the edge of the river, and scooping up the water in the hollow of his hand, filled his flask with it. Then returning to me, he poured a little into my mouth.

Even the bloodthirsty Indian appears less of a savage when engaged in a compassionate act, and the wild desperado I had fallen in with, seemed softened and humanized by the service he was rendering me. His voice sounded less harsh; his manner was calmer and milder.

"You wish to go to an inn?"

"For Heaven's sake, yes. These four days I have tasted nothing but a bit of tobacco."

"Can you spare a bit of that?"

"All I have."

I handed him my cigar case, and the roll of *dulcissimus*. He snatched the latter from me, and bit into it with the furious eagerness of a wolf.

"Ah, the right sort this!" muttered he to himself. "Ah, young man, or old man—you're an old man, ain't you? How old are you?"

"Two-and-twenty."

He shook his head doubtingly.

"Can hardly believe that. But four days in the prairie, and nothin' to eat. Well, it may be so. But, stranger, if I had had this bit of tobacco only ten days ago—A bit of tobacco is worth a deal sometimes. It might have saved a man's life!"

Again he groaned, and his accents became wild and unnatural.

"I say, stranger!" cried he in a threatening tone. "I say! D'ye see yonder live oak? D'ye see it? It's

the Patriarch, and a finer and mightier one you won't find in the prairies, I reckon. D'ye see it?"

"I do see it."

"Ah! you see it," cried he fiercely. "And what is it to you? What have you to do with the Patriarch, or with what lies under it? I reckon you had best not be too curious that way. If you dare take a step under that tree."—He swore an oath too horrible to be repeated. [Pg 780]

"There's a spectre there," cried he; "a spectre that would fright you to death. Better keep away."

"I will keep away," replied I. "I never thought of going near it. All I want is to get to the nearest plantation or inn."

"Ah! true, man—the next inn. I'll show you the way to it. I will."

"You will save my life by so doing," said I, "and I shall be ever grateful to you as my deliverer."

"Deliverer!" repeated he, with a wild laugh. "Pooh! If you knew what sort of a deliverer—Pooh! What's the use of savin' a life, when—yet I will—I will save yours, perhaps the cursed spectre will leave me then. Will you not? Will you not?" cried he, suddenly changing his scornful mocking tones to those of entreaty and supplication, and turning his face in the direction of the live oak. Again his wildness of manner returned, and his eyes became fixed, as he gazed for some moments at the gigantic tree. Then darting away, he disappeared among the trees, whence he had fetched his rifle, and presently emerged again, leading a ready saddled horse with him. He called to me to mount mine, but seeing that I was unable even to rise from the ground, he stepped up to me, and with the greatest ease lifted me into the saddle with one hand, so light had I become during my long fast. Then taking the end of my lasso, he got upon his own horse and set off, leading my mustang after him.

We rode on for some time without exchanging a word. My guide kept up a sort of muttered soliloquy; but as I was full ten paces in his rear, I could distinguish nothing of what he said. At times he would raise his rifle to his shoulder then lower it again, and speak to it, sometimes caressingly, sometimes in anger. More than once he turned his head, and cast keen searching glances at me, as though to see whether I were watching him or not.

We had ridden more than an hour, and the strength which the whisky had given me was fast failing, so that I expected each moment to fall from my horse, when suddenly I caught sight of a kind of rude hedge, and almost immediately afterwards the wall of a small blockhouse became visible. A faint cry of joy escaped me, and I endeavoured, but in vain, to give my horse the spur. My guide turned round, fixed his wild eyes upon me, and spoke in a threatening tone.

"You are impatient, man! impatient, I see. You think now, perhaps"——

"I am dying," was all I could utter. In fact, my senses were leaving me from exhaustion, and I really thought my last hour was come.

"Pooh! dyin'! One don't die so easy. And yet—d——n!—it might be true."

He sprang off his horse, and was just in time to catch me in his arms as I fell from the saddle. A few drops of whisky, however, restored me to consciousness. My guide replaced me upon my mustang, and after passing through a potato ground, a field of Indian corn, and a small grove of peach-trees, we found ourselves at the door of the blockhouse.

I was so utterly helpless, that my strange companion was obliged to lift me off my horse, and carry me into the dwelling. He sat me down upon a bench, passive and powerless as an infant. Strange to say, however, I was never better able to observe all that passed around me, than during the few hours of bodily debility that succeeded my immersion in the Jacinto. A blow with a reed would have knocked me off my seat, but my mental faculties, instead of participating in this weakness, seemed sharpened to an unusual degree of acuteness.

The blockhouse in which we now were, was of the poorest possible description; a mere log hut, consisting of one room, that served as kitchen, sitting-room, and bedchamber. The door of rough planks swung heavily upon two hooks that fitted into iron rings, and formed a clumsy substitute for hinges; a wooden latch and heavy bar served to secure it; windows, properly speaking, there were none, but in their stead a few holes covered with dirty oiled paper; the floor was of clay, stamped hard and dry in the middle of the hut, but out of which, at the sides of the room, a crop of rank grass was growing, a foot or more high. In one corner stood a clumsy bedstead, in another a sort of table or counter, on which were half a dozen drinking glasses of various sizes [Pg 781] and patterns. The table consisted of four thick posts, firmly planted in the ground, and on which were nailed three boards that had apparently belonged to some chest or case, for they were partly painted, and there was a date, and the three first letters of a word upon one of them. A shelf fixed against the side of the hut supported an earthen pot or two, and three or four bottles, uncorked, and apparently empty; and from some wooden pegs wedged in between the logs, hung suspended a few articles of wearing apparel of no very cleanly aspect.

Pacing up and down the hut with a kind of stealthy cat-like pace, was an individual, whose unprepossessing exterior was in good keeping with the wretched appearance of this Texian shebeen house. He was an undersized, stooping figure, red-haired, large mouthed, and possessed of small, reddish, pig's eyes, which he seemed totally unable to raise from the ground, and the lowering, hang-dog expression of which, corresponded fully with the treacherous, panther-like

stealthiness of his step and movements. Without greeting us either by word or look, this personage dived into a dark corner of his tenement, brought out a full bottle, and placing it on the table beside the glasses, resumed the monotonous sort of exercise in which he had been indulging on our entrance.

My guide and deliverer said nothing while the tavern-keeper was getting out the bottle, although he seemed to watch all his movements with a keen and suspicious eye. He now filled a large glass of spirits, and tossed it off at a single draught. When he had done this, he spoke for the first time.

"Johnny!"

Johnny made no answer.

"This gentleman has eaten nothing for four days."

"Indeed," replied Johnny, without looking up, or intermitting his sneaking, restless walk from one corner of the room to the other.

"I said four days, d'ye hear? Four days. Bring him tea immediately, strong tea, and then make some good beef soup. The tea must be ready directly, the soup in an hour at farthest, d'ye understand? And then I want some whisky for myself, and a beefsteak and potatoes. Now, tell all that to your Sambo."

Johnny did not seem to hear, but continued his walk, creeping along with noiseless step, and each time that he turned, giving a sort of spring like a cat or a panther.

"I've money, Johnny," said my guide. "Money, man, d'ye hear?" And so saying, he produced a tolerably full purse.

For the first time Johnny raised his head, gave an indefinable sort of glance at the purse, and then springing forward, fixed his small, cunning eyes upon those of my guide, while a smile of strange meaning spread over his repulsive features.

The two men stood for the space of a minute, staring at each other, without uttering a word. An infernal grin distended Johnny's coarse mouth from ear to ear. My guide seemed to gasp for breath.

"I've money," cried he at last, striking the but of his rifle violently on the ground. "D'ye understand, Johnny? Money; and a rifle too, if needs be."

He stepped to the table and filled another glass of raw spirits, which disappeared like the preceding one. While he drank, Johnny stole out of the room so softly that my companion was only made aware of his departure by the noise of the wooden latch. He then came up to me, took me in his arms without saying a word, and, carrying me to the bed, laid me gently down upon it.

"You make yourself at home," snarled Johnny, who just then came in again.

"Always do that, I reckon, when I'm in a tavern," answered my guide, quietly pouring out and swallowing another glassful. "The gentleman shall have your bed to-day. You and Sambo may sleep in the pigsty. You have none though, I believe?"

"Bob!" screamed Johnny furiously.

"That's my name—Bob Rock."

"For the present," hissed Johnny, with a sneer.

"The same as yours is Johnny Down," replied Bob in the same tone. "Pooh! Johnny, guess we know one another?"

"Rayther calkilate we do," replied Johnny through his teeth.

"And have done many a day," laughed Bob. "You're the famous Bob from Sodoma in Georgia?" [Pg 782]

"Sodoma in Alabama, Johnny. Sodoma lies in Alabama," said Bob, filling another glass. "Don't you know that yet, you who were above a year in Columbus, doin' all sorts of dirty work?"

"Better hold your tongue, Bob," said Johnny, with a dangerous look at me.

"Pooh! Don't mind him, he won't talk, I'll answer for it. He's lost the taste for chatterin' in the Jacinto prairie. But Sodoma," continued Bob, "is in Alabama, man! Columbus in Georgia! They are parted by the Chatahoochie. Ah! that was a jolly life we led on the Chatahoochie. But nothin' lasts in this world, as my old schoolmaster used to say. Pooh! They've druv the Injuns a step further over the Mississippi now. But it was a glorious life—warn't it?"

Again he filled his glass and drank.

The information I gathered from this conversation as to the previous life and habits of these two men, had nothing in it very satisfactory or reassuring for me. In the whole of the south-western states there was no place that could boast of being the resort of so many outlaws and bad characters as the town of Sodoma. It is situated, or was situated, at least, a few years previously to the time I speak of, in Alabama, on Indian ground, and was the harbour of refuge for all the murderers and outcasts from the western and south-western parts of the Union. Here, under Indian government, they found shelter and security; and frightful were the crimes and cruelties

perpetrated at this place. Scarcely a day passed without an assassination, not secretly committed but in broad sunlight. Bands of these wretches, armed with knives and rifles, used to cross the Chatahoochie, and make inroads into Columbus; break into houses, rob, murder, ill-treat women, and then return in triumph to their dens, laden with booty, and laughing at the laws. It was useless to think of pursuing them, or of obtaining justice, for they were on Indian territory; and many of the chiefs were in league with them. At length General Jackson and the government took it up. The Indians were driven over the Mississippi, the outlaws and murderers fled, Sodoma itself disappeared; and, released from its troublesome neighbours, Columbus is now as flourishing a state as any in the west.

The recollections of their former life and exploits seemed highly interesting to the two comrades; and their communications became more and more confidential. Johnny filled himself a glass, and the conversation soon increased in animation. I could understand little of what they said, for they spoke a sort of thieves' jargon. After a time, their voices sounded as a confused hum in my ears, the objects in the room became gradually less distinct, and I fell asleep.

I was roused, not very gently, by a mulatto woman, who poured a spoonful of tea into my mouth before I had well opened my eyes. She at first did not appear to be attending to me with any great degree of good-will; but by the time she had given me half a dozen spoonsful her womanly sympathies began to be awakened, and her manner became kinder. The tea did me an infinite deal of good, and seemed to infuse new life into my veins. I finished the cup, and the mulatto laid me down again on my pillow with far more gentleness than she had lifted me up.

"Gor! Gor!" cried she, "what poor young man! Berry weak. Him soon better. One hour, massa, good soup."

"Soup! What do you want with soup?" grumbled Johnny.

"Him take soup. I cook it," screamed the woman.

"Worse for you if she don't, Johnny," said Bob.

Johnny muttered something in reply, but I did not distinguish what it was, for my eyes closed, and I again fell asleep.

It seemed to me as if I had not been five minutes slumbering when the mulatto returned with the soup. The tea had revived me, but this gave me strength; and when I had taken it I was able to sit up in my bed.

While the woman was feeding me, Bob was eating his beefsteak. It was a piece of meat that might have sufficed for six persons, but the man seemed as hungry as if he had eaten nothing for three days. He cut off wedges half as big as his fist, swallowed them with ravenous eagerness, and, instead of bread, bit into some unpeeled potatoes. All this was washed down with glass after glass of raw spirits, which had the effect of wakening him up, and infusing a certain degree of [Pg 783] cheerfulness into his strange humour. He still spoke more to himself than to Johnny, but his recollections seemed agreeable; he nodded self-approvingly, and sometimes laughed aloud. At last he began to abuse Johnny for being, as he said, such a sneaking, cowardly fellow—such a treacherous, false-hearted gallows-bird.

"It's true," said he, "I am gallows-bird enough myself, but then I'm open, and no man can say I'm a-fear'd; but Johnny, Johnny, who"——

I do not know what he was about to say, for Johnny sprang towards him, and placed both hands over his mouth, receiving in return a blow that knocked him as far as the door, through which he retreated, cursing and grumbling.

I soon fell asleep again, and whilst in that state I had a confused sort of consciousness of various noises in the room, loud words, blows, and shouting. Wearied as I was, however, I believe no noise would have fully roused me, although hunger at last did.

When I opened my eyes I saw the mulatto woman sitting by my bed, and keeping off the mosquitoes. She brought me the remainder of the soup, and promised, if I would sleep a couple of hours more, to bring me a beefsteak. Before the two hours had elapsed I awoke, hungrier than ever. After I had eaten all the beefsteak the woman would allow me, which was a very moderate quantity, she brought me a beer-glass full of the most delicious punch I ever tasted. I asked her where she had got the rum and lemons, and she told me that it was she who had bought them, as well as a stock of coffee and tea; that Johnny was her partner, but that he had done nothing but build the house, and badly built it was. She then began to abuse Johnny, and said he was a gambler; and, worse still, that he had had plenty of money once, but had lost it all; that she had first known him in Lower Natchez, but he had been obliged to run away from there in the night to save his neck. Bob was no better, she said; on the contrary—and here she made the gesture of cutting a man's throat—he was a very bad fellow, she added. He had got drunk after his dinner, knocked Johnny down, and broken every thing. He was now lying asleep outside the door; and Johnny had hidden himself somewhere.

How long she continued speaking I know not, for I again fell into a deep sleep, which this time lasted six or seven hours.

