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Transcriber's note:

Spelling and punctuation are sometimes erratic. A few obvious misprints have been corrected, but in general the original spelling and typesetting conventions have been retained. Accents are inconsistent, and have not been standardised.

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LIFE IN THE "FAR WEST."

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PART III.

La Bonté and his companions proceeded up the river, the Black Hills on their left hand, from which several small creeks or feeders swell the waters of the North Fork. Along these they hunted unsuccessfully for beaver "sign," and it was evident that the spring hunt had almost entirely exterminated the animal from this vicinity. Following Deer Creek to the ridge of the Black Hills, they crossed the mountain on to the waters of the Medicine Bow, and here they discovered a few lodges, and La Bonté set his first trap. He and old Luke finding "cuttings" near the camp, followed the "sign" along the bank until the practised eye of the latter discovered a "slide," where the beaver had ascended the bank to chop the trunk of a cotton wood, and convey the bark to its lodge. Taking a trap from "sack," the old hunter after "setting" the "trigger," placed it carefully under the water, where the "slide" entered the stream, securing the chain to the stem of a sappling on the bank; while a stick, also attached to the trap by a thong, floated down the stream, to mark the position of the trap, should the animal carry it away. A little farther on, and near another "run," three traps were set; and over these Luke placed a little stick, which he first dipped into a mysterious-looking phial which contained his "medicine."^[1]

The next morning they visited the traps, and had the satisfaction of finding three fine beaver secured in the first three they visited, and the fourth, which had been carried away, they discovered by the floatstick, a little distance down the stream, with a large drowned beaver between its teeth.

The animals being carefully skinned, they returned to camp with the choicest portions of the meat, and the tails, on which they most luxuriously supped; and La Bonté was fain to confess that all his ideas of the superexcellence of buffalo were thrown in the shade by the delicious beaver tail, the rich meat of which he was compelled to allow was "great eating," unsurpassed by "tender loin" or "boudin," or other meat of whatever kind he had eaten of before.

The country where La Bonté and his companions were trapping, is very curiously situated in the extensive bend of the Platte which encloses the Black Hill range on the north, and which bounds the large expanse of broken tract known as the Laramie Plains, their southern limit being the base of the Medicine Bow Mountains. From the north-western corner of the bend, an inconsiderable range extends to the westward, gradually decreasing in height until they reach an elevated plain, which forms a break in the stupendous chain of the Rocky Mountains, and affords their easy passage, now known as the Great, or South Pass. So gradual is the ascent of this portion of the mountain, that the traveller can scarcely believe that he is crossing the dividing ridge between the waters which flow into the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and in a few minutes can fling a stick into two neighbouring streams, one of which would be carried thousands of miles, which the eastern waters traverse in their course to the Gulf of Mexico, the other, borne a lesser distance, to the Gulf of California.

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The country is frequented by the Crows and Snakes, who are at perpetual war with the Shians and Sioux, following them often far down the Platte, where many bloody battles have taken place. The Crows are esteemed friendly to the whites; but when on war expeditions, and "hair" their object, it is always dangerous to fall in with Indian war-parties, and particularly in the remote regions of the mountains, where they do not anticipate retaliation.

Trapping with tolerable success in this vicinity, as soon as the premonitory storms of approaching winter warned them to leave the mountains, they crossed over to the waters of Green River, one of the affluents of the Colorado, intending to winter at a rendezvous to be held in "Brown's Hole"—an enclosed valley so called, which, abounding in game, and sheltered on every side by lofty mountains, is a favourite wintering-ground of the mountaineers. Here they found several trapping bands already arrived; and a trader from the Uintah country, with store of powder, lead, and tobacco, prepared to ease them of their hardly earned peltries.

In bands numbering from two to ten, and singly, the trappers dropped into the rendezvous; some with many pack-loads of beaver, others with greater or less quantity, and more than one came in on foot, having lost his animals and peltry by Indian thieving. Here were soon congregated many mountaineers, whose names are famous in the history of the Far West. Fitzpatrick and Hatcher, and old Bill Williams, with their bands, well-known leaders of trapping parties, soon arrived. Sublette came in with his men from Yellow Stone, and many of Wyeth's New Englanders were there. Chábonard with his half-breeds, Wahkeitchas all, brought his peltries from the lower country; and half-a-dozen Shawanee and Delaware Indians, with a Mexican from Taos, one Marcellin, a fine strapping fellow, the best trapper and hunter in the mountains, and ever first in the fight. Here, too, arrived the "Bourgeois" traders of the "North West"^[2] Company, with their

superior equipments, ready to meet their trappers, and purchase the beaver at an equitable value; and soon the encampment began to assume a busy appearance when the trade opened.

A curious assemblage did the rendezvous present, and representatives of many a land met there. A son of *La belle France* here lit his pipe from one proffered by a native of New Mexico. An Englishman and a Sandwich islander cut a quid from the same plug of tobacco. A Swede and an "old Virginian" puffed together. A Shawanee blew a peaceful cloud with a scion of the "Six Nations." One from the Land of Cakes—a canny chiel—sought to "get round" (in trade) a right "smart" Yankee, but couldn't "shine."

The beaver went briskly, six dollars being the price paid per lb. in goods—for money is seldom given in the mountain market, where "beaver" is cash for which the articles supplied by the traders are bartered. In a very short time peltries of every description had changed hands, either by trade, or gambling with cards and betting. With the mountain men bets decide every question that is raised, even the most trivial; and if the Editor of *Bell's Life* was to pay one of these rendezvous a winter visit, he would find the broad sheet of his paper hardly capacious enough to answer all the questions which would be referred to his decision.

Before the winter was over, La Bonté had lost all traces of civilised humanity, and might justly claim to be considered as "hard a case" as any of the mountaineers then present. Long before the spring opened, he had lost all the produce of his hunt and both his animals, which, however, by a stroke of luck, he recovered, and wisely "held on to" for the future. Right glad when spring appeared, he started from Brown's Hole, with four companions, to hunt the Uintah or Snake country, and the affluents of the larger streams which rise in that region and fall into the Gulf of California. [131]

In the valley of the Bear River they found beaver abundant, and trapped their way westward until they came upon the famed locality of the Beer and Soda Springs—natural fountains of mineral water, renowned amongst the trappers as being "medicine" of the first order.

Arriving one evening, about sundown, at the Beer Spring, they found a solitary trapper sitting over the rocky basin, intently regarding, and with no little awe, the curious phenomenon of the bubbling gas. Behind him were piled his saddles and a pack of skins, and at a little distance a hobbled Indian pony was feeding amongst the cedars which formed a little grove round the spring. As the three hunters dismounted from their animals, the lone trapper scarcely noticed their arrival, his eyes being still intently fixed upon the water. Looking round at last, he was instantly recognised by one of La Bonté's companions, and saluted as "Old Rube." Dressed from head to foot in buckskin, his face, neck, and hands appeared to be of the same leathery texture, so nearly did they assimilate in colour to the materials of his dress. He was at least six feet two or three in his mocassins, straight-limbed and wiry, with long arms ending in hands of tremendous grasp, and a quantity of straight black hair hanging on his shoulders. His features, which were undeniably good, wore an expression of comical gravity, never relaxing into a smile, which a broad good-humoured mouth could have grinned from ear to ear.

"What, boys," he said, "will you be simple enough to camp here, alongside these springs? Nothing good ever came of sleeping here, I tell you, and the worst kind of devils are in those dancing waters."

"Why, old hos," cried La Bonté, "what brings you hyar then, and camp at that?"

"This niggur," answered Rube solemnly, "has been down'd upon a sight too often to be skeared by what can come out from them waters; and thar arn't a devil as hisses thar, as can 'shine' with this child, I tell you. I've tried him onest, an' fout him to clawin' away to Eustis,^[3] and if I draws my knife agin on such varmint, I'll raise his hair, as sure as shootin'."

Spite of the reputed dangers of the locality, the trappers camped on the spot, and many a draught of the delicious sparkling water they quaffed in honour of the "medicine" of the fount. Rube, however, sat sulky and silent, his huge form bending over his legs, which were crossed, Indian fashion, under him, and his long bony fingers spread over the fire, which had been made handy to the spring. At last they elicited from him that he had sought this spot for the purpose of "*making medicine*," having been persecuted by extraordinary ill luck, even at this early period of his hunt,—the Indians having stolen two out of his three animals, and three of his half-dozen traps. He had, therefore, sought the springs for the purpose of invoking the fountain spirits, which, a perfect Indian in his simple heart, he implicitly believed to inhabit their mysterious waters. When the others had, as he thought, fallen asleep, La Bonté observed the ill-starred trapper take from his pouch a curiously carved red stone pipe, which he carefully charged with tobacco and kinnik-kinnik. Then approaching the spring, he walked three times round it, and gravely sat himself down. Striking fire with his flint and steel, he lit his pipe, and, bending the stem three several times towards the water, he inhaled a vast quantity of smoke, and, bending back his neck and looking upwards, puffed it into the air. He then blew another puff towards the four points of the compass, and emptying the pipe into his hand, cast the consecrated contents into the spring, saying a few Indian "medicine" words of cabalistic import. Having performed the ceremony to his satisfaction, he returned to the fire, smoked a pipe on his own hook, and turned into his buffalo robe, conscious of having done a most important duty.

In the course of their trapping expedition, and accompanied by Rube, who knew the country well, they passed near the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake, a vast inland sea, whose salitrose waters cover an extent of upwards of one hundred and forty miles in length, by eighty in breadth. Fed by [132]

several streams, of which the Big Bear River is the most considerable, this lake presents the curious phenomenon of a vast body of water without any known outlet. According to the trappers, an island, from which rises a chain of lofty mountains, nearly divides the north-western portion of the lake, whilst a smaller one, within twelve miles of the northern shore, rises six hundred feet from the level of the water. Rube declared to his companions that the larger island was known by the Indians to be inhabited by a race of giants, with whom no communication had ever been held by mortal man; and but for the casual wafting to the shores of the lake of logs of gigantic trees, cut by axes of extraordinary size, the world would never have known that such a people existed. They were, moreover, white, as themselves, and lived upon corn and fruits, and rode on elephants, &c.

Whilst following a small creek at the south-west extremity of the lake, they came upon a band of miserable Indians, who, from the fact of their subsisting chiefly on roots, are called the Diggers. At first sight of the whites, they immediately fled from their wretched huts, and made towards the mountain; but one of the trappers, galloping up on his horse, cut off their retreat, and drove them like sheep before him back to their village. A few of these wretched creatures came into camp at sundown, and were regaled, with such meat as the larder afforded. They appeared to have no other food in their village but bags of dried ants and their larvæ, and a few roots of the yampah. Their huts were constructed of a few bushes of grease-wood, piled up as a sort of breakwind, in which they huddled in their filthy skins. During the night, they crawled up to the camp and stole two of the horses, and the next morning not a sign of them was visible. Now La Bonté witnessed a case of mountain law, and the practical effects of the "lex talionis" of the Far West.

The trail of the runaway Diggers bore to the north-west, or along the skirt of a barren waterless desert, which stretches far away from the southern shores of the Salt Lake to the borders of Upper California. La Bonté, with three others, determined to follow the thieves, recover their animals, and then rejoin the other two (Luke and Rube) on a creek two days' journey from their present camp. Starting at sunrise, they rode on at a rapid pace all day, closely following the trail, which led directly to the north-west, through a wretched sandy country, without game or water. From the appearance of the track, the Indians must still have been several hours ahead of them, when the fatigue of their horses, suffering from want of grass and water, compelled them to camp near the head of a small water-course, where they luckily found a hole containing a little water, and whence a broad Indian trail passed, apparently frequently used. Long before daylight they were again in the saddle, and, after proceeding a few miles, saw the lights of several fires a short distance ahead of them. Halting here, one of the party advanced on foot to reconnoitre, and presently returned with the intelligence that the party they were in pursuit of had joined a village numbering thirty or forty huts.

Loosening their girths, they permitted their tired animals to feed on the scanty herbage which presented itself, whilst they refreshed themselves with a pipe of tobacco—for they had no meat of any description with them, and the country afforded no game. As the first streak of dawn appeared in the east, they mounted their horses, after first examining their rifles, and moved cautiously towards the Indian village. As it was scarcely light enough for their operations, they waited behind a sandhill in the vicinity, until objects became more distinct, and then, emerging from their cover with loud war-whoops, they charged abreast into the midst of the village.

As the frightened Indians were scarcely risen from their beds, no opposition was given to the daring mountaineers, who, rushing upon the flying crowd, discharged their rifles at close quarters, and then, springing from their horses, attacked them knife in hand, and only ceased the work of butchery when nine Indians lay dead upon the ground. All this time the women, half dead with fright, were huddled together on the ground, howling piteously; and the mountaineers [133] advancing to them, whirled their lassos round their heads, and throwing the open nooses into the midst, hauled out three of them, and securing their arms in the rope, bound them to a tree, and then proceeded to scalp the dead bodies. Whilst they were engaged in this work, an old Indian, withered and grisly, and hardly bigger than an ape, suddenly emerged from a rock, holding in his left hand a bow and a handful of arrows, whilst one was already drawn to the head. Running towards them, and almost before the hunters were aware of his presence, he discharged an arrow at a few yards' distance, which buried itself in the ground not a foot from La Bonté's head as he bent over the body of the Indian he was scalping; and hardly had the whiz ceased, when whirr flew another, striking him in his right shoulder. Before the Indian could fit a third arrow to his bow, La Bonté sprang upon him, seized him by the middle, and spinning the pigmy form of the Indian round his head, as easily as he would have twirled a tomahawk, he threw him with tremendous force on the ground at the feet of one of his companions, who, stooping down, coolly thrust his knife into the Indian's breast, and quickly tore off his scalp.

The slaughter over, without casting an eye to the captive squaws, the trappers proceeded to search the village for food, of which they stood much in need. Nothing, however, was found but a few bags of dried ants, which, after eating voraciously of, but with wry mouths, they threw aside, saying the food was worse than "poor bull." They found, however, the animals they had been robbed of, and two more besides,—wretched half-starved creatures; and on these mounting their captives, they hurried away on their journey back to their companions, the distance being computed at three days' travel from their present position. However, they thought, by taking a more direct course, they might find better pasture for their animals, and water, besides saving at least half a day by the short cut. To their cost, they proved the truth of the old saying, that "a short cut is always a long road," as will be presently shown.

It has been said that from the south-western extremity of the Great Salt Lake a vast desert extends for hundreds of miles, unbroken by the slightest vegetation, destitute of game and water, and presenting a cheerless expanse of sandy plain, or rugged mountain, thinly covered with dwarf pine or cedar, the only evidence of vegetable life. Into this desert, ignorant of the country, the trappers struck, intending to make their short cut; and, travelling on all day, were compelled to camp at night, without water or pasture for their exhausted animals, and themselves ravenous with hunger and parched with thirst. The next day three of their animals "gave out," and they were fain to leave them behind; but imagining that they must soon strike a creek, they pushed on until noon, but still no water presented itself, nor a sign of game of any description. The animals were nearly exhausted, and a horse which could scarcely keep up with the slow pace of the others was killed, and its blood greedily drunk; a portion of the flesh being eaten raw, and a supply carried with them for future emergencies.

The next morning two of the horses lay dead at their pickets, and one only remained, and this in such a miserable state that it could not possibly have travelled six miles further. It was, therefore, killed, and its blood drunk, of which, however, the captive squaws refused to partake. The men began to feel the effects of their consuming thirst, which the hot horse's blood only served to increase; their lips became parched and swollen, their eyes bloodshot, and a giddy sickness seized them at intervals. About mid-day they came in sight of a mountain on their right hand, which appeared to be more thickly clothed with vegetation; and arguing from this that water would be found there, they left their course and made towards it, although some eight or ten miles distant. On arriving at the base, the most minute search failed to discover the slightest traces of water, and the vegetation merely consisted of dwarf piñon and cedar. With their sufferings increased by the exertions they had used in reaching the mountain, they once more sought the trail, but every step told on their exhausted frames. The sun was very powerful, the sand over which they were floundering deep and heavy, and, to complete their sufferings, a high wind was blowing it in their faces, filling their mouths and noses with its searching particles. [134]

Still they struggled onwards manfully, and not a murmur was heard until their hunger had entered the *second stage* attendant upon starvation. They had now been three days without food, and three without water; under which privation nature can hardly sustain herself for a much longer period. On the fourth morning, the men looked wolfish, their captives following behind in sullen and perfect indifference, occasionally stooping down to catch a beetle if one presented itself, and greedily devouring it. A man named Forey, a Canadian half-breed, was the first to complain. "If this lasted another sundown," he said, "some of them would be 'rubbed out;' that meat had to be 'raised' anyhow; and for his part, he knew where to look for a feed, if no game was seen before they put out of camp on the morrow; and meat was meat, anyhow they fixed it."

No answer was made to this, though his companions well understood him: their natures as yet revolted against the last expedient. As for the three squaws, all of them young girls, they followed behind their captors without a word of complaint, and with the stoical indifference to pain and suffering, which alike characterises the haughty Delaware of the north and the miserable stunted Digger of the deserts of the Far West. On the morning of the fifth day, the party were sitting round a small fire of piñon, hardly able to rise and commence their journey, the squaws squatting over another at a little distance, when Forey commenced again to suggest that, if nothing offered, they must either take the alternative of starving to death, for they could not hope to last another day, or have recourse to the revolting extremity of sacrificing one of the party to save the lives of all. To this, however, there was a murmur of dissent, and it was finally resolved that all should sally out and hunt; for a deer-track had been discovered near the camp, which, although it was not a fresh one, proved that there must be game in the vicinity. Weak and exhausted as they were, they took their rifles and started for the neighbouring uplands, each taking a different direction.

It was nearly sunset when La Bonté returned to the camp, where he already espied one of his companions engaged in cooking something over it. Hurrying to the spot, overjoyed with the anticipations of a feast, he observed that the squaws were gone; but, at the same time, thought it was not improbable they had escaped during their absence. Approaching the fire, he observed Forey broiling some meat on the embers, whilst at a little distance lay what he fancied was the carcass of a deer.

"Hurrah, boy!" he exclaimed, as he drew near the fire. "You've 'made' a 'raise,' I see."

"Well, I have," rejoined the other, turning his meat with the point of his butcher knife. "There's the meat, hos—help yourself."

La Bonté drew the knife from his scabbard, and approached the spot his companion was pointing to; but what was his horror to see the yet quivering body of one of the Indian squaws, with a large portion of the flesh butchered from it, and part of which Forey was already greedily devouring. The knife dropped from his hand, and his heart rose to his throat.

The next day he and his companion struck the creek where Rube and the other trapper had agreed to await them, and whom they found in camp with plenty of meat, and about to start again on their hunt, having given up the others for lost. From the day they parted, nothing was ever heard of La Bonté's two companions, who doubtless fell a prey to utter exhaustion, and were unable to return to the camp. And thus ended the Digger expedition.

It may appear almost incredible that men having civilised blood in their veins could perpetrate such wanton and cold-blooded acts of aggression on the wretched Indians, as that detailed above;

but it is fact that the mountaineers never lose an opportunity of slaughtering these miserable Diggers, and attacking their villages, often for the purpose of capturing women, whom they carry off, and not unfrequently sell to other tribes, or to each other. In these attacks neither sex nor age is spared; and your mountaineer has as little compunction in taking the life of an Indian woman, as he would have in sending his rifle-ball through the brain of a Crow or Blackfoot warrior.

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La Bonté now found himself without animals, and fairly "afoot;" consequently nothing remained for him but to seek some of the trapping bands, and hire himself for the hunt. Luckily for him, he soon fell in with Roubideau, on his way to Uintah, and was supplied by him with a couple of animals; and thus equipped, started again with a large band of trappers, who were going to hunt on the waters of Grand River and the Gila. Here they fell in with another nation of Indians, from which branch out the innumerable tribes inhabiting Northern Mexico and part of California. They were in general friendly, but lost no opportunity of stealing horses or any articles left lying about the camp. On one occasion, being camped on a northern affluent of the Gila, as they sat round the camp-fires, a volley of arrows was discharged amongst them, severely wounding one or two of the party. The attack, however, was not renewed, and the next day the camp was moved further down the stream, where beaver was tolerably abundant. Before sundown a number of Indians made their appearance, and making signs of peace, were admitted into the camp.

The trappers were all sitting at their suppers over the fires, the Indians looking gravely on, when it was remarked that now would be a good opportunity to retaliate upon them for the trouble their incessant attacks had entailed upon the camp. The suggestion was highly approved of, and instantly acted upon. Springing to their feet, the trappers seized their rifles, and commenced the slaughter. The Indians, panic-struck, fled without resistance, and numbers fell before the death-dealing rifles of the mountaineers. A chief, who had been sitting on a rock near the fire where the leader of the trappers sat, had been singled out by the latter as the first mark for his rifle.

Placing the muzzle to his heart, he pulled the trigger, but the Indian, with extraordinary tenacity of life, rose and grappled with his assailant. The white was a tall powerful man, but, notwithstanding the deadly wound the Indian had received, he had his equal in strength to contend against. The naked form of the Indian twisted and writhed in his grasp, as he sought to avoid the trapper's uplifted knife. Many of the latter's companions advanced to administer the *coup-de-grâce* to the savage, but the trapper cried to them to keep off: "If he couldn't whip the Injun," he said, "he'd go under."

At length he succeeded in throwing him, and, plunging his knife no less than seven times into his body, tore off his scalp, and went in pursuit of the flying savages. In the course of an hour or two, all the party returned, and sitting by the fires, resumed their suppers, which had been interrupted in the manner just described. Walker, the captain of the band, sat down by the fire where he had been engaged in the struggle with the Indian chief, whose body was lying within a few paces of it. He was in the act of fighting the battle over again to one of his companions, and was saying that the Indian had as much life in him as a buffalo bull, when, to the horror of all present, the savage, who had received wounds sufficient for twenty deaths, suddenly rose to a sitting posture, the fire shedding a glowing light upon the horrid spectacle. The face was a mass of clotted blood, which flowed from the lacerated and naked scalp, whilst gouts of blood streamed from eight gaping wounds in the naked breast.

Slowly this frightful figure rose to a sitting posture, and, bending slowly forward to the fire, the mouth was seen to open wide, and a hollow gurgling—owg-h-h—broke from it.

"H—!", exclaimed the trapper—and jumping up, he placed a pistol to the ghastly head, the eyes of which sternly fixed themselves on his, and pulling the trigger, blew the poor wretch's head to atoms.

The Gila passes through a barren, sandy country, with but little game, and sparsely inhabited by several different tribes of the great nation of the Apache. Unlike the rivers of this western region, this stream is, in most parts of its course, particularly towards its upper waters, entirely bare of timber, and the bottom, through which it runs, affords but little of the coarsest grass. Whilst on this stream, the trapping party lost several animals from the want of pasture, and many more from the predatory attacks of the cunning Indians. These losses, however, they invariably made good whenever they encountered a native village—taking care, moreover, to repay themselves with interest whenever occasion offered.

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Notwithstanding the sterile nature of the country, the trappers, during their passage up the Gila, saw with astonishment that the arid and barren valley had once been peopled by a race of men far superior to the present nomade tribes who roam over it. With no little awe they gazed upon the ruined walls of large cities, and the remains of houses, with their ponderous beams and joists, still testifying to the skill and industry with which they were constructed: huge ditches and irrigating canals, now filled with rank vegetation, furrowed the plains in the vicinity, marking the spot where once the green waving maize and smiling gardens covered what now was a bare and sandy desert. Pieces of broken pottery, of domestic utensils, stained with bright colours, every where strewn the ground; and spear and arrow-heads of stone, and quaintly carved idols, and women's ornaments of agate and obsidian, were picked up often by the wondering trappers, examined with child-like curiosity, and thrown carelessly aside.^[4]

A Taos Indian, who was amongst the band, was evidently impressed with a melancholy awe, as he regarded these ancient monuments of his fallen people. At midnight he rose from his blanket and left the camp, which was in the vicinity of the ruined city, stealthily picking his way through the

line of slumbering forms which lay around; and the watchful sentinel observed him approach the ruins with a slow and reverential gait. Entering the mouldering walls, he gazed silently around, where in ages past his ancestors trod proudly, a civilised race, the tradition of which, well known to his people, served but to make their present degraded position more galling and apparent. Cowering under the shadow of a crumbling wall, the Indian drew his blanket over his head, and conjured to his mind's eye the former power and grandeur of his race,—that warlike people who, forsaking their own country for causes of which not the most dim tradition affords a trace, sought in the fruitful and teeming valleys of the south for a soil and climate which their own lands did not afford; and displacing the wild and barbarous hordes which inhabited the land, raised there a mighty empire, great in riches and civilisation, of which but the vague tradition now remains.

The Indian bowed his head and mourned the fallen greatness of his tribe. Rising, he slowly drew his tattered blanket round his body, and was preparing to leave the spot, when the shadow of a moving figure, creeping past a gap in the ruined wall, through which the moonbeams were playing, suddenly arrested his attention. Rigid as a statue, he stood transfixed to the spot, thinking a former inhabitant of the city was visiting, in a ghostly form, the scenes his body once knew so well. The bow in his right hand shook with fear as he saw the shadow approach, but was as tightly and steadily grasped when, on the figure emerging from the shade of the wall, he distinguished the form of a naked Apache, armed with bow and arrow, crawling stealthily through the gloomy ruins.

Standing undiscovered within the shadow of the wall, the Taos raised his bow, and drew an arrow to the head, until the other, who was bending low to keep under cover of the wall, and thus approach the sentinel, standing at a short distance, seeing suddenly the well-defined shadow on the ground, rose upright on his legs, and, knowing escape was impossible, threw his arms down his sides, and, drawing himself erect, exclaimed, in a suppressed tone, "Wa-g-h!"

"Wagh!" exclaimed the Taos likewise, but quickly dropped his arrow point, and eased the bow.

"What does my brother want," he asked, "that he lopes like a wolf round the fires of the white hunters?"

"Is my brother's skin not red?" returned the Apache, "and yet he asks a question that needs no answer. Why does the 'medicine wolf' follow the buffalo and deer! For blood—and for blood the Indian follows the treacherous white from camp to camp, to strike blow for blow, until the deaths of those so basely killed are fully avenged." [137]

"My brother speaks with a big heart, and his words are true; and though the Taos and Pimo (Apache) black their faces towards each other, (are at war,) here, on the graves of their common fathers, there is peace between them. Let my brother go."

The Apache moved quickly away, and the Taos once more sought the camp-fires of his white companions.

Following the course of the Gila to the eastward, they crossed a range of the Sierra Madre, which is a continuation of the Rocky Mountains, and struck the waters of the Rio del Norte, below the settlements of New Mexico. On this stream they fared well; besides trapping a great quantity of beaver, game of all kinds abounded, and the bluffs near the well-timbered banks of the river were covered with rich gramma grass, on which their half-starved animals speedily improved in condition.

They remained for some weeks encamped on the right bank of the stream, during which period they lost one of their number, who was shot with an arrow whilst lying asleep within a few feet of the camp-fire.

The Navajos continually prowl along that portion of the river which runs through the settlements of New Mexico, preying upon the cowardly inhabitants, and running off with their cattle whenever they are exposed in sufficient numbers to tempt them. Whilst ascending the river, they met a party of these Indians returning to their mountain homes with a large band of mules and horses which they had taken from one of the Mexican towns, besides several women and children, whom they had captured, as slaves. The main body of the trappers halting, ten of the band followed and charged upon the Indians, who numbered at least sixty, killed seven of them, and retook the prisoners and the whole cavallada of horses and mules. Great were the rejoicings when they entered Socorro, the town from whence the women and children had been taken, and as loud the remonstrances, when, handing them over to their families, the trappers rode on, driving fifty of the best of the rescued animals before them, which they retained as payment for their services. Messengers were sent on to Albuquerque with intelligence of the proceeding; and as there were some troops stationed there, the commandant was applied to to chastise the insolent whites.

That warrior, on learning that the trappers numbered less than fifteen, became alarmingly brave, and ordering out the whole of his disposable force, some two hundred dragoons, sallied out to intercept the audacious mountaineers. About noon one day, just as the latter had emerged from a little town between Socorro and Albuquerque, they descried the imposing force of the dragoons winding along a plain ahead. As the trappers advanced, the officer in command halted his men, and sent out a trumpeter to order the former to await his coming. Treating the herald to a roar of laughter, on they went, and, as they approached the soldiers, broke into a trot, ten of the number forming line in front of the packed and loose animals, and, rifle in hand, charging with loud whoops. This was enough for the New Mexicans. Before the enemy were within shooting

distance, the gallant fellows turned tail, and splashed into the river, dragging themselves up the opposite bank like half-drowned rats, and saluted with loud peels of laughter by the victorious mountaineers, who, firing a volley into the air, in token of supreme contempt, quietly continued their route up the stream.

Before reaching the capital of the province, they struck again to the westward, and following a small creek to its junction with the Green River, ascended that stream, trapping *en route* to the Uintah or Snake Fork, and arrived at Roubideau's rendezvous early in the fall, where they quickly disposed of their peltries, and were once more on "the loose."

Here La Bonté married a Snake squaw, with whom he crossed the mountains and proceeded to the Platte through the Bayou Salado, where he purchased of the Yutes a commodious lodge, with the necessary poles, &c.; and being now "rich" in mules and horses, and all things necessary for *otium cum dignitate*, he took unto himself another wife, as by mountain law allowed; and thus equipped, with both his better halves attired in all the glory of fofarraw, he went his way rejoicing. [138]

In a snug little valley lying under the shadow of the mountains, watered by Vermilion Creek, and in which abundance of buffalo, elk, deer, and antelope fed and fattened on the rich grass, La Bonté raised his lodge, employing himself in hunting, and fully occupying his wives' time in dressing the skins of the many animals he killed. Here he enjoyed himself amazingly until the commencement of winter, when he determined to cross to the North Fork and trade his skins, of which he had now as many packs as his animals could carry. It happened that he had left his camp one day, to spend a couple of days hunting buffalo in the mountain, whither the bulls were now resorting, intending to "put out" for Platte on his return. His hunt, however, had led him farther into the mountains than he anticipated, and it was only on the third day that sundown saw him enter the little valley where his camp was situated.

Crossing the creek, he was not a little disturbed at seeing fresh Indian sign on the opposite side, which led in the direction of his lodge; and his worst fears were realised when, on coming within sight of the little plateau where the conical top of his white lodge had always before met his view, he saw nothing but a blackened mass strewn the ground, and the burnt ends of the poles which had once supported it.

Squaws, animals, and peltry, all were gone—an Arapaho mocassin lying on the ground told him where. He neither fumed nor fretted, but throwing the meat off his pack animal, and the saddle from his horse, he collected the blackened ends of the lodge poles and made a fire—led his beasts to water and hobbled them, threw a piece of buffalo meat upon the coals, squatted down before the fire, and lit his pipe. La Bonté was a true philosopher. Notwithstanding that his house, his squaws, his peltries, were gone "at one fell swoop," the loss scarcely disturbed his equanimity, and before the tobacco in his pipe was half smoked out, he had ceased to think of his misfortune. Certes, as he turned his apolla of tender loin, he sighed as he thought of the delicate manipulations with which his Shosshone squaw, Sah-qua-manish, was wont to beat to tenderness the toughest bull meat—and missed the tending care of Yute Chil-co-thê, or the "reed that bends," in patching the holes worn in his neatly fitting mocassin, the work of her nimble fingers. However, he ate and smoked, and smoked and ate, and slept none the worse for his mishap; thought, before he closed his eyes, a little of his lost wives, and more perhaps of the "Bending Reed" than Sah-qua-manish, or "she who runs with the stream," drew his blanket tightly round him, felt his rifle handy to his grasp, and was speedily asleep.

As the tired mountaineer breathes heavily in his dream, careless and unconscious that a living soul is near, his mule on a sudden pricks her ears and stares into the gloom, from whence a figure soon emerges, and with noiseless steps draws near the sleeping hunter. Taking one look at the slumbering form, the same figure approaches the fire and adds a log to the pile; which done, it quietly seats itself at the feet of the sleeper, and remains motionless as a statue. Towards morning the hunter awoke, and, rubbing his eyes, was astonished to feel the glowing warmth of the fire striking on his naked feet, which, in Indian fashion, were stretched towards it; as by this time, he knew, the fire he left burning must long since have expired. Lazily raising himself on his elbow, he saw a figure sitting near it with the back turned to him, which, although his exclamatory wagh was loud enough in all conscience, remained perfectly motionless, until the trapper rising, placed his hand upon the shoulder: then, turning up its face, the features displayed to his wondering eye were those of Chilcothê, his Yuta wife. Yes, indeed, the "reed that bends" had escaped from her Arapaho captors, and made her way back to her white husband, fasting and alone.

The Indian women who follow the fortunes of the white hunters are remarkable for their affection and fidelity to their husbands, the which virtues, it must be remarked, are all on their own side; for, with very few exceptions, the mountaineers seldom scruple to abandon their Indian wives, whenever the fancy takes them to change their harems; and on such occasions the squaws, thus cast aside, wild with jealousy and despair, have been not unfrequently known to take signal vengeance both on their faithless husbands and the successful beauties who have supplanted them in their affections. There are some honourable exceptions, however, to such cruelty, and many of the mountaineers stick to their red-skinned wives for better and for worse, often suffering them to gain the upper hand in the domestic economy of the lodges, and being ruled by their better halves in all things pertaining to family affairs; and it may be remarked, when once the lady dons the unmentionables, she becomes the veriest termagant that ever henpecked an unfortunate husband. [139]

Your refined trappers, however, who, after many years of bachelor life, incline to take to themselves a better half, often undertake an expedition into the settlements of New Mexico, where not unfrequently they adopt a very "Young Lochinvar" system in procuring the required rib; and have been known to carry off, *vi et armis*, from the midst of a fandango in Fernandez, or El Rancho of Taos, some dark-skinned beauty—with or without her own consent is a matter of unconcern—and bear the ravished fair one across the mountains, where she soon becomes inured to the free and roving life which fate has assigned her.

American women are valued at a low figure in the mountains. They are too fine and "fofarraw." Neither can they make mocassins, or dress skins; nor are they so schooled to perfect obedience to their lords and masters as to stand a "lodge poleing," which the western lords of the creation not unfrequently deem it their bounden duty to inflict upon their squaws for some dereliction of domestic duty.

To return, however, to La Bonté. That worthy thought himself a lucky man to have lost but one of his wives, and the worst at that. "Here's the beauty," he philosophised, "of having two 'wiping sticks' to your rifle; if the one break whilst ramming down a ball, still there's hickory left to supply its place." Although, with animals and peltry, he had lost several hundred dollars' worth of "possibles," he never groaned or grumbled. "There's redskin will pay for this," he once muttered, and was done.

Packing all that was left on the mule, and mounting Chil-co-thē on his buffalo horse, he shouldered his rifle and struck the Indian trail for Platte. On Horse Creek they came upon a party of French^[5] trappers and hunters, who were encamped with their lodges and Indian squaws, and formed quite a village. Several old companions were amongst them; and, to celebrate the arrival of a "camarade," a splendid dog-feast was prepared in honour of the event. To effect this, the squaws sallied out of their lodges to seize upon sundry of the younger and plumper of the pack, to fill the kettles for the approaching feast. With a presentiment of the fate in store for them, the curs slunk away with tails between their legs, and declined the pressing invitations of the anxious squaws. These shouldered their tomahawks and gave chase; but the cunning pups outstripped them, and would have fairly beaten the kettles, if some of the mountaineers had not stepped out with their rifles and quickly laid half-a-dozen ready to the knife. A cayeute, attracted by the scent of blood, drew near, unwitting of the canine feast in progress, and was likewise soon made *dog* of, and thrust into the boiling kettle with the rest.

The feast that night was long protracted; and so savoury was the stew, and so agreeable to the palates of the hungry hunters, that at the moment when the last morsel was being drawn from the pot, and all were regretting that a few more dogs had not been slaughtered, a wolfish-looking cur incautiously poked his long nose and head under the lodge skin, and was instantly pounced upon by the nearest hunter, who in a moment drew his knife across the animal's throat, and threw it to a squaw to skin and prepare it for the pot. The wolf had long since been vigorously discussed, and voted by all hands to be "good as dog."

"Meat's meat," is a common saying in the mountains, and from the buffalo down to the rattlesnake, including every quadruped that runs, every fowl that flies, and every reptile that creeps, nothing comes amiss to the mountaineer. Throwing aside all the qualms and conscientious scruples of a fastidious stomach, it must be confessed that *dog-meat* takes a high rank in the wonderful variety of cuisine afforded to the gourmand and the gourmet by the prolific "mountains." Now, when the bill of fare offers such tempting viands as buffalo beef, venison, mountain mutton, turkey, grouse, wildfowl, hares, rabbits, beaver and their tails, &c., &c., the station assigned to "dog" as No. 2 in the list can be well appreciated—No. 1, in delicacy of flavour, richness of meat, and other good qualities, being the flesh of *panthers*, which surpasses every other, and all put together.

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"Painter meat can't 'shine' with this," says a hunter, to express the delicious flavour of an extraordinary cut of "tender loin," or delicate fleece.

La Bonté started with his squaw for the North Fork early in November, and arrived at the Laramie at the moment that the big village of the Sioux came up for their winter trade. Two other villages were encamped lower down the Platte, including the Brulés and the Yanka-taus, who were now on more friendly terms with the whites. The first band numbered several hundred lodges, and presented quite an imposing appearance, the village being laid out in parallel lines, the lodge of each chief being marked with his particular totem. The traders had a particular portion of the village allotted to them, and a line was marked out which was strictly kept by the soldiers appointed for the protection of the whites. As there were many rival traders, and numerous *coureurs des bois*, or peddling ones, the market promised to be brisk, the more so as a large quantity of ardent spirits was in their possession, which would be dealt with no unsparing hand to put down the opposition of so many competing traders.

In opening a trade a quantity of liquor is first given "on the prairie,"^[6] as the Indians express it in words, or by signs in rubbing the palm of one hand quickly across the other, holding both flat. Having once tasted the pernicious liquid, there is no fear but they will quickly come to terms; and not unfrequently the spirit is drugged, to render the unfortunate Indians still more helpless. Sometimes, maddened and infuriated by drink, they commit the most horrid atrocities on each other, murdering and mutilating in a barbarous manner, and often attempting the lives of the traders themselves. On one occasion a band of Sioux, whilst under the influence of liquor, attacked and took possession of a trading fort of the American Fur Company, stripping it of every

thing it contained, and roasting the trader himself over his own fire during the process.

The principle on which the nefarious trade is conducted is this, that the Indians, possessing a certain quantity of buffalo robes, have to be cheated out of them, and the sooner the better. Although it is explicitly prohibited by the laws of the United States to convey spirits across the Indian frontier, and its introduction amongst the Indian tribes subjects the offender to a heavy penalty; yet the infraction of this law is of daily occurrence, and perpetrated almost in the very presence of the government officers, who are stationed along the frontier for the very purpose of enforcing the laws for the protection of the Indians.

The misery entailed upon these unhappy people by the illicit traffic must be seen to be fully appreciated. Before the effects of the poisonous "fire-water," they disappear from the earth like "snow before the sun;" and knowing the destruction it entails upon them, the poor wretches have not moral courage to shun the fatal allurements it holds out to them, of wild excitement and a temporary oblivion of their many sufferings and privations. With such palpable effects, it appears only likely that the illegal trade is connived at by those whose policy it has ever been gradually but surely to exterminate the Indians, and by any means extinguish their title to the few lands they now own on the outskirts of civilisation. Certain it is that large quantities of liquor find their way annually into the Indian country, and as certain are the fatal results of the pernicious system, and that the American government takes no steps to prevent it. There are some tribes who have as yet withstood the great temptation, and have resolutely refused to permit liquor to be brought into their villages. The marked difference between the improved condition of these, and the moral and physical abasement of those tribes which give way to the fatal passion for drinking, sufficiently proves the pernicious effects of the liquor trade on the unfortunate and abused aborigines; and it is matter of regret that no philanthropist has sprung up in the United States to do battle for the rights of the Red man, and call attention to the wrongs they endure at the hands of their supplanters in the lands of their fathers.

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Robbed of their homes and hunting-grounds, and driven by the encroachments of the whites to distant regions, which hardly support their bare existence, the Indians, day by day, are gradually decreasing before the accumulating evils, of body and soul, which their civilised persecutors entail upon them. With every man's hand against them, they drag on to their final destiny; and the day is not far distant when the American Indian will exist only in the traditions of his pale-faced conquerors.

The Indians who were trading at this time on the Platte were mostly of the Sioux nation, including the tribes of Burnt-woods, Yanka-taus, Pian-Kashas, Assinaboins, Oglallahs, Broken Arrows, all of which belong to the great Sioux nation, or La-cotahs, as they call themselves, and which means cut-throats. There were also some Cheyennes allied to the Sioux, as well as a small band of Republican Pawnees.

Horse-racing, gambling, and ball-play, served to pass away the time until the trade commenced, and many packs of dressed robes changed hands amongst themselves. When playing at the usual game of "*hand*," the stakes, comprising all the valuables the players possess, are piled in two heaps close at hand, the winner at the conclusion of the game sweeping the goods towards him, and often returning a small portion "on the prairie," with which the loser may again commence operations with another player.

The game of "hand" is played by two persons. One, who commences, places a plum or cherry-stone in the hollow formed by joining the concaved palms of the hands together, then shaking the stone for a few moments, the hands are suddenly separated, and the other player must guess which hand now contains the stone.

Large bets are often wagered on the result of this favourite game, which is also often played by the squaws, the men standing round encouraging them to bet, and laughing loudly at their grotesque excitement.

A Burnt-wood Sioux, Tah-tunga-nisha, and one of the bravest chiefs of his tribe, when a young man, was out on a solitary war expedition against the Crows. One evening he drew near a certain "medicine" spring, where, to his astonishment, he encountered a Crow warrior in the act of quenching his thirst. He was on the point of drawing his bow upon him, when he remembered the sacred nature of the spot, and making the sign of peace, he fearlessly drew near his foe, and proceeded likewise to slake his thirst. A pipe of kinnik-kinnik being produced, it was proposed to pass away the early part of the night in a game of "hand." They accordingly sat down beside the spring, and commenced the game.

Fortune favoured the Crow. He won arrow after arrow from the Burnt-wood brave; then his bow, his club, his knife, his robe, all followed, and the Sioux sat naked on the plain. Still he proposed another stake against the other's winnings—his scalp. He played, and lost; and bending forward his head, the Crow warrior drew his knife and quickly removed the bleeding prize. Without a murmur the luckless warrior rose to depart, but first exacted a promise from his antagonist, that he would meet him once more at the same spot, and engage in another trial of skill.

On the day appointed, the Burnt-wood sought the spot, with a new equipment, and again the Crow made his appearance, and they sat down to play. This time fortune changed sides, and the Sioux won back his former losses, and in his turn the Crow was stripped to his skin.

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Scalp against scalp was now the stake, and this time the Crow submitted his head to the victorious Burnt-wood's knife; and both the warriors stood scalplless on the plain.

And now the Crow had but one single stake of value to offer, and the offer of it, he did not hesitate to make. He staked his life against the other's winnings. They played; and fortune still being adverse, he lost. He offered his breast to his adversary. The Burnt-wood plunged his knife into his heart to the very hilt; and, laden with his spoils, returned to his village, and to this day wears suspended from his ears his own and enemy's scalp.

The village presented the usual scene of confusion as long as the trade lasted. Fighting, brawling, yelling, dancing, and all the concomitants of intoxication, continued to the last drop of the liquor-keg, when the reaction after such excitement was almost worse than the evil itself. During this time, all the work devolved upon the squaws, who, in tending the horses, packing wood and water from a long distance, had their time sufficiently occupied. As there was little or no grass in the vicinity, the animals were supported entirely on the bark of the cotton-wood; and to procure this, the women were daily engaged in felling huge trees, or climbing them fearlessly, chopping off the upper limbs,—springing like squirrels from branch to branch, which, in their confined costume, appeared matter of considerable difficulty.

The most laughter-provoking scenes, however, were, when a number of squaws sallied out to the grove, with their long-nosed, wolfish-looking dogs harnessed to their *travées* or trabogans, on which loads of cotton-wood were piled. The dogs, knowing full well the duty required of them, refuse to approach the coaxing squaws, and, at the same time, are fearful of provoking their anger by escaping and running off. They, therefore, squat on their haunches, with tongues hanging out of their long mouths, the picture of indecision, removing a short distance as the irate squaw approaches. When once harnessed to the *travée*, however, which is simply a couple of lodge-poles lashed on either side of the dog, with a couple of cross-bars near the ends to support the freight, they follow quietly enough, urged by beavies of children, who invariably accompany the women. When arrived at the scene of their labours, the reluctance of the curs to draw near the piles of cotton-wood is most comical. They will lie down stubbornly at a little distance, whining their uneasiness, or sometimes scamper off bodily, with their long poles trailing after them, pursued by the yelling and half frantic squaws.

When the *travées* are laden, the squaws take the lead, bent double under loads of wood sufficient to break a porter's back, and calling to the dogs, which are urged on by the buffalo-fed urchins in rear, take up the line of march. The curs, taking advantage of the helpless state of their mistresses, turn a deaf ear to their coaxings, lying down every few yards to rest, growling and fighting with each other, in which encounters every cur joins, the *mêlée*, charging pell-mell into the yelping throng; upsetting the squalling children, and making confusion worse confounded. Then, armed with lodge-poles, the squaws, throwing down their loads, rush to the rescue, dealing stalwart blows on the pugnacious curs, and finally restoring something like order to the march.

"Tszoo—tszoo!" they cry, "wah, kashne, ceitcha—get on, you devilish beasts—tszoo—tszoo!" and belabouring them without mercy, start them into a gallop, which, once effected, they generally continue till they reach their destination.

The Indian dogs are, however, invariably well treated by the squaws, since they assist materially the everyday labours of these patient overworked creatures, in hauling firewood to the lodge, and, on the line of march, carrying many of the household goods and chattels which otherwise the squaw herself would have to carry on her back. Every lodge possesses from half-a-dozen to a score,—some for draught and others for eating,—for dog meat forms part and parcel of an Indian feast. The former are stout, wiry animals, half wolf half sheep-dog, and are regularly trained to draught; the latter are of a smaller kind, more inclined to fat, and embrace every variety of the genus *cur*. Many of the southern tribes possess a breed of dogs entirely divested of hair, which evidently have come from South America, and are esteemed highly for the kettle. Their meat, in appearance and flavour, resembles young pork, but far surpasses it in richness and delicacy of flavour.

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The Sioux are very expert in making their lodges comfortable, taking more pains in their construction than most Indians. They are all of conical form: a framework of straight slender poles, resembling hop-poles, and from twenty to twenty-five feet long, is first erected, round which is stretched a sheeting of buffalo robes, softly dressed, and smoked to render them watertight. The apex, through which the ends of the poles protrude, is left open to allow the smoke to escape. A small opening, sufficient to permit the entrance of a man, is made on one side, over which is hung a door of buffalo hide. A lodge of the common size contains about twelve or fourteen skins, and contains comfortably a family of twelve in number. The fire is made in the centre immediately under the aperture in the roof, and a flap of the upper skins, is closed or extended at pleasure, serving as a cowl or chimney-top to regulate the draught and permit the smoke to escape freely. Round the fire, with their feet towards it, the inmates sleep on skins and buffalo rugs, which are rolled up during the day, and stowed at the back of the lodge.

In travelling, the lodge-poles are secured half on each side a horse, and the skins placed on transversal bars near the ends, which trail along the ground,—two or three squaws or children mounted on the same horse, or the smallest of the latter borne in the dog *travées*. A set of lodge-poles will last from three to seven years, unless the village is constantly on the move, when they are soon worn out in trailing over the gravelly prairie. They are usually of ash, which grows on many of the mountain creeks, and regular expeditions are undertaken when a supply is required, either for their own lodges, or for trading with those tribes who inhabit the prairies at a great distance from the locality where the poles are procured.

There are also certain creeks where the Indians resort to lay in a store of kinnik-kinnik, (the inner

bark of the red, willow,) which they use as a substitute for tobacco, and which has an aromatic and very pungent flavour. It is prepared for smoking by being scraped in thin curly flakes from the slender saplings, and crisped before the fire, after which it is rubbed between the hands into a form resembling leaf-tobacco, and stored in skin bags for use. It has a highly narcotic effect on those not habituated to its use, and produces a heaviness sometimes approaching stupefaction, altogether different from the soothing effects of tobacco.

Every year, owing to the disappearance of the buffalo from their former haunts, the Indians are necessitated to encroach upon each other's hunting-grounds, which is a fruitful cause of war between the different tribes. It is a curious fact, that the buffalo retire before the whites, while the presence of Indians in their pastures appears in no degree to disturb them. Wherever a few white hunters are congregated in a trading port, or elsewhere, so sure it is that, if they remain in the same locality, the buffalo will desert the vicinity, and seek pasture elsewhere; and in this, the Indians affirm the *wah-keitcha*, or "bad medicine," of the pale-faces is very apparent; and ground their well-founded complaints of the encroachments made upon their hunting-grounds by the white hunters.

In the winter, many of the tribes are reduced to the very verge of starvation—the buffalo having passed from their country into that of their enemies, when no other alternative is offered them, but to remain where they are and starve, or follow the game into a hostile region, entailing a war and all its horrors upon them.

Reckless, moreover, of the future, in order to prepare robes for the traders, and procure the pernicious fire-water, they wantonly slaughter vast numbers of buffalo cows every year, (the skins of which sex only are dressed,) and thus add to the evils in store for them. When questioned on this subject, and such want of foresight being pointed out to them, they answer, that however quickly the buffalo disappears, the Red man "goes under" in greater proportion; and that the Great Spirit has ordained that both shall be "rubbed out" from the face of nature at one and the same time,—"that arrows and bullets are not more fatal to the buffalo than the small-pox and fire-water to them, and that before many winters' snows have disappeared, the buffalo and the Red man will only be remembered by their bones, which will strew the plains."—"They look forward, however, to a future state, when, after a long journey, they will reach the happy hunting-grounds, where buffalo will once more blacken the prairies; where the pale-faces daren't come to disturb them; where no winter snows cover the ground, and the buffalo are always plentiful and fat."

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As soon as the streams opened, La Bonté, now reduced to but two animals and four traps, sallied forth again, this time seeking the dangerous country of the Blackfeet, on the head waters of the Yellow Stone and Upper Missouri. He was accompanied by three others, a man named Wheeler, and one Cross-Eagle, a Swede, who had been many years in the western country. Reaching the fork of a small creek, on both of which appeared plenty of beaver sign, La Bonté followed the left-hand one alone, whilst the others trapped the right in company, the former leaving his squaw in the company of a Sioux woman, who followed the fortunes of Cross-Eagle, the party agreeing to rendezvous at the junction of the two forks as soon as they had trapped to their heads and again descended them. The larger party were the first to reach the rendezvous, and camped on the banks of the main stream to await the arrival of La Bonté.

The morning after their return, they had just risen from their blankets, and were lazily stretching themselves before the fire, when a volley of firearms rattled from the bank of the creek, and two of their number fell dead to the ground, at the same moment that the deafening yells of Indians broke upon the ears of the frightened squaws. Cross-Eagle seized his rifle, and, though severely wounded, rushed to the cover of a hollow tree which stood near, and crawling into it, defended himself the whole day with the greatest obstinacy, killing five Indians outright, and wounding several more. Unable to drive the gallant trapper from his retreat, the savages took advantage of a favourable wind which sprang up suddenly, and fired the long and dried-up grass which surrounded the tree. The rotten log catching fire at length compelled the hunter to leave his retreat, and, clubbing his rifle, he charged amongst the Indians, and fell at last pierced through and through with wounds, but not before two more of his assailants had fallen by his hand.

The two squaws were carried off, and, shortly after, one was sold to some white men at the trading ports on the Platte; but La Bonté never recovered the "Bending Reed," nor even heard of her existence from that day. So once more was the mountaineer bereft of his better half; and when he returned to the rendezvous, a troop of wolves were feasting on the bodies of his late companions, and of the Indians killed in the affray, of which he only heard the particulars a long time after from a trapper, who had been present when one of the squaws was offered at the trading post for sale, and who had recounted the miserable fate of her husband and his companions on the forks of the creek, which, from the fact of that trapper being the leader of the party, is still called La Bonté's Creek.

Nevertheless, he continued his solitary hunt, passing through the midst of the Crow and Blackfeet country; encountering many perils, often hunted by the Indians, but escaping all; and speedily loading both his animals with beaver, he thought of bending his steps to some of the trading rendezvous on the other side of the mountains, where employés of the Great Northwest Fur Company meet the trappers with the produce of their hunts, on Lewis's fork of the Columbia, or one of its numerous affluents, and intending to pass the winter at some of the company's trading posts in Oregon, into which country he had never yet penetrated.

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As the age in which Shakspeare wrote, had he not been in existence, would still have been remarkable on account of its dramatic writers, so the Cinque Cento is equally distinguished as the era of the arts. Yet has no very satisfactory cause been assigned for the direction of the human mind to these particular pursuits at these precise periods; for, simultaneously in countries differing in climate, governments, and manners, have the requisite men of genius arisen.

It might be easier to account for the depression than the rise of the noblest arts. Of this we shall presently speak; aware, at the same time, how ungracious will be the words which will admit of a decadence among ourselves. When we boast of our "enlightened age," it would not be amiss that we stay for a moment our pride, look back, and consider how much we have absolutely lost; in how much we are inferior. Every age seems destined to do its own work, which it does nearly to the perfection of its given art or science. Succeeding ages are destined rather to invent new than to improve upon the old. What has been done, becomes an accumulated wealth that Time deposits ever, and passes on to continual work to add fresh materials, and stock the world with the means of general improvement and happiness. There is always progression, but it is a progression of invention; the destined works are too vast, too infinite to allow a long delay in the advancement of any one accomplishment. It is rapidly completed; we are scarcely allowed time to stand and wonder; we must pass on to perform something new. Yet, if such attained thing shall be lost, or nearly so, the power to create it again may be again given; but it works *de novo*, adapting itself to the new principle which has rendered the reproduction advantageous, if not necessary. Thus, for instance, in the ages which we are pleased to call dark, to what magnitude and what exactness of beauty did not architecture reach, and that in a particularly inventive style—the Gothic—borrowing not from what had before been, and which had been held perfect, a style upon which we do not now even hope to improve, but content ourselves with admiring and copying. Thus it should seem that where any thing like a practical continuance of an art has been permitted, the entirely new direction it has taken would show that invention, required for the age, was the object, and that, too, bounded by a limit. "For this purpose have I raised thee up," would appear to be the text upon which the histories of the arts, as of every thing human, may be considered the comment.

