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Title: Bentley's Miscellany, Volume I

Author: Various

Editor: Charles Dickens

Publisher: Richard Bentley

Release date: January 4, 2014 [EBook #44578]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Paul Marshall, Jason Isbell and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY, VOLUME I ***



**GEORGE COLMAN,
The Younger**

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY

VOL. I

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1837.

LONDON:

[Pg i]

[Pg ii]

EDITOR'S ADDRESS

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

At the end of a theatrical season it is customary for the manager to step forward, and, in as few words as may be, to say how very much obliged he feels for all past favours, and how very ready he is to incur fresh obligations.

With a degree of candour which few managers would display, we cheerfully confess that we have been fairly inundated with *orders* during our six months' campaign; but so liberal are we, notwithstanding, that we place many of the very first authors of the day on our free list, and invite them to write for our establishment just as much paper as they think proper.

We have produced a great variety of novelties, some of which we humbly hope may become stock pieces, and all of which we may venture to say have been most successful; and, although we are not subject to the control of a licenser, we have eschewed everything political, personal, or ill-natured, with perhaps as much care as we could possibly have shown, even had we been under the watchful eye of the Lord Chamberlain himself.

We shall open our Second Volume, ladies and gentlemen, on the first day of July, One thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, when we shall have the pleasure of submitting a great variety of entirely new pieces for your judgment and approval. The company will be numerous, first-rate, and complete. The scenery will continue to be supplied by the creative pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank; the whole of the extensive and beautiful machinery will be, as heretofore, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Samuel Bentley, of Dorset-street, Fleet-street; and Mr. Richard Bentley, of New Burlington-street, has kindly consented to preside over the Treasury department, where he has already conducted himself with uncommon ability.

The stage management will again be confided, ladies and gentlemen, to the humble individual with the short name, who has now the honour to address you, and who hopes, for very many years to come, to appear before you in the same capacity. Permit him to add in sober seriousness, that it has been the constant and unremitting endeavour of himself and the proprietor to render this undertaking worthy of your patronage. That they have not altogether failed in their attempt, its splendid success sufficiently demonstrates; that they have no intention of relaxing in their efforts, its future Volumes we trust will abundantly testify.

"BOZ."

*London,
June, 1837.*

[Pg iv]

CONTENTS OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

[Pg v]

	PAGE
Songs of the Month — January, by "Father Prout;"	1
February, by Dr. Maginn;	105
March, by Samuel Lover;	325
April, by W. H. Ainsworth;	429
May and June, by J. A. Wade;	533
Prologue, by Dr. Maginn	2
Opening Chaunt	6
Recollections of the late George Colman, by Theodore Hook	7
The "Monstre" Balloon	17
Handy Andy, by Samuel Lover	20, 169, 373
Legend of Manor Hall, by the Author of "Headlong Hall"	29
Terence O'Shaughnessy, by the Author of "Stories of Waterloo"	33
The Sabine Farmer's Serenade, by Father Prout	46
Public Life of Mr. Tulrumbly, by Boz	49
The Hot Wells of Clifton, by Father Prout	63
The Marine Ghost, by the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer"	65
Old Age and Youth, by T. Haynes Bayly	79

Les Poissons d'Avril; a Gastronomical Chaunt, by Father Prout	397
The Anatomy of Courage, by Prince Puckler Muskau	398
Song of the Cover	402
The Cobbler of Dort	403
Hero and Leander, by T. Chapman	410
The Admirable Crichton	416
Memoirs of Sheridan	419
Summer Night's Reverie, by J. A. Wade	428
Peter Plumbago's Correspondence	448
The Blue Wonder	450
The Youth's Vade Mecum, by C. Whitehead	461
A Visit to the Madrigal Society	465
Love and Poverty	469
Reflections in a Horse-pond	470
Inscription for a Cemetery	473
The Useful Young Man, by W. Collier	485
A London Fog	492
Shakspeare Papers, by Dr. Maginn: No. I. Sir John Falstaff	494
No. II. Jaques	550
Steam Trip to Hamburg	509
Legend of Bohis Head	519
Bob Burns and Beranger; Sam Lover and Ovidius Naso; by "Father Prout"	525
Periodical Literature of the North American Indians	534
An Epitaph	540
Darby the Swift, by J. A. Wade	541
The Romance of a Day, by "The Bashful Irishman"	565
The Man with the Tuft, by T. Haynes Bayly	576
The Minister's Fate; from "Recollections of H. T."	577
Love in the City, by the Author of "Stories of Waterloo"	584
Mrs. Jennings	591
Hints for an Historical Play, by Thomas Ingoldsby	597
John Pooledoune, the Victim of Improvements, by W. Jerdan	599
The Legend of Mount Pilate, by G. Dance	608
Glorvina, the Maid of Meath, by J. Sheridan Knowles	614
Ode upon the Birth-day of the Princess Victoria, by J. A. Wade	620

[Pg vii]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of George Colman	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Handy Andy, No. I. by S. Lover	Page 20
Procession at the Inauguration of Mr. Tulrumbles as Mayor of Mudfog, by George Cruikshank	49
Who are you? by S. Lover	88
Oliver Twist, by George Cruikshank	105
Handy Andy, No. II. by S. Lover	169
Spectre of Tappington, by Buss	191
Oliver Twist, No. II. by George Cruikshank	218
Portrait of Samuel Foote, by Sir Joshua Reynolds	298
The Little Bit of Tape, by Phiz	313
Oliver Twist, No. III. by George Cruikshank	326
Portrait of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by Ozias Humphreys	419
Oliver Twist, No. IV. by George Cruikshank	430
Nights at Sea, by George Cruikshank	474
The Romance of a Day, by George Cruikshank	565
Nights at Sea, by George Cruikshank	621

[Pg viii]

[Pg 1]

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

OUR SONG OF THE MONTH.

No. I. January, 1837.

THE BOTTLE OF ST. JANUARIUS.

I.

In the land of the citron and myrtle, we're told
That the blood of a MARTYR is kept in a phial,
Which, though all the year round, it lie torpid and cold,
Yet grasp but the crystal, 'twill *warm* the first trial ...
Be it fiction or truth, with your favourite FACT,
O, profound LAZZARONI! I seek not to quarrel;
But indulge an old priest who would simply extract
From your legend, a lay—from your martyr, a moral.

II.

Lo! with icicled beard JANUARIUS comes!
And the blood in his veins is all frozen and gelid,
And he beareth a bottle; but TORPOR benumbs
Every limb of the saint:—Would ye wish to dispel it?
With the hand of good-fellowship grasp the hoar sage—
Soon his joints will relax and his pulse will beat quicker;
Grasp the *bottle* he brings—'twill grow warm. I'll engage,
Till the frost of each heart lies dissolved in the LIQUOR!

Probatum est. P. PROUT.

WATER-GRASS-HILL, *Kal. Januarii.*

PROLOGUE.

For us, and our Miscellany,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.
SHAKSPEARE, with a difference.

"Doctor," said a young gentleman to Dean Swift, "I intend to set up for a wit."

"Then," said the Doctor, "I advise you to sit down again."

The anecdote is unratiſied by a name, for the young gentleman continues to the present day to be anonymous, as he will, in all probability, continue to future time; and as for Dean Swift, his name, being merely that of a wit by profession, goes for nothing. We apprehend that the tale is not much better than what is to be read in the pages of Joe Miller.

But, supposing it true,—and the joke is quite bad enough to be authentic,—we must put in our plea that it is not to apply to us. The fact is absolutely undeniable that we originally advertised ourselves or rather our work as, the "Wits' Miscellany,"—thereby indicating, beyond all doubt, that we of the Miscellany were WITS. It is our firm hope that the public, which is in general a most tender-hearted individual, will not give us a rebuff similar to that which the unnamed young gentleman experienced at the hands, or the tongue, of the implacable Dean of St. Patrick.

It has been frequently remarked,—and indeed we have more than fifty times experienced the fact ourselves,—that of all the stupid dinner-parties, by far the stupidest is that at which the cleverest men in all the world do congregate. A single lion is a pleasant show: he wags his tail in proper order; his teeth are displayed in due course; his hide is systematically admired, and his mane fitly appreciated. If he roars, good!—if he aggravates his voice to the note of a sucking-dove, better! All look on in the appropriate mood of delight, as Theseus and Hippolita, enraptured at the dramatic performance of Snug the Joiner. But when there comes a menagerie of lions, the case is altered. Too much familiarity, as the lawyers say in their peculiar jargon, begets contempt. We recollect, many years ago, when some ingenious artist in Paris proposed to make Brussels lace or blonde by machinery at the rate of a *sou* per ell, to have congratulated a lady of our acquaintance on this important saving in the main expenditure of the fair sex. "You will have," said we, "a cap which now costs four hundred francs for less than fifty. Think of that!"

"Think of that!" said the countess, casting upon us the darkest expression of indignation that her glowing eyes [and what eyes they were!—but no matter] could let loose,—"think of that, indeed! Do you think that I should ever wear such rags as are to be bought for fifty francs?"

There was no arguing the matter: it was useless to say that the fifty-franc article, if the plan had succeeded, (which, however, it did not,) would have been precisely and in every thread the same as that set down at five hundred. The crowd of fine things generated by cheapness, in general, was quite enough to dim the finery of any portion of them in particular.

We are much afraid that we run somewhat loose of our original design in these rambling remarks. But it is always easy to come back to the starting-post. Abandoning metaphor and figure of all kinds, we were endeavouring to express our conviction, drawn from experience, that a company of professed wits might be justly suspected to be a dull concern. Every man is on the alert to guard against surprise.

Through all the seven courses laid down,
Each jester looks sour on his brother;
The wit dreads the punster's renown,
The buffoon tries the mimic to smother:
He who shines in the sharp repartee
Enviest him who can yarn a droll story;
And the jolly bass voice in a glee
Will think your adagio but snory.

This is, we admit at once, and in anticipation of the reader's already expressed opinion, a very poor imitation of the opening song of the Beggar's Opera.

If this melancholy fact of the stupidity of congregated wits be admitted to be true, the question comes irresistibly, thrown in our faces in the very language of the street, "Who are *you*? Have not you advertised yourselves as wits, and can you escape from the soft-headed impeachment?" We reply nothing; we stand mute. It will be our time this day twelvemonths to offer to the pensive public a satisfactory replication to that somewhat personal interrogatory. Yet—

Having in our minds, and the interior *sensoria* of our consciences, some portion of modesty yet lingering behind—how small that portion may be is best known to those who have campaigned for a few years upon the press, and thence learned the diffident mildness which naturally adheres to the pursuit of enlightening the public mind, and advancing the march of general intellect;—possessed, we say, of that quantity of retiring bashfulness, it is undeniable that, like one of the Passions in Collins's Ode,—we forget which, but we fear it is Fear,—we, after showing forth in the best public instructors as the Wits' Miscellany,

[Pg 4]

Back recoiled,
Scared at the sound ourselves had made.

To this resolution we were also led by the fact, that such a title would altogether exclude from our pages contributions of great merit—which, although exhibiting comic faculty, would also deal with the shadows of human life, and sound the deep wells of the heart.