I was awakened by a strong grasp laid upon my arm, which made me cry out, more, however, from surprise than pain. Bob stood by my bedside; the traces of the preceding night's debauch

plainly written on his haggard countenance. His bloodshot eyes were inflamed and swollen, and rolled with even more than their usual wildness; his mouth was open, and the jaws stiff and fixed; he looked as if he had just come from committing some frightful deed. I could fancy the first murderer to have worn such an aspect when gazing on the body of his slaughtered brother. I shrank back, horror-struck at his appearance.

"In God's name, man, what do you want?"

He made no answer.

"You are in a fever. You've the ague!"

"Ay, a fever," groaned he, shivering as he spoke; "a fever, but not the one you mean; a fever, young man, such as God keep you from ever having."

His whole frame shuddered while he uttered these words. There was a short pause.

"Curious that," continued he; "I've served more than one in the same way, but never thought of it afterwards—was forgotten in less than no time. Got to pay the whole score at once, I suppose. Can't rest a minute. In the open prairie it's the worst; there stands the old man, so plain, with his silver beard, and the spectre just behind him."

His eyes rolled, he clenched his fists, and, striking his forehead furiously, rushed out of the hut.

In a few minutes he returned, apparently more composed, and walked straight up to my bed.

"Stranger, you must do me a service," said he abruptly.

"Ten rather than one," replied I; "any thing that is in my power. Do I not owe you my life?"

"You're a gentleman, I see, and a Christian. You must come with me to the squire—the Alcalde."

"To the Alcalde, man! What must I go there for?" [Pg 784]

"You'll see and hear when you get there; I've something to tell him—something for his own ear."

He drew a deep breath, and remained silent for a short time, gazing anxiously on all sides of him.

"Something," whispered he, "that nobody else must hear."

"But there's Johnny there. Why not take him?"

"Johnny!" cried he, with a scornful laugh; "Johnny! who's ten times worse than I am, bad as I be; and bad I am to be sure, but yet open and above board, always, till this time; but Johnny! he'd sell his own mother. He's a cowardly, sneakin', treacherous hound, is Johnny."

It was unnecessary to tell me this, for Johnny's character was written plainly enough upon his countenance.

"But why do you want me to go to the Alcalde?"

"Why does one want people before the judge? He's a judge, man; a Mexican one certainly, but chosen by us Americans; and an American himself, as you and I are."

"And how soon must I go?"

"Directly. I can't bear it any longer. It leaves me no peace. Not an hour's rest have I had for the last eight days. When I go out into the prairie, the spectre stands before me and beckons me on, and if I try to go another way, he comes behind me and drives me before him under the Patriarch. I see him just as plainly as when he was alive, only paler and sadder. It seems as if I could touch him with my hand. Even the bottle is no use now; neither rum, nor whisky, nor brandy, rid me of him; it don't, by the 'tarnel.—Curious that! I got drunk yesterday—thought to get rid of him; but he came in the night and drove me out. I was obliged to go. Wouldn't let me sleep; was forced to go under the Patriarch."

"Under the Patriarch? the live oak?" cried I, in astonishment.—"Were you there in the night?"

"Ay, that was I," replied he, in the same horribly confidential tone; "and the spirit threatened me, and said I will leave you no peace, Bob, till you go to the Alcalde and tell him"——

"Then I will go with you to the Alcalde, and that immediately," said I, raising myself up in bed. I could not help pitying the poor fellow from my very soul.

"Where are you going?" croaked Johnny, who at this moment glided into the room. "Not a step shall you stir till you've paid."

"Johnny," said Bob, seizing his less powerful companion by the shoulders, lifting him up like a child, and then setting him down again with such force, that his knees cracked and bent under him;—"Johnny, this gentlemen is my guest, d'ye understand? And here is the reckonin', and mind yourself, Johnny—mind yourself, that's all."

Johnny crept into a corner like a flogged hound; the mulatto woman, however, did not seem disposed to be so easily intimidated. Sticking her arms in her sides, she waddled boldly forward.

"You not take him 'way, Massa Bob?", screamed she. "Him stop here. Him berry weak—not able

for ride—not able for stand on him foot."

This was true enough. Strong as I had felt in bed, I could hardly stand upright when I got out of it.

For a moment Bob seemed undecided, but only for one moment; then, stepping up to the mulatto, he lifted her, fat and heavy as she was, in the same manner as he had done her partner, at least a foot from the ground, and carried her screaming and struggling to the door, which he kicked open. Then setting her down outside, "Silence!" roared he, "and some good strong tea instead of your cursed chatter, and a fresh beefsteak instead of your stinking carcass. That will strengthen the gentleman; so be quick about it, you old brown-skinned beast, you!"

I had slept in my clothes, and my toilet was consequently soon made, by the help of a bowl of water and towel, which Bob made Johnny bring, and then ordered him to go and get our horses ready.

A hearty breakfast of tea, butter, Indian corn bread, and steaks, increased my strength so much, that I was able to mount my mustang. I had still pains in all my limbs, but we rode slowly; the morning was bright, the air fresh and elastic, and I felt myself getting gradually better. Our path led through the prairie; the river fringed with wood, on the one hand; the vast ocean of grass, [Pg 785] sprinkled with innumerable islands of trees, on the other. We saw abundance of game, which sprang up under the very feet of our horses; but although Bob had his rifle, he made no use of it. He muttered continually to himself, and seemed to be arranging what he should say to the judge; for I heard him talking of things which I would just as soon not have listened to, if I could have helped it. I was heartily glad when we at length reached the plantation of the Alcalde.

It seemed a very considerable one, and the size and appearance of the framework house bespoke comfort and every luxury. The building was surrounded by a group of China trees, which I should have thought about ten years of age, but which I afterwards learned had not been planted half that time, although they were already large enough to afford a very agreeable shade. Right in front of the house rose a live oak, inferior in size to the one in the prairie, but still of immense age and great beauty. To the left was some two hundred acres of cotton fields, extending to the bank of the Jacinto, which at this spot made a sharp turn, and winding round the plantation, enclosed it on three sides. Before the house lay the prairie, with its archipelago of islands, and herds of grazing cattle and mustangs; to the right, more cotton fields; and in rear of the dwelling, the negro cottages and out-buildings. There was a Sabbath-like stillness pervading the whole scene, which seemed to strike even Bob. He paused as though in deep thought, and allowed his hand to rest for a moment on the handle of the lattice door. Then with a sudden and resolute jerk, bespeaking an equally sudden resolution, he pushed open the gate, and we entered a garden planted with orange, banana, and citron trees, the path through which was enclosed between palisades, and led to a sort of front court, with another lattice-work door, beside which hung a bell. Upon ringing this, a negro appeared.

The black seemed to know Bob very well, for he nodded to him as to an old acquaintance, and said the squire wanted him, and had asked after him several times. He then led the way to a large parlour, very handsomely furnished for Texas, and in which we found the squire, or more properly speaking, the Alcalde, sitting smoking his cigar. He had just breakfasted, and the plates and dishes were still upon the table. He did not appear to be much given to compliments or ceremony, or to partake at all of the Yankee failing of curiosity, for he answered our salutation with a laconic "good-morning," and scarcely even looked at us. At the very first glance, it was easy to see that he came from Tennessee or Virginia, the only provinces in which one finds men of his gigantic mould. Even sitting, his head rose above those of the negro servants in waiting. Nor was his height alone remarkable; he had the true West-Virginian build; the enormous chest and shoulders, and herculean limbs, the massive features and sharp grey eyes; altogether an exterior well calculated to impose on the rough backwoodsmen with whom he had to deal.

I was tired with my ride, and took a chair. The squire apparently did not deem me worthy of notice, or else he reserved me for a later scrutiny; but he fixed a long, searching look upon Bob, who remained standing, with his head sunk on his breast.

The judge at last broke silence.

"So here you are again, Bob. It's long since we've seen you, and I thought you had clean forgotten us. Well, Bob, we shouldn't have broke our hearts, I reckon; for I hate gamblers—ay, that I do—worse than skunks. It's a vile thing is play, and has ruined many a man in this world, and the next. It's ruined you too, Bob."

Bob said nothing.

"You'd have been mighty useful here last week; there was plenty for you to do. My step-daughter arrived; but as you weren't to be found, we had to send to Joel to shoot us a buck and a couple of dozen snipes. Ah, Bob! one might still make a good citizen of you, if you'd only leave off that cursed play!"

Bob still remained silent.

"Now go into the kitchen and get some breakfast."

Bob neither answered nor moved.

"D'ye hear? Go into the kitchen and get something to eat. And, Ptoly"—added he to the negro —"tell Veny to give him a pint of rum." [Pg 786]

"Don't want yer rum—ain't thirsty"—growled Bob.

"Very like, very like," said the judge sharply. "Reckon you've taken too much already. Look as if you could swallow a wild cat, claws and all. And you," added he, turning to me—"What the devil are you at, Ptoly? Don't you see the man wants his breakfast? Where's the coffee? Or would you rather have tea?"

"Thank you, Alcalde, I have breakfasted already."

"Don't look as if. Ain't sick, are you? Where do you come from? What's happened to you? What are you doing with Bob?"

He looked keenly and searchingly at me, and then again at Bob. My appearance was certainly not very prepossessing, unshaven as I was, and with my clothes and linen soiled and torn. He was evidently considering what could be the motive of our visit, and what had brought me into Bob's society. The result of his physiognomical observations did not appear very favourable either to me or my companion. I hastened to explain.

"You shall hear how it was, judge. I am indebted to Bob for my life."

"Your life! Indebted to Bob for your life!" repeated the judge, shaking his head incredulously.

I related how I had lost my way in the prairie; been carried into the Jacinto by my horse; and how I should inevitably have been drowned but for Bob's aid.

"Indeed!" said the judge, when I had done speaking. "So, Bob saved your life! Well, I am glad of it, Bob, very glad of it. Ah! if you could only keep away from that Johnny. I tell you, Bob, Johnny will be the ruin of you. Better keep out of his way."

"It's too late," answered Bob.

"Don't know why it should be. Never too late to leave a debauched, sinful life; never, man!"

"Calkilate it is, though," replied Bob sullenly.

"You calculate it is?" said the judge, fixing his eyes on him. "And why do you calculate that? Take a glass—Ptoly, a glass—and tell me, man, why should it be too late?"

"I ain't thirsty, squire," said Bob.

"Don't talk to me of your thirst; rum's not for thirst, but to strengthen the heart and nerves, to drive away the blue devils. And a good thing it is, taken in moderation."

As he spoke he filled himself a glass, and drank half of it off. Bob shook his head.

"No rum for me, squire. I take no pleasure in it. I've something on my mind too heavy for rum to wash away."

"And what is that, Bob? Come, let's hear what you've got to say. Or perhaps, you'd rather speak to me alone. It's Sunday to-day, and no business ought to be done; but for once, and for you, we'll make an exception."

"I brought the gentleman with me on purpose to witness what I had to say," answered Bob, taking a cigar out of a box that stood on the table, and lighting it. He smoked a whiff or two, looked thoughtfully at the judge, and then threw the cigar through the open window.

"It don't relish, squire; nothin' does now."

"Ah, Bob! if you'd leave off play and drink! They're your ruin; worse than ague or fever."

"It's no use," continued Bob, as if he did not hear the judge's remark; "it must out. I fo't agin it, and thought to drive it away, but it can't be done. I've put a bit of lead into several before now, but this one"——

"What's that?" cried the judge, chucking his cigar away, and looking sternly at Bob. "What's up now? What are you saying about a bit of lead? None of your Sodoma and Lower Natchez tricks, I hope? They won't do here. Don't understand such jokes."

"Pooh! they don't understand them a bit more in Natchez. If they did, I shouldn't be in Texas."

"The less said of that the better, Bob. You promised to lead a new life here; so we won't rake up old stories."

"I did, I did!" groaned Bob; "but it's all no use. I shall never be better till I'm hung."

I stared at the man in astonishment. The judge, however, took another cigar, lighted it, and, after puffing out a cloud of smoke, said, very unconcernedly"—

"Not better till you're hung! What do you want to be hung for? To be sure, you should have been long ago, if the Georgia and Alabama papers don't lie. But we are not in the States here, but in Texas, under Mexican laws. It's nothing to us what you've done yonder. Where there is no accuser there can be no judge." [Pg 787]

"Send away the nigger, squire," said Bob. "What a free white man has to say, shouldn't be heard by black ears."

"Go away, Ptoly," said the judge. "Now, then," added he, turning to Bob, "say what you have to say; but mind, nobody forces you to do it, and it's only out of good will that I listen to you, for to-day's Sunday."

"I know that," muttered Bob; "I know that, squire; but it leaves me no peace, and it must out. I've been to San Felipe de Austin, to Anahuac, every where, but it's all no use. Wherever I go, the spectre follows me, and drives me back under the cursed Patriarch."

"Under the Patriarch!" exclaimed the judge.

"Ay, under the Patriarch!" groaned Bob. "Don't you know the Patriarch; the old live oak near the ford, on the Jacinto?"

"I know, I know!" answered the Judge. "And what drives you under the Patriarch?"

"What drives me? What drives a man who—who"——

"A man who"—— repeated the judge, gently.

"A man," continued Bob, in the same low tone, "who has sent a rifle bullet into another's heart. He lies there, under the Patriarch, whom I"——

"Whom you?" asked the judge.

"*Whom I killed!*" said Bob, in a hollow whisper.

"Killed!" exclaimed the judge. "You killed him? Whom?"

"Ah! whom? Why don't you let me speak? You always interrupt me with your palaver," growled Bob.

"You are getting saucy, Bob," said the judge impatiently. "Go on, however. I reckon it's only one of your usual tantrums."

Bob shook his head. The judge looked keenly at him for a moment, and then resumed in a sort of confidential, encouraging tone.

"Under the Patriarch; and how did he come under the Patriarch?"

"I dragged him there, and buried him there," replied Bob.

"Dragged him there! Why did you drag him there?"

"Because he couldn't go himself, with more than half an ounce of lead in his body."

"And *you* put the half ounce of lead into him, Bob? Well, if it was Johnny, you've done the country a service, and saved it a rope."

Bob shook his head negatively.

"It wasn't Johnny, although—— But you shall hear all about it. It's just ten days since you paid me twenty dollars fifty."

"I did so, Bob; twenty dollars fifty cents, and I advised you at the same time to let the money lie till you had a couple of hundred dollars, or enough to buy a quarter or an eighth of Sitio land; but advice is thrown away upon you."