It is to the total loss of ancient art that mankind are indebted for its revival, its re-discovery, as it were; for little or nothing was left from which, as from an old stock, art was to begin.

The new Christian principle created a new mind, to which there was little consonant in what was known, however imperfectly, of ancient works. Hence what is termed revival might, with more aptitude of expression, be called the re-discovery.

Had art been uninterruptedly continued from the days of Apelles, it would probably have degenerated to its lowest state. The destruction, the altogether vanishing away of the former glory, was essential to the rise of the new. All was nearly obliterated. Of the innumerable statues of which Greece was plundered by the Romans, but six were to be found—five of marble, and one of brass—in the city of Rome, at the beginning of the fifteenth century; so that art may be said to have been defunct. The decadence of architecture seems also to have been required for the originating the Gothic, for the inventing altogether a new style, which had no prototype. It was necessary to the establishing the Christian principle operatively, that the mind should be wrested powerfully from former and antagonistic ideas. And this could scarcely have been effected had any thing like a continual, an important succession of vigorous life in these arts been allowed.

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It seems to have been the work of a great guiding will, that the way should be prepared for renovation, by the almost entire loss or mutilation of the greatest works of former periods, and by the veil of ignorance which victorious barbarism spread before all eyes, that they should not distinguish through that cloud the remnant of a glory which was too great to be altogether destroyed. The very language which spoke of it was a buried charm, that the oblivion might be more perfect. And not until the now grown Christian mind required the re-discovery of art, was that tongue loosened. The revival of ancient literature and the birth of new art were simultaneous. With the latter, at least, it was more than a sleep from which it arose—it was from a death, with all the marks of its corruption.

We do not mean to assert that art rose at once full-grown, as Pallas from the head of Jove. It had undoubtedly its progression; but it did not grow from an old stock; and hence it did grow and arose unimpeded and unchoked by an unwholesome exuberance, to the greatest splendour and glory. Whether there can be again any new principle which will require new inventions, it would be almost presumptuous to consider; but we do feel assured that should it be so, there will not be an adaptation of present means to it, but that the wing of oblivion must have to sweep over, overshadow, and obliterate the present multifarious form and body of art. The fine arts are not like the exact sciences, always progressing from accumulative knowledge towards their final and sure establishment of truth; on the contrary, their great truths recede further from view, as knowledge is accumulated, and practice, deteriorates by example. Science is truth to be dug out of the earth, as it were; a precious ore, not strictly ours, but by and for our use. The fine arts are in a far greater degree ours, for they are of the mind's creation; they are the product of a faculty given, indeed, but given to create and not to gather, and dig up ready-made for our purpose; they

are of that faculty which has given the name to the poet, as altogether the maker. They give that to the world which it never could have received by any accumulation of fact and knowledge. Take away the individual genius, the inventive, the creating mind of the one man, the Homer, the Dante, the Shakspeare, the Michael Angelo, the Raffaele, and the whole product is annihilated; we cannot even conceive of its existence, know of no mine wherein to dig, no facts, no knowledge out of which it can grow. That creating power may, indeed, turn all existing things to its use, all facts and all knowledge; but it commands and is not governed by them—is a power in no degree dependant on them, which would still be, though they existed not—a power which, if it exhausted worlds, would invent new for its purpose. To whom, then, are such powers given? for what purpose?—and are they of a gift deteriorated in its use and abuse? Alas! they are still of the "corruptible," and cannot, in our present state, "put on incorruption." They are, however, of the mind, which may be purified and strengthened, or corrupted and degraded.

They effect in a great degree, and suitably to the age's requirement, their purpose. Corrupted from the ardour and sincerity of their first passion, and by the admission, little by little, of what is vicious, and yet which, we must confess, has its beauty; their very aim becomes changed, less large by subdivision, and less sure by confusion and uncertainty of aim, until all purpose be lost, in a low satisfaction in mere dexterity and mindless imitation. And what shall stay art in such downward way of decadence? Can a strong impulse be given to it—for there is no strength but the mind's strength? It is not patronage, but purpose, which is wanted. What shall revivify the passion that gave it earnestness,—the sincerity, the trust in itself, the confidence in its own high-mindedness, the sense of the importance of its objects, and the true glory of their pursuit? We have our fears that we are doing much to multiply artists, and degrade art. We distribute patronage in so many streams, by our art-unions, that no full fertilising current is visible. We make a pauperism, and stamp it with the disgrace of the beggarly contribution; we, pauperise the mind too, by the demand for mean productions, and by circulating, as the choicest specimens of British art, engravings which tend utterly to the deterioration of the public taste. Perhaps there is nothing more frightfully injurious in the present state of art, than this ever putting before the public eye things in themselves bad, and mostly bad, where badness is more surely fatal, in purpose. It is far easier for good taste and for good art, in practice, to arise out of a blank, out of nothing, than out of an exuberance of bad examples. These things tend to vitiate the pure. The great daily accumulation of inferior works, low in character, and deficient in artistic knowledge and skill, that are ever thrust before the public eye, are doing much mischief. They are poisoning and vitiating the ground from which taste should spring. We are not educating in art, but against art. We are teaching to admire things which, were it possible to keep what is bad from the public eye, would disgust as soon as seen. And even where the exhibition is in no other respect vicious, it is too often vicious from the total absence of any high purpose. For lack of object, we look to some mere mechanical prettinesses; and by habit learn first to look for, and then to work for, nothing more. When the great men of other days, whose names we have now so constantly in our mouths, dedicated themselves to art, they did it with all their soul. They had the earnestness of a passion; and what they did not, as we should now say, well, technically viewing some of their early works, they did to express some strong and some worthy feeling. And as they advanced in technical skill, still they ever thought a certain dignity and importance were essential to their works. The public mind had not yet felt satiety. But in time the progeny of art multiplied. The trading multitude had to entice purchasers, and to persuade them that their novelties were at least more pleasing, if the aim was not so high. The new lamps were cried up above the old. Thus they first created a bad taste, and then pandered to it. Cold conventionalities took the place of feeling; even beauty was studied more for low sense, than for its moral, and intellectual expression. Art was smothered by her own children. The brood has been too numerous, and the productions as variable as the brood. They who would do great things were they allowed, are not allowed. The lower fascinations have taken possession of the public mind. Patronage runs to the little, and the greatest encouragement is to those who will provide the market with the cheapest, if not the best wares. Artists must live as well as other people. They cannot, if they would, sacrifice themselves to work out great and noble ideas, for which there is no demand; and for this state of things they are themselves in no small degree to blame. It is their own cry for patronage that has raised these art-unions: the patronage has been raised, but who gets it? They (like the national guard in Paris) have been superseded by their own inferior workmen. And what shall remedy all this superfœtation? First, let pains be taken properly to educate in art the public eye, and the public mind. We rejoice to know that, while we are writing, a society is forming, similar to the Cambden Society, for the publication of all important works on art, whether old or original, and for having the finest productions of art engraved, in whatever country they are to be found. As good taste is the object, so care will be taken that nothing of a deteriorating character will be admitted; and works will be produced which, in the present state of general feeling, private speculation would scarcely venture upon. The works will, we are given to understand, chiefly be distributable among the members of the society; but some, thought to be particularly well adapted to give a better direction to the public taste, will be generally purchasable.

This society is of great promise—if it succeeds at all, it will succeed eminently, and we believe it must succeed. It will, we have some hope drive the low, the meaningless things of the day out of the field. We are, as a nation, really ignorant of art. We know it not, as it has been. We want to see the public eye acquainted, through good engravings, with the numerous fine frescos that cannot be generally known in any other way. Whatever tends to the real advancement of art will obtain the solicitous attention of this society.

The Fine Arts Commission affords another means of remedying the evils that are besetting the profession, and through them the public taste. We do not like the Government competition

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system. We go further—we do not like the Government, we mean the Commission, constituting themselves judges and purveyors. This is not the way to make great men. The man of genius shrinks from the competition system; nay, he fears or doubts the judgment of his judges. Perhaps he feels that he is himself the best judge; and if he has a just confidence in himself, he ought to feel this. He will not like the check of too much dictation as to subjects, composition, or any of the detail. We are persuaded that it would be far wiser, both for the public and for art, that the commissioners should studiously select their man, without competition, not for some one or more pictures, but for a far wider range. There will be still competition enough for proper ambition in the number still to be employed. Raffaello had the Vatican assigned to him, and that at an early age; so would we gladly see a large portion given to one man, and let the whole be of his one mind, and let him have his assistants if he please. Let him be dominant, and if he has within him a power, it will come out; and it cannot be difficult to find a few men of sense and vigour; and even though they have not as yet shown great powers, it does not follow that they have them not—trust to what they have, and more will grow. But we have some even now capable of performing beautiful works to do honour to the nation. We should rejoice to see their secretary released from the clerkship of his office, and set to work seriously with his hand and his superintending mind. We would impress this upon the consideration of the commissioners as an indisputable truth, that if they select a man of genius, they select one superior to themselves—one who is to teach, not to be taught by them—and one with whose arrangements, after their selection, they should by no means interfere. And supposing the worst, that they have actually made an unfortunate choice—what then? They have made an experiment at no very great cost, and may obliterate whatever is a disgrace. The works of other painters were obliterated in the Sistine Chapel to make room for Michael Angelo. Nor was there any hesitation in destroying the labours of previous artists, and even the suspended operations of his old master, Perugino, that the whole space might be open to the genius of the youth Raffaello. It is whole, entire responsibility that makes great men. Throw upon the persons you select the whole weight, and thereby give them the benefit of all the glory; and whatever be their powers, you tax them to the utmost. We would have them by no means interfered with, any more than we would cripple the commander of our armies abroad with the petty counsels and restrictions of bureau-manufacture. Nor should they be too strictly limited as to time, nor subjected to the continual questionings of an ungenerous impatience. Let the trust be conferred upon them as an honour which they are to wear and enjoy, not as a notice of their servility, but of their freedom. That trust is less likely to be abused the more generously it is given. To fulfil it then, becomes an ambition; and the daily habit of this higher feeling, by making the given work the all in all of life, renders the men more fit for it. Let the nation, expecting liberality from the "Liberal Arts," bestow it—hold out high rewards, leave the artists in all respects unshackled; and, the intention of a work being approved of, let not the time it is to occupy be in the stipulation. And it would be well to look to the promise of the young as well as actual performances; for the power to do will grow. Of thirty-eight competitors convened at Florence, Lorenzo Ghiberti, only twenty-three years of age, was chosen to execute the celebrated doors; the work occupied forty years of his life. The work is immortal, if human work can be; and obtained this eulogium from Michael Angelo, that "they were worthy of being the gates of Paradise." He conferred honour upon his city, and received such as was worthy the city to bestow. "His labours were justly appreciated, and ably rewarded by his fellow citizens, who, besides granting him whatever he demanded, assigned him a portion of land, and elected him Gonfaloniere, or chief magistrate of the state. His bust was afterwards placed in the baptistery." Was the confidence, the full trust, in the power of the young Raffaello misplaced? What wonders did he not perform in his too short life! Had he lived longer, he would without question have reached the highest honours his country had to bestow.

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One word more on this subject of generosity—of national generosity. We seem to think it a great thing to bestow a knighthood upon an artist of eminence here and there, yet give not the means of keeping the dignity from conspicuous shame, of maintaining a decent hospitality among his brethren artists, by which much general improvement might evidently arise. All our real substantial honours are conferred upon soldiers and lawyers. They have estates publicly given, and are raised to the peerage; yet it is doubtful if one man of genius, in literature and the arts, does not deserve better of his country, and confer upon it more glory, than any ten of the other more favoured professions: and more than this, the name of one such genius will be remembered, perhaps with some sense of the disgrace of neglect, when all the others are forgotten. Let a lawyer be but a short period of his life upon the woolsack, he will find means to raise to himself a fortune, and retire back upon private life with an annual pension of thousands; while the man of genius in arts and literature is too often left in old age uncheered by any acknowledgment, and perhaps weighed down to death by embarrassments, from which a delighted, improved, and at the same time an ungrateful country will not relieve him. A government should know that it is for the crown to honour a profession, and thereby to make it worthy the honour. We live in a country where distinctions do much, and are worse than profitless without adequate means to sustain them. It would be well if sometimes selections were made in other directions than the law and army, and if our peerage were not unfrequently radiated with the glory of genius. Why should a barren baronetcy have been conferred on the author of Waverley? Had he been a conqueror in fifty battles, could he have conferred more benefit than he has conferred upon his country? Why is it that there is always in our government a jealousy of literature and the arts? There has not been a decent honour bestowed on either since the reign of the unfortunate Charles. Poets, painters, and sculptors, it is vulgarly thought, are scarcely "alendi," and certainly "non saginandi." The arts might at least be given a position in our universities. This, as a first step, would do much,—it would tend, too, mainly to raise the public taste, which is daily sinking lower and lower. We should be glad to see Mr Eastlake made professor of painting at Oxford, with an

adequate establishment there to enable him not only to lecture, but to teach more practically by design, in the very place of all others in the kingdom where there is most in feeling congenial with art. We mention Mr Eastlake, not making an invidious distinction, but because his acquirements in literature, and his valuable contributions to it, seem most readily to point to him as a fit occupant for the professor's chair. We have repeatedly, in the pages of *Maga*, insisted upon the importance of establishing the fine arts in our universities, and at one time entertained a hope that the Taylor Legacy would have taken this direction. We are not, however, sorry altogether that it did not do so, for it would surely be more advantageous that such a movement should begin with the Government. It would remedy, too, more evils than one; it would give an occupation of mind, congenial with their academic studies, to our youth, and preserve them from a dangerous extravagance both of purse and of opinions. The hopes, however, of any thing really advantageous to the fine arts arising from our Government, unless very strongly urged to it, are small. They do not seem inclined at all to favour the profession; they would look upon it as solely addicted to the labour of the hand with a view to small profits—a portion of which profits, too, upon some strange principles of the political economists, they would appropriate to the nation as a fine, the penalty of genius. One would imagine, from the proposition of the Board of Trade to take 10 per cent from subscriptions to art-unions for the purchasing pictures for the National Gallery, that they considered the epithet "fine" so appropriated to the arts as intended originally to suggest a tax. They would not allow the profession a free trade. Whatever is obtained by exhibiting works of artists, should be as much their property as would the product of any other manufacture be the property of the respective adventurers, and the art-union subscriptions are undoubtedly a portion of these profits. What, in common justice, have the public to do with them? The proposed scheme is a step towards communism, and may have been borrowed from the French provisional seizure of their railroads. With equal justice might they require that every butcher and baker and tailor should give a portion of his meat, his bread, and his cloth to feed and clothe our army and navy; and this not as of a common taxation, but as an extra compliment and advantage to these trades. There is a great deal too much here of the beggarly utilitarian view. We advocate not the cause of art-unions—we think them perfectly mischievous, and would gladly see them suppressed; but surely to invite and tempt the poor artists to paint their twenty and five-and-twenty pound pictures, and coolly to take 10 per cent out of their pockets to purchase to yourself a gallery of art, is not very consonant to our general ideas of what is due to the liberal arts. The liberality is certainly not reciprocal.

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Nor, indeed, when we view the state of our National Gallery, considering the building as well as what it contains, can we be induced to think that the Government are very much in earnest in their profession of a desire to raise its importance. The National Gallery has its committee, and there is the Commission of Fine Arts. The former like not a questioning Parliament, and have not sufficient confidence in themselves to disregard the uncomplimentary animadversions of a critical press; and so the National Gallery advances not. The latter appear to treat art too much as a taxable commodity, and as having a right to levy specimens, and take for the public the profit of them, when they are required to cater for any national works. We do not, however, doubt their sincere desire to promote the arts; but we do doubt if they are perfectly alive to the real importance of the work they have to do, and fear their efforts are rendered less useful by the number and conflicting tastes of the members. Divisions and subdivisions of responsibility terminate too frequently in many little things which, put together, do not make one great one.

However deficient, or however faulty in our taste, there seems to be at the present moment a more general desire to become acquainted with art and its productions in former ages. Publications of historical and critical importance are not wanting; but it is singular that the prevailing patronage is little influenced as yet by the knowledge received. From whatever cause it may arise, the fact is manifest that we have not a distinct School of Art. It might be quite correct to assert, that there is no characteristic school, not one founded on a principle—a principle distinguished from former influences—in any country of Europe. We do not even except the German schools; for able though the men be and honoured, they show no symptom of an inventive faculty, which can alone make a school. They are as yet in their imitative state—in that of revival. They are in the trammels of an artistic superstition. They have no one great and new idea to realise. They make their commencement from art, not from mind—forgetful of this truth, that art cannot grow out of art: for, if good, it seduces the mind into mere imitation, which soon becomes effect; if bad, it incapacitates from conceiving the beautiful. Art cannot grow out of art; it may progress from its inferior to its better state, till the idea of its principle has been completed. It must then begin again from a new—from an idea not yet embodied—or it will inevitably decline, from the causes named, to mediocrity.

It does not at all follow, in this rise of new art—or, if we please, revival of art—that there shall be at first a consciousness of working upon a new principle, or a positive purpose to deviate (for such a purpose would be but a vagary and extravagance, relying on no principle:) there must be some want of the day strongly felt, some feeling to be embodied, some impress of the times to be stamped and made visible. Hence alone can arise a new principle of art; and it is one that cannot be preconceived, it must have its birth without forethought, and possibly without a knowledge that it exists; it may be in the artist's mind, an unconscious purpose working through the conscious processes of art. The age in which we live has a strong desire to *know* all about art, as to advance in knowledge of every kind; but has it in itself one characteristic feeling, one strong impulse, favourable to art, such as will make genius start up, as it were, from his slumber and his dream, and do his real work? Nor can this be prophesied of; for, if it could, it would exist somewhere, at least in the mind of the prophet. It is like the statue existing in the block; but it is the hand of time, under direction that we wot not of, that must be cutting it away. Nor is it fair,

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for any lack in one power of mind, to underrate the age in which we live. It may be great in another power to do a destined work; that work done, another may be required, and another power be developed, in which art may be the required means to the more perfect vivifying a new principle. The genius of our day is too busy in the world's doings, in striving to advance utility, to have leisure, or to take an interest in the ideal and poetical. A great poetry it is indeed in itself, with all its mighty engines, working with iron arms more vast and powerful than fable could imagine of Brontes and Steropes, and all the huge manufacturers of thunderbolts for an Ideal Jove. Reality has outgrown fiction,—has become the "*major videri*,"—is doing a sublime work—one, too, in which poetry of high cast is inherent, through hands and means most unpoetical. Mind is there, thought is there, worthy of all the greatness of man's reputation for sagacity or invention, and gigantic energy; the reaching to and grasping the large powers of nature, and adding them to his own body, thus becoming, unconscious of the poetic analogy, a Titan again. This age is, after all, doing a great deed. Let the dreamer, the versifier, the searcher after visible beauty, the painter, the statuary, incapacitated as they all generally are from the knowledge of what we term the business of life, consider coolly, without prejudice for his art, and against what more commonly meets him in some interrupting and ungracious form, reality, the machinery of governments, the science of banking, the law of markets, and the innumerable detail of which he seldom thinks, but without the establishment of which he would not be allowed to think,—by which he lives his daily life; let him trace any one manufacture through all its successive ingenuities to its great uses and its great results. Let him travel a few hundred miles on a railroad, and note how all is ordered, with what precision all arrangements are made and conducted, and what a world it is in itself, moving through space like a world, and set in motion and stayed by the hand of one of his own Saxon blood; and then, in idea, transferring himself from his own work, and his pride of his own art, let him ask himself if he sees not something beyond, quite extraneous to himself, a great thing effected, which he never could have conceived nor have executed; and then let him say if there be not even in this our working world, a great and living poetry, a magnificent thought realised, a principle brought out, worthy an age; and then let him be content for a while that his own particular capacity should for a time be in abeyance, to great purposes inoperative, unproductive of the world's esteem. It may be that he will but have to wait for his season. His time may come again. Some new principle in the world's action, with possibly a secret and electric power, may reach him, enter his own mind, and set at large all his capacities, and make them felt; for that principle, whatever it is to be, will be electric, too, in the general mind. It may arise naturally out of the present state of things. Now, our schoolless art, like what has once been a mighty river, with all its tributary streams, has wandered into strange and lower lands, and been enticed away through innumerable small channels, still fertilising, in a more homely and modest way, many countries, but losing its own distinctive character and name. The streams will never flow back and unite again, but some of them, in this earth's shifts and changes, may again become rivers, and bear a rich merchandise into the large ocean, and so enrich the world. If we think upon the distinct characteristics of schools, we must be struck with this, that before each one was known, established, and confirmed in public opinion, it could not have been generally imagined and preconceived. It is altogether the creation of gifted genius. We acknowledge the setting up a great truth, of which we had not a glimpse until we see it worked out, and standing before us manifest. It is ours by natural adoption, not by a universal instinctive invention. So that it is a presumption of our weakness to believe, as some do, that the arena of art is limited, and every part occupied; and that, for the future, nothing is left but a kind of copying and imitation. Who is to set limit to the powers of mind? We can imagine a dogmatist of this low kind, before Shakspeare's day, in admiration of the Greek drama, laying down the laws of the unities as irrefragable, and that the great volume of the drama was closed with them. And some such opinions have been set forth by our Gallic neighbours, and maintained with no little pertinacity. We must have been Shakspeares to have preconceived his drama. How, for ages, was poetry limited! the epic, as it were, closed! His age knew nothing of Milton before Milton. It was a new principle coming dimly through troubadours and romances, that shone forth at length Homerically, but with a difference, in Marmion, and indeed all Sir Walter Scott's poetry, which, if it be linked to any that has preceded it, must be referred to the most remote, to that of Homer himself; so that let no man say that the world of fact and possibility is shut against art. The great classic idea, the deification, the worship of beauty, was completed by the ancients. There was a long rest, a sleep, without a dream of a new principle; but it came, and art awakened to its perception. Giotto, Della Robbo, the old Siennese school, Beato Angelico, Pisani, Donatello, evolve the Christian idea. Perugino, weak in faith, turns art towards earth, and leads Raffaele to strive for a new beautiful; and Michael Angelo for the powerful—the former humanising the divine, the latter, if not deifying, gigantising humanity—not in the antique repose, but incorporeal energy—the whole dignity of man, as imagined in his personal condition. This was the characteristic of the Florentine school—as, after Perugino, or commencing with him, intellect, united with grace and beauty, became the characteristic of the Roman. But grace and beauty are dangerously human. The religious mind, in reverential contemplation, felt awe above humanity, and feared to invest divinity with corporeal charm. Even in heathen art, the great Athenian goddess affects not grace, but stands in a severe repose, so unlike rest, the beautiful emblem of weakness. Grace and beauty became dangerous qualities when applied to Christian devotional art. The followers of Perugino, who thought them essential, were not at first aware to what degree they were deteriorating the great principle of their school, and how they were rendering art too human for their creed. Woman—by the gift of nature, beauty personified—by more close and accurate study of her perfections, ceased to be an object of real worship, as her fascinations were felt. Even Raffaele was under an unadoring influence. His madonnas often detract much from the idolatry which his church laboured to confirm. We must not wonder, then, if after him we find humanity in woman even dethroned from

her higher and almost majestic state of heavenly purity—though legitimatised as an object of worship, the "mother of God," in that higher sanctity than it was possible to set up man, in his most saintly apotheosis, (for the boldest mind would necessarily be shocked at the idea of bestowing a divine paternity on man, even if his religion forbade it not.) Woman, in her real beauty, superseded the ideal; and, from condescending to represent inferior saints and conventual devotees, reassumed at length her more earthly empire, and threw around fascinations which rather tended to dissipate than to encourage religious sentiment. The divinity of art, which had deigned to shine with sacred lustre beneath and through the natural veil of modesty, indignantly withdrew, when that veil was rudely cast aside by the undevotional hands of her not less skilful but more deteriorated professors.

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The Venetian school, with a truly congenial luxury of colour, evolved the idea of civil polity, in all its connexions with religion, with judicature, with manners, commerce, societies, dignities, triumphs; a large field, indeed, but one in which the great civic idea was the characteristic, running through every subject. Even the nude, before considered as most eligible in the display of art, yielded to civic dress and gorgeous ornament. What other ideas remain to be evolved? The world does not stand still—art may for a time. We must wait till some genius awaken us.

There is, we repeat, no modern school among us; art is pursued to an extent unprecedented, but without any fixed serious purpose, in all its multifarious forms, and with an ability sufficient to show that some moving cause is alone wanted. We progress in skill, in precision and clearness; but the hand is little directed by the mind. Our exhibition walls abound with talent, but are for the most part barren of genius; and surely this must continue to be the case, while the public mind is in its unpoetic, its utilitarian state, and shall look to art for its passing charm only as a gentle recreation, an idle amusement. If there is any tendency to a school, it is unfortunately to one which is most in opposition to that pure school which found, and cherished, and idealised the sanctity of female beauty.

We know not if it should be considered an escape or not; but certainly there was, in the earlier period of English art, one man of extraordinary genius, who, vigorously striking out a great moral idea, might have been the founder of a new school. We mean Hogarth. He was, however, too adventurously new for the age, and left no successor; nor is even now the greatness of his genius generally understood. He has been classed with "painters of drolls;" yet was he the most tragic painter this country—we were about to say, any country—has produced. We are not prepared to say it is a school we should wish to have been established; but we assert that the genius of Hogarth incurred for us the danger. His works stand unique in art—that which can be said, perhaps, of the works of no other painter that ever existed, and obtained a name. We had written so far, when we were willing to see what a modern writer says of this great man; and we are happy to find his views in so great a degree coincide with our own. We make the follow-extract from Cleghorn's 2d volume of *Ancient and Modern Art*; a work, indeed, that, when we took up the pen, it was our purpose to speak of more largely, and to which we mean to devote what further space may be allowed for this paper:—

"To Hogarth, on the other hand, M. Passavant awards that justice which has been denied to him by his countrymen. Hogarth is of all English painters, and, perhaps, of all others, the one who knew how to represent the events of common life with the most humour, and, at the same time, with rare and profound truth. This truth of character is, however, visible not only in his conception of a subject, but is varied throughout in the form and colour of his figures in a no less masterly manner." "Hogarth [continues Mr Cleghorn] stands alone as an artist, having had no predecessors, rivals, nor successors. He is the more interesting, too, as being the first native English artist of celebrity. Yet a tasteless public was unable to appreciate his merits; and he was driven to the necessity of raffling his pictures for small sums, which only partially succeeded. In spite of the sneers of Horace Walpole that he was "more a writer of comedy with his pencil than a painter," and the epigrammatic saying of Augustus Von Schlegel, that 'he painted ugliness, wrote on beauty, and was a thorough bad painter,' he was a great and original artist, both painter and engraver, whose works, coming home to every man's understanding and feelings, and applicable to every age and country, can never lose their relish and interest. They are chiefly known to the public by his etchings and engravings, which, however, convey a very imperfect idea of the beauty and expression of the original paintings." We only object to stress laid upon his humour, which is not his, or at least his only, characteristic. He was a great dramatist of human life; humour was the incidental gift, tragedy the more essential. Who had more humour, more wit than Shakspeare, and who was ever so tragic, or so employed his humour as to set it beside his most tragic scenes, with an effect that made the pathos deeper? In such a sense was Hogarth "comic." His "Marriage à la Mode" is the deepest of tragedies.

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We turn to Mr Cleghorn's two interesting and very useful volumes. They give a compendious, yet, for general use and information, sufficiently elaborate view of architecture, sculpture, and painting, from their very origin to their present condition. We know of no work containing so complete a view. If we are disposed at all to quarrel with his plan, it is that in every branch he comes down to too late a time. And as it is always the case with writers who find themselves committed to the present age, he evidently finds himself encumbered with the detail which this part of his plan has forced upon him. In matter it will be often found that the present age overpowers all preceding, when even it is vastly inferior in importance. Nor is it very easy to avoid a bias in speaking of contemporaries; nor can a writer safely depend upon his own judgment when he looks too nearly and intimately on men and their works, and fears the giving offence by omissions, or by too qualified praise. His divisions into schools, with general remarks

on each at the end, give a very clear view, when taken together, of the history of these arts; and we are rejoiced to see them—architecture, sculpture, and painting—thus in a manner linked in history, as they were formerly in the minds and genius of the greatest men. In this he follows the good course led by Vasari. In his account of the Flemish and Dutch schools, there is a strange omission of the early Flemish painters preceding and subsequent to the Van Eycks, to the time of Rubens; nor is the influence which the brothers Van Eyck had upon art sufficiently discussed. We propose at some future day to treat more at length on this subject, and to make extracts from Michiel's very interesting little volume, his "Peintres Brugeois." Even in the short account of Van Eyck's invention, Mr Cleghorn is somewhat careless, in the omission of one important little word, *sue*, in his extract from Vasari, who does not exactly describe the invention as "the result of a mixture or vehicle composed of linseed oil or nut oil, *boiled up with other mixtures*," but "*with other mixtures of his own*." Vasari says, "e aggiuntevi altre *sue* misture fece la vernice," &c.

In the following remarks on Greek sculpture we find something consonant to the ideas we have ventured to express:—

"A remarkable difference is observable in the female ideal, the result of that refined delicacy and purity of taste evinced on all occasions by the Greeks. They neither increased the stature, nor heightened the contours of their heroines and goddesses, convinced that in so doing they must have sensibly impaired the beauty, modesty, and delicacy of the sex. In this the Greek sculptors conformed to the rule inculcated by Aristotle, and uniformly observed in the Greek tragedy, never to make woman overstep the modesty of the female character. The Medicean Venus is but a woman, though perhaps more beautiful than ever woman appeared on earth. Another peculiarity is very striking. While a great proportion of the male statues, whether men, heroes, or gods, were naked, or nearly so, those of the other sex, with the exception of the Venuses, Graces, and Hours, were uniformly draped from head to foot. Even the three Graces by Socrates, described by Pausanias as decorating the entrance to the Acropolis, were clothed in imitation of the more ancient Graces." As to this exception of the Venuses and Graces, Mr Cleghorn seems to have in some degree misapprehended the passage relating thereto in Pausanias, who distinctly says that he knows not who first sculptured or painted them naked, but it was after the time of Socrates. These Graces of Socrates, by the bye, may be the φίλαι, of whom he speaks in his dialogue with Theodota, who, he says, will not let him rest day nor night.

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The number of nude Venuses would, it may be suspected, scarcely justify the elegant compliment in the epigram in the Anthologia—

"Γυμνην εἶδε Παρις με καὶ Ἀνχίσηος καὶ Ἀδωνίς,
Τοὺς τρεῖς οἶδα μόνους; Πραχίτελης δὲ ποθεν?"

Paris, Anchises, and Adonis—Three,
Three only, did me ever naked see:
But this Praxiteles—when, where did He?

Our author censures the school of Bernini, we should have thought justly, remembering much that has been said on the subject of the unfitness of the ponderous material to represent light action, if we had not seen the Xanthian marbles brought to this country by Sir Charles Fellowes, and now deposited in the British Museum. The female statues that stood in the Tomb Temple are exquisite, and perhaps equal to any Grecian art, yet are they represented with flying drapery. It is difficult to make a rule which some bold genius shall not subvert.

Most authors on art think it necessary to descant upon liberty, as most favourable to its advancement. It is difficult to define what liberty is, so that every example may be disputed. If we take the age of Pericles, when the wonders of Phidias were achieved, we must not forget that Phidias himself was treated by the Athenians with such indignity that he left them, and deposited his finest work at Corinth. The republic suspected him of thieving the gold, and he had the precaution, knowing his men, to weigh the metal, and work it so as to be removable. We must not forget that Pericles, who fortunately in a manner governed Athens, was obliged to plead on his knees for the life of Aspasia, whose offence was her superior endowments. When Alexander subjugated Greece, art still flourished. Nor was it crushed even in the wars and revolts and subjugations by Cassander, after the death of Alexander. We should not say that the Augustan age was exactly the age of liberty, but it was the age of literature. The easier solution may be, "Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt Marones." Munificent patronage will often raise what that state which passes under the name of liberty will often destroy.

"In the most favoured periods of the fine arts, we find patronage either dispensed by the sovereign, the state, or the priesthood; or, if a commonwealth, by the rulers who had the revenues at their command. Possessing taste and knowledge themselves, and appreciating the importance and dignity of art, they selected the artists whom they deemed best fitted for the purpose. The artists, again, respected and consulted their patrons, between whom there reigned a mutual enthusiasm, good understanding, and respect. Such were Pericles, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Hadrian, Francis I. of France, Julius II., Lorenzo and Leo X. of the Medici, the nobles and rulers of the different Italian cities and commonwealths, the Roman Catholic church and clergy, Charles I. of England, Louis XIV. of France—and in our own times the late and present kings of Prussia, the King of Bavaria, Louis Philippe of France, and—it is gratifying to add—Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of Great Britain. But, indispensable as national patronage is, it can have no sure or permanent foundation, unless it be likewise supported by the aristocracy and wealthy classes. Instead of emanating, as in the continental

states, from the sovereign and government, patronage in Great Britain may be said to have originated with the middle ranks, and to have forced its way up to the higher classes, and even to the government itself."

There are interesting yet short chapters on mosaic, tapestry, and painted glass; subjects now demanding no little public attention, coming again as we are to the taste for decoration. The ladies of England will be pleased to find their needle-work so seriously considered. Happy will it be if their idleness leads to a better and employed industry. Due praise is bestowed upon Miss Linwood, whose works are ranked with the Gobelin tapestry. We remember seeing many years ago an invention that promised great things—painting, if it may be so called, in wool work. It was the invention of Miss Thompson, and was exhibited, and we believe not quite fairly—much mischief having been done to the pictures by pulling out parts, either for wanton mutilation, or to see the manner of the working. Whether from disgust arising from this circumstance, or at the little encouragement shown to it, the invention seems to have dropped. Yet was the effect most powerful, more to the life than any picture, in whatever material; and from the size of the works produced by the hands of one person, we should judge that it is capable of rapid execution. We have a vivid recollection of a copy from a picture by Northcote, figures size of life, and of the head of Govartius, in the National Gallery. We are not without hope that this slight notice may recall a very effective mode of copying, at least, if not of producing, original works.

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Of painted glass, it is remarked,—

"The earliest notice of its existence is in the age of Pope Leo III., about the year 800. It did not, however, come into general use till the lapse of some centuries. The earliest specimens differ entirely from those of a later date, being composed of small pieces stained with colour during the process of manufacture, and thus forming a species of patchwork, or rude mosaic, joined together with lead, after being cut into the proper shapes." Mr Cleghorn omits to say that this more perfect invention of painting on one piece various tints and colours, and regulating gradations of burning, was effected and brought to perfection by the same extraordinary man to whom the world is indebted for the invention of oil painting, Van Eyck. From the discoveries of this extraordinary man, or rather these extraordinary brothers, Van Eyck, must be dated the advance in the arts, both on glass and in oil-colours, which brought to both the perfection of colouring.

The wonderful splendour added to design upon glass, which was so eminently practised at Venice, without doubt supplied to the Venetian school an aim which it could not have had under the old tempera system, but which the new oil invention of Van Eyck sufficiently placed within its reach.

Yet, in one view, we may hence date the corruption of art. The severity of fresco was superseded by the new fascination, and somewhat of dignity was lost as beauty was more decidedly established. As very much of the splendour of glass painting was thus introduced in oil, the greater facility of more correctly representing nature, and embodying ideas by degrees of opacity, so gave the preference to oil-painting, that not only the old tempera and fresco were soon neglected, but painting on glass itself, as if it had done its work, and transferred its peculiar beauty, lost much of its repute, and, in no very long time, the processes to which it owed its former glory.

Mr Cleghorn remarks—"Within a few years it has been much cultivated in Great Britain; and the intended application to the decoration of the Houses of Parliament will materially conduce to its improvement and extension." It is unquestionably an art of the greatest importance in decoration. It has a charm peculiarly its own. It dignifies, it solemnises by its own light, and is capable of affecting the mind so as particularly to predispose it to the purposes of architecture. It encloses a sanctuary, excluding the very atmosphere of the outer world. There is the impression and the awe of truth under the searching and embracing light, that should make the utterance of a falsehood the more mean, even sacrilegious. The art that can have this power, nor is this its only, though its greater power, is surely to be cultivated and encouraged extensively. There is now more attention paid to the architecture and decoration of our churches, and a taste has sprung up for monumental windows. We cannot resist, therefore, the temptation to offer a few remarks upon the subject, now that so many mistaken views are taken as to the proper application of this beautiful art.

There seems to be a false idea abroad that the painted window is to be predominant, not assistant to the general impression which the architecture intends. In reality it loses, not gains, power by setting up for itself. And, even in colours, it is not to vie with shop display of colours "by the piece," nor to set forth all its powers at once in a full glare and blaze, and too often without other object and meaning than to display flags of strong unmixed colours. A painted window should be a whole, and have no one colour predominant, but be of infinite depths and degrees of tint and tone with one tendency. Nor should it aim at picture-making, however it may be adapted to the emblematical. It should never affect the absolutely real—the picture illusion: it is altogether of a world of thought and imagination belonging rather to the inner mind of the spectator than to his ordinary thought or vision. The very difficulty of the early manufacture was an advantage to it, for great brilliancy has resulted from the crossings and hatchings of the leaden fastenings; and now that we are enabled to hang up, as it were, flags of colour, the effect of those subduing subdivisions is gone.

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There is such a thing, so to speak, as the genius of a material. That genius, in the case of glass-painting, is not for picture. Surely Sir Joshua Reynolds made a great mistake when, in his window

for New College, he designed, as for canvass, a picture, and that for the most part without colour, which the genius of the material required. Nor by the largeness of his figures, and of the whole as a design, did he assist, or indeed at all agree with, the character of the architecture. In such instances many and small parts should make one whole, both for the advantage of the real magnitude of the particular work, and that the magnitude of the architecture be not lessened—a method, indeed, which the Gothic architecture studiously followed, in which even minute design and detail give largeness to all the leading lines. Daylight is never to be seen—an imaginary light is the all in all. In this respect it should be like a precious stone, which is best seen in all its infinite depths, in shade, out of all common glare. In the best specimens of old glass-painting the positive and strong colours were few, and in small spaces, and adjoining them was a frequent aiming at those which were almost opaque,—even black and greens, browns and purples, bordering on black. And if emblematic subjects were represented, they were in many compartments, as if the window were a large history-book with its many pages—a world of curious emblems, no one obtrusive. It is bad taste to fill up a whole window with even Raffaele's Transfiguration; either a picture or a large design is out of place, and dissonant to the genius of the art. One of the worst specimens of painted window is that in the Temple, all self-glorifying, painted as a savage would paint himself, in flags of colour as crude as possible. The genius of the art is for innumerable subdivisions, none obtruding, lest there be no whole. It should be of the light of a brighter world subduing itself, veiling its glory, and diffusing itself in mystic communication with the inner mind; and like that mind, one in feeling with all its varied depths of thought. Colour and transparency are the means of this beautiful art; but these, as they are very powerful require great judgment and determination of purpose in the use. The interwoven gold in the old tapestries was more effectually to separate the character of the material from the too close imitation of nature or the picture; so on the transparent material of glass, the crossing, and sometimes quaintly formed lead lines, always marked, answer the same purpose. Mr Cleghorn is too sparing of remarks and information on the art of painting on glass, which we the less regret, as we are shortly to have before the public the carefully gathered knowledge upon this subject from the pen and research of Mrs Merrifield. His chapter on tapestry is more full and interesting. We have not seen the specimens of a new kind invented by Miss King. It will be a boon to the public if, in its adoption, it supersedes, with a better richness, the Berlin work, at which ladies are now so unceasingly and so tastelessly employed. The *Art-Union* speaks highly of the invention. It is curious that, in modern times, a Raffaele tapestry should be destroyed to get at the gold. The anecdote is characteristic of the equally infidel French of 1798 and of the Jew—excepting that the Jew was ignorant of its value. Mr Cleghorn thus speaks of the celebrated cartoon tapestries—"They were sent to be woven at Arras, under the superintendence of Barnard Van Orley and Michael Coxes, who had been some years pupils of Raffaele. Two sets of these interesting tapestries were executed; but the deaths of Raffaele and the pontiff, and the intestine troubles, prevented them being applied to their intended destination. They were carried off by the Spaniards during the sack of Rome in 1526-7, and restored by the French general, Montmorency. They were first exhibited to the public by Paul IV. in front of the Basilica of St Peter's, on the festival of Corpus Domini, and again at the Beatification: a custom that was continued throughout part of the last century, and has again been resumed. *The French took them in 1798, and sold them to a Jew at Leghorn, who burned one of them—Christ's Descent into Limbus—to extract the gold with which it was interwoven.*"

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There is so much information in these little volumes, that were we to notice a small part of the passages which we have marked with the pencil, we should unduly lengthen this paper, which we can by no means be allowed to do. We here pause, intending, however, shortly to resume the pen on the subject of art, which now offers so many points of interest.

KAFFIRLAND.

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It is always with fresh interest that we address ourselves to the perusal of books relating to Great Britain's colonial possessions. The subject, daily increasing in importance, has the strongest claims upon our attention. In presence of a rapidly augmenting population, and of the prodigious progress of steam and machinery, the question naturally suggests itself—and more so in England than in any other country—how employment and support shall be found for the additional millions of human beings with which a few years (judging of the future from the past) will throng the surface of a country already densely and superabundantly populated? The problem, often discussed, has not yet been satisfactorily solved. Without broaching the complicated question of over-population and its antidotes, without attempting to decide when a country is to be deemed over-populated, we may assert, without fear of contradiction, that emigration is the simplest and most direct remedy for the state of plethora into which a nation must sooner or later be brought by a steady annual excess of births over deaths. It is a remedy to which more than one European state will ultimately be compelled to resort, however alleviation may previously be sought by temporising and theoretical nostrums, more palatable, perhaps, to the patient, but inadequate, if not wholly inefficacious and charlatanical. And, after all, emigration is no such insupportable prescription for a very ugly malady. Doubtless much may be said upon the cruelty of making exile a condition of existence; but sympathy on this score may also be carried too far, and degenerate into drivell. At first sight the decree appears cruel and tyrannical, until we investigate its source, and find it to proceed from no earthly potentate, but from that omniscient Being whose intention it never was that men should crowd together into nooks and corners, when vast continents and fruitful islands, untenanted save by beasts of the field, or by scanty bands of barbarians, woo to

their shores the children of labour and civilisation. Love of country, admirable as an incentive to many virtues, may be pushed beyond reasonable limits. It is so, we apprehend, when it prompts men to pine in penury and idleness upon the soil that gave them birth, rather than seek new fields for their industry and enterprise in uncultivated and vacant lands. What choice of these is afforded by England's vast and magnificent colonies! The emigrant may select almost his degree of latitude. And where Britannia's banner waves, and her laws are paramount, and the honest, kindly Anglo-Saxon tongue is the language of the land, there surely needs no great effort of imagination for a Briton to think himself still at home, though a thousand leagues of ocean roll between him and his native isle.

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Excepting that they all more or less refer to the British possessions at the Cape of Good Hope, it were difficult to find three books more distinct from each other in character than those whose titles we have assembled at the foot of last page. An ex-settler, an accomplished lady, and a shrewd sailor, have selected the same moment for the publication of their African experiences. As in gallantry bound, we give the precedence to the lady. Mrs Harriet Ward, wife of a captain of the 91st regiment of foot, is a keen-witted, high-spirited person; and, like most of her sex when they espouse a cause, a warm partisan of the feelings and opinions of those she loves and admires. She is an uncompromising assailant of the system pursued at the Cape, especially as regards our treaties with the Kaffirs, whom she very justly denounces as perfidious, bloody, and unclean savages, untameable, she fully believes, and with whom Whig officials and negotiators have been ridiculously lenient and confiding. Although some of her views are rather sweeping and severe, she is certainly right in the main. And we honour her for her heartiness in denouncing the nauseous humbug of the pseudo-philanthropists, whose manœuvres have had a most prejudicial effect upon our South African possessions, and have given to persons in this country notions completely erroneous concerning the rights and wrongs of the Kaffir question. But whilst blaming the administration of the colony, she finds the country itself fair and excellent and of great resource. Herein she differs from her contemporary, Mr George Nicholson, junior. This gentleman, lately a settler at the Cape, cannot be too highly lauded for the volume with which he has favoured the public. We are not quite sure, however, that the public will think as highly of it as we do. Our admiration is founded on the consistency of its tone; upon the steady, well-sustained grumble kept up throughout. The preface at once prepossessed us in favour of what was to follow. Intended, doubtless, as a dram of bitters to assist in the digestion of the subsequent sour repast, it consists of general depreciation of other works regarding the Cape, and especially of one by "a Mr Chase"—of sneers at "stay-at-home wiseacres" and hollow theorists—and of a vague accusation brought against certain colonial residents of "fomenting the warlike propensities of the neighbouring barbarians, to secure their own ends," grievously to the detriment and prejudice of their fellow-colonists. "The peculiar bent," says Mr Nicholson, "of each author's mind has, in general, been so far allowed to predominate as to exclude the hope of forming a correct estimate of the capabilities of the soil, climate, and other interesting features of this extensive country, by a perusal of their works." Could the author of "The Cape and its Colonists" read his book with somebody else's eyes, he would discover that his own "peculiar bent has been allowed to predominate," and that the consequences have been of the most gloomy description. Mr Nicholson is evidently a disappointed man. Either by his fault or misfortune, by the force of circumstances or his own bad management, his attempt to establish himself thrivingly at the Cape resulted unsatisfactorily; and this sufficiently accounts for the general tint of blue so conspicuous in his retrospective sketch of the scene of his mishaps. The particular spot where these occurred was a considerable tract of land (called a farm) in the district of Graaf Reinet, to arrive at which he steamed from Cape Town, where he had landed from England, to Port Elizabeth in Algoa Bay. The dismal aspect of this bay painfully affected him. He "had read some of the glowing descriptions given of this part of the country, by persons whose interest it is to entice over settlers by any means, even the most dishonest, in order to have the benefit of plucking them afterwards. It is true that I had not believed the El Dorado stories so current of this and other colonies, but my expectations had been raised sufficiently high to make the disappointment at the really desolate appearance of the place, perfect." The apparent desolation is accompanied by substantial disadvantages, which Mr Nicholson complacently enumerates. Water is scarce and brackish; there are no vegetables or fruit within twenty miles; hardly forage for a team of oxen; the town is built on sand, of which unceasing clouds are hurled by prevalent strong winds in the face of all comers. No wonder that the new settler, evidently indisposed to be easily pleased, made his escape as quickly as possible from so dreary a neighbourhood. Shipping himself, family, and chattels in an ox-waggon, he joyfully quitted Port Elizabeth on a splendid morning of the African autumn—that is to say, about the end of March or beginning of April, and set out for his property, over a road which he describes as a fair sample of Cape causeways, "nothing more than a series of parallel tracks made by the passage of waggons, from time to time, through the sand and jungle." Finding little to notice on his way, he takes the opportunity of having a fling at the missionaries, whom he describes as doing much harm, although actuated, as he is willing to believe, by the best of intentions. The stations serve as the headquarters of the idlest and most vagabond portion of the coloured population, who have only to affect a Christian disposition to find ready acceptance and refuge. "No sooner is a Hottentot, or other coloured servant, discontented or hopelessly lazy, than off he flies to the nearest station, where he can indulge in the greatest luxury he knows of—that of sleeping either in the sun or shade as his inclination may lead him, with the occasional variation of participating in the singing and praying exercises of the regular inhabitants of the place." If the zealous propagators of Christianity, who thus encourage the natural idleness of the natives, were successful in their attempts at conversion, it might be accepted as some compensation for the temporal evils and inconvenience they aid to inflict on a colony where servants are scarce and bad. But this is far from being the

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case. Mr Nicholson assures us (and we readily believe him) that it is very rare to find an individual whose moral conduct has been improved by a residence at a missionary station, and that for his part he prefers the downright heathen to the imperfect convert. Few of these coloured Christians have any distinct idea of the creed they profess; when able, which is seldom, to answer questions concerning its first principles, their replies are parrot-like and unintelligent. Against the general character of the missionaries nothing can be said; but they are throwing away time, and their employers are wasting money which might be employed to far greater advantage in England, or in other countries whose inhabitants, equally in want of religious instruction, are more capable of receiving and comprehending it than are the stolid aborigines of the Cape of Good Hope. Mr Nicholson does not dwell upon the subject of missionary labours in Africa, but compresses at the close of a chapter his opinions, which are sound and to the purpose. Mrs Ward says nothing on the matter, and we ourselves are not disposed to dilate upon it, having already often taken occasion to expose the folly of the system that sends preachers and bible-mongers to the remotest corners of the earth when such scope for their labours exists at home. Let us return to George Nicholson, his trials and tribulations.

These were manifold; and he makes the most of them. No encouraging signs or omens cheered his progress through the land, bidding his heart beat high with hope. At two days' journey from Port Elizabeth he halted for the night at a farm belonging to an Englishman of independent property, who received him hospitably, but assured him that sheep-breeding was a hopeless speculation, owing to the bad pasturage, to the bushy tangled nature of the country, and to the hyenas, there called wolves, who are most destructive. As he proceeded, pasturage improved, but other plagues were apparent. In some places water was as scarce as in an Arabian desert, and as much prized—collected in pits and husbanded with the utmost care. "The maps of the colony indicate rivers of the most encouraging description in this part of the country. But the district itself presents only a series of dry water-courses, leaving evident traces of their capability of containing water for some hours after storms." These sandy and deceitful gullies intersect "a frightful country, which can only be described as a succession of low undulations, covered with large shingles, between which the most debauched-looking stunted tufts of the poisonous and prickly euphorbia, with here and there a magnificent scarlet-headed aloe, forced their way." We are at a loss to know what the ex-colonist here means by the epithet "debauched-looking," unless he intends some obscure allusion to the thirsty and disreputable aspect of the brambles, remote as they were from the vicinity of any water except one spring of "Harrowgate, which, to judge from the nasty effluvia it produced, must have been possessed of rare healing qualities." The severe droughts are the destruction of the settlers, entailing terrible losses and often total ruin, and their pernicious effects are aggravated by flights of locusts. These the farmers do what they can to keep off by smoky fires and other means, sometimes with success; but even when the insect cloud pass over a field without ravaging it, they leave a memento of their transit in the shape of innumerable eggs. In due time the young generation come forth, and being wingless cannot be driven away, but hop about and ravage every thing till their wings grow, and a gale of wind takes them off to fresh pasturage. Mrs Ward's description of a flight of locusts is remarkably striking, and given with a vigour of phrase not often found in the productions of a female pen.

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"The first two years of our sojourn here, the locusts devastated the land. The prophet Joel describes this dreadful visitation as 'like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains,' 'like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble,' as 'a strong people set in battle array;' and any one who has ridden through a cloud of locusts must admit the description to be as true as it is sublime. On one occasion, at Fort Peddie, the cloud, flickering between us and the missionary station, half a mile distant, dazzled our eyes, and veiled the buildings from our sight; at last it rose, presenting its effects in some acres of barren stubble, which the sun had lit up in all the beauty of bright green a few hours before. Verily, the heavens seemed to tremble, and the sky was darkened by this 'great army,' which passed on, 'every one on his way,' neither 'breaking their ranks nor thrusting one another.' So they swept on, occupying a certain space between the heavens and the earth, and neither swerving from the path, extending the mighty phalanx, nor pausing in the course: the noise of their wings realising the idea of a 'flaming blast,' and their whole appearance typifying God's terrible threat of a 'besom of destruction.'