We agreed that the work should not be called "The Wits" any longer. We massacred the title as ruthlessly as ever were massacred its namesakes in Holland: and, agreeing to an *emendatio*, we now sail under the title of our worthy publisher, which happens to be the same as that of him who is by all *virī clarissimi* adopted as *criticorum longè doctissimus*, RICARDUS BENTLEIUS; or, to drop Latin lore—Richard Bentley.

Here then, ladies and gentlemen, we introduce to your special and particular notice

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

What may be in the Miscellany it is your business to find out. Here lie the goods, warehoused, bonded, ticketed, and labelled, at your service. You have only, with the Genius in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, to cry, "Fish, fish, do your duty;" and if they are under-cooked or over-cooked, if the seasoning is too high or the fire too low, if they be burnt on one side and raw on the other,—why, gentle readers, it is your business to complain. All we have to say here, is, that we have made our haul in the best fishing-grounds, and, if we were ambitious of pun-making, we might add, that we had well baited our *hooks*—caught some choice *souls*—flung our lines into right *places*—and so forth, as might easily be expanded by the students of Mr. Commissioner Dubois's art of punning made easy.

What we propose is simply this:—We do not envy the fame or glory of other monthly publications. Let them all have their room. We do not desire to jostle them in their course to fame or profit, even if it was in our power to do so. One may revel in the unmastered fun and the soul-touching feeling of Wilson, the humour of Hamilton, the dry jocular and the ornamented poetry of Moir, the pathos of Warren, the tender sentiment of Caroline Bowles, the eloquence of Croly, and the Tory brilliancy of half a hundred contributors zealous in the cause of Conservatism. Another may shake our sides with the drolleries of Gilbert Gurney and his fellows, poured forth from the inexhaustible reservoir of the wit of our contributor Theodore Hook,—captivate or agitate us by the Hibernian Tales of Mrs. Hall,—or rouse the gentlest emotions by the fascinating prose or delicious verse of our fairest of *collaborateuses* Miss Landon. In a third we must admire the polyglot facetiæ of our own Father Prout, and the delicate appreciation of the classical and elegant which pervades the writings of the Greek-thoughted Chapman; while its rough drollery, its bold bearing, its mirth, its learning, its courage, and its caricatures, (when, confined to the harmless and the mirth-provoking, they abstain from invading the sanctuary of private life,) are all deserving of the highest applause, though we should be somewhat sorry to stand in the way of

[Pg 5]

receiving the consequences which they occasionally entail. Elsewhere, what can be better than Marryat, Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, Midshipman Easy, or whatever other title pleases his ear; A Smollett of the sea revived, equal to the Doctor in wit, and somewhat purged of his grossness. In short, to all our periodical contemporaries we wish every happiness and success; and for those among their contributors whose writings tend to amuse or instruct,—and many among them there are to whom such praise may be justly applied,—we feel the highest honour and respect. We wish that we could catch them all, to illuminate our pages, without any desire whatever that their rays should be withdrawn from those in which they are at present shining.

Our path is single and distinct. In the first place, we have nothing to do with politics. We are so far Conservatives as to wish that all things which are good and honourable for our native country should be preserved with jealous hand. We are so far Reformers as to desire that every weed which defaces our conservatory should be unsparingly plucked up and cast away. But is it a matter of absolute necessity that people's political opinions should be perpetually obtruded upon public notice? Is there not something more in the world to be talked about than Whig and Tory? We do not quarrel with those who find or make it their vocation to show us annually, or quarterly, or hebdomadally, or diurnally, how we are incontestably saved or ruined; they have chosen their line of walk, and a pleasant one no doubt it is; but, for our softer feet may it not be permitted to pick out a smoother and a greener promenade,—a path of springy turf and odorous sward, in which no rough pebble will lacerate the ankle, no briery thorn penetrate the wandering sole?

Truce, however, to prefacing. We well know that speechmaking never yet won an election, because something more tangible than speechifying is requisite. So it is with books; and, indeed, so is it with every thing else in the world. We must be judged by our works. We have only one petition to make, which is put in with all due humility,—it is this—that we are not to be pre-judged by this our first attempt. Nothing is more probable than that many of our readers, and they fair-going people too, will think this number a matter not at all to be commended; and we, with perfect modesty, suggest, on the other side, the propriety of their suspending their opinion as to our demerits until they see the next. And then—And then! Well!—what then? Why, we do not know: and, as it is generally ruled, that, when a man cannot speak, he is bound to sing, we knock ourselves down for a song.

[Pg 6]

Our Opening Chant.

I.

Come round and hear, my public dear,
Come hear, and judge it gently,—
The prose so terse, and flowing verse,
Of us, the wits of Bentley.

II.

We offer not intricate plot
To muse upon intently;
No tragic word, no bloody sword,
Shall stain the page of Bentley.

III.

The tender song which all day long
Resounds so sentiment'ly,
Through wood and grove all full of love,
Will find no place in Bentley.

IV.

Nor yet the speech which fain would teach
All nations eloquently;—
'Tis quite too grand for us the bland
And modest men of Bentley.

V.

For science deep no line we keep,
We speak it reverently;—
From sign to sign the sun may shine,
Untelescoped by Bentley.

VI.

Tory and Whig, in accents big,
May wrangle violently:
Their party rage shan't stain the page—
The neutral page of Bentley.

VII.

The scribe whose pen is mangling men
And women pestilently,
May take elsewhere his wicked ware,—
He finds no mart in Bentley.

VIII.

It pains us not to mark the spot
Where Dan may find his rént lie;
The Glasgow chiel may shout for Peel,
We know them not in Bentley.

IX.

Those who admire a merry lyre,—
Those who would hear attent'ly
A tale of wit, or flashing hit,—
Are ask'd to come to Bentley.

X.

Our hunt will be for grace and glee,
Where thickest may the scent lie;
At slashing pace begins the chase—
Now for the burst of Bentley.

[Pg 7]

GEORGE COLMAN.

That a life of this eminent and much regretted man will be written by some competent author, there can be little doubt. That he himself extended his "*Random Records*" no further than two volumes, containing the history and anecdotes of the early part of his career, is greatly to be lamented. What is here collected is merely worthy of being called "Recollections," and does not assume to itself the character of a piece of biography.

Mr. Colman was the grandson of Francis Colman, Esq. British Resident at the Court of Tuscany at Pisa, who married a sister of the Countess of Bath. George Colman the elder, father of him of whom we write, was born about the year 1733, at Florence, and was placed at an early age at Westminster School, where he very soon distinguished himself by the rapidity of his attainments. In 1748 he went to Christchurch College, Oxford, where he took his Master's degree; and shortly became the friend and associate of Churchill, Bonnell Thornton, Lloyd, and the other principal wits and writers of the day.

Lord Bath was greatly struck by his merit and accomplishments, and induced him to adopt the law as his profession. He accordingly entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was eventually called to the bar. It appears—as it happened afterwards to his son—that the drier pursuits of his vocation were neglected or abandoned in favour of literature and the drama. His first poetical performance was a copy of verses addressed to his cousin, Lord Pulteney. But it was not till 1760 that he produced any dramatic work: in that year he brought out "*Polly Honeycombe*," which met with considerable success.

It is remarkable that, previous to that season, no new comedy had been produced at either theatre for nine years; and equally remarkable that the year 1761 should have brought before the public "*The Jealous Wife*," by Colman, "*The way to Keep Him*," by Murphy, and "*The Married Libertine*," by Macklin.

In the following year Lord Bath died, and left Mr. Colman a very comfortable annuity, but less in value than he had anticipated. In 1767, General Pulteney, Lord Bath's successor, died, and left him a second annuity, which secured him in independence for life. And here it may be proper to notice a subject which George Colman the younger has touched before in his "*Random Records*," in which he corrects a hasty and incautious error of the late Margravine of Anspach, committed by her, in her "*Memoirs*." Speaking of George Colman the elder, she says,

"He was a natural son of Lord Bath, Sir James Pulteney; and his father, perceiving in the son a passion for plays, asked him fairly if he never intended to turn his thoughts to politics, as it was his desire to see him a minister, which, with his natural endowments, and the expense and pains he had bestowed on his education, he had reason to imagine, with his interest, he might become. His *father* desired to know if he would give up the Muses for diplomacy, and plays for politics; as, in that case, he meant to give him his whole fortune. Colman thanked Lord Bath for his kind communication, but candidly said, that he preferred Thalia and Melpomene to ambition of any kind, for the height of his wishes was to become, at some future time, the manager of a theatre. Lord Bath left him fifteen hundred pounds a-year, instead of all his immense wealth."

[Pg 8]

Mr. Colman, after exposing the strange mistake of calling *the* Sir William Pulteney, James, goes on to state, that, being the son of his wife's sister, Lord Bath, on the death of Francis Colman (his brother-in-law), which occurred when the elder George was but one year old, took him entirely under his protection, and placed him progressively at Westminster, Oxford, and Lincoln's Inn. In corroboration of the else unquestioned truth of this statement, he refers to the posthumous pamphlets of his highly-gifted parent, and justly takes credit for saving him from imputed illegitimacy, by explaining that his grandmother was exempt from the conjugal frailty of Venus, and his grandfather from the fate of Vulcan.

George Colman the elder suffered severely from the effects of a paralytic affection, which, in the year 1790, produced mental derangement; and, after living in seclusion for four years, he died on the 14th of April 1794, having been during his life a joint proprietor of Covent Garden

Theatre, and sole proprietor of the little theatre in the Haymarket.

George Colman the younger became, at Westminster, the schoolfellow and associate of the present Archbishop of York, the Marquess of Anglesea, the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, Doctor Robert Willis, Mr. Reynolds, his brother dramatist, the present Earl Somers, and many other persons, who have since, like himself, become distinguished members of society.

The account which Mr. Colman gives of his introduction by his father to Johnson, Goldsmith, and Foote, when a child, is so highly graphic, and so strongly characteristic of the man, that we give an abridgement of it here:

"On the day of my introduction," says Colman, "Dr. Johnson was asked to dinner at my father's house in Soho-square, and the erudite savage came a full hour before his time. My father, having dressed himself hastily, took me with him into the drawing-room.

"On our entrance, we found Johnson sitting in a *fauteuil* of rose-coloured satin. He was dressed in a rusty suit of brown, cloth *dittos*, with black worsted stockings; his old yellow wig was of formidable dimensions; and the learned head which sustained it rolled about in a seemingly paralytic motion; but, in the performance of its orbit, it inclined chiefly to one shoulder.

[Pg 9]

"He deigned not to rise on our entrance; and we stood before him while he and my father talked. There was soon a pause in the colloquy; and my father, making his advantage of it, took me by the hand, and said,—'Dr. Johnson, this is a little Colman.' The doctor bestowed a slight ungracious glance upon me, and, continuing the rotary motion of his head, renewed the previous conversation. Again there was a pause;—again the anxious father, who had failed in his first effort, seized the opportunity for pushing his progeny, with—'This is my son, Dr. Johnson.' The great man's contempt for me was now roused to wrath; and, knitting his brows, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, 'I see him, sir!' He then fell back in his rose-coloured satin *fauteuil*, as if giving himself up to meditation; implying that he would not be further plagued, either with an old fool or a young one.