"When I got the money, I thought I'd go down to San Felipe, to the Mexicans, and try my luck; and, at the same time, see the doctor about my fever. As I was goin' there, I passed near Johnny's house, and fancied a glass, but determined not to get off my horse. I rode up to the window, and looked in. There was a man sittin' at the table, havin' a hearty good dinner of steaks and potatoes, and washin' it down with a stiff glass of grog. I began to feel hungry myself, and while I was considerin' whether I should 'light or not, Johnny came sneakin' out, and whispered to me to come in, that there was a man inside with whom somethin' might be done if we went the right way to work; a man who had a leather belt round his waist cram-full of hard Jackson; and that, if we got out the cards and pretended to play a little together, he would soon take the bait and join us.

"I wasn't much inclined to do it," continued Bob; "but Johnny bothered me so to go in, that I got off my horse. As I did so the dollars chinked in my pocket, and the sound gave me a wish to play.

"I went in; and Johnny fetched the whisky bottle. One glass followed another. There were beefsteaks and potatoes too, but I only eat a couple of mouthfuls. When I had drank two, three, ay, four glasses, Johnny brought the cards and dice. 'Hallo, Johnny!' says I; 'cards and dice, Johnny! I've twenty dollars fifty in my pocket. Let's have a game! But no more drink for me; for I know you, Johnny, I know you'—— [Pg 788]

"Johnny larfed slyly, and rattled the dice, and we sat down to play. I hadn't meant to drink any more, but play makes one thirsty; and with every glass I got more eager, and my dollars got fewer. I reckoned, however, that the stranger would join us, and that I should be able to win back from him; but not a bit of it: he sat quite quiet, and eat and drank as if he didn't see we were

there. I went on playin' madder than ever, and before half an hour was over, I was cleaned out; my twenty dollars fifty gone to the devil, or what's the same thing, into Johnny's pocket.

"When I found myself without a cent, I *was* mad, I reckon. It warn't the first time, nor the hundredth, that I had lost money. Many bigger sums than that—ay, hundreds and thousands of dollars had I played away—but they had none of them cost me the hundredth or thousandth part of the trouble to get that these twenty dollars fifty had; two full months had I been slavin' away in the woods and prairies to airn them, and I caught the fever there. The fever I had still, but no money to cure it with. Johnny only larfed in my face, and rattled my dollars. I made a hit at him, which, if he hadn't jumped on one side, would have cured him of larfin' for a week or two.

"Presently, however, he came sneakin' up to me, and winkin' and whisperin'; and, 'Bob!' says he, 'is it come to that with you? are you grown so chicken-hearted that you don't see the beltful of money round his body?' said he, lookin' at it. 'No end of hard coin, I guess; and all to be had for little more than half an ounce of lead.'"

"Did he say that?" asked the judge.

"Ay, that did he, but I wouldn't listen to him. I was mad with him for winning my twenty dollars; and I told him that, if he wanted the stranger's purse, he might take it himself, and be d——d; that I wasn't goin' to pull the hot chestnuts out of the fire for him. And I got on my horse, and rode away like mad.

"My head spun round like a mill. I couldn't get over my loss. I took the twenty dollars fifty more to heart than any money I had ever gambled. I didn't know where to go. I didn't dare go back to you, for I knew you'd scold me."

"I shouldn't have scolded you, Bob; or, if I had, it would only have been for your good. I should have summoned Johnny before me, called together a jury of twelve of the neighbours, got you back your twenty dollars fifty, and sent Johnny out of the country; or, better still, out of the world."

These words were spoken with much phlegm, but yet with a degree of feeling and sympathy, which greatly improved my opinion of the worthy judge. Bob also seemed touched. He drew a deep sigh, and gazed at the Alcalde with a melancholy look.

"It's too late," muttered he; "too late, squire."

"Perhaps not," replied the judge, "but let's hear the rest."

"Well," continued Bob, "I kept riding on at random, and when evenin' came I found myself near the palmetta field on the bank of the Jacinto. As I was ridin' past it, I heard all at once the tramp of a horse. At that moment the queerest feelin' I ever had came over me; a sort of cold shiverin' feel. I forgot where I was; sight and hearin' left me; I could only see two things, my twenty dollars fifty, and the well-filled belt of the stranger I had left at Johnny's. Just then a voice called to me.

"'Whence come, countryman, and whither going?' it said.

"'Whence and whether,' answered I, as surly as could be; 'to the devil at a gallop, and you'd better ride on and tell him I'm comin'.'

"'You can do the errand yourself,' answered the stranger larfin'; 'my road don't lie that way.'

"As he spoke, I looked round, and saw, what I was pretty sure of before, that it was the man with the belt full of money.

"'Ain't you the stranger I see'd in the inn yonder?' asked he.

"'And if I am,' says I; 'what's that to you?'

"'Nothin',' said he; 'nothin', certainly.'

"'Better ride on,' says I; 'and leave me quiet.' [Pg 789]

"'Will so, stranger; but you needn't take it so mighty onkind. A word ain't a tomahawk, I reckon,' said he. 'But I raythe expect your losin's at play ain't put you in a very church-goin' humour; and, if I was you, I'd keep my dollars in my pocket, and not set them on cards and dice.'

"This put me in a rile to hear him cast my losin's in my teeth that way.

"'You're a nice feller,' said I, 'to throw a man's losses in his face. A pitiful chap *you* are,' says I.

"I thought to provoke him, and that he'd tackle me. But he seemed to have no fancy for a fight, for he said quite humble like—

"'I throw nothin' in your face; God forbid that I should reproach you with your losses! I'm sorry for you, on the contrary. Don't look like a man who can afford to lose his dollars. Seem to me one who airns his money by hard work.'

"We were just then halted at the further end of the cane brake, close to the trees that border the Jacinto. I had turned my horse, and was frontin' the stranger. And all the time the devil was busy whisperin' to me, and pointin' to the belt round the man's waist. I could see where it was, plain enough, though he had buttoned his coat over it.

"'Hard work, indeed,' says I; 'and now I've lost every thing; not a cent left for a quid of baccy.'

"'If that's all,' says he; 'there's help for that. I don't chew myself, and I ain't a rich man; I've wife and children, and want every cent I've got, but it's one's duty to help a countryman. You shall have money for tobacco and a dram.'

"And so sayin', he took a purse out of his pocket, in which he carried his change. It was plenty full; there may have been some twenty dollars in it; and as he drew the string, it was as if the devil laughed and nodded to me out of the openin' of the purse.

"'Halves!' cried I.

"'No, not that,' says he; 'I've wife and child, and what I have belongs to them; but half a dollar'——

"'Halves!' cried I again; 'or else'——

"'Or else?' repeated he: and, as he spoke, he put the purse back into his pocket, and laid hold of the rifle which was slung on his shoulder.

"'Don't force one to do you a mischief,' said he. 'Don't' says he; 'we might both be sorry for it. What you're thinkin' of brings no blessin'.'

"I was past seein' or hearin'. A thousand devils from hell were possessin' me.

"'Halves!' I yelled out; and, as I said the word, he sprang out of the saddle, and fell back over his horse's crupper to the ground.

"'I'm a dead man!' cried he; as well as the rattle in his throat would let him. 'God be merciful to me! My poor wife, my poor children!'"

Bob paused; he gasped for breath, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his forehead. He gazed wildly round the room. The judge himself looked very pale. I tried to rise, but sank back in my chair. Without the table I believe I should have fallen to the ground.

There was a gloomy pause of some moments' duration. At last the judge broke silence.

"A hard, hard case!" said he. "Father, mother, children, all at one blow. Bob, you are a bad fellow; a very bad fellow; a great villain!"

"A great villain," groaned Bob. "The ball was gone right through his breast."

"Perhaps your gun went off by accident," said the judge anxiously. "Perhaps it was his own ball."

Bob shook his head.

"I see him now, judge, as plain as can be, when he said, 'Don't force me to do you a mischief. We might both be sorry for it.' But I pulled the trigger. His bullet is still in his rifle.

"When I saw him lie dead before me, I can't tell you what I felt. It warn't the first I had sent to his account; but yet I would have given all the purses and money in the world to have had him alive agin. I must have dragged him under the Patriarch, and dug a grave with my huntin' knife; for I found him there afterwards."

"You found him there?" repeated the judge.

"Yes. I don't know how he came there. I must have brought him, but I recollect nothin' about it."

The judge had risen from his chair, and was walking up and down the room, apparently in deep thought. Suddenly he stopped short. [Pg 790]

"What have you done with his money?"

"I took his purse, but buried his belt with him, as well as a flask of rum, and some bread and beef he had brought away from Johnny's. I set out for San Felipe, and rode the whole day. In the evenin', when I looked about me, expectin' to see the town, where do you think I was?"

The judge and I stared at him.

"Under the Patriarch. The ghost of the murdered man had driven me there. I had no peace till I'd dug him up and buried him again. Next day I set off in another direction. I was out of tobacco, and I started across the prairie to Anahuac. Lord, what a day I passed! Wherever I went, *he* stood before me. If I turned, *he* turned too. Sometimes he came behind me, and looked over my shoulder. I spurred my mustang till the blood came, hopin' to get away from him, but it was all no use. I thought when I got to Anahuac I should be quit of him, and I galloped on as if for life or death. But in the evenin', instead of bein' close to the salt-works as I expected, there I was agin, under the Patriarch. I dug him up a second time, and sat and stared at him, and then buried him agin."

"Queer that," observed the judge.

"Ay, very queer!" said Bob mournfully. "But it's all no use. Nothin' does me any good. I sha'n't be better—I shall never have peace till I'm hung."

Bob evidently felt relieved now, he had in a manner passed sentence on himself. Strange as it

may appear, I had a similar feeling, and could not help nodding my head approvingly. The judge alone preserved an unmoved countenance.

"Indeed!" said he, "indeed! You think you'll be no better till you're hung."

"Yes," answered Bob, with eager haste. "Hung on the same tree under which *he* lies buried."

"Well, if you will have it so, we'll see what can be done for you. We'll call a jury of the neighbours together to-morrow."

"Thank ye, squire," murmured Bob, visibly comforted by this promise.

"We'll summon a jury," repeated the Alcalde, "and see what can be done for you. You'll perhaps have changed your mind by that time."

I stared at him like one fallen from the clouds, but he did not seem to notice my surprise.

"There is, perhaps, another way to get rid of your life, if you are tired of it," he continued. "We might, perhaps, hit upon one that would satisfy your conscience."

Bob shook his head. I involuntarily made the same movement.

"At any rate, we'll hear what the neighbours say," added the judge.

Bob stepped up to the judge, and held out his hand to bid him farewell. The other did not take it, and turning to me, said—"*You* had better stop here, I think."

Bob turned round impetuously.

"The gentleman must come with me."

"Why must he?" said the judge.

"Ask himself."

I again explained the obligations I was under to Bob; how we had fallen in with one another, and what care and attention he had shown me at Johnny's.

The judge nodded approvingly."Nevertheless," said he, "you will remain here, and Bob will go alone. You are in a state of mind, Bob, in which a man is better alone, d'ye see; and so leave the young man here. Another misfortune might happen; and, at any rate, he's better here than at Johnny's. Come back to-morrow, and we'll see what can be done for you."

These words were spoken in a decided manner, which seemed to have its effect upon Bob. He nodded assentingly, and left the room. I remained staring at the judge, and lost in wonder at these strange proceedings.

When Bob was gone, the Alcalde gave a blast on a shell, which supplied the place of a bell. Then seizing the cigar box, he tried one cigar after another, broke them peevishly up, and threw the pieces out of the window. The negro whom the shell had summoned, stood for some time waiting, while his master broke up the cigars, and threw them away. At last the judge's patience seemed quite to leave him. [Pg 791]

"Hark ye, Ptoly!" growled he to the frightened black, "the next time you bring me cigars that neither draw nor smoke, I'll make your back smoke for it. Mind that, now;—there's not a single one of them worth a rotten maize stalk. Tell that old coffee-coloured hag of Johnny's, that I'll have no more of her cigars. Ride over to Mr Ducie's and fetch a box. And, d'ye hear? Tell him I want to speak a word with him and the neighbours. Ask him to bring the neighbours with him to-morrow morning. And mind you're home again by two o'clock. Take the mustang we caught last week. I want to see how he goes."

The negro listened to these various commands with open mouth and staring eyes, then giving a perplexed look at his master, shot out of the room.

"Where away, Ptoly?" shouted the Alcalde after him.

"To Massa Ducie."

"Without a pass, Ptoly? And what are you going to say to Mr Ducie?"

"Him nebber send bad cigar again, him coffee-cullud hag. Massa speak to Johnny and neighbours. Johnny bring neighbours here."

"I thought as much," said the judge with perfect equanimity. "Wait a minute, I'll write the pass, and a couple of lines for Mr Ducie."

This was soon done, and the negro dispatched on his errand. The judge waited till he heard the sound of his horse's feet galloping away, and then, laying hold of the box of despised cigars, lit the first which came to hand. It smoked capitally, as did also one that I took. They were Principes, and as good as I ever tasted.

I passed the whole of that day *tête à tête* with the judge, who, I soon found, knew various friends of mine in the States. I told him the circumstances under which I had come to Texas, and the intention I had of settling there, should I find the country to my liking. During our long conversation, I was able to form a very different, and much more favourable estimate of his

character, than I had done from his interview with Bob. He was the very man to be useful to a new country; of great energy, sound judgment, enlarged and liberal views. He gave me some curious information as to the state of things in Texas; and did not think it necessary to conceal from me, as an American, and one who intended settling in the country, that there was a plan in agitation for throwing off the Mexican yoke, and declaring Texas an independent republic. The high-spirited, and, for the most part, intelligent emigrants from the United States, who formed a very large majority of the population of Texas, saw themselves, with no very patient feeling, under the rule of a people both morally and physically inferior to themselves. They looked with contempt, and justly so, on the bigoted, idle, and ignorant Mexicans, while the difference of religion, and interference of the priests, served to increase the dislike between the Spanish and Anglo-American races.