"'They shall walk every one in his path!' Nothing turns them from it. And if the traveller endeavours to force his way through them with unwonted rapidity, he is sure to suffer. I have ridden for miles at a sharp gallop through their legions, endeavouring to beat them off with my whip, but all to no purpose! Nothing turns them aside, and the poor horses bend down their heads as against an advancing storm, and make their way as best they can, snorting and writhing under the infliction of sharp blows on the face and eyes, which their riders endeavour to evade with as little success. You draw a long breath after escaping from a charge of locusts; and looking around you, you exclaim with the prophet, 'The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them!'"^[9]

Mr Nicholson's location included a tolerable house with mud floors and reed ceilings, and thirty-five thousand acres of mountain and plain, having the reputation of one of the best farms in the district. The cost of this was about £2000; and the property was calculated to maintain five or six thousand sheep, four hundred oxen, besides horses. There were four small springs, allowing the

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cultivation of about sixteen acres of good soil. Mr Nicholson, not wishing to overburden the land, bought only three thousand sheep, with cattle in proportion, and began the life (described by him as most discouraging and unprofitable) of a Cape of Good Hope sheep-farmer. Melancholy indeed is the account he gives of the profits and losses of that occupation. In the first place, high wages and good keep are scarcely sufficient inducement to the lazy Hottentots to take service; and when they are prevailed upon, they are scarce worth having. They are sent to the hills with the flocks, which they have to protect from beasts of prey, always on the look-out for a bit of straggling mutton. They themselves, however, are conspicuous for their rapacity, and by no means remarkable for honesty; and doubtless many a stray sheep is debited to the hyenas, of whose disappearance the Hottentots could give a very good account. The wild animals, however—panthers, jackals, hyenas, and, in some districts, lions—are amongst the settler's worst foes. These prowling carnivora preclude the possibility of leaving sheep out of doors after dark; and, even when penned, the fleecy family can hardly be considered safe. "In stormy weather," saith Nicholson, "my walled pens, although well bushed at top, and above six feet high, did not sufficiently protect me from great losses by the hyenas, which, on such occasions, would often jump over and kill sheep, and often carry one off in their mouths." This latter feat is rather astounding; but no matter, let us pass on to the next grievances of the unfortunate settler and sheep-farmer, grievances not peculiar to himself, but shared by all whose evil star guides them to the land of locusts and hyena. The diseases of sheep are numerous and fatal—scab, consumptive wasting, inflammation of the lungs, violent inflammatory epidemics, poisonous bushes and hailstones, drought and thunderbolts. "I recollect one of my neighbours losing upwards of three hundred valuable sheep in a few minutes from the effects of a hailstorm. Another farmer, living at no great distance from me, lost fifteen hundred sheep in one season from drought; and on my own farm, shortly before I became possessed of it, four hundred sheep were destroyed by lightning in a moment." Doubtless such mishaps as these do occur, but there is something particularly painful in Mr Nicholson's lugubrious style of piling them up, without intermixture of the smallest crumb of comfort for any unhappy individuals planning emigration to the Cape. Did he but vaunt the tender haunches and juicy saddles, the fine and profitable wool yielded by the remnant of these afflicted flocks! But touching the mutton he is mute; and as regards the produce of the fleeces, he pledges himself that, under the most favourable circumstances, they never yield more than four per cent on the value of the flock—a small enough remuneration, as it appears to us, unlearned, we confess, in ways of woollen. But we have not yet got to the worst of the story. Supposing a farmer fortunate, and that his flocks escape the multifarious evils above enumerated—that they are spared by the lightning's blast, the big hailstones, the inflammatory epidemic, and all the rest of it. Not upon that account may he rub his hands in jubilation, and reckon upon a good clip and high prices. He gets up one morning and finds his sheep converted into goats, or something little better. "Woolled sheep have a natural tendency to deterioration in this climate; and in a few generations, notwithstanding the greatest care, the wool begins to show a tendency to assimilate itself to the hairy nature of the coat, which, is the natural covering of the indigenous animal." So that, upon the whole, Mr Nicholson inclines to prefer goats to sheep, as stock, if properly attended to, and the utmost possible numbers kept. The profit is made out of the skin, fat, and flesh, and "those carcasses not required for food, might be boiled down for tallow." He perhaps overlooks, in this calculation, "the scarcity and bad quality of the fuel, composed of the dung dug out of the sheep pens, and stacked for the purpose." The present system, however, evidently does not answer, judging from his statement that there is not "one sheep-farmer in the Eastern Province (depending on the profits of his farm) who is either contented with the results of his farming, or is not grievously indebted to his storekeeper, except among the old-established and primitive Dutch families, who spend no money in manufactures, and have but little to spend, had they the habit." Is it unfair to argue, from this paragraph, the absence, on the part of the English colonists, of that frugal simplicity of living essential in a new country? A man settling in a country like the Cape, should be prepared to resign not only luxuries, but many things which in Europe are deemed positive necessities of life, but which, in the forest and prairie, may well be dispensed with. We infer, from certain passages in Mr Nicholson's book, that he and his fellow-colonists were rather above their position, too addicted to the comforts of England to submit to the privations of Africa, and that they augmented their expenses by procuring alleviations which their primitive Dutch neighbours cheerfully dispensed with. The Dutchmen, Mr Nicholson tells us, spend no money in manufactures. Then the English settlers' wives were evidently quite out of their element in the bush, or as occupants of houses mud-floored and roofed with reeds. "I have never," says Mr Nicholson, "seen an English woman in the colony, at all raised above the very poorest, who did not complain bitterly of the inconvenience she endured when living on a farm; and I really know nothing more affecting than the sight of the often elegant-minded and well-educated sheep-farmer's wife struggling with the drudgery of her situation, and repining fruitlessly at the deceptive accounts which had induced her husband to seek his fortune in South Africa." Here we, perhaps, have a clue to one cause of the jaundiced view the ex-settler takes of things at the Cape. The impossibility of obtaining the requisite domestic servants drove Mrs Nicholson from the sheep-farm in Graaf Reinet to the more agreeable residence of Cape Town, at a distance of eight hundred miles; and thenceforward her husband divided his time, as best he could, between domestic and farming duties. This seems an uncomfortable state of things. The want of the master's eye must have been sadly felt at the farm during his visits to Cape Town, and he must have lost much time and some patience in weary eight-hundred-mile journeys, performed, for the most part, on horseback.

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The Kaffir war is, of course, a prominent subject in the three books before us. We find least of it in that of Lieutenant Barnard, whose narrative is chiefly of things at sea, and most in Mrs Ward's volumes, which consist principally of details of that unsatisfactory contest. Mrs Ward and Mr

Nicholson concur in attributing to Whig mal-administration, and to the unwise treaties of Sir Andries Stockenstrom, the numerous disasters that of late years have afflicted the Cape, and the bloody and inglorious struggle that has cost this country upwards of three millions sterling. Here, again, is to be traced the hand and mischief-making tongue of the pseudo-philanthropists. By those tender-hearted gentry was the original impulse given to the series of changes which have done so much towards the ruin of a prosperous colony. First came a scream about the ill-treated Hottentots. These were certainly often ill-used by their Dutch masters, but that was surely no reason for emancipating them, by one summary ordinance, from every species of restraint. This, however, was the course adopted; and forthwith the Hottentot, by nature one of the most indolent of animals, spurned work, and took to idleness and dram-drinking. Since that fatal day, the race has degenerated and dwindled, and no doubt it will ultimately become extinct. Having thus, greatly to the detriment and inconvenience of the colonists, procured the Hottentots liberty, or rather license, the sympathisers extended their charitable exertions to Kaffirland. What pretext existed for this new crusade does not exactly appear, but its result was even more mischievous than their interference with the Hottentots. The Kaffirs were told of grievances they previously never had dreamed of, they were rendered unsettled and dissatisfied, (greedy and rapacious they already were,) and at last they poured into the colony, sweeping off the flocks and herds, murdering the peaceable settler, and setting the flaming brand to his roof-tree. This incursion, the ruin of thousands, at an end, the colonists set to work to repair damages, hoping for peace and a return of prosperity, when a new calamity came upon them. Mrs Ward shall describe it. [164]

"Suddenly there was a voice, which went through all the countries of the known earth, crying aloud, 'Let the slave be free!' Societies sent forth their ragged regiments, with banners on which the negro was depicted as an interesting child of nature, chained and emaciated, whilst a ruffian beside him held the lash over his head. 'The people' really imagined that the sugar plantations were worked by lanky negroes, handcuffed one to another. Elderly ladies, who abused their neighbours over their bohea, rejoiced in the prospect of 'emancipation and cheap sugar,' and the people, the dear 'people,' expected to get it for nothing. The Dutch were quite ready to listen to the voice that cried 'shame' at the idea of seizing our fellow-creatures, packing them like herrings in slave-ships, and bartering them in the market. But how to set about the remedy should have been considered. The chain was broken, and the people of England hurraed to their hearts' content. Meanwhile, what became of the slave? If he was young and vicious, away he went—he was his own master. He was free—he had the world before him where to choose. Whether true or false, he was persuaded he had been ill used. So, whilst his portrait, with a broken chain, sleek limbs, eyes uplifted to heaven, and hands clasped in speechless gratitude, was carried about the streets of our manufacturing towns in England, (where there was more starvation in one street than among the whole of the South African slave population,) the original of the picture was squatted beside the Kaffir's fire, thinking his meal of parched corn but poor stuff after the palatable dishes he had been permitted to cook for himself in the boer's or tradesman's kitchen." [10]

And the frugal, hard-working Dutchmen, an excellent ingredient in the population of a young country, finding themselves deprived of their slaves, insufficiently compensated, and in fifty ways prejudiced and inconvenienced by the clumsy and injudicious manner in which the emancipation had been carried out, brooded over the injustice done them, and began to migrate across various branches of Orange river towards the north-east corner of the colony, and finally beyond its boundary, preferring constant warfare with the Kaffirs, entailed upon them by the change, to submission to the new and vexatious ordinances, and to the enactments of the Stockenstrom treaties. These were in the highest degree absurd, although their framer was rewarded by a pension and title, as if he had done the state some service, instead of having actually been the main cause of the last Kaffir war. A ridiculous report got abroad, credited largely by stay-at-home philanthropists, and heartily laughed at by all who had any real knowledge of the subject, that the Kaffirs were a mild, peaceable, and ill-used people—in Exeter-Hall phrase, "a pastoral and patriarchal race." "It was imagined," says Mr Nicholson, "that they possessed a strong sense of honour and probity, and only desired to be guaranteed from the tyranny of the colonists, (poor lambs!); and a determination was accordingly come to, to make treaties with the chiefs, the performance of which could only be secured by their honourable observance of what was detrimental to the interests of themselves and their people, as they understood it." Now the truth of the matter is, that a more vicious and treacherous race than the Kaffirs would be sought in vain upon the face of the inhabited earth. They unite every evil quality. "The stalwart Kaffir," says Mrs Ward, "with his powerful form and air of calm dignity, beneath which are concealed the deepest cunning and the meanest principles. Some call the Kaffir brave. He is a thief, a liar, and a beggar, ready only to fight in ambush; and although, to use the common expression, he 'dies game,' his calmness is the result of sullenness." Cunning is the most prominent characteristic of this pleasing savage. "It makes them," says Lieutenant Barnard, "fully aware of the humanity of the English character, which prevents us from killing an unarmed man; so, when they find themselves taken unawares, they throw their arms into the bush, pretend to be friendly Kaffirs, and, in all probability, fire on our troops when they get to a convenient distance." It also taught them, during the former war, that they had no chance against Europeans unless they could procure firearms; to have time to get these, they joyfully concluded a treaty, and would have done so on far less favourable terms, never intending to abide by them. But those made were not sufficiently stringent to keep even civilised borderers in check. Some were laughed at, others [165]

evaded, whilst a third class defeated their own object. Here is the twenty-fourth article, as a sample of the last-named sort:—"If any person being in pursuit of criminals or depredators, or property stolen by them, shall not overtake or recover the same before he shall reach the said line, (colonial boundary;) and provided he can make oath that he traced the said criminals, &c., across a particular spot on said line; that the property, when stolen, was properly guarded by an armed herdsman; that the pursuit was commenced immediately after such property was stolen; that, if the robbery was committed in the night, the property had been (when stolen) properly secured in kraals, (folds,) stables, or the like; and that the pursuit, in such case, was commenced (at latest) early next morning, such person shall be at liberty to proceed direct to the *pakati*, (Kaffir police!)" and (we abridge the *verbiage*) to make his affidavit and continue his pursuit, "*provided he do not go armed, or accompanied by armed British subjects.*" Was there ever any thing more absurd than the formalities here prescribed for the recovery of property from a set of cattle-lifters, in comparison with whom a Scottish borderer of the olden time was a man of truth and conscience, and a respecter of neighbours' rights? It explains, if it does not quite justify, the fierce personal attack made by Nicholson the sheep-farmer upon the negotiator of such foolish treaties, whom he designates pretty plainly, without positively naming him. Mrs Ward, too lady-like and well-bred to descend to personalities—save in the case of Kaffirs, whom at times she does most lustily vituperate—contents herself with blaming acts without attacking individuals. The wily Kaffirs, with whom theft is a virtue, were not slow to discover the facilities afforded them, and stole cattle to a greater extent than ever. Persuaded, moreover, that such regulations could be prompted only by the weakness of the framers, they looked forward with glee to overrunning the entire colony at their leisure. They only waited till they should have sufficient muskets and cartridges. These they easily obtained; there was no lack of unpatriotic white traders ready and willing to supply them. This done, the warwhoop was raised, and hostilities recommenced,—the Kaffirs confident of victory. There had been so much parleying and lawyers'-work with them, threats had so often been uttered and so seldom carried out, that the savages had formed an immense idea of their own consequence and power. Whilst the hollow peace lasted, their constant and imperious cry was "*Bassila!*" Give!—when the mask of friendship was thrown aside, they burst into the colony, desolating in their progress as a swarm of locusts; and if assailed by the scanty forces that could at first be brought against them, they plunged into the tangled bush, and, with levelled gun and assegai, shouted "*Izapa!*" Come on! From the evidence of Mrs Ward's own pages, we think she hardly does them justice in classing them with poltroons. They appear to have made good fight on many occasions. And if the white feather be so conspicuous an ornament in their savage head-dress, on what ground can she claim such great credit for the troops that overcame them, and talk of the war as one "not so noble in its details as those of the days of Napoleon, but far more glorious in its results." Here she evidently writes from the heat and impulse of the moment, as she does in some other parts of her book. To this we do not object, but rather prefer it to the cautious and circumspect manner in which most writers, especially male ones, would have extolled the deeds of the South African army, whose sole opportunities of distinction were in petty skirmishes with undisciplined and naked barbarians. Not that the Kaffirs could be considered as foes of the most contemptible class. With a monkey-like faculty of imitation, they caught up smatterings of European tactics. "Day by day," we quote Mr Barnard, "they get more expert in the use of fire-arms, and are observant of our least movements, that I have heard officers describe their throwing out skirmishers as quite equal to our own manœuvres." They also attempt stratagems, often with success. It is a common trick with them to ensnare small parties of the enemy by leaving a few cattle grazing at the edge of a thicket, in which they conceal themselves, and when their opponents approach, issue forth and assail them. In this manner were entrapped Captain Gibson and Dr Howell, of the Rifles, and the Honourable Mr Chetwynd, who, as new-comers to the colony, were not up to the hackneyed decoy. The Kaffirs, on the other hand, are too cunning to be often taken unawares, although we read of a few successful surprises in Mrs Ward's chronicle of the campaign. Colonel Somerset, the gallant commander of the Cape mounted Rifles, is the hero of one of these, upon which Mrs Ward dwells with peculiar complacency. A small division of troops had halted to bivouac, when an officer's horse ran away, and carried him over a hill, past a "clump of Kaffirs" six hundred strong. Reining in with great difficulty, he dashed back and made his report. What ensued is described in appropriate style by our martial and dashing authoress.

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"Colonel Somerset lifted his cap from his head, gave three hearty cheers and shouted, 'Major Gibsons, (7th Dragoon Guards,) return carbines, draw swords, charge!' 'Hurrah!' was echoed back; and on they dashed, dragoons, Cape corps, burghers, Hottentots, and Fingos. They found the enemy up and in position. Such a *mêlée*! The cavalry dashed through the phalanx of Kaffirs, and for want of more cavalry to support them, dashed back again! A Hottentot soldier, one of the sturdy Cape corps, having two horses given him to take care of, charged unarmed, save his sword, and with a horse in each hand. There was great slaughter amongst the enemy.... Such Kaffirs as could not escape fell down exhausted and cried for mercy: there was a great deal of cunning in this,—they would have stabbed any one who approached near enough to them to offer a kind word. They had all had enough, however, of meeting a combined force of dragoons and Cape corps, and no doubt the latter tried to surpass themselves. Those gallant little Totties are an untiring and determined band. How little do we know in England of the courage and smartness of the Hottentot!"

A very wholesome lesson for the Kaffirs, two hundred of whom were killed, and a good many more wounded, but rather an inglorious victory for regular cavalry—so, at least, it strikes us, when we contemplate, in one of Mrs Ward's illustrations, a parcel of naked monsters, more like

Mexican apes than men, howling and capering, and hurling javelins at an advancing party of infantry. Any "phalanx" formed by these uncouth barbarians, would be, we should think, of a very loose description, and not likely to oppose much resistance to the charge of her Majesty's 7th Dragoon Guards, backed by the mounted Rifles, who in spite of black skin, diminutive stature, and cucumber shanks, are admitted on all hands to be very efficient light cavalry—the best, probably, for warfare against savages. It were well, perhaps, to increase their numbers; or at any rate, if cavalry *must* be sent out from England, it were surely advisable to select it of the lightest description. Dragoon guards are excellent in their place, first-rate fellows to oppose to helmeted Frenchmen or Germans; but the Cape is by no means their place, and Kaffirs are not cuirassiers. It is like hunting weasels with wolf-hounds; the very size and power of the dogs impede them in the pursuit of their noxious and contemptible prey. There is one point of difference, however, and by no means in favour of the dragoons; weasels do not carry loaded muskets, which Kaffirs habitually do, firing them off whenever occasion offers, from behind bushes, out of wolf-holes, or from any other sequestered and sheltered position, where it is impossible for the heavy six-foot-long dragoon guardsmen to get at them. Red jackets, glittering accoutrements, and tall figures make up a capital mark for the bullet of a lurking foe; and the unfortunate warriors go perspiring through the bush, with the thermometer at 120° in the shade, cursing the Kaffirs, but rarely catching them, their clattering scabbards betraying their approach, and their lofty helmets visible, leagues off, to the keen-eyed savage. Local corps—the native article—are unquestionably the proper thing at the Cape; the patient Hottentot and plucky Fingo bear heat, hunger, and fatigue far better than the beef-fed Englishman. "The Hottentot will smile quietly when there is neither food nor water, and draw his girdle of famine^[11] tighter round his waist, and travel on under the sun uncomplainingly." The Fingos, when hard run for rations, sometimes eat the bullock-hide shields that form part of their defensive equipment. These Fingos, by the way, are rather remarkable fellows. The word *Fingo* means slave, and for a long period the tribe that bore the name were in worse than Egyptian bondage. They were the serfs of the pitiless Kaffirs, until Sir Benjamin de Urban rescued them. "On the 7th May," says Sir James Alexander, in his sketches of Western Africa, "I witnessed a most interesting sight, and one which causes this day to be of immense importance in the annals of South Africa. It was no less than the flight of the Fingo nation, seventeen thousand in number, from Amakose bondage, guarded by British troops, and on their way across the Kei, to find a new country under British protection." Although an indolent race, fond of basking in the sun, and who will not even hunt until driven to it by hunger, they fought bravely during the last war, proving themselves, in many engagements, better men than their former taskmasters, who to this day never speak of them but as their "dogs." Fingo costume, as described by Mrs Ward, is rather original than civilised. They ornament their heads with jackals' tails, ostrich plumes, beads, wolves' teeth, &c. Across their shoulders is the skin of a beast, around their waist a kilt of monkey tails, and they bear enormous shields, on which they sometimes beat time as on a drum. "They will lie down on the watch for hours, and imitate the cries of animals to attract the attention of the Kaffirs, who find themselves encountered by creatures of their own mould, instead of the wolf or the jackal, as they expected. Sometimes, on the other hand, the Kaffirs will encircle the Fingos, and dance round them, yelling frightfully—now roaring like a lion, now hissing like a serpent; but it is seldom the Kaffirs conquer the Fingos, unless the latter are inferior in numbers." Notwithstanding their monkified manœuvres, the Fingos have been found very useful. Nay, the very Bushmen, (the real aborigines of South Africa,) of which diminutive and miserable race specimens were recently exhibited in England, were availed of as allies during the war—a detachment of them, armed with poisoned arrows, accompanying the British forces. This may appear rather derogatory to British humanity, but all is fair when Kaffirs are the foe. The cruelties of these savages exceed belief. Mrs Ward regales us with a few of their barbarous exploits, and details the tortures inflicted on the unhappy wretches who fell into their hands. A soldier of the 91st regiment, caught straggling, was flayed alive, the little children being permitted, by way of a treat, to assist in tormenting him. Another was burned to death. We find no account of quarter ever being given. And Kaffir impudence equals Kaffir cruelty. When they found themselves getting the worst of the fight, after sustaining a reverse of unusual severity, they would coolly send ambassadors to the British to know "why war was made upon them," and to request permission to "plant their corn" in peace.

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"After the affair at Fort Peddie, Stock, a T'Slambie chief, sent messengers to complain of *our attacks upon him*, when he, too, was 'sitting still,' and only wished to be allowed to 'watch his father Eno's grave!' Very pathetic indeed! This would sound most pastoral and poetical in Exeter Hall. Stock *was*, no doubt, 'sitting still' beside 'his father's grave,' but his people were at work, plundering, burning, murdering, torturing, and mutilating the troops and colonists, *whilst* he 'sat still' and approved. He should have protected that sacred spot, and kept the neighbourhood of Fort Peddie clear of marauders."^[12]

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Mrs Ward writes like a man. We mean this in no uncomplimentary sense; on the contrary. Her clear, natural, and lively style has a masculine vigour and concision; her opinions are bold and decided. To those she emits upon the subject of the colony and its prospects, we are inclined to attach considerable weight. Women are keen observers, and Mrs Ward is evidently no ordinary woman, but a person of great energy and penetration. We more willingly rely on the observations made during her marches and countermarches, in her equestrian rambles and at outquarters, than on the croaking experiences of our friend the sheep-farmer. A soldier's daughter and wife—a life of change, hardship, and danger, has quickened her perceptions and ripened her judgment.

"When I read the miserable account from Ireland of its past year's woe, and the wretched prospect for the next, I long to hear of ships making their way to Algoa Bay,

with emigrants from that country. Some have arrived within the last few weeks, and employment and provision have been met with at once. Under another system, affording protection to the settler, this country will afford a refuge to the starving population of Ireland. Well might Sir Henry Pottinger be struck with the capabilities and resources of this fine colony, as he travelled through it. Here is a vast and fertile space, comparatively free, at this moment, from the murderous heathen.... An industrious population, located in sections, would be the best protection for the country; and a well-organised militia, or police force, might be formed from those who are likely to die of cold and famine at home. Until such locations can be established, more troops will be required; the country we have added to our possessions must be held by might, and to do this, a living wall, bristling with arms, is necessary.

"The village of Bathurst, in the district of Lower Albany, may be said to defend itself to its best ability. This pretty settlement has risen and flourished under the patient labour of emigrants, sent thither in 1820, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Duke of Newcastle. The labourer, the mechanic, the unthriving tradesman, the servant without work, may not only find employment, but are absolutely wanted here. The former may plant his three, and sometimes four crops of potatoes in the year, to say nothing of other produce, and manifold resources of gain and comfort. It is singular that, whilst our fellow creatures in Great Britain, in 1847, were suffering from the failure of their crops, the gardens of corn, pumpkin, &c., in Kaffirland, were more than usually productive.

"The miserable mechanics from our crowded manufacturing districts may here earn six shillings a-day with ease; the ruined tradesman of England, with a jail staring him in the face, will meet a welcome here, where opposition in trade is required, to promote industry, honesty, and civility; and the youths of Ireland, instead of arming themselves for rebellious purposes, may, in this colony, serve their Queen honourably, by protecting their fellow creatures from the aggressions of the savage."^[13]

Favourable and encouraging accounts, contrasting strongly with Mr Nicholson's melancholy reports! That gentleman's book, if read and credited, is of itself enough to stop emigration to the country whither Mrs Ward thus strongly advocates it. And we must bear in mind, moreover, that the colonial districts of the Cape include the least fertile and valuable portion of South Africa. The finest pastures and most healthy tracts are held by Hottentots, Kaffirs, and Fingos. Savages, experience teaches us, recede and dwindle on the advance of the white man. Increase the population of the Cape Colony, and in due time the colonists will push their way. But Mr Nicholson strongly objects to such increase, and holds it unwise and impracticable. We cannot repeat, even in a compressed form, all the gloomy statements of his eighth chapter, but will just glance at one or two of its points. In the first place, in the country which, as Mrs Ward maintains, would receive "the starving population of Ireland," and be the better for their arrival, so long as they were willing to work, Mr Nicholson can only make room for one thousand of the humbler classes of emigrants. This, he opines, "would be the greatest number who could obtain employment suited to the capacities and habits of decent labouring people." They are to be principally female house-servants, cooks, housemaids, and nurses; and with respect to the few out-door labourers he is disposed to admit, those, he tells us, "would succeed best who, without having previously followed any particular occupation so closely as to be almost unfitted for any other, can, as the term is, 'turn their hands to any thing.'" Married men, in his opinion, should not go out at all. These are certainly singular doctrines, rather contrary to received notions concerning emigration, as well as to Mrs Ward's opinions. As to persons of a superior class going out to take farms, expecting to live upon their produce, Mr Nicholson treats the idea as utterly visionary and chimerical. Such persons must possess an independent income, in addition to what it may be necessary to invest in a farm. The question then is, how do the Dutch manage? since the "late resident" admits the superior success and contentedness found amongst the Boërs, and which were far more evident before the wealthiest and most intelligent of them had left the colony, to seek at Port Natal refuge from foolish legislation, and from the slave-emancipating absurdities of the philanthropists. May not an answer be found in the following extract?—"It must be admitted that a British population is of more intrinsic value than a colonial Dutch one; but then the latter has, by long experience, been taught *to moderate hopes and necessities within a compass little in accordance with the go-a-head notions of the present race of Englishmen of all classes of society.*" Of course if "fast men" go out to settle at the Cape, with Captain Harris's book of South African sports and a case of rifles and fowling-pieces for chief baggage, and with expectations of finding in the bush grand-pianos for their wives, and rocking-horses for their first-born, they are likely to be exceedingly discontented on discovering hard work and many privations to be the necessary conditions of life in a new country. But Mr Nicholson is evidently not one of those easily-pleased persons, who put up with present disagreeables in hopes of a more prosperous future. To be sure, he denies the possibility of any amount of energy, knowledge, and industry procuring the emigrant a settled and comfortable position. "When all this energy must be expended in an often vain effort to prevent loss, or to overcome difficulties, the control of which will only have a conservative, and not a progressive effect on the settler's circumstances, its constant exercise soon sickens, and the consequences will be despair and misery." We should put more faith in these deplorable accounts, were they supported by the evidence of other writers on the subject; but we know of none who partake Mr Nicholson's dismal views, at least to any thing like the same extent. And his whole book breathes a spirit of discontent and depreciation that makes us regard it with distrust, as the splenetic effusion of a

man soured by ill success. With him, from Dan to Beersheba, all is barren; or, if exceptional fertility here and there prevails, it is neutralised by an accumulation of evils.

"The farmer is, in this country, always checkmated, as it were, by the natural order of things: luxuriant-looking pasturage is of poisonous quality, and the more wholesome kinds scanty in quantity, and liable to be fatally diminished by dry seasons. Crops of corn and all kinds of vegetables grow most abundantly, and are cultivated at but little expense, in most parts of Albany; frequent and heavy losses in wheat crops, however, may be expected from the 'rust,' and less frequent and more partial destruction from the attacks of locusts. When a large general yield of grain occurs, it must be sold at a very low figure, as there is great difficulty in preserving it for better prices, for want of granaries and barns, which would be too expensive to erect, and would, after all, but ineffectually guarantee it from the attacks of the numerous animals and insects which swarm in this climate. If sold for a good price in such a season, to persons inhabiting other districts where the crops may have failed, the expenses of transport would form a serious item of deduction from the general profit."^[14]

May we be a breakfast for hippopotami, if there is a possibility of pleasing George Nicholson, junior, Esq.! Here is a catalogue of calamities! How he baffles the unfortunate settler at every turn with some fresh and inevitable disaster! When grass abounds, it is poisonous, and, when wholesome, there is none of it! The rust and the locust conspire to destroy the wheat: when it escapes both, it must be sold for next to nothing, because it is not worth while building barns to store it. And if a Cape farmer *were* extravagant enough to build a granary, insects and animals would empty it for him! Insects, animals, and reptiles certainly are the curse of the country—certain descriptions of them, at least. Snakes are very abundant, and nearly all deadly in their bite. In the fertile district of Zwellendam they abound, and frequently occasion severe loss by biting the sheep. Amongst the beasts of prey, lions are getting thinned by the guns of Boërs, settlers, and English officers; the jackals and hyenas are cowardly creatures, and fly from man, but play the mischief with the flocks. The rhinoceros is an ugly customer when provoked, but far less so than he would be were his sight better, and his difficulty in turning his stiff carcass less. The lumbering hippopotamus abounds in most of the rivers, and is shot from the banks by huntsmen hidden amongst the bushes; he is sometimes also taken in pitfalls, with a sharp stake at the bottom, which impales any unfortunate animal chancing to fall in. His teeth are more valuable than elephant ivory, and his flesh—especially the fat, which, when salted, eats like bacon—is greatly esteemed by both colonists and natives. The plains are in some places infested by colonies of small animals, rather larger than the squirrel, and obnoxious to the horseman, "who form a kind of warren in the softer and more sandy portions of the plain, which break in with the horse, and bury him up to his shoulders in the dust and rubbish, amongst which the rider is pretty sure of finding himself on his back." But if dangerous beasts and troublesome vermin are too plentiful in the colony, this annoyance is compensated by an extraordinary abundance of useful and profitable animals. Numerous varieties of the stag and antelope overrun the plains. Mr Nicholson, whom we suspect of a more decided predilection for the sportsman's double-barrel than for the crook and tar-barrel of the sheep-farmer, speaks in the highest terms of field-sports at the Cape, although, faithful to his system of flying off from a subject almost as soon as he touches upon it, he gives few details, hinting diffidence in approaching that subject after Harris's famous book. The little he does say impresses us with the idea of a glorious supply of venison and other choice meats. We read of twenty thousand antelopes in sight at one time; of a column of spring-bucks (a variety of the same family) fifteen miles in length, and so closely packed, that nine fell at one discharge from a large gun. The extensive forest of the Zitikama, which supplies the colony with timber, abounds in buffalo, boar, and antelope, in pheasants, partridges, and guinea-fowl. The keen sportsman, not wedded to the pleasures of a city, will find abundant pastime and recreation in so gamy a land as this; and, when wearied by the monotonous occupations of his farm, may, almost without losing sight of browsing herds and drowsy Hottentots, pleasantly beguile an hour by stalking a "blesbok" or circling a bustard—the latter process consisting in riding round the birds in large but decreasing circles, which evolution, if skilfully performed, causes them to lie close till the horse walks them up. Such is the manoeuvre advocated and practised by Mr Nicholson, who, having at last left off grumbling, and begun to be amusing, prematurely closes his very brief volume, as if afraid of writing himself into good humour on his favourite subject of sporting, and of retracting some portion of his previous depreciation of a colony which, with due deference for his opinion and verdict, we persist in considering a land of great promise to frugal, hardy, and industrious emigrants.

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THE CAXTONS.—PART V.

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CHAPTER XV.

In setting off the next morning, the Boots, whose heart I had won by an extra sixpence for calling me betimes, good-naturedly informed me that I might save a mile of the journey, and have a very pleasant walk into the bargain, if I took the footpath through a gentleman's park, the lodge of which I should see about seven miles from the town.

"And the grounds are showed too," said the Boots, "if so be you has a mind to stay and see 'em. But don't you go to the gardener, he'll want half-a-crown; there's an old 'oman at the lodge, who will show you all that's worth seeing,—the walks and the big cascade—for a tizzy. You may make use o' my name," he added proudly, "Bob, boots at the Lion. She be a *haunt* o' mine, and she minds them that come from me pertiklerly."

Not doubting that the purest philanthropy actuated these counsels, I thanked my shockheaded friend, and asked carelessly to whom the park belonged?

"To Muster Trevanion, the great parliament man," answered the Boots. "You has heard o' him, I guess, sir?"

I shook my head, surprised, every hour, more and more, to find how very little there was in it.

"They takes in the *Moderate Man's Journal* at the Lamb; and they say in the tap there that he's one of the cleverest chaps in the House o' Commons," continued the Boots in a confidential whisper. "But we takes in the *People's Thunderbolt* at the Lion, and we knows better this Muster Trevanion: he is but a trimmer,—milk and water,—no *horator*,—not the right sort,—you understand?"

Perfectly satisfied that I understood nothing about it, I smiled, and said, "Oh yes;" and, slipping on my knapsack, commenced my adventures; the Boots bawling after me, "Mind, sir, you tells *haunt* I sent you!"

The town was only languidly putting forth symptoms of returning life, as I strode through the streets; a pale sickly unwholesome look on the face of the slothful Phœbus had succeeded the feverish hectic of the past night; the artisans whom I met glided past me, haggard and dejected; a few early shops were alone open; one or two drunken men, emerging from the lanes, sallied homeward with broken pipes in their mouths; the bills stuck on the walls, with large capitals, calling attention to "Best family teas at 4s. a-lb.;" "the arrival of Mr Sloman's caravan of wild beasts," and Dr Do'em's "Paracelsian Pills of Immortality," stared out dull and uncheering from the walls of tenantless dilapidated houses in that chill sunrise which favours no illusion. I was glad when I had left the town behind me, and saw the reapers in the corn-fields, and heard the chirp of the birds. I arrived at the lodge of which the Boots had spoken: a pretty rustic building half concealed by a belt of plantations, with two large iron gates for the owner's friends, and a small turn-stile for the public, who, by some strange neglect on his part, or sad want of interest with the neighbouring magistrates, had still preserved a right to cross the rich man's domains, and look on his grandeur, limited to compliance with a reasonable request mildly stated on the notice-board, "to keep to the paths." As it was not yet eight o'clock, I had plenty of time before me to see the grounds, and, profiting by the economical hint of the Boots, I entered the lodge, and inquired for the old lady who was *haunt* to Mr Bob. A young woman, who was busied in preparing breakfast, nodded with great civility to this request, and hastening to a bundle of clothes which I then perceived in the corner, she cried, "Grandmother, here's a gentleman to see the cascade."

The bundle of clothes then turned round, and exhibited a human countenance, which lighted up with great intelligence as the grand-daughter, turning to me, said with simplicity—"She's old, honest cretur, but she still likes to earn a sixpence, sir;" and taking a crutch-staff in her hand, while her grand-daughter put a neat bonnet on her head, this industrious gentlewoman sallied out at a pace which surprised me. [172]

I attempted to enter into conversation with my guide; but she did not seem much inclined to be sociable, and the beauty of the glades and groves which now spread before my eyes reconciled me to silence.

I have seen many fine places since then, but I do not remember to have seen a landscape more beautiful in its peculiar English character than that which I now gazed on. It had none of the feudal characteristics of ancient parks, with giant oaks, fantastic pollards, glens covered with fern, and deer grouped upon the slopes; on the contrary, in spite of some fine trees, chiefly beech, the impression conveyed was that it was a new place—a made place. You might see ridges on the lawns which showed where hedges had been removed; the pastures were parcelled out in divisions by new wire-fences; young plantations, planned with exquisite taste, but without the venerable formality of avenues and quincunxes, by which you know the parks that date from Elizabeth and James, diversified the rich extent of verdure; instead of deer, were short-horned cattle of the finest breed—sheep that would have won the prize at an agricultural show. Every where there was the evidence of improvement—energy—capital; but capital clearly not employed for the mere purpose of return. The ornamental was too conspicuously predominant amidst the lucrative, not to say eloquently—"The owner is willing to make the most of his land, but not the most of his money."

But the old woman's eagerness to earn sixpence had impressed me unfavourably as to the character of the master. "Here," thought I, "are all the signs of riches; and yet this poor old woman, living on the very threshold of opulence, is in want of a sixpence."

These surmises, in the indulgence of which I piqued myself on my penetration, were strengthened into convictions by the few sentences which I succeeded at last in eliciting from the old woman.

"Mr Trevanion must be a rich man," said I.

"O ay, rich eno'!" grumbled my guide.

"And," said I, surveying the extent of shrubbery or dressed ground through which our way wound, now emerging into lawns and glades, now belted by rare garden trees, now (as every inequality of the ground was turned to advantage in the landscape) sinking into the dell, now climbing up the slopes, and now confining the view to some object of graceful art or enchanting nature:—"And," said I, "he must employ many hands here—plenty of work, eh!"

"Ay, ay—I don't say that he don't find work for those who want it. But it aint the same place it wor in my day."

"You remember it in other hands, then?"

"Ay, ay! When the Hogtons had it, honest folk! My goodman was the gardener—none of these set-up fine gentlemen who can't put hand to a spade."

Poor faithful old woman!

I began to hate the unknown proprietor. Here clearly was some mushroom usurper who had bought out the old simple hospitable family, neglected its ancient servants, left them to earn tizzies by showing waterfalls, and insulted their eyes by his selfish wealth.

"There's the water, all sp^l't—it warn't so in my day," said the guide.

A rivulet, whose murmur I had long heard, now stole suddenly into view, and gave to the scene the crowning charm. As, relapsing into silence, we tracked its silvan course, under dipping chestnuts and shady limes—the house itself emerged on the opposite side—a modern building, of white stone, with the noblest Corinthian portico I ever saw in this country.

"A fine house, indeed," said I. "Is Mr Trevanion here much?"

"Ay, ay—I don't mean to say that he goes away altogether, but it aint as it wor in my day, when the Hogtons lived here all the year round in their warm house, not that one."

Good old woman, and these poor banished Hogtons! thought I: hateful parvenu! I was pleased when a curve in the shrubberies shut out the house from view, though in reality bringing us nearer to it. And the boasted cascade, whose roar I had heard for some moments, came in sight. [173]

Amidst the Alps, such a waterfall would have been insignificant, but contrasting ground highly dressed, with no other bold features, its effect was striking, and even grand. The banks were here narrowed and compressed; rocks, partly natural, partly no doubt artificial, gave a rough aspect to the margin; and the cascade fell from a considerable height into rapid waters, which my guide mumbled out were "mortal deep."

"There wor a madman leapt over where you be standing," said the old woman, "two years ago last June."

"A madman! why," said I, observing, with an eye practised in the gymnasium of the Hellenic Institute, the narrow space of the banks over the gulf which veiled the falls—"Why, my good lady, it need not be a madman to perform that leap."

And so saying, with one of those sudden impulses which it would be wrong to ascribe to the noble quality of courage, I drew back a few steps, and cleared the abyss. But when, from the other side, I looked back at what I had done, and saw that failure had been death, a sickness came over me, and I felt as if I would not have re-leaped the gulf to have become lord of the domain.

"And how am I to get back?" said I, in a forlorn voice, to the old woman, who stood staring at me on the other side—"Ah, I see there is a bridge below."

"But you can't go over the bridge; there's a gate on it; master keeps the key himself. You are in the private grounds now. Dear—dear! the Squire would be so angry if he knew. You must go back; and they'll see you from the house! Dear me! dear—dear! What shall I do? Can't you leap back agin?"

Moved by these piteous exclamations, and not wishing to subject the poor old lady to the wrath of a master, evidently an unfeeling tyrant, I resolved to pluck up courage and re-leap the dangerous abyss.

"Oh yes—never fear," said I, therefore. "What's been done once ought to be done twice, if needful. Just get out of my way, will you?"

And I receded several paces over a ground much too rough to favour my run for a spring. But my heart knocked against my ribs. I felt that impulse can do wonders where preparation fails.

"You had best be quick then," said the old woman.

Horrid old woman! I began to esteem her less. I set my teeth, and was about to rush on, when a voice close beside me said—

"Stay, young man; I will let you through the gate."

I turned round sharply, and saw close by my side, in great wonder that I had not seen him before, a man, whose homely (but not working) dress seemed to intimate his station as that of the head-

gardener, of whom my guide had spoken. He was seated on a stone under a chestnut-tree, with an ugly cur at his feet, who snarled at me as I turned.

"Thank you, my man!" said I joyfully. "I confess frankly that I was very much afraid of that leap."

"Ho! Yet you said what can be done once can be done twice."

"I did not say it *could* be done, but *ought* to be done."

"Humph! that's better put."

Here the man rose—the dog came and smelt my legs; and then, as if satisfied with my respectability, wagged the stump of his tail.

I looked across the waterfall for the old woman, and, to my surprise, saw her hobbling back as fast as she could.

"Ah!" I said I laughing, "the poor old thing is afraid you'll tell her master—for you're the head-gardener, I suppose? But I'm the only person to blame. Pray say that, if you mention the circumstance at all;" and I drew out half-a-crown, which I proffered to my new conductor.

He put back the money with a low "Humph!—not amiss." Then, in a louder voice, "No occasion to bribe me, young man; I saw it all."

"I fear your master is rather hard to the poor Hogtons' old servants."

"Is he? Oh! humph—my master. Mr Trevanion you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, I dare say people say so. This is the way," and he led me down a little glen away from the fall.

Every body must have observed, that after he has incurred or escaped a great danger, his spirits rise wonderfully—he is in a state of pleasing excitement. So it was with me. I talked to the gardener à *cœur ouvert*, as the French say: and I did not observe that his short monosyllables in rejoinder all served to draw out my little history—my journey, its destination; my schooling under Dr Herman, and my father's great book. I was only made somewhat suddenly aware of the familiarity that had sprung up between us, when, just as, having performed a circuitous meander, we regained the stream and stood before an iron gate, set in an arch of rock-work, my companion said simply—"And your name, young gentleman? What's your name?"

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I hesitated a moment; but having heard that such communications were usually made by the visitors of show places, I answered—"Oh! a very venerable one, if your master is what they call a bibliomaniac—Caxton."

"Caxton!" cried the gardener with some vivacity. "There is a Cumberland family of that name—"

"That's mine; and my Uncle Roland is the head of that family."

"And you are the son of Augustine Caxton?"

"I am; you have heard of my dear father, then?"

"We will not pass by the gate now. Follow me—this way;" and my guide, turning abruptly round, strode up a narrow path, and the house stood a hundred yards before me ere I had recovered my surprise.

"Pardon me," said I; "but where are we going, my good friend?"

"Good friend—good friend! Well said, sir. You are going amongst good friends. I was at college with your father. I loved him well. I knew a little of your uncle too. My name is Trevanion."

Blind young fool that I was! The moment my guide told his name, I was struck with amazement at my unaccountable mistake. The small, insignificant figure took instant dignity; the homely dress, of rough, dark broadcloth, was the natural and becoming *deshabille* of a country gentleman in his own demesnes. Even the ugly cur became a Scotch terrier of the rarest breed.

My guide smiled good-naturedly at my stupor; and patting me on the shoulder, said—

"It is the gardener you must apologise to, not me. *He* is a very handsome fellow, six feet high."

I had not found my tongue before we had ascended a broad flight of stairs under the portico; passed a spacious hall, adorned with statues and fragrant with large orange-trees; and, entering a small room, hung with pictures, in which were arranged all the appliances for breakfast, my companion said to a lady, who rose from behind the tea-urn, "My dear Ellinor—I introduce to you the son of our old friend Augustine Caxton. Make him stay with us as long as he can. Young gentleman, in Lady Ellinor Trevanion think that you see one whom you ought to know well—family friendships should descend."

"My host" said these last words in an imposing tone, and then pounced on a letter-bag on the table, drew forth an immense heap of letters and newspapers, threw himself into an arm-chair, and seemed perfectly forgetful of my existence.

The lady stood a moment in mute surprise, and I saw that she changed colour, from pale to red,

and red to pale, before she came forward with the enchanting grace of unaffected kindness, took me by the hand, drew me to a seat next to her own, and asked so cordially after my father, my uncle, my whole family, that in five minutes I felt myself at home. Lady Ellinor listened with a smile (though with moistened eyes, which she wiped every now and then) to my *naïve* details. At length she said—

"Have you never heard your father speak of me—I mean of us—of the Trevanions?"

"Never," said I bluntly; "and that would puzzle me, only my dear father, you know, is not a great talker."

"Indeed! He was very animated, when I knew him," said Lady Ellinor, and she turned her head and sighed.

At this moment there entered a young lady, so fresh, so blooming, so lovely, that every other thought vanished out of my head at once. She came in singing, as gay as a bird, and seeming to my adoring sight quite as native to the skies.

"Fanny," said Lady Ellinor, "shake hands with Mr Caxton, the son of one whom I have not seen since I was little older than you, but whom I remember as if it were but yesterday." [175]

Miss Fanny blushed and smiled, and held out her hand with an easy frankness which I in vain endeavoured to imitate. During breakfast, Mr Trevanion continued to read his letters and glance over the papers, with an occasional ejaculation of "Pish!" "Stuff!"—between the intervals in which he mechanically swallowed his tea, or some small morsels of dry toast. Then rising with the suddenness which characterised his movements, he stood on his hearth for a few moments buried in thought; and now that a large brimmed hat was removed from his brow, and the abruptness of his first movement, with the sedateness of his after pause, arrested my curious attention, I was more than ever ashamed of my mistake. It was a care-worn, eager, and yet musing countenance, hollow-eyed, and with deep lines; but it was one of those faces which take dignity and refinement from that mental cultivation which distinguishes the true aristocrat, viz., the highly educated, acutely intelligent man. Very handsome might that face have been in youth, for the features, though small, were exquisitely defined; the brow, partially bald, was noble and massive, and there was almost feminine delicacy in the curve of the lip. The whole expression of the face was commanding but sad. Often, as my experience of life increased, have I thought to trace upon that expressive visage the history of energetic ambition curbed by a fastidious philosophy and a scrupulous conscience; but then all that I could see was a vague, dissatisfied melancholy, which dejected me I knew not why.

Presently he returned to the table, collected his letters, moved slowly towards the door, and vanished.

His wife's eyes followed him tenderly. Those eyes reminded me of my mother's, as, I verily believe, did all eyes that expressed affection. I crept nearer to her, and longed to press the white hand that lay so listless before me.

"Will you walk out with us?" said Miss Trevanion, turning to me. I bowed, and in a few minutes I found myself alone. While the ladies left me, for their shawls and bonnets, I took up the newspapers which Mr Trevanion had thrown on the table, by way of something to do. My eye was caught by his own name; it occurred often, and in all the papers. There was contemptuous abuse in one, high eulogy in another; but one passage, in a journal that seemed to aim at impartiality, struck me so much as to remain in my memory; and I am sure that I can still quote the sense, though not the exact words. The paragraph ran somewhat thus:—

"In the present state of parties, our contemporaries have not unnaturally devoted much space to the claims or demerits of Mr Trevanion. It is a name that stands unquestionably high in the House of Commons; but, as unquestionably, it commands little sympathy in the country. Mr Trevanion is essentially and emphatically a *member of parliament*. He is a close and ready debater; he is an admirable chairman in committees. Though never in office, his long experience of public life, his gratuitous attention to public business, have ranked him high among those practical politicians from whom ministers are selected. A man of spotless character and excellent intentions, no doubt, he must be considered; and in him any cabinet would gain an honest and a useful member. There ends all we can say in his praise. As a speaker, he wants the fire and enthusiasm which engage the popular sympathies. He has the ear of the House, not the heart of the country. An oracle on subjects of mere business, in the great questions of policy he is comparatively a failure. He never embraces any party heartily; he never espouses any question as if wholly in earnest. The moderation on which he is said to pique himself, often exhibits itself in fastidious crotchets, and an attempt at philosophical originality of candour, which has long obtained him the reputation of a trimmer with his enemies. Such a man circumstances may throw into temporary power; but can he command lasting influence? No: let Mr Trevanion remain in what nature and position assign as his proper part,—that of an upright, independent, able member of parliament; conciliating sensible men on both sides, when party runs into extremes. He is undone as a cabinet minister. His scruples would break up any government; and his want of decision—when, as in all human affairs, some errors must be conceded to obtain a great good—would shipwreck his own fame." [176]

I had just got to the end of this paragraph when the ladies returned.

My hostess observed the newspaper in my hand, and said, with a constrained smile, "Some attack

on Mr Trevanion, I suppose?"

"No," said I, awkwardly; for, perhaps, the paragraph that appeared to me so impartial, was the most galling attack of all. "No, not exactly."

"I never read the papers now—at least what are called the leading articles—it is too painful: and once they gave me so much pleasure—that was when the career began, and before the fame was made."

Here Lady Ellinor opened the window which admitted on the lawn, and in a few moments we were in that part of the pleasure-grounds which the family reserved from the public curiosity. We passed by rare shrubs and strange flowers, long ranges of conservatories, in which bloomed and lived all the marvellous vegetation of Africa and the Indies.

"Mr Trevanion is fond of flowers?" said I.

The fair Fanny laughed. "I don't think he knows one from another."

"Nor I either," said I: "that is, when I fairly lose sight of a rose or a hollyhock."

"The farm will interest you more," said Lady Ellinor.

We came to farm buildings recently erected, and no doubt on the most improved principle. Lady Ellinor pointed out to me machines and contrivances, of the newest fashion, for abridging labour, and perfecting the mechanical operations of agriculture.

"Ah, then, Mr Trevanion is fond of farming."

The pretty Fanny laughed again.

"My father is one of the great oracles in agriculture, one of the great patrons of all its improvements; but, as for being fond of farming, I doubt if he knows when he rides through his own fields."

We returned to the house; and Miss Trevanion, whose frank kindness had already made too deep an impression upon the youthful heart of Pisistratus the Second, offered to show me the picture-gallery. The collection was confined to the works of English artists; and Miss Trevanion pointed out to me the main attractions of the gallery.

"Well, at least Mr Trevanion is fond of pictures!"

"Wrong again," said Fanny, shaking her arch head. "My father is said to be an admirable judge; but he only buys pictures from a sense of duty—to encourage our own painters—a picture once bought, I am not sure that he ever looks at it again!"

"What does he then—" I stopped short, for I felt my meditated question was ill-bred.

"What does he like then? you were about to say. Why, I have known him, of course, since I could know any thing; but I have never yet discovered what my father does like. No—not even politics, though he lives for politics alone. You look puzzled; you will know him better some day, I hope; but you will never solve the mystery—what Mr Trevanion likes."

"You are wrong," said Lady Ellinor, who had followed us into the room, unheard by us. "I can tell you what your father does more than like—what he loves and serves and illustrates every hour of his noble life—justice, beneficence, honour, and his country. A man who loves these may be excused for indifference to the last geranium or the newest plough, or even (though that offends you more, Fanny) the freshest masterpiece by Landseer, or the latest fashion honoured by Miss Trevanion."

"Mamma!" said Fanny, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

But Lady Ellinor looked to me sublime as she spoke, her eyes kindled, her breast heaved. The wife taking the husband's part against the child, and comprehending so well what the child felt not, despite its experience of every day, and what the world would never know, despite all the vigilance of its praise and its blame, was a picture, to my taste, finer than any in the collection. [177]

Her face softened as she saw the tears in Fanny's bright hazel eyes: she held out her hand, which her child kissed tenderly, and whispering, "'Tis not the giddy word you must go by, mamma, or there will be something to forgive every minute,"—glided from the room.

"Have you a sister?" asked Lady Ellinor.

"No."

"And Trevanion has no son," she said, mournfully. The blood rushed to my cheeks. Oh, young fool, again! We were both silent, when the door was opened, and Mr Trevanion entered.

"Humph," said he, smiling as he saw me—and his smile was charming, though rare. "Humph, young sir, I came to seek for you—I have been rude, I fear: pardon it—that thought has only just occurred to me, so I left my blue books, and my amanuensis hard at work on them, to ask you to come out for half-an-hour—just half-an-hour, it is all I can give you—a deputation at One! You dine and sleep here of course?"

"Ah, sir! my mother will be so uneasy if I am not in town to-night."

"Pooh!" said the member, "I'll send an express."

"Oh, no indeed; thank you."

"Why not?"

I hesitated. "You see, sir, that my father and mother are both new to London: and, though I am new too, yet they may want me—I may be of use." Lady Ellinor put her hand on my head, and sleeked down my hair as I spoke.

"Right, young man, right: you will do in the world, wrong as that is. I don't mean that you'll *succeed*, as the rogues say—that's another question; but, if you don't rise, you'll not fall. Now, put on your hat and come with me; we'll walk to the lodge—you will be in time for a coach."

I took my leave of Lady Ellinor, and longed to say something, about compliments to Miss Fanny; but the words stuck in my throat, and my host seemed impatient.

"We must see you soon again!" said Lady Ellinor kindly, as she followed us to the door.

Mr Trevanion walked on briskly and in silence—one hand in his bosom, the other swinging carelessly a thick walking-stick.

"But I must go round by the bridge," said I, "for I forgot my knapsack. I put it off when I made my leap, and the old lady certainly never took charge of it."

"Come, then, this way. How old are you?"

"Seventeen and a half."

"You know Latin and Greek as they know them at schools, I suppose."

"I think I know them pretty well, sir."

"Does your father say so?"

"Why, my father is fastidious; however, he owns that he is satisfied on the whole."

"So am I, then. Mathematics?"

"A little."

"Good."

Here the conversation dropped for some time. I had found and restraped the knapsack, and we were near the lodge, when Mr Trevanion said, abruptly, "Talk, my young friend: talk, I like to hear you talk—it refreshes me. Nobody has talked naturally to me these last ten years."

The request was a complete damper to my ingenuous eloquence: I could not have talked naturally now for the life of me.

"I made a mistake, I see," said my companion, good-humouredly, noticing my embarrassment. "Here we are at the lodge. The coach will be bye in five minutes: you can spend that time in hearing the old woman praise the Hogtons and abuse me. And hark you, sir, never care three straws for praise or blame—leather and prunella! praise and blame are *here!*" and he struck his hand upon his breast, with almost passionate emphasis. "Take a specimen. These Hogtons were the bane of the place; uneducated and miserly; their land a wilderness, their village, a pig-stye. I come, with capital and intelligence; I redeem the soil, I banish pauperism, I civilise all around me: no merit in me—I am but a type of capital guided by education—a machine. And yet the old woman is not the only one who will hint to you that the Hogtons were angels, and myself the usual antithesis to angels. And what is more, sir, because that old woman, who has ten shillings a-week from me, sets her heart upon earning her sixpences—and I give her that privileged luxury—every visitor she talks with goes away with the idea that I, the rich Mr Trevanion, let her starve on what she can pick up from the sight-seers. Now, does that signify a jot?"

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"Good-bye. Tell your father his old friend must see him; profit by his calm wisdom: his old friend is a fool sometimes, and sad at heart. When you are settled, send me a line to St James's Square, to say where you are.

"Humph! that's enough."

Mr Trevanion wrung my hand, and strode off.

I did not wait for the coach, but proceeded towards the turn-stile, where the old woman, (who had either seen, or scented from a distance, that tizzy of which I was the impersonation)—

"Hush'd in grim repose, did wait her morning prey."

My opinions as to her sufferings, and the virtues of the departed Hogtons, somewhat modified, I contented myself with dropping into her open palm the exact sum virtually agreed on. But that palm still remained open, and the fingers of the other clawed hold of me as I stood, impounded in the curve of the turn-stile, like a cork in a patent cork-screw.

"And threepence for Nephew Bob," said the old lady.

"Threepence for nephew Bob, and why?"

"'Tis his parquisites when he recommends a gentleman. You would not have me pay out of my own earnings: for he *will* have it, or he'll ruin my bizness. Poor folk must be paid for their trouble."

Obdurate to this appeal, and mentally consigning Bob to a master whose feet would be all the handsomer for boots, I threaded the stile and escaped.