"After this rude rebuff from the doctor, I had the additional felicity to be placed next to him at dinner: he was silent over his meal; but I observed that he was, as Shylock says of Lancelot Gobbo, 'a huge feeder;' and during the display of his voracity, (which was worthy of *Bolt Court*,) the perspiration fell in copious drops from his visage upon the table-cloth."

"Oliver Goldsmith, several years before my luckless presentation to Johnson, proved how 'doctors differ.' I was only five years old when Goldsmith took me on his knee, while he was drinking coffee, one evening, with my father, and began to play with me; which amiable act I returned with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap in the face; it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my little spiteful paw upon his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice; and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room, to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably; which was no bad step towards liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free, for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

"At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery; it was the tender-hearted doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed, and he fondled and soothed; till I began to brighten. Goldsmith, who, in regard to children, was like the village preacher he has so beautifully described,—for

'Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed,'—

seized the propitious moment of returning good-humour; so he put down the candle, and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, upon the carpet, and a shilling under each: the shillings he told me, were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey, presto, cockolorum!' cried the doctor,—and, lo! on uncovering the shillings which had been dispersed, each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and, therefore, might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but, as I was also no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. Astonishment might have amounted to awe for one who appeared to me gifted with the power of performing miracles, if the good-nature of the man had not obviated my dread of the magician; but, from that time, whenever the doctor came to visit my father,

[Pg 10]

'I pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;

a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends, and merry play-fellows.

"Foote's earliest notices of me were far from flattering; but, though they had none of Goldsmith's tenderness, they had none of Johnson's ferocity; and when he accosted me with his usual salutation of 'Blow your nose, child!' there was a whimsical manner, and a broad grin upon his features, which always made me laugh.

"His own nose was generally begrimed with snuff; and, if he had never been more facetious than upon the subject of my *emunctories*, which, by the bye, did not went cleansing, I need not tell the reader, that he would not have been distinguished as a wit;—he afterwards condescended to pass better jokes upon me.

"The paradoxical celebrity which he maintained upon the stage was very singular; his satirical

sketches were scarcely dramas, and he could not be called a good legitimate performer. Yet there is no Shakspeare or Roscius upon record who, like Foote, supported a theatre for a series of years by his own acting, in his own writings, and, for ten years of the time, upon a *wooden leg!*"

The reader, if he have not seen these passages before, will, we are sure, sympathise with us in our regrets that the work from which we extract them, carries us only in its two volumes to the year 1785,—a period at which Colman's fame and reputation had yet to be made.

His first decidedly successful drama was "Inkle and Yarico:" this at once established his character as an author. "Ways and Means," "The Mountaineers," and "The Iron Chest" followed; and in 1798 he published those admirable poems known as "My Night-gown and Slippers." His greatest literary triumphs were, however, yet to come. "The Heir at Law" was his first regular comedy; and we doubt very much whether he ever excelled it, or, indeed, if it has been excelled by more than a very few plays in the English language. We know that the theatrical world, and we believe the author himself, gave a decided preference to "John Bull;" but we admit that as we are unfashionable enough to prefer Sheridan's "Rivals" to his "School for Scandal," so are we prepared unhesitatingly to declare our opinion that "The Heir at Law" is Colman's *chef d'œuvre*.

[Pg 11]

"The Poor Gentleman" is an excellent play; and "Who wants a Guinea?" although not so decidedly successful as its predecessors, teems with that rich humour and quaintness of thought which so strongly characterise the writing of its author. His farces of "The Review," "Love laughs at Locksmiths," "We fly by Night," and several others, are all admirable in their way. These were given to the town as the reductions of Arthur Griffinhoofe, a *nom de guerre*, however, which proved quite inefficient in making the public mistake the source whence their amusement was derived.

In 1819, Mr. Colman finally retired from the proprietorship and management of the Haymarket Theatre. Upon the escape and flight from England of Captain Davis, the lieutenant of the Yeoman Guard, his Majesty George the Fourth appointed Mr. Colman to succeed him; and on the death of Mr. Larpent he also received the appointment of Examiner of Plays. The former office he relinquished in favour of Sir John Geste, some three or four years since; and in the latter he has, as our readers know, been succeeded by Mr. Charles Kemble.

It would be unjust and unfair to the memory of Mr. Colman were we to let slip this opportunity of saying a few words upon the subject of his conduct in the execution of the duties of this situation; because it has been made the object of attack even by men of the highest talent and reputation, as well as the low ribald abuse of their literary inferiors,—which, however, considering the source whence it came, is not worth noticing.

It has been alleged that Mr. Colman was unnecessarily rigid in his exclusion of oaths and profane sayings from the dramatic works submitted to his inspection; and the gist of the arguments against him touching this rigour went to show that he ought not to expunge such expressions as examiner, because he had used such expressions himself as an author. This reasoning is absurd, the conclusion inconsequential. When Mr. Colman wrote plays, he was not bound by oath to regulate their language by any fixed standard; and, as all other dramatists of the day had done, in a dialogue or depicting a character he used in some—perhaps all his dramas—occasional expletives. But Mr. Colman's plays then had to be submitted to an examiner, who, conscientiously, did his duty; and, from the high moral character of the late licenser, there can be little lesson for doubting that *he*, like his successor, drew his pen across any expression which he might have considered objectionable; but no one ever complained of this, because Mr. Larpent had never written a play, or used an oath in its dialogues.

[Pg 12]

When Mr. Colman assumed the legal and necessary power of correction, he had but one course to pursue: he was sworn to perform a certain duty assigned to him to the best of his judgment, and to correct any expressions which he might consider injurious to the state or to morality. What had *he* to do, as licenser, with what he had himself done as author? The *tu quoque* principle in this use is even more than usually absurd; it is as if a schoolmaster were to be prevented from flogging a boy for breaking windows, because, when he was a boy, he had broken windows himself.

As we have already stated that it is not our intention to make these few pages a piece of biography, we shall leave to some better qualified person to give the more minute details of Mr. Colman's life. The following lines, written by himself, now many years since, and when he himself was under fifty, give as good an epitome of his career up to that period as fifty pages of matter-of-fact; and from that time until the occurrence of the sad event to which the last stanza, so pathetically—as it *now* reads—refers, he lived on in happiness and comfort.

A RECKONING WITH TIME.

I.

Come on, old Time!—Nay, that is stuff;
Gaffer! thou comest fast enough;
Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid!—
But tell me, Sand-man, ere thy grains
Have multiplied upon my brains,
So thick to make me stupid;—

II.

Tell me, Death's journeyman!—But no!
Hear thou my speech: I will not grow
Irreverent while I try it;
For, though I mock thy flight, 'tis said
The forelock fills me with such dread,
I never take thee by it.

III.

List, then, old Is, Was, and To-be;
I'll state accounts 'twixt thee and me.
Thou gav'st me, first, the measles;
With teething would'st have ta'en me off;
Then mad'st me, with the hooping-cough,
Thinner than fifty weasels;

IV.

Thou gav'st small-pox, (the dragon now
That Jenner combats on a cow,)
And then some seeds of knowledge,—
Grains of Grammar, which the flails
Of pedants thresh upon our tails,
To fit us for a college.

V.

And, when at Christ-Church, 'twas thy sport
To rack my brains with sloe-juice port,
And lectures out of number!
There Freshman Folly quaffs and sings,
While Graduate Dullness clogs thy wings
With mathematic lumber.

VI.

Thy pinions next,—which, while they wave,
Fan all our birth-days to the grave,—
I think, ere it was prudent,
Balloon'd me from the schools to town,
Where I was parachuted down,
A dapper Temple student.

VII.

Then, much in dramas did I look,—
Much slighted thee and great Lord Coke:
Congreve beat Blackstone hollow;
Shakspeare made all the statues stale,
And in my crown no pleas had Hale
To supersede Apollo.

VIII.

Ah! Time, those raging heats, I find,
Were the mere dog-star of my mind;
How cool is retrospection!
Youth's gaudy summer solstice o'er,
Experience yields a mellow store,—
An autumn of reflection!

IX.

Why did I let the God of song
Lure me from law to join his throng,
Gull'd by some slight applauses?
What's verse to A. when versus B.?
Or what John Bull, a comedy,
To pleading John Bull's causes!

X.

Yet, though my childhood felt disease,—
Though my lank purse, unswoll'n by fees,
Some ragged Muse has netted,—
Still, honest Chronos! 'tis most true,
To thee (and, 'faith! to others too,)
I'm very much indebted.

XI.

For thou hast made me gaily tough,
Inured me to each day that's rough,
In hopes of calm to-morrow.
And when, old mower of us all,

Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
Some few dear friends will sorrow.

XII.

Then, though my idle prose or rhyme
Should, half an hour, outlive me, Time,
Pray bid the stone-engravers,
Where'er my bones find church-yard room,
Simply to chisel on my tomb,—
"Thank Time for all his favours!"

[Pg 14]

It is a curious coincidence—although considering the proximity of their ages there may be nothing really strange in it—that Mr. Colman and his intimate friend Bannister should have quitted this mortal world so nearly at the same time. The circumstance, however, gives us an opportunity of bringing their names together in a manner honourable to both. We derive the anecdote from the "Random Records;" and we think it will be at this juncture favourably received by those who admire dramatic authors and actors, and who rejoice to see traits of private worth the concomitants of public excellence.

After recounting the circumstances of his first acquaintance with Bannister, Mr. Colman says,

"In the year of my return from Aberdeen, 1784, unconscious of fear through ignorance of danger, I rushed into early publicity as an avowed dramatist. My father's illness in 1789 obliged me to undertake the management of his theatre; which, having purchased at his demise, I continued to manage as my own. During such progression, up to the year 1796 inclusive, I scribbled many dramas for the Haymarket, and one for Drury-lane; in almost all of which the younger Bannister (being engaged at both theatres) performed a prominent character; so that, for most of the thirteen years I have enumerated, he was of the greatest importance to my theatrical prosperity in my double capacity of author and manager; while I was of some service to him by supplying him with new characters. These reciprocal interests made us, of course, such close colleagues, that our almost daily consultations promoted amity, while they forwarded business.

"From this last-mentioned period, (1796,) we were led by our speculations, one after the other, into different tracks. He had arrived at that height of London popularity when his visits to various provincial theatres in the summer were productive of much more money than my scale of expense in the Haymarket could afford to give him. As he wintered it, however, in Drury-lane, I profited for two years more by his acting in the pieces which I produced there. I then began to write for the rival house in Covent Garden, and this parted us as author and actor: but separating, as we did, through accident, and with the kindest sentiments for each other, it was not likely that we should forget or neglect further to cultivate our mutual regard: that regard is now so mellowed by time that it will never cease till Time himself,—who, in ripening our friendship, has been all the while whetting his scythe for the friends,—shall have mowed down the men, and gathered in his harvest.

"One trait of Bannister, in our worldly dealings with each other, will nearly bring me to the close of this chapter.

"In the year 1807, after having slaved at some dramatic composition,—I forget what,—I had resolved to pass one entire week in luxurious sloth.