Although the project was as yet not quite ripe for execution, it was discussed freely and openly by the American settlers. "It is the interest of every man to keep it secret," said the judge; "and there can be nothing to induce even the worst amongst us to betray a cause, by the success of which he is sure to profit. We have many bad characters in Texas, the offscourings of the United States, men like Bob, or far worse than him; but debauched, gambling, drunken villains though they be, they are the men we want when it comes to a struggle; and when that time arrives, they will all be found ready to put their shoulders to the wheel, use knife and rifle, and shed the last drop of their blood in defence of their fellow citizens, and of the new and independent republic of Texas. At this moment, we must wink at many things which would be severely punished in an older and more settled country; each man's arm is of immense value to the State; for, on the day of battle, we shall have, not two to one, but twenty to one opposed to us."

I was awakened the following morning by the sound of a horse's feet; and, looking out of the window, saw Bob dismounting from his mustang. The last twenty-four hours had told fearfully upon him. His limbs seemed powerless, and he reeled nd staggered in such a manner, that I at first thought him intoxicated. But such was not the case. His was the deadly weariness caused by mental anguish. He looked like one just taken off the rack. [Pg 792]

Hastily pulling on my clothes, I hurried down stairs, and opened the house door. Bob stood with his head resting on his horse's neck, and his hands crossed, shivering, and groaning. When I spoke to him, he looked up, but did not seem to know me. I tied his horse to a post, and taking his hand, led him into the house. He followed like a child, apparently without the will or the power to resist; and when I placed him in a chair, he fell into it with a weight that made it crack under him, and shook the house. I could not get him to speak, and was about to return to my room to complete my toilet, when I again heard the tramp of mustangs. This was a party of half a dozen horsemen, all dressed in hunting shirts over buckskin breeches and jackets, and armed with rifles and bowie-knives; stout, daring looking fellows, evidently from the south-western states, with the true Kentucky half horse half alligator profile, and the usual allowance of thunder, lightning, and earthquake. It struck me when I saw them, that two or three thousand such men would have small difficulty in dealing with a whole army of Mexicans, if the latter were all of the pigmy, spindle-shanked breed I had seen on first landing. These giants could easily have walked away with a Mexican in each hand.

They jumped off their horses, and threw the bridles to the negroes in the usual Kentuckian devil-may-care style, and then walked into the house with the air of people who make themselves at home every where, and who knew themselves to be more masters in Texas than the Mexicans themselves. On entering the parlour, they nodded a "good-morning" to me, rather coldly to be sure, for they had seen me talking with Bob, which probably did not much recommend me. Presently, four more horsemen rode up, and then a third party, so that there were now fourteen of them assembled, all decided-looking men, in the prime of life and strength. The judge, who slept in an adjoining room, had been awakened by the noise. I heard him jump out of bed, and not three minutes elapsed before he entered the parlour.

After he had shaken hands with all his visitors, he presented me to them, and I found that I was in the presence of no less important persons than the Ayuntamiento of San Felipe de Austin; and that two of my worthy countrymen were corregidors, one a procurador, and the others *buenos hombres*, or freeholders. They did not seem, however, to prize their titles much, for they addressed one another by their surnames only.

The negro brought a light, opened the cigar box, and arranged the chairs; the judge pointed to the sideboard, and to the cigars, and then sat down. Some took a dram, others lit a cigar.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the men sat in perfect silence, as if they were collecting their thoughts, or, as though it were undignified to show any haste or impatience to speak. This grave sort of deliberation which is met with among certain classes, and in certain provinces of the Union, has often struck me as a curious feature of our national character. It partakes of the stoical dignity of the Indian at his council fire, and of the stern, religious gravity of the early puritan settlers in America.

During this pause Bob was writhing on his chair like a worm, his face concealed by his hands, his elbows on his knees. At last, when all had drank and smoked, the judge laid down his cigar.

"Men!" said he.

"Squire!" answered they.

"We've a business before us, which I calculate will be best explained by him whom it concerns."

The men looked at the squire, then at Bob, then at me.

"Bob Rock! or whatever your name may be, if you have aught to say, say it!" continued the judge.

"Said it all yesterday," muttered Bob, his face still covered by his hands.

"Yes, but you must say it again to-day. Yesterday was Sunday, and Sunday is a day of rest, and not of business. I will neither judge you, nor allow you to be judged, by what you said yesterday. Besides, it was all between ourselves, for I don't reckon Mr Rivers as any thing; I count him still as a stranger."

"What's the use of so much palaver, when the thing's plain enough?" said Bob peevishly, raising his head as he spoke. [Pg 793]

The men stared at him in grave astonishment. He was really frightful to behold, his face of a sort of blue tint; his cheeks hollow, his beard wild and ragged; his blood-shot eyes rolling, and deep sunk in their sockets. His appearance was scarcely human.

"I tell you, again," said the judge, "I will condemn no man upon his own word alone; much less you, who have been in my service, and eaten of my bread. You accused yourself yesterday, but you were delirious at the time—you had the fever upon you."

"It's no use, squire," said Bob, apparently touched by the kindness of the judge, "You mean well, I see; butt though you might deliver me out of men's hands, you couldn't rescue me from myself. It's no use—I must be hung—hung on the same tree under which the man I killed lies buried."

The men, or the jurors, as I may call them, looked at one another, but said nothing.

"It's no use," again cried Bob, in a shrill, agonized tone. "If he had attacked me, or only threatened me; but no, he didn't do it. I hear his words still, when he said, 'Do it not, man! I've wife and child. What you intend, brings no blessin' on the doer.' But I heard nothin' then except the voice of the devil; I brought the rifle down—levelled—fired."

The man's agony was so intense, that even the iron featured jury seemed moved by it. They cast sharp, but stolen glances at Bob. There was a short silence.

"So you have killed a man?" said a deep bass voice at last.

"Ay, that have I!" gasped Bob.

"And how came that?" continued his questioner.

"How it came? You must ask the devil, or Johnny. No, not Johnny, he can tell you nothing; he was not there. No one can tell you but me; and I hardly know how it was. The man was at Johnny's, and Johnny showed me his belt full of money."

"Johnny!" exclaimed several of the jury.

"Ay, Johnny! He reckoned on winning it from him, but the man was too cautious for that; and when Johnny had plucked all my feathers, won my twenty dollars fifty"——

"Twenty dollars fifty cents," interposed the judge, "which I paid him for catching mustangs and shooting game."

The men nodded.

"And then because he wouldn't play, you shot him?" asked the same deep-toned voice as before.

"No—some hours after—by the Jacinto, near the Patriarch—met him down there and killed him."

"Thought there was something out o' the common thereaway," said one of the jury; "for as we rode by the tree a whole nation of kites and turkey buzzards flew out. Didn't they, Mr Heart?"

Mr Heart nodded.

"Met him by the river, and cried, halves of his money," continued Bob mechanically. "He said he'd give me something to buy a quid, and more than enough for that, but not halves 'I've wife and child,' said he"——

"And you?" asked the juror with the deep voice, which this time, however, had a hollow sound in it.

"Shot him down," said Bob, with a wild hoarse laugh.

For some time no word was spoken.

"And who was the man?" said a juror at last.

"Didn't ask him; and it warn't written on his face. He was from the States; but whether a hosier, or a buckeye, or a mudhead, is more than I can say."

"The thing must be investigated, Alcalde," said another of the jury after a second pause.

"It must so," answered the Alcalde.

"What's the good of so much investigation?" grumbled Bob.

"What good?" repeated the Alcalde. "Because we owe it to ourselves, to the dead man, and to you, not to sentence you without having held an inquest on the body. There's another thing which I must call your attention to," continued he, turning to the jury; "the man is half out of his mind—not *compos mentis*, as they say. He's got the fever, and had it when he did the deed; he was urged on by Johnny, and maddened by his losses at play. In spite of his wild excitement, however, he saved that gentleman's life yonder, Mr Edward Nathanael Rivers."

"Did he so?" said one of the jury.

"That did he," replied I, "not only by saving me from drowning when my horse dragged me, half dead and helpless, into the river, but also by the care and attention he forced Johnny and his mulatto to bestow upon me. Without him I should not be alive at this moment." [Pg 794]

Bob gave me a look which went to my heart. The tears were standing in his eyes. The jury heard me in deep silence.

"It seems that Johnny led you on and excited you to this?" said one of the jurors.

"I didn't say that. I only said that he pointed to the man's money bag, and said—— But what is it to you what Johnny said? I'm the man who did it. I speak for myself, and I'll be hanged for myself."

"All very good, Bob," interposed the Alcalde; "but we can't hang you without being sure you deserve it. What do you say to it, Mr Whyte? You're the procurador—and you, Mr Heart and Mr Stone? Help yourselves to rum or brandy; and, Mr Bright and Irwin, take another cigar. They're considerable tolerable the cigars—ain't they? That's brandy, Mr Whyte, in the diamond bottle."

Mr Whyte had got up to give his opinion, as I thought, but I was mistaken. He stepped to the sideboard, took up a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, every movement being performed with the greatest deliberation.

"Well, squire," said he, "or rather *Alcalde*"——

After the word *Alcalde*, he filled the glass half full of rum.

"If it's as we've heard," added he, pouring about a spoonful of water on the rum, "and Bob has killed the man"—he continued, throwing in some lumps of sugar—"murdered him"—he went on, crushing the sugar with a wooden stamp—"I rather calkilate"—here he raised the glass—"Bob ought to be hung," he concluded, putting the tumbler to his mouth and emptying it.

The jurors nodded in silence. Bob drew a deep breath, as if a load were taken off his breast.

"Well," said the judge, who did not look over well pleased; "if you all think so, and Bob is agreed, I calculate we must do as he wishes. I tell you, though, I don't do it willingly. At any rate we must find the dead man first, and examine Johnny. We owe that to ourselves and to Bob."

"Certainly," said the jury with one voice.

"You are a dreadful murderer, Bob a very considerable one," continued the judge; "but I tell you to your face, and not to flatter you, there is more good in your little finger than in Johnny's whole hide. And I'm sorry for you, because, at the bottom, you are not a bad man, though you've been led away by bad company and example. I calculate you might still be reformed, and made very useful—more so, perhaps, than you think. Your rifle's a capital good one."

At these last words the men all looked up, and threw a keen enquiring glance at Bob.

"You might be of great service," continued the judge encouragingly, "to the country and to your fellow-citizens. You're worth a dozen Mexicans any day."

While the judge was speaking, Bob let his head fall on his breast, and seemed reflecting. He now looked up.

"I understand, squire; I see what you're drivin' at. But I can't do it—I can't wait so long. My life's a burthen and a sufferin' to me. Wherever I go, by day or by night, he's always there, standin' before me, and drivin' me under the Patriarch."

There was a pause of some duration. The Judge resumed.

"So be it, then," said he with a sort of suppressed sigh. "We'll see the body to-day, Bob, and you may come to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"Couldn't it be sooner?" asked Bob impatiently.

"Why sooner? Are you in such a hurry?" asked Mr Heart.

"What's the use of palaverin'?" said Bob sulkily. "I told you already I'm sick of my life. If you don't come till ten o'clock, by the time you've had your talk out and ridden to the Patriarch, the fever'll be upon me."

"But we can't be flying about like a parcel of wild geese, because of your fever," said the procurador.

"Certainly not," said Bob humbly.

"It's an ugly customer the fever, though, Mr Whyte," observed Mr Trace; "and I calculate we ought to do him that pleasure. What do you think, squire?"

"I reckon he's rather indiscreet in his askin's," said the judge, in a tone of vexation. "However, as he wishes it, and if it is agreeable to you," added he, turning to the Ayuntamiento; "and as it's you, Bob, I calculate we must do what you ask." [Pg 795]

"Thankee," said Bob.

"Nothing to thank for," growled the judge. "And now go into the kitchen and get a good meal of roast beef, d'ye hear?" He knocked upon the table. "Some good roast beef for Bob," said he to a negress who entered; "and see that he eats it. And get your self dressed more decently, Bob—like a white man and a Christian, not like a wild redskin."

The negress and Bob left the room. The conversation now turned upon Johnny, who appeared, from all accounts, to be a very bad and dangerous fellow; and after a short discussion, they agreed to lynch him, in backwoodsman's phrase, just as cooly as if they had been talking of catching a mustang. When the men had come to this satisfactory conclusion, they got up, drank the judge's health and mine, shook us by the hand, and left the house.

The day passed more heavily than the preceding one. I was too much engrossed with the strange scene I had witnessed to talk much. The judge, too, was in a very bad humour. He was vexed that a man should be hung who might render the country much and good service if he remained alive. That Johnny, the miserable, cowardly, treacherous Johnny, should be sent out of the world as quickly as possible, was perfectly correct, but with Bob it was very different. In vain did I remind him of the crime of which Bob had been guilty—of the outraged laws of God and man—and of the atonement due. It was of no use. If Bob had sinned against society, he could repair his fault much better by remaining alive than by being hung; and, for anything else, God would avenge it in his own good time. We parted for the night, neither of us convinced by the other's arguments.

We were sitting at breakfast the next morning, when a man, dressed in black, rode up to the door. It was Bob, but so metamorphosed that I scarcely knew him. Instead of the torn and bloodstained handkerchief round his head, he wore a hat; instead of the leathern jacket, a decent cloth coat. He had shaved off his beard too, and looked quite another man. His manner had altered with his dress; he seemed tranquil and resigned. With a mild and submissive look, he held out his hand to the judge, who took it and shook it heartily.

"Ah, Bob!" said he, "if you had only listened to what I so often told you! I had those clothes brought on purpose from New Orleans, in order that, on Sundays at least, you might look like a decent and respectable man. How often have I asked you to put them on, and come with us to meeting, to hear Mr Bliss preach? There is same truth in the saying, the coat makes the man. With his Sunday coat, a man often puts on other and better thoughts. If that had been your case only fifty-two times in the year, you'd have learned to avoid Johnny before now."

Bob said nothing.

"Well, well! I've done all I could to make a better men of you. All that was in my power."

"That you have," answered Bob, much moved. "God reward you for it!"

I could not help holding out my hand to the worthy judge; and as I did so I thought I saw a moistness in his eye, which he suppressed, however, and, turning to his breakfast table, bade us sit down. Bob thanked him humbly, but declined, saying that he wished to appear fasting before his offended Creator. The judge insisted, and reasoned with him, and at last he took a chair.

Before we had done breakfast our friends of the preceding day began to drop in, and some of them joined at the meal. When they had all taken what they chose, the judge ordered the negroes to clear away, and leave the room. This done, he seated himself at the upper end of the table, with the Ayuntamiento on either side, and Bob facing him.