Towards evening I reached London. Who ever saw London for the first time and was not disappointed? Those long suburbs melting indefinitely away into the capital, forbid all surprise. The Gradual is a great disenchanter. I thought it prudent to take a hackney coach, and so jolted my way to the — hotel. I found my father in a state of great discomfort in a little room, which he paced up and down like a lion new caught in his cage. My poor mother was full of complaints—for the first time in her life, I found her indisputably crossish. It was an ill time to relate my adventures. I had enough to do to listen. They had all day been hunting for lodgings in vain. My father's pocket had been picked of a new India handkerchief. Primmins, who ought to know London so well, know nothing about it, and declared it was turned topsy-turvy, and all the streets had changed names. The new silk umbrella, left for five minutes unguarded in the hall, had been exchanged for an old gingham with three holes in it.

It was not till my mother remembered, that if she did not see herself that my bed was well aired, I should certainly lose the use of my limbs, and therefore disappeared with Primmins and a pert chambermaid, who seemed to think we gave more trouble than we were worth—that I told my father of my new acquaintance with Mr Trevanion.

He did not seem to listen to me till I to got to the name *Trevanion*. He then became very pale, and sat down quietly. "Go on," said he, observing I stopped to look at him.

When I had told all, and given him the kind messages with which I had been charged by husband and wife, he smiled faintly; and then, shading his face with his hand, he seemed to muse, not cheerfully, perhaps, for I heard him sigh once or twice.

"And Ellinor," said he at last, without looking up. "Lady Ellinor, I mean—she is very, very——"

"Very what, sir?"

"Very handsome still?"

"Handsome! Yes, handsome, certainly; but I thought more of her manner than her face. And then Fanny, Miss Fanny is so young!"

"Ah!" said my father, murmuring in Greek the celebrated lines of which Pope's translation is familiar to all. [179]

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground."

"Well, so they wish to see me. Did Ellinor, Lady Ellinor say that, or her—her husband?"

"Her husband certainly—Lady Ellinor rather implied than said it."

"We shall see," said my father. "Open the window, this room is stifling."

I opened the window, which looked on the Strand. The noise—the voices—the tramping feet—the rolling wheels became loudly audible. My father leant out for some moments, and I stood by his side. He turned to me with a serene face. "Every ant on the hill," said he, "carries its load, and its home is but made by the burdens that it bears. How happy am I!—how I should bless God! How light my burden! how secure my home!"

My mother came in as he ceased. He went up to her, put his arm round her waist and kissed her. Such caresses with him had not lost their tender charm by custom: my mother's brow, before somewhat ruffled, grew smooth on the instant. Yet she lifted her eyes to his in soft surprise. "I was but thinking," said my father apologetically—"how much I owed you, and how much I love you!"

CHAPTER XV.

And now behold us, three days after my arrival, settled in all the state and grandeur of our own house in Russell Street, Bloomsbury: the library of the Museum close at hand. My father spends his mornings in those *lata silentia*, wide silences, as Virgil calls the world beyond the grave. And a world beyond the grave we may well call that land of the ghosts, a book collection.

"Pisistratus," said my father, one evening as he arranged his notes before him, and rubbed his spectacles. "Pisistratus, a great library is an *awful* place! There, are interred all the remains of men since the Flood."

"It is a burial-place!" quoth my Uncle Roland, who had that day found us out.

"It is an Heraclea!" said my father.

"Please, not such hard words," said the Captain, shaking his head.

"Heraclea was the city of necromancers, in which they raised the dead. Do I want to speak to

Cicero? I invoke him. Do I want to chat in the Athenian market place, and hear news two thousand years old? I write down my charm on a slip of paper, and a grave magician calls me up Aristophanes. And we owe all this to our ancest—"

"Brother!"

"Ancestors, who wrote books—thank you."

Here Roland offered his snuff-box to my father, who, abhorring snuff, benignly imbibed a pinch, and sneezed five times in consequence: an excuse for Uncle Roland to say, which he did five times, with great unction, "God bless you, brother Austin!"

As soon as my father had recovered himself, he proceeded, with tears in his eyes, but calm as before the interruption—for he was of the philosophy of the Stoics:—

"But it is not *that* which is awful. It is the presuming to vie with these 'spirits elect:' to say to them, 'Make way—I too claim place with the chosen. I too would confer with the living, centuries after the death that consumes my dust. I too'—Ah, Pisistratus! I wish Uncle Jack had been at Jericho, before he had brought me up to London, and placed me in the midst of those rulers of the world!"

I was busy, while my father spoke, in making some pendent shelves for these "spirits elect;" for my mother, always provident where my father's comforts were concerned, had foreseen the necessity of some such accommodation in a hired lodging-house, and had not only carefully brought up to town my little box of tools, but gone out herself that morning to buy the raw materials. Checking the plane in its progress over the smooth deal, "My dear father," said I, "if at the Philhellenic Institute I had looked with as much awe as you do on the big fellows that had gone before me, I should have stayed, to all eternity, the lag of the Infant Division—" [180]

"Pisistratus, you are as great an agitator as your namesake," cried my father, smiling. "And so, a fig for the big fellows!"

And now my mother entered in her pretty evening cap, all smiles and good humour, having just arranged a room for Uncle Roland, concluded advantageous negotiations with the laundress, held high council with Mrs Primmins on the best mode of defeating the extortions of London tradesmen; and, pleased with herself and all the world, she kissed my father's forehead as it bent over his notes; and came to the tea-table, which only waited its presiding deity. My Uncle Roland, with his usual gallantry, started up, kettle in hand, (our own urn, for we had one, not being yet unpacked;) and having performed, with soldier-like method, the chivalrous office thus volunteered, he joined me at my employment, and said—

"There is a better steel for the hands of a well-born lad than a carpenter's plane—"

"Aha! uncle—that depends—"

"Depends! what on?"

"On the use one makes of it.—Peter the Great was better employed in making ships than Charles XII. in cutting throats."

"Poor Charles XII.!" said my uncle sighing pathetically—"a very brave fellow!"

"Pity he did not like the ladies a little better!"

"No man is perfect!" said my uncle sententiously. "But seriously, you are *now* the male hope of the family—you are now—" my uncle stopped, and his face darkened. I saw that he thought of his son, that mysterious son! And looking at him tenderly, I observed that his deep lines had grown deeper, his iron-gray hair more gray. There was the trace of recent suffering on his face; and though he had not spoken to us a word of the business on which he had left us, it required no penetration to perceive that it had come to no successful issue.

My uncle resumed—"Time out of mind, every generation of our house has given one soldier to his country. I look round now: only one branch is budding yet on the old tree; and—"

"Ah! uncle. But what would *they* say? Do you think I should not like to be a soldier? Don't tempt me!"

My uncle had recourse to his snuff-box; and at that moment, unfortunately perhaps for the laurels that might otherwise have wreathed the brows of Pisistratus of England, private conversation was stopped by the sudden and noisy entrance of Uncle Jack. No apparition could have been more unexpected.

"Here I am, my dear friends. How d'ye do—how are you all? Captain de Caxton, yours heartily. Yes, I am released, thank heaven! I have given up the drudgery of that pitiful provincial paper. I was not made for it. An ocean in a teacup! I was indeed—little, sordid, narrow interests—and I, whose heart embraces all humanity. You might as well turn a circle into an isolated triangle."

"Isosceles!" said my father, sighing as he pushed aside his notes, and very slowly becoming aware of the eloquence that destroyed all chance of further progress that night in the great book. "Isosceles triangle, Jack Tibbets—not isolated."

"Isosceles or isolated, it is all one," said Uncle Jack, as he rapidly performed three evolutions, by

no means consistent with his favourite theory of 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number:'—first, he emptied into the cup which he took from my mother's hands, half the thrifty contents of a London cream-jug; secondly, he reduced the circle of a muffin, by the abstraction of two triangles, to as nearly an isosceles as possible; and thirdly, striding towards the fire, lighted in consideration of Captain de Caxton, and hooking his coat-tails under his arms, while he sipped his tea, he permitted another circle peculiar to humanity wholly to eclipse the luminary it approached.

"Isolated or isosceles, it is all the same thing. Man is made for his fellow creatures. I had long been disgusted with the interference of those selfish Squirearchs. Your departure decided me. I have concluded negotiations with a London firm of spirit and capital, and extended views of philanthropy. On Saturday last I retired from the service of the oligarchy. I am now in my true capacity of protector of the million. My prospectus is printed—here it is in my pocket.—Another cup of tea, sister, a little more cream, and another muffin. Shall I ring?" Having disembarrassed himself of his cup and saucer, Uncle Jack then drew forth from his pocket a damp sheet of printed paper. In large capitals stood out "The ANTI-MONOPOLY GAZETTE, OR POPULAR CHAMPION." He waved it triumphantly before my father's eyes.

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"Pisistratus", said my father, "look here. This is the way your Uncle Jack now prints his pats of butter.—A cap of liberty growing out of an open book! Good! Jack, good! good!"

"It is Jacobinical!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Very likely," said my father; "but knowledge and freedom are the best devices in the world, to print upon pats of butter intended for the market."

"Pats of butter! I don't understand," said Uncle Jack.

"The less you understand, the better the butter will sell, Jack," said my father, settling back to his notes.

CHAPTER XVI.

Uncle Jack had made up his mind to lodge with us, and my mother found some difficulty in inducing him to comprehend that there was no bed to spare.

"That's unlucky," said he. "I was no sooner arrived in town than I was pestered with invitations; but I refused them all, and kept myself for you."

"So kind in you! so like you!" said my mother; "but you see—"

"Well, then, I must be off and find a room; don't fret, you know I can breakfast and dine with you, all the same; that is, when my other friends will let me. I shall be dreadfully persecuted." So saying, Uncle Jack re-pocketed his prospectus, and wished us good-night.

The clock had struck eleven; my mother had retired; when my father looked up from his books, and returned his spectacles to their case. I had finished my work, and was seated over the fire, thinking now of Fanny Trevanion's hazel eyes—now, with a heart that beat as high at the thought, of campaigns, battle-fields, laurels, and glory; while, with his arms folded on his breast and his head drooping, Uncle Roland gazed into the low clear embers. My father cast his eyes round the room, and after surveying his brother for some moments, he said almost in a whisper—

"My son has seen the Trevanions. They remember us, Roland."

The Captain sprang to his feet, and began whistling; a habit with him when he was much disturbed.

"And Trevanion wishes to see us. Pisistratus promised to give him our address: shall he do so, Roland?"

"If you like it," answered the Captain, in a military attitude, and drawing himself up till he looked seven feet high.

"I *should* like it," said my father mildly. "Twenty years since we met."

"More than twenty," said my uncle, with a stern smile; "and the season was—the fall of the leaf!"

"Man renews the fibre and material of his body every seven years," said my father; "in three times seven years he has time to renew the inner man. Can two passengers in yonder street be more unlike each other, than the soul is to the soul after an interval of twenty years? Brother, the plough does not pass over the soil in vain, nor care over the human heart. New crops change the character of the land; and the plough must go deep indeed before it stirs up the mother-stone."

"Let us see Trevanion," cried my uncle: then, turning to me, he said, abruptly, "what family has he?"

"One daughter."

"No son?"

"No."

"That must vex the poor foolish ambitious man. Oho! you admire this Mr Trevanion much, eh? Yes; that fire of manner, his fine words, and bold thoughts were made to dazzle youth."

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"Fine words, my dear uncle!—fire! I should have said, in hearing Mr Trevanion, that his style of conversation was so homely, you would wonder how he could have won such fame as a public speaker."

"Indeed!"

"The plough has passed there," said my father.

"But not the plough of care: rich, famous, Ellinor his wife, and no son!"

"It is because his heart is sometimes sad, that he would see us."

Roland stared first at my father, next at me.

"Then," quoth my uncle, heartily, "in God's name let him come. I can shake him by the hand, as I would a brother soldier. Poor Trevanion! Write to him at once, Sisty."

I sat down and obeyed. When I had sealed my letter, I looked up, and saw that Roland was lighting his bed candle at my father's table; and my father, taking his hand, said something to him in a low voice. I guessed it related to his son, for he shook his head, and answered in a stern hollow voice, "Renew grief if you please—not shame. On that subject—silence!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Left to myself in the earlier part of the day, I wandered, wistful and lonely, through the vast wilderness of London. By degrees I familiarised myself with that populous solitude. I ceased to pine for the green fields. That active energy all around, at first saddening, became soon exhilarating, and at last contagious. To an industrious mind nothing is so catching as industry! I began to grow weary of my golden holiday of unlaborious childhood, to sigh for toil, to look around me for a career. The University, which I had before anticipated with pleasure, seemed now to fade into a dull monastic prospect: after having trod the streets of London, to wander through cloisters was to go back in life. Day by day, my mind grew sensibly within me; it came out from the rosy twilight of boyhood—it felt the doom of Cain, under the broad sun of man.

Uncle Jack soon became absorbed in his new speculation for the good of the human race, and, except at meals, (whereat, to do him justice, he was punctual enough, though he did not keep us in ignorance of the sacrifices he made, and the invitations he refused, for our sake,) we seldom saw him. The Captain, too, generally vanished after breakfast; seldom dined with us; and it was often late before he returned. He had the latch-key of the house, and let himself in when he pleased. Sometimes (for his chamber was next to mine) his step on the stairs awoke me; and sometimes I heard him pace his room with perturbed strides, or fancied that I caught a low groan. He became every day more care-worn in appearance, and every day the hair seemed more gray. Yet he talked to us all easily and cheerfully; and I thought that I was the only one in the house who perceived the gnawing pangs over which the stout old Spartan drew the decorous cloak.

Pity, blended with admiration, made me curious to learn how these absent days, that brought nights so disturbed, were consumed. I felt that if I could master his secret, I might win the right both to comfort and to aid.

I resolved at length, after many conscientious scruples, to endeavour to satisfy a curiosity, excused by its motives.

Accordingly, one morning, after watching him from the house, I stole in his track, and followed him at a distance.

And this was the outline of his day. He set off at first with a firm stride, despite his lameness—his gaunt figure erect, the soldierly chest well thrown out from the threadbare but speckless coat. First, he took his way towards the purlieu of Leicester Square; several times, to and fro, did he pace the isthmus that leads from Piccadilly into that reservoir of foreigners, and the lanes and courts that start thence towards St Martin's. After an hour or two so passed, the step became more slow; and often the sleek napless hat was lifted up, and the brow wiped. At length he bent his way towards the two great theatres, paused before the play-bills, as if deliberating seriously on the chances of entertainment they severally proffered, wandered slowly through the small streets that surround those temples of the muse, and finally emerged into the Strand. There he rested himself for an hour at a small cook-shop; and, as I passed the window, and glanced within, I could see him seated before the simple dinner, which he scarcely touched, and poring over the advertisement columns of the *Times*. The *Times* finished, and a few morsels distastefully swallowed, the Captain put down his shilling in silence, received his pence in exchange, and I had just time to slip aside as he reappeared at the threshold. He looked round as he lingered, but I took care he should not detect me; and then struck off towards the more fashionable quarters of the town. It was now the afternoon, and, though not yet the season, the streets swarmed with life. As he came into Waterloo Place, a slight figure buttoned up across the breast, like his own, cantered by on a handsome bay horse—every eye was on that figure. Uncle Roland stopped short, and lifted his hand to his hat; the rider touched his own with his fore-finger, and cantered on,—Uncle Roland turned round and gazed.

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"Who," I asked, of a shop-boy just before me, who was also staring with all his eyes—"who is that gentleman on horseback?"

"Why, the Duke, to be sure," said the boy, contemptuously.

"The Duke?"

"Wellington—stu-pid!"

"Thank you," said I meekly. Uncle Roland had moved on into Regent Street, but with a brisker step: the sight of the old chief had done the old soldier good. Here again he paced to and fro; till I, watching him from the other side the way, was ready to drop with fatigue, stout walker though I was. But the Captain's day was not half done. He took out his watch, put it to his ear, and then, replacing it, passed into Bond Street, and thence into Hyde Park. There, evidently wearied out, he leant against the rails, near the bronze statue, in an attitude that spoke despondency. I seated myself on the grass near the statue and gazed at him: the park was empty compared with the streets, but still there were some equestrian idlers and many foot-loungers. My uncle's eye turned wistfully on each: once or twice, some gentleman of a military aspect (which I had already learned to detect) stopped, looked at him, approached and spoke; but the Captain seemed as if ashamed of such greetings. He answered shortly, and turned again.

The day waned—evening came on—the Captain again looked at his watch—shook his head, and made his way to a bench, where he sat perfectly motionless; his hat over his brows, his arms folded; till uprose the moon. I had tasted nothing since breakfast; I was famished, but I still kept my post like an old Roman sentinel.

At length the Captain rose, and re-entered Piccadilly; but how different his mien and bearing! languid, stooping, his chest sunk—his head inclined—his limbs dragging one after the other, his lameness painfully perceptible. What a contrast in the broken invalid at night, from the stalwart veteran of the morning!

How I longed to spring forward to offer my arm! but I did not dare.

The Captain stopped near a cab-stand. He put his hand in his pocket—he drew out his purse—he passed his fingers over the net-work; the purse slipped again into the pocket, and as if with a heroic effort, my uncle drew up his head, and walked on sturdily.

'Where next?' thought I. 'Surely home! No, he is pitiless.'

The Captain stopped not till he arrived at one of the small theatres in the Strand; then he read the bill, and asked if half-price was begun. "Just begun," was the answer, and the Captain entered. I also took a ticket and followed. Passing by the open doors of a refreshment room, I fortified myself with some biscuits and soda water. And in another minute, for the first time in my life I beheld a play. But the play did not fascinate me. It was the middle of some jocular after-piece, roars of laughter resounded round me. I could detect nothing to laugh at, and sending my keen eyes into every corner, I perceived at last, in the uppermost tier, one face as saturnine as my own. *Eureka!* It was the Captain's! 'Why should he go to a play if he enjoys it so little?' thought I: 'better have spent a shilling on a cab, poor old fellow!'

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But soon came smart-looking men, and still smarter-looking ladies, around the solitary corner of the poor Captain. He grew fidgety—he rose—he vanished. I left my place, and stood without the box to watch for him. Down stairs he stumped—I recoiled into the shade; and after standing a moment or two, as in doubt, he entered boldly the refreshment room, or saloon.

Now, since I had left that saloon, it had become crowded, and I slipped in unobserved. Strange was it, grotesque, yet pathetic, to mark the old soldier in the midst of that gay swarm. He towered above all like a Homeric hero, a head taller than the tallest; and his appearance was so remarkable, that it invited the instant attention of the fair. I, in my simplicity, thought it was the natural tenderness of that amiable and penetrating sex, ever quick to detect trouble, and anxious to relieve it, that induced three ladies, in silk attire—one having a hat and plume, the other two with a profusion of ringlets—to leave a little knot of gentlemen with whom they were conversing, and to plant themselves before my uncle. I advanced through the press to hear what passed.

"You are looking for some one, I'm sure," quoth one familiarly, tapping his arm with her fan.

The Captain started. "Ma'am, you are not wrong," said he.

"Can I do as well?" said one of those compassionate angels, with heavenly sweetness.

"You are very kind, I thank you: no, no, Ma'am," said the Captain, with his best bow.

"Do take a glass of negus," said another, as her friend gave way to her. "You seem tired, and so am I. Here, this way;" and she took hold of his arm to lead him to the table. The Captain shook his head mournfully; and then, as if become suddenly aware of the nature of the attention so lavished on him, he looked down upon these fair Armidas with a look of such mild reproach—such sweet compassion—not shaking off the hand in his chivalrous devotion to the sex, which extended even to all its outcasts—that each bold eye fell abashed. The hand was timidly and involuntarily withdrawn from the arm, and my uncle passed his way.

He threaded the crowd, passed out at the farther door, and I, guessing his intention, was in waiting for his steps in the street.

"Now home at last, thank heaven!" thought I. Mistaken still! My uncle went first towards that popular haunt, which I have since discovered is called "the Shades;" but he soon re-emerged, and finally he knocked at the door of a private house, in one of the streets out of St James's. It was opened jealously, and closed as he entered, leaving me without. What could this house be? As I stood and watched, some other men approached,—again the low single knock,—again the jealous opening, and the stealthy entrance.

A policeman passed and repassed me. "Don't be tempted, young man," said he, looking hard at me: "take my advice, and go home."

"What is that house, then?" said I, with a sort of shudder at this ominous warning.

"Oh, you know."

"Not I. I am new to London."

"It is a hell," said the policeman—satisfied, by my frank manner, that I spoke the truth.

"God bless me,—a what! I could not have heard you rightly?"

"A hell; a gambling-house!"

"Oh!" and I moved on. Could Captain Roland, the rigid, the thrifty, the penurious, be a gambler? The light broke on me at once; the unhappy father sought his son! I leant against the post, and tried hard not to sob.

By-and-by, I heard the door open: the Captain came out and took the way homeward. I ran on before, and got in first, to the inexpressible relief both of father and mother, who had not seen me since breakfast, and who were in equal consternation at my absence. I submitted to be scolded with a good grace. "I had been sight-seeing, and lost my way;" begged for some supper, and slunk to bed; and five minutes afterwards the Captain's jaded step came wearily up the stairs.

MODERN TOURISM.

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The merits of the railroad and the steam-boat have been prodigiously vaunted, and we have no desire to depreciate the advantages of either. No doubt they carry us from town to town with greater rapidity than our fathers ever dreamt of; and instead of the "High-flyer coach, averaging ten miles an hour," whirl us over fifty. No doubt they are convenient for the viator who desires to reach America in a fortnight, or for the Queen's messenger who must be in Paris within the next twelve hours. No doubt they are first-rate inventions for an elopement, a fugitive debtor, or a banished king. But, they have afflicted our generation with one desperate evil; they have covered Europe with Tourists, all pen in hand, all determined not to let a henroost remain undescribed, all portfolioed, all handbooked, all "getting up a Journal," and all pouring their busy nothings on the "reading public," without compassion or conscience, at the beginning of the "season."

That the ignorant should write ignorantly, that professional sight-hunters should go sight-hunting to the ends of the earth, that minds born for nothing but scribbling should scribble to their last drop of ink or blood, can neither surprise nor irritate; but that they should publish, is the crime.

If we are told that this is but a harmless impertinence after all, we reply—No, it does general mischief; it spoils all rational travel; it disgusts all intelligent curiosity; it repels the student, the philosopher, and the manly investigator, from subjects which have been thus trampled into mire by the hoofs of a whole tribe of travelling bipeds, who might rejoice to exchange brains with the animals which they ride.

No sooner does the year shake off its robe of snow, and the sun begin to glimmer again, than the whole tribe are in motion; no matter where, all places are alike to their pens—the North Pole or the Antarctic. One of them thinks America an unexhausted subject, and we find her instantly on board the good ship Columbia, flying in the teeth of wind and tide, to caricature New York. Another puts on her wings for that unknown spot called Vienna; sends in her card to nobles and ministers; caricatures them too; talks of faces which she had never seen, describes fêtes to which she would never have been admitted, and quotes conversations which she never heard. Another takes a sweep of the French coast, and showers us with worn-out romance and modern vapidty, till we are sick of the art of printing, and long for the return of that happy period when the chief occupations of the fair sex were cookery and samplers. To all this, however, there *are* exceptions; some of the sex, modest, well-informed, and capable of informing others, indulge the world, from time to time, with works which "it would not willingly let die." But our *horror* is the professional tourist; the woman who runs abroad to forage for publication; reimports her baggage, bursting with a periodical gathering of nonsense; and with a freight of folly, at once empty as air and heavy as lead, discharges the whole at the heads of a suffering people.

Miss Martineau, however, deserves to stand in another category. She is a lively writer; if she

seldom enlightens the reader of her pages, she seldom sends him to sleep; she prattles amusingly; and by the help of Wilkinson and Lane for the antique, and her own ear-trumpet and spectacles for the modern, she makes out of an Egyptian ramble a very readable book. And this book is by no means a superfluity; for, excepting Palestine, there is no country on earth which possesses so strong an interest for the Biblical student; or will, within a few years, possess so strong an interest for the whole political world. France, Russia, and Italy, are probably at this moment alike speculating on the changes which threaten Egypt. The death of Mehemet Ali cannot be far off. Ibrahim is sickly. The succession of eastern dynasties is the reverse of regular; and if by any chance war were lighted up at one end of the Mediterranean, it would be sure to burst out at the other. Egypt would be the prize of battle. To England the possession would be of little value; she has colonies enough, and she certainly will not be guilty of the crime of usurpation; but it will be of first-rate importance to her that Egypt shall not fall into the hands of a hostile power; for she cannot suffer her road to India to be barred up. Her natural policy would be to see it restored to the Ottoman. But how long will the Ottoman himself last? A Russian fleet at the mouth of the Bosphorus, with a Russian army encamped on the plains of Adrianople, would settle the occupancy in a week. In the mean time, France keeps up a powerful army in Algeria; and the question is, which would be first in the race for Alexandria? We observe that Ibrahim is building fortifications, and concentrating his strength on the sea-side; and the sagacity of this gallant son of a gallant father must often look to the sands of the Libyan desert, and listen for the sounds of the trumpet from the shores of Cyreniaca.

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Miss Martineau is lady-president of the gossip school; and it is one of the especial characters of that school, to think that every trivial occurrence of their lives merits the attention of mankind. She thus informs us of the first *idea* of her journey.

"In the autumn of 1846, I left home for, as I supposed, a few weeks, to visit some of my family and friends. At Liverpool, I was invited by my friends, Mr and Mrs Richard V. Yates, to accompany them in their proposed travels in the East. At Malta, we fell in with Mr Joseph C. Ewart, who presently joined our party, and remained with us till we reached Malta on our return. There is nothing that I do not owe to my companions for their unceasing care. They permitted me to read to them my Egyptian Journal. There was not time for the others." All this is in the purest style of gossipry. Her first views of Africa belong to the same style. On a "lurid evening in November," she saw a something, which, however, was *not* the African shore, but an island. At last, however she saw a headland, a sandy shore, a tower; but even this was *not* Egypt. So she steamed on, until certain signs gave the presumption that Alexandria lay in the distance. She "expected" to have arrived at noon, but was detained until twilight! All those things might have happened to her if she had been sitting in a bathing machine any where between Brighton and Dover,—the Martello supplying the place of the Arab tower, to considerable advantage. She then followed the route of the million, the Cairan canal, Cairo, and the Nile, up to the Cataracts.

She has a picturesque pen, and describes well; her art being to strike off the first impression on her mind, with the first impression on her eye. One of her fellow-travellers had asked her whether she would wish to have the first glimpse of the Pyramids; she made her way through the passengers to the bows of the boat, and there indulged herself with her triumph over the "careless talkers."

"In a minute, I saw them, emerging from behind a sandhill. They were very small, for we were still twenty-five miles from Cairo. But there could be no doubt about them for a moment, so sharp and clear were the light and shadow on the two sides which we saw. I had been assured that I should be disappointed in the first sight of the Pyramids. And I had maintained that I could not be disappointed, as of all the wonders of the world this is the most literal, and to a dweller among mountains, like myself, the least imposing. I now found both my informant and myself mistaken. So far from being disappointed, I was filled with surprise and awe; and so far from having anticipated what I saw, I felt as if I had never before looked on any thing so new, as those clear, vivid masses, with their sharp blue shadows, standing firm and alone in their expanse of sand. In a few minutes they appeared to grow wonderfully larger, and they looked lustrous and most imposing in the evening light. This impression of the Pyramids was never fully renewed. I admired them every evening from my window at Cairo, and I took the surest means of convincing myself of their vastness, by going to the top of the largest; but this first view of them was the most moving, and I cannot think of it now without emotion."

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It is remarkable that, after some thousand years of ancient inquiry, and at least a century of keen and even of toilsome research, by modern scholarship, the world knows little more of the Pyramids than it knew, when the priesthood kept all the secrets of Egypt. By whom they were built, for what, or when, have given birth to volumes of researches; but to those questions no answers have been given worth the paper they cost in answering. Whether they were built by Israelite slaves or by Asiatic invaders, for sacrifice or for sepulture, or for both, or for the glory of individual kings, or for the memory of dynasties, or for treasure-houses, or for astronomical purposes, or for the mere employment of the multitude—workhouses having probably found their origin in Egypt—or for the rough ostentation of royal power: all are points undetermined since the travels of Herodotus. But that they must have cost stupendous toil, there is full evidence—the great Pyramid covering thirteen acres; exhibiting a mass of stone equal to *six* Plymouth breakwaters, and rising to a height of 479 feet, or 15 feet higher than St Peter's spire, and 119 higher than St Paul's.

But this style of monstrous building perplexes as much by its general diffusion, as by the magnitude of its several instances. We find it not only in Egypt, where the Pyramids spread for

seventy miles along the western shore of the Nile, and once evidently clustered like Arab tents, but in Upper Egypt and Nubia: they are to be found also in Mesopotamia. The Birs Nimrod, (the temple of Belus,) and the Mujelibè, near Babylon, were evidently built on the pyramidal plan, if not actual pyramids. They have been found in India. They have been found even on the other side of the Atlantic; and the largest in the world is the pyramid of Cholula, in Mexico, covering an area of more than forty-seven acres, or above *three* times the base of the greatest Egyptian pyramid. All the pyramids, in both Asia, Africa, and America, have the sides facing the cardinal points, excepting those of Nubia,—an exception probably arising from the rudeness of the people. In many of those pyramids, remnants of the dead, and bones of the lower animals, have been found; but both may have been placed there for purposes of superstition. The resistance of the pyramidal form to the effects of climate has been surmised as the origin of the choice; but the equatorial countries of the East know little of the weather which, among us, destroys public constructions. It is at least possible, that a form so little adapted to dwelling, or to any of the common uses of life, or even to the direct purposes of sepulture, may have been chosen, from its resemblance to the shape of flame kindled on a large scale. The Egyptians chiefly buried their dead in catacombs. The pyramid was undoubtedly borrowed from the East; and, like the obelisk—also an Eastern memorial, whose general uselessness still perplexes inquiry—may have been an emblem of that worship of fire, which ascends to so remote an antiquity, was the worship of the early East, and was, we are strongly inclined to believe, the general worship of the apostate antediluvian world.

There is no country on earth which more curiously substantiates the saying of the wisest of kings, that "there, is nothing new under the sun," than Egypt. Every art of European life, and even of European luxury, finds its delineation among the tombs; every incident of society, whether serious or trifling, has its record on those subterranean walls; we find every occupation, every enjoyment, every national festivity, and every sport, from the nursery up to the assemblage of the wrestler, the runner, and the dancer, in short, the whole course of public and private existence, three thousand years ago, is revealed and revived for the intelligence and admiration of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. Why those miscellanies of life should be in tombs, where they must have been shut up from the living eye—why such labour of delineation, why such incongruity of subject to the place, why such cost lavished on designs in the grave, are all problems, which must remain beyond human answer, but which render Egypt the most interesting of all dead nations to the living world. Are those wonders, those intimations of greater wonders, those achievements of the arts, fully explored? Certainly not. We quite agree with Miss Martineau, that the most fortunate boon for Europe would be some mighty van or ventilator, which will blow away all the sands of Egypt. What a scene would then be opened!

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"One statue and sarcophagus, brought from Memphis, was buried 130 feet below the surface. Who knows but that the greater part of old Memphis, and of other glorious cities, lies almost unharmed beneath the sand? Who can say what armies of sphinxes might start up on the banks of the river, or come forth from the hill-sides of the interior, when the cloud of sand had been wafted away? The ruins which we now go to study might then occupy only eminences, while below might be miles of colonnade, temples intact, and gods and goddesses safe in their sanctuaries!"

If this is the language of enthusiasm, there can be no question that barbarism and time have covered a large portion of the old glories of Egypt from the eye of man; and that, while what remains for the view of the traveller is mutilated and worn away, the much finer portion may be reserved for the triumph of the investigator spade in hand.

One of the best features of the book is the dexterity with which those tomb-pictures are interpreted by Miss Martineau's narrative. Every one knows, that the majority of those pictures, though often brilliantly coloured, exhibit nothing but isolated or ill-placed figures, of the rudest outline, and the most ungainly attitudes. They have a meaning; yet to ascertain that meaning, and combine their action, demands considerable imaginative skill. We have a clever instance of this art in the description of one of the tombs.

The writer sees, in one compartment, the master of a family. He is evidently opulent—a man of large possessions—a landlord; he has his people round him—ploughing, sowing, harrowing, reaping, thrashing, winnowing.

But the landlord is also a sportsman; he has round him game, geese, and fish. He is also a man of luxury; he has a barge on the river, and a pavilion built upon it. He is also a man of hospitality; there is a banquet, with the master and his wife in a great chair; every lady has a flower in her hand; a monkey is tied to the host's chair; and there are musicians with a harp and the double pipe. But there is also a final scene; the host dies, the banquets are no more, his *mummy* is in the consecrated boat, which is to carry him over the river of death, and which deposits him in the land unknown.

All this is ingenious and probable, and if Miss Martineau had confined herself to the picturesque, had sported her fancies in Egypt alone, and never ventured beyond the Red Sea, we might close the book, giving it all the praise due to an original and lively narrative. But when she plays the theologian, we must stop, as we wish that she had done.

On leaving Egypt, her party turn their faces towards the Wilderness; and here the pen of the rash writer rambles away into lucubrations, neither consistent with the facts of history, nor suitable to the feelings of the scene. She begins by manufacturing a romance for Moses. She first tells us that he was "of the priestly *caste*," a matter rendered utterly improbable by the declaration of

Scripture, that "by *faith*, when he was come to years, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God." She then proceeds to tell us a great many things, of which Moses has told us nothing: for example, that in the desert, which she regards as a place peculiarly "fruitful of meditation," (we doubt whether it produces much of this fruit among the Bedouins,) Moses and "*Mahomet after him*" (valuable companionship!) learned from the Past how to prophesy of the future.

"There," says Miss Martineau, "as Moses sat under the shrubby palm, and its moist rock, did the Past come at the call of his instructed memory, and tell him how those mighty Egyptians had been slaves, as his Hebrew brethren now were," &c., and came to the conclusion (by no means an unnatural one in any case of slavery,) "that the Hebrews must be *removed* and educated, before they could be established." We then arrive at the confidential part of the story.

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"In following up this course of speculation, he was led to perceive a *mighty truth*, which appears to have been known to no man before him,—the truth that all ideas are the common heritage of all men. (!)... As the images crossed him in his solitude, of the religious feasts of the Egyptians, the gross brute-worship into which they had sunk, &c., he conceived the brave purpose, the noblest enterprise, I believe, on record, of admitting every one of Jehovah's people to the fullest possible knowledge of them."

Of all these meditations not an iota is mentioned in the Scriptures. The story, however, goes on: Moses decided that the people must be removed. It does not tell us *how*. But it was done. Three millions of slaves were torn from the grasp of a king, at the head of an army of six hundred chariots and horsemen. But the grand difficulty arose—if they must be educated, where was to be the national school? who to be their tutors? Moses *meditated* again, and the difficulty vanished. He had known the Arabs of the Wilderness long. Miss Martineau tells us that he knew their honour, their virtues, their "*comparative piety!*" &c., &c.; and he determined to make them the teachers of his Egyptianised people. In this fortunate expedient, she forgot, and probably did not know, that those sons of desert simplicity, hospitality, piety, and so forth, were the Amalekites, one of the most ferocious tribes of earth, the savage borderers of Sinai; who no sooner saw the advance of the Israelites than, instead of teaching them the "virtues," they made a desperate *foray* on them, and would have butchered the whole population if they had not been beaten by a miracle.

We are also entirely left in the dark, in this theory, as to the means by which the nation were subsisted for forty years in the Wilderness, where the thousandth part of their number could never since have subsisted for as many days; how they swept before their undisciplined crowd the armies of Palestine, stormed their fortresses, and took possession of their land; how they acquired the most perfect system of legislation in the ancient world; how they formed a religion unrivalled in purity, truth, and sanctity; how they conceived a ceremonial which was almost wholly a prophecy, the revelation of a mightier than Moses to come, the pledge of a more comprehensive religion, and the dawn of that triumph of truth over falsehood, which was to be the hope, the consolation, and ultimately the glory of mankind.

Need we remind the Christian, that the Scriptures account for all those mighty things by the power and the mercy of the God of Israel alone; that Moses was simply an instrument in the hand of Providence; that so far from meditating in the desert, plans of Jewish liberation, he was even a reluctant instrument. Every part of his character and condition repelled the very idea of his acting from himself. He was eighty years old; he had been forty years without seeing the face of his countrymen; his bold spirit had been so much changed by time, as to render him the "meekest" of men; and even when the miracle of the Divine presence was before him, he pleaded his unfitness for the task, and at length yielded only to the repeated command of Jehovah.

Willingly acquitting the writer of these volumes of all evil intention, we regret that she should have touched on Palestine at all. Whatever weakness there may be in her lucubrations on Moses, it is fully matched by her lucubrations on what she calls "Bibliolatry." But we shall not follow her rambles through subjects on which no mind ought to look but with a sense of the narrowness of human faculties, and with an humble and necessary solicitation for that loftier enlightenment which is given only to the humble heart. The knowledge of Scripture is to be attained only by the sincere search after truth, by natural homage in the presence of Infinite Wisdom, and by the intelligent exertion of mind, and the faithful gratitude, which alike rejoice in obeying the revealed will of Heaven.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

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A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

In the spring of the year 1815, a youth of sixteen, Lewis Rellstab by name, whom death had recently deprived of his father, left the Berlin academy, where he was pursuing, with much success, the study of music, to enter the Prussian army as a volunteer. Napoleon's return from Elba had just called Germany to arms; and the rising generation, emulous of their elder brethren, whose scars and decorations recalled the glorious campaign of 1813, flocked to the Prussian

banner. But young Rellstab's moral courage and patriotic zeal exceeded his physical capabilities. Recruiting officers shook their heads at his delicate frame, and inspecting surgeons refused to pass him as able-bodied. Rejected, he still persevered, entered a military school, and in due time became officer of artillery. Leaving the service in 1821, he fixed himself at Berlin, and applied diligently to literary pursuits. He was already known as the author of songs of fair average merit, some of which are popular in Germany to the present day; but now he took up literature as a profession, stimulated to industry by loss of fortune in an unlucky speculation. Of great perseverance and active mind, he essayed his talents in various departments of the belles-lettres, in journalism, polemics, and criticism. As a musical critic, he ranks amongst the best. One of his early works, a satirical tale entitled, "Henrietta, or the Beautiful Singer," was disapproved by the authorities, and procured him several months' imprisonment in the fortress of Spandau. At a later period, his systematic and incessant opposition to Spontini the composer, from whose appointment as director of the Berlin opera he foretold the ruin of the German school of music, procured him other six weeks of similar punishment. He has managed several newspapers in succession, and, in the intervals of his editorial labours, has produced a number of tales and novels, three sketchy volumes entitled "Paris and Algiers," and a tragedy called "Eugene Aram." Simultaneously with these various occupations, he has found time to form some excellent singers for the German stage, and to advocate, with unwearied and successful zeal, the adoption of railroads in Germany. With such accumulated avocations, it is not surprising if his writings sometimes exhibit that lengthiness and verbal superfluity, the usual consequence of hurried composition and imperfect revision. Some of his best-conceived and most original tales lose power from prolixity: his good materials, too, often lack arrangement, and are encumbered with inferior matter. Still, he is one of the few living German novelists whose works rise high above the present dull, stagnant level of the light literature of his country. It is not now our intention minutely to analyse Mr Rellstab's general literary abilities, or to criticise the twenty compendious volumes forming the latest edition of his complete works. We propose confining ourselves to one novel, which we consider his masterpiece, as it also is his longest and most important work, and the one most popular in Germany. Notwithstanding the faults we have glanced at, we hold "1812" the best novel of its class that for a long time has appeared in the German language. Its historical and military chapters would, by their fidelity and spirit, give it high rank in whatever tongue it had been written. And the blemishes observable in its more imaginative and romantic portions are chargeable less upon the author than upon the foibles of the school and country to which he belongs.

It is a strong argument, were any needed, in favour of the superiority of the English literature of the day over that of Germany, that twenty English novels are translated into German for every German one that appears in English. To say nothing of high class books which are dished up in the Deutsch with incredible rapidity, (of Mr Warren's last work, three translations appeared within a few days after it was possible the original could have reached Germany,) all our more [191] prolific and popular English novelists receive the honours of Germanisation. Not a catalogue of a German library or bookseller but exhibits the names of Messrs Marryat, Dickens, James, Ainsworth, Lever, &c., occupying the high places—exalted at the tops of columns, in all the glory of Roman capitals; and truly not without reason, when compared with most of the gentry that succeed and precede them. Their works appear in every possible form,—detached, in "complete editions," in "choice collections of foreign literature," even in monthly parts, when so published in England. Authors who have written less, or anonymously, or who are less known, must often be content to forego the immortalisation of a Leipsic catalogue, although their books will not the less be found there, sometimes with the bare notification that they are from English sources; at others, unceremoniously appropriated by the translator as results of his own unaided genius. Equal liberties are taken with the romantic literature of France and Sweden. Very different is the state of things in England. A translation from the German, unless it be of a short tale in a periodical, is a thing almost unknown—certainly of rare occurrence. Miss Bremer's poultry-yard romances, and Christian Andersen's novels, reached us through a German medium, but are originally Scandinavian. The only other recent translations of novels, in amount and volume worth the naming, are those from the French of Sue, Dumas, and Co., amusing gentlemen enough; but the circulation of whose works had, perhaps, just as well been confined to those capable of reading them in the original. The German literature of the last twenty years has yielded little to the English translator, or rather has been little made use of; for, without entertaining a very exalted opinion of its value and merit, it were absurd to suppose that some good things might not be selected from the hundreds of novels, tales, and romances, that each successive year brings forth in a country where any man who can hold a pen, and is acquainted with orthography, deems himself qualified for an author, and where an astonishingly large proportion of the population act upon this conviction. Mr Rellstab's "1812" is one of the few ears of wheat worthy of extraction from the wilderness of tares and stubble. Its great length, which might, however, have been advantageously curtailed, has, perhaps, proved an obstacle to its translation. Moreover, it is but partially known, even amongst the very limited number of English persons (chiefly ladies) addicted to German reading. Of one thing we are convinced,—that a book of equal merit appearing in England is certain of prompt and reiterated reproduction in Germany; not only in the language of that country, but in those piratical reprints which give in an eighteen-penny duodecimo the contents of three half-guinea post-octavos.

It is quite natural that Mr Rellstab, whose youthful predilections were so strongly military, who himself wore the uniform during his first six years of manhood, and who was contemporary, at the age when impressions are strongest, of the gigantic wars waged by Napoleon in Spain, Germany, and Russia, should recall with peculiar pleasure, at a later period of his life, the martial

deeds with which in his boyhood all men's mouths were filled; that he should select them as a subject for his pen, dwell willingly upon their details, and bestow the utmost pains upon their illustration. His original plan of an historical romance was far more comprehensive than the one to which he finally adhered. He proposed employing as a stage for his actors all the European countries then the theatre of war. This bold plan gave great scope for contrast, allowing him to exhibit his personages, chiefly military men, engaged alternately with the Cossack and the Guerilla—alternately broiling under the sun of Castile, and frozen in Muscovy's snows. But the project was more easily formed than executed; and Mr Rellstab soon found (to use his own words) that he had taken Hercules' club for a plaything. The mass was too ponderous to wield; to interweave the entire military history of so busy a period with the plot of a romance, entailed an army of characters and a series of complications difficult to manage; and that might have ended by wearying the reader. Convinced that his design was too ambitious, he reduced it; limiting himself to the Russian campaign—itself no trifle to grapple with. This plan he successfully carried out. He had hoped to do so, he says, in three volumes, but was compelled to extend his limits, and fill four. The necessity is not obvious. In our opinion, "1812" would gain by compression (especially of the first half) within the limits originally proposed. Although some well-drawn and well-sustained characters are early introduced, and although the reader obtains, in the very first chapter, a mystery to ruminare, whilst of incident there is certainly an abundance, the real fascination of the book resides in the account of the advance to Moscow, of the conflagration of the city, and the subsequent retreat. The great power and truthfulness with which these events are depicted, convey the impression that the writer was an eyewitness of the scenes he so well describes. As this was not the case, we cannot doubt that Mr Rellstab obtained much information from some who made that terrible campaign. He acknowledges his great obligation to Count Segur's remarkable history.

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As regards Mr Rellstab's plot, its ingenuity is undeniable, and, in fact, excessive. More ingenious than probable, the coincidences are too numerous and striking; the artist's hand is too visible. The characters are too obliging in their exits and entrances; ever vanishing and reappearing just at the right moment, and meeting each other in the most unexpected and extraordinary manner. It is difficult to lose sight of the wires; the movements of the puppets are manifestly strained for the exhibitor's convenience. One never feels sure who is the hero of the book; the young German most prominent in its earlier portion, and who is intended for the principal character, is a tame youth, and cuts quite a secondary figure in the latter volumes. His friend Bernard, a joyous artist, whom circumstances convert into a private soldier, and his commander the Polish Colonel Rasinski, a worthy comrade of the heroic Poniatowsky, are much more lifelike and interesting. The mysteries of the tale, and the difficulties which of course beset the paths of the various pairs of lovers, are pretty well cleared up and dispelled at the end of the third volume. The fourth, which includes the worst portion of the retreat, is perhaps the most interesting; partly for the very reason that we have got rid of the private entanglements of the principal personages, who are seen grouped together, and, including a lady, struggling against the frightful hardships and dangers of that unparalleled military disaster. It will give an idea of the tangled nature of Mr Rellstab's plot and under-plots (all finally unravelled with considerable cleverness) to state, that in the foremost row stand five gentlemen and three ladies; that each of the ladies is beloved, at one period or other of the story, by at least two of the gentlemen, who, on the other hand, are all five bosom friends, and, in this capacity, make the most magnanimous sacrifices of love to friendship. Manifestly, the only way of getting out of such a fix, is to kill freely, which Mr Rellstab accordingly does, the retreat from Moscow affording him fine opportunities, whereof he unsparingly avails himself. The closing chapter shows us the very numerous *dramatis personæ* reduced to two happy couples, dwelling, turtle-dove fashion, in a garden near Dresden, and to an elderly Polish lady, on the wing for America. Having thus told the end—a matter of very slight importance to the interest of the book—we will take a glance at the commencement.

The opening scene introduces us to a young German, who, after twelve months passed in Italy at the conclusion of his academical studies, is on his way back to his native land. The entrance of Napoleon's armies is once more converting Northern Germany into a vast camp, and Ludwig Rosen is hurrying homewards to the protection of his sister and widowed mother, then living in retirement at Dresden. Upon his journey to Italy, a year previously, he had encountered in the valley of Aosta a party of travellers, to one of whom, a young and very lovely woman, he restored a bracelet she had dropped upon the highway. Although this led to no acquaintance or intercourse beyond the exchange of a few sentences, the beauty of the foreigner (for such she certainly was, although of what country it was hard to decide,) had left a very strong impression upon the young man's memory and imagination. During his residence in Italy he sought her every where, but in vain. He could not trace her route; ignorant of her name, he knew not for whom to inquire. Once more upon the threshold of Italy, about to quit the romantic land where her image had so often filled his daydreams, he pauses at the outskirts of Duomo d' Ossola, the last Italian town, to take a fond and final look at the paradise he is on the point of leaving. Travelling on foot, his motions depend but on his own caprice, and he leaves the high-road to ascend an adjacent hillock, commanding a fine view. The blast of a post-horn and crack of whips break in upon his meditations, and an open travelling carriage rolls rapidly along the causeway. In one of two women who occupy it, Rosen thinks he recognises his incognita, but before he can reach the road, the vehicle is in the town. It is evening, and Rosen, persuaded the travellers will halt for the night at Duomo d' Ossola, hurries after them to the open square where the guardhouse and the principal inn are situated. The carriage stands at the door of the latter, but fresh horses are being harnessed, and the youth's hopes of passing the night under the same roof with the lady of his thoughts, and of improving his very slight acquaintance with her, begin to vanish in vapour.

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An unexpected incident again gives them consistence:—

"A large circle of idlers had collected round the travellers. An officer, issuing from the guardhouse, a paper in his hand, made his way through the crowd and approached the carriage-door: on his appearance the young lady got out, and took a few steps to meet him. The officer bowed and addressed her with great courtesy; but his manner, and the deprecating shrug of his shoulders, indicated inability to comply with some wish she had expressed. Ludwig drew nearer; but as the lady—of whose identity with her he sought he grew each moment more convinced—had her face turned from him, he made the circuit of the crowd to obtain a sight of her countenance. Heavens, it was herself! Her features were paler and more anxious than at their last meeting, and a tear trembled in her beautiful blue eye. Yielding to an irresistible impulse, Ludwig approached her, resolved, at risk of offence, to greet the lovely being whose apparition had gladdened his entrance into the glorious land he now was quitting, and to remind her of the moment of their first meeting and too speedy separation. He was encouraged to this step by beholding her unaccompanied, save by an old servant seated upon the box, and by an elderly woman, to all appearance an attendant, or humble companion. He hastily stepped forward out of the crowd, which had fallen a little back. As he did so, the lady's glance met his, and so sudden and joyful a glow over-spread her features, that he could not for an instant doubt her recognition of him. He was about to salute and address her, when, with startling haste, she exclaimed in French, 'Here is my brother!' and hurried to meet him. Before Ludwig, astounded at what he took for an extraordinary mistake, had time to utter a word, she continued in Italian, and in a loud tone, so that all around might hear and understand, 'Thank God, brother, you are come at last!' Then, in a rapid whisper, and in German, 'I am lost,' she said, 'if you deny me.' With prompt decision, she turned to the officer, took the paper from his hand and presented it to Ludwig. 'This gentleman would not admit the regularity of our passport because you were not present,' said she, reverting to the French language. 'See what trouble you give us, dear brother, by your romantic partiality for byways! You are Count Wallersheim,' she whispered in German.

"Startled and confounded as Ludwig was by this strange adventure, he retained sufficient presence of mind to understand that it was in his power to render important service to the beautiful woman who stood anxious and tearful before him. Readily taking his cue, his reply was prompt. 'Be not uneasy, dear sister,' he said, 'I will explain to the gentleman.' He turned to the Frenchman, and in order to gain time and some insight into the circumstances of the case, 'I must beg you, sir,' he said 'to repeat your objections to our passport. Ladies have little experience in such matters.' 'I have now,' replied the officer 'not the slightest objection to make. You are set down in the passport as the companion of the countess your sister and yet you were not with her. The passport was, consequently, not in order. The countess certainly told me you had left her only for a short time, to ramble on foot, and that you would rejoin her beyond the town; but at frontier places, like Duomo d' Ossola, our orders are so strict that I should have been compelled to detain the young lady till you made your appearance. Rest assured, however, count, that I should, have held it my duty to have had you sought upon the road to Sempione, to inform you of the obstacle to your sister's progress. I strongly advise you to remain with the countess so long as you are in this district, or you will inevitably encounter delay and annoyance. Once over the Swiss frontier, you are out of our jurisdiction, and travelling is easier.'

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"Ludwig stood mute with astonishment, whilst the old servant got off the box,—took from him, without observation, the light travelling pouch that hung on his shoulder,—laid it in the carriage, and asked him if he would be pleased to get in. Scarce conscious of what he said, he gave the officer his hand, and uttered a few polite words. The servant put down the carriage steps,—the gallant Frenchman assisted the lady, who had muffled herself in her veil, to ascend them,—bowed low, and repeated his wishes for their pleasant journey. Ludwig, almost without knowing what he was about, took his place by the side of the enigmatical fair one, whose duenna had discreetly transferred herself to the opposite seat, and the carriage rattled through the streets."

Once out of town, the mysterious stranger greets Ludwig as her deliverer; and, before they cross the frontier, she has confided to him as much as she proposes at that time to reveal of her exceptional position. This does not, however, amount to a disclosure of her family, name, or even of her country. She bids him call her Bianca,—but with that he must rest content; and he is unable to conjecture, from the slight accent with which she speaks German, or from the language, to him unknown, in which she converses with her companions, to what nation she belongs. She intimates that her destiny is connected with the political events of the period,—that more than her own life is in peril,—and accepts his enthusiastic offer to sustain his assumed character, and to escort her, as her brother, to Germany. Her companions are her *gouvernante* and an old trusty servant, and she would travel in safety were they the sole sharers of her secret. But, unfortunately, a fourth person possesses it, who accompanied her as far as Milan, under the name of Count Wallersheim,—endeavoured to abuse the fraternal intimacy to which he was admitted, and was indignantly repulsed. Bianca took an opportunity to leave him behind, and is well assured that out of revenge he turned traitor. The pursuers must already be upon her track,—each moment an order for her arrest may overtake her. And she does not conceal from Ludwig that, by accompanying her, he runs a heavy risk. This the enamoured youth despises,—insists on acting as her champion and defender, and keeps his seat in her carriage. That night they encounter various perils on the Simplon; and, finally, are locked up by an avalanche in a mountain gallery, whence they are not extricated till morning. In the course of the night's adventures, Ludwig obtains ground to suspect the existence of nearer ties between his two female companions than those of mistress and servant. The excitement and anxiety of the time, however, prevent his dwelling upon this suspicion: the carriage is patched up, and the party

reach Brieg, in the Valais, where they are compelled to pause whilst their vehicle is put in better repair. Whilst Bianca reposes, Ludwig strolls out of the town. At about a mile from it, on his return, he is overtaken by a horseman at full gallop, followed, at an interval of a few hundred yards, by a second cavalier, and by a carriage at a pace nearly as rapid. This headlong speed strikes Ludwig as remarkable. Before he has time to reflect on its possible cause, he is addressed, in French, by the first horseman.

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"Do you belong to Brieg, sir?"

"No," replied Ludwig. "I am a traveller, and have just rambled out of the town."

"Can you tell us if a carriage and four, with two ladies and a gentleman, and a servant on the box, has arrived there?"

Ludwig was on the point of answering No, when the post-chaise came up and stopped. It contained a civilian and a French officer. The former leaned out of the window, and repeated the horseman's question. This gave Ludwig, who could not doubt the inquiries had reference to Bianca, time to devise a safe answer. He remembered that the post-house was at the commencement of the town, and that persons in haste would be likely to change horses there without going to the inn at all. This decided his reply.

"Certainly," said he quickly, "such a carriage arrived some hours ago with a broken axle, I believe, which was mended here. But about a quarter of an hour back, just as I left the town, the strangers resumed their journey."

"The devil!" exclaimed the man in the carriage: "which road did they take?"