"At this crisis,—just as I was beginning the first morning's sacrifice upon the altar of my darling goddess, Indolence,—enter Jack Bannister, with a huge manuscript under his left arm!—This, he told me, consisted of loose materials for an entertainment, with which he meant to "skirr the country," under the title of BANNISTER'S BUDGET; but, unless I reduced the chaos into some order for him, and that *instantly*,—he should lose his tide, and with it his emoluments for the season. In such a case there was no balancing between two alternatives, so I deserted my darling goddess to drudge through the week for my old companion.

[Pg 15]

"To concoct the crudities he had brought me, by polishing, expunging, adding,—in short, almost re-writing them,—was, it must be confessed, labouring under the "horrors of digestion;" but the toil was completed at the week's end, and away went Jack Bannister into the country with his BUDGET.

"Several months afterwards he returned to town; and I inquired, of course, what success?—So great, he answered, that in consequence of the gain which had accrued to him through my means, and which he was certain would still accrue, (as he now considered the Budget to be an annual income for some years to come,) he must insist upon cancelling a bond which I had given him, for money he had lent to me. I was astounded; for I had never dreamt of fee or reward.

"To prove that he was in earnest, I extract a paragraph from a letter which he wrote to me from Shrewsbury.

"For fear of accidents, I think it necessary to inform you that Fladgate, your attorney, is in possession of your bond to me of £700; as I consider it *fully discharged*, it is but proper you should have this acknowledgment under my hand. J.B.'

"Should my unostentatious friend think me indelicate in publishing this anecdote, I can only say, that it naturally appertains to the sketch I have given of our co-operations in life; and that the insertion of it here seems almost indispensable, in order to elucidate my previous statement of our having blended so much *sentiment* with so much *traffic*. I feel, too, that it would be

downright injustice to him if I suppressed it; and would betoken in myself the pride of those narrow-minded persons who are ashamed of acknowledging how greatly they have profited by the liberal spirit of others.

"The bond above mentioned was given, be it observed, on a private account; not for money due to an actor for his professional assistance. Gilliland, in his 'Dramatic Mirror,' says that my admission of partners 'enabled the proprietors to completely liquidate all the demands which had for some time past involved the house in temporary embarrassments.' This is a gross mistake; the Haymarket Theatre was *never* embarrassed (on the contrary, it was a prosperous speculation) while under my direction. My own difficulties during part of this time are another matter: I may touch *slightly* on this hereafter; but shall not bore my readers by dwelling long on matters which (however they may have annoyed *me*) cannot entertain or interest *them*.

[Pg 16]

"I regret following up one instance of Mr. Gilliland's inaccuracy immediately with another; but he asserts, in his 'Dramatic Mirror,' that J. Bannister, 'in the season 1778, made his appearance for the benefit of his father, *on the boards of Old Drury*.' In contradiction to the foregoing statement a document now lies before me,—I transcribe it verbatim:

"First appearance, *at the Haymarket*, for my father's benefit, 1778, in *The Apprentice*. First appearance at Drury-lane, 1779, in *Zaphna*, in *Mahomet*. Took leave of the stage at Drury-lane, Thursday, June 1st, 1815. Garrick instructed me in the four first parts I played,—the *Apprentice*; *Zaphna* (*Mahomet*); *Dorilas* (*Merope*); and *Achmet* (*Barbarossa*).—Jack Bannister, to his dear friend George Colman. June 30th, 1828."

These memoranda, under the circumstances, are curious and affecting.—Death *has* gathered in his harvest, and both the men *are* gone.

Of Mr. Colman's delightful manners and conversational powers no words can give any adequate idea: with all the advantages of extensive reading, a general knowledge of mankind, and an inexhaustible fund of wit and humour, he blended a joyousness of expression, a kindness of feeling, and a warmth of manner, which rendered him the much-sought companion of every circle of society in which he chose to mix. Of his literary talents all the world can judge; but it is only those who have known him in private life who can appreciate the qualities which we despair of being able justly to describe.

IMPROMPTU BY THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN.

About a year since, a young lady begged this celebrated wit to write some verses in her album: he shook his head; but, good-naturedly promising to try, at once extemporised the following,—most probably his last written and poetical jest.

My muse and I, ere youth and spirits fled,
Sat up together many a night, no doubt;
But now, I've sent the poor old lass to bed,
Simply because *my fire is going out*.

THE "MONSTRE" BALLOON.

[Pg 17]

Oh! the balloon, the great balloon!
It left Vauxhall one Monday at noon,
And every one said we should hear of it soon
With news from Aleppo or Scanderoon.
But very soon after, folks changed their tune:
"The netting had burst—the silk—the shalloon;
It had met with a trade-wind—a deuced monsoon—
It was blown out to sea—it was blown to the moon—
They ought to have put off their journey till June;
Sure none but a donkey, a goose, or baboon,
Would go up, in November, in any balloon!"

Then they talk'd about Green—"Oh! where's Mister Green?
And where's Mister Hollond who hired the machine?
And where is Monk Mason, the man that has been
Up so often before—twelve times or thirteen—
And who writes such nice letters describing the scene?
And where's the cold fowl, and the ham, and pooten?
The press'd beef with the fat cut off,—nothing but lean?
And the portable soup in the patent tureen?
Have they got to Grand Cairo? or reached Aberdeen?
Or Jerusalem—Hamburgh—or Ballyporeen?—
No! they have not been seen! Oh! they haven't been seen!"

Stay! here's Mister Gye—Mr. Frederick Gye.
"At Paris," says he, "I've been up very high,
A couple of hundred of toises, or nigh,

A cockstride the Tuilleries' pantiles, to spy,
With Dollond's best telescope stuck at my eye,
And my umbrella under my arm like Paul Pry,
But I could see nothing at all but the sky;
So I thought with myself 'twas of no use to try
Any longer; and feeling remarkably dry
From sitting all day stuck up there, like a Guy,
I came down again and—you see—here am I!"

But here's Mister Hughes!—What says young Mr. Hughes?
"Why, I'm sorry to say, we've not got any news
Since the letter they threw down in one of their shoes,
Which gave the Mayor's nose such a deuce of a bruise,
As he popp'd up his eye-glass to look at their cruise
Over Dover; and which the folks flock'd to peruse
At Squier's bazaar, the same evening, in crews,
Politicians, newsmongers, town council, and blues,
Turks, heretics, infidels, jumpers, and Jews,
Scorning Bachelor's papers, and Warren's reviews;
But the wind was then blowing towards Helvoetsluys,
And my father and I are in terrible stews,
For so large a balloon is a sad thing to lose!"

[Pg 18]

Here's news come at last! Here's news come at last!
A vessel's arrived, which has sail'd very fast;
And a gentleman serving before the mast,
Mister Nokes, has declared that "the party has past
Safe across to the Hague, where their grapnel they cast
As a fat burgomaster was staring aghast
To see such a monster come home on the blast,
And it caught in his breeches, and there it stuck fast!"

Oh! fie! Mister Nokes,—for shame, Mister Nokes!
To be poking your fun at us plain-dealing folks—
Sir, this isn't a time to be cracking your jokes,
And such jesting, your malice but scurvily cloaks;
Such a trumpery tale every one of us smokes,
And we know very well your whole story's a hoax!

"Oh! what shall we do? oh! where will it end?
Can nobody go? Can nobody send
To Calais—or Bergen-op-zoom—or Ostend?
Can't you go there yourself? Can't you write to a friend,
For news upon which we may safely depend?"

Huzzah! huzzah! one and eight-pence to pay
For a letter from Hamborough, just come to say
They descended at Weilburg about break of day;
And they've lent them the palace there, during their stay,
And the town is becoming uncommonly gay,
And they're feasting the party, and soaking their clay
With Johannisberg, Rudesheim, Moselle, and Tokay;
And the landgraves, and margraves, and counts beg and prey
That they won't think as yet, about going away;
Notwithstanding, they don't mean to make much delay,
But pack up the balloon in a waggon or dray,
And pop themselves into a German "*po-shay*,"
And get on to Paris by Lisle and Tournay;
Where they boldly declare, any wager they'll lay,
If the gas people there do not ask them to pay
Such a sum as must force them at once to say "Nay,"
They'll inflate the balloon in the Champs Elysées,
And be back again here, the beginning of May.

[Pg 19]

Dear me! what a treat for a juvenile *fête*!
What thousands will flock their arrival to greet!
There'll be hardly a soul to be seen in the street,
For at Vauxhall the whole population will meet,
And you'll scarcely get standing-room, much less a seat,
For this all preceding attraction must beat:—

Since, there they'll unfold, what we want to be told,
How they cough'd, how they sneez'd, how they shiver'd with cold,
How they tippled the "cordial," as racy and old
As Hodges, or Deady, or Smith ever sold,
And how they all then felt remarkably bold;

How they thought the boil'd beef worth its own weight in gold;
And how Mister Green was beginning to scold
Because Mister Hollond would try to lay hold
Of the moon, and had very near overboard roll'd.

And there they'll be seen—they'll be all to be seen!
The great-coats, the coffee-pot, mugs, and tureen!
With the tight-rope, and fire-works, and dancing between,
If the weather should only prove fair and serene.
And there, on a beautiful transparent screen,
In the middle you'll see a large picture of Green,
With Holland on one side, who hired the machine,
And Monk Mason on t'other, describing the scene;
And Fame on one leg in the air, like a queen,
With three wreaths and a trumpet, will over them lean;
While Envy, in serpents and black bombazine,
Looks on from below with an air of chagrin.

Then they'll play up a tune in the Royal Saloon,
And the people will dance by the light of the moon,
And keep up the ball till the next day at noon;
And the peer and the peasant, the lord and the loon,
The haughty grandee, and the low picaroon,
The six-foot life-guardsman, and little gossoon,
Will all join in three cheers for the "monstre" balloon.

[Pg 20]

HANDY ANDY.

Andy Rooney was a fellow who had the most singularly ingenious knack of doing every thing the wrong way; disappointment awaited on all affairs in which he bore a part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends: so the nick-name the neighbours stuck upon him was Handy Andy, and the jeering jingle pleased them.

Andy's entrance into this world was quite in character with his after achievements, for he was nearly the death of his mother. She survived, however, to have herself clawed almost to death while her darling babby was in arms, for he would not take his nourishment from the parent fount unless he had one of his little red fists twisted into his mother's hair, which he dragged till he made her roar; while he diverted the pain by scratching her till the blood came, with the other. Nevertheless she swore he was "the loveliest and sweetest craythur the sun ever shined upon;" and when he was able to run about and wield a little stick, and smash every thing breakable belonging to her, she only praised his precocious powers, and used to ask, "Did ever any one see a darlin' of his age handle a stick so bowld as he did?"

Andy grew up in mischief and the admiration of his mammy; but, to do him justice, he never meant harm in the course of his life, and was most anxious to offer his services on all occasions to any one who would accept them; but they were only those who had not already proved Andy's peculiar powers.

There was a farmer hard by in this happy state of ignorance, named Owen Doyle, or, as he was familiarly called, *Owny na Coppal*, or, "Owen of the Horses," because he bred many of these animals, and sold them at the neighbouring fairs; and Andy one day offered his services to Owny when he was in want of some one to drive up a horse to his house from a distant "bottom," as low grounds by a river side are always called in Ireland.