"Mr Whyte," said the Alcade, "have you, as procurador, any thing to state?"

"Yes, Alcalde," replied the procurador. "In virtue of my office, I made a search in the place mentioned by Bob Rock, and there found the body of a man who had met his death by a gunshot wound. I also found a belt full of money, and several letters of recommendation to different planters, from which it appears that the man was on his way from Illinois to San Felipe, in order to buy land of Colonel Austin, and to settle in Texas." [Pg 796]

The procurador then produced a pair of saddle-bags, out of which he took a leathern belt stuffed with money, which he laid on the table, together with the letters. The judge opened the belt, and counted the money. It amounted to upwards of five hundred dollars, in gold and silver. The procurador then read the letters.

One of the corregidors now announced that Johnny and his mulatto had left their house and fled. He, the corregidor, had sent people in pursuit of them; but as yet there were no tidings of their capture. This piece of intelligence seemed to vex the judge greatly, but he made no remark on it at the time.

"Bob Rock!" cried he.

Bob stepped forward.

"Bob Rock, or by whatever other name you may be known, are you guilty or not guilty of this man's death?"

"Guilty!" replied Bob, in a low tone.

"Gentlemen of the jury, will you be pleased to give your verdict?"

The jury left the room. In ten minutes they returned.

"Guilty!" said the foreman.

"Bob Rock," said the judge solemnly, "your fellow-citizens have found you guilty; and I pronounce the sentence—that you be hung by the neck until you are dead. The Lord be merciful to your soul!"

"Amen!" said all present.

"Thank ye," murmured Bob.

"We will seal up the property of the deceased," said the judge, "and then proceed to our painful duty."

He called for a light, and he and the procurador and corregidors sealed up the papers and money.

"Has any one aught to allege why the sentence should not be put in execution?" said the Alcalde, with a glance at me.

"He saved my life, judge and fellow-citizens," cried I, deeply moved.

Bob shook his head mournfully.

"Let us go, then, in God's name," said the judge.

Without another word being spoken, we left the house and mounted our horses. The judge had brought a Bible with him; and he rode on, a little in front, with Bob, doing his best to prepare him for the eternity to which he was hastening. Bob listened attentively for some time; but at last he seemed to get impatient and pushed his mustang into so fast a trot, that for a moment we suspected him of wishing to escape the doom he had so eagerly sought. But it was only that he feared the fever might return before the expiration of the short time he yet had to live.

After an hour's ride, we came to the enormous live oak distinguished as *the Patriarch*. Two or three of the men dismounted, and held aside the heavy moss-covered branches which swept the ground, and formed a complete curtain round the tree. The party rode through the opening thus made, and drew up in a circle beneath the huge leafy dome. In the centre of this ring stood Bob, trembling like an aspen-leaf, and with his eyes fixed on a small mound of fresh earth, partly concealed by the branches, and which had escaped my notice on my former visit to the tree. It was the grave of the murdered man.

A magnificent burial-place was that: no poet could have dreamt or desired a better. Above, the huge vault, with its natural frettings and arches; below, the greenest, freshest grass; around, an eternal half light, streaked and varied, and radiant as a rainbow. It was imposingly beautiful.

Bob, the judge, and the corregidors, remained sitting on their horses, but several of the other men dismounted. One of the latter cut the lasso from Bob's saddle, and threw an end of it over one of the lowermost branches; then uniting the two ends, formed them into a strong noose, which he left dangling from the bough. This simple preparation completed, the Alcalde took off his hat and folded his hands. The others followed his example.

"Bob!" said the judge to the unfortunate criminal, whose head was bowed on his horse's mane; "Bob! we will pray for your poor soul, which is about to part from your sinful body."

Bob raised his head. "I had something to say," exclaimed he, in a wondering and husky tone. "Something I wanted to say."

"What have you to say?"

Bob stared around him; his lips moved, but no word escaped him. His spirit was evidently no longer with things of this earth. [Pg 797]

"Bob!" said the judge again, "we will pray for your soul."

"Pray! pray!" groaned he. "I shall need it."

In slow and solemn accents, and with great feeling, the judge uttered the Lord's Prayer. Bob repeated every word after him. When it was ended—

"God be merciful to your soul!" exclaimed the judge.

"Amen!" said all present.

One of the corregidors now passed the noose of the lasso round Bob's neck, another bound his eyes, a third person drew his feet out of the stirrups, while a fourth stepped behind his horse with a heavy riding-whip. All was done in the deepest silence; not a word was breathed; not a footfall heard on the soft yielding turf. There was something awful and oppressive in the

profound stillness that reigned in the vast enclosure.

The whip fell. The horse gave a spring forwards. At the same moment Bob made a desperate clutch at the bridle, and a loud "Hold!" burst in thrilling tones from the lips of the judge.

It was too late, Bob was already hanging. The judge pushed forward, nearly riding down the man who held the whip, and seizing Bob in his arms, raised him on his own horse, supporting him with one hand, while with the other he strove to unfasten the noose. His whole gigantic frame trembled with eagerness and exertion. The procurador, corregidors, all, in short, stood in open-mouthed wonder at this strange proceeding.

"Whisky! whisky! has nobody any whisky?" shouted the judge.

One of the men sprang forward with a whisky-flask, another supported the body, and a third the feet, of the half-hanged man, while the judge poured a few drops of spirits into his mouth. The cravat, which had not been taken off, had hindered the breaking of the neck. Bob at last opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around him.

"Bob," said the judge, "you had something to say, hadn't you, about Johnny?"

"Johnny," gasped Bob; "Johnny."

"What's become of him?"

"He's gone to San Antonio, Johnny."

"To San Antonio!" repeated the judge, with an expression of great alarm overspreading his features.

"To San Antonio—to Padre José," continued Bob; "a Catholic. Beware!"

"A traitor, then!" muttered several.

"Catholic!" exclaimed the judge. The words he had heard seemed to deprive him of all strength. His arms fell slowly and gradually by his side, and Bob was again hanging from the lasso.

"A Catholic! a traitor!" repeated several of the men; "a citizen and a traitor!"

"So it is, men!" exclaimed the judge. "We've no time to lose," continued he, in a harsh, hurried voice; "no time to lose; we must catch him."

"That must we," said several voices, "or our plans are betrayed to the Mexicans."

"After him immediately to San Antonio!" cried the judge with the same desperately hurried manner.

"To San Antonio!" repeated the men, pushing their way through the curtain of moss and branches. As soon as they were outside, those who were dismounted sprang into the saddle, and, without another word, the whole party galloped away in the direction of San Antonio.

The judge alone remained, seemingly lost in thought; his countenance pale and anxious, and his eyes following the riders. His reverie, however, had lasted but a very few seconds, when he seized my arm.

"Hasten to my house," cried he; "lose no time, don't spare horse-flesh. Take Ptoly and a fresh beast; hurry over to San Felipe, and tell Stephen Austin what has happened, and what you have seen and heard."

"But, judge"——

"Off with you at once, if you would do Texas a service. Bring my wife and daughter back."

And so saying, he literally drove me from under the tree, pushing me out with hands and feet. I was so startled at the expression of violent impatience and anxiety which his features assumed, that, without venturing to make further objection, I struck the spurs into my mustang and galloped off.

Before I had got fifty yards from the tree, I looked round. The judge had disappeared. [Pg 798]

I rode full speed to the judge's house, and thence on a fresh horse to San Felipe, where I found Colonel Austin, who seemed much alarmed by the news I brought him, had horses saddled, and sent round to all the neighbours. Before the wife and step-daughter of the judge had made their preparations to accompany me home, he started with fifty armed men in the direction of San Antonio.

I escorted the ladies to their house, but scarcely had we arrived there, when I was seized with a fever, the result of my recent fatigues and sufferings. For some days my life was in danger, but at last a good constitution, and the kindest and most watchful nursing, triumphed over the disease. As soon as I was able to mount a horse, I set out for Mr Neal's plantation, in company with his huntsman Anthony, who, after spending many days, and riding over hundreds of miles of ground in quest of me, had at last found me out.

Our way led up past the Patriarch, and, as we approached it, we saw innumerable birds of prey, and carrion crows circling round it, croaking and screaming. I turned my eyes in another

direction; but, nevertheless, I felt a strange sort of longing to revisit the tree. Anthony had ridden on, and was already hidden from view behind its branches. Presently I heard him give a loud shout of exultation. I jumped off my horse, and led it through a small opening in the leafage.

Some forty paces from me the body of a man was hanging by a lasso from the very same branch on which Bob had been hung. It was not Bob, however, for the corpse was much too short and small for him.

I drew nearer. "Johnny!" I exclaimed "That's Johnny!"

"It *was*," answered Anthony. "Thank Heaven, there's an end of him!"

I shuddered. "But where is Bob?"

"Bob?" cried Anthony. "Bob!"

He glanced towards the grave. The mound of earth seemed to me larger and higher than when I had last seen it. Doubtless the murderer lay beside his victim.

"Shall we not render the last service to this wretch, Anthony?" asked I.

"The scoundrel!" answered the huntsman. "I won't dirty my hands with him. Let him poison the kites and the crows!"

We rode on.

DEATH FROM THE STING OF A SERPENT.

As when a monstrous snake, with flaming crest,
Some wretch within its glittering folds has press'd—
He vainly struggles to escape its fangs,
The reptile triumphs, and the victim hangs
His head in agony, and bending low,
Feels the cursed venom through his life-blood flow.
On through his veins the burning poison speeds,
Drinks up his spirit—on his vitals feeds,
Till, tortured life extinct, the senseless clay
In hideous dissolution melts away.

M. J.

GIFTS OF TÉREK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LERMONTOFF. BY T. B. SHAW.

Térek[21] bellows, wildly sweeping
Past the cliffs, so swift and strong;
Like a tempest is his weeping,
Flies his spray like tears along.
O'er the steppe now slowly veering—
Calm but faithless looketh he—
With a voice of love endearing
Murmurs to the Caspian sea:

"Give me way, old sea! I greet thee;
Give me refuge in thy breast;
Far and fast I've rush'd to meet thee—
It is tine for me to rest.
Cradled in Kazbék, and cherish'd
From the bosom of the cloud,
Strong am I, and all have perish'd
Who would stop my current proud.

For thy sons' delight, O Ocean!
I've crush'd the crags of Dariál,
Onward my resistless motion,
Like a flock, hath swept them all."

Still on his smooth shore reclining,
Lay the Caspian as in sleep;
While the Térek, softly shining,
To the old sea murmur'd deep:—

"Lo! a gift upon my water—
Lo! no common offering—
Floating from the field of slaughter,
A Kabárdinetz[22] I bring.
All in shining mail he's shrouded—
Plates of steel his arms enfold;
Blood the Koran verse hath clouded,
That thereon is writ in gold:
His pale brow is sternly bended—
Gory stains his wreathed lip dye—
Valiant blood, and far-descended—
'Tis the hue of victory!
Wild his eyes, yet nought he noteth;
With an ancient hate they glare:
Backward on the billow floateth,
All disorderly, his hair."

Still the Caspian, calm reclining,
Seems to slumber on his shore;
And impetuous Térek, shining,
Murmurs in his ear once more:—

"Father, hark! a priceless treasure—
Other gifts are poor to this—
I have hid, to do thee pleasure— [Pg 800]
I have hid in my abyss!
Lo! a corse my wave doth pillow—
A Kazáichka[23] young and fair.
Darkly pale upon the billow
Gleams her breast and golden hair;
Very sad her pale brow gleameth,
And her eyes are closed in sleep;
From her bosom ever seemeth
A thin purple stream to creep.
By my water, calm and lonely,
For the maid that comes not back,
Of the whole Stanilza,[24] only
Mourns a Grébenskoi Kazák.

"Swift on his black steed he hieth;
To the mountains he is sped.
'Neath Tchetchén's kinjál[25] now lieth,
Low in dust, that youthful head."

Silent then was that wild river;
And afar, as white as snow,
A fair head was seen to quiver
In the ripple, to and fro.

In his might the ancient ocean,
Like a tempest, 'gan arise;
And the light of soft emotion
Glimmer'd in his dark-blue eyes;

And he play'd, with rapture flushing,
And in his embraces bright,
Clasp'd the stream, to meet him rushing
With a murmur of delight.

FOOTNOTES:

[21] A river which, rising on the eastern side of the ridge of the Caucasus, falls, after a rapid and impetuous course, into the Caspian, near Anápa.

[22] A mountaineer of the tribe of Kabárda.

[23] A Kazák girl.

[24] Village of Kazáks.

[25] Kinjál, a large dagger, the favourite weapon of the mountain tribes of the Caucasus, among which the Tchetchénetzes are distinguished for bravery.

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MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART VI.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puft up with wind,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"

SHAKSPEARE.

My first questions to Lafontaine, when I had his wound looked to, were of course for those whom he had left in England.

"Ah, ha!" said he with a laugh, which showed the inextinguishable Frenchman, "are you constant still? Well, then, Madame la Comtesse is constant too; but it is to her boudoir, or the gaieties of Devonshire House, or perhaps to her abhorrence of Monsieur le Mari."

"Le Mari!" I repeated the words with an involuntary start.

"Bah! 'tis all the same. She is affianced, and among us that tie is quite as legitimate as marriage, and, our libellers say, a little stronger. But they certainly are *not* married yet, for Mademoiselle Clotilde either is, or affects, the invalid; and considering the probability that she abhors the man and the match, I think, on the whole, that she acts diplomatically in informing the vainest colonel, in or out of France, that she is sick of any thing rather than of him."

"But your Mariamne—how go on your interests there?" The question brought a smile and a sigh together, before he could find an answer.

"How she is, what she is doing, or intends to do, or even what she is, are matters that I can no more answer than I can why the wind blows. She torments me, and takes a delight in tormenting me. I have been on the point of throwing up my commission a hundred times since I saw you, and flying to America, or the world's end. She controls me in every thing, insists on knowing all my movements from hour to hour, finds them out when I attempt to conceal them as matter of duty, tortures me for the concealment, and then laughs at me for the confession. She is intolerable."

"And yet you have obtained a lengthening of your chain, or how come here? How long have you been in Paris?"