"The only one they could take, by Sion to Geneva," replied Ludwig. "You see it yonder, following the bank of the Rhone."

"Can we not cut across?" inquired the traveller hastily.

"To be sure," said the postilion, answering for Ludwig; "just below this we can turn sharp to the left; and if your Excellencies are not afraid to ford the Rhone, even though the water should come into the carriage a little, we avoid the town altogether, and save a good half-hour. If your Excellencies allow me to take that road, never fear but I will overtake the travellers. They must now just be passing through yonder wood, otherwise we should see their carriage on the highway."

"Is the cross-road dangerous?"

"Not a bit. Only a little rough. In an hour at most we will catch them, if your Excellencies will bear me harmless for passing the post station."

"That will I," replied the officer in the carriage; "and what is more, you shall have the twenty gold napoleons I promised you if you caught the fugitives before they reached Brieg. Now on, and at speed."

"The carriage dashed forward, the horsemen galloping on either side."

The above short extracts contain what may be termed the root of the story, whence arise and branch forth a host of subsequent adventures. The misdirection given by Ludwig to Bianca's pursuers, exercises, especially, an extraordinary influence on his subsequent fortunes. In the first instance, however, it gives the lady time to escape on foot from the inn. Her two attendants, who are in fact her father and mother, Russian nobles in disguise, join her at a place appointed without the town, and Ludwig is to do the same, but misses his way, and is unable to find the fugitives. Already deeply in love with the interesting stranger, he is in despair at thus losing her; the more so as he is still ignorant of her name, and his chances of tracing her are even smaller than a year previously. After long but fruitless search, he pursues his journey northwards in company with three Polish officers, Rasinski, Jaromir, and Boleslaw, with whom he becomes acquainted at an inn, and is soon very intimate. The Poles are on their way to Dresden, to join Napoleon, then daily expected there, to open the Russian campaign. The new friends travel for some time in company. At Heidelberg an acquaintance puts a newspaper into Ludwig's hand, and calls his attention to a singular advertisement. It is a letter from Bianca to her unknown deliverer, couched in terms intelligible to him alone, thanking him, expressing regret at their sudden departure, and a wish that they may again meet, but giving no clue by which to find her. More deeply in love than ever, he proceeds to Dresden, where his invalid mother, and his beautiful sister Marie, an enthusiast for German nationality and freedom, welcome the wanderer with delight. There he also meets his friend Bernard, just returned from a tour in England and northern Europe. On a pleasure excursion with a party of ladies and Polish officers, Ludwig is seen and recognised by the man whom he had misdirected in the Valais. This is a Frenchman, named Beaucaire, formerly secretary to Bianca's father, now the confidant and tool of Baron de St Lucas, one of Napoleon's most trusted agents,—half diplomatist, half policeman, with a dash of the spy. Beaucaire has Ludwig arrested; Bernard and one of the Poles rescue him by the strong hand from the gendarmes, who are taking him to prison. But although at liberty he is still in the greatest peril. The police seek him every where. It appears that Bianca's father is a most important secret agent of Russia; that when flying from Italy he had with him papers of the greatest weight and value, and that death is the doom of Ludwig for aiding his escape. Bernard, who has become implicated by the vigorous assistance he rendered his friend, is liable to the same severe punishment. They apply to Colonel Rasinski for advice and succour. The best he is

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able to do for them is to enlist them in his regiment of Polish lancers, and pack them off to the depot at Warsaw. Under assumed names, and in the ranks of an army of six hundred thousand men, disguised also in the coarse garb of private dragoons, detection appears all but impossible. To console them as much as may be for this separation from friends and country, to share in a campaign with which they as Germans cannot sympathise, and to the cheerful endurance of whose hardships they are stimulated neither by patriotism nor ambition, Rasinski attaches the two friends to his person as orderlies; and throughout their whole period of service they associate, when off duty, on terms of perfect equality and intimacy, with him and the captains Jaromir and Boleslaw. The incident of the enlistment is rather forced. There is no apparent reason why Rasinski should detain his friends in his regiment after its uniform had served the purpose of escape from Dresden. Once smuggled out of the city, it was most natural to let them resume their civilian character, and seek concealment in a foreign country, if necessary, till the danger was over, and till they and their offences had been forgotten in the stirring events and perpetual changes of the times. This of course would not have answered Mr Rellstab's purpose; but he should have given more cogent reasons for the continuance in the service of two men, one of whom declares that he holds the gallows or the galleys as agreeable alternatives as the life of a private sentinel.

The merest outline, the most skeleton-like sketch of the plots and under-plots of "1812" would fill a long article, and prove, upon the whole, dry and of small interest. Nor is it, we have already said, by any means our opinion that the plot is the best part of Mr Rellstab's romance. By giving its details, we should be doing less to exhibit his talent, and to interest our readers, than by proceeding at once to the extraction and translation of one or two of its many remarkable scenes and passages.

During the advance of the French army into Russia, when the French Emperor, eager to engage the enemy, had the mortification of seeing them constantly recede on his approach, steadily avoiding an action, Polish Jews were frequently employed as spies, and sent forward to watch and report the movements of a foe whose plan of campaign even Napoleon's genius was unable to penetrate. The invasion of Russia, and anticipated triumph of the French host, were hailed with delight by the great mass of the Polish nation, who considered their liberation from the Muscovite yoke, and the re-establishment of Polish nationality, to be quite certain when once Napoleon took the field on their behalf. But these feelings of patriotic exultation were not partaken by the Jews of Poland, at least not to an extent that rendered them proof against the allurements of Russian gold. As usual, the guileless Israelites were at the service of the best bidder. Russian rubles and French crowns were equally welcome to their insatiable souls and fathomless pockets.

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After crossing the Dnieper, Count Rasinski, whose knowledge of the people, language, and country, caused him to be frequently consulted by the Emperor, sent forward a Lithuanian Jew to ascertain if the enemy were concentrating their forces, and likely to make a stand.

"Towards three in the morning, and in profound darkness, the spy reappeared in the bivouac. Bernard had just awakened and stirred up the fire, when the strange figure of the Israelite, stealing noiselessly along, (wariness and caution had become his second nature,) entered the circle of light cast by the flames. Like a prowling and mischievous sorcerer, he suddenly stood before Bernard, who started at this strange and unexpected apparition. A black robe, confined at the waist by a leathern girdle, draped his meagre person; a red and pointed beard descended low upon his breast; his pale, wizened countenance peered forth from out a mass of tangled hair; his gray eyes had a cunning and malicious twinkle. A constrained smile distorted his lips, as he accosted Bernard in Jewish dialect.

"Young gentleman! Tell me quick where my lord colonel sleeps. I am in haste to speak with him, young gentleman!"

"The fellow looks like the devil changed into a fox," muttered Bernard to himself. "So they have not hanged you, eh, Isaac?"

"Father Abraham! what is that for a question, young gentleman? D'ye think old Isaac would have lived so long, had he not known to keep his neck out of a coil of hemp? But take me to my lord colonel: it's in great haste!"

"Come, son of Abraham," said Bernard, parodying the Jewish mode of speaking; "set thy shoes upon the tracks of my feet, so shalt thou come to the presence of him whose gold thou covetest. Forward!" And, winding his way through the groups of weary soldiers who lay sleeping round the watch-fires, he guided the old spy to the spot where Rasinski, wrapped in his cloak, reposed upon a little straw. The colonel's watchful ear warned him of the approach of strange footsteps; he was roused in an instant, and looked keenly into the surrounding darkness.

"Ha, friend Isaac!" he cried; "well, what news? Are they of weight?"

"The Jew nodded mysteriously, and drew the count aside. Bernard would have returned to his fire, but Rasinski signed to him to remain. The count spoke long and low with his Hebrew emissary, and listened with the strongest interest, as it seemed, to the report of the latter. The spy's countenance each moment assumed a more important expression, and was lighted up, even at shorter intervals, by his false and repulsive smile, as he saw that Rasinski appeared satisfied with the intelligence he brought.

"Accursed Judas!" quoth Bernard to himself. "I could not put faith in that villanous physiognomy,

though the fox's snout of it were to guide me into paradise. And yet Rasinski is a judge of men; that there is no denying.'

"Isaac had made his report; he stood submissively before Rasinski, and awaited his orders with the deepest humility. The colonel produced his purse; the Jew's visage was lighted up with joy; lust of gold gleamed in his eyes. But when he clutched in his extended palm a handful of gold pieces, he broke out into fulsome expressions of delight and gratitude.

"'God of Abraham!' he cried, endeavouring to seize and kiss Rasinski's hand, 'bless my dear benefactor, who saves me from perishing in these days of war and misery! Hunger would rend the poor Jew's entrails, till he howled like the starving wolf in winter, did not you, noble sir, deign generously to relieve him.'

"By word and gesture Rasinski commanded silence. The Jew turned to depart, pulling out at the same time a small leathern bag, wherein to stow his gold. With this empty bag he unintentionally drew out a purse, whose strings had got entangled with those of the bag, and which fell heavily to the ground. Visibly alarmed, Isaac stooped to pick it up, but Bernard, who had observed his countenance by the fire-light, conceived a sudden suspicion, and sprang forward with a like intention. The grass being high, and the light not falling on that spot, both men felt about for a few moments in vain. At last Bernard seized the prize.

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"'Give it here, my dear young gentlemen,' cried Isaac eagerly; 'it is my small and hard-earned savings. Now-a-days nothing is safe, except what one carries with one. Give it me, I entreat!'

"The anxious tone and hasty gestures, with which he spoke these words, not only strengthened Bernard's suspicions, but also attracted the attention of Rasinski.

"'Humph! heavy,' said Bernard, significantly; 'very heavy. Nothing less than gold there, I expect.'

"Rasinski approached.

"'Heaven bless you!' cried Isaac, 'a little silver and copper, nothing more. Perhaps an old ducat or two amongst it.' And he hastily extended his arm to seize his property. Bernard drew back his hand, held the purse to the fire-light and loudly exclaimed—'Silver? copper? What I see through the meshes is gold, and that of the brightest!'

"'Show it here!' said Rasinski, stepping quickly forward. Bernard, laughing, handed him the purse; the Jew dared not object, but he trembled visibly, and expostulated in a humble and cringing tone. 'Most generous sir!' he said; 'it is the trifle I have rescued from the exactions and calamities of war. You will not rob a helpless old man of his little all.'

"'Rob!' repeated Rasinski, disdainfully. 'Am I a marauder? But you will not make me believe,' he continued, in an accent of menace, 'that this gold has been long in your possession. Think you I do not know what a Jew of your sort can save in Lithuania? A likely tale, indeed, that whilst passing as a spy, from one camp to the other, you carry this treasure on your person! Ten foot under ground in the thickest forest, you still would not think it safe. And why deny it to be gold? Where are the silver and copper amongst these fire-new ducats? Confess, Jew—whence have you this gold?'

"Isaac trembled in every limb.

"'What would you of me, most gracious lord count?' stammered he. 'How should old Isaac possess other gold than what he has saved during his sixty years of life? Where should he bury it? Where has he land to dig and delve at his pleasure? And if I wished to conceal that I have saved a few ducats, sure it is no crime in times like these?'

"'Miserable subterfuges!' replied Rasinski. 'Here, take your gold—I desire it not. But mark my words! molten I will have it poured down thy lying throat, if thou hast deceived me in this matter! These ducats look like the guerdon of weightier information than you have brought me. If you have betrayed aught to the enemy, if our present plan miscarries, tremble, for your treachery shall meet a fearful reward!'

"The Jew stood with tottering knees and pale as death; suddenly he prostrated himself at Rasinski's feet, his face distorted by an agony of terror.

"'Pardon! mercy!' he exclaimed.

"'Justice!' sternly replied Rasinski. 'Let his person be searched for papers.'

"An officer and two soldiers seized the Jew, dragged him to the next fire, and bade him strip from head to foot. In a few moments it was done. Gown and hose, shoes and stockings, were examined, without any thing being found. Even a cut through the shoe-soles brought nothing to light. Meanwhile Isaac stood shivering in his shirt, following with anxious glances each movement of the soldiers. As each portion of his dress passed muster and was thrown aside, his countenance cleared and brightened.

"'As sure as Jehovah dwells above us!' he exclaimed, 'I am an innocent old man. Give me back my money and my clothes, and let me home to my hut!'

"'There, put on your rags!' cried a corporal, throwing him his breeches. Isaac caught them, but at the same moment the soldier threw him his gown in the same unceremonious way. It fell over the Jew's face, enveloping him in its folds. Seeing this, the mischievous corporal seized one end of

the loose garment, and pulled it backwards and forwards over the head of Isaac, who staggered to and fro, blinded and confused, but still struggling violently and crying out for mercy. Rasinski was on the point of checking this horse-play, when the Jew stumbled and fell, thus disentangling himself from the gown, which remained in his tormentor's hands. But to the utter dismay of the Israelite, and simultaneously with his robe, a wig was dragged from his head, leaving him completely bald. At first nobody attached importance to the circumstance, and the soldiers laughed at this climax of the Jew's misfortunes, when Bernard's quick eye detected upon the ground a scrap of paper, which had been concealed between scalp and wig. He clutched at it; but was forestalled by Isaac, who, in all haste, caught it up and threw it into the blazing watch-fire, where it instantly disappeared in a flake of tinder. This suspicious incident gave rise to a new investigation. The Jew denied every thing: he swore by the God of his fathers he knew of no letter, and had thrown nothing into the fire, but had merely picked up his handkerchief. Upon examining his head, however, it appeared that the hair had been recently shaved off, and that Isaac had no real occasion for a wig. Here again the wary Jew was ready with his justification.

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"'God of mercy!' he cried, 'what I have done for your service proves my perdition. When, driven by need and hunger, I undertook your dangerous commission, I bethought me how I could best be useful to you. Could I tell what duties you would require of me? Had I not even heard that they consisted in carrying letters and papers, skilfully concealed? Therefore did I break the law by laying a razor on my head! And now I am punished for my sin. But is it for you Christians to condemn me, because I have transgressed to do your pleasure?'

"Spurred by the fear of death, Isaac continued in this strain with irrepressible volubility; and there was no denying that his excuses and reasons were plausible enough. Nevertheless, Rasinski found strong grounds for suspicion. He ordered the Jew to be kept in custody, and that, when the regiment went out, he should follow on a spare horse.

"'If I see by the enemy's movements,' said he to the Jew as he was led away, 'that he has notice of our project, you are ripe for the gallows, and shall not escape it. If there is no evidence of your treason, you shall be free to get yourself hung elsewhere, for beyond Liady you will be useless, seeing that the Russians do not tolerate your blood-sucking race in their land; the only good trait I am acquainted with in their character. Away with you—let him be well guarded.'"

During a scamper after the Cossacks upon the following day, Isaac makes his escape, to reappear at the close of the retreat under very startling and horrible circumstances. At last Napoleon, who, ever since he crossed the Niemen, had expected battle, and who was furious at the retrograde tactics of the Russians, met at Smolensko the first serious resistance of his cautious and astute foe. Hitherto every thing had been of evil presage: nature seemed combined with man to check his progress, and discourage his ambition. His first arrival on the banks of the Niemen was marked by a fall from his horse; a terrible storm welcomed him upon the Russian territory; in crossing the first Russian river, the Wilna, a squadron of Polish horse, sent to find a ford, were swept away by the current. Bridges were cut, roads deserted, even the defiles protecting Wilna unguarded, but not an enemy was visible, save now and then a few wild Cossacks, stragglers from the Russian rear-guard. On the other hand, the French suffered from hunger and fatigue; provisions were scarce, the men discouraged; discipline grew lax, villages were plundered and burned; tales circulated in the ranks of the army, of young soldiers, new to privations, and disheartened by a long perspective of suffering, who turned aside upon the road and blew out their brains with their muskets. Already baggage-waggons and munition-carts, open and empty, strewed the plain, as in rear of a discomfited and retreating army; thousands of horses had died from feeding on green corn. All these misfortunes, before a blow had been struck, almost before a shot had been fired! Such disastrous inactivity was more destructive than the fiercest opposition; and no wonder Napoleon longed to meet one of those stubborn stands which he well knew the Russian troops would make, so soon as their leaders permitted them. The first of any importance was made at Smolensko. In the previous doubts and delays there is evidently fine scope for a historical romance-writer,—and Mr Rellstab busies himself with the events of the campaign, neglecting for a while the progress of his novel. We then obtain a peep into Russia, and are introduced to the castle of Count Dolgorow, Bianca's father. Preparations are making for the young Countess's marriage with Prince Ochalskoi, a marriage repugnant to her feelings, (for she still cherished a tender recollection of Ludwig,) but into which she is in a manner coerced by her parents. On her wedding day she receives a letter, left by her nurse in care of her confessor, not to be delivered to her till after marriage, by which she learns that she is not the Dolgorow's daughter; that her mother was a German lady, who died a few days after her birth, and that her adoption by the Count had, for motive, that an inheritance depended on his wife having children, which, after many years' marriage, were still denied him. Bianca, with whom a sense of filial duty had powerfully weighed when consenting to become the wife of a man she disliked, is in despair at finding how unnecessarily she has sacrificed herself. But the ceremony is over, and she has no alternative but resignation to her lot. That same evening, however, the castle, which is in the vicinity of Smolensko, is surprised by Rasinski, who, under cover of the darkness, has forded the Dnieper with his horsemen. On the threshold of the bridal chamber, Ochalskoi is startled by pistol-shots. The alarm-bell rings, the confusion is terrific. The principal tenants of the castle escape into the adjacent forest, but, in covering the retreat, Ochalskoi is mortally wounded. From Smolensko, Russian troops hurry out to repel the Poles, and Rasinski recrosses the river with his regiment, in whose ranks rides Ludwig, little suspecting how near he has been to the mistress of his heart. Having thus obligingly killed off the husband, before he had *de facto* become entitled to the name, Mr Rellstab evidently intends ultimately rewarding the sufferings of Bianca, and the constancy of her German lover. There is still a slight difficulty in the way of this desirable

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consummation. Bernard, Ludwig's faithful friend, has also a hankering after the lady, whom he has seen in a London theatre, and surreptitiously sketched. He sacrifices himself to friendship, and is rewarded by the discovery that Bianca is his sister. Whereupon he finds out that he is in love with Marie, Ludwig's sister, and she, who has been wooed by Rasinski, and whose sole objection to the gallant Pole is the fact of his fighting in the French ranks, favours the suit of Bernard, whose temporary service under the tricolor was the consequence of his affection for her brother, and who atones his brief alliance with Frenchmen by taking a gallant part against them in the subsequent campaigns of 1813-15. Here, however, we are again anticipating—jumping from the middle of the second to the end of the fourth volume. We will presently retrace our steps for an extract or two. Just after the fight at Smolensko, which the Russians abandoned in the night, and the French took possession of on the 18th August, Ludwig receives a letter informing him of his mother's death, and is plunged into the deepest distress. We mention this incident, which, although its immediate cause is connected with the plot of the book, is, upon the whole, unimportant, merely because it gives us an opportunity of referring to a practice common amongst foreign writers, especially amongst German ones, and which occurs in "1812" more frequently than we should have expected to have found it in the production of a writer usually so manly as Mr Rellstab. We allude to the exorbitant allowance of hugging and kissing that goes on between the male characters of the romance. We have no objection to any decent amount of osculation, so long as the parties are of different sexes; we can even pardon the rather too warmly-coloured scenes in the bride's apartment near Smolensko, and in the boudoir or *clapier*—or whatever we are to call it—of Mademoiselle Françoise Alisette, the French singing woman. (Mr Rellstab, by the way, is particularly given to having his billing and cooing done where 'cannons are roaring and bullets are flying,' amidst death-wounds and conflagration.) But we cannot abide, or read with common patience, even though we know it to be mere fiction,—for surely no men wearing boots, breeches, a soldier's coat, and sword on hip, ever descended to such Sporus-like familiarities,—an account of soldiers kissing and slabbering each other like a set of sentimental school-girls parting for the holidays. Bernard the painter, a very worthy fellow, and efficient man-at-arms, and withal a bit of a cynic, departs from his natural character, and falls at once a hundred per cent in our estimation, when we read of his imprinting "a soft brother's kiss upon Ludwig's lips." Having done this, however, he announces his resolution to avoid for the future softness of all kinds, and to stand "like a veteran pilot, cold and calm amidst the storm of fate." Nevertheless, when Ludwig learns his mother's decease, we find the artist relapsing into the nasty weakness, clasping his friend in his arms, and pressing "a long kiss upon his lips." The same sort of maudlin is of frequent recurrence throughout the book. Formerly very prevalent upon the Continent, the practice of embracing amongst men is sensibly on the decline, or rather it has become modified, for the most part, into a sort of meaningless hug, compounded of a clasp round the body, and a grin over the shoulder. There is no harm in this, if it amuse the actors, or is in any way gratifying to their feelings. The last time we saw the ceremony gone through, by a couple of bearded big-paunched Frenchmen, we thought they looked rather conscious of the absurdity of the exhibition, and more than half ashamed of it. Any thing beyond this, any thing like contact of chins, lips, cheeks, or mustaches, is nauseous, and degrades any male animal of the genus *homo*, superior in moral dignity to a French man-milliner, or a German student drunk with beer. Let not, however, our rightful disgust be misinterpreted. There are kisses that are hallowed in history. Such was the kiss of Hardy upon the cheek of Nelson.

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The affair of Smolensko, bloody though it was, was a trifling skirmish compared with the terrible battle of the Borodino, excellently well described by Mr Rellstab. This was a profitless battle—nay, a disastrous one—to the victors, whose numerical loss rather exceeded that of the vanquished; and the Russians, little ruffled by their defeat, might almost have renewed the strife the following day, had it so pleased them. Another such victory would have been the ruin of the French. But it did not accord with Russian tactics to give them another chance. The invaders' doom awaited them there, where they anticipated safety and repose—in the ancient city of the Czars, imperial Moscow. The insignificant spoils of the action that had cost them so much blood, made it evident to the French host that the triumph was but nominal. What were a few hundred prisoners, and four-and-twenty guns, after such a tremendous day's slaughter? "It is the sun of Austerlitz!" Napoleon, with his accustomed clap-trap, had said upon the morning of the fight. Like that of Austerlitz, the sun set upon a victory; but how different in its results! "Let your descendants," said Napoleon, in one of his unrivalled and spirit-stirring proclamations, "make it their chief boast that their ancestors fought in that great battle before the walls of Moscow!" How few who shared in that day's perils and glories ever returned to their native land, to boast the exploits or bewail the mishaps of the most unfortunate campaign the world's military history can show! The action of the Borodino, claimed as a victory by the French, although in reality a drawn battle, inspired Napoleon's host with no feelings of exultation. The losses were too tremendous—the advantages too problematical. Still, the fight—or rather the voluntary retreat of the Russians during the following night—opened the road to Moscow, and this gave fresh spirits to the army: not that they rejoiced and triumphed at occupying the second capital of Russia, but because they well knew that Moscow was a further stage upon the only road by which they would be permitted to return to France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland—to all the eight or ten countries, in short, of whose inhabitants the armed multitude was made up. Moscow was to be their winter-quarters, their place of refuge, rest, and solace, after great hardships and sufferings. They of course expected they would have to fight for the city, but in this they did less than justice to Russian hospitality. They found the dwelling swept, the fires laid, and all ready for lighting. Mr Rellstab powerfully describes the aspect of the deserted city, when entered by Murat at the head of his cavalry.

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"The streets through which they passed made a strange impression: alive with the clang of war, they yet were deadly still, for the houses on either hand stood like silent tombs, whence no sound or sign of life proceeded. Not a single chimney smoked. The cupolas of the cathedral glittered in shining gold, encircled with wreaths of green; the pillars of palaces towered in lofty magnificence. But the glories of this noble architecture resembled the dismal finery of a corpse laid out in state for a last melancholy exhibition, so mute, so rigid was all it enclosed. This mixture of the wanton splendour of life with the profound stillness and solitude of death was so painful, that it oppressed the hearts of those rough warriors, who as yet, however, were far from suspecting the terrible truth.

"For two hours the troops had perambulated this stony desert, in whose labyrinthine mazes they became ever more deeply involved. Their progress was of the slowest, for the King of Naples, still refusing to believe what each moment rendered more apparent, was in constant expectation of a surprise, and could not banish the idea that the foe cunningly inveigled him into this confused and treacherous network of streets and lanes, in order the better suddenly to assail him. He therefore sent strong detachments into every side street, to seek the enemy supposed to lurk there. None was detected. A dreadful stillness reigned in the huge city, where erst the din of traffic deafened every ear. There was heard but the dull, hollow hoof-tramp of the horses, and the jar of the weapons, dismally reverberated from the tall, dead walls; so that, when the column halted, complete silence spread like a shroud over the awe-stricken host. For the soldier was infected with the gloom of the scene, so that, although entering the hostile capital, no cry of victory or shout of joy escaped him; but grave and silent, scrutinising with astonished eye the surrounding edifices, in vain quest of a trace of life, he entered the metropolis of the old Czars.

"Now the walls and pinnacles of the Kremlin rose in dark majesty above the intruders' heads. For the first time a refreshing sound was heard—a confused jumble of human voices and warlike stir. It was a party of the inhabitants, collected in a dark swarm round a train of carts conveying provisions and wounded men, who had not been soon enough got out of the city. A few Cossacks, left behind to escort them, spurred their active little horses and quickly disappeared in the maze of streets, uninjured by the bullets sent after them. Suddenly from the Kremlin, at whose doors the French had now arrived, issued a horrible uproar of howling voices. Rasinski, at the noise of the firing, had galloped to the head of the column, followed by Bernard, to ascertain its cause; and even his manly heart, long accustomed to sounds and perils of every description, beat quicker at the ghastly tumult. His eye followed the direction given by his ear, and he beheld, upon the Kremlin's walls, a group of hideous figures, both men and women, furiously gesticulating, and evidently resolved to defend the entrance to the holy fortress. The women's tangled and dishevelled hair, the wild bristling beards of the men, the distorted features and frantic gestures of all, their horrible cries, and rags, and filth, and barbarous weapons, composed a picture frightful beyond expression. 'What!' cried Rasinski, with a start, 'has hell sent against us its most hideous demons?'—'Are they men or spectres?' inquired the shuddering Bernard. Again the grisly band set up their wild and horrid shriek, and shots were fired from the wall into the compact mass of soldiers. The King of Naples waved a white handkerchief in sign of truce, and called to Rasinski to tell the people in their own language that no harm should be done to them if they abandoned their useless and desperate opposition. Rasinski rode forward; but scarcely had he uttered the first word of peace, when his voice was drowned in a horrid yell, whilst the women furiously beat their breasts and tore their hair. Once more Rasinski called to them to yield. Thereupon a woman of colossal stature, whose loosened hair fell wildly on her shoulders, sprang upon a turret of the wall. 'Dog!' she cried, 'with my teeth will I rend thee, like a hungry wolf her prey! Robber! thou shalt be torn like the hunter who despoils the she-bear of her cubs! Curse upon ye, murderers of our sons and husbands! Curse upon ye, spoilers of our cities! A triple curse upon the godless crew, who defile our holy altars, and scoff the Almighty with a devil's tongue! Woe shall be your portion, worse your sufferings than those of the damned in the sulphur-pit! Curses, eternal curses upon ye all!'

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"Rasinski shuddered. This menacing figure, although fearful to behold, excited not loathing. Wide robes of black and gray shrouded the person of the Pythoness; a blood-red cloth, half cap, half turban, was twined around her head. Her grizzled hair fluttered in the wind, her glittering eye rolled wildly in its orbit, whilst her open mouth poured forth curses, and her upraised hands appealed to heaven to fulfil them.

"Summoning all his strength, Rasinski once more shouted, in his lion-like voice—

"'Madmen! do you reject mercy?'

"Another wild howl, accompanied with threatening gestures, drowned his words. By a sign he warned the King that all was in vain, and Murat gave orders to burst open the door. The artillery was already unlimbered, and three shots, whose thunder resounded fearfully in the empty city, crashed through the barrier, which broke and shivered at the shock. As it opened, a dense throng of the mad Russians streamed out, and dashed headlong into the French ranks. The invaders would fain have spared them, for they were too few to prompt a powerful foe to needless bloodshed; but the fanatical patriotism of the unfortunates made mercy impossible. Like ferocious beasts, they threw themselves upon their foes, thinking only of destroying all they could. One raging madman, armed with a tree-branch, fashioned into a huge club, struck down two Frenchmen, and with a few agile leaps was close to the King of Naples—as usual foremost in danger—when Rasinski sprang forward and cut at him with his sabre. But the blow fell flat; with the fury of a goaded hound, the wounded man sprang upon the Count, dragged him with giant strength from his saddle, hurled him to the ground, and threw himself upon him. In a moment

Bernard was off his horse, and, grappling the lunatic, who strove to throttle Rasinski, pulled him violently backwards. A French officer sprang to his assistance. With the greatest difficulty they unlocked the fierce grasp in which the Russian held Rasinski; and when this was done the wretch gnashed his teeth, and strove to use them on his prostrate opponent. But Rasinski had now an arm at liberty, and when his furious foe advanced his head to bite, he struck him with his clenched fist so severe a blow in the mouth, that a thick dark stream of blood gushed over his breast and face. Nevertheless, the barbarian yielded not, but made head against the three men with all the prodigious strength of his muscular body, until the bullet from the pistol of a dragoon, who coolly put the muzzle to his breast and shot him through the heart, laid him lifeless on the ground."

Convinced at last that the city is theirs without opposition, the French take up their quarters. Rasinski establishes himself with his friends in a spacious palace, full of corridors, staircases, and long suites of rooms, reminding us in some degree of one of Mrs Radcliffe's castles. Here some well-managed scenes occur. Voices and footsteps are heard, and Ludwig has a dream "that is not all a dream," in which Bianca appears to him, warning of danger, and bidding him fly. As token of her real presence, she leaves him a bracelet—the same by picking up which he first made her acquaintance—and a letter, a mysterious sort of missive, like that by which the gunpowder plot was discovered, in which she hints at danger underground. Rasinski, who has been disturbed by a dark figure passing through his room, at which he fires a pistol without effect, institutes a search through the palace. In the cellars they are met by a smell of sulphur, and presently the building shakes with the explosion of a mine. They hurry up to their apartments, and find them full of smoke. Just then the stillness of the night is broken by shouts of fire, and by sounds of drums and trumpets. Moscow is in flames.

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And now begins, with the commencement of Mr Rellstab's third volume, the prodigious retreat from Moscow to Paris. It occupies six books out of the sixteen into which "1812" is divided; and however the interest of the other ten may occasionally be found drawn out and flagging, it must be admitted that these six are of intense and enthralling interest. From a rising ground near Moscow, Rasinski and his friends obtained a bird's-eye view of the retreating multitude, just as, encumbered with spoil, exasperated by unwonted reverse and disappointment, their blood, impoverished by previous privations, now inflamed to fever by brief but furious excesses in the palaces and wine-cellars of the Russian nobles, they started upon their weary march.

"In three broad streams the enormous mass of men and baggage poured across the fields, issuing forth in inexhaustible numbers from the ruins of Moscow, whilst the head of the column disappeared in the blue and misty distance. And besides this main body, the plain to the right and left was covered with scattered horsemen and pedestrians.

"'What is to become of it all?' said Rasinski, gazing down on the throng. 'How is an army to move with such baggage? Fortunately the first charge of Cossacks will rid us of at least half the encumbrance. What blind greediness has presided at the collection of the spoil! How many have laden themselves with useless burdens, under which they are destined to sink!'

"'I shall be much surprised,' said Jaromir, 'if the Emperor does not have the entire plunder burned so soon as we get into the open country.'

"'Not he,' replied Rasinski. 'He will not deprive the soldier, who has plodded wearily over two-thirds of Europe, of the recompense of oft-promised booty. But my word for it, before this day is over, the fellows will of themselves begin to throw their ballast overboard. See yonder, those two men, they look like officer's servants. Have they not gone and harnessed themselves to a hand-cart, and now draw their load wearily after them! Not six hours will their strength endure; but blinded by avarice, they forget the eight hundred leagues that lie between this and Paris. And yonder lines of heavy-laden carts, how long will their axles hold? And if one breaks, whence is it to be replaced? It is as much as the artillery can do to supply their deficiencies. The Emperor looks ill-pleased at all this encumbrance, but he leaves it to time to teach them the impossibility of their undertaking. There is a waggon down! do you see? one who will leave at half-a-league from Moscow all that he had probably reckoned upon conveying to Paris.'

"The cart which Rasinski saw upset was overloaded with plunder; an axle had broken, and it lay in the middle of the road, stopping the passage. There was an instant check in the whole column. From the rear came angry cries of 'Forward!' for all felt that the utmost exertion was necessary to make way through the throng and bustle. The very density of the crowd impeded movement, so that an accident diminishing the number of carts was a matter of self-gratulation to the others. As the broken vehicle could not immediately move on, and there was no room to turn it aside, the driver of one of the following carts called out to clear it away at any rate. 'Throw the lumber out of the road! every one for himself here! we cannot wait half the day for one man. Lend a hand, comrades; unharness the horses, and pitch the rubbish into the fields'. Instantly, twenty, thirty, fifty arms were extended to obey the suggestion. In vain the owner of the cart stormed and swore, and strove to defend his property. In two minutes he was surrounded on all sides; and not only was the cart pillaged of all it contained, but the horses were unharnessed, the wheels taken off, and the body of the vehicle broken up and thrown aside; so that the road was once more clear. The howling fury of the plundered man was drowned in the scornful laughter of the bystanders; no one troubled his head about the matter, or dreamed of affording assistance to the despoiled individual, who might consider himself fortunate that his horses were left him.

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"'If this happens on the first day's march, at the gates of Moscow,' observed Rasinski, 'what is to be expected when an enemy threatens these heavy-laden masses? Yonder marauder has saved

nothing but his pair of lean horses. The others may think themselves lucky if they save as much from the first feint-attack of half a hundred Cossacks! The fellow now howling and cursing is the luckiest of them all; for he is the first relieved from his useless drudgery. This very day he will have abundant opportunity to laugh and scoff in his turn, perhaps at his spoilers themselves. And before a week is over, he will bless his stars that he has been saved the profitless toil. The difference is merely that he loses to-day what others will lose to-morrow and the day after: of all these thousands not one will ultimately profit by his booty.'

"The prognostications of the experienced soldier were speedily verified. The track of the French army was marked first by abandoned spoils, then by the bodies of the spoilers. Napoleon's soldiers were little accustomed to retreats, and seemed to imagine that, now they had condescended to commence one, the enemy would show his surprise and respect by abstaining from molesting them. Such at least is the only plausible way of explaining the infatuation that loaded with the most cumbersome plunder the multitude of men who, on the 16th September 1812, turned their backs upon the blazing turrets of Moscow. Nothing was too clumsy or heavy to be carried off; but ultimately nothing was found portable enough to be carried through the fatigues and dangers of the winter march. Baggage and superfluous munition-carts were soon left behind, and the horses taken for the artillery; for which purpose, before reaching Smolensko, every second man in the cavalry was deprived of his charger. Although winter had not yet set in, there were frosts every night, and the slippery roads trebled the fatigues of the attenuated and ill-shod horses. After a short time, every means of transport, not monopolised by the guns, was required by the sick, wounded, and weary; and nobody thought of possessing more baggage than he could carry with him. And even the trophies selected in Moscow by Napoleon's order, to throw dust in the eyes of the Parisians,—splendid bronze ornaments from the palaces, outlandish cannon, (the spoils of Russia in her eastern wars,) and the cross of St Ivan, wrenched from the tower of the Kremlin,—were sunk in a lake by the roadside. Soon snow was the sole pillow, and horse-flesh the best nourishment, of the broken and dispirited army.

"At Smolensko, Ludwig and Bernard, when seeking in the storehouses of the depot a supply of shoes for the regiment, suddenly find themselves face to face with their old enemies, Beaucaire and the Baron de St Lucas, who have them arrested as spies of Russia. Prevented from communicating with Rasinski, who is suddenly ordered off and compelled to march without them, they undergo a sort of mock examination in the gray of the morning, and are led out of the town to be shot. The place appointed for their execution is a snow-covered hillock, a few hundred yards from the walls, and close to the extremity of a thick pine wood. They are escorted by thirty men, and an escape appears impossible. Nevertheless Bernard, hopeful and energetic, despairs not of accomplishing it, and communicates his intentions to Ludwig.

"Seizing a favourable moment, Bernard suddenly knocked down the two foremost soldiers, sprang from amongst his guards, and shouting to Ludwig to follow, bounded like a roebuck towards the forest. He had cleared the way for Ludwig, who, prepared for the signal, availed himself of the opening, and sped across the snowy field. The soldiers stood astounded. 'Fire!' cried the officer; and a few obeyed the order, but already several were in full pursuit of the fugitives, preventing the others from firing, lest they should shoot their comrades. Seeing this, all threw down their muskets and joined in the chase. Ludwig sought to keep near Bernard, in order not to sever his fate from that of his trusty friend. But the number of their pursuers soon forced them to take different directions. The hunted and the hunters were alike impeded by the snow, which had been blown off the steep side of the hillock, but lay in thick masses on the table-land, and at every step the feet sank deep. Already Ludwig saw the dusky foliage of the pines close before him, already he deemed himself to have escaped his unjust doom, when suddenly he sunk up to the hips, and, by his next movement, up to the breast in the snow, which had drifted into a fissure in the earth. In vain he strained every muscle to extricate himself. In a few seconds his pursuers reached him, grappled him unmercifully, and pulled him out of the hole by his arms and hair.

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"Ill treated by the soldiers, driven forward by blows from fists and musket butts, Ludwig was dragged, rather than he walked, to the place appointed for his death. Even the scornful gaze with which Beaucaire received him was insufficient to give him strength to enjoy in the last moments of his life an inward triumph over that contemptible wretch. But he looked anxiously around for Bernard, to see whether he again was the companion of his melancholy lot. He saw him not; he evidently was not yet captured. The hope that his friend had finally effected his escape, comforted Ludwig, although he felt that death, now he was alone to meet it, was harder to endure than when he was sustained by the companionship of the gallant Bernard.

"He was now again at the post, to which two soldiers secured him with musket-slings, his arms behind his back, as though they feared fresh resistance. The sergeant stepped up to him, a handkerchief in his hand.

"'I will bandage your eyes, comrade,' said he, compassionately; 'it is better so.'

"In the first instance Ludwig would have scorned the bandage, but now he let his kind-hearted fellow-soldier have his way. Suddenly it occurred to him that he might make the sergeant the bearer of his last earthly wishes.

"'Comrade,' said he, as the man secured the cloth over his eyes, 'you will not refuse me a last friendly service. So soon as you are able, go to Colonel Rasinski, who commands our regiment; tell him how I died, and beg him to console my sister. And if you outlive this war, and go to her in Warsaw or Dresden, and tell her that!—

"He was interrupted by several musket-shots close at hand.

"'Are those for me, already?' cried Ludwig,—for the sergeant had let go the handkerchief, now secured round his head, and had stepped aside. For sole reply Ludwig heard him exclaim—"The devil! what is that?" and spring forward. At the same time arose a confused outcry and bustle, and again shots were fired just in the neighbourhood, one bullet whistling close to Ludwig's head. He heard horses in full gallop, whilst a mixture of words of command, shouts, clash of steel and reports of fire-arms resounded on all sides. 'Forward!' cried the voice of the sergeant. 'Close your ranks! fire!'

"A platoon fire from some twenty muskets rang in Ludwig's ear; he imagined the muzzles were pointed at him, and an involuntary tremor, made his whole frame quiver. But he was still alive and uninjured. The complete darkness in which he found himself, the bonds that prevented his moving, the excitement and tension of his nerves, caused a host of strange wild ideas to flit across his brain. Hearing upon the left the stamp of hoofs and shouts of charging horsemen, he thought for a moment that Rasinski and his men had come to deliver him. Then, however, he heard the howling war-cry of the Russians. A 'hurrah' rent the air. The contending masses rushed past him; the smoke of powder whirled in his face; cries, groans, and clatter of weapons were all around him. He was in the midst of the fight; in vain he strove to break his bonds, that he might tear the bandage from his eyes; he continued in profound obscurity. 'Is it a frightful dream?' he at last gasped out, turning his face to heaven. 'Will none awake me, and end this horrible suffering?'

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"But no hand touched him, and little by little the tumult receded, and was lost in the distance.

"Thus passed a few minutes of agonising suspense; Ludwig writhed in his fetters; a secret voice whispered to him, that could he burst them he yet might be saved, but they resisted his utmost efforts. Then he again heard loud voices, which gradually approached accompanied by hurried footsteps. On a sudden a rough hand tore the cloth from his eyes.

"Thunderstruck, he gazed around. Three men with long beards, whom he at once recognised as Russian peasants, stood before him, staring at him with a mixture of scorn and wonder. On the ground lay several muskets and the bodies of two French soldiers. Ludwig saw himself in the power of his enemies, whom a strange chance had converted into his deliverers."

Beaucaire and St Lucs were also in the hands of the Russians, in whose unfriendly care we for the present leave both them and Ludwig, to recur, at a future day, to this interesting romance.

THE BLUE DRAGON;

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, FROM THE CRIMINAL RECORDS OF HOLLAND.

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In the town of M—, in Holland, there lived, towards the close of the last century, an elderly widow, Madame Andrecht. She inhabited a house of her own, in company with her maid-servant, who was nearly of the same age. She was in prosperous circumstances; but, being in delicate health and paralysed on one side, she had few visitors, and seldom went abroad except to church or to visit the poor. Her chief recreation consisted in paying a visit in spring to her son, who was settled as a surgeon in a village a few miles off. On these occasions, fearing a return of a paralytic attack, she was invariably accompanied by her maid, and, during these visits, her own house was left locked up, but uninhabited and unwatched.

On the 30th June 17—, the widow returning to M— from one of these little excursions, found her house had been broken open in her absence, and that several valuable articles, with all her jewels and trinkets, had disappeared. Information was immediately given to the authorities, and a strict investigation of the circumstances took place without delay.

The old lady had been three weeks absent, and the thieves of course had had ample leisure for their attempt. They had evidently gained access through a window in the back part of the house communicating with the garden, one of the panes of which had been removed and the bolts of the window forced back, so as to admit of its being pulled up. The bolts of the back-door leading into the garden had also been withdrawn, as if the robbers had withdrawn their plunder in that direction. The other doors and windows were uninjured; and several of the rooms appeared to have been unopened. The furniture, generally, was untouched; but the kitchen utensils were left in confusion, as if the robbers had intended removing them, but had been interrupted or pursued.

At the same time it was evident they had gone very deliberately about their work. The ceiling and doors of a heavy old press, the drawers of which had been secured by strong and well constructed locks, had been removed with so much neatness that no part of the wood-work had been injured. The ceiling and doors were left standing by the side of the press. The contents, consisting of jewels, articles of value, and fine linens, were gone. Two strong boxes were found

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broken open, from which gold and silver coin, with some articles of clothing, had been abstracted. The value of the missing articles amounted to about two thousand Dutch guildens. The house, however, contained many other articles of value, which, singularly enough, had escaped the notice of the thieves. In particular, the greater part of the widow's property consisted of property in the funds, the obligations for which were deposited, not in the press above-mentioned, but in an iron chest in her sleeping-room. This chest she had accidentally removed, shortly before her departure; placing it in a more retired apartment, where it had fortunately attracted no attention.

The robbery had, apparently, been committed by more than one person; and, it was naturally suspected, by persons well acquainted with the house, and with the circumstances of its inhabitants. The house itself, which was almost the only respectable one in the neighbourhood, was situated in a retired street. The neighbouring dwellings were inhabited by the poorer classes, and not a few of the less reputable members of society. The inner fosse of the town, which was navigable, flowed along the end of the garden through which the thieves had, apparently, gained admittance, being separated from the garden only by a thin thorn hedge. It was conjectured that the thieves had made their way close to the hedge by means of a boat, and from thence had clambered over into the garden, along the walks and flower-beds of which foot-marks were traceable.

The discovery of the robbery had created a general sensation, and the house was surrounded by a crowd of curious idlers, whom it required some effort on the part of the police to prevent from intruding into the premises. One of them only, a baker, and the inhabitant of the house opposite to that of the widow, succeeded in making his way in along with the officers of justice. His acquaintances awaited his return with impatience, trusting to be able, from his revelations, to gratify their curiosity at second-hand. If so, they were disappointed, for, on his exit, he assumed an air of mystery, answered equivocally, and observed, that people might suspect many things of which it might not be safe to speak.

In proportion, however, to his taciturnity was the loquaciousness of a woolspinner, Leendert Van N—, the inhabitant of the corner house next to that of the widow. He mingled with the groups who were discussing the subject; dropped hints that he had his own notions as to the culprits, and could, if necessary, give a clue to their discovery. Among the crowd who were observed to listen to these effusions, was a Jew dealer in porcelain, a suspected spy of the police. Before evening, the woolspinner received a summons to the town-house, and was called upon by the burgomaster for an explanation of the suspicious expressions he had used. He stammered, hesitated, pretended he knew of nothing but general grounds of suspicion, like his neighbours; but being threatened with stronger measures of compulsion, he at last agreed to speak out, protesting, at the same time, that he could willingly have spared persons against whom he had no grudge whatever, and would have been silent for ever, if he had foreseen the consequence of his indiscretion.

The substance of his disclosure was to this effect:—Opposite the German post-house, at the head of the street in which the woolspinner lived, there was a little alehouse. Nicholas D— was the landlord. He was generally known among his acquaintances, not by his baptismal or family name, but by the appellation of the Blue Dragoon, from having formerly served in the horse regiment of Colonel Van Wackerbarth, which was popularly known by the name of the Blues. About two years before, he had become acquainted with and married Hannah, the former servant of Madame Andrecht, who had been six years in that situation, and possessed her entire confidence. Unwilling to part with her attendant, and probably entertaining no favourable notion of the intended husband, Madame Andrecht had long thrown impediments in the way of the match, so that the parties were obliged to meet chiefly at night, and by stealth. Nicholas found his way into the house at night through the garden of his acquaintance the woolspinner, and across the hedge which divided it from Madame Andrecht's. Of these nocturnal visits the woolspinner was at first cognisant, but, fearful of getting into a scrape with his respectable neighbour, he was under the necessity of intimating to the bold dragoon, that if he intended to continue his escalades, he must do so from some other quarter than his garden. Nicholas obeyed apparently, and desisted; but, to the surprise of the woolspinner, he found the lovers continued to meet not the less regularly in Madame Andrecht's garden. One evening, however, the mystery was explained. The woolspinner, returning home after dark, saw tied to a post in the canal, close by Madame Andrecht's garden, one of those small boats which were generally used by the dragoons for bringing forage from the magazine; and he at once conjectured that this was the means by which the dragoon was enabled to continue his nocturnal assignations. With the recollection of this passage in the landlord's history was combined a circumstance of recent occurrence, trifling in itself, but which appeared curiously to link in with the mode in which the robbery appeared to have been effected. Ten days before the discovery of the housebreaking, and while the widow was in the country, the woolspinner stated that he found, one morning, a dirty-coloured handkerchief lying on the grass bank of the fosse, and exactly opposite his neighbour's garden. He took it up and put it in his pocket, without thinking about it at the time. At dinner he happened to remember it, mentioned the circumstance to his wife, showed her the handkerchief, and observed jestingly, "If Madame Andrecht were in town, and Hannah were still in her service, we should say our old friend the Blue Dragoon had been making his rounds and had dropt his handkerchief." His wife took the handkerchief, examined it, and exclaimed, "In the name of wonder, what is that you say? Is not Hannah's husband's name Nicholas D—?" pointing out to him at the same time the initials N. D. in the corner. Both, however, had forgotten the circumstance till the occurrence of the robbery naturally recalled it to the husband's mind.

The woolspinner told his story simply; his conclusions appeared unstrained: suspicion became strongly directed against the Blue Dragoon, and these suspicions were corroborated by another circumstance which emerged at the same time.

During the first search of the house, a half-burnt paper, which seemed to have been used for lighting a pipe, was found on the floor, near the press which had been broken open. Neither Madame Andrecht nor her maid smoked; the police officers had no pipes when they entered the house; so the match had in all probability been dropped on the ground by the housebreakers.

On examination of the remains of the paper, it appeared to have been a receipt, such as was usually granted by the excise to innkeepers for payment of the duties on spirits received into the town from a distance, and which served as a permit entitling the holder to put the article into his cellars. The upper part of the receipt containing the name of the party to whom it was granted was burnt, but the lower part was preserved, containing the signature of the excise officer, and the date of the permit: it was the 16th March of the same year. From these materials it was easy to ascertain what innkeeper in the town had, on that day, received such a permit for spirits. From an examination of the excise register, it appeared that on that day Nicholas D—— had received and paid the duties on several ankers of Geneva. Taken by itself, this would have afforded but slender evidence that he had been the person who had used the paper for a match, and had dropped it within Madame Andrecht's room; but, taken in connexion with the finding of the handkerchief, and the suspicious history of his nocturnal rambles which preceded it, it strengthened in a high degree the suspicions against the ex-dragon.

After a short consultation, orders were issued for his apprehension. Surprise, it was thought, would probably extort from him an immediate confession. His wife, his father—a man advanced in years—and his brother, a shoemaker's apprentice, were apprehended at the same time. [210]

A minute search of the house of the innkeeper followed; but none of the stolen articles were at first discovered, and indeed nothing that could excite suspicion, except a larger amount of money than might perhaps have been expected. At last, as the search was on the point of being given up, there was found in one of the drawers a memorandum-book. This was one of the articles mentioned in the list of Madame Andrecht's effects; and, on inspection, there could be no doubt that this was the one referred to—for several pages bore private markings in her own handwriting, and in a side-pocket were found two letters bearing her address. Beyond this, none of the missing articles could be traced in the house.

The persons apprehended were severally examined. Nicholas D—— answered every question with the utmost frankness and unconcern. He admitted the truth of the woolspinner's story of his courtship, his nightly scrambles over the hedge, and his subsequent visits to his intended by means of the forage-boat. The handkerchief he admitted to be his property. When and where he had lost it he could not say. It had disappeared about six months before, and he had thought no more about it. When the pocket-book which had been found was laid before him, he gave it back without embarrassment, declared he knew nothing of it, had never had it in his possession, and shook his head with a look of surprise and incredulity when told where it had been found.

The other members of his household appeared equally unembarrassed: they expressed even greater astonishment than he had done, that the pocket-book, with which they declared themselves entirely unacquainted, should have been found in the place where it was. The young wife burst out into passionate exclamations: she protested it was impossible; or if the book was really found on the spot, that it was inexplicable to her how it came there. The Saturday before, (her apprehension having taken place on a Thursday,) she had brushed out the press from top to bottom—had cleared out the contents, and nothing of the kind was then to be found there.

The behaviour of the married pair and their inmates made, on the whole, a favourable impression on the judge who conducted the inquiry. Their calmness appeared to him the result of innocence; their character was good; their house was orderly and quiet, and none of the articles of value had been discovered in their possession. True, they might have disposed of them elsewhere; but the articles were numerous, and of a kind likely to lead to detection. Why should they have preserved the comparatively worthless article found in the drawer, instead of burning or destroying it? Why, above all, preserve it in a spot so likely to be discovered, if they had so carefully made away with every trace of the rest?

Still unquestionable suspicions rested on the landlord. The thieves must have been well acquainted with Madame Andrecht's house; and this was undeniably his position. His handkerchief, found on the spot about the time of the robbery; the half-burned match dropped on the premises; the pocket-book found in his own house—these, though not amounting to proof, scarcely seemed to admit of an explanation absolutely consistent with innocence.

In this stage of the inquiry, a new witness entered upon the scene. A respectable citizen, a dealer in wood, voluntarily appeared before the authorities, and stated that his conscience would no longer allow him to conceal certain circumstances which appeared to bear upon the question, though, from an unwillingness to come forward or to appear as an informer against parties who might be innocent, he had hitherto suppressed any mention of them.

Among his customers was the well-known carpenter, Isaac Van C——, who was generally considerably in arrears with his payments. These arrears increased: the wood-merchant became pressing: at last he threatened judicial proceedings. This brought matters to a point. A few days before the discovery of the robbery at Madame Andrecht's, the carpenter made his appearance in [211]

his house, and entreated him to delay proceedings, which he said would be his ruin, by bringing all his creditors on his back. "See," said he, "in what manner I am paid myself," putting a basket on the table, which contained a pair of silver candlesticks and a silver coffee-pot. "One of my debtors owes me upwards of sixty guildens: I have tried in vain to get payment, and have been glad to accept of these as the only chance of making any thing of the debt. From the silversmiths here I should not get the half the value for them: I must keep them by me till I go to Amsterdam, where such things are understood; but I shall leave them with you in pledge for my debt." The wood-merchant at first declined receiving them, but at length, thinking that it was his only prospect of obtaining ultimate payment, he yielded, and the articles remained in his hands.

A few days afterwards, the robbery became public; the list of the silver articles contained a coffee-pot and candlesticks; and the wood-merchant, not doubting that the articles pledged had formed part of the abstracted effects, had felt himself compelled to make known the way in which they had been obtained, and to place them in the hands of the officers of justice. He meant, he said, to convey no imputation against the carpenter, but it would be easy to learn from his own lips who was the debtor from whom the articles had come.

The court ordered the basket with the plate to be placed, covered, upon the table, and sent forthwith for the carpenter. He arrived in breathless haste, but seemed prepared for what followed, and without waiting for the interrogatories of the judge, he proceeded with his explanation.

Pressed by his creditor the wood-merchant, the carpenter, in his turn, proceeded to press his own debtors. Among these was the Blue Dragoon, Nicholas D—, who was indebted to him in an account of sixty guildens for work done on his premises. Nicholas entreated for delay but the carpenter being peremptory, he inquired whether he would not take some articles of old silver plate in payment, which, he said, had belonged to his father, and had been left to him as a legacy by an old lady in whose family he had been coachman. It was at last agreed that the carpenter should take the plate at a certain value as a partial payment, and it was accordingly brought to his house the same evening by the dragoon. The latter advised him, in the event of his wishing to dispose of the plate, to take it to Amsterdam, as the silversmiths of the place would not give him half the value for the articles. The carpenter asked him why he had not carried it to Amsterdam himself. "So I would," he answered, "if you had given me time. As it is, give me your promise not to dispose of it here—I have my own reasons for it."