"Oh, he's wild, Andy, and you'd never be able to ketch him," said Owny.—"Throth, an' I'll engage I'll ketch him if you'll let me go. I never seen the horse I couldn't ketch, sir," said Andy.

"Why, you little spridhogue, if he took to runnin' over the long bottom, it 'ud be more than a day's work for you to folly him."—"Oh, but he won't run."

"Why won't he run?"—"Bekase I won't make him run."

"How can you help it?"—"I'll soother him."

"Well, you're a willin' brat, any how; and so go, and God speed you!" said Owny.

"Just gi' me a wisp o' hay an' a han'ful iv oats," said Andy, "if I should have to coax him."—"Sartinly," said Owny, who entered the stable and came forth with the articles required by Andy, and a halter for the horse also.



Handy Andy

"Now, take care," said Owny, "that you're able to ride that horse if you get on him."—"Oh, never fear, sir. I can ride owld Lanty Gubbin's mule betther nor any o' the other boys on the common, and he couldn't throw me th' other day, though he kicked the shoes av him." [Pg 21]

"After that you may ride any thing," said Owny: and indeed it was true; for Lanty's mule, which fed on the common, being ridden slyly by all the young vagabonds in the neighbourhood, had become such an adept in the art of getting rid of his troublesome customers, that it might be well considered a feat to stick on him.

"Now, take grate care of him, Andy, my boy," said the farmer.—"Don't be afeard sir," said Andy, who started on his errand in that peculiar pace which is elegantly called a "sweep's trot;" and as the river lay between Owny Doyle's and the bottom, and was too deep for Andy to ford at that season, he went round by Dinny Dowling's mill, where a small wooden bridge crossed the stream.

Here he thought he might as well secure the assistance of Paudeen, the miller's son, to help him in catching the horse; and he looked about the place until he found him, and, telling him the errand on which he was going, said, "If you like to come wid me, we can both have a ride." This was temptation sufficient for Paudeen, and the boys proceeded together to the bottom, and they were not long in securing the horse. When they had got the halter over his head, "Now," said Andy, "give me a lift on him;" and accordingly by Paudeen's catching Andy's left foot in both his hands clasped together in the fashion of a stirrup, he hoisted his friend on the horse's back; and, as soon as he was secure there, Master Paudeen, by the aid of Andy's hand contrived to scramble up after him; upon which Andy applied his heels into the horse's side with many vigorous kicks, and crying "Hurrup!" at the same time, endeavoured to stimulate Owny's steed into something of a pace as he turned his head towards the mill.

"Sure aren't you going to crass the river?" said Paudeen.—"No, I'm going to lave you at home."

"Oh, I'd rather go up to Owny's, and it's the shortest way across the river."—"Yes but I don't like—"

"Is it afeard you are?" said Paudeen.—"Not I, indeed," said Andy; though it was really the fact, for the width of the stream startled him; "but Owny towld me to take grate care o' the baste and I'm loath to wet his feet."

"Go 'long wid you, you fool! what harm would it do him? Sure he's neither sugar nor salt that he'd melt."

"Well, I won't, any how," said Andy, who by this time had got the horse into a good high trot, that shook every word of argument out of Paudeen's body; besides, it was as much as the boys could do to keep their seats on Owny's Bucephalus, who was not long in reaching the miller's bridge. Here voice and rein were employed to pull him in, that he might cross the narrow wooden structure at a quiet pace. But whether his double load had given him the idea of double exertion, or that the pair of legs on each side sticking into his flanks (and perhaps the horse was ticklish) made him go the faster, we know not: but the horse charged the bridge as if an Enniskilliner were on his back, and an enemy before him; and in two minutes his hoofs clattered like thunder on the bridge, that did not bend beneath him. No, it did *not* bend, but it broke: proving the falsehood of the boast, "I may break, but I won't bend:" for, after all, the really strong may bend, and be as strong as ever: it is the unsound, that has only the seeming of strength, that breaks at last when it resists too long.

Surprising was the spin the young equestrians took over the ears of the horse, enough to make all the artists of Astley's envious; and plump they went into the river, where each formed his own ring, and executed some comical "scenes in the circle," which were suddenly changed to evolutions on the "flying cord" that Dinny Dowling threw the performers, which became suddenly converted into a "tight rope" as he dragged the *voltigeurs* out of the water; and, for fear their blood might be chilled by the accident, he gave them both an enormous thrashing with the *dry* end of the rope, just to restore circulation; and his exertions, had they been witnessed, would

have charmed the Humane Society.

As for the horse, his legs stuck through the bridge, as though he had been put in a *chiroplast*, and he went playing away on the water with considerable execution, as if he were accompanying himself in the song which he was squealing at the top of his voice. Half the saws, hatchets, ropes, and poles in the parish were put in requisition immediately; and the horse's first lesson in *chiroplastic* exercise was performed with no other loss than some skin and a good deal of hair. Of course Andy did not venture on taking Owny's horse home; so the miller sent him to his owner with an account of the accident. Andy for years kept out of Owny na Coppal's way; and at any time that his presence was troublesome, the inconvenienced party had only to say, "Isn't that Owny na Coppal coming this way?" and Andy fled for his life,

When Andy grew up to what in country parlance is called "a brave lump of a boy," his mother thought he was old enough to do something for himself; so she took him one day along with her to the squire's, and waited outside the door, loitering up and down the yard behind the house, among a crowd of beggars and great lazy dogs that were thrusting their herds into every iron pot that stood outside the kitchen door, until chance might give her "a sight o' the squire afore he wint out or afore he wint in;" and, after spending her entire day in this idle way, at last the squire made his appearance, and Judy presented her son, who kept scraping his foot, and pulling his forelock, that stuck out like a piece of ragged thatch from his forehead, making his obeisance to the squire, while his mother was sounding his praises for being the "handiest craythur alive—and so willin'—nothing comes wrong to him."

[Pg 23]

"I suppose the English of all this is, you want me to take him?" said the squire.—"Throth, an' your honour, that's just it—if your honour would be plazed."

"What can he do?"—"Anything, your honour."

"That means *nothing*, I suppose," said the squire.—"Oh, no, sir. Everything, I mane, that you would desire him to do."

To every one of these assurances on his mother's part Andy made a bow and a scrape.

"Can he take care of horses?"—"The best of care, sir," said the mother, while the miller, who was standing behind the squire waiting for orders, made a grimace at Andy, who was obliged to cram his face to his hat to hide the laugh, which he could hardly smother from being heard, as well as seen.

"Let him come, then, and help in the stables, and we'll see what he can do."—"May the Lord—"

"That'll do—there, now go."—"Oh, sure, but I'll pray for you, and—"

"Will you go?"—"And may angels make your honour's bed this blessed night, I pray!"

"If you don't go, your son shan't come."

Judy and her hopeful boy turned to the right-about in double-quick time, and hurried down the avenue.

The next day Andy was duly installed into his office of stable-helper; and, as he was a good rider, he was soon made whipper-in to the hounds, as there was a want of such a functionary in the establishment; and Andy's boldness in this capacity made him soon a favourite with the squire, who was one of those rollicking boys on the pattern of the old school, who scorned the attentions of a regular valet, and let any one that chance threw in his way bring him his boots, or his hot water for shaving, or his coat, whenever it was brushed. One morning, Andy, who was very often the attendant on such occasions, came to his room with hot water. He tapped at the door.

"Who's that?" said the squire, who was but just risen, and did not know but it might be one of the women servants.—"It's me, sir."

"Oh—Andy! Come in."—"Here's the hot wather, sir," said Andy, bearing an enormous tin can.

"Why, what the d—l brings that tin can here? You might as well bring the stable-bucket."—"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy retreating. In two minutes more Andy came back, and, tapping at the door, put in his head cautiously, and said, "The maids in the kitchen, your honour, says there's not so much hot wather ready."

[Pg 24]

"Did I not see it a moment since in your hands?"—"Yes, sir, but that's not nigh the full o' the stable-bucket."

"Go along, you stupid thief! and get me some hot water directly."—"Will the can do, sir?"

"Ay, anything, so you make haste."

Off posted Andy, and back he came with the can.

"Where'll I put it, sir?"—"Throw this out," said the squire, handing Andy a jug containing some cold water, meaning the jug to be replenished with the hot.

Andy took the jug, and, the window of the room being open, he very deliberately threw the jug out. The squire stared with wonder, and at last said,

"What did you do that for?"—"Sure you *towld* me to throw it out, sir."

"Go out of this, you thick-headed villain!" said the squire, throwing his boots at Andy's head, along with some very neat curses. Andy retreated, and thought himself a very ill-used person.

Though Andy's regular business was "whipper-in," yet he was liable to be called on for the

performance of various other duties: he sometimes attended at table when the number of guests required that all the subs should be put in requisition, or rode on some distant errand for "the mistress," or drove out the nurse and children on the jaunting-car; and many were the mistakes, delays, or accidents arising from Handy Andy's interference in such matters; but, as they were never serious, and generally laughable, they never cost him the loss of his place or the squire's favour, who rather enjoyed Andy's blunders.

The first time Andy was admitted into the mysteries of the dining-room, great was his wonder. The butler took him in to give him some previous instructions, and Andy was so lost in admiration at the sight of the assembled glass and plate, that he stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, and scarcely heard a word that was said to him. After the head-man had been dinning his instructions into him for some time, he said he might go until his attendance was required. But Andy moved not; he stood with his eyes fixed by a sort of fascination on some object that seemed to rivet them with the same unaccountable influence that the snake exercises over its victim.

"What are you looking at?" said the butler.—"Them things, sir," said Andy, pointing to some silver forks.

"Is it the forks?" said the butler.—"Oh no, sir! I know what forks is very well; but I never seen them things afore."

[Pg 25]

"What things do you mean?"—"These things, sir," said Andy, taking up one of the silver forks, and turning it round and round in his hand in utter astonishment, while the butler grinned at his ignorance, and enjoyed his own superior knowledge.

"Well!" said Andy, after a long pause, "the divil be from me if ever I seen a silver spoon split that way before."

The butler laughed a horse-laugh, and made a standing joke of Andy's split spoon; but time and experience made Andy less impressed with wonder at the show of plate and glass, and the split spoons became familiar as 'household words' to him; yet still there were things in the duties of table attendance beyond Andy's comprehension,—he used to hand cold plates for fish, and hot plates for jelly, &c. But 'one day,' as Zanga says,—'one day' he was thrown off his centre in a remarkable degree by a bottle of soda water.

It was when that combustible was first introduced into Ireland as a dinner beverage that the occurrence took place, and Andy had the luck to be the person to whom a gentlemen applied for some soda-water.

"Sir?" said Andy.—"Soda-water," said the guest, in that subdued tone in which people are apt to name their wants at a dinner-table.

Andy went to the butler. "Mr. Morgan, there's a gintleman——"—"Let me alone, will you?" said Mr. Morgan.

Andy manoeuvred round him a little longer, and again essayed to be heard.

"Mr. Morgan!"—"Don't you see I'm as busy as I can be! Can't you do it yourself?"