"Just two days; and busy ones, or I should have found you out before. Yes, I had Mariamne's full permission to come; though to this moment I cannot account for the change. I had received a sudden order from Montrecour, who is deep in the emigrant affairs, to set out with letters which could not be sent by the courier. But I dared not leave London without asking *her* permission; and I acknowledge asking her at the same time to run away with me, and give herself a lawful title to be my tyrant for life. Applying to Mordecai was out of the question. Her answer was immediate; contemptuous in the extreme as to my proposal, yet almost urgent on me to accept the mission, and lose no time between London and Paris. Her postscript was the oddest part of all. It was a grave recommendation to discover *you*, in whatever height or depth of the capital you might exist; whether you figured in the court or the cloister; were the idol of the maids of honour, or the model of the monks of La Trappe; to remind you that you had forgotten every body on the other side of the Channel who was worth remembering, including herself; and commending *me*, as a truant and a trifler, to your especial, grave, and experienced protection. Apropos! She sent me a letter, to be delivered to you with my own hands. But for yourself it had nearly failed in the delivery."

He gave me the letter. It was, like the writer, a pretty *melange*; trifles gracefully expressed; strong sense expressed like trifles; feeling carried off with a laugh; and palpable and fond anxiety for Lafontaine couched in the most merciless badinage. While I gave this missive a second, and even a third perusal—for it finished with some gentle mention of the being whose name was a [Pg 802]

charm to my wearied spirit—my eyes accidentally fell on Lafontaine. His were fixed on me with an expression of inconceivable distress. At length his generous nature broke forth.

"Marston, if I were capable of jealousy, I should be jealous of *you* and of Mariamne. What *can* be the caprice which dictated that letter? what *can* be the interest which you evidently take in it? I wish that the bullet which laid me at your door this evening had finished its work, and put an end to an existence which has been a perpetual fever. I shall not ask *what* Mariamne has said to you—but *I* am miserable."

"Yes, but you *shall* ask, and shall have all you ask," said I, giving him the letter. "It is the language of the heart, and of a heart strongly attached to *you*. I can see affection in every line of it. Of course she mingles a little coquetry with her sentiment; but was there ever a pretty woman, who was not more or less a coquette? She is a gem: never think it the less pure because it sparkles. Rely upon your little Mariamne."

"Then *you* have no sincere regard for her—no wish to interfere with my claims?" said my pallid friend, dubiously extending his hand towards me.

"Lafontaine, listen to me, and for the last time on the subject. I have a very sincere regard for her." (My sensitive auditor started.) "But, I have also a perfect respect for your claims. It is impossible not to acknowledge the animated graces of the lady on whom you have fixed your affections. But mine are fixed where I have neither hope to sustain them, nor power to change.—Those matters have nothing to do with choice. They are effects without a cause, judgments without a reason, influences without an impulse—the problems of our nature, without a solution since the beginning of the world."

"But, Marston, you will only laugh at me for all my troubles."

"Lafontaine, I shall do no such thing. Those pains and penalties have been the lot of some of the noblest hearts and most powerful minds that the earth has ever seen; and have been most keenly felt by the noblest and the most powerful. The poet only tells the truth more gracefully when he says—

> "'The spell of all spells that enamours the heart,
> To few is imparted, to millions denied;
> 'Tis the brain of the victim that poisons the dart,
> And fools jest at that by which sages have died.'

"But now, my friend, let us talk of other things. We must not sink into a pair of sentimentalists; these are terrible times. And now, tell me what brought you out of quiet England among our madmen here?"

"I may now tell all the world," was the reply, "for the evil is done beyond remedy. I was sent by our friends in London, to carry the last warning to the royal family of all that has happened this day. My papers contained the most exact details, the names of the leaders, their objects, their points of assembling, and even their points of attack. Those were furnished, as you may conceive, by one of the principal conspirators; a fellow whom I afterwards saw on horseback in front of the Tuileries, and whom, I think, I had the satisfaction of dismounting by a shot from my carbine."

I mentioned the fruitlessness of my own efforts to awake the ministry.

"Ah," said he, with a melancholy smile, "my friend, if you had been admitted into the palace, or into the council-chamber itself, you would have had precisely the same tale to tell. All was infatuation. I was ushered into the highest presence last midnight. My despatches were read. I was complimented on my zeal, and then was told that every thing was provided for. I was even closeted for two hours with the two individuals who, of all France, or of all mankind, had the largest stake in the crisis, and was again told that there was no crisis to be feared. I even offered to take a squadron of dragoons, and arrest the conspirators at the moment with my own hand. I saw the eyes of the noblest of women fill with tears of grief and indignation at the hopelessness of my appeal, and the answer, 'that though Frenchmen might hate the ministers, they always loved their king.' I saw that all was over." [Pg 803]

"Still," said I, "I cannot comprehend how the mere mob of Paris could have succeeded against the defenders of the palace."

"If you had seen it as I did, the only wonder is, how the Tuileries held out so long. After passing a night on guard at the Pavilon de Flore, I was summoned at daybreak to attend his majesty. What a staff for a reviewing monarch! The queen endeavouring to support the appearance of calmness; Madame Elizabeth, that human angel, following her, dissolved in tears; the two royal children, weeping and frightened, making their way through the crowd of nobles, guardsmen, domestics who had gathered promiscuously in the chambers and corridors, armed with whatever weapons they could find, and all in confusion. From the windows there was another scene; and the only time when I saw the queen shudder, was when she cast her eye across the Place du Carrousel, and saw it covered with the dense masses of the multitude drawn up in battle-array. A more gloomy sight never met the eye. From time to time the distant discharge of cannon was heard, giving us the idea that some treachery was transacting in the remoter parts of the city, every discharge answered by a roar of—'Down with the King'—'Death to Marie Antoinette'—'The lamp-iron to all traitors.' While, as I glanced on those around me, I saw despair in every countenance; the resolution perhaps to die, but the evident belief that their death must be in vain. You now

know all."

I still expressed my strong anxiety to know what had been the events within the palace.

"Marston, I cannot think of them. I cannot speak of them. I see nothing but a vision of blood, shame, folly, wretchedness. There never was a cause more fatally abandoned. Every thing that could be done to ruin a monarchy was done. I was standing beside the royal group, when a deputation from the National Assembly made its appearance. At its head was a meagre villain, whom one might have taken for the public executioner. He came up, cringing and bowing, to the unfortunate king; but with a look which visibly said—We have you in our power. I could have plunged my sword in the triumphant villain's heart. I had even instinctively half drawn it, when I felt the gentle pressure of a hand on mine. It was the queen's. 'Remember the king's presence. We must owe nothing to violence,' were her words. And at this instant she looked so heart-broken, yet so noble, that I could have worshipped her. The deputation pressed the necessity of 'taking shelter,' as they phrased it, 'in the bosom of the faithful Assembly.' The words, 'assembly of traitors,' burst from my lips. A shout of approbation arose on all sides. But I was more rewarded by a sorrowing smile from the queen. She was indignant at the proposal. 'No; never shall I leave this spot but by the king's command!' she exclaimed. 'I would rather be chained to the walls.' As the guard pressed round her at the words, she suddenly stopped, took a pistol from one of the Garde du Corps, and forcing it on the king—'Now,' said the heroine—'now is the time to show yourself a king of France!' An universal cry of enthusiasm arose, and hundreds of swords were brandished in the air. The deputation, evidently expecting to be massacred, made an effort to reach the door, and the monarchy was on the point of being saved; when the leader of the party glanced back at the royal circle. There stood unfortunate Louis, hesitating, with the pistol in his hand. On such moments all depends. The villain crept up to the king, and whispered in his ear—'Would you have all your family put to death? In the Assembly all are safe.'—'Well, then, we shall go,' was the simple answer. He might have added—'To the scaffold.' The queen pressed her hands on her eyes, and wept bitterly. All were silent. In a few minutes more our sad procession was crossing the garden to the door of the Assembly, amid a roar, which could not have been fiercer or more triumphant had we been going to execution."

It was already twilight; the fine summer's day, as if it had been dimmed by the desperate scenes of which it was witness, set in sudden clouds; and the distant shoutings of the populace seemed [Pg 804] to be answered by the voice of a storm. Lafontaine's wound began to bleed afresh by the agitation of his story, and to find medical assistance, was my first object. Having seen him conveyed to my bed, and leaving him in charge of my valet, I hastened towards the residence of the physician to the embassy. In doing this, I had to cross the Rue St Honoré. But there my course was stopped. I shrink from alluding to those horrid scenes and times. The scene which there met my eyes has scarcely left them since.

The populace were returning from the conquest and plunder of the palace to the Palais Royale, the headquarters of all convulsion; and they had arranged their ranks into something like a triumphal procession on the stage. The dead bodies of the brave Swiss were carried on boards or biers, preceded by banners of all kinds; the plundered ornaments of the Tuileries were borne on the heads of men; the horses from the royal stables, caparisoned for the occasion, drew hearses, in which the bodies of the mob who had fallen were deposited. Brief as the time for decoration had been, wreaths of artificial flowers, taken from the shops of the *marchandes de modes*, and theatrical shawls and mantles from the stores of the *fripiers*, covered the biers; and the whole, surrounded and followed by a forest of pikes and bayonets, plumes and flags, had no other light than the lurid and shifting blaze of thousands of torches tossing in the wild and howling wind.

The train seemed endless; shocked and sickened, I had made repeated efforts to cross the column, but was repeatedly driven back. If all the dead criminality of Paris had risen to join all the living, it could scarcely have increased my astonishment at the countless thousands which continued to pour on before me; nor scarcely, if the procession had started from the grave, could it have looked more strange, squalid, haggard, and woebegone. In the rear came the cannon, which had achieved this melancholy victory. And they, again, were sometimes converted into the carriage of the dead, sometimes of the plunder, and, in every instance, were surmounted by women, female furies, drinking, shouting, and uttering cries of unspeakable savageness and blasphemy against priests, nobles, and kings; and, mingled with all this, were choruses of bacchanal songs, accompanied with shouts of laughter. It was now near midnight; and my anxiety for the condition of my unfortunate friend at last urged me to make a desperate attempt to force my way through the mass of pikes and daggers. After being swept far along with the stream, I reached the street in which the physician lived. He set out with me immediately, and, by his superior knowledge of the route, we were enabled to make our way unimpeded through streets, that looked like dens of robbers, to my hotel.

But there a new and still more alarming disappointment awaited me. I found the porter and all the attendants of the establishment gathered on the stairs in terror. Lafontaine was gone! Whether, frenzied by the insults and yells of the populace, who continued to pass in troops from time to time, or anxious for my safety, he had started from his bed, put on his sword, and rushed into the street; without the possibility of being restrained, and without uttering a word of explanation.

Exhausted as I was by fatigue, and still more by the sights and scenes through which I had just passed, this intelligence was a severe blow. The fate of a young enthusiast, and a foreigner, whom I had known but so lately, and of whom I knew so little, might not have justified much

personal sacrifice. But the thought of the heart that would be broken by his falling into the hands of the barbarians, who were now masters of every thing, smote keenly upon me. Mariamne would die; and though I was by no means a lover of Mariamne, yet, where I had seen so much that was loveable, I might have a regard next in degree. There may, and does often, exist the tenderness of love without the flame. I could have looked on this pretty and animated creature as the wife of Lafontaine, or of any other object of her choice, without the slightest pang; but I could not have looked upon her pining away in hopelessness, wasting in silent sorrow, or with her gay and gentle existence clouded by a loss which nothing could repair, without thinking every effort of mine to avert evil from her, due on every principle of common feeling. [Pg 805]

While I pondered, a note was brought to me, written by Lafontaine before he had sallied from his chamber, and evidently written under the wildest emotion. It told me, in a few scarcely legible words, that he felt life a burden to him, and thanked Heaven for the opportunity now offered of dying for his king and the glory of France. That the monarchy had perished beyond redemption. But that, though the royal family were surrounded by the poniards of assassins, it was his determination to follow and find them, rescue them, or die at their feet. This strange production closed with—"You shall hear of me within twenty four hours, living or dead. If I fall, remember me to my affianced wife; and vindicate my character to the world."

This was so like insanity, that it perplexed me more and more; but, on second thoughts, it appeared to offer some clue to his pursuit.—He had gone to die in presence of the royal family. If they were to be found by him at all, they must be found in the Assembly. I immediately went to the garden of the Tuileries, where they met until their new legislative palace should be erected. The multitude had now partially retired, for it was midnight; and the entrance was comparatively clear. A strong force of the National Guard still kept the drunken rabble at a distance; and the five franc piece, with which I tempted the incorruptibility of a peculiarly ferocious-looking patriot, admitted me without delay.

What a scene there presented itself to my eyes! The "Salle" was large and showy; and when I had attended it in former debates, it exhibited the taste and skill which the French, more than any other people on earth, exhibit in temporary things. Nothing could exceed the elegance with which the Parisian decorators had fitted up this silk and tinsel abode, which was to be superseded, within a few months, by the solid majesty of marble. But, on this memorable and melancholy night, the ornaments bore, to me, the look of those sad frivolities with which France is fond of ornamenting her tombs. The chandeliers burned dim; the busts and statues looked ghostlike; the chief part of the members had thrown themselves drowsily on the benches; and the debate had languished into the murmurs of a speech, to which no one listened. If the loaded table, with its pile of petitions and ordonnances, in the midst of the hall, could have been imagined into a bier; the whole had the aspect of a *chapelle ardente*; there, indeed, lay in state the monarchy of France. My unlucky friend, of course, was not there; but I saw, in a narrow box, on the right of the president, a group, from which, when once seen, I found it impossible to withdraw my gaze—the first and most exalted victims of the Revolution, the king and his family. All but one were apparently overcome with fatigue; for they had sat there fifteen hours. But that one sat with a steady eye and an erect front, as if superior to all suffering. I had seen Marie Antoinette, the most splendid figure, in all the splendours of her court. I had seen her unshaken before vast popular assemblages, in which any rash or ruffian hand might have taken her life at the instant; but she now gave me an impression of a still higher order. Sitting in calm resignation and unstained dignity, her stately form and countenance, pale and pure as marble, looked like some noble statue on a tomb; or rather, sitting in that chamber of death, like some pure spirit, awaiting the summons to ascend from the relics of human guilt, infirmity, and passion before her.