If this statement was correct—and there seemed no reason to doubt the fairness of the carpenter's story—it pressed most heavily against the accused. He was thus found in possession of part of the stolen property, and disposing of it, under the most suspicious circumstances, to a third party.

He was examined anew, and the beginning of his declaration corresponded exactly with the deposition of the carpenter. The latter had worked for him: he was sixty guildens in his debt. He was asked if he had paid the account: he answered he had not been in a condition to do so. He was shown the silver plate, and was told what had been stated by the carpenter. He stammered, became pale, and protested he knew nothing of the plate; and in this statement he persisted in the presence of witnesses. He was then shown the gold which had been found in his house. It belonged, he said, not to himself, but to his father-in-law.

This part of the statement, indeed, was confirmed by the other inmates of his family; but, in other respects, their statements were calculated to increase the suspicions against him. Nicholas, for instance, had stated that no part of his debt to Isaac, had been paid—that in fact he had not been in a condition to do so—while the other three members of the household, on the contrary, maintained that a few months before he *had* made a payment of twenty guildens to Isaac, expressly to account of this claim. Nicholas became vastly embarrassed when this contradiction between his own statement and the evidence of the witnesses was pointed out to him. For the first time his composure forsook him—he begged pardon for the falsehood he had uttered. It was true, he said, that he had counted out twenty guildens, in presence of the members of his family, and told them it was intended as a payment to account of Isaac's claim; but the money had not been paid to his creditor. He had been obliged to appropriate it to the payment of some old gambling debts, of which he could not venture to inform his wife.

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This departure from truth on the part of the accused had apparently but slender bearing on the question of the robbery; but it excited a general doubt as to his statements, which further inquiry tended to confirm. The carpenter, anxious to remove any suspicion as to the truth of his own story, produced a sort of account-book kept by himself, in which, under the sale of 23d June, there was the following entry,—"The innkeeper, Nicholas D—, has this day paid me the value of thirty guildens in old silver." The housekeeper and apprentice of the carpenter also deposed that they had been present on one occasion when the dragoon had proposed that their master should take the silver in payment.

If, on the one hand, the innkeeper had handed over to the carpenter the silver plate, it was plain he was either the thief or the receiver: if he had not done so, the carpenter had not only been guilty of a calumnious accusation, but the suspicion of a guilty connexion with the robbery became turned against himself. All presumptions, however, were against the innkeeper. He had admittedly been guilty of a decided falsehood as to the payment,—he could not or would not give the names of any one of those to whom his gambling debts had been paid, as he alleged,—and the fact that he had brought the plate to the carpenter's was attested by three creditable witnesses.

The general opinion in the town was decidedly against him. The utmost length that any one ventured to go, was, to suggest that his relations, who had been apprehended along with him, might be innocent of any participation in his guilt; though, being naturally anxious to save him, they might somewhat have compromised the truth by their silence, or their statements.

The dragoon was removed from his provisional custody to the prison of the town; the others were subjected to a close surveillance, that all communication between them might be prevented. As all of them, however, persisted in the story, exactly as it had at first been told, stronger measures were at length resorted to. On the motion of the burgomaster, as public prosecutor, "that the principal party accused, Nicholas D—, should be delivered over to undergo the usual preparatory process for compelling confession," namely the torture, the court, after consideration of the state of the evidence, unanimously issued the usual warrant against him to that effect. Some pitied him, though none doubted his guilt. The general impression in the town was, that the courage of the innkeeper would soon give way, and that, in fact, he would probably confess the whole upon the first application of the torture.

The preparations were complete—the torture was to take place the next day, when the following letter, bearing the post-mark of Rotterdam, was received by the court,—

"Before I leave the country, and betake myself where I shall be beyond the reach either of the court of M— or the military tribunal of the garrison, I would save the poor unfortunate persons who are now prisoners at M—. Beware of punishing the innkeeper, his wife, his father, and brother, for a crime of which they are not guilty. How the story of the carpenter is connected with theirs, I cannot conjecture. I have heard of it with the greatest surprise. The latter may not himself be entirely innocent. Let the judge pay attention to this remark. You may spare yourselves the trouble of inquiring after me. If the wind is favourable, by the time you read this letter I shall be on my passage to England.

"JOSEPH CHRISTIAN RUHLER,

"Former Corporal in the Company of Le Lery."

The court gladly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by this letter to put off the torture. At first sight it did not appear a mere device to obtain delay. A company under Captain Le Lery was in garrison in the town; in that company there was a corporal of the name of Ruhler, who some weeks before had deserted and disappeared from his quarters. All inquiries after him since had proved in vain. The court subsequently learned from the report of the officer in command, that he had disappeared the evening before the day when the news of the robbery became public. He had been last seen by the guard in the course of the forenoon before his disappearance. Some connexion between the events appeared extremely probable.

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But a new discovery seemed suddenly to demolish the conclusions founded on the letter. It had been laid before the commanding officer, who at once declared the handwriting was counterfeited; it was not that of Ruhler, which was well known, nor had it the least resemblance to it. The evidence of several of his comrades, and a comparison of the handwriting with some regimental lists, undoubtedly in the handwriting of Ruhler, proved this beyond a doubt.

The letter from Rotterdam thus was merely the device of some unknown friend or confederate, and probably resorted to only to put off the punishment of the accused. How indeed, if Ruhler was really implicated in the robbery, should he have thus cast suspicion upon himself? If his object had been merely to preserve the innkeeper and his friends from the torture, he would have assumed some other name. In all probability, therefore, some third party, implicated in the robbery, had availed himself of the accidental disappearance of the corporal to throw the suspicion of the robbery upon him, and to exculpate the guilty parties, who, if brought to the torture, might be induced to disclose the names of all their associates. To prevent this was probably the object of the letter. This, at least, was the prevailing opinion.

The strongest efforts were now made to discover the true writer of the letter; and mean time the torture was put off, when two other important witnesses made their appearance on the stage. Neither had the least connexion with the other; nay, the circumstances which they narrated appeared in some respects contradictory, and while they threw light on the subject in one quarter, they only served to darken it in another.

A merchant in the town, who dealt in different wares, and lived in the neighbourhood of Madame Andrecht's house, had been absent on a journey of business during the discovery of the robbery, and the course of the subsequent judicial proceedings. Scarcely had he returned and heard the story of the robbery, when he voluntarily presented himself next morning before the authorities, for the purpose, as he said, of making important revelations, which might have the effect of averting destruction from the innocent. In the public coach he had already heard some particulars of the case, and had formed his own conjectures; but since his return, these conjectures had with him grown into convictions, and he had not closed an eye from the apprehension that his disclosures might come too late. Had he returned sooner, matters would never have reached this length.

At the time when the robbery must have taken place, he had been in the town. The carpenter, Isaac Van C—, called upon him one day, begging the loan of the boat, which he was in the custom of using for the transport of bales and heavy packages to different quarters of the town. The boat generally lay behind the merchant's house, close to his warehouse, which was situated on the bank of the town fosse already alluded to. Isaac assured him he would require the boat

only for a night or two, and would take care that it was returned in the morning in good condition. To the question why he wanted the boat at night, he, after some hesitation, returned for answer, that he had engaged to transport the furniture of some people who were removing, and who had their own reasons for not doing so in daylight, implying that they were taking French leave of their creditors. "And you propose to lend yourself to such a transaction," said the merchant, peremptorily refusing the loan of the boat. The carpenter interrupted him: assured him he had only jested; that his real object was only to amuse himself in fishing with some of his comrades; and that he had only not stated that at first, as the merchant might be apprehensive that the operation would dirty his boat. The merchant at last yielded to the continued requests of the carpenter, and agreed to lend him the boat, but upon the express condition that it should be returned to its place in the morning. In this respect the carpenter kept his word; when the merchant went to his warehouse in the morning, he saw the carpenter and his apprentice engaged in fastening the boat. They went away without observing him. It struck him, however, as singular, that they appeared to have with them neither nets nor fishing-tackle of any kind. He examined the boat, and was surprised to find it perfectly clean and dry, whereas, if used for fishing, it would probably have been found half-filled with water, and dirty enough. In this particular, then, the carpenter had been detected in an untruth. The boat had not been fastened to its usual place; the merchant jumped into it for that purpose, and from a crevice in the side he saw something protruding; he took it out; it was a couple of silver forks wrapped in paper. Thus the carpenter's first version of the story—as to the purpose for which he wanted the boat,—was the true one after all. He *had* been assisting some bankrupt to carry off his effects. Angry at having been thus deceived, the merchant put the forks in his pocket, and set out forthwith on his way to Isaac's. The carpenter, his apprentice, and his housekeeper, were in the workshop. He produced the forks. "These," said he, "are what you have left in my boat. Did you use these to eat your fish with?"

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The three were visibly embarrassed. They cast stolen glances upon one another; no one ventured to speak. The housekeeper first recovered her composure. She stammered out,—"that he must not think ill of them; that her master had only been assisting some people who were leaving the town quietly, to remove their furniture and effects." As the transaction was unquestionably not of the most creditable character, this might account for the visible embarrassment they betrayed; when he demanded, however, the names of the parties whose effects they had been removing, no answer was forthcoming. The carpenter at last told him he was not at liberty to disclose them then, but that he should learn them afterwards. All three pressingly entreated him to be silent as to this matter. He was so; but in the mean time made inquiry quietly as to who had left the town, though without success. Shortly after, his journey took place, and the transaction had worn out of mind, till recalled to his recollection on his return, when he was made aware of the whole history of the robbery; and forthwith came to the conclusion, that there lay at the bottom of the matter some shameful plot to implicate the innocent, and to shield those whom he believed to be the true criminals, namely, Isaac Van C—, his apprentice, and housekeeper, the leading witnesses, in fact, against the unfortunate dragoon.

The criminal proceedings, in consequence of these disclosures, took a completely different turn. The merchant was a witness entirely above suspicion. True, there was here only the testimony of one witness, either to the innocence of the dragoon, or the guilt of the carpenter; but the moral conviction to which his statement gave rise in the mind of the judge was so strong, that he did not hesitate to issue an immediate order for the arrest of the carpenter and his companions, before publicity should be given to the merchant's disclosures. No sooner were they apprehended, than a strict scrutiny was made in the carpenter's house.

This measure was attended with the most complete success. With the exception of a few trifles, the whole of the effects which had been abstracted from Madame Andrecht's, were found in the house. The examination of the prisoners produced a very different result from those of Nicholas and his comrades. True, they denied the charges, but they did so with palpable confusion, and their statements abounded in the grossest contradictions of each other and even of themselves. They came to recriminations and mutual accusations; and, being threatened with the torture, they at last offered to make a full confession. The substance of their admissions was as follows:—

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Isaac Van C—, his apprentice, and his housekeeper, were the real perpetrators of the robbery at Madame Andrecht's. Who had first suggested to them the design, does not appear from the evidence. But with the old lady's house and its arrangements they were as fully acquainted as the dragoon. The apprentice, when formerly in the service of another master, had wrought in it, and knew every corner of it thoroughly. They had borrowed the boat for the purpose of getting access across the canal into the garden, and used it for carrying off the stolen property, as already mentioned. On the morning when the robbery became public, the master and the apprentice had mingled with the crowd to learn what reports were in circulation on the subject. Among other things, the apprentice had heard that the woolspinner's wife had unhesitatingly expressed her suspicions against the Blue Dragoon. Of this he informed his comrades, and they, delighted at finding so convenient a scapegoat for averting danger from themselves, forthwith formed the infernal design of directing, by every means in their power, the suspicions of justice against the innkeeper.

The apprentice entered the drinking-room of the innkeeper, and called for some schnaps, at the same time asking for a coal to light his pipe. While the innkeeper went out to fetch the coal, the apprentice took the opportunity of slipping the widow's memorandum-book, which he had brought in his pocket, betwixt the drawers. He succeeded, and the consequences followed as the

culprits had foreseen: the house was searched, the book found, and, in the eyes of many, the dragoon's guilt established.

If these confessions were to be trusted, the dragoon and his family seemed exculpated from any actual participation in the robbery. Still, there were circumstances which these confessions did not clear up; some grave points of doubt remained unexplained. That the carpenter had himself pledged the silver plate with the wood-merchant, without having received it from Nicholas, was now likely enough; he had accused him, probably, only to screen himself. But how came Nicholas's handkerchief to be found by the side of the hedge? How came the excise receipt, which belonged to him, to be used as a match by the thieves? The carpenter and his comrades declared that as to these facts they knew nothing; and as they had now no inducement to conceal the truth, there could be no reasonable doubt that their statement might, in these particulars, be depended upon.

The suspicion again arose that other accomplices must be concerned in the affair; and the subject of the letter from the corporal who had deserted, became anew the subject of attention. If not written by himself, it might have been written by another at his suggestion, and in one way or other it might have a connexion with the mysterious subject of the robbery.

In fact, while the proceedings against the carpenter and his associates were in progress, an incident had occurred, which could not fail to awaken curiosity and attention with regard to this letter. The schoolmaster of a village about a league from the town presented himself before the authorities, exhibited a scrap of paper on which nothing appeared but the name Joseph Christian Ruhler, and inquired whether, shortly before, a letter in this handwriting and subscribed with this name, had not been transmitted to the court? On comparing the handwriting of the letter with the paper exhibited by the schoolmaster, it was unquestionable that both were the production of the same hand.

The statement of the schoolmaster was this,—

In the village where he resided, there was a deaf and dumb young man, named Henry Hechting, who had been sent by the parish to the schoolmaster for board and education. He had succeeded in imparting to the unfortunate youth the art of writing; so perfectly, indeed, that he could communicate with any one by means of a slate and slate-pencil which he always carried about with him. He also wrote so fair a hand, that he was employed by many persons, and even sometimes by the authorities, to transcribe or copy writings for them. Some time before, an unknown person had appeared in the village, had inquired after the deaf and dumb young man in the schoolmaster's absence, and had taken him with him to the alehouse to write out something for him. The unknown had called for a private room, ordered a bottle of wine, and, by means of the slate, gave him to understand that he wanted him to make a clean copy of the draft of a letter which he produced. Hechting did so at once without suspicion. Still, the contents of the letter appeared to him of a peculiar and questionable kind, and the whole demeanour of the stranger evinced restlessness and anxiety. When he came, however, to add the address of the letter, "To Herr Van der R—, Burgomaster of M—," he hesitated to do so, and yielded only to the pressing entreaties of the stranger, who paid him a gulden for his trouble, requesting him to preserve strict silence as to the whole affair. [216]

The deaf and dumb young man, when he began to reflect on the matter, felt more and more convinced that he had unconsciously been made a party to some illegal transaction. He at last confessed the whole to his instructor, who at once perceived that there existed a close connexion between the incident which had occurred and the criminal procedure in the noted case of the robbery. The letter of the corporal had already got into circulation in the neighbourhood, and was plainly the one which his pupil had been employed to copy. The schoolmaster, at his own hand, set on foot a small preliminary inquiry. He hastened to the innkeeper of the village inn, and asked him if he could recollect the stranger who some days before had ordered a private room and a bottle of wine, and who had been for some time shut up with the deaf and dumb lad. The host remembered the circumstance, but did not know the man. His wife, however, recollected that she had seen him talking on terms of cordial familiarity with the corn-miller, Overblink, as he was resting at the inn with his carts. The schoolmaster repaired on the spot to Overblink, inquired who was the man with whom he had conversed and shaken hands some days before at the inn; and the miller, without much hesitation, answered, that he remembered the day, the circumstance, and the man, very well: and that the latter was his old acquaintance the baker, H—, from the town. The schoolmaster hastened to lay these particulars before the authorities.

How, then, was the well-known baker, H—, implicated in this affair, which seemed gradually to be expanding itself so strangely? The facts as to the robbery itself seemed exhausted by the confessions of the carpenter and his associates. They alone had broken into the house—they alone had carried off and appropriated the stolen articles. And yet, if the baker was entirely unconnected with the matter, what could be his motive for mixing himself up with the transaction, and writing letters, as if to avert suspicion from those who had been first accused? Was his motive simply compassion? Was he aware of the real circumstances of the crime, and its true perpetrators? Did he know that the Blue Dragoon was innocent? But if so, why employ this mysterious and circuitous mode of assisting him? Why resort to this anxious precaution of employing a deaf and dumb lad as his amanuensis? why such signs of restlessness and apprehension,—such anxious injunctions of silence? Plainly the baker was not entirely innocent: this was the conviction left on the minds of the judges; for it was now recollected that this baker was the same person who, on the morning when the robbery was detected, had contrived to make

his way into the house along with the officers of justice. It was he who had lifted from the ground the match containing the half-burnt receipt, and handed it to the officers present. His excessive zeal had even attracted attention before. Had he, then, broken into the house independently of the carpenter? Had he, too, committed a robbery—and was he agitated by the fear of its detection? But all the stolen articles had been recovered, and all of them had been found with the carpenter. The mystery, for the moment, seemed only increased; but it was about to be cleared up in a way wonderful enough, but entirely satisfactory.

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While the schoolmaster and the miller Overblink were detained at the Council-Chamber, the baker H— was taken into custody. A long and circumstantial confession was the result, to the particulars of which we shall immediately advert. From his disclosures, a warrant was also issued for the apprehension of the woolspinner, Leendert Van N— and his wife—the same who had at first circulated the reports and suspicions against the dragoon; and who had afterwards given such plausible, and, as it appeared, such frank and sincere information against him before the court. Both had taken the opportunity of making off: but the pursuit of justice was successful—before evening they were brought back and committed to prison.

The criminal procedure now proceeded rapidly to a close, but it related to a quite different matter from the robbery. This third association of culprits, it appeared, had as little to do with the carpenter and his comrades as these had with the dragoon and his inmates. But for the housebreaking, in which the persons last arrested had no share, the real crime in which they were concerned would, in all human probability, never have seen the light.

The following disclosures were the result of the confessions of the guilty, and of the other witnesses who were examined.

On the evening of the 29th June, there were assembled in the low and dirty chamber of the woolspinner, Leendert Van N—, a party of cardplayers. It has already been mentioned that this quarter of the town was in a great measure inhabited by the disreputable portion of the public—only a few houses, like those of Madame Andrecht, being occupied by the better classes. The gamblers were the Corporal Ruhler, of the company of Le Lery, then lying in garrison in the place, the master baker H—, and the host himself, Leendert Van N—. The party were old acquaintances; they hated and despised each other, but a community of interests and pursuits drew them together.

The baker and corporal had been long acquainted; the former baked the bread for the garrison company, the latter had the charge of receiving it from him. The corporal had soon detected various frauds committed by the baker, and gave the baker the choice of denouncing them to the commanding officer, or sharing with him the profits of the fraud. The baker naturally chose the latter, but hated the corporal as much as he feared him; while the latter made him continually feel how completely he considered him in his power.

A still deadlier enmity existed between the corporal and the woolspinner and his wife. The latter had formerly supplied the garrison with gaiters and other articles of clothing, and he had reason to believe that the corporal had been the means of depriving him of this commission, by which he had suffered materially. But the corporal had still a good deal in his power; he might be the means of procuring other orders, and it was necessary, therefore, to suppress any appearance of irritation, and even to appear to court his favour.

Such an association as that which subsisted among these comrades, where each hates and suspects the other, and nothing but the tie of a common interest unites them, can never be of long duration. The moment is sure to arrive when the spark falls upon the mine which has been so long prepared, and the explosion takes place, the more fearful the longer it has been delayed.

These worthy associates were playing cards on the evening above-mentioned: they quarrelled; and the quarrel became more and more embittered. The long-suppressed hatred on the part of the baker and the woolspinner burst forth. The corporal retorted in terms equally offensive; he applied to them the epithets which they deserved. From words they proceeded to blows, and deadly weapons were laid hold of on both sides. But two male foes and a female fury, arrayed on one side, were too much even for a soldier. The corporal, seized and pinioned from behind by the woman, fell under the blows of the woolspinner. As yet the baker had rather hounded on the others than actually interfered in the scuffle; but when the corporal, stretched on the ground, and his head bleeding from a blow on the corner of the table, which he had received in falling, began to utter loud curses against them, and to threaten them all with public exposure—particularly that deceitful scoundrel the baker—the latter, prompted either by fear or hatred, whispered to the woolspinner and his wife that now was the time to make an end of him at once; and that if they did not, they were ruined.

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The deadly counsel was adopted: they fell upon the corporal; with a few blows life was extinct; the corpse, swimming in blood, lay at their feet. The deed was irrevocable; all three had shared in it; all were alike guilty, and had the same reason to tremble at the terrors of the law. With the body still warm at their feet, they entered into a solemn mutual engagement to be true to each other; to preserve inviolable secrecy as to the crime; and to extinguish, so far as in them lay, every trace of its commission.

On the night of the murder, they had devised no plan for washing out the blood, and removing the body, which of course required to be disposed of, so that the disappearance of Ruhler might cause no suspicion. The terrors of conscience, and the apprehension of the consequences of their

crime, had too completely occupied their minds for the moment. The next morning, however, they met again at the woolspinner's house to arrange their plans. Suddenly a noise was heard in the street,—it was the commotion caused by the news of the discovery of the robbery at Madame Andrecht's. The culprits stood pale and confounded. What was more probable than that an immediate search in pursuit of the robbers, or of the stolen articles, would take place into every house of this suspected and disreputable quarter. The woolspinner's house was the next to that which had been robbed; the flooring was at that moment wet with blood; the body of the murdered corporal lay in the cellar. Immediate measures must be resorted to, to stop the apprehended search, till time could be found for removing the body.

The object, then, was to give to the authorities such hints as should induce them to pass over the houses of the baker and the woolspinner. The woolspinner's wife had the merit of devising the infernal project which occurred to them. The Blue Dragoon was to be the victim. A robbery had taken place. Why might he not have been the criminal? He had often scaled the hedge—had often entered the house at night during his courtship. But then a corroborating circumstance might be required to ground the suspicion. It was supplied by the possession of a handkerchief which he had accidentally dropt in her house, and which she had not thought it necessary to restore to him. It might be placed in any spot they thought fit, and the first links in the chain of suspicion were clear.

The invention of the baker came to the aid of the woolspinner's wife. One token was not enough; a second proof of the presence of the dragoon in Madame Andrecht's house must be devised. The baker had, one day, been concluding a bargain with a peasant before the house of the dragoon. He required a bit of paper to make some calculation, and asked the host for some, who handed him an old excise permit, telling him to make his calculations on the back. This scrap of paper the baker still had in his pocket-book. This would undoubtedly compromise the dragoon. But then it bore the name and handwriting of the baker on the back. This portion of it was accordingly burnt; the date and the signature of the excise officer were enough for the diabolical purpose it was intended to effect. It was rolled up into a match, and deposited by the baker (who, as already said, had contrived to make his way along with the police into the house) upon the floor, where he pretended to find it, and deliver it to the authorities.

The machinations of these wretches were unconsciously assisted by those of the carpenter and his confederates. The suspicion which the handkerchief and the match had originated, the finding of the pocket-book within the house of the dragoon appeared to confirm and complete,—an accidental concurrence of two independent plots, both resorted to from the principle of self-preservation, and having in view the same infernal object.

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But this object, so far as concerned the baker and the woolspinner, had been too effectually attained. They had wished to excite suspicion against Nicholas, only with the view of gaining time to remove the corpse, and efface the traces of the murder. This had been effected—their intrigue had served its purpose; and they could not but feel some remorse at the idea that an innocent person should be thereby brought to ruin. The strange intervention of chance—the finding of the pocket-book, the accusation by the carpenter, filled them with a secret terror; they trembled: their consciences again awoke. The thought of the torture, which awaited the unfortunate innkeeper, struck them with horror. It was not the ordinary fear of guilty men, afraid of the disclosures of an accomplice—for the dragoon knew nothing, he could say nothing to compromise them,—it was a feeling implanted by a Divine power, which seemed irresistibly to impel them to use their endeavours to avert his fate.

They met, they consulted as to their plans. A scheme occurred to them which promised to serve a double purpose,—by which delay might be obtained for Nicholas, while at the same time it might be made the means of permanently ensuring their own safety. To resuscitate the murdered Corporal Ruhler in another quarter, and to charge him with the guilt of the robbery, might serve both ends. It gave a chance of escape to Nicholas: it accounted for the disappearance of the corporal. Hence the letter which represented him as alive, as the perpetrator of the robbery, and as a deserter flying to another country; which they thought would very naturally put a stop to all further inquiry after him.

But their plan was too finely spun, and the very precautions to which they had resorted, led, as sometimes happens, to discovery. If they had been satisfied to allow the proposed letter to be copied out by the woolspinner's wife, as she offered, to be taken by her to Rotterdam, and put into the post, suspicion could hardly have been awakened against them: the handwriting of the woman, who had seldom occasion to use the pen, would have been unknown to the burgomaster or the court. The deaf and dumb youth, to whom they resorted as their copyist, betrayed them: step by step they were traced out,—and, between fear and hope, a full confession was at last extorted from them.

Sentence of death was pronounced against the parties who had been concerned in the housebreaking as well as in the murder, and carried into effect against all of them, with the exception of the woolspinner's wife, who died during her imprisonment. The woolspinner alone exhibited any signs of penitence.

A young lady of Thessaly, celebrated for her beauty and modesty, was admired by a dissolute young gentleman, a native of the erratic isle of Delos. This roving blade was of high birth and consummate address, yet the nymph was more than coy; she turned from him with aversion, and when he would have pressed his suit, she took to her heels along the banks of the Peneus. The audacious lover darted after her, as a greyhound in pursuit of a hare; and the fugitive, perceiving that she must lose the race, implored the gods to screen her. The breath of the pursuer was fanning her "back hair;" his hands stretched forth to stop her; but as he closed them, instead of the prize that he expected to secure, he embraced an armful of green leaves. The hunter had lost his game in a thicket of bay or female laurel. Inconsolable, he shed some natural tears; but having a conceit in his misery, he twined a branch of the laurel into a wreath, and placed it on his head in memorial of his misadventure. A glance at himself in the nearest pool of the river told him that the glossy ornament was becoming to his fine complexion; and the youth, being a poet and pretty considerably a coxcomb, wore one ever after; and it has been the custom ever since to adorn the brows of all great poets, and of some small ones, with sprigs of laurel.

"Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair;
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transform'd, took root—
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And mid his bright locks, never shorn,
No meaner leaf was seen;
*And poets sage through every age
About their temples wound
The bay."*

So sings our living laureate; and this authentic anecdote, familiar to every schoolboy who studies ancient history in Ovid, shows that the coronation of poets was customary long before the age of Homer; and coeval, as it were, with poetry itself. The disappointed lover of Daphne, the first poet, was also the first laureat, and placed the crown on his head with his own hands, as many poets have done since, with a frank Napoleon-like self-appreciation. Having afterwards quarrelled with his father, and been expelled from home for sundry extravagancies, he returned with his lyre and laurel into Thessaly, the land of his first love—*primus amor Phœbi, Daphne Peneia*—and for nine years served a prince of that country in the double capacity of poet and shepherd. Thus, though the exact date is not ascertained, the original tenure of the honourable office of poet-royal is pretty clearly traced to Apollo himself.

But if we proceed from Apollo, our chapter on laureates will be longer than the tail of a comet. We must apply our wise saws to comparatively modern instances, hardly glancing for a moment even as far back as the age of Augustus, to observe that, of his two laurelled favourites, Virgil and Horace, the latter loftily maintains the dignity of the poet's position, when, in his Ode to Lollius, he shows that the alliance between poetic and regal or heroic power, was mutually important from the earliest ages. Kings, wise and great, flourished before Agamemnon, but are utterly forgotten:

"Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died:
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead."

Petrarch is, perhaps, the first eminent poet, among Christians, whose genius is indisputably associated with the laurel crown, which was conferred on him with all form, at Rome, by authority of the king, senate, and people, *in especial token of his quality of poet*. But the laurel was conspicuously the type of his fame in that character. His mistress was a laurel in name, and a Daphne in nature, if we give credence to his melodious complaints of her coldness. Many persons have doubted the very existence of Laura as any thing but an Apollonic laurel, or poetical abstraction of glory, almost too subtle for analysis by metaphysics. We have no such doubt of her materiality; for, over and above all other evidence, there are many passages in those songs and sonnets, that tell of a love, in the poet at least, which, though ever refined, was not all spiritual. In the same way, Dante's Beatrice has been pronounced an incorporeal creation,—a vision of theology, though in his *Vita Nuova* he expressly declares who she was, where and when she was born, her age and his own, when he first met her, and the year and the day, and the very hour, when she died. Milton read them both truly, and recognised in their writings the language of the human heart, and the truth of human passion undebased by a particle of grossness. Speaking of the laureate fraternity of poets, and of his own early partiality for the elegiac writers, he nobly says: "Above them all, I preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but in honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts without transgression." After that lofty encomium from such authority, may we venture

to observe that among the laureates of Italy there is one still greater poet than the Recluse of Avignon? We do not say a greater man, for the popular reputation of Petrarch, resting as it does on his accomplishment of verse, is not perhaps founded on the strongest of his claims to admiration. But Tasso, too, was a formally laureated bard. And his chaplet was unwithered in the dungeon, to which the cruellest Turk among the desecrators of Jerusalem would hardly have condemned him, for merely presumptuous aspirations after a bright ornament of his harem. Tasso's eulogium, in his grand epic, of the Christian prince who afterwards became his jailer, is an immortal reprobation of the unfeeling tyrant. The wrongs of genius are avenged even by its praise, which, when thus proved to have been undeserved, is satire undisguised. Petrarch and Tasso appear to be the only distinguished laureates of Italy. The rest were mere versifiers, for the most part fluent and insipid. But some Italian poets were complimented with the laurel in Germany, where the poetical college, founded at Vienna by Maximilian I., produced few native laureates worthy of the honour. Yet "the Emperors of Germany," says D'Israeli, who condemned the Abbé Resnel's memoir on the subject, "retained the laureateship in all its splendour. The selected bard was called *Il Poeta Cesareo*. Apostolo Zeno, as celebrated for his erudition as for his poetic powers, was succeeded by that most enchanting poet Metastasio,"—of whom, by-the-by, Sir James Mackintosh has also written in enthusiastic commendation; not, however, for his felicity as a poet, but for the deep and well-digested critical learning displayed in his prose treatise on Aristotle's Art of Poetry. "The French," continues Mr D'Israeli,—and we quote what he borrows from Resnel, because, though they do not tell us much, scarcely any other persons have hitherto told us any thing to the purpose on this matter,—"the French never had a poet-laureate, though they had royal poets, for none were ever solemnly crowned. The Spanish nation, always desirous of titles of honour, seem to have known that of the laureate; but little information concerning it can be gathered from their authors." We fear there must have been something suggestive of the hard, dry, see-saw of the *turpis asella* in the tone of the Spanish laureates; for Sancho Panza, in his tender consolation to his ass Dapple, when they had both tumbled into the quarry, says, "*Yo prometo de ponerte una corona de laurel en la cabeza que no parezcas sino un laureado poeta, y de darte los piensos dobados.*" "I promise to give thee double feeds, and to place a crown of laurel on thy head, that thou mayest look like a poet-laureate."

But our main business is with the laureates of England; and the origin of their office is sufficiently obscure, and not the less worthy of consideration for the antiquity that such obscurity implies. It has certainly been associated with our monarchical institutions from very early times; and, for that reason alone, if for no other, we should be disposed, in this antimonarchical fever of the day, to respect the loyalty of the office, however little respect may have been due to some who have held it, and however higher than the office is every true poet, "whose mind to him a kingdom is," and who possesses a royalty of his own, wider than that of Charlemagne. We do not know that the poets cited in the Saxon Chronicle were rhymers more inspired by the mead of the court than of the cloister; but the supposition is not improbable,—for we do know the fondness of Alfred for the gleeman's craft, and that he, "lord of the harp and liberating spear," was himself a gleeman; nor are we unmindful that King Canute honoured verse-men, and that he could even improvise an accordant rhyme, still extant, to the holy chant of the monks of Ely, as his bargemen rowed him down the Ouse, under the chapel wall. It is not apparent that *trouvères* followed William of Normandy to Sussex *officially*, or celebrated his triumph over Harold,—for the story of Taliefer is hardly a case in point, and we do not hear much about the northern *trouvères* till somewhat later, though some writers will have it that they are of older standing than the troubadours of the south of France. We do not imagine that William Rufus patronised harmony more intellectual than the blast of the hunting-horn. But so early at least as the twelfth century, in the reign of Richard, "the heart of courage leonine," as Wordsworth calls him, we have a king's versifier in the person of Gulielmus, of whom little is known, except that he produced a poem on the crusade of this romantic, poetical, bones-breaking Richard,—a prince whose Gothic blood (for it must be remembered that he was of the restored Saxon line) might seem to have been tinged with orientalism by some unaccountable process; for, even before his embarkation on his adventure with his red-cross knights, his character exhibited a strange combination of the stout and somewhat obtuse doggedness of the bandog, and the lordliness of the lion—a mixture of Saxon homeliness and Saracenic magnificence. The strength of thews and sinews, and the prowess of mere animal courage, (vulgar glories, for the most part, looked at with civilised eyes,) wear an aspect of redeeming generosity in Richard, that still recommends him to us as a hero of romance, worthy of minstrel praise, in spite of his ferocious temper, his demerits as a son, and his indomitable wrong-headedness as a prince. The poem of Gulielmus is not extant, but it must have been interesting if he possessed any genius. Richard's rough warfare with the Soldan, his marriage with Berengaria, and his delivery from the dungeon of the base Duke of Austria, were subjects as pregnant as any of the adventures of Hercules, an idol of hero-worship whom he in some respects resembles. In King John's reign, the poets seem to have been against the king, and in favour of the opposing barons. Whether he consoled himself with the stipendiary services of a court poet, we do not discover. Throughout his long and troubled reign he seems to have been pelted with lampoons.

In the year 1251, reign of Henry III., the King's versifier was requited by an annual pension of 100 shillings—not such a very niggardly stipend as it now sounds, if we compare the value of money in those times with the price of commodities. In the two following reigns we find a poet-royal of some repute in Robert Baston. He was a Carmelite monk, and attained the dignity of prior of the convent of that order at Scarborough. Bishop Bale (in his *Illustrum Majoris Britanniae Scriptorum Summarium*) says that Baston was a laureated poet and public orator at Oxford, which Wood denies. But Bale might have had access to information which could no longer be

authenticated in Anthony's time; for Bale, though he lived to be Edward the Sixth's Bishop of Assory, and a prebendary of the Cathedral of Canterbury, where he died and was buried, had himself been a Carmelite friar. "Great confusion," observes Warton, "has entered into the subject of the institution of poets-laureate, on account of the degrees in grammar, which included rhetoric and versification, anciently taken in our universities, particularly at Oxford, on which occasion a wreath of laurel was presented to the new graduate, who was afterwards usually styled Poeta Laureatus. These scholastic laureations, however, seem to have given rise to the appellation in question. With regard to the poet-laureate of the Kings of England, he is undoubtedly the same that is styled the king's versifier in the thirteenth century. But when or how that title commenced, and whether this officer was ever formally crowned with laurel at his first investiture, I will not pretend to determine, after the researches of the learned Seldon have proved unsuccessful. It seems probable that at length those only were in general invited to this appointment who had received academical sanction, and had merited a crown of laurel in the universities for their abilities in Latin composition, particularly Latin versification. Thus the king's laureate was nothing more than a graduated rhetorician, employed in the king's service." Warton adds an opinion, which seems well founded, "that it was not customary for the royal laureate to write in English till the Reformation had begun to diminish the veneration for the Latin tongue, or rather till the love of novelty, and a better sense of things, had banished the pedantry of monastic erudition, and taught us to cultivate our native language." It is true, that neither before nor after the Conquest was there any lack of rhymers in the vulgar tongue, whether Saxon or Norman, or mixed; and they would be the popular poets, but not exactly the poets in fashion at court. At all events, the fashion of writing *court* poems in low Latin began early and continued long; and we suspect that the Anglo-Saxon gleemen, whom the monkish historians call *joculatores regis*, were for the most part mere merrymen, as their monkish *sobriquet* implies—jugglers, dancers, fiddlers, tumblers. Berdic, the king's fool, is styled *Joculator Regis* in Doomsday Book. Some of these retainers, no doubt, could both compose ballads and sing them, suiting the action to the word, and they might occasionally amuse the court with their songs; but the authentic poet for state occasions was the Latin verse-maker. We say this with all due love and regard for our ballad-singers, old and modern, from King Alfred to Alfred Tennyson; and remembering, too, that we have two good sets-offs against Harry Hotspur's sneer at "metre ballad-mongers,"—one in Sir Philip Sidney's declaration that the ballad of the Percy hunt in Cheviotdale stirred his heart like the sound of a trumpet; and another, in the fact that one of the most illustrious of modern Percys, the Bishop of Dromore, owes his well-deserved popular reputation to nothing else than his industry, talent, and good taste in editing the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry and Old Heroic Ballads*.

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Robert Baston, from whom we have digressed, was not a ballad-monger, but a Latin versifier *ex officio*. Edward I., in his expedition to Scotland in 1304, took Baston with him, that he might be an eye-witness of his triumph over this country, and celebrate it in Latin verse. Hollinshed comments on this fact as a strong proof of Edward's presumption and overweening confidence in himself; but the censure is not strikingly pertinent, for at this period a poet was a stated officer in the royal retinue, when the monarch went to war. The haughty old king's discomfiture, after all his successes in this favourite enterprise, was as mortifying, but not so comical as the disastrous issue of the campaign to his poet. The jolly prior had not done chanting one of his heroics in honour of Edward's siege of Stirling, when he was pounced on by a foray of Scots, and carried away into durance; nor was this the worst of the misadventure, for, with a shrewdly balancing humour, they obliged him to pay his ransom in verse, and only released him when he had recorded the praises of his captors and their cause. He does not appear to have been much inspired by the subject; for Hector Boece says that he made, "rusty verses" in praise of the Scots; and rusty enough they were, if they all resembled the initial line as it is quoted—

"De planta cudo metrum cum carmine nudo."

The poem must have stood in more awkward antagonism with "De Strivilniensi Obsidione," which is extant in Fordun, than Waller's panegyric on Cromwell does face to face with his eulogium on Charles II. We doubt whether the monk had so witty an apology for his double tongue as the courtier; but he had a better excuse, for he said, "*Actus me invito, factus, non est meus actus.*" There is both rhyme and reason in that. The stubbornness of the Scots, which was at last a choke-pear to Edward, seems to have stimulated the poet almost as much as it exasperated the king. For, besides the siege of Stirling, we find on the list of Baston's productions one entitled "De Altero Scotorum Bello," and another "De Scotiæ guerris Variis." Baston survived his master, the broken *Malleus Scotorum*, only three years. It is uncertain whether he retained his office after the accession of Edward the Second; but, if so, death had released him from duty before that prince's invasion of this country in 1314. Otherwise he would probably have had to pay another visit to the ominous neighbourhood of Stirling Castle, at a risk, if he escaped a deadlier chance, of being captured by the Bruce himself, and of having a caged poet's leisure to meditate a threnodia for Bannockburn. Boece, in Bellenden's version, asserts that this was actually the case,—that it was "Edward the Second, who, by vain arrogance, as if the Scotch had been sicker in his hands, brought with him a Carmelite monk to put his victory in versis; that the poet was taken in this field of Bannockburn, and commandit by King Robert the Bruce to write as he saw, in sithement of his ransom." There is also among the political songs published by the Camden Society, a wretched transcript (from the Cotton. MSS.) of a wretched piece of raving on this very battle, also attributed to Baston,—(and announced, we suppose by an error of the press, as written in the reign of Edward the Third.) But we are inclined to believe that Baston died about four years before that great day for Scotland. We do not, however, undertake to settle the point. We have no certain accounts of Baston's successor.

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It is asserted by writers not incautious, that Gower and Chaucer were laureates; and we are unwilling to doubt it, though the authority is far from conclusive. Chaucer, born about 1328, the second year of Edward the Third's reign, died in 1400. It is certain that he was liberally patronised, and gratified with lucrative appointments by Edward. It is recorded, too, that he was employed on foreign missions of trust; that on one occasion he was an envoy to Genoa, and that he then visited Petrarch at Padua; and as the arguments for and against the probability of this interview are pretty nearly balanced, we are not bound to deny ourselves the pleasure of believing it. Froissart, as well as Hollinshed and Barnes, bears testimony to Chaucer's having been one of a mission to the court of France, in the last year of Edward's reign; but it is not clear, nor even at all deducible from the nature of the public employments, and the character of Edward, that it was his poetical merit which promoted him to the royal confidence in matters of business.

Gower, born, it is supposed, somewhat earlier than Chaucer, died two years later, in 1402, and had been blind for the last two or three years of his life. Bale makes Gower *equitem auratum et poetam laureatum*; but Winstansley says he was neither laureated nor hederated, but only rosated, having a chaplet of four roses about his head on his monumental stone in St Mary Overy's Church, Southwark. His "*Confessio Amantis*" is said to have been prompted by the command of Richard the Second, who, chancing to meet him on the Thames, invited him into his gilded barge,—

"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm,"

enjoined him to "book something new." In the three next reigns of the line of Lancaster, Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, and Henry the Sixth, a period of sixty-two years, we hardly know what became of the court poets, or whether there were any. Musicians were liberally privileged as palace servants by Henry the Fourth, but his reign was unfavourable to the minstrel art. Henry the Fifth was partial to minstrelsy, and rewarded it generously; but we find no report of a laureate poet. In Henry the Sixth's time, boys were pressed into the minstrel service of the court; but it is not recorded that any one was made a poet by virtue of royal kidnapping. They were instructed in music for the solace of his majesty. [225]

To Edward the Fourth, the first king of the line of York, John Kay, as "his Majesty's humble Laureate," dedicated a History of Rhodes.

The wars of the Roses seem almost to have silenced the nightingales. But no sooner was contention terminated by the union of Henry of Lancaster with the heiress of York, than a rivalry sprang up for the office of king's poet. In the year 1486, the next after the coronation of Henry the Seventh, and shortly after his marriage, that king, by an instrument *Pro Poeta Laureato*, of which a copy is preserved in Rymer's *Fœdera*, granted to Andrew Bernard, poet-laureate, a salary of fifteen marks, until he should obtain some equivalent appointment. This was no very munificent grant. But Henry the Seventh was not addicted to liberality out of his own exchequer. He afterwards found means to reward him with ecclesiastical preferments; and his prodigal, but still more selfish successor, gratified him in the same way. Bernard, who was a native of Toulouse, and an Augustine monk, obtained many preferments in England; and was besides not only poet-laureate, but historiographer to the king, and preceptor in grammar to Prince Arthur. The preceptorship, however honourable, was perhaps not worth much on the score of emolument. All the pieces now to be found in his character of laureate are in Latin. Among these are, "An Address to Henry the Eighth, for the most Auspicious Beginning of the Tenth Year of his Reign;" "A New-Year's Offering for the Year 1515;" and "Verses wishing Prosperity to his Majesty's Thirteenth Year, 1522." He left many prose pieces, written in his quality of historiographer to both monarchs, particularly a Chronicle of the Life and Achievements of Henry the Seventh and the taking of Perkin Warbeck. And here occurs a little difficulty in the reconciling of dates, when we are told that Skelton also was poet-laureate to Henry the Seventh and his son: for it has been shown that Bernard was alive in 1522, if not later. Skelton was laureated at Oxford about 1489, three years after the date of the recorded grant to the *poet-laureate*, Andrew Bernard. We more than half suspect that Skelton, though a graduated university laureate, was never poet-laureate to either king at all, except as a sort of volunteer, licensed by his own saucy consent. Puttenham expressly says, that "Skelton usurped the name of poet-laureate, being indeed but a rude railing rimer, and all his doings ridiculous." It is stated that Skelton, having, a few years subsequent to his laureation at Oxford, been permitted to wear his laurel publicly at Cambridge also, was further privileged by Henry the Seventh to wear some particular dress, or additional ornament to his dress. Henry the Seventh was not much given to jesting, or we should infer that it was a badge appropriate to the king's fool; for Skelton, though an able man, was, like Leo the Tenth's arch-poet Querno, who was crowned laureate for the joke's sake, ambitious of the fool's honours. He was a buffoon even in the pulpit.

Skelton directed his ribaldry especially against the mendicant friars and the formidable Wolsey. We can easily imagine how these audacities were not intolerable to the "Defender of the Faith," even in the plenitude of the cardinal's power; and how he might have tolerated his assumption of the character of court-poet, so long as the spurious laureate's sallies did not trench on the sovereign's personal dignity. Skelton, like his quondam royal pupil, was already a reformer in his way, and not long before his death, which occurred June 21, 1529, just before the downfall of Wolsey, he used a strange argument against the celibacy of the priesthood; he excused himself for having openly lived with a concubine, because he considered her as his wife! Erasmus, the caustic censor of the vices of the clergy, praised Skelton's learning and wit, probably from

sympathy with his application of them, bolder, though far less dignified than his own, to the same objects of satire; but "the glory of the priesthood and the shame," could hardly have admitted the validity of such an apology from the Vicar of Dallyng, a vowed celibate priest.

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We must return for a moment to Bernard. This poet-laureate had a notable subject to begin with in the union of the Two Roses. How he treated it we have no means of judging, as the performance is not in existence; and though it has perished, it would be unfair, perhaps, to assume that his freshest effort on an event that might have quickened the slowest fancy, was not superior to his later exercises, on occasions of weaker interest, such as are preserved in the Cottonian Library, and that of New College, Oxford. Of all the events in the history of the British monarchy, there is one subject, and probably one only, of those that could come within the range of a court-poet's province, of equal national importance, and equally poetical quality with the marriage of Henry the Seventh—that is, the marriage of his daughter, Margaret, to James the Fourth of Scotland; and even those of our "constant readers" who, to their loss, may know nothing of William Dunbar but what they have read in former pages of this magazine, must know that the court of Scotland, at the time of the celebration of these nuptials, possessed a poet worthy of the subject, for they cannot have forgotten his inspired vision on the Thistle and the Rose. In the one case the wounds of England were closed after long wars of disputed succession, as desolating as any intestine wars on record: in the other, two nations, jealous neighbours, and till then implacable enemies, formed an alliance that promised to be lasting, and which finally effected more than it had promised, by the consolidation of the two thrones into one. On the head of the Scottish great-grandson of the English Margaret, the double crown was secure from the casuistry of jurists. Neither Elizabeth of York, nor her daughter, was a happy wife. Henry the Seventh proved cold and ungrateful as a husband; James the Fourth faithless; but we have nothing to do here with the domestic infelicity of those ill-used princesses, except as it shows that the court-poets, who predicted so much happiness for them, were not infallible *Vates*. Poets, on such occasions, are prophets of hope only. And as to the struggles and disasters that followed, the glowing vision of Dunbar was luckily as impassive to the shadows of coming events (Flodden Field, and Fotheringay, and the scaffold at Whitehall, and the rout on the Boyne water) as were the quondam visions and religious meditations of Lamartine in the days of Charles Dix to the shadows of the barricades, and the prestige of the Hotel de Ville.

We do not find that the young successor of England's royal Blue-beard had a poet-laureate. Queen Mary, though a learned and accomplished lady, had no such an appendage to her state. Heywood was her favourite poet; he had consoled her with honest praise in the days when it was the fashion of courtiers to neglect her. On his presenting himself at her levee, after her accession, "Mary asked him," says the chronicler of queens, "what wind has blown you hither?" He answered, "Two special ones—one of them to see your Majesty." "Our thanks for that," said Mary; "but the other?" "That your Majesty might see me." He used to stand by her side at supper, and amuse her with his jests—not a very dignified employment for a poet—but he was a player, and being accustomed to play many parts, did not decline that of Double to Mary's female Fool, Jane. He appears, however, to have been her life-long solace. He had ministered to her diversion in her childhood, with a company of child-players, whom Shakspeare calls "little eye-asses"—(callow hawks)—and in her long illness he was frequently sent for, and, when she was able to listen to recitation, he repeated his verses, or superintended performances for her amusement.

Malone insists that Queen Elizabeth, too, had no poet-laureate; yet Spenser is by other writers as confidently preferred to that post, and Daniel is said to have officially succeeded him. Spenser's "Gloriana" and "Dearest Dread," though abundantly shrewd and sagacious, and though somewhat of a scholar and a wit, and sufficiently vain of her own poor rhymes, had no true perception or appreciation of the art divine of poesy. The most eminent dramatic genius the world ever saw was as moderately encouraged as any inferior playhouse droll might have been. She could laugh at Falstaff and Dame Quickly, and stimulate that humour in the author: and, to use her sister's words to Heywood, "our thanks for that." Edmund Spenser, also, was less indebted to her own taste, or even to her enormous appetite for flattery, than to Sir Philip Sidney's enlightened friendship, and to his introduction to her by Sir Walter Raleigh, for such favours as he received. These, however, were not small; and neither the Fairy Queen herself, (gigantic fairy!) nor her sage counsellor Cecil, is justly responsible for the unhappiness of Spenser. His pension of £50 a-year was but a portion of the emoluments he derived from court interest. That pension, which he received till his death in 1598, was no doubt an annuity assigned him as Queen's poet, though the title of laureate is not given in his patent, nor in that of his two immediate successors, Daniel and Ben Jonson. So far Malone is accurate.

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Daniel's laudatory verse, whether he volunteered it or not, was acceptable to King James, and rewarded by a palace appointment. He was Gentleman Extraordinary, and one of the grooms to Queen Anne of Denmark. He was on terms of social intimacy with Shakspeare, Marlow, and Chapman, as well as with persons of higher social rank; and he had the honour to be tutor to the famous Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, who caused a cenotaph to be erected to his memory at Beckington, near Frome, in his native county. He died in 1619.

The masques and pageants of his successor, Ben Jonson, prove that he held no sinecure from either of his royal masters; but in Charles the First he at least served a prince who could respect genius, and remember that the labourer is worthy of his hire. Jonson received, "in consideration of services of wit and pen already done to us and our father, and which we expect from him," £100 a-year and a tierce of Spanish canary, his best-beloved Hippocrene, out of the royal cellars at Whitehall.

On his decease, 1637, William Davenant was appointed poet-laureate, *by patent*, through the influence of Henrietta Maria, though her husband had intended the reversion for Thomas May. This man was so disgusted that, forgetting many former obligations to Charles, who had a high and just opinion of his talents, he soon after turned traitor, and attached himself to the Roundheads. Davenant proved himself worthy of the preference, not only by his poetry, but by his steadfast gallant loyalty. He was son of an innkeeper at Oxford, but is said to have rather sanctioned a vague rumour that attributed his paternity to Shakspeare. At ten years of age he produced his first poem, a little ode in three sextains, "In remembrance of Master William Shakspeare." The first stanza has some feeling in it, the other two are puerile conceits, clever enough for so young a boy. When his sovereign was in trouble, he volunteered into the army, and was soon found eligible to no mean promotion. He was raised to the rank of lieutenant-general of ordnance, under the Duke of Newcastle, and was knighted for his services at the siege of Gloucester. His "Gondibert," begun in exile at Paris, was continued in prison at Cowes Castle, though he daily expected his death-warrant. But he was removed to the Tower of London to be tried by a high commission; and it is believed that his life was saved by the generous intervention of Milton, whom he subsequently repaid in kind, by softening the resentment of the restored government against him. Davenant, though perhaps a man of irregular life, and though, as a dramatist and playhouse manager, he proved any thing but allegiant to Shakspeare, and was active in communicating a depraved taste, was yet a man of brave, honest, and independent mind. It is curious that he should not only have disappointed May of the laurel when living, but that it should have been his chance to take his place in Poet's Corner when dead. The Puritans had erected a pompous tomb to May, which was savagely enough removed by the returned royalists. Near the same spot, in Westminster Abbey, is the monument to Davenant.

The Usurpation was not without its poets of far loftier reach than May, though he, too, was no dwarf. It would have been ridiculous in Cromwell to appoint a poet-laureate. The thing was impossible, though the flatteries of his kinsman, Waller, show that it was not the want of a subservient royalist gentleman of station, as well of talent, that made it so. Andrew Marvel, though he wrote such vigorous verse on Cromwell's victories in Ireland, would hardly have accepted the office, and what other Puritan would? But without the form, the Protector of the commonwealth had the reality in his Latin secretary, to whom Marvel was assistant. The lineal heir of the most ancient race of kings might have been proud of such a poet. The greatness of Milton might be a pledge to all ages of the greatness of Cromwell, unchallenged even by those who most detest grim Oliver of Hungtindon for "Darwent stream with blood of Scots imbrued," and "Worcester's laureate wreath." Here it is the poet who confers on the conqueror a laurel crown, of which the imperishable leaves, green as ever bard or victor wore, mitigate, though they do not hide, the evil expression on the casque-worn brow of the *senex armis impiger*, and give it a dignity that might abate the stoutest loyalist's abhorrence, but for one fatal remembrance, which forbids him to exclaim,

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"Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces."

Sir William Davenant, who recovered the laureateship at the Restoration, and retained it till his death in 1668, was succeeded by Dryden. Glorious John, although he had hastily flattered Richard Cromwell's brief authority by an epicede on Oliver, was not rejected by the merry monarch, who could laugh at poets' perjuries as lightly as at those of lovers. During that disgraceful reign, the poet made it no part of his vocation and privilege to check the profligate humours brought into fashion by the court.

"Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles' days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays."

At the revolution of 1688, the laureate was dethroned, as well as King James; and he condescended to revenge himself by Macflecnoe on his substitute Shadwell, as if he had not beforehand administered sufficient chastisement to that miserable Og, in the bitter satire with which he supplied Tate for the second part of Absalom and Achitophel. One might pity Shadwell under the lash of such an enemy as Dryden, if his writings either in verse or prose entitled him to a grain of respect. Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset—himself an elegant wit and indifferent versifier, but the descendant and representative of a very illustrious poet, Sackville, the first Earl, author of the noble "Induction to a Mirror for Magistrates"—vindicated his recommendation of Shadwell to the poet-laureateship, "not because he was a poet, but an honest man." We suppose he meant that he had not oscillated between Popery and Reformation like Dryden, and that he was more honest, also, in a political sense, and less liable to suspicion as an adherent of the expelled monarch's heartless daughter, and her Dutch husband, the hero of the Boyne and Glencoe. But, in another and not unimportant sense, Shadwell was far from honest; for he was notorious for the ribaldry of his conversation. It has been asserted, while that fact was admitted, that, as an author before the public, he was a promoter of morality and virtue. Nothing can be more untrue. Of his many comedies, there is none which is not as rife in pollution as any of the grossest plays of the time. But their boasted humour is physic for the bane; for it is distilled "from the dull weeds that grow by Lethe's side." His comedies are five-act farces of wearisome vulgarity, and, though suffered in their day, were destined, as Pope leniently expresses it in the Dunciad,

"Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroyed are swept to things unborn."