"I dunna what he wants."—"Well, go and ax him," said Mr. Morgan.

Andy went off as he was bidden, and came behind the thirsty gentleman's chair, with "I beg your pardon sir."

"Well!" said the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but what's this you ax'd me for?"—"Soda-water."

"What, sir?"—"Soda-water; but, perhaps, you have not any."

"Oh, there's plenty in the house, sir! Would you like it hot, sir."

The gentleman laughed, and, supposing the new fashion was not understood in the present company, said "Never mind."

But Andy was too anxious to please, to be so satisfied, and again applied to Mr. Morgan.

"Sir!" said he.—"Bad luck to you! can't you let me alone?"

"There's a gintleman wants some soap and wather."

"Some what?"—"Soap and wather, sir."

"Divil sweep you!—Soda-wather you mane. You'll get it under the sideboard."

[Pg 26]

"Is it in the can, sir?"—"The curse o' Crum'll on you—in the bottles."

"Is this it, sir?" said Andy, producing a bottle of ale.—"No, bad cess to you!—the little bottles."

"Is it the little bottles with no bottoms, sir?"—"I wish *you* wor in the bottom o' the say!" said Mr. Morgan, who was fuming and puffing, and rubbing down his face with his napkin, as he was hurrying to all quarters of the room, or, as Andy said, in praising his activity, that he was "like bad luck,—everywhere."

"There they are!" said Morgan, at last.

"Oh! them bottles that won't stand," said Andy; "sure, them's what I said, with no bottoms to them. How'll I open it—it's tied down?"—"Cut the cord, you fool!"

Andy did as he was desired; and he happened at the time to hold the bottle of soda-water on a level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch, and the

moment he made the incision, bang went the bottle of soda, knocking out two of the lights with the projected cork, which, performing its parabola the length of the room, struck the squire himself in the eye at the foot of the table, while the hostess at the head had a cold-bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length; every fizz it made, exclaiming, "Ow!—ow!—ow!" and, at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out, "Oh, Lord!—it's all gone!"

Great was the commotion;—few could resist laughter except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water. The extinguished candles were relighted,—the squire got his eye open again,—and, the next time he perceived the butler sufficiently near to speak to him, he said, in a low and hurried tone of deep anger, while he knit his brow, "Send that fellow out of the room!" but, within the same instant, resumed the former smile, that beamed on all around as if nothing had happened.

Andy was expelled the *salle à manger* in disgrace, and for days kept out of his master's and mistress's way: in the mean time the butler made a good story of the thing in the servants' hall; and, when he held up Andy's ignorance to ridicule, by telling how he asked for "soap and water," Andy was given the name of "Suds," and was called by no other, for months after.

But, though Andy's function in the interior were suspended, his services in out-of-door affairs were occasionally put in requisition. But here his evil genius still haunted him, and he put his foot in a piece of business his master sent him upon one day, which was so simple as to defy almost the chance of Andy making any mistake about it; but Andy was very ingenious in his own particular line.

[Pg 27]

"Ride into the town, and see if there's a letter for me," said the squire, one day, to our hero. —"Yis, sir."

"You know where to go?"—"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"—"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"—"Sure, I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"—"Yis, sir."

"And why don't you?"—"I don't like to be throublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"—"Yis, sir; where they sell gunpowdher."

"You're right for once," said the squire; for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustibile. "Go then to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember,—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yis, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster, (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broad-cloth, and linen-drapery,) Andy presented himself at the counter, and said,

"I want a letther, sir, if you plase."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life: so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plase."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letther here,—that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"—"The mather."

"And who's your master?"—"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"—"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impidint questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this. Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."—"Bad luck to your impidince!" said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

[Pg 28]

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"—"Yis; have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."—"Faith, then you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"—"Plenty," said Andy; "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person entered the house to get a letter, to whom Andy was known; and he vouched to the postmaster that the account he gave of himself was true.—"You may give him

the squire's letter. Have you one for me?"—"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one: "fourpence."

The new-comer paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster. "You've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"—"For postage."

"To the divil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Delany a letter for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letter than this; and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.—"Well, you're welkim to think what you please; but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letter."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mousetrap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letter?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get the common justice for his master which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the mean time was getting impatient for his return, and, when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.—"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."—"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"—"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"—"That owld chate beyant in the town,—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"—"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated. It's not a double letter at all: not above half the size o' one Mr. Delany got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omadhaun! and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."—"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence a-piece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each, from a parcel of them that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm for that letter," said Andy.—"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther's in a hurry."—"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."—"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters that lay on the counter; so, while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap; and, having effected that, waited patiently enough until it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattle along the road homeward as fast as his hack could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying,

"Well! if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honour the worth o' your money, any how!"

THE LEGEND OF MANOR HALL

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HEADLONG HALL."

Old Farmer Wall, of Manor Hall,
To market drove his wain:
Along the road it went well stowed
With sacks of golden grain.

His station he took, but in vain did he look

For a customer all the morn;
Though the farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their corn.

[Pg 30]

Then home he went sore discontent,
And many an oath he swore,
And he kicked up rows with his children and spouse,
When they met him at the door.

Next market-day, he drove away
To the town his loaded wain:
The farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their grain.

No bidder he found, and he stood astound
At the close of the market-day,
When the market was done, and the chapmen were gone
Each man his several way.

He stalked by his load along the road;
His face with wrath was red:
His arms he tossed, like a goodman crossed
In seeking his daily bread.

His face was red, and fierce was his tread,
And with lusty voice cried he:
"My corn I'll sell to the devil of hell,
If he'll my chapman be."

These words he spoke just under an oak
Seven hundred winters old;
And he straight was aware of a man sitting there
On the roots and grassy mould.

The roots rose high o'er the green-sward dry,
And the grass around was green,
Save just the space of the stranger's place,
Where it seemed as fire had been.

All scorched was the spot, as gipsy-pot
Had swung and bubbled there:
The grass was marred, the roots were charred,
And the ivy stems were bare.

The stranger up-sprung: to the farmer he flung
A loud and friendly hail,
And he said, "I see well, thou hast corn to sell,
And I'll buy it on the nail."

The twain in a trice agreed on the price;
The stranger his earnest paid,
And with horses and wain to come for the grain
His own appointment made.

The farmer cracked his whip, and tracked
His way right merrily on:
He struck up a song, as he trudged along,
For joy that his job was done.

His children fair he danced in the air;
His heart with joy was big;
He kissed his wife; he seized a knife,
He slew a suckling pig.

The faggots burned, the porkling turned
And crackled before the fire;
And an odour arose, that was sweet in the nose
Of a passing ghostly friar.

He twirled at the pin, he entered in,
He sate down at the board;
The pig he blessed, when he saw it well dressed,
And the humming ale out-poured.

The friar laughed, the friar quaffed,
He chirped like a bird in May;
The farmer told how his corn he had sold

[Pg 31]

As he journeyed home that day.

The friar he quaffed, but no longer he laughed,
He changed from red to pale:
"Oh, helpless elf! 'tis the fiend himself
To whom thou hast made thy sale!"

The friar he quaffed, he took a deep draught;
He crossed himself amain:
"Oh, slave of pelf! 'tis the devil himself
To whom thou hast sold thy grain!"

"And sure as the day, he'll fetch thee away,
With the corn which thou hast sold,
If thou let him pay o'er one tester more
Than thy settled price in gold."

The farmer gave vent to a loud lament,
The wife to a long outcry;
Their relish for pig and ale was flown;
The friar alone picked every bone,
And drained the flagon dry.

The friar was gone: the morning dawn
Appeared, and the stranger's wain
Come to the hour, with six-horse power,
To fetch the purchased grain.

The horses were black: on their dewy track
Light steam from the ground up-curl'd;
Long wreaths of smoke from their nostrils broke,
And their tails like torches whirled.

More dark and grim, in face and limb,
Seemed the stranger than before,
As his empty wain, with steeds thrice twain,
Drew up to the farmer's door.

On the stranger's face was a sly grimace,
As he seized the sacks of grain;
And, one by one, till left were none,
He tossed them on the wain.

And slyly he leered, as his hand up-reared
A purse of costly mould,
Where, bright and fresh, through a silver mesh,
Shone forth the glistening gold.

The farmer held out his right hand stout,
And drew it back with dread;
For in fancy he heard each warning word
The supping friar had said.

His eye was set on the silver net;
His thoughts were in fearful strife;
When, sudden as fate, the glittering bait
Was snatched by his loving wife.

And, swift as thought, the stranger caught
The farmer his waist around,
And at once the twain and the loaded wain
Sank through the rifted ground.

The gable-end wall of Manor Hall
Fell in ruins on the place:
That stone-heap old the tale has told
To each succeeding race.

The wife gave a cry that rent the sky
At her goodman's downward flight;
But she held the purse fast, and a glance she cast
To see that all was right.

'Twas the fiend's full pay for her goodman grey,
And the gold was good and true;
Which made her declare, that "his dealings were fair,
To give the devil his due."

She wore the black pall for Farmer Wall,
From her fond embraces riven:
But she won the vows of a younger spouse
With the gold which the fiend had given.

Now, farmers, beware what oaths you swear
When you cannot sell your corn;
Lest, to bid and buy, a stranger be nigh,
With hidden tail and horn.

And, with good heed, the moral a-read,
Which is of this tale the pith,
If your corn you sell to the fiend of hell,
You may sell yourself therewith.

And if by mishap you fall in the trap,—
Would you bring the fiend to shame,
Lest the tempting prize should dazzle her eyes,
Lock up your frugal dame.

[Pg 33]

TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FIRST ATTEMPT TO GET MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

Yes—here I am, Terence O'Shaughnessy, an honest major of foot, five feet eleven and a half, and forty-one, if I only live till Michaelmas. Kicked upon the world before the dawn had blackened on my chin, Fortune and I have been wrestling from the cradle;—and yet I had little to tempt the jade's malevolence. The youngest son of an excellent gentleman, who, with an ill-paid rental of twelve hundred pounds, kept his wife in Bath, and his hounds in Tipperary, my patrimony would have scarcely purchased tools for a highwayman, when in my tenth year my father's sister sent for me to Roundwood; for, hearing that I was regularly going to the devil, she had determined to redeem me, if she could.

My aunt Honor was the widow of a captain of dragoons, who got his quietus in the Low Countries some years before I saw the light. His relict had, in compliment to the memory of her departed lord, eschewed matrimony, and, like a Christian woman, devoted her few and evil days to cards and religion. She was a true specimen of an Irish dowager. Her means were small, her temper short. She was stiff as a ramrod, and proud as a field-marshal. To her, my education and future settlement in life were entirely confided, as one brief month deprived me of both parents. My mother died in a state of insolvency, greatly regretted by every body in Bath to whom she was indebted; and before her disconsolate husband had time to overlook a moiety of the card claims transmitted for his liquidation, he broke his neck in attempting to leap the pound-wall of Oranmore, for a bet of a rump and dozen. Of course he was waked, and buried like a gentleman,—every thing sold off by the creditors—my brothers sent to school—and I left to the tender mercy and sole management of the widow of Captain O'Finn.