But the slumbers of the Assembly were soon to be broken. A tumult, and the tramping of many feet, was heard at the door. It was followed by the thunder of clubs and hammers breaking it in; the bars gave way; the huissiers and other attendants rushed through the body of the hall, and took refuge behind the chair of the president in affright; the sleepers started from their seats; and, with a roar which spoke the true supremacy of the new power in France, the mob poured in. They announced themselves a deputation from the Municipality, and instantly took possession of the benches. Men, women, and even children, composed this barbarian invasion; like all that I had seen, half intoxicated; but evidently trained by higher hands for more determined evil. A chosen set of orators, in Roman robes, probably plundered from some suburb theatre, moved [Pg 806] forward to the table, and took their seats round it in as much solemnity as conscript fathers. The chief speaker then advanced from the door, preceded by the head of one of the murdered Swiss on a pike, a hideous spectacle, and, drawing from his belt a dagger, commenced a furious harangue against every thing that bore the shape of authority in the kingdom. The Assembly did not escape in the general outpouring of its bitterness. They were charged with want of zeal, with want of honesty, and, most formidable of all, want of patriotism. I saw many a member cower at the word; for it was the countersign of Jacobinism; and the man, on whom that charge was personally fastened, was sure to fall by pistol or dagger. But the rage of the harangue was levelled at the royal family. "There sits the tyrant!" he exclaimed, pointing with his poniard to the meekest of monarchs and of men. "The vengeance of the people calls for victims. How long shall it be insulted? If justice is blind, tear the bandage from her eyes. How long shall the sword of the people rust in its sheath! Liberty sitting on her altar demands new sacrifices to feed the flame. The blood of tyrants is the only incense worthy to be offered by a regenerated people!"

At every pause of those fierce interjections, the crowd burst into yells of applause, drew knives and daggers from their bosoms, flourished them in the air, and echoed the words. The Assembly

were evidently held in terror of their lives. The president made some faint attempts to restore order. A few of the members made faint attempts at speeches. But the mob were masters; and a night of such horrors passed, as I had never dreamed of before. At daybreak the orator demanded that a decree should be instantly passed, suspending the king, the ministry, and even the Assembly, in the midst of which he stood. Of all the extravagances ever conceived—of all the insolences of power—of all the licenses of popular licentiousness, this was the most daring, unrivalled, and unimagined; and yet this was carried, with scarcely a voice raised against it. The trembling president, with the dagger at his throat, put the motion for extinguishing the throne, the cabinet, and calling a new Assembly! From that hour the monarchy was no more.

During this tremendous discussion, I had not ventured to raise my eyes towards the royal family; but, as all were now about to retire, I dared a single glance. The king was slowly leaving the box, leading the dauphin by the hand; the Princess Elizabeth was carrying the sleeping dauphiness in her arms; the queen stayed behind, alone, for a moment, sitting, as she had done for hours, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, and her countenance calm, but corpselike. At length she seemed to recollect that she was alone, and suddenly started up. Then nature had its way; she tottered, and fainted. From that night forth, that glorious creature never saw the light of day but through the bars of a prison. From the Feuillans, the royal family were consigned to the cells of the Temple, from which Louis and Marie Antoinette never emerged but to the grave!

This night taught me a lesson, which neither time nor circumstance has ever made me forget. It cured me of all my republican fantasies at once, and for ever. I believe myself above the affectation of romantic sensibility. But it would not be less affectation to deny the feelings to which that awful scene of human guilt and human suffering gave birth. If the memory of the popular atrocities made me almost abhor human nature, the memory of that innocent and illustrious woman restored my admiration of the noble qualities that may still be found in human nature. "If I forget thee even in my mirth," the language of the Israelite to his beloved city, was mine, in scarcely a less solemn or sacred spirit, in those hours of early experience. Let the hearts and eyes of others refuse to acknowledge such feelings. I am not ashamed to say, that I have shed many a tear over the fate of the King and Queen of France. In the finest fictions of genius, in the most high-wrought sorrows of the stage, I have never been so deeply touched, I have never felt myself penetrated with such true and irresistible emotion, as in reading, many a year after, the simplest record of the unhappy Bourbons. What must it be, to have witnessed the last agonies of their hearts and throne! [Pg 807]

On returning to my chamber, shuddering and wretched, I found a despatch on my table. It was from Downing Street; an order, that within twelve hours after its receipt, I should set out from Paris, and make my way, with the utmost secrecy, to the headquarters of the Austrian and Prussian army; where further orders would be waiting for me.

This command threw me into new perplexity. It had been my purpose to find my unfortunate friend, if he was not already in the bosom of the Seine, or a victim to some of the popular violences. But my orders were peremptory. I, however, did all that was in my power. I spent the day in looking for him through all the hotels and hospitals; and, after a hopeless search, gave my man of mystery, Mendoza, a commission—paid for at a rate that made him open his hollow eyes wide with incredulity on the coin—to discover and protect him, wherever he was to be found.

But I had now another difficulty which threatened to nip my diplomatic honours in the bud. The news had just arrived, that the allied armies had passed the frontier, and were sweeping all before them with fire and sword. A populace is always mad with courage, or mad with cowardice; and the Parisians, who, but yesterday, were ready to have made a march round the globe, now thought the wells and cellars of the city not too deep, or too dark to hold them. They would have formed a camp in the catacombs, if they could. All was sudden terror. The barriers were shut. Guards were posted tenfold at all the gates. Men were ranged on the heights round the city, to make signals of the first approach of the Prussian hussars; and the inhabitants spent half the day on every house top that commanded a view of the country, waiting for the first glimpse of their devourers. To escape from this city of terror now became next to impossible. All my applications were powerless. The government were themselves regarded as under lock and key; the populace, as if determined that all should share a common massacre, were clustered at the barriers, pike in hand, to put all "emigrants" to death; the ambassador was, as ambassadors generally are in cases of real difficulty, a cipher; and yet I *must* leave Paris within twelve hours, or be cashiered.

It at length occurred to me to avail myself of my Jewish spy, and I found him listening to a midnight harangue in the midst of a Jacobin crowd, in the Palais Royal. He considered the matter for a while; and I walked about, leaving him to his free invention, while I contrasted the brilliant blaze of the gaming and dancing-rooms above me with the assassin-like darkness of the galleries below. At length he turned to me. "There is but one way. Have you any objection to be arrested?"

"The greatest imaginable," was my answer.

"Just as you please," he replied; "but I have here an order for the seizure of one of the emigrant agents, a Chevalier Lafontaine, lately arrived in Paris. He has been seen in the palace, but we have missed him for the last twelve hours. The order is for Vincennes. Will you take his place?"

I naturally looked all surprise, and peremptorily refused.

"Do as you will," said my intractable adviser; "but there is no other way to pass the gates. I shall take you to Vincennes as a state prisoner; I have influence there. In short, if you trust me, you

shall be safe, and on your road by daybreak. If you do not, here your life is uncertain; you are known, watched, and the first order that I receive to-morrow, may be one for your apprehension."

All this was likely enough; there was but a moment to deliberate, and I got into the first cabriolet, and drove with him to the barrier. The streets still exhibited scattered bands, who questioned us from time to time, but the words, "By order of the Municipality," which were enough to terrify the stoutest hearts, and the display of his badge, carried us through. We passed the guard at the gate, after a slight examination of the order, and galloped to Vincennes.

At the sight of the frowning fortress my blood chilled, and I refused to go further. "In that case," said my conductor, "*I* am compromised, and *you* are ruined; the first patrol will seize you, while I shall be shot. I pledge myself, that here you shall not remain; but I must be acquitted to the head of the police. You shall be M. le Chevalier Lafontaine for the night; and, if such a man exists, you [Pg 808] will probably be the means of saving his life. To-morrow I shall bring proofs of my mistake, and then you will be outside the walls of Paris, and free to go where you please."

The name of Lafontaine decided me. Even the risk seemed less serious than before, and we drove over the drawbridge. The interior of the fortress formed a striking contrast to the scenes which I had just left behind me. All was still stern, and noiseless.

"Give me your papers," said Mendoza; "they will be safer in my hands than in yours."

I had but time to give him my despatch, as we passed through the court which led to the governor's apartments. I was searched in the presence of that important functionary, a meagre old captain of invalids, who had been roused from his bed, and was evidently half asleep. I stoutly denied my being "the criminal who had offended the majesty of the people." But as the governor himself, on gazing at me with his purblind eyes, was perfectly satisfied of my identity, there was no use in contesting the point. A couple of sentinels were placed at the door of my cell, and I was left, like himself, to my slumbers. Before the door closed, I grasped my guide by the throat. The thought that I had been entrapped, actually agonized me.

"Am I betrayed?" I asked, in a whisper of fury.

The only answer was, "Mordecai."

I felt security in the word, and, without a further pang, heard his tread echoing along the distant corridor.

Time rolls on, whether we are happy or miserable. Morning came, and found me feverish from a thousand dreams. Noon came, and my impatience grew with the hour. Evening came, and yet no symptom of my liberation. If, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," confidence duped, and blindly, weakly, rashly duped, turns to torture.

Why trust a known agent of the police? Why put my liberty into his hands? Why, above all, make him master of my papers? I was overwhelmed with shame. I writhed with remorse. As hour after hour dragged into slow length along, I sank from dejection to dejection, or burst from rage to rage. But at last, when the drums of the garrison were making their final flourish for the night, the key turned in the door of my cell, and the Jew entered. I almost sprang upon him, and his life would have been worth little, but for the words—"You may now leave the fortress." He told me, further, that my absence was fortunate, for a domiciliary visit had been paid to my apartments by direction of the municipality; my trunks examined, and my doors sealed. My absence was imputed to flight; and, as jails were then the only safe residences in France, I had escaped actual imprisonment simply by my volunteer detention; to watch the event, had been the source of his delay. All was speedily settled with the old commandant, who was now as perfectly "convinced, on his own knowledge," that I was not the chevalier, as he had been convinced on the night before that I was. Mendoza's proofs were registered in due form; and with unspeakable delight I once again mounted his cabriolet, and heard the chains of the drawbridge rattle behind me.

My Jew had been true to his pledge. I found horses provided for me at a lonely cabaret, a league off. With the minute foresight which men of his trade learn, he had provided for me a couple of disguises—the garb of a peasant, which I was to use when I passed among the soldiery; and the uniform of an aide-de-camp, with which I was to keep down enquiries when I came among the peasantry. But I was weary of disguise. It had never thriven with my temperament. I was determined, at all events, now to trust to chance and my proper person; and if I must fail, have the satisfaction of failing after my own style. The only recompense which my magnanimous police-officer would receive, was a promise that I should mention his conduct to Mordecai; and, gathering up his rejected wardrobe, he departed.

Fortunately I found disguises unnecessary, though at any other time they might have been essential. The country was all in a state of flight, and every man was too much employed in securing himself, to think of laying hold of others. Thus galloped I through hill and dale, through bush and brier, unquestioned and almost unseen; until, on the evening of the fourth day, as I [Pg 809] plunged into a forest, which for the last half hour I had been imagining into a scene of fairyland, a bower where a pilgrim might finish his journey for life, or a man, "crazed by care, or crossed in hopeless love," might forget woman and woe together—I was awakened to the realities of things by the whistle of a bullet, which struck off a branch within an inch of my head, followed by a fierce howl for the countersign. By all the laws of war, the howl should have come first; but these were not times for ceremony. A troop of Hulans rushed round me, sabre in hand. I stood like a stoic; and, of course, attempted to tell who I was. But my German was unintelligible to my

captors, and my French, a suspicious language on a Prussian outpost, only confirmed their opinion that I was born to be stripped. Accordingly one demanded my watch, another my purse, and I was in a fair way of entering the Prussian lines in a state of pauperism, or of being "left alone in my glory" by shot or sabre, when an officer rode up, whom I had casually known in some Parisian circle. To him I could explain myself, and to him I exhibited the envelope of my letter, inscribed with the words, "Grand Quartier General." My new friend bowed to this awful address like a Turk to the firman of the padisha, poured out a volley of wrath on the troop, ordered the instant and very reluctant restitution of my property, and with a couple of the squadron at our heels, took me under his escort, to deliver my papers in person.

After an hour's gallop through rocks, rivulets, and brambles, which seemed without end, and totally uninhabited, except by an occasional patrol of the irregulars of the Austrian and Prussian forces—barbarians as savage-looking as ever were Goth or Hun, and capital substitutes for the wolves and wild-boars which they had ejected for the time—a sudden opening of the forest brought us within view of the immense camp of the combined armies.

All the externals of war are splendid; it is the interior, the consequences, the operation of that mighty trampler of man that are startling. This was my first sight of that most magnificent of all the atrocious inventions of human evil—an army. The forces of the two most warlike monarchies of Europe were spread before me; nearly a hundred and fifty thousand troops, with all the numberless followers of a host in the field, covering a range of low hills which circled the horizon. While we were still at a considerable distance, a gun was fired from the central hill, answered by others from the flanks. The rolling of drums set the vast line in motion, and just at the moment when the sun was lying on the edge of the west, the brigades, descending each from its height, halted on the slope. The whole vast manoeuvre was executed with the exactness of a single mind. The blaze of the sun on the arms, the standards, and the tents crowning the brow of the hills, was magical. "Are they marching to battle?" was my amazed question to my companion. His only answer was to check his charger, take off his shako, and bend his forehead to his saddle-bow. A burst of universal harmony, richer than I had ever yet conceived, explained the mystery. It was the evening prayer. The fine bands of the regiments joined the voices of the soldiery, and I listened, in unbroken rapture and reverence, until its close. In court or cathedral, in concert or shrine, I had never before so much felt the power of sound. It finished in a solemn chorus, and accumulation of music. I could have almost imagined it ascending, embodied, to heaven.

The fire of cannon announced the conclusion of the service; we put spurs to our horses, and soon entered the lines; and, on the strength of my credentials, I had distinguished quarters assigned to me.