In "The Royal Shepherdess," however, a play in blank verse, altered by Shadwell from Fountain of Devonshire, there are some fine lines, so far above any thing known to be Shadwell's that we

readily take him at his word in his preface, where, modest for once, he invites the reader, if he finds any thing good in the play, to set it down to Mr Fountain. The following lines are a favourable specimen, notwithstanding the *breeding barrenness*:—

"No more, no more must we scorn cottages;
Those are the rocks from whence our jewels come.
Gold breeds in barren hills; the brightest stars
Shine o'er the poorer regions of the north."

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Still better, where a king, in a vicious attempt upon an innocent girl, has compelled her consent to a meeting at night. The queen, apprised of the design, personates the intended victim, and appeals to his conscience with an effect that he thus describes:—

"She only whisper'd to me, as she promised,
Yet never heard I any voice so loud:
And though the words were gentler far than those
That holy priests do speak to dying saints,
Yet never thunder signified so much."

The songs in this piece are all by Shadwell, except, as he declares, the last but one, which is Fountain's, and the only one not below mediocrity. Shadwell had also the impudence to alter and corrupt "Timon of Athens," and to produce the farrago on the stage as an improvement on the original. In the dedication he says, "It has the inimitable hand of Shakspeare in it; yet I can truly say, I have made it into a play." This "tun of man and kilderkin of wit" was admitted to a tomb in Westminster Abbey, an honour (?) said to have been denied to the remains of a noble poet, the author of "Don Juan." Yet Shadwell had also produced a "Don Juan." His tragedy of "The Libertine," the same hero, is ten times more indecent than the most objectionable parts of Byron's poem. But it is, indeed, also less noxious, for it has not a single attractive grace of fancy or feeling. A print of Shadwell, prefixed to Tonson's edition of his works, ludicrously bears out Dryden's description of the outer man. He looks like an alehouse Bacchus, or rather like one of those carnal cherubs whom the French call *anges bouffis*—his cheeks bulging out as if they were stuffed with apples from the forbidden tree. He died in December 1692, and was succeeded by

Nahum Tate, the psalmodist. Every one knows what sort of poet he was, and how the harp of Israel is but a Jew's harp in the hands of Tate and Brady. Yet some passages in his second part of "Absolom and Achitophel" are not such feeble mimicries of the tone of his friend, Dryden, as might have been expected from so poor a performer. The praise of Asaph, glorious John himself, is pleasing. It concludes with these lines:—

"While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true,
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
The song of Asaph, and the fame, shall last."

At his death in 1715, a year after the accession of George the First, the withering laurel recovered a little lustre on the brow of Nicholas Rowe, the translator of Lucan, and the pathetic dramatist of "The Fair Penitent," and "Jane Shore." His occasional verses were, of course, very respectable; and his only signal failure was when he attempted comedy. After the banter he incurred for his play of "The Biter," he was so sensible that he was the biter bit, that he excluded it from his works, and made no second venture of the kind. Yet the man who could move an audience to tears, and who had so little command of their sympathies when he tried his powers of wit on them, was any thing but a lachrymist by temperament. When Spence observed that he should have thought "the tragic Rowe too grave to write such things." Pope answered, "He! why, he would laugh all the day long! He would do nothing but laugh!" He survived the acquisition of the laurel only three years, dying at the age of forty-five.

Laurence Eusden, "a parson much bemused in beer," stumbled into his place, just in time to elaborate, *singultu laborare*, the Coronation Ode for George the Second. A specimen or two of his loyal suspirations may be as welcome as a hundred.

"Hail, mighty Monarch! whose desert alone
Would, without birthright, raise thee to a throne!
Thy virtues shine peculiarly nice.
Ungloom'd with a confinity to vice."

Lord Hervey's "Memoirs of the Court of George the Second," recently made public, are an edifying exposition of the "peculiarly nice" virtues here extolled.

"What strains shall equal to thy glories rise,
First to the world, and borderer on the skies?"

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The conjuror who can make out the meaning of the last line may be able to answer the question. In his joy for a George the Second, the inspired bard dries up his tears for George the First:—

"How exquisitely great! who canst inspire
Such joy that Albion *mourns no more thy sire!*
A dull, fat, thoughtless heir unheeded springs
From a long *slothful* line of *restive* kings:
But when a stem, with fruitful branches crown'd,

Has flourish'd, in each various branch renown'd,
His great forerunners when the last outshone,
Who could a brighter hope, or even as bright a son?"

He ends with a kick at the Stuarts:

"Avaunt, degenerate *grafts*, or spurious breed!
'Tis a George only can a George succeed."

If Charles Edward had known that, he might have saved himself a good deal of trouble.

Eusden died at his rectory in Lincolnshire in 1730. Colley Cibber wore the laurel with unblushing front for twenty-seven years from that date. His annual birth-day and new-year odes for all that time are treasured in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. They are all so bad, that his friends pretended that he made them so on purpose. Dr Johnson, however, often asserted, from his personal knowledge of the man, that he took great pains with his lyrics, and thought them far superior to Pindar's. The Doctor was especially merry with one ultra-Pindaric flight which occurs in the Cibberian "Ode for the New-Year 1750."

"Through ages past the muse preferr'd
Her high-sung hero to the skies;
Yet now reversed the rapture flies,
And Caesar's fame sublimes the bard.
*So on the towering eagle's wing
The lowly linnet soars to sing.*
Had her Pindar of old
Known her Cæsar to sing,
More rapid his raptures had roll'd;
But never had Greece such a king!"

So proud was Cibber of that marvellous image of the linnet and eagle, that he repeated it in the "Natal Ode for 1753." In his last "New-year Ode," too, 1757, he again scolds Pindar for his sluggishness—

"Had the lyrist of old
Had our Cæsar to sing,
More rapid his numbers had roll'd;
But never had Greece such a king,
No, never had Greece such a king!"

Those effusions are truly incomparable. Not only are they all bad, but not one of them in twenty-seven years contains a good line. Yet he was, happily for himself, more impenetrable to the gibes of the wits than a buffalo to the stings of mosquitoes. Of the numerous epigrams twanged at him, here is one from the *London Magazine* for 1737.

"ON SEEING TOBACCO-PIPES LIT WITH ONE OF THE LAUREATE'S ODES.

"While the soft song that warbles George's praise
From pipe to pipe the living flame conveys,
Critics who long have scorn'd must now admire,
For who can say his ode now wants its fire?"

Dr Johnson honoured him with another, equally complimentary to Cibber and his Cæsar.

"Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Colley sing,
For nature form'd the poet for the king."

Yet Cibber, the hero of the Dunciad, was not a dunce, except in his attempts at verse; even Pope, who calls him "a *pert* and *lively* dunce," epithets rather incongruous, admits the merit of his "Careless Husband." His Apology for his own Life, too, is no mean performance; some passages in it are both judicious and eloquent, particularly his criticisms on Nokes and Betterton, and on acting in general. Though the most wretched of poetasters, he was an abler prose writer than half of his critics.

At his death, the laureateship was offered to Gray, with an exemption from the duty of furnishing annual odes, but he refused the office, as having been degraded by Cibber. It was then given, on the usual terms, to William Whitehead, who won even the approbation of Gray for the felicity with which he occasionally performed his task. What now appears most noticeable in Whitehead's odes is his prolonged and ludicrous perplexity about the American war. At the first outbreak he is the indignant and scornful patriot, confident in the power of the mother country, and threatening the rebels with condign punishment. As they grow more and more obstinate, he becomes the pathetic remonstrant with those unnatural children, and coaxes them to be good boys. When any news of success to the British arms has arrived, he mounts the high horse again, and gives the Yankees hard words, but not without magnanimous hints that the gates of mercy are not quite closed to repentance. Reverses come, and he consoles the king. Matters grow worse, and he is at his wit's-end. At last the struggle is over; he accommodates himself to the unpleasant necessity of the case, and sings the blessings of peace and concord.

Laureate odes, good or bad, are always fair game for squibs. Whitehead had his share of ridicule, but he had more courage than Gray, who was so painfully afflicted by the parodies of Lloyd and Coleman, that he almost resolved to forswear poetry. Whitehead retorted on his assailants with easy good-humour, in "An Apology for all Laureates, past, present, and to come," beginning,

"Ye silly dogs, whose half-year lays
Attend, like satellites, on Bays,
And still with added lumber load
Each birth-day and each new-year ode,
Why will ye strive to be severe?
In pity to yourselves forbear;
Nor let the sneering public see
What numbers write far worse than he."

and ending,

"To Laureates is no pity due,
Encumber'd with a thousand clogs?
I'm very sure they pity you,
Ye silliest of silly dogs."

The next laureate, Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry, is too well known and appreciated to require any lengthened notice here. In 1747 and 1748 he held the appointment of *laureated* poet, to which he was inaugurated, according to the ancient custom, in the common-room of Trinity College, Oxford. His duty was to celebrate a lady chosen as lady patroness, and Warton performed his task crowned with a wreath of laurel. In 1757, he was elected professor of poetry, as his father had formerly been in the same university. On the demise of Whitehead in 1785, the laureateship was conferred on him by command of George the Third. He was quizzed as his predecessor had been, and, like him, laughed at the jesters; and he gradually turned their scoffs to approbation by his equanimity and the merit of his performances. Warton had not only the wit to be diverted by probationary odes in mockery of his own, which he valued at less than they were worth, but he had temper to endure the malignant scurrility of Ritson, in reference to more important labours, with no severer remark than that he was a *black-lettered dog*. A portion of his later days was devoted to a labour of love—an edition of the juvenile poems of Milton, with copious notes. Though of sedentary college habits, and a free liver, he enjoyed vigorous health to the age of 62: he then broke down. He went to Bath with the gout, and returned, as he thought, in an improved condition. The evening of May 20, 1790, he passed cheerfully in the common-room, but, before midnight, he was stricken with paralysis, and the next day he was a corpse.

Henry James Pye, who was of a family of which the founder is stated to have come to England with the Conqueror, was likewise representative, by the female line, of the patriot Hampden. In 1784, he was returned to parliament as member for Berkshire. But the expense of the contest ruined him, and he was obliged to sell his estate; and even the slender salary of a laureate was not unacceptable when it fell in his way. Besides his official odes, he produced numerous works, epic, dramatic, and lyric, and also published several translations, and a corrected edition of Francis's Horace. The reader will be content if we pass all these with the remark that he was a respectable writer, a good London police-magistrate, and an honourable gentleman in a less equivocal sense than the parliamentary style. As factor of annual odes for the court, he was, of course, scurvily used by the wags. The joke on "Pindar, Pye, et parvus Pybus," was once in every body's mouth. He died in 1813, and was succeeded by

Robert Southey, who held the office for thirty years; and this prolonged tenure of it, still longer than Cibber's, by a man of unimpeachable worth and distinguished genius, is a happy set-off against the disgrace which frightened Gray, and made him refuse it. The concession proposed to Gray, that he should write only when and what he chose, was also virtually, though not formally, yielded to Southey. "The performance of the annual odes," he says, "had been suspended from the time of George the Third's illness in 1810, and fell completely into disuse. Thus terminated a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance." How is it that we have yet no biography of Southey? It is rumoured that his only surviving son, the Reverend Cuthbert Southey, has one in preparation. We hope that the report is true, and that it will contain abundance of his father's delightful letters, and be published soon. *Bis dat qui cito dat*,—that is, not that a book should be got up in a hurry, but that, after a delay of five years, the reasonable expectation of Robert Southey's admirers and regretters should be now promptly gratified.

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We began with the earliest of laureates and the latest,—Apollo and the venerable Wordsworth,—and with them we will conclude. In a snug nook, sheltered from the north and east winds by Helvellyn, and Fairfield, Wordsworth has for many years cultivated his own laurels with success, till he is absolutely imbowered in them. The original slip, from which all this throng of greenery has sprung, is said to have been a cutting from a scion of the bay-tree planted by Petrarch at the tomb of Virgil, which tree was unquestionably derived from the undying root of that which supplied leaves for the garland of Apollo, and assuaged the divinity of his brow, when, as we reminded the reader at our outset on this ramble, he hired himself as poet-laureate to King Admetus, on a daily stipend of a hornful of milk.

THE HORSE-DEALER—A TALE OF DENMARK.

BY CHRISTIAN WINTHER.

The King of Sweden, Charles X., lay with his army before Copenhagen. His generals, the young Prince of Sulzbach and Count Steenbock, besieged the city, and his troops showed themselves worthy sons of the famous Thirty Years' War. The system of cruelty and extortion that had characterised their Polish and German campaigns was renewed in Denmark, and with the greater fierceness that national antipathy served at once as pretext and stimulus to the soldier's lust of blood and plunder. And thus was it that upon the island of Funen scenes were enacted, whose frightful record, handed down by history, now appears scarcely credible. Men and women, priests and laymen, old and young, the humble and the illustrious, were subjected to the grossest ill-treatment, either to extort money, or as punishment for not possessing it. Amongst the Danes themselves mutual fear and mistrust existed; for individuals were not wanting who, through fear, or in hope of profit, played openly or secretly into the hands of the enemy. And, to add to the desolation the Swedes brought with them, the inhabitants had scarcely yet recovered the ravages of a pestilence, which had disappeared from their shores but a few years previously. Whether it was the king's absence from the island, or a notion in the Swedes' mind that they would soon have to leave the country, which rendered the soldiery so unbridled in their excesses, certain it is, that the scourge of war made itself more severely felt than ever towards the end of the year 1659. The doubtful sort of succour afforded by the Dutch fleet was chiefly confined to Zealand, and it was small consolation to the people of Funen to see the proud ships of the rich republic cruising in the Belt and Cattegat. The scanty intelligence from the capital, which in summer some bold boatman occasionally brought over, was not always to be relied upon, seldom or never satisfactory, and ceased altogether when winter came, and dark and stormy nights rendered the navigation between the islands impracticable for small craft.

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At a moderate distance from the town of Nyeborg, on the east coast of Funen, stands the village of Vinding, one of whose richest inhabitants, at the time of the Swedish occupation, was a certain Thor Hansen. He had a son, called, of course, Hans Thorsen—for in that country the names of the peasants are like a pair of gloves, which, when turned inside out, change their places, so that the right becomes the left and the left the right; and with this transposition names are handed down from generation to generation, never becoming out of fashion. In Thor Hansen's house dwelt a young girl, a distant relative of his own; and although Christina's sole dowry was her pretty cherry-cheeked countenance, and her comely healthy person, he had preferred her to all others for his daughter-in-law. Many might marvel at such a choice, especially those who know that the Danish peasant is at least as proud of his hide of land and nook of garden as the noble of his wide estates, or the wealthy merchant of his well-stored warehouses, and that marriages, unsuitable in a pecuniary point of view, are as rare in that country as in any other in the world. But on this head Thor Hansen thought differently from his fellows. He saw that Christina was a smart active girl, who, young though she was, had kept his house after his wife's death with all care and industry, had milked his cows, cooked his oatmeal, and spun his flax. As to the son Hans, of nothing in the world was he more desirous than to get Christina for his wife; and Christina, when father and son opened their minds to her, could scarcely answer for joy. Thus all were agreed, and the old man already thought of making over his land to his son, and of settling down to pass the rest of his days in peace and the chimney corner. The wedding-day was fixed, the fish and saffron for the soup were purchased, when suddenly the Swede arrived. This unexpected and unwelcome intrusion disturbed the plans of many. With lamentation throughout the land, few thought of joy and merry-making; and a wedding, essentially the most joyous of festivals, would have been out of keeping with the universal misery. Partly influenced by a feeling of this kind, and partly by other circumstances, old Thor Hansen resolved to postpone the projected marriage, and the young people silently acquiesced.

Amidst the general misery and suffering, Thor Hansen might be considered highly favoured, as compared with many others. For sergeant Jon Svartberg, of the first regiment of Finland horse, who had quartered himself upon the best house in the village, namely, upon that of Hansen, was milder-mannered and of gentler heart than the majority of his brethren in arms. Not but that he did honour to his military schooling in Germany and Poland, and resembled a bear far oftener than a lamb: he required much, and exacted it rigorously; but still there was a limit to his demands, and when these were complied with, the persons he was quartered upon had not to fear the wanton torments and ill treatment which drive the oppressed to despair. The smart young sergeant certainly deemed himself the first person in the house, and expected to be treated as such; but, that conceded, he asked no more. He stood up for what he considered his rights, and no one must infringe upon them. One quality he had, which perhaps contributed to soften and humanise his nature—he was a devoted admirer of the gentler sex. Nor was he deficient in the qualities that frequently find favour with women. A handsome well-grown fellow with golden hair, and a fresh complexion, somewhat weathered by campaigns; his lofty leathern helmet, his blue facings and broad yellow bandelier, with brightly burnished buckles, his tall boots and jingling spurs, became him well; in manner he was frank and joyous, and when he laughed, which was often and loud, a row of ivory teeth showed themselves beneath his light brown beard, and his blue eyes had a bold and amorous sparkle. Confident in these various recommendations, which had perhaps already, in other countries, procured him the favour of the fair, Svartberg cherished the notion of his invincibility, and flattered himself he had but to appear to overcome all rivals and conquer all hearts. That he had completely gained that of Christina, and that it was ready at any moment to beat the chamade and surrender at discretion, he did not

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for an instant doubt. To say nothing of his personal recommendations, he had never, during the whole time he had been master in Thor Hansen's house, seen the least sign of a rival. This arose from the circumstance that Hans and Christina had kept their engagement a secret from the soldier, as if some instinct or internal voice had told them that his acquaintance with it might prove for them the source of great vexation and suffering. To maintain the disguise, however, was no easy or pleasant task. Many consider it a very hard case when two lovers are prevented seeing each other as often as they wish but how much more painful must it be to have to feign coldness in presence of a third person, and on his account? The young people felt that the innocent familiarities of betrothed lovers would have been highly displeasing to the enamoured Swede,—and deeply enamoured he was, as none, having eyes, could fail to see. So Hans and Christina were fain to be on their guard, except at such hours as the sergeant was on duty, or when they worked together in farm or garden. When Svartberg was at home, he was continually after Christina—paying her compliments, cutting jokes, taking her by the chin, catching her round the waist and making her waltz round the room, stealing her slippers as she sat spinning, and playing other witty pranks of a similar kind.

It was a November evening, and for those acquainted with that season in the island of Funen, it is unnecessary to say that the night was a rough one. The gale drove black masses of clouds across the sky, and roared and whistled through the small thicket, composed of a score of venerable oak trees mingled with hazel bushes, that grew at a short distance from Thor Hansen's little garden. At that time there was still a great deal of oak and beach timber in the neighbourhood of Nyeborg, of which now scarce a vestige remains; and this small group of trees, bounded on the north by a rivulet, lay within the limits of the old man's farm. Although the night was dreary and cheerless out of doors, it was warm and snug in Thor Hansen's cottage. Thor himself sat on one side the huge fireplace, comfortably sunk in an old cushioned chair; opposite to him Christina had taken her station, and was busy with her distaff. Between them hung a large four-cornered iron lantern; and upon the end of a bench Hans had seated himself, in such a position that he could conveniently throw his arm round the young girl's waist. Moreover, his cheek rested upon her shoulder, and in this agreeable attitude he kept up an incessant whispering, only interrupting the stream of his volubility to snatch an occasional kiss from her ruddy cheek.

"But how know you all that, Hans?" said the maiden, who for some time had listened with deep attention to her lover's words. "Who told you?"

"Not so loud, darling!" replied Hans; "I do not want the old man to hear it yet: the thing is uncertain, and the result still more so. My father becomes each day more anxious, so that I am almost uneasy lest in his terror he should himself throw you into the arms of the accursed Swede, if things looked dangerous."

"The *accursed* Swede?" repeated Christina; "he deserves not the word at your hands. He *has* done us much service, and no harm. When I think of my uncle's two poor girls, and of the many others who have shared their lot, I deem myself most lucky, and so should you, that our roof covers so gentle a foe."

"Certainly," replied Hans. "God knows, I do think myself lucky, and wish Svartberg no manner of harm in the main, but, on the contrary, every thing that is good, save and except yourself. But listen further. I fell in this afternoon with a couple of peasants from the plain; they had stopped at the public-house to bait, and had been doing work for Count Steenbock. Whilst the dragoons, whom they accompanied with their carts, sat and drank in the tavern, I got into discourse with these two men. I had noticed them whispering together, and looking carefully about them, and felt sure there was something up,—something they knew of, and which the Swede did not. I questioned the oldest of them, and at last he told me that the rumour of powerful and speedy succour was abroad in the country: he had his information more particularly from Martin Thy; he had seen him not far from the Odensee, standing at a forge, and bargaining with Swedish officers about a horse."

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"Martin Thy, say you?" cried Christina; "he is sick in bed."

"Never mind that, darling! You don't know Martin; he can be sick and well at the same time, just as he pleases. At this moment his health is as good as yours; and if this red cheek does not lie, you are as fresh as a fish. Or have my kisses made your cheek so red? Come, let me kiss the other."

"Nonsense, Hans! be quiet; the old man hears you," whispered Christina, warding off with her arm the threatened salutation.

"What is that about Martin Thy?" inquired Thor Hansen from beyond the fire. Without waiting an answer to his question, he sat up in his chair, and anxiously listened. "What is that?" he said. "Who comes at this hour of night? Svartberg it cannot be; his guard is not yet over. Run out, Hans, and see who it is."

The son left the room, and in the moment of silence that ensued the yard-dog barked loudly, and the tramp and neigh of a horse were heard. After brief delay, Hans re-entered the apartment, accompanied by another man.

"Yes, yes, Hans," said the stranger; "you are a very good lad, but that is a matter I understand better than you do. Black Captain is as good a beast as a horseman need wish to cross."

"May be," replied Hans; "but at present he is lame, if not hip-shot."

"Thank ye, friend," replied the stranger, warmly. "I expect you are a judge. A trifle weary and footsore he may be. He has had a heavy day's work, and drags a little with one leg. But no matter. The peace of God and a good evening to this house," continued he, turning to Thor Hansen and taking his hand. "Dog's-weather this," he added, as he knocked the water from his broad-brimmed round hat till it streamed over the floor, and passed both hands over his thick eyebrows and black bushy hair. "I am wet to the very skin, and as stiff and weary as an old plough-horse that can no longer follow the furrow. With your permission!"—and so saying, he seated himself by the table, on the end of the wooden bench. He was a little, broad-shouldered man, with an unusual quantity of long hair upon his head, and with small lively black eyes, shaded by projecting brows. He wore a peasant's jerkin of coarse brown woollen stuff, and carried his whip, the end of whose lash was tied to the handle, slung across his broad back, as a fowler carries his gun.

"Whence so late, Martin Thy?" quoth Thor Hansen, with a curious glance at the new-comer.

"Direct from Middelfahrt," replied the horse-dealer in a suppressed voice. "I would speak with Sergeant Svartberg before I go to bed, and therefore have I ridden straight up here. The worshipful sergeant is doubtless at home?" he added, but with an expression of countenance as if he wished the contrary. On receiving the assurance that Svartberg was out, and not expected back for two or three hours, Martin Thy peeped cautiously into the best bed-chamber, which the Swede occupied, then into the kitchen and court; and having at last fully satisfied himself that the person he inquired about was really absent, he pulled his whip over his head, and threw it violently down upon the floor.

"I may speak then, and tell you the news," he said, thrusting both hands into the breast of his doublet, and standing, with his short, strong legs apart, colossus-fashion, in the middle of the floor. "I went to Middelfahrt in a lucky hour. Every face was joyful, and every mouth full of reports of a great and immediate succour, with which we should drive the Swedes out of the country; and on this side the Odensee I heard the Swedes themselves talk of it. For my part I have not a doubt about the matter, and my information is of the best. I was up there, bargaining with the Swedish Rittmeister Kron for his gray mare, and doctoring one of his troop-horses which had broken its fore-foot, and I heard the gossip of the grooms and soldiers, and all manner of curious stories."

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"Of course," said Thor Hansen, shaking his head incredulously; "if lies were Latin, I too might turn preacher."

The horse-jockey looked Hansen hard in the face, whilst the young people exchanged signs of intelligence.

"I tell you what it is, neighbour," continued Thy; "I am a tolerably well-broken nag, and can keep a straight road of my own. There's no shying or stumbling in me—I go a steady even trot, and aint vicious, so you may take my word when I give it. Yes," added he, slowly and significantly, and with a glance at Christina, "it might well happen that others besides yourself found cause to repent your mistrust."

At these words the old man grew thoughtful, and listened attentively.

"Have you not heard of the many pretty country lasses made to serve this year at Raskenbjerg, when young Count Magnus lay there in quarters? Know ye not how it fared there with your own wife's nieces? If you fancy they left the place as they went to it, you are mightily mistaken. The Swede does not handle such wares so tenderly. Count Magnus has his spies every where—he well knows whom to choose for such work; your house may have its turn. The girl has a comely face and a white neck, a smart walk and a bright eye, and those are hard to hide at this time, and in this island."

"Nonsense!" said Thor Hansen. "More noise than mischief. And who would do us so ill a turn?"

"I name no names," replied the horse-dealer. "You know him as well as I do. But I have a means of protecting you and Christina from him, and all other blood-hounds of his breed. If you are wise you will avail yourself of it. Give her me to wife. And when any look after her, tell them she is Martin Thy's betrothed, and you will soon see the difference! What boots it that I wear silver buttons on my doublet, and may soon wear gold ones? what avails it that I own fields and garden, cows and horses, if I have not a nice young wife to share my prosperity? She will be well cared for, and as comfortable as if she lay in Abraham's bosom."

"He is old enough, certainly," muttered Hans with a smile.

"Hans, my boy, just run out and give Black Captain a handful of hay, will you? Go, my son, go." Hans obeyed, and Martin continued, "I have only this to tell you; beware of the sergeant! Trust him not! Svartberg means the maiden no good. Do not ask how I know it, but the fact is certain. Do as you like, however. If you have courage to risk it, you are right to do so."

"Ay, but what would poor Hans say?" quoth the old man musingly.

"Hans!" cried the horse-dealer, much surprised; "I thought it was all off, long ago, between Hans and Christina. They never whinny after each other, and she seems ready to lash out whenever he comes near her." He paused for a minute, and then drew Thor Hansen aside, and spoke to him in an under tone. "It is only for appearance sake," said he; "you don't suppose I am serious? A rusty old roadster like myself would never suit to run in harness with so frisky a filly. What say you, my

child? Will you not for a while make believe to be Martin Thy's sweetheart?"

"Have done with such nonsense," said the young girl, repulsing the jockey's advances. He ran round the room after her, caught, and would have kissed her, but she slipped through his hands like an eel, and made for the kitchen. Just then the door opened, and Sergeant Svartberg, who had entered the court unheard, strode into the room, his heavy steel spurs jingling at every step. The sort of scuffle between the young girl and the horse-dealer attracted his notice.

"What's up now, in the devil's name?" he cried, taking off his heavy helmet.

"Nothing, sergeant," replied Martin Thy, in no way disconcerted. "A very small matter, at least. I wanted to steal the first kiss from my bride that is to be, and she would not allow it." [237]

"Your bride, fat-paunch!" cried Svartberg in extreme wonderment; "what the devil is all this? This will never do. Harkye, old currycomb, no one has a right to take any thing here, not so much as a kiss, without my leave. D'ye hear that?"

"Gently, gently," retorted Martin Thy in a jesting tone; "I am certainly a mere David in comparison with such a Goliath as you, but I am more active than I look—can jump higher than any one would think—high enough, perhaps, to catch you by the flaxen curls upon your forehead, if you meddle with the best horse in my stable. But you can take a joke, sergeant dear?" concluded he, with a sly side-glance at the Swede.

"No, no, jockey, not I indeed,—you are a deal too cunning for me,—one never finds you where one leaves you. When I sent for you the other day for my horse, they said you were sick, but it seems you were on the road. Where have you been?"

"Westward," replied the horse-dealer quietly, "on my own honest business. I came home this evening, and the first person I cared to see was my little girl here—besides that, I have a word or two to say to the worshipful sergeant."

"To me? Come then, and be quick about it, and have a care that my sabre does not take a fancy to speak a word or two to your shoulders." And with this uncivil warning, Svartberg took the little man by the collar, and pushed him before him into the adjoining room.

Thor Hansen and the young people had listened in silence to this short and sharp dialogue. Out of prudence they abstained from interrupting the horse-dealer, although his bold assertions were not very pleasing to them. Now they stood embarrassed and attentive, trying to catch something of what passed in the next apartment,—but without success, for the Swede and his companion spoke in low tones and in short broken sentences. In a short time the two men returned to the sitting-room, the horse-dealer's countenance wearing its usual sly quick expression; the tall sergeant with less decision in his gait, and with a mixture of vexation and mistrust upon his features. When Martin Thy took his leave and departed, he followed him with a sort of constrained courtesy as far as the courtyard, and did not re-enter the house till the horse's hoofs were heard trotting along the narrow road.

Meanwhile the father and son had gone out to fodder the cattle. With folded arms Svartberg walked for a while up and down the room. On a sudden he stopped short in front of Christina, who sat spinning, as usual, and gazed at her long and tenderly. At last he broke silence.

"Fye upon you, my pretty Christina!" he said; "you surely do not seriously mean to throw yourself away on yon black-bearded monster?"

"You must not take for earnest all Martin Thy says," replied the maiden, blushing; "you know what a strange creature he is."

"Oh certainly," replied the soldier in a sharper tone, "I know devilish well what he is, and I also know what I am myself. Better I certainly might be; but you, Christina, your father and all belonging to you, know well that I am none of the worst."

"That we do, Svartberg,—you have been a help and protection so long as you have dwelt in our house; and, without you, Heaven knows how it might have fared with us."

"Once for all, then, Christina, tell me how I stand with you; for curse me if I can make out. You know I love you,—I have never concealed it, and I did think you looked kindly upon me; but here comes this pot-bellied horse-dealer, and says you are to marry him! Tell me honestly, is it true?"

Whilst the young girl, with natural bashfulness, hesitated to reply to this home-question, the sergeant seated himself by her side, and, in his softest tones and sweetest words, told her how ardently he loved her. He strove to rouse her gratitude by reminding her of the beneficial influence of his presence in the house, how he had defended and saved her and hers from the plunder and ill-treatment they would otherwise inevitably have suffered. In glowing colours he depicted the happy and prosperous life they would lead together, if she would follow him to Sweden when his term of service expired. He had a farm in Dalecarlia, he said, and she should be his wife and its mistress. Then he drew from his finger a broad gold ring, with his name upon it, and endeavoured, but in vain, to prevail upon her to accept it. And many times he asked, with mournful earnestness, if what Master Thy had told him were true; betraying in his manner, each time he mentioned the name of this man, previously so indifferent to him, an unusual reserve and circumspection. At last, as Christina, although with eyes full of tears, still persisted in her silence, he rose from his seat. [238]

"I have opened my whole heart to you, Christina," said he, "and I have too good an opinion of you to suppose for an instant you would, without compulsion, prefer that little punchy hedgehog of a Jutlander to a gallant Swede and smart soldier like myself. Perhaps you are afraid of your father? or of your dwarf of a bridegroom? If so, I promise you efficient protection. I have at Raskenbjerg"—here the young girl looked up from her work with a terrified glance,—"a good comrade, who has married a country-woman of yours. With your consent, I will conduct you thither, and there you shall remain, in all safety, until we leave the country;—and that will not be long," added he, sinking his voice, and with a cautious glance around him.

The mere name of Raskenbjerg had upon Christina an effect of which Svartberg never dreamed. She thought with a shudder of the tales she had often heard related, and to which the horse-dealer had so recently referred. She remembered the blunt cordiality with which Martin Thy had promised her protection, and suspected Svartberg of evil designs, which he proposed carrying out by craft rather than by violence. Full of this idea, she told the sergeant plainly that she really was betrothed to Martin Thy, entreated him to show himself as generous in this matter as he had always previously been, and declared firmly and positively she would adhere to her promise. She ventured even to tell him, he must have a very poor opinion of her if he thought to lead her astray by honeyed words and fine manners. All this she said to the young Swede in plain language, and in tones earnest, although gentle; and the whole expression of her countenance and manner gave evidence of so much strength of will that Svartberg, after having once or twice more passionately conjured her to tell him the truth about Martin Thy—betraying, each time he mentioned the name, the same kind of confused manner as before—grasped helm and sabre, and with an exclamation of disappointment and vexation, hurried into his apartment.

It had rained and blown the entire night, the sky was gray and dreary, the first glimpse of dawn scarce appeared in the east. Christina had milked the cows, but still she lingered in the stable awaiting her lover. Her heart was very heavy; the peace and safety in which the family had hitherto lived seemed suddenly to have fled, and that she should be the innocent cause of its departure forced many a sigh from her gentle bosom. She had not waited long when there was a cautious tap at the back-door leading into the field; she opened it quickly, and Hans entered. Christina threw her arms round his neck.

"At last, dear Hans!" said she tenderly: "how anxiously I have waited for you!"

"I come from the horse-dealer's," replied Hans, breathing short, like one who had made speed. "He was in bed and fast asleep, and was almost angry with me for awaking him. He told me, however, that he had heard, God knows from whom, that Danish troops had attempted a night-landing near Nyeborg, but had been prevented by the storm, and had sailed northwards. He pretends also that Danish and German reinforcements are off the west coast of the island. With respect to you, and the proposal he made last night, he maintains it is the only safe means of escaping Svartberg's designs. Whether the offer was serious or sham, he would not distinctly say: it was no business of mine, he said; it might be joke, or it might be earnest. And when I solemnly swore to him that I would endure neither the one nor the other, he laughed at me, and bid me go home and let him go to sleep. As I stole through the village, the trumpeters blew the alarm, and the troopers began to mount. So we are not safe here; the sergeant may surprise us at any moment."

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And having concluded his parting narrative, Hans prepared to quit his mistress for the day. So engrossed were the young people by a long farewell kiss, that they were unaware of the entrance of sergeant Svartberg, till he had gazed at them for some seconds in a state of seeming petrification.

"Hell and the devil!" was the profane exclamation of the gallant sergeant, on recovering his powers of speech. "Pretty work this, by my honour! So so, my coy beauty," continued he, his lips trembling, his cheeks pale, his eyes ominously flashing, and with bitter irony in his voice, "is it the custom in this country to marry two husbands, one young and the other old? Now I know the meaning of your shyness, and what your intentions are; oh! I see through the whole conspiracy. But wait a bit, I'll pay you all off. Hallo! Olof and Peter!" cried he to two dragoons in the stable-yard, "dismount, and tie this younker upon the ammunition-waggon you have to take to Nyeborg."

Whilst the bearded horsemen got out of their saddles to obey their sergeant's commands, the latter turned once more to the trembling Christina.

"So this was your game, my charmer!" said he scornfully. "Have you already forgotten what you told me last evening, when you had me sighing like an old woman? I never felt so soft in my life, not since my mother first laid me in the cradle, with a pap-spoon in my mouth. Ha! it shall be the last time I waste fair words when force will gain my end. No, no!" he shouted, as Christina, with tearful eyes and speechless with grief, extended her clasped hands in supplication, "you won't get him off, I can tell you, not if you were an angel from heaven. Why don't you intercede for your other lover, the old one? No, no, neither mercy nor pardon."

"Ah! sergeant, be not so cruel; let the lad go," exclaimed a voice behind Svartberg. "Surely you are not going to turn restive! You kick out a little, but I am certain a mouthful of hay will pacify you. Come, a word with you!"

The horse-dealer, for he it was, took the angry Swede by the bandelier, and Svartberg followed him, although with manifest unwillingness, to the further side of the court. Here Martin Thy deliberately unbuttoned his brown doublet and three or four waistcoats, produced, from the

inmost recesses of his attire, a small greasy leather book, and thence extracted a scrap of parchment. This he placed before the eyes of the sergeant, following the lines with his finger as Svartberg read, and pausing now and then at particular words, as if they were talismanic characters, intended to allay the soldier's irritation. This, whatever they were, they appeared to do. More calmly, but with a harsh and sullen expression of countenance, and like a man yielding with an ill grace to a power he dares not resist, Svartberg approached Hans Thorsen, who stood in gloomy silence between the two dragoons.

"Let the fellow go," he cried, "and to horse! You tell me we shall not come back, Thy. I neither know nor care how you learned it, but remember I make you responsible for both of them. If I do return, I will claim both her and him at your hands, and God help you if they are not forthcoming."

He spoke thus whilst tightening his horse's girths, and when he turned his head the horse-dealer had already disappeared. With a muttered oath, Svartberg sprang into the saddle, and, without bestowing another glance upon the young people, galloped out of the court, quite forgetting to bequeath Christina one of those graceful salutations with which it was his wont to bid her adieu.

Field-marshal Shack had landed his troops without accident at Kjerteminde, and Lieutenant-general Eberstein, with equal good fortune, had got his little army on shore at Middelfahrt. The young prince of Sulzbach at first advanced against the latter general; but then, afraid of being cut off and surrounded by the former, he changed his plan, and drew back his whole forces to a stronger position at Nyeborg. The entire Swedish army lay either in this town, or encamped in its front; their previous quarters were vacant. Consequently, in the village of Vinding all was still and quiet as in the grave. It was evening. Thor Hansen and his son had betaken themselves to the tavern, where a great number of peasants, retainers of the lord of the soil, travellers, and others, were assembled, discussing the latest news. These seemed important, judging from the noise and excitement that prevailed: all spoke at once, none listened, and, as if all danger were now over, none troubled their heads about what passed out of doors. But in the little room at Thor Hansen's house, Christina sat at work, full of melancholy thoughts. She certainly understood little about the march of events and prospects of the country, but love and sorrow had so far quickened her perceptions of political matters, that she foresaw much evil to herself and Hans if the Swedes got the upper hand. Another of her subjects of meditation was the strange influence the horse-dealer exercised over Svartberg. Upon what was it founded? Would it last? And, even if it did, and she was thereby delivered from the sergeant's importunities, might not Martin Thy press his own claims—claims which her own and her father's consent, admitted to Svartberg, and whereon was based the protection they enjoyed, rendered in some sort valid? These, and similar reflections, always ending in fears for Hans, drew bitter tears from her eyes, and so absorbed her mind that she was as unconscious as the noisy party at the tavern of what occurred without. Suddenly the latch was lifted, the house-door gently opened, and Svartberg stood before her.

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"You weep, dearest!" he said, as he slowly approached the table beside which Christina sat, whilst an expression of mingled irony and grief passed across his martial features; "do those precious tears flow, perchance, for me? By the cross! how pale and moist are those pretty cheeks."

"What would you, sergeant?" said the maiden, recovering from her first surprise, and in accents of deep affliction. "Do you come to renew your recent cruelty, or to atone for it?"

"What I would?" replied the sergeant. "You know, Christina, that my heart is not a hard one, but quite the contrary, soft as can be, and you it is, my angel, who have made it so. Frankly and plainly, however, do I tell you, that without you it will harden again, ay, as marble. Without you I cannot live: you must away with me on the instant!"

"Alas, Svartberg, have I not already told you I am betrothed to Martin Thy!" cried the alarmed maiden anxiously.

"Pshaw!" cried Svartberg, "you do not expect me to swallow that fable? All lie and deception, as sure as there is a God in heaven. I have long seen through the old fox, but now I know him, and he shall not stand long in any body's way. As to any harm he may have told you of me, the knave lies in his throat."

"Svartberg!" exclaimed Christina, terrified at the increasing vehemence of the Swede's tone and manner, "you have power——"

"Ha!" interrupted the soldier, "that have I, and know how to use it. Christina, I cannot exist without you—by the living God I cannot! and though you were betrothed to Sweden's king, to me you must belong—mine you shall be! I have here," he continued, in a hurried and passionate whisper, "two comrades, and a cart to convey you to Nyeborg. I shall soon have served my time, and then will I take you home to my old mother in Dalecarlia, and there you shall live like a queen, or my name is not Jon Svartberg! Come! every moment is precious!"

The stalwart sergeant seized the fainting girl by the waist, raised her in his arms, regardless of her feeble struggles, and hurried to the door. Just then a loud uproar arose outside the house. Svartberg started, laid Christina in an arm-chair, and listened. The noise increased; shouts and cries, and two pistol-shots, reached his ear; and then Hans Thorsen and Martin Thy, followed by a legion of rustics armed with axes and hay-forks, poured into the room through both its doors. Surprised, but no way disconcerted, by their sudden appearance and menacing mien, the sergeant, with a military eye for a good position, retreated into a corner, where the oak table

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served him as barricade, and laid hand upon a pistol in his belt. Either on account of the great odds against him, or through fear of injuring Christina, or because consciousness of evil-doing robbed him of his usual decision, he did not use the weapon, however, but preferred flight to a contest whose issue could hardly have been advantageous to him. Springing actively upon the long bench below the window, and still keeping his face to the enemy, he set his heavily-booted leg against the casement, which gave way, and fell with a clatter and jingling into the garden. Then, with his favourite exclamation, "Ha! in the devil's name!" he swung himself, light as a bird, through the opening. A peasant, on sentry below, essayed to seize him, but was prostrated by a blow that might have felled an ox; and the fugitive sped through the garden, his accoutrements rattling as he ran, and indicating the direction he took. All this while the peasants were not idle: some followed him through the window, others through the door; and as it was nearly full moon and the sky tolerably clear, the foremost distinctly saw him run across the meadow, and disappear amongst the oaks. With all speed they surrounded the little thicket; some lining the banks of the stream bounding it to the north, whilst others made diligent search amongst the trees and brushwood. Far and near their voices were heard, shouting to each other encouragement and inquiries. "Have you got him? Is he there? He has not crossed the stream. Look out, lads! Cut him down, wherever you find him!" And cut down the Swede undoubtedly would have been, had he been found; but to find him was the great difficulty. Not a bush large enough to shelter a rabbit but was beaten by the peasants, furious at the disappointment of their revenge on one of the detested tyrants who so long had oppressed them. Even the branches of the trees, although stripped of their leaves by the chill autumn wind so as scarcely to afford concealment, did not escape examination. But all was in vain. It seemed as though the earth had swallowed the missing man. He had disappeared and left no trace. When at last convinced of this, the boors gazed at each other in astonishment and vexation, not unmingled with dismay. The devil—so some of them muttered—had helped his own. At last Hans Thorsen, convinced of the inutility of further research, prevailed on a few of the most resolute to keep guard round the wood, and returned home to look for his father and comfort his mistress.

Although Sergeant Svartberg had never implicitly believed Martin Thy's story of his intended marriage with Christina, the horse-dealer had found means to inspire him with a certain respect, which prevented his pursuing his object with open violence. His passion for the maiden, inflamed by unexpected resistance, had made him resolve, especially when the scene in the cow-house put him upon the trail of the truth, to employ every means to attain his end. Hans he despised as a peasant lout, and felt himself in no way obliged to respect his claims, or consider his rights. Were Christina once his, he trusted to win, by redoubled tenderness, a heart which he believed—perhaps rightly—harboured no particular repugnance towards him. He was overjoyed, therefore, when he received orders to take two dragoons, and fetch a couple of ammunition waggons left behind in Vinding; and he promised himself he would make good use of this favourable opportunity of carrying out his designs upon Thor Hansen's pretty kinswoman. Out of precaution, he avoided riding through the village, and took a circuitous route to Hansen's house. Before arriving there, however, he was compelled to pass some stables where Martin Thy was wont to keep horses, of which he sometimes had a great number on hand. Cunning Martin, whom nothing escaped, was looking through a hole in the stable wall, and recognised, notwithstanding the evening gloom, Jon Svartberg's big-boned mare. Suspecting mischief, he hurried to the tavern, and proposed to surprise the uninvited guests; the peasants joyfully assented, and at once sallied forth, heated with liquor and with thirst of revenge. The scene just described was the result.

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But that very night the bold boors were doomed to experience the evil consequences of their exploit. Intimidated by the crowd of assailants, the two dragoons took to flight, leaving the sergeant to take care of himself. They hurried back to the camp, and made report to their captain of the evening's events. The captain, unwilling to lose a daring and useful subordinate, instantly despatched another sergeant to Vinding, with a stronger party, and with orders to fetch the waggons, to rescue Svartberg, or, should violence have been done him, to arrest the murderers. Fortunately, the approach of the troopers was observed sufficiently soon for old Hansen and Christina to find a hiding-place; but, in facilitating their escape, Hans was so unlucky as to fall into the hands of the Swedes, who hurried him off to Count Steenbock's quarters at Nyeborg.

Early the following morning, Christina donned her holiday attire, put on a clean cap, a pair of yellow leathern gloves, and her best apron, and, without telling the old man a word of her intentions, took the road to Nyeborg. She thought not of the dangers besetting her path: she thought only of sharing her lover's fate, should she find it impossible to rescue him; and bitterly reproached herself for having consented to separate from him. Mournfully, and with eyes red from weeping, she hurried along the rain-soaked road, when she heard the tramp of hoofs behind her, and looked round in alarm. It was Martin Thy, mounted upon Black Captain, to whose tail two other horses were tied. When near enough to recognise Christina, he drew rein with an exclamation of astonishment, and inquired whither she was going. She briefly told him her destination, and the object of her journey. He at first tried to dissuade her from prosecuting the latter, representing the many dangers to which she exposed herself, and without a chance of benefit, seeing that none would listen to her entreaties and representations. Finding his advice and remonstrances unattended to by the faithful and loving girl, he suddenly sprang from his horse. "You shall not go afoot, at any rate," he cried, "so long as Martin Thy has a horse belonging to him, on whose back you can sit. You shall have a ride on Black Captain for once in your life at least. You see, my lamb," continued he, throwing the right stirrup over the horse's neck and tightening the girths—"you see what a soft-mouthed beast I am; I may be ridden any where with a plain snaffle by those who know me. Come, I will help you up." He placed her in the saddle, detached the other horses from Captain's tail, clambered with considerable difficulty

upon the bare back of one of them, and set off at a trot.

"Only see," said he, "if we do not resemble Mary and old Joseph, in the picture upon the lid of my box at home. To be sure, Black Captain is no jackass; and indeed," he added, with a sly smile, "there is another difference besides that."

It was a chilly morning; the wind blew keen and cutting from the coast, and the air was clear and transparent; so that from afar the travellers discerned the Swedish tents, shimmering snow-white in the sunshine. Before they had proceeded much farther, the murmur of the camp became audible, like the hum from a stack of bee-hives. On reaching the outposts they were challenged; but the horse-dealer stooped his head and whispered a word in the ear of the vidette, who forthwith allowed him and his companion free passage, and they proceeded through the southern portion of the Swedish camp, towards the farm-house where Steenbock had his quarters. Preoccupied by her grief, Christina did not observe how completely at home Martin Thy seemed to be. Every body knew him, and he found his way without assistance through the canvass mazes of the camp. When close to the general's quarters, the travellers' progress was for a moment delayed by a crowd of people following two soldiers, who escorted a prisoner into the house. From her lofty seat upon the back of Black Captain, Christina saw over the heads of the throng, and in the captive recognised her lover, with hands bound behind his back. With a cry of grief, she sprang unaided from the saddle, and pressed through the crowd. Wonder at her boldness, and compassion for her evident affliction, procured her a passage, and, after some effort, she succeeded in penetrating to the hall where the court-martial was held. The case was probably prejudged by the Swedish officers, who made no scruple to sacrifice a peasant, whether innocent or guilty, by way of example and warning to the disaffected. But the trial, and the threats for which it gave opportunity, might probably, they thought, throw light upon the fate of Sergeant Svartberg, and account for his mysterious disappearance—besides eliciting the names of the accomplices in the murder of which, there could be small doubt, he had been a victim. The sergeant was respected and beloved by his comrades and superiors, and dissatisfaction was apprehended if his fate did not receive due investigation.

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The court-martial was over. All that could be extracted from Hans Thorsen amounted to no more than was already known. Svartberg had attempted to carry off his mistress, and he and others had interfered to frustrate his design. He gave a plain narrative of the wonderful disappearance of the sergeant, and did not conceal his regret that the ravisher had thus escaped his vengeance. To the tears and entreaties of Christina the court naturally paid small attention, and she was at last compelled by threats to cease her importunity. Sentence was passed; the president of the court stood up, and gave orders to the provost-marshal to carry out the prisoner's doom by hanging him in front of the camp. In the extremity of despair, Christina cast her eyes over the crowd which filled the room to the very doorway, seeking succour where she expected none, when suddenly she perceived Martin Thy, who stood in a corner, with folded arms and immovable features, watching the proceedings. The sight of the horse-dealer was a gleam of hope to the unhappy girl.

"Help us!" she cried, hurrying to him with clasped hands—"for the blessed Saviour's sake, help us if you can!"

"Ay, but what shall I get by that, my lamb?" replied Martin in a suppressed voice. "I give nothing for nothing, and like to gain by my bargains. Do you still remember what you lately told Svartberg? Keep your word to me, and I will see what I can do."

The peril was pressing, and Christina beside herself with sorrow. Distracted by fears for her lover, whom the soldiers were already leading away to execution, she promised all that was asked of her. The horse-dealer gave a satisfied nod, and advanced slowly and with a certain air of importance to the green table around which some members of the court still sat, whilst others had risen and were about to depart. Making as low a bow as his fat, thickset figure was capable of, he respectfully begged a hearing. The officers looked at him with surprise; Hans, recognising the voice, turned his face towards him, whilst his escort lingered a moment, as if to indulge their prisoner with a last glance at a friendly face.

"What is your business?" abruptly demanded the president of the court-martial. "Have you aught new to communicate touching this affair?"

"A single word, with your excellency's permission," replied Martin Thy; and, approaching the Count, he whispered something in his ear. Steenbock took a step backwards, and looked keenly in the horse-dealer's face, examining him for a few seconds attentively, and without speaking. Then beckoning him into a corner of the room, where they could not be overheard, he exchanged a few sentences with him, and cast his eyes over some papers produced by the horse-dealer. This done, the two men returned to the table.

"I think, therefore, with due submission to your excellency," said the horse-dealer in more decided tones, "that the truth is most likely to be got at in the manner I suggest. If the sergeant has been murdered, this lad was certainly not his only assassin. Upon the other hand, if, as I think more probable, Svartberg is in some place of concealment, the punishment of the prisoner would but increase his danger. And that the worshipful sergeant has sunk into the earth or ascended to heaven, vanishing so as to leave no trace—that, of course, is a fable my horses would laugh at."

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"Well, well, jockey," said the Count, loud enough for all in the room to hear, "if you undertake to

throw light upon the business, I will make over the prisoner to you, it being well understood you become responsible for him: the girl, too, must appear, should I require her presence. And remember, you cannot deceive me without risking your own neck. Enough! you are answerable for them both."

"With my life!" replied the horse-dealer, again bowing low, "so soon as I am out of the camp. Until then, I crave an escort."

The protection demanded was accorded, and its necessity was fully proved by the savage glances cast at Hans by the Swedish soldiery, as he and his companions passed through the camp. Once beyond its boundary, Martin Thy conducted Christina to her home, and Hans to his own house; and after exacting from both a solemn oath not to endanger his life by flight, saddled a fresh horse and rode away.

The next day, the memorable 14th of November, witnessed the defeat of the Swedes and the triumph of the Danish arms; and upon the day afterwards, the whole Swedish army, shut up in Nyeborg, surrendered to the victors. The Prince of Sulzbach and Count Steenbock had run the gauntlet through the Dutch fleet, and escaped to Corsor, where they met any thing but a flattering reception from King Charles Gustavus. Delivered from their merciless foe, and once more under Danish government, the inhabitants of Funen again raised their heads, and resumed their former habits and occupations. Gradually things fell into the old routine: vexatious losses were forgotten in the comforts and security of peace; fugitives returned home; friends and relatives, long severed, again met; news were received of many reported dead, and the fate of others, whom the demon of war had really devoured, was accurately ascertained. But of Martin Thy, the horse-dealer, not a word was heard. Since the day that he had rescued Hans Thorsen from the jaws of death, none of his relatives or neighbours had seen him; no intelligence, save faint and improbable rumours, had been obtained concerning him. Hans, when the enemy had quitted the country, (as he and every body else fondly believed for ever,) held himself absolved from his oath, and returned to his father's house at Vinding. There he undertook to persuade Christina that a promise forced from her, by the most cruel necessity, was not so binding that, under certain circumstances, it might not be broken; and, moreover, that it could not absolve her from her more ancient vows plighted to himself. But all the arguments of the impatient young lover, although supported by those of his father, who was desirous, before he died, to behold the happiness of his children, failed for some time to convince the maiden's sound sense and grateful heart. At last their persuasions and representations, powerfully aided by her love for Hans, induced her to fix a certain period, at the expiration of which, if Martin Thy did not in the interval appear to maintain his claim, she would become the wife of her younger suitor. Although vexed at the delay, Hans was compelled to consent to it; and for the satisfaction of Christina's conscience, two months were allowed to elapse. Then, the horse-dealer not appearing, the wedding was celebrated with the customary festivity and rejoicing.