My aunt's guardianship continued seven years, and at the expiration of that time I was weary of her thrall, and she tired of my tutelage. I was now at an age when some walk of life must be selected and pursued. For any honest avocation I had, as it was universally admitted, neither abilities nor inclination. What was to be done? and how was I to be disposed of? A short deliberation showed that there was but one path for me to follow, and I was handed over to that *refugium peccatorum*, the army, and placed as a volunteer in a regiment just raised, with a promise from the colonel that I should be promoted to the first ensigncy that became vacant.

Great was our mutual joy when Mrs. O'Finn and I were about to part company. I took an affectionate leave of all my kindred and acquaintances, and even, in the fulness of my heart, shook hands with the schoolmaster, though in boyhood I had devoted him to the infernal gods for his wanton barbarity. But my tenderest parting was reserved for my next-door neighbour, the belle among the village beauties, and presumptive heiress to the virtues and estates of Quartermaster MacGawly.

Biddy MacGawly was a year younger than myself; and, to do her justice, a picture of health and comeliness. Lord! what an eye she had!—and her leg! nothing but the gout would prevent a man from following it, to the very end of Oxford-street. Biddy and I were next neighbours—our houses joined—the gardens were only separated by a low hedge, and by standing on an inverted flower-pot one could accomplish a kiss across it easily. There was no harm in the thing—it was merely for the fun of trying an experiment—and when a geranium was damaged, we left the blame upon the cats.

[Pg 34]

Although there was a visiting acquaintance between the retired quartermaster and the relict of the defunct dragoon, never had any cordiality existed between the houses. My aunt O'Finn was so lofty in all things appertaining to her consequence, as if she had been the widow of a common-councilman; and Roger MacGawly, having scraped together a good round sum, by the means quartermasters have made money since the days of Julius Cæsar, was not inclined to admit any inferiority on his part. Mrs. O'Finn could never imagine that any circumstances could remove the

barrier in dignity which stood between the non-commissioned officer and the captain. While arguing on the saw, that "a living ass is better than a dead lion," Roger contended that he was as good a man as Captain O'Finn; he, Roger, being alive and merry in the town of Ballinamore, while the departed commander had been laid under a "counterpane of daisies" in some counterscarp in the Low Countries. Biddy and I laughed at the feuds of our superiors; and on the evening of a desperate blow-up, we met at sunset in the garden—agreed that the old people were fools—and resolved that nothing should interrupt our friendly relations. Of course the treaty was ratified with a kiss, for I recollect that next morning the cats were heavily censured for capsizing a box of mignonette.

No wonder then, that I parted from Biddy with regret. I sat with her till we heard the quartermaster scrape his feet at the hall-door on his return from his club, and kissing poor Biddy tenderly, as Roger entered by the front, I levanted by the back-door. I fancied myself desperately in love, and was actually dreaming of my dulcinea when my aunt's maid called me before day, to prepare for the stage-couch that was to convey me to my regiment in Dublin.

In a few weeks an ensigncy dropped in, and I got it. Time slipped insensibly away—months became years—and three passed before I revisited Ballinamore. I heard, at stated periods, from Mrs. O'Finn. The letters were generally a detail of bad luck or bad health. For the last quarter she had never marked honours—or for the last week closed an eye with rheumatism and lumbago. Still, as these *jérémiades* covered my small allowance, they were welcome as a lover's billet. Of course, in these despatches the neighbours were duly mentioned, and every calamity occurring since her "last," was faithfully chronicled. The MacGawlys held a conspicuous place in my aunt's quarterly notices. Biddy had got a new gown—or Biddy had got a new piano—but since the dragoons had come to town there was no bearing her. Young Hastings was never out of the house—she hoped it would end well—but every body knew a light dragoon could have little respect for the daughter of a quartermaster; and Mrs. O'Finn ended her observations by hinting that if Roger went seldomer to his club, and Biddy more frequently to mass, why probably in the end it would be better for both of them.

[Pg 35]

I re-entered the well-remembered street of Ballinamore late in the evening, after an absence of three years. My aunt was on a visit, and she had taken that as a convenient season for having her domicile newly painted. I halted at the inn, and after dinner strolled over the any to visit my quondam acquaintances, the MacGawlys.

If I had intended a surprise, my design would have been a failure. The quartermaster's establishment were on the *qui vive*. The fact was, that since the removal of the dragoons, Ballinamore had been dull as ditch-water; the arrival of a stranger in a post-chaise, of course had created a sensation in the place, and, before the driver had unharnessed, the return of Lieutenant O'Shaughnessy was regularly gazetted, and the MacGawlys, in anticipation of a visit, were ready to receive me.

I knocked at the door, and a servant with a beefsteak collar opened it. Had Roger mounted a livery? Ay—faith—there it was; and I began to recollect that my aunt O'Finn had omened badly from the first moment a squadron of the 18th lights had entered Ballinamore.

I found Roger in the hall. He shook my hand, swore it was an agreeable surprise, ushered me into the dining-room, and called for hot water and tumblers. We sat down. Deeply did he interest himself in all that had befallen me—deeply regret the absence of my honoured aunt—but I must not stay at the inn, I should be his guest; and, to my astonishment, it was announced that the gentleman in the red collar had been already despatched to transport my luggage to the house. Excuses were idle. Roger's domicile was to be head-quarters; and when I remembered my old flame, Biddy, I concluded that I might for the short time I had to stay, be in a less agreeable establishment than the honest quartermaster's.

I was mortified to hear that Biddy had been indisposed. It was a bad cold, she had not been out for a month; but she would muffle herself and meet me in the drawing-room. This, too, was unluckily a night of great importance in the club. The new curate was to be balloted for; Roger had proposed him; and, *ergo*, Roger, as a true man, was bound to be present at the ceremony. The thing was readily arranged. We finished a second tumbler, the quartermaster betook himself to the King's Arms, and the lieutenant, meaning myself; to the drawing-room of my old inamorata.

There was a visible change in Roger's domicile. The house was newly papered; and, leaving the livery aside, there was a greet increase of gentility throughout the whole establishment. Instead of bounding to the presence by three stairs at a time, as I used to do in lang syne, I was ceremoniously paraded to the lady's chamber by him of the beefsteak collar; and there, reclining languidly on a sofa, and wrapped in a voluminous shawl, Biddy MacGawly held out her hand to welcome her old confederate.

"My darling Biddy!"—"My dear Terence!" and the usual preliminaries were got over. I looked at my old flame—she was greatly changed, and three years had wrought a marvellous alteration. I left her a sprightly girl—she was now a woman—and decidedly a very pretty one; although the rosiness of seventeen was gone, and a delicacy that almost indicated bad health had succeeded; "but," thought I, "it's all owing to the cold."

[Pg 36]

There was a guarded propriety in Biddy's bearing, that appeared almost unnatural. The warm advances of old friendship were repressed; and one who had mounted a flower-pot to kiss me across a hedge, recoiled from any exhibition of our former tenderness. Well, it was all as it should be. Then I was a boy, and now a man. Young women cannot be too particular, and Biddy MacGawly rose higher in my estimation.

Biddy was stouter than she promised to be, when we parted, but the eye was as dark and lustrous, and the ankle as taper as when it last had demolished a geranium. Gradually her reserve abated; old feelings removed a constrained formality—we laughed and talked—ay—and kissed as we had done formerly; and when the old quartermaster's latch-key was heard unclosing the street-door, I found myself admitting in confidence and a whisper, that "I would marry if I could." What reply Biddy would have returned, I cannot tell, for Roger summoned me to the parlour; and as her cold prevented her from venturing down, she bade me an affectionate good-night. Of course she kissed me at parting—and it was done as ardently and innocently as if the hawthorn hedge divided us.

Roger had left his companions earlier than he usually did, in order to honour me, his guest. The new butler paraded oysters, and down we sat *tête-à-tête*. When supper was removed, and each had fabricated a red-hot tumbler from the tea-kettle, the quartermaster stretched his long legs across the hearth-rug, and with great apparent solicitude inquired into all that had befallen me since I had assumed the shoulder-knot and taken to the trade of war.

"Humph!"—he observed—"two steps in three years; not bad considering there was neither money nor interest. D—it! I often wish that Biddy was a boy. Never was such a time to purchase on. More regiments to be raised, and promotion will be at a discount. Sir Hugh Haughton married a stockbroker's widow with half a plum, and paid in the two thousand I had lent him. Zounds! if Biddy were a boy, and that money well applied, I would have her a regiment in a twelvemonth."

"Phew!" I thought to myself. "I see what the old fellow is driving at."

"There never would be such another opportunity," Roger continued. "An increased force will produce an increased difficulty in effecting it. Men will be worth their own weight in money; and d— me, a fellow who could raise a few, might have any thing he asked for."

I remarked that, with some influence and a good round sum, recruits might still be found.

"Ay, easy enough, and not much money either, if one knew how to go about the thing. Get two or three smart chaps; let them watch fairs and patterns, mind their hits when the bumpkins got drunk, and find out when fellows were hiding from a warrant. D—me, I would raise a hundred, while you would say Jack Robinson. Pay a friendly magistrate; attest the scoundrels before they were sober enough to cry off, bundle them to the regiment next morning; and if a rascal ran away after the commanding officer passed a receipt for him, why all the better, for you could relist him when he came home again."

[Pg 37]

I listened attentively, though in all this the cloven foot appeared. The whole was the plan of a crimp; and, if Roger was not belied, trafficking in "food for powder," had realized more of his wealth than slop-shoes and short measure.

During the development of his project for promotion, the quartermaster and I had found it necessary to replenish frequently, and with the third tumbler Roger came nearer to business.

"Often thought it a pity, and often said so in the club, that a fine smashing fellow like you, Terence, had not the stuff to push you on. What the devil signifies family, and blood, and all that balderdash. There's your aunt, worthy woman; but sky-high about a dead captain. D—me, all folly. Were I a young man, I'd get hold of some girl with the wherewithal, and I would double-distance half the highfliers for a colonelcy."

This was pretty significant—Roger had come to the scratch, and there was no mistaking him. We separated for the night. I dreamed, and in fancy was blessed with a wife, and honoured with a command. Nothing could be more entrancing than my visions; and when the quartermaster's *maître d'hôtel* roused me in the morning, I was engaged in a friendly argument with my beloved Biddy, as to which of his grandfathers our heir should be called after, and whether the lovely babe should be christened Roderick or Roger.

Biddy was not at breakfast; the confounded cold still confined her to her apartment; but she hoped to meet me at dinner, and I must endure her absence until then, as I best could. Having engaged to return at five, I walked out to visit my former acquaintances. From all of them I received a warm welcome, and all exhibited some surprise at hearing that I was domesticated with the quartermaster. I comprehended the cause immediately. My aunt and Roger had probably a fresh quarrel; but his delicacy had prevented him from communicating it. This certainly increased my respect for the worthy man, and made me estimate his hospitality the more highly. Still there was an evident reserve touching the MacGawlys; and once or twice, when dragoons were mentioned, I fancied I could detect a significant look pass between the persons with whom I was conversing.