I now, for the first time since I left England, began to feel the advantages of birth. In London every man is so submerged in the multitude, that he who can hold his head high enough out of the living surge to be known, must have something of remarkable buoyancy, or peculiar villany, about him. Even Parliament, except to a few of the leaders, is no distinction. The member for the shire is clipped of all his plumage at the moment of his entering that colossal poultry-yard, and must take his obscure pickings with other unnoticeable fowl. In Paris, once the Mahometan paradise of stars and garters, the central herald's office of the earth, the royal region of the [Pg 810] Parliament aristocracy, where the beggar with a *cordon* on his breast outshone the banker with millions in his pocket-book, the world was changed; and to be the son or brother of a peer might have been only a speedier passport to the lamp-post. But, in Germany, the land of pedigrees, to be an "honourable" was to be one on whom the sun shone with double beams; the sex, young and old, smiled with double softness and the whole host of Serenities were doubly serene. In camp, nothing could be more hospitable or distinguished than my reception; for the soldier is always good-humoured under canvass, and the German is good-humoured every where. Perhaps he has rather too high an opinion of his descent from Goth and Vandal, but he makes allowance for the more modern savagery of Europe; and although the stranger may neither wear spectacles, nor smoke cigars, neither muzzle his visage with mustaches, nor speak the most formidable tongue on earth, the German will good-naturedly admit, that he may be a human being after all.

But the man with whom my mission brought me most immediately into contact, and to whom I was most indebted for courtesy, would have been a remarkable personage in any country of Europe; that man was the Duke of Brunswick.

On my arrival, I found two letters forwarded from London, and in the hands of an aide-de-camp of the generalissimo. The first which I opened was from the Foreign Office, a simple statement of the purpose for which I was sent—namely, to stimulate the activity of the Prussian councils, and to urge on the commander of the army an immediate march on the French capital; with a postscript, directing me, in case of tardiness being exhibited at headquarters, instantly to transmit a despatch home, and return to my post in Paris. The second letter—which I must, however undiplomatically, admit that I opened with much stronger interest—was from Mordecai. I glanced over it for some mention of the "ane braw name," and bitterly laughed at my own folly in expecting to find such communications in the letter of the hard-headed and busy Jew. All was brief and rapid.

"If this shall find you in the Prussian camp, you will have no more time for me than I have for you. Let me not clip your diplomatic hopes; but this I forewarn you, you will not obtain a single object of your journey; except, perhaps, showing that you can gallop a hundred miles in the four-and-twenty hours, and can make your way through a country of lunatics without being piked or sabred.

"The campaign is over already—over before it was begun. The battle was fought in the council at Berlin, and the allies were beaten. The duke, within the next fortnight, will be deciding on the merits of the ballet in Brunswick, and the French will be madder than ever with triumphs which they never won, preparing for conquests which are already gained, and knocking down thrones, the owners themselves supplying the pickaxes and hammers. You will see the two best armies of the Continent running away from their own shadows; the old councillors of Frederick and Maria Theresa baffled by cabinets of cobblers and tinkers; grey-beard generals, covered with orders, hunted over the frontier by boys, girls, and old women; and France, like a *poissarde* in a passion, with her hair flying about her ears, a knife in her hand, and her tongue in full swing, scampering half naked over Europe, to the infinite wonder of the wearers of velvet, Mechlin lace, and diadems,—ha, ha, ha!"

While I was trying to decipher this riddle, which was rather too contemptuous for my new views of things, but which I referred to the habitual feelings of a strong-headed man in humble life, brought just close enough to higher to feel his exclusion, an officer was announced as Count Varnhorst, on the staff of the duke. His countenance struck me at first sight, as one which I had seen before; and I soon discovered, that when I was a boy at Eton, he had been on a visit of a few days at Mortimer castle, in the suite of one of the Prussian princes. We had been thus old friends, and we now became young ones within the first quarter of an hour. His countenance was that of a humourist, and his recollections of the Great Frederick rendered him sarcastic on all things of the later generation.

"The duke has sent me for you," said he, "with his apology for keeping you out of bed; but he has appointed midnight for the delivery of your despatches. The truth is, that hitherto we have all slept so soundly, that we must make up for lost time by turning night into day now, just as we have turned day into night for the last twelvemonth." [Pg 811]

"But what can you tell me of the duke?"

"Oh! a great deal; but you know that I am on his staff, and therefore bound to keep his secrets."

"Yet, count, remember that we have sworn an eternal friendship within the last five minutes. What can he or I be the worse for my knowing his great and good qualities?"

"My dear young friend, when you are as old as I am, you will see the improprieties of such questions."

"Well, then, to come to the point; is he a great general?"

"He speaks French better than any other prince in Germany."

"Is he an able politician?"

"You must see him on horseback; he rides like a centaur."

"Well, then, in one sentence, will he fight the French?"

"That wholly depends on whether he turns his horse's head towards Paris or Berlin."

"Count, but one question more, which you may answer without a riddle. Do you think that he will receive my mission cordially?"

"He speaks your language; he wears your broad cloth; he loves your porter; and he has married one of your princesses."

"All my difficulties are answered. I am ready; but what shall I find him doing at this extraordinary hour?"

"If asleep, dreaming of the opera at Brunswick; if awake, dreaming of the opera at Paris."

His diamond repeater, which he had laid on the table between us, struck twelve as he spoke; and, wrapping ourselves in our cloaks, we sallied forth into one of the most starry nights of autumn, and made our way, through long ranges of patrols and videttes, to the quarters of the generalissimo.

The mansion was an old chateau, evidently long abandoned to loneliness and decay one of those huge edifices; whose building had cost one fortune, and whose support had exhausted another. But the struggle had been over for the last fifty years, and two or three shrivelled domestics remained to keep out the invasion of the bats and owls. But at this period the chateau exhibited, of course, another scene; aides-de-camp, generals, orderlies, couriers—all the clang and clamour of the staff of a great army—rang through the wild old halls, and echoed up the long ghostly corridors. Every apartment was a blaze of light, and filled with groups of officers of the Prussian and Austrian guards; all was billiard-playing, talking, singing in chorus, and carousing in all the noisy gaiety of the soldier in good quarters.

"All this is tempting enough," said the old count, as we hastened along a gallery that seemed endless, but on which the open doors of the successive apartments threw broad illumination. "I dare say, Mr Marston, that you would prefer taking your seat among those lively fellows, to the honour of a ducal conference; but my orders are, that you must not be seen until the duke gives you *carte blanche* to appear among human beings again."

The count now opened the door of an apartment, which appeared to have been more lately

tenanted than the rest, yet which exhibited signs of the general desertion; a marble table, covered with a decaying drapery, a Carrara alabaster of Niobe and her children on the mantelpiece, a huge mirror, and a tapestry of one of the hunts of Henri Quatre, showed that Time had been there, and that the Prussians had not; but the indistinct light of the single chandelier left me but little opportunity of indulging my speculations on the furniture. The count had left me, to ascertain when the duke should be at leisure to receive me; and my first process was, like a good soldier, to reconnoitre the neighbouring territory. The first door which I opened led into a conservatory, filled with the remnants of dead foliage, opening on the gardens of the chateau, which, wild as they now were, still sent up a fragrance doubly refreshing, after the atmosphere of meershaums, hot brandy, and Rhine beer, which filled the galleries. The casement distantly overlooked the esplanade in front of the chateau; and the perpetual movements of the couriers [Pg 812] and estafettes, arriving and departing every moment, the galloping of cavalry, and the march of patrols, occupied me until a valet of the duke came to acquaint me that supper was served, by his highness's commands, in the apartment which I had lately quitted, and that he would be present in a few minutes.

I returned of course; and found the chamber which I had left so dark and dilapidated, changed, as if by a fairy wand, into pomp and elegance. The duke was renowned for splendid extravagance, and the table was covered with rich plate, the walls glittered with a profusion of gilt lamps, and all round me had the look of regal luxury. But one object suddenly caught my gaze, and left me no power to glance at any other. In a recess, which had hitherto been obscure, but over which now blazed a brilliant girandole, hung a full-length portrait of a nun, which, but for the dress, I should have pronounced to be Clotilde; the same Greek profile, the same deep yet vivid eye, the same matchless sweetness of smile, and the same mixture of melancholy and enthusiasm, which had made me think my idol fit to be the worship of the world. I stood wrapped in astonishment, delight, pain, a thousand undefined feelings, until I could have almost imagined that the canvass before me lived. I saw its eye all but glisten, its lips all but open to speak; the very marble of its cheek begin to glow; when I was awakened by a lively voice, saying, in French —"Ah, Mr Marston, I perceive that you are a connoisseur." I turned, and saw the speaker, a man somewhat above the middle size; a remarkably noble-looking personage; in full dress even at that hour, powdered and perfumed, and altogether a court figure; his hands loaded with jewels, and a diamond star of the order of the garter upon his breast. It required no introducer to tell me that I was in the presence of the Duke of Brunswick.

"Come," said he, "we have no time for etiquette, nor indeed for any thing else to-night—we must sup first, and then talk of your mission."

We sat down; a double file of valets, in liveries, loaded with embroidery, attended at the table; though the party consisted of but four; Varnhorst, and a Colonel Guiseard, chief of the secret diplomacy, a pale Spanish-featured officer—to whom his highness did me the honour of introducing me, as the son of one of his old friends.

"You remember Marston," said he, "at Brunswick, five-and-twenty years ago, in his envoyship—a capital horseman, a brilliant dresser, and a very promising diplomatist. I augured well of his future career, but" ——the infinite elevation of the ducal shoulders, and the infinite drooping of the ducal eyes, completed the remainder of my unfortunate parent's history; but whether in panegyric or censure, I was not sufficiently versed in the science of saying nothing and implying all things, to tell. Guiseard fixed his deep sallow eye on me, without a word: at that moment he reminded me exactly of one of the Inquisitors—the deep, dark-visaged men whom the matchless pencil of Velasquez has immortalized.

Varnhorst burst out into a laugh.

"What, Guiseard," said he, "are you reconnoitring the ground before you make the attack? Your royal highness, I think we ought to vindicate our country to this English gentleman, by assuring him that the colonel is not a cardinal in disguise."

The colonel merely smiled, which seemed an effort for his cloistered physiognomy; the duke laughed, and began a general conversation upon all possible topics—England forming the chief; the royal family—the court—the theatres—parliament—the people—all whirled over with the ease and rapidity of one turning the leaves of an album; here a verse and there a portrait—here a sketch of a temple, and there an outline of a cottage—the whole pretty, and as trifling as pretty, and cast aside at the first moment when any thing better worth thinking of occurred.

In the midst of our gaiety, in which the duke had completely laid down his sceptre, and taken his full share, the great clock of the chateau tolled one. The table was instantly swept of supper—the valets withdrew. I heard the tread of a sentinel at the door of the apartment; and the duke, instantly changing from the man of fashion to the statesman, began to enter into the questions then so deeply disturbing all the cabinets of Europe.

I found the duke a very superior man to what I had conceived of him. He was frank and free, [Pg 813] spoke of the intentions of the Allies in the most open manner, and censured the errors which they had already committed, with a plainness which I had not expected to find out of London. He had evidently made himself master of a great variety of knowledge, and with the happy but most unusual power of rendering it all applicable to the point in question. My impressions of him and his order, imbibed among the prejudices of England and the libels of France, was that of frivolity and flutter—an idle life and a stagnant understanding. I never was more surprised at the contrast between this conception and the animated and accomplished prince before me. He seemed to

know not merely the persons of all the leading men of Europe—which might have naturally been the case with one who had visited every capital—but to be acquainted with their characters, their abilities, and even their modes of thinking. He seemed to me a man born to rule. It was in later days that the habits of a voluptuary, of which his peculiar love of dress might have been slightly symptomatic, produced their effect, in enfeebling a mind made for eminence. I saw him afterwards, broken with years and misfortune. But on this night I could only see a man on whom the destinies of Europe were rightly reposed. I pay this tribute of honour to his memory.

He spoke a great deal, in our conference, on the necessity of a strong European combination against France, and flatteringly addressed to me a strong panegyric on my country.

"If we can obtain," said he, "the cordial co-operation of the English people, I see no difficulty before us. We already have the Ministry with us; but I know the Englishman's hatred of a foreign war, his horror of public expenditure on continental interests, and his general distrust of the policy of foreign courts. And until we can give the people some evidence, not only that our intentions are sincere, but that our cause is their own, we shall never have the nation on our side."

My remark was, "that the chief difficulty with the nation would be, to convince them that the Allied Powers were not influenced by personal motives; I said that the seizure of territory, while the French remained in their defenceless state, would probably excite strong public displeasure in England; and plainly stated, that the only thing which could engage the public spirit in the war, would be a conviction of its absolute justice and stern necessity."

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of a staff-officer with despatches from Berlin. A number of papers were laid on the table, and handed over to Varnhorst and Guiseard to read. They proved chiefly notes and orders relative to the advance of the army. One paper, however, the duke read with evident interest, and marked with his pencil down the margin.

"I am delighted," said he, "that this paper has reached us at last. Mr Marston will now see what my real advice has been from the beginning. The French journals have attacked me furiously for the declaration issued at our entrance on the frontier. The journals of England have partly echoed the French, and I am held up to the world as the author of the *Declaration of Pilnitz*. This paper, which Mr Marston will do me the honour to send at daybreak to his court by a special messenger, will clear my character with his countrymen at once—with the rest of Europe, I am content to wait a little longer."

He then read the paper in his hand; and it was a long and striking protest against the idea of partitioning France, or having any other intention in the movement of the troops than the security of the French throne. This document had been sent to the Council at Berlin, and been returned by them for revision by the duke, and the softening of its rather uncourtly decisiveness of expression. It stated, that even the conquest of France, if it could be effected, must be wholly useless without the conciliation of the people: that it must be insecure, that it never could be complete, and that even the attempt might rouse this powerful people to feel its own force, and turn its vast resources to war. The first measure ought, therefore, to be an address to the nation, pronouncing, in the clearest language, an utter abjuration of all local seizure.

The paper thus returned, and containing the observations of the council, was given to Varnhorst, to be copied. "And now," said the duke, "gentlemen, I think we may retire for the night; for we have but three hours until the march in the morning." [Pg 814]

I said some common-place thing, of the obligations which Europe must owe to a sovereign prince, exposing himself to such labours, honourable as they were.

"No," he smilingly replied; "they are part of our office, the routine of the life of princes, the vocation of men born for the public, and living for the public alone. The prince must be a soldier, and the soldier must make the camp his home, and the palace only his sojourn. It is his fortune, perhaps his misfortune, that but one profession in life is left open to him, whether it be the bent of his temperament or not—while other men may follow their tastes in the choice, serve their fellows in a hundred different ways, and raise a bloodless reputation among mankind. And now, good-night. To-morrow at five the *advance* moves. At six I shall be on horseback, and then—Well! what matter for the *then*? We shall sleep at least to-night; and so, farewell."

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