At the marriage-feast the conversation naturally turned upon the events of the previous year, and, amongst other names and persons brought under discussion, Martin Thy was mentioned. Unobservant or regardless of the confusion manifest on the faces of both bride and bridegroom, half a score persons immediately exclaimed—"Ay, what has become of Thy, the punchy horse-dealer?" "Whither has the scamp betaken himself?" asked others. One of the company, an elderly man, whose words obtained deference and attention, replied to these questions to the following effect: Martin Thy, he said, was unquestionably one of the many spies employed by Charles Gustavus, and many of whom were intrusted by him with very considerable powers. For that king, reckoning on other means than the mere force of arms for the subjugation of the country, employed numerous agents, chosen from all ranks and classes, to ascertain the state of feeling amongst the people. Soldiers, pilots, pedlars, artisans, peasants, and students, took his wages for these dishonourable services. The horse-dealer, however,—so the speaker affirmed,—either conscience-stricken after taking the money of the Swedish government, or finding it agreeable and convenient to eat from two platters at one time, had also accepted from the Danish authorities a passport and secret instructions. On the occasion of the murder of a Swedish sergeant in the vicinity of Nyeborg, he had come in contact with officers of high rank, some of whom having reason, in spite of his cunning and plausibility, to mistrust his honesty, instituted investigations which resulted in his being sent handcuffed, with two other gentlemen of the same kidney, to Corsor, where, without further form of trial, they were all three hung. Other accounts said that Martin Thy had got off with the mere fright, having succeeded, by means of a small file, concealed in his bushy hair, in cutting his prison bars and making his escape. The guests, however, were unanimously of opinion that this was a mere postponement of his doom, and that to-morrow morning a tree in the Danish woods might serve as a gallows for Martin Thy. The conversation still ran upon this subject, when a young lad who waited at table whispered something in the ear of the bridegroom. The latter rose from table with an air of surprise and uneasiness, and slipped out of the house. The messenger conducted him to the wood-store, where a stranger, desirous of speaking with him, awaited his coming. Upon entering the ill-lighted shed, Hans Thorsen beheld a pale thin little man, clothed in squalid rags, and reclining, as if overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, upon a pile of chopped wood. The stranger arose, and with a limping step advanced to meet Hans. It was Martin Thy. But how changed within a few short weeks! His comfortable corpulence had disappeared, his cheeks were hollow and colourless, his long hair hung matted and uncombed about his ears, his doublet was travel-stained and tattered. It was scarce possible to recognise the once jovial well-conditioned horse-dealer. Hans Thorsen lifted up his hands in astonishment.

"Martin Thy!" he exclaimed in a tone of mingled vexation and compassion, "whence come you, in heaven's name, and what means this wretched plight?"

"You hardly know me again, Hans," said the horse-dealer, with somewhat of his former gaiety in his voice. "I am not surprised at it. I look just like an old horse who has been turned out to pass his winter in the woods. My paunch quite gone—left behind in yonder dry hole at Corsor," continued he with a smile, whilst with both hands he displayed his vest, which hung about him like a sack. "You want to know my business here?—never vex thyself about that, lad! I do not come to trespass on your manor. There are plenty here would drive me away, did I wish to stay. Tell your little wife (for I know this is your wedding-day) not to fret herself, for Martin Thy releases her. I know she will be glad to hear that. Of money I have plenty, ragged as I look; but I crave a service of you, for old acquaintance sake—'tis the last, perhaps. Lend me a horse, for I have not a leg to stand on. I will leave it in your uncle's care at Aastrup, near Faaborg: I myself shall not return. It matters little whether my fodder grows in Germany or Funen; and there are stables every where."

The good-natured heart of Hans Thorsen melted within him, as he contemplated the woful plight of the unlucky little man, and the constrained indifference and joviality of manner with which he endeavoured to carry off his misfortunes. His mind at ease about Christina, he thought only of comforting the man to whom he owed his life. He brought him beer and brandy, bread and beef, offered him a complete change of clothes, and pressed him earnestly to accept a pair of large silver buckles, which he took from his own shoes. But Martin Thy refused every thing, smiled in reply to the condolences of Hans, saddled the horse himself, cordially pressed the young man's hand, and galloped out of the court. Hans gazed after him till a turn of the road hid horse and rider from his view, and then returned into the house, to dissipate by a whisper the last shadow of doubt and anxiety that still clouded the happiness, and weighed upon the gentle heart, of Christina Thorsen. [246]

From that day no word was heard in Funen of Martin Thy the horse-dealer.

Nearly a century and a half had elapsed since the incidents above narrated. It was the month of July in one of the last years of the eighteenth century. The day had been oppressively hot, but in the afternoon a storm and shower had cooled and lightened the air. The minister at Vinding had a stranger stopping with him. This was a young gentleman from Copenhagen, whose pale thoughtful countenance told of assiduous toil in the paths of learning, and of late vigils by the study-lamp. Notwithstanding the elegance of his attire, and the courtly arrangement of his hair—gathered together upon his nape into a tail, according to the fashion of the day—the thorough Danish cut of his features, and a certain homely plainness of mien, seemed to indicate plebeian descent, and to warrant a conjecture that his father's hand had been more familiar with the plough-handle than with general's baton or magistrate's wand. His speech also, notwithstanding the advantages of an excellent education, was tinged with the accent of the province in which he then found himself. He had journeyed from the capital to his native place, for the purpose of examining whatever relics of antiquity there existed, and of discovering, if possible, some hitherto unknown. Not a Runic stone, or moss-grown font, or battered chalice, cracked bell, or stained window, not a tombstone or altar-piece, could escape his searching eye and investigating finger. Besides these mute memorials of ancient days, he interested himself greatly in the old rhymes and legends still current in Funen. To aid him in the collection of these, and in his other antiquarian researches, he had applied to the right man. The venerable minister was in every way as enthusiastic an admirer as the student of the vestiges of old days; and having besides some knowledge of music, which his companion did not possess, he would sing with great uncton, in a voice somewhat cracked but not disagreeable, strange wild ballads about Sivard, and Varland, and Vidrick, and of the good horse Skimming, and of King Waldemar and his queen Dagmar; whilst the young man stood by, his hand in his breast, and his eyes upon the ground, listening and musing.

"The rain is quite over," said the old clergyman, turning to the student; "let us go into the garden, for the sultry air is not yet out of the house. See here, how dry it is beneath these chestnut trees, notwithstanding the pelting shower we have had; and mark how the drops patter from leaf to leaf above our heads! A severe storm this has been. At one time, I thought our church was struck by lightning: I am sure the thunderbolt fell very near the steeple. But see yonder, what a splendid rainbow! It looks exactly as if it had one foot in my meadow. Let us sit here awhile, my dear young friend: the bench is quite dry. Ah! how fragrant smells the tobacco in the fresh open air! But you do not appreciate it. You prefer a Danish ditty to all the aromatic vapours of the noble Nicotian herb."

And to gratify his young guest, the minister struck up the beautiful Danish air—"Jeg gik mig ud en Sommerdag at høre"—beating the time with his long pipe-stick of Hungarian cherry. The eyes of the sensitive student were already dim with tears, when the plaintive song was interrupted by the clergyman's fair-haired daughter, who, came bounding down the garden.

"Father, John has come, and wants to speak to you."

"Which John?" asked the minister.

"John Thorsen," replied the young lady. "Shall I send him to you?"

"No, child, I will go to him. I know what he wants. It is about his son's christening. Excuse me for a moment, my friend."

In less than five minutes the clergyman returned.

"Are you disposed for a short walk?" he said: "I must visit one of my parishioners. I may, perhaps, have an opportunity to show you something more worthy your antiquarian attention than the legend of St Matthew and his fountain."^[17]

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The two men took hat and stick and followed the peasant, who led them through the village to his little farm, across a garden and a small meadow, till he stopped before a knoll of ground, and turned to his companions.

"Your reverence must know," said he, "that here upon the hillock, and round about, an oak copse formerly grew, for which reason we still call the field 'Oak Meadow,' although no one now living remembers any oaks here save yonder old one, cloven by this day's lightning. It was quite hollow, but that could not be seen till now. If your reverence will take the trouble to come up the knoll—stay, give me your hand, I will help you."

"Thank you, my son," said the minister, "I can do without assistance."

And the worthy man gently ascended the little eminence. One half of the huge oak still stood erect, surmounted by rich green foliage—the other moiety had been riven away by the lightning's power—and the whole interior of the tree was exposed to view like an open cupboard. It was melancholy to behold this forest monarch thus rent and overthrown, his verdant crown defaced and trailing in the dust. But this reflection found no place in the minds of either clergyman or student—their attention was engrossed by a variety of objects that lay in a confused heap in the cavity of the oak. Upon near examination these proved to consist of the remains of a human skeleton, which, to judge from the position of the bones, must have stood upright in the tree, its arms extended upwards. A pair of large iron spurs, several nails and brass buckles, a long sword, nearly consumed by rust, pieces of iron and brass belonging to a dragoon's helmet, some coins of the reign of Charles Gustavus, and finally a broad gold finger-ring, were also discovered. Upon the last the initials J. S. were plainly legible; and on the hilt of the sword, as on some of the fragments of metal, were the letters F.R.F.D., standing for First Regiment Finland Dragoons.

Although it was at once evident that these relics had not the age requisite to give them value in antiquarian eyes, the student and his venerable friend did not the less examine them with strong interest. On their way to the oak, the minister and Johann Thorsen had told their companion the story of the Swedish sergeant, and his wonderful disappearance. The tradition was current amongst the peasantry, and some details of it were still in existence in an old vestry register. That day's storm had cleared up the marvel, and explained the mystery,—there could be no doubt that the skeleton discovered in the oak was that of poor Svartberg. The letters upon the sabre and buckles, and especially those upon the gold ring, sufficiently proved this; the latter unquestionably stood for Jon Svartberg. It was evident that the young Swede, pursued by those from whom he had little mercy to expect, and impeded in running by the weight of his accoutrements had climbed the oak for safety, and had slipped down into the hollow, between whose narrow sides he got closely wedged, and was thence unable to extricate himself. There he remained immured alive in a living sarcophagus; and there upon every one of seven-score succeeding springs, the deceitful oak (like Dead-Sea apples, all freshness without and rottenness within) had put forth, above his mouldering remains, a wreath of brilliant green.

Upon the same Sunday on which little Thor Hansen was christened in the church of Vinding, Svartberg's remains were consigned to consecrated ground. John Thorsen and the student stood beside his grave: the old minister threw earth upon his ashes and wished him good rest. Some sorry jesters in the village-tavern opined he would need it, after being, so long upon his legs.

SKETCHES IN PARIS.

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So fleeting are the scenes of revolutionary history—so phantasmagoric are they in their character, as well from their quickly evanescent nature as from their wild and startling effect—so rapid are the changes that every day, and almost every hour, produce, that before they can be well sketched they have flitted away from before the eyes, to be replaced by others as strange and startling. Those that have been hastily transferred to the note-book are gone as soon as traced: those that follow upon the next leaf grow pale, however high and bold their colouring, by the side of the still more vivid picture that is placed in contrast the next day. The interest of the present swallows up that of the past: that of the future will shortly devour the interest of the present. In no country is the difficulty of seizing the revolutionary physiognomy before it changes, and stamping it in permanent daguerreotype, more sensible than among the easily excited, and consequently ever-changeful French—in no place on the earth more than in that fickle and capricious city, the capital of revolutionised France. There, more than elsewhere, the scenes of revolution have the attribute of dissolving views. They are before your eyes at one

moment: as you still gaze, they change—they run into other colours and other forms,—they have given way to a complete transformation. Such scenes have all the effect of the flickering, uncertain, and varying phantom pictures of the *mirage* of the desert: and this effect, so observable in the outward state of things,—in the aspect of the streets, in the tumult, or the sulky calm, in the rapidly rolling panorama of the day, changed in all its objects and its colours on the morrow,—is just as remarkable in moral influences, in the enthusiasm of one hour, which becomes execration in the next; in the hope, the fear, the confidence, and the despair. This is true, and perhaps even to a greater extent, in men, as well as things or deeds. Have we not seen so lately the hero, the idol, the demigod of one moment, become, by a sudden and almost unconnected transition, the object of hatred, suspicion, and mistrust, at another? On such occasions the dissolving views have scarcely time to dissolve.

Nothing, then, is a more difficult or a more thankless task, than to sketch scenes of a revolutionary time among such a rapidly self-revolutionising people. Scarcely is the scene sketched, but it is superseded by one of newer, and consequently more powerful interest; its effect has faded utterly away; it is old, *rococo*, unsatisfactory: the new one alone claims every eye, and the tribute of all emotions. With such fearful express-train hurry and dash does history rush along, that the history of yesterday seems already "ancient" history, and the tale of the last hour "a tale of other times," no longer fit to command a thought, or excite a sensation; or, at best, it may be said to belong only to those grubbing antiquaries in political considerations, who live out of the whirling movement of their age. On those who linger among such scenes, this feeling is so powerfully impressed that they seem to themselves to grow old with frightful rapidity, and to have lived ten years at least in as many days.

Thus, in opening a Parisian Sketch-book, in which many a scene has been traced during the last few months, the feeling that the sketches therein hastily made are already too old, too "flat, stale, and unprofitable," to please the novelty-craving public eye,—that even the latest, while being exhibited, may be thrown into the shade by newer and more vivid scenes, which would afford subjects for fresher pictures,—deters from their exhibition. But still there *may be* some of those grubbing antiquaries in revolutionary history, who may not be sorry to have a specimen of "old times" in the shape of a vignette or two drawn upon the spot, although it was done yesterday, or even the day before, placed within his hands; and so the Sketch-book shall be opened, and turned over at hap-hazard, and a few sketches of revolutionary Paris offered to public gaze.

See! first of all we fall upon a rapid tracing or two of scenes from those wild abysses, in which have sunk industry, trade, confidence, and principle—the *ateliers nationaux*. The pencil of a moral Salvator Rosa is alone worthy to paint them! But great breadth of light and shade, and powerful colouring, must not be sought for in a scrap of a vignette. Perhaps we have not stumbled so utterly *malà propos* upon these pictures; for since the *ateliers nationaux* were so intimately connected with the pretexted causes, and the fearful organisation, of the bloody insurrection in the latter end of June, they may be supposed, as events go rattling on, to belong to the "middle ages" of the past French revolutionary history, and not to be so positively lost already in its "dark ages" as to have become utterly uninteresting.

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The sketch is taken in the park of Monceaux, at the western extremity of the capital. The old trees stand there pretty nearly as they did, although some have been cut down or torn up, no one can well say why, unless it may have been from a spirit of devastation for devastation's sake; the old clumps, and the grass-plots, although sadly worn, are still there; but how different is the aspect of the spot from that which might have been sketched last year in the same sweet spring-tide! The calm and the make-believe rurality are gone. Where nurse-maids and children gambolled on the greensward, or a couple of lovers lingered so near the tumult of the capital, and yet so secluded and unobserved, or the dreamer lounged to dream at ease, although the roar of the great city still rang in his ears, is now a scene of confusion and disorder. A herd of miserable, or idle and reckless men, have been there got together; and the spot has been allotted as one of the newly constituted revolutionary national workshops. "Workshops!" what irony in the word! Work there is none for the wretched men to do; profit there is none, at the very best, to expect from it. The impoverished and harassed country is burdened with new taxes, to keep the dangerous and disorderly in a seeming state of quiet; the fears of a government, or even its treacherous designs, call for funds from all the country to pay this herd of men, who prefer eating the bread of idleness as their due—for have not they been told that they are the masters, and that the country must support them?—to earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, when they are enabled to do it: and all this sacrifice shall not hereafter avert the danger anticipated by those fears.

The first impression conveyed by the scene is that, some how or other, we have been suddenly transported into the "back woods" of a Transatlantic settlement. A few huts of wood are knocked up in different parts under the trees, for the use of those paid superintendents who have nothing to superintend, and who only aid in fostering the passions of the wild men whom they are vainly said to have under their command, and in organising into revolutionary bands, to work the will of a disappointed and frantic party, a host of half-savage beings, disorganised to every social tie. The hundreds of half-dressed men who are grouped hither and thither, with instruments of labour in their hands, might be supposed, were they really employed upon any exertion, to be the settlers, occupied in effecting a clearance. Some even might be taken, from their wild looks and wilder gestures, for a few of the last remnants of the aboriginal savages, who had just sold the heritage of their fathers for deep draughts of the "fire-water." But when we look more nearly to the details in the composition of the picture, we shall find component parts of it perfectly

exceptional, and peculiarly belonging to the circumstances of the place and of the day. Some of the men in the groups, it is true, bear all the air of sturdy workmen, although they are demoralised by their position of real idleness, that "root of all evil," and disgusted with having their energies employed upon "make-believe" work. "Make-believe" indeed! for children could scarcely be seduced into the fantasy that they were really doing any labour of positive utility. Some again are strong men, capable of bearing exertion as settlers or forest clearers; but they are not the men of the "woods and wilds." Those hands plunged down into the deep pockets of their full trowsers, without the least show of willingness to work; those heads tossed back, that sharp cunning roll of the evil eye, that leer, that sardonic grin, that mouth carelessly pursed up to whistle, all betray the common city-thief, who knows not why he should not share in the bounty of the country to the idle and disorderly, particularly when his own trade thrives so ill in these days of the patrollings and marchings, and drummings about the streets, by night as well as day, of the national guards: among those faces, also, we may find the dark scowl of the branded felon and the murderer. But look at those pale puny men, with their lank hair and scanty beards! How out of place they seem in these "backwoods" of civilisation! How miserably they hang their heads, and look upon the earth! They are the poor weavers, and fabricators of jewellery, and makers of all kinds of articles of luxury, whose trade is closed to them by the ruin caused to all wealth and luxury by the revolution, and who are out of employ. They are real objects of charity: and they are true objects of pity also, as they thus stand, unable and unwilling to work at their useless trades, and brood over their misery, and think of their wives and babes, for whom they, who might have before earned a decent livelihood, must now beg, from a nation's reckless charity, a scanty subsistence. Poor woe-begone wretches! they have cursed the revolution in the bitterness of their hearts; although by a strange but not uncommon revulsion of feeling, they will throw themselves, perhaps, soon into the arms of their enemy, and espouse, in despair, its wildest, bloodiest doctrines, with the hope that any change, however desperate, may tend to relieve them from their utter misery, but to find out, at last, that they have plunged into a still more fearful abyss. Look! in that corner, beneath that further clump of trees, are some who have thrown themselves gloomily upon the ground, to dream of a gloomy future; or lean their backs against the stems, to raise their eyes despairingly to heaven; or see! perhaps they laugh wildly, to affect a gaiety far from their hearts. Poor fellows! The deity they have worshipped is thrown down from the high pedestal on which they had put her up aloft, or one is replaced by another, wearing a hideously coarse red cap of liberty; their fair dream, in which they lived, has flown, with its bright rainbow colours, and left before them nothing but a naked, rugged, hideous reality; the poetry, as well as the necessary materialism of their lives, have been cut off at once; the pleasant sward, on which they trod forward, "with daisies pied," has terminated on a sudden, upon an abyss formed by the unexpected convulsion of an earthquake. Their divinity was Art; she has fled with a sob before the advance of coarse democracy, that proclaims her a useless and foolish idol. Their dream was the worship in the temple of Art; the temple has fallen to the ground, and the rainbow coruscations of its altar have vanished. The path which was to lead on to fame and fortune has abruptly terminated. There is no hand to foster the neglected and degraded deity; the poor artists, who were just commencing their career, are now reduced to penury: for the most part, these poor orphan children of art are penniless—almost houseless; they have been forced to lay aside the brush for the spade or pick-axe—the brightly-coloured pallet for the dull earth; and now they brood here, in the *ateliers nationaux*, over their fantasies flown and their real misery—happy even that they can receive the national pittance to prevent them from starving. Look to those young men, sprinkled here and there in the groups—boys, they are almost sometimes—with their thin delicate mustaches, and their hair arranged with some coquetry of curl, even in the midst of their disorder, and in spite of the *blouse* with which their attire is covered. Look at their hands! they are white and delicate—they are not used to handle the implements of labour. If they work, the drops of perspiration trickle over their pale faces like tears which *will* find a passage, even if the eyes refuse to let them go. They have been evidently used, the weak boys, to a certain degree of luxury, and their harsh occupation is repugnant to their feelings. They are young lads from the many shops of the luxuries of manufacture of every kind in formerly flourishing Paris, which have now closed in consequence of the ruin and desolation that has fallen upon trade. Those who have not shut up entirely, have discharged the greater part of their former servitors, who now are turned adrift in hundreds upon the *pavé* of Paris, and know not how or where to seek their bread. Those hands have been accustomed to handle the velvet, the satin, and the lace, and shrink back from the contact of the rough wood and cutting stone: but starve they cannot, and they add to the wild motley crew of the *ateliers nationaux*. Those discontented affected faces are those of young actors, and singers also, improvident to a proverb, who have been left exposed to the rude buffetings of the world by the failure of several of the theatres, which have not been able to meet the necessities of revolutionary times, when even Parisians—even theatrical Parisians—desert the theatres for the club-rooms, and which have closed their bankrupt doors. What a change, again, from the illusion of the glittering dress, and the lighted scene, and the heart-fluttering applause, to the stern realities of poverty and labour. Among such men as these are young rising authors also, who have thrown aside the uncertain resource of the pen for the scanty but sure return of public charity, with a pretence of labour. The *ateliers nationaux* have become the only salvation, in the suspension of literature as well as art, of the poor poet or novelist who does not dip his pen in the black gall of ultra-republican democracy, and earn a scanty subsistence as journalist in one of the "thousand and one" new violent republican journals of the day—for such a one alone can find his reader and his profit. But such figures as these among the groups are the bright lights, sad as they may be, of the picture. The greatest mass of the herd of so-called workmen consists of those accustomed to labour and to hardship, or of those who have been inured to play all parts, and fill all situations, by long acquaintance with all the necessities of crime.

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What a strange scene these pensioners of the republican government form!—stranger still when the nature of the supposed work upon which they are believed to be engaged is considered. It is not by any means the half of the assembled herd, however, that makes any show of working at all. See! several hundreds of men are moving backwards and forwards, with wheelbarrows, over the more vacant spaces of the now desolate-looking park; they move from a hole to a heap, from a heap to a hole. At the one, men are lazily making a pretext of digging up the earth—at the other, of shovelling it upon a mound. To what purpose? To none whatever. When the heap begins to grow too big not to be added to without exertion, it is again demolished; the earth is wheeled off elsewhere; another heap of earth is made upon another spot, or the hole that has been made is again filled. It is the endless task of the Danaïdes, condemned to fill a bottomless tun, on which they are engaged; or it is that of the web of Penelope, undone as soon as done: but it is without the advantage of the punishment of the one, or of the purpose of the other. But see, in the background, a party have grown ashamed of the futile absurdity of the employment upon which they are vainly engaged. In order to give a faint and frivolous colouring to their acceptance of their wages of idleness, they have thrown down their misused implements, and, like a party of school-boys, they have put their so-called superintendents into their wheelbarrows, and are wheeling them up and down amidst shouts and cries, and yells of the hideous *Ca Ira*. This, however, is but poor sport in comparison with the recreation that many of the national workmen permit themselves, for the good of the nation.

For instance, those knots of men which stand here and there, in thick encircling masses, whence issues the sound of many voices of declamation, of shouts, or of murmurs—and where now and then heads may be seen of eager and wildly-gesticulating orators, who have mounted upon the bottoms of upturned wheel-barrows in order to spout—have formed themselves into *al fresco* clubs, in which they, the masters and arbiters of the destinies of the country, as they have been taught to believe themselves, are settling the affairs of the nation according to their own views, or rather according to the frantic opinions instilled into them as a poisonous draught, rushing like fire through their veins, and disturbing and corrupting the whole system, by the violent demagogic orators of a furious disappointed party, whom they imitate second-hand, and naturally caricature, if possible, to a still greater excess of anarchist doctrine. Listen to them! under the hot-bed fostering influence of the *ateliers nationaux*, or rather of their instigators and supporters, they have got far beyond Louis Blanc, the high-priest of the one deity of the Republican trinity, *Egalité*, and his utopian talent-levelling theories for the organisation of labour. Listen to the declamations that come rolling forth from these crowds. They are illustrative of communistic doctrines to the utmost limits of communism. The declaration that all property in land is a spoliation of the people, and a crying iniquity—that the soil of the earth belongs to the community, to the nation at large; that it must all be confiscated, seized, and placed in the hands of the *Res publica*, to be administered for the public good; that the profits of its culture must be distributed equally amongst all—is but the A B C of the long alphabet of communistic principles, which they proclaim in the name of humanity, and to the advantage of themselves. It is needless to run through every letter. The omega—the great O—which is to prove the result of all their declamations, is, that if the National Assembly does not decree this general confiscation, they will take up arms against it; that they have once made the stones of the street rise at their command, and that they will make them rise again, when the time shall come, to do once more their bidding. And how have they kept their word? The blood-red standard of that fantastic vision of blood, the *République Sociale et Démocratique*, the Republic of spoliation and destruction, is raised aloft in the *ateliers nationaux*, to be planted hereafter upon the deadly barricades of June. And round these open conspiracies, under the sky of heaven, and in the face of men, see, there stand the brigadiers, and superintendents and masters put over them by the government, with their hands in their pockets; and they listen and applaud. Look, also, at the furious frown of the orator on the wheel-barrow, in the midst of his yelling companions of the national workshops. How he knits his brows, and rolls his eyes, with a tiger aspect! This is all "make-believe" again; for he thinks it necessary for an "only true and pure" republican to make a terrible face, to the alarm and terror of all supposed aristocrats. Republicans did it, and were painted so in former days; and, to be a real republican, he must do the same: and his associates follow his example, and frown, and roar, and denounce like himself. All this is playing a part. But when they have learned by heart the part that they are rehearsing now, under yon trees, in the transmogrified park of Monceaux, they will play it as their own to the life—nay, to the death! If we were to approach that fellow in the *blouse* there, who is lying on his back on a hillock, reposing from his fatigues of doing nothing, and *jerking* lazy puffs of blue-white smoke into the pure spring air from the short clay-pipe that almost seems to grow out of his mass of beard, we may get perhaps to some comprehension of the tenets of the *braves ouvriers* of the *ateliers nationaux*; for, after all, although we are gentlemen, and he weens himself our lord and master, he looks like a *bon homme*, and he may condescend to expound to us his principles of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," upon the best-avowed communist, socialist, and ultra-republican system. Let us ask him who are the people? It is we—we who have nothing, and are not rascally thievish proprietors—we are the people; and the sovereignty of the people belongs to us, he will tell you. If you insinuate to him that, according to the laws of equality, you ought to have your own little share of this sovereignty, he will reply—No such thing—you are not of the people, you are, a *bourgeois*, a *mange-tout*, an *accapareur*, a *riche*, a *fainéant* (what is *he* doing?) an *aristocrate*: this last word is the climax of the terms of oburgation. Endeavour to explain to him, or to convey by inuendo, that "aristocrats," in all languages, mean those who pretend alone and exclusively to the exercise of the sovereignty of a country, he will scowl upon you with contempt, and, without deigning to analyse your definition, will again declare that you lie if you pretend to be of the people, which is sovereign, and not you.

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The picture is a fanciful, and not an unpicturesque one. There is a wildness about the bearded haggard faces, and the disconsolate looks; there is colour enough in the blue *blouses*, the red cravats, the blood-red scarfs of the brigadiers, and the uniforms of the young men of the schools, who superintend: the background of the old trees, with the log-huts peeping out from among them, is well disposed. The greensward is below—the clear blue spring sky above. There is brightness enough about the picture; but dark and gloomy are the passions smouldering within the hearts of those men—passions that find vent now in short hasty ebullitions, like puffs of steam let off from a safety-valve, in their political declamations, but that shortly will burst out in terrific explosion, and cover Paris with devastation and destruction.

Let us open the Sketch-book once more, at a picture again representing one of these same *ateliers nationaux*, after a change in the government of the country. The National Assembly has met. Several of the more experienced and far-seeing members of that confused body have seen the misery of this filthy sore upon the body of the commonwealth; they have probed the ulcering wound; they have foreseen, like good political doctors, that gangrene and mortification of the whole social state of France, and death, to all its last chances of life in prosperity, must result from such a state of things. They have denounced the whole corrupted system with energy. The government has confessed the misery and the danger of the national workshops, as they were constituted: it has promised that they shall be entirely reorganised, that the tares of evil men shall be sundered from the wheat of good and honest, but suffering workmen; that some shall be draughted off, that the works shall be made useful and productive, that the superintendents shall be replaced; the chiefs, suspected of encouraging sedition and insurrectionary tendencies, removed; the abuses in the administration of the funds rectified. Much has been promised: and, until the needy workmen can be removed into the provinces, in order to be employed upon railroads and canals, and other great public works, or, where it is possible, upon labours congenial to their education, the Assembly has consented to close its eyes, and hope that the dangerous *ateliers nationaux* are gradually acquiring a healthier and more prosperous aspect.

Let us turn, then, to a sketch of the workshops in their reorganised state. We seek it out with more cheerful hopes; and, in order to change the background of our picture, let us look in the direction of the eastern outskirts of Paris, and investigate the scene presented by the national workshops upon the little plain of St Maur. Before we arrive there, however, we shall fall upon another sketch, which is not without its characteristic traits, as illustrative of the history of revolutionising Paris. Those masses of towers that rise from the midst of walls surrounded by moats, not far from the roadside, and are flanked and backed by the low trees of thick woods at a little distance, belong to the fortress of Vincennes. Within these towers, connected with many a dark page of French history, are confined those frantic and disappointed demagogues, who on the 15th of May endeavoured to overthrow the Assembly, constituted by universal suffrage as the sovereign power of the country, and to substitute their own regime of tyranny and terror in its place. There sit the moody Barbés, whose ideas of republicanism go no further than constant subversion of "what *is*;" and the cold-blooded and cunning, but ferocious Blanqui, that strange mixture in character, as well as in physiognomy, of the fox and the wolf; there mourns Albert, so lately one of the autocratic rulers of the country—the workman who, not content with his temporary power, helped to plot its return under bloody auspices. There are many others of those furious ultra-republicans, who dreamed of founding a government upon pillage, and supporting it by the guillotine. Those towers, in fact, contain the leaders upon whom a furious party counts, as the master-spirits who are to lead it on to power. Their liberation from confinement is the dream of the party: in every *émeute* with which the streets of Paris has been almost daily, or rather nightly, animated, the cry has been, "*Vive Barbés!*" in the fearful insurrection and the civil conflicts of June, the name of Barbés was the rallying cry. Long before that period of terrific memory, the government knew that plots were constantly being laid for the surprise of the fortress, and the liberation of the prisoners. When, led on by the chiefs of the ultra clubs, a band of so-called *ouvriers* waited upon the minister of the interior, to inform him that an immense monster fraternity banquet was to be held in the forest of Vincennes on a certain day,—they were met by the reply of the minister, that no day could be better chosen, inasmuch as he had appointed that very day for a grand review, on the same spot, of all the troops of Paris, who would thus have an opportunity of fraternising with their "brethren of the workshops." The monster banquet was, consequently, never held,—or rather it was held in the streets of Paris; and the people banquetted upon carnage, and blood, and the still quivering limbs of the unhappy *Gardes Mobiles*. But that dread hour is not yet come, at the time the sketch is taken. Aware of the designs of the conspirators, the government has sent reinforcements to protect the fortress of Vincennes. The whole forest around is now a camp. In the midst looms the donjon, with its towers and walls, a dark and gloomy prison house: the cannon is on the battlements; the garrison is on duty, as if the fortress were at that moment in a state of siege; and, strikingly contrasting with this stern spectre of stone, is the scene presented by the wooded environs. It partakes of the camp and the fair. The whole place is beleaguered with troops. But if you look among the trees, you will see the tents gleaming forth from among the green. Pickets are scattered here and there; now you see a body of troops of the line drawn up under arms; there again they are reposing upon the grass, or playing among themselves. At intervals comes up the white smoke of a fire, at which the mid-day meal of the soldiers is being cooked, from among the trees; then *improvisò al fresco* kitchens are glimmering, and crackling, and smoking heavily in all directions. The jaunty *vivandières*, in their short blue petticoats, their tight red jacket boddices, and their little boots, with hats, bearing tricolor-cockades, stuck jauntily on the sides of their heads, are serving out wine to red-epauletted and red-breeched soldiers under the green branches, from their little painted barrels; and booths there are in every direction, with canvass coverings, gleaming out

from the low forest, where there are wine and cider venders, and where sausages and other savoury dainties are being fired by little hand-stoves upon the ground. Venders of pamphlets and newspapers, all for one sou, are there also in herds, to tempt the young soldiers to buy their ultra-republican literary wares; and there may be a deeper purpose than mere speculation in the movements of some of the herd. Petty merchants there are also moving about, with every imaginable article of petty merchandise; ragged men with cracked voices, old women, and children of both sexes, are among these speculators upon the scanty purses of the military. The scene is gay and diversified, but it is sadly confused; and above all, when its component parts, and their various details be considered, it tells a sad tale of a city close by, given up to all the miseries of opposition, hatred, suspicion, mistrust, and active conspiracy.

Pass we on, then, to the picture of the reorganised national workshops,—of the reorganisation of which so much boast has been made by members of the government: we come to it at last, having only turned over, on our way, a leaf containing another sketch, which caught our eye in passing.

The scene is devoid of all the picturesque accessories of the park of Monceaux. It represents one of those desert, chalky, open space, that so violently offend the eye in the environs of Paris. In the distance are suburb houses, and scaffoldings of unfinished buildings, and heaps of stone, and mounds of earth,—all is dry, harsh, barren, desolate; it is glaring and painful to the sense in the bright sunlight; it is dreary, muddy, more desolate and offensive still in the time of rain. The sun, however, is bright and hot enough now, when the sketch is taken, about the middle of June. The brains of the thousand and nine workmen, who have been collected in the middle space of the picture, are seething probably beneath that hot sun, and fermenting to desperate schemes. What a pandemonium is represented by this desolate little plain, occupied by the reorganised national workmen. If they have been reorganised, it is only to worse confusion. They are more reckless, more lazy, more noisy, more insubordinate than ever. Those alone are quiet who lie snoring on their bulks in the sunshine; but they will wake ere long, and to active and bloody work, I trow. Yonder is a group employed, as if the welfare of the nation depended upon it, in the interesting and instructive game of *bouchon*, or of throwing *sous* at a cork; all their energies and their activity, engaged to earn their pay, are occupied in this work. They are merry and thoughtless, however; but wait! their merriment is but for the moment, and bloody thoughts will be awakened in them before long, under the pernicious influence of those who are allowed to wander among them, and instil poison in their ears. Look! there are jovial fellows reeling about under the influence of strong drink,—they have already thrown away all disguise—they cry "*Vive Barbés! Vive la République Démocratique et Sociale! A bas tout le monde!*" They at least show that they are ripe for revolt. Some brandish their spades in their hands—for here again is the same pretence of work, and of wheeling earth from one heap to another—and shout the Marseillaise in hideous chorus, or the "*Mourir pour la patrie*;" and anon they change their song to the *Ca Ira* of fearful memory; for the other republican ditties are not advanced enough for the bold would-be heroes of the "Red Republic." Here is one squatting under a bare hillock of earth, and piping all alone, in melancholy tone, upon a clarionet; but his musical efforts are as miserably out of time and tune, as are his seeming bucolics under the circumstances. Another has got upon a mound, and is fiddling to a set of fellows who are dancing the horrid Carmagnole, with gestures and faces that need only the pikes, with trunkless heads on them, of the old revolution, to make the scene complete. But the scene *will be completed soon*; bayonets shall bear heads upon their points, and the Carmagnole shall be danced behind barricades around mutilated bodies. "*Vivent les Ateliers Nationaux!*" Look at that group who are lowering darkly among themselves, and hold on to each others' *blouses* in the energy of their suppressed and whispered converse. See! there is another there upon the plain, and there again another such a crowd. They look like conspirators,—and in truth conspirators they are, communicating to each other the plans for the approaching insurrection. And this passes in open day, and we may be there to witness and even to hear; and the whole city shakes its head, and in vague apprehension expects the crisis that is about to come. And yet it will be said by ministers, and ministerial agents, that the national workshops are reorganised,—yes, reorganised to bloodshed and revolt! And no means will be taken by the government to control or suppress—it will not even attempt to stem—the torrent it has wilfully dammed up in these organised clubs of sedition. None now even deign to make a show of working, or, if the overseers come by and shake their heads, they take up their spades, and digging up a little earth, fling it, laughing in confident impunity, upon the back of the superintendent as he turns away. In the hands of such men as these, the pickaxes and spades have the air of the weapons of a murderous crew; and how soon will they not be used to aid them to purposes of murder! And this scene of confusion, and reckless effrontery, is sketched from the life at one of the national workshops in their *reorganised* state. Bright it is not, but it might shame one of Callot's most wild and turbulent pictures, such as he alone has shown how to etch.

Connected with such scenes as these, in as far as they tended to produce the last stirring sketches with which the Parisian Sketch-book was filled in the month of June, are others, which can only be fleetingly turned over. There is the large dingily lighted club-room, with its dark tribune, its president and secretaries and acolytes, dressed in blue smocks, with blood-red scarfs and cravats—its fiery orators denouncing the *bourgeois* to the hatred of the working classes, and instilling division, rancour, battle to the death between classes, with violent gesture and frowning brow; and its benches and galleries filled with a fermenting crowd, that yells and clamours, and applauds the sentiment of "hatred and death" to the *bourgeois*. It is no uninteresting, although a heart-wearying *chiaro-oscuro* scene, with its strong lights and dark shades—albeit, in its moral as well as its material aspect, the lights are few, the shades many, and dark to utter blackness. Connected with the same *suite* of subjects, also, is the nature of the small room in the crooked streets of the *Cité*, or the suburb, with a table spread with papers,

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around which sit bearded full-faced men, discussing sternly, as may be seen by the scanty lamplight that illumines those haggard physiognomies; it is the room of the conspirators of the "Red Republic," or of the revolutionary agents to be despatched throughout the country, and into other lands, to propagandise the doctrine of destruction to all that *is*. But this scene must surely be a fancy sketch. Connected, also, is that black sketch of a cellar, in which are concealed arms, guns, pistols, lead, cartridges, barrels of powder, that have evidently fallen into the hands of subversive anarchist conspirators, by means of the connivance, treachery, or at least culpable negligence of those placed in power by the sovereign Assembly, and that have been conveyed thither hidden in wood, in bales, in sacks, amidst provisions. Connected, also, are many other gloomy vignettes. The scribbler in the small room, writing with a sneer of bitterness upon his lip, and the stamp of overflowing bile on his pale face, writing with the red cap of liberty on his head, as if to inspire his brains with visions of all the horrors of a past revolution, glancing now and then, for a hint, at the portraits of Marat and Robespierre, which decorate his room, and grasping, now and then, the pistols on the table by his side, as if to instil the smell of powder and the breath of murder into the very lines he writes;—and again, the printing press worked by the light of the dying candle;—and again, in the hazy morning, the figure of the newspaper vender, swaggering down the boulevard, and skreeching out, with hoarse voice, the "True Republic," or the "People's Friend;" and of the deluded workman, who leans, after his morning dram, against a post, and sucks in the revolutionary poison of those prints, more deadly and damning to his mind, and more fatal to his future existence, than the dram is deleterious to his health, and pernicious to his future life; and prepares his mind for the bayonet and the gun-barrel, by which he means to destroy all those detested, and, his paper tells him, detestable beings, who have toiled to possess any wealth, while he possesses nothing;—and again, by night, the meeting of the man in power and the discontented conspirator, in the well-appointed apartment, where a hideous deed of treachery is to be plotted; or of the wavering workman—who fears he is about to plunge into greater misery, and yet hopes the realisation of the false promises made him—standing, still uncertain, to listen to the voice of the tempting instigator to rebellion under the gas lamp at the obscure street corner, on a drizzling night. All these are sketches connected with the past ones of the national workshops, and with those to come; they lead on to the last in the dark series, irresistibly, inevitably: but as most of them must necessarily be fancy sketches, and not "taken from the life," let them be turned over hurriedly with but a glance.

And those that follow—what a confused mass of startling subjects they offer! See here! the bands of united men assembling by night, and marching silently through the sleeping streets; then shouting and tossing up their arms in open defiance; then the rising barricades, all bristling with bayonets; then the national guards and troops pouring through the streets; the smoke of the firing; the mass of uniforms mounting the barricades; the tottering falling men; the confusion; the bodies strewn hither and thither, of wounded and dead; the struggle, hand to hand upon the barricades, of the *blouse* with the uniform of the national guard,—fury and hatred between fellow countrymen in each face; the cavalry dashing down the boulevards; the cannon rapidly dragged along; the tottering houses battered down; and then the biers slowly borne upon sad men's shoulders, supporting the dying or the dead; the carts filled with corpses; the wounded, upon straw littered down on the pavement, attended by the doctor in his common black attire, contrasting with the pure white cap and pinnars of the *sœur de charité*; the uniforms, now smeared with blood and blackened by smoke, mingling with the long dark dress and falling white collar of the administering priest. See! now again, in the midst of the carnage and uproar and smoke, the young soldier of the day, the *Garde Mobile*, borne on the shoulders of his comrades, and waving in his hand the banner which he has wrested with valour from the hands of the insurgents on the barricade; and women, even in the midst of the terror and dismay, fling down flowers from the windows upon the heads of these young defenders of their country—the perfume of the flower mingling with the scent of stifling powder-smoke and the rank taint of blood. See again! there is a cessation of the combat for a time; the weary national guards are returning from the place of action. What a picture does the vista of the boulevards present! Those who have any knowledge of others passing by, stop them to fall upon the neck of a familiar face, and embrace it in grateful thankfulness that even a scarcely known acquaintance is saved from the frightful carnage that has taken place; and men ask for their friends, and heads are shaken; some have fallen, others return not; and in all the windows and the doors are agonised female faces; and women rush out to scream for husbands, fathers, and brothers, and follow those who they think can tell them of their fate in frantic entreaty along the pavement; and others sit more calmly at doorways, and watch, picking lint, in sad apprehension for the future, and silently moistening, with their tears of agonising uncertainty, that work which but too soon may be moistened with blood. How dark, and yet how stirring, how exciting, and yet how heart-rending, are these scenes! Then comes a sketch of a subject that may hereafter be used for many a historical picture. See! that fine old prelate, with his honest and firm face, and his white hair contrasting with his dark brow: he is borne along, first in the arms of confused and mingled men, insurgents and defenders of order mixing in one common cause; then, upon a hastily constructed litter. He lies in his episcopal robes: his face is mild and calm, although he suffers pain; his words are words of Christian forgiveness and heavenly hope, although he has been treacherously assassinated with the words of peace and Christian charity in his venerable mouth; and tears stream from the eyes of armed men, and trickle down their beards; and fellows with fierce faces and gloomy brows kneel to kiss his hand, that now grows colder and colder as he is borne, a victim and a martyr, over the barricades of death, and sobs of remorse and grief are heard among the infernal and battle-stained masses that line his path. Is there then still a feeling of noble generosity among the savages who form the great herd of the city which boasts itself to be the most civilised in the world,—as if civilisation were indeed at so low an ebb of retrograde tide? So

there is still a sentiment of religion among the mass of France? Or is this but the theatrical display of men who live only in theatrical emotions, and will act a part before the eyes of their fellow actors, even if it be to the death? It might almost be supposed so—for now the dying prelate is carried by, and gone—the moment for the display of emotions is past: it is gone with that form. See! they are again with the musket on their shoulder—the knife in the hand of women and children! The scene is again, once more, one of smoke and carnage, and yells of execration and blood.

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And now again come other scenes of men scouring along the outskirt plains of Paris. The insurgents are vanquished: the people of the Red Republic fly, and leave traces of the colour of their appalling banner in trails of blood; and there are pictures of soldiers and national guards running to the chase, and shooting down the hunted men like rabbits in an affrighted warren.—God have mercy on them all!

We turn over the leaves of the Sketch-book. It is over! The cannon no longer fills the streets with the smoke of the battle-field. Ruined houses compose a scene of hideous desolation in all the further eastern and northern streets of Paris. Affrighted inhabitants begin to crawl out of their houses. Windows are reopened. There is the air of relief from terror upon many a face—and yet how sad an air of grief and consternation pervades every scene in the vast city. The sun is shining brightly and hotly over the capital: there is a flood of light and heavenly love and brightness poured down upon the streets; but it only calls up still more reekingly to heaven the vapour of the blood, that goes up like an accusing spirit. How sadly, too, the bright summer air, and its broad cheering lights upon the white houses and the gilded balconies, contrast with the pale forms of the wearied and wounded men who crawl about, and with the weeping women who sit beneath the porchways, and with the coffins incessantly borne along—not one, or two, or three, but twenty or thirty each hour—and with the crape upon the arms of the men in uniform, or upon the hats, and with the convulsed faces of the wounded and dying, who lie upon their beds of down in the richly furnished apartment, or on the pallets of the hospital, as they shine into the windows of the wounded and dying. Bright as is the day of June, never was sadder scene witnessed in any capital: civil war has never raged more furiously within a city's walls since men conglomerated together in cities for mutual advantage and protection. How many hearts have ached! how many tears have been shed! how many wives are widows! how many children fatherless! how many affianced girls, with fondly beating hearts, will see the face of him they love in life no more! Oh, splendid sun of June! what a mockery thou seemest to be in these pictures of this dark Parisian scrap-book!

But the sun is shining still, and the little birds are twittering merrily upon the house-tops, and the caged canaries chirp at windows, and perchance there is the merry laugh of children. All these things heed not the terror and desolation of the city. It is shining still—into huge churches also, where thick masses of straw are littered down, and the wounded lie in hundreds to overflowing—into courts, where again is scattered straw, and again groan wounded and dying—upon street-side pavements, where again are strewn these sad beds of the victims of civil contention, excited by the most frantic of delusions—and through narrow windows, into prison vaults and palace cellars, where are crowded together masses of prisoners, who, for the most part, regret not the part they have played in the scenes of blood, and sit gloomily upon the damp stone, brooding over schemes of vengeance upon the detested *bourgeois*, should they escape, and the Red Republic ever be triumphant! It is shining still; and every where it shines, it smiles upon misery: it seems to mock the doomed unhappy city.

But there are still stirring, striking, unaccustomed scenes limned in the Parisian Sketch-book. Paris has been declared in a state of siege by the military autocrat, into whose hands the salvation of the capital and the country from utter anarchy has been given. The scenes of marching men and torrents of bayonets coming down the broad boulevards, and sentinels at street corners, and patrols, and military manœuvres, and galloping dragoons, and of drums beaten from daybreak until late into the night, are nothing new to Paris: such scenes have been traced upon its Sketch-book again and again, for the last four disastrous months. But Paris has gone further now. See! in these sketches it represents one vast camp. All along the broad vast vista of the boulevards are whole regiments bivouacking: the horses of the cavalry are stabled upon straw along the pavements, or around the triumphal arches; arms are piled together at street corners: some sleep upon the straw, while others watch as if in battle array. The shops are still shut, although pale faces look from windows; and the grateful inhabitants shower blessings upon those who have saved the terrified people from the horrors of the Red Republic, the pillage, and the guillotine; and ladies bring out food and wine from the houses; and none think that they can find words enough to express their gratitude, and praise the heroism of their defenders. Alas! those who fought in that evil desperate cause showed equal heroism, equal courage, still more reckless rage! What a strange scene it is, this scene sketched in the streets! The closing scene of a battle-field of unexampled carnage amidst a peaceful population—the soldier and the tenderly nurtured lady placed side by side amidst the wounded and the weary! the mourning of the bereaved family upon the same spot with the first emotion of victory! Since the agitated and disturbed city of Paris has existed, it has witnessed many wild and strange scenes in its bloody and tormented history, but none perhaps so glaring in their strange contrasts as these which have been last painted in its Sketch-book. All over Paris similar pictures may be limned. In the Place de la Concorde is again a camp, again piled arms and cannon, and littered beds of straw, and cooking fires, and groups of men in uniform, in all the various attitudes of the camp and battle-field; and in the glittering Champs Elysées are tents and temporary stabling, and horses, and assembled troops; and beneath the fine trees of the garden of the Tuileries are grouped, in

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similar fashion, battalions of the national guards of the departments, who have hurried up to the defence of Paris, and who bivouac, night as well as day, beneath the summer sky, in the once royal gardens. All these scenes are strange and most picturesque, and would be even pleasant ones, could the heart forget its terror and its grief—could the sight of the uniforms, the muskets, and the bayonets be severed from the sorrow and the despair, the bloodshed and the crime. In all these scenes Paris has lost its usual aspect, to become a fortress and a camp. The civil dress is rarely visible—the uniform is on almost every back. The carriage and the public vehicle are rare in these sketches; the dashing officer on horseback, the mounted ordnance, the galloping squadrons, take their place. That thin man, with his slim military waist, his long thin bronzed face, his thick mustaches and tufted beard, and his dark, somewhat heavy, eyes gleaming forth from beneath a calm but stern brow, who is riding at the head of a brilliant staff, is General Cavaignac, the military commander of the hour, the autocrat into whose hands the National Assembly of France has confided its destinies. Although, when he removes his plumed hat to salute those who receive him now with enthusiastic acclamations, he exhibits a head partially bald, yet his general air is that of a man in the full vigour of his best years, in the full active use of his lithy form. See! at the head of another mounted group is a still younger man of military command. His face is fuller and handsomer; and his thick mustaches give him a rough bold look, which does not, however, detract from his prepossessing appearance. This is the young General de Lamoricière, also of African fame. He is now minister at war. There are others, also, of the heroes of Algeria, who have not fallen in the street combat, in which so many, who had earned a reputation upon the open battle-field, received death by the hands of their fellow-countrymen. In every sketch are to be seen, as prominent figures, these military rulers of the destinies of France, which a few days have again changed so rapidly. We cannot look upon their striking portraits in these sketches, without asking ourselves how long Cæsar and Anthony may be content to rule the country hand-in-hand, or how soon the jealousy of the young generals may not be turned against each other, and they may not leave the country once more a prey to the dangers of a bloody faction; or which, if not more than one, may not fall a victim to the treachery of a vanquished party's vengeance by assassination? The leaves of the book are blank as regards the future. No one can venture to trace even the slightest outline upon them, with the assurance that it may hereafter be filled up as it has been drawn: and yet that those blank leaves must and will be filled with startling pictures once again, no one can doubt. How far will these young generals supply the most prominent figures in them? together, or sundered in opposition? The hand of fate is ready to trace those sketches; but never was that hand more hidden in the dark cloud of unfathomable mystery. The blank leaves of the album, in which the observing and self-regulating man keeps a daily journal of his doings and his thoughts, are always awful to contemplate: no thinking man can look upon them without asking himself what words, for good or for ill, may be recorded on them. But how far more awful still is the book of fate, upon the leaves of which are to be sketched the stirring scenes of a revolutionary city's history, so intimately connected with a country's destiny! and no one can tell what they may be.

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The last sketch in the Parisian Sketch-book, as it is now filled up—now in the middle of the month of July (for others may be painting even as these lines are traced)—is the dark monster hearse containing the bodies of those who have fallen in the cause of order—the black-behung altar in that *Place*, which has lost its name of Concord and Peace, to take the more suitable one of "Revolution"—the catafalk—the burning candelabras—the black-caparisoned horses that drag the funeral-car—the black draperied columns of the Madeleine—the authorities in mourning attire—the long procession—the sprinkled clouds of burning incense from the waved censers—and the widow's tears.

Such a picture of mocking pomp in desolate sorrow closes well the long suite of sketches with which the Parisian Sketch-book has been filled during the *first phase* of the French revolution. The curtain has fallen at the end of the first act, upon a *tableau* befitting the dark scenes which have been so fearfully enacted in it. The curtain will rise again—again will bloody scenes, probably, be enacted upon that troubled stage of history,—again will harrowing sketches, probably, be drawn in the Parisian Sketch-book. Those which we have now recorded have been selected from among thousands, because they form a suite, as natural in their course, as fatally inevitable, as any suite of pictures in which the satirising artist painted the natural course of a whole life. From the fallacious promises, and the foolish or culpable designs, that occasioned the establishment of those nurseries of discontent, disorder, and conspiracy, the *ateliers nationaux*,—the steps through the club-room, the rendezvous of the conspirators, the furious journalist's office, to the sedition, the insurrection, the carnage, the civil war, the murder, the terror, and the mourning catafalk, have followed as they could not but follow. It is only the first series, however, that is closed here. There can be little doubt but that similar consequences will again follow, as similar causes still exist; and that the red banner of the so-called "social and democratic republic" will again wave,—and perhaps before long,—a prominent object in the scenes of the *Parisian Sketch-book*.

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FOOTNOTES:

- [1] A substance obtained from a gland in the scrotum of the beaver, and used to attract that animal to the trap.
- [2] The Hudson's Bay Company is so called by the American trappers.
- [3] A small lake near the head waters of the Yellow Stone, near which are some curious thermal springs of ink-black water.
- [4] The Aztecs are supposed to have built this city during their migration to the south; there is little doubt, however, but that the region extending from the Gila to the Great Salt Lake, and embracing the province of New Mexico, was the locality from which they emigrated.
- [5] Creoles of St Louis, and French Canadians.
- [6] "On the prairie," is the Indian term for a free gift.
- [7] *Ancient and Modern Art, historical and critical.* By GEORGE CLEGHORN, Esq. 2 vols. Blackwoods. 1848.
- [8] *Five Years in Kaffirland, with Sketches of the Late War in that Country.* Written on the Spot. By HARRIET WARD. Two vols. London, 1848.
- The Cape and its Colonists, with Hints to Settlers, in 1848.* By GEORGE NICHOLSON, Jun., Esq., a late Resident. London, 1848.
- Three Years' Cruise in the Mozambique Channel, for the Suppression of the Slave Trade.* By LIEUT. BARNARD, R.N. London, 1848.
- [9] *Five Years in Kaffirland*, vol. ii. p. 167-8.
- [10] *Five Years in Kaffirland*, vol. i. pp. 35-6.
- [11] Fingos, Kaffirs, and Hottentots, make use of a band or handkerchief, drawn tightly round the body, to deaden the pain of hunger; as the gnawing agony of famine increases, the ligature is tightened accordingly.—*Five Years in Kaffirland*, vol. i., p. 102.
- [12] *Five Years in Kaffirland*, vol. i. p. 304.
- [13] *Ib.*, vol. ii. p. 191-2.
- [14] *The Cape and its Colonists*, p. 114.
- [15] *Eastern Life, Past and Present.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU.
- [16] The following singular story of circumstantial evidence is compressed from a collection of criminal trials, published at Amsterdam under the title "Oorkonden uit de Gedenkschriften van het Strafrecht, en uit die der menschlyke Mishappen; te Amsterdam. By J. C. Van Kerleren, 1820." Notwithstanding the somewhat romantic complexion of the incidents, it has been included as genuine in the recent German collection, *Der Neue Pitaval*. 7 Band.
- [17] A mineral spring in the parish of Vinding, dedicated to St Matthew by the monks of a neighbouring convent, which existed there previously to the Reformation.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
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