It was late when I had finished my calls; Roger had requested me to be regular to time, and five was fast approaching. I turned my steps towards his dwelling-place, when, at a corner of a street, I suddenly encountered an old schoolfellow on horseback, and great was our mutual delight at meeting so unexpectedly. We were both hurried, however, and consequently our greeting was a short one. After a few general questions and replies, we were on the point of separating, when my friend pulled up.

"But where are you hanging out?" said Frederick Maunsell. "I know your aunt is absent."—"I am at old MacGawly's."

"The devil you are! Of course you heard all about Biddy and young Hastings!"—"Not a syllable. Tell it to me."

"Oh! she loved a bold dragoon,
With his long sword, saddle, bridle."

I was thunderstruck. "Confound the dragoon!" thought I, "and his long sword, saddle, and bridle, into the bargain. Gad! I wish Maunsell had told me what it was. Well—what, suppose I ask Biddy herself?" I had half resolved that evening to have asked her a very different question; but, 'faith! I determined now to make some inquiries touching Cornet Hastings of the 13th, before Miss Biddy MacGawly should be invited to become Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

My host announced that dinner was quite ready, and I found Biddy in the eating-room. She was prettily dressed, as an invalid should be; and, notwithstanding her cold, looked remarkably handsome. I should to a certainty have been over head and ears in love, had not Maunsell's innuendo respecting the young dragoon operated as a damper.

Dinner proceeded as dinners always do, and Roger was bent on hospitality. I fancied that Biddy regarded me with some interest, while momentarily I felt an increasing tenderness that would have ended, I suppose, in a direct declaration, but for the monitory hint which I had received from my old schoolfellow. I was dying to know what Maunsell's allusion pointed at, and I casually threw out a feeler.

"And you are so dull, you say? Yes, Biddy, you must miss the dragoons sadly. By the way, there was a friend of mine here. Did you know Tom Hastings?"

I never saw an elderly gentleman and his daughter more confused. Biddy blushed like a peony, and Roger seemed desperately bothered. At last the quartermaster responded,

"Fact is—as a military man, showed the cavalry some attention—constantly at the house— anxious to be civil—helped them to make out forage—but d—d wild—obliged to cut, and keep them at a distance."

"Ay, Maunsell hinted something of that."

I thought Biddy would have fainted, and Roger grew red as the footman's collar.

"Pshaw! d—d gossiping chap that Maunsell. Young Hastings—infernal hemp—used to ride with Biddy. Persuaded her to get on a horse of his—ran away—threw her—confined at this inn for a week—never admitted him to my house afterwards."

Oh! here was the whole mystery unravelled! No wonder Roger was indignant, and that Biddy would redden at the recollection. It was devilish unhandsome of Mr. Hastings; and I expressed my opinion in a way that evidently pleased my host and his heiress, and showed how much I disapproved of the conduct of that *roué* the dragoon.

My fair friend rose to leave us. Her shawl caught in the chair, and I was struck with the striking change a few years had effected in my old playfellow. She was grown absolutely stout. I involuntarily noticed it.

"Lord! Biddy, how fat you are grown!"

A deeper blush than even when I named that luckless dragoon, flushed to her very brows at the observation, while the quartermaster rather testily exclaimed,

"Ay, she puts on her clothes as if they were tossed on with a pitchfork, since she got this cold. D—it! Biddy. I say, tighten yourself, woman! Tighten yourself, or I won't be plased!"

Well, here was a load of anxiety removed, and Maunsell's mischievous innuendo satisfactorily explained away. Biddy was right in resenting the carelessness that exposed her to ridicule and danger; and it was a proper feeling in the old quartermaster to cut the man who would mount his heiress on a break-neck horse. Gradually we resumed the conversation of last night—there was the regiment, if I chose to have it—and when Roger departed for the club, I made up my mind, while ascending the stairs, to make a splice with Biddy, and become Colonel O'Shaughnessy.

Thus determined, I need not particularise what passed upon the sofa. My wooing was short, sharp, and decisive; and no affected delicacy restrained Biddy from confessing that the flame was mutual. My fears had been moonshine; my suspicions groundless. Biddy had not valued the dragoon a brass button; and—poor soul!—she hid her head upon my shoulder, and, in a soft whisper, acknowledged that she never had cared a *traneine*^[1] for any body in the wide world but myself!

It was a moment of exquisite delight. I told her of my prospects, and mentioned the quartermaster's conversation. Biddy listened with deep attention. She blushed—strove to speak—stopped—was embarrassed. I pressed her to be courageous: and at last she deposited her head upon my breast, and bashfully hinted that Roger was old—avarice was the vice of age—he was fond of money—he was hoarding it certainly for her; but still, it would be better that my promotion should be secured. Roger had now the cash in his own possession. If we were married without delay, it would be transferred at once; whereas something that might appear to him advantageous, might offer, and induce her father to invest it. But she was really shocked at herself—such a proposition would appear so indelicate; but still, a husband's interests were too dear to be sacrificed to maiden timidity.

I never estimated Biddy's worth till now. She united the foresight of a sage with the devotion

of a woman. I would have been insensible indeed, had I not testified my regard and admiration; and Bidy was still resting on my shoulder, when the quartermaster's latch-key announced his return from the club.

After supper I apprised Roger of my passion for his daughter, and modestly admitted that I had found favour in her sight. He heard my communication, and frankly confessed that I was a son-in-law he most approved of. Emboldened by the favourable reception of my suit, I ventured to hint at an early day, and pleaded "a short leave between returns," for precipitancy. The quartermaster met me like a man.

"When people wished to marry, why, delay was balderdash. Matters could be quickly and quietly managed. His money was ready—no bonds or post-obits—a clean thousand in hand, and another the moment an opening to purchase a step should occur. No use in mincing matters among friends. Mrs. O'Finn was an excellent woman: she was a true friend, and a good Catholic; but, d—— it, she had old-world notions about family, and in pride the devil was a fool to her. If she came home before the ceremony, there would be an endless fuss; and Roger concluded by suggesting that we should be married the next evening, and give my honoured aunt an agreeable surprise."

[Pg 40]

That was precisely what I wanted; and a happier man never pressed a pillow than I, after my interesting colloquy with the quartermaster.

The last morning of my celibacy dawned. I met Roger only at the breakfast table; for my beloved Bidy, between cold and virgin trepidation, was *hors de combat*, and signified in a tender billet her intention to keep her chamber, until the happy hour arrived that should unite us in the silken bonds of Hymen. The quartermaster undertook to conduct the nuptial preparations; a friend of his would perform the ceremony, and the quieter the thing was done the better. After breakfast he set out to complete all matrimonial arrangements, and I strolled into the garden to ruminate on my approaching happiness, and bless Heaven for the treasure I was destined to possess in Bidy MacGawly.

No place could have been more appropriately selected for tender meditation. *There* was the conscious hedge, that had witnessed the first kiss of love; ay, and for naught I knew to the contrary, the identical flower-pot on which her sylphic form had rested; sylphic it was no longer, for the slender girl had ripened into a stout and comely gentlewoman; and she would be mine—mine that very evening.

"Ah! Terence," I said in an undertone, "few men at twenty-one have drawn such a prize. A thousand pounds! ready cash—a regiment in perspective—a wife in hand; and such a wife—young, artless, tender, and attached. By everything matrimonial, you have the luck of thousands!"

My soliloquy was interrupted by a noise on the other side of the fence. I looked over. It was my aunt's maid; and great was our mutual astonishment. Judy blessed herself; as she ejaculated—"Holy Virgin! Master Terence, is that you?"

I satisfied her of my identity, and learned to my unspeakable surprise that my aunt had returned unexpectedly, and that she had not the remotest suspicion that her affectionate nephew, myself, was cantoned within pistol-shot. Without consideration I hopped over the hedge, and next minute was in the presence of my honoured protectress, the relict of the departed captain.

"Blessed angels!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Finn, as she took me to her arms, and favoured me with a kiss, in which there was more blackguard^[2] than ambrosia. "Arrah! Terence, jewel; what the devil drove ye here? Lord pardon me for mentioning him!"

"My duty, dear aunt. I am but a week landed from Jersey, and could not rest till I got leave from the colonel to run down between returns, and pay you a hurried visit. Lord! how well you look!"

"Ah! then, Terence, jewel, it's hard for me to look well, considering the way I have been fretted by the tenants, and afflicted with the lumbago. Denis Clark—may the widow's curse follow him wherever he goes!—bundled off to America with a neighbour's wife, and a year and a half's rent along with her, the thief! And then, since Holland tide, I have not had a day's health."

[Pg 41]

"Well, from your looks I should never have supposed it. But you were visiting at Meldrum Castle?"

"Yes, faith, and a dear visit it was. Nothing but half-crown whist, and unlimited brag. Lost seventeen points last Saturday night. It was Sunday morning, Lord pardon us for playing! But what was that to my luck yesterday evening! Bragged twice for large pools, with red nines and black knaves; and Mrs. Cooney, both times, showed natural aces! If ever woman sold herself, she has. The Lord stand between us and evil! Well, Terence, you'll be expecting your quarter's allowance. We'll make it out somehow—Heigh-ho! Between bad cards and runaway tenants, I can't attend to my soul as I ought, and Holy Week coming!"

I expressed due sympathy for her losses, and regretted that her health, bodily and spiritual, was so indifferent.

"I have no good news for you, Terence," continued Mrs. O'Finn. "Your brother Arthur is following your poor father's example, and ruining himself with hounds and horses. He's a weak and wilful man, and nothing can save him, I fear. Though he never treated me with proper respect, I strove to patch up match between him and Miss MacTeggart. Five thousand down upon the nail, and three hundred a year, failing her mother. I asked her here on a visit, and, though he had ridden past without calling on me, wrote him my plan, and invited him to meet her. What do

you think, Terence, was his reply? Why, that Miss MacTeggart might go to Bath, for he would have no call to my swivel-eyed customers. There was a return for my kindness! as if a woman with five thousand *down*, and three hundred a year in expectation, was required to look straight. Ah! Terence, I wish you had been here. She went to Dublin, and was picked up in a fortnight."

Egad! here was an excellent opportunity to broach my own success. There could be no harm in making the commander's widow a *confidante*; and, after all, she had a claim upon me as my early protectress.

"My dear aunt, I cannot be surprised at your indignation. Arthur was a fool, and lost an opportunity that never may occur again. In fact, my dear madam, I intended to have given you an agreeable surprise. I—I—I am on—the very brink of matrimony!"

"Holy Bridget!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Finn, as she crossed herself devoutly.

"Yes, ma'am. I am engaged to a lady with two thousand pounds."

"Is it *ready*, Terence?" said my aunt.—"Down on the table, before the priest puts on his vestment."

"Arrah—my blessing attend ye, Terence. I knew you would come to good. Is she young?"—"Just twenty."

"Is she good-looking?"—"More than that; extremely pretty, innocent, and artless."

"Arrah—give me another kiss, for I'm proud of ye;" and Captain O'Finn's representative clasped me in her arms.

"But the family, Terence; remember the old stock. Is she one of us?"—"She is highly respectable. An only daughter, with excellent expectations."

"What is her father, Terence?"—"A soldier, ma'am."

"Lord!—quite enough. He's by profession a gentleman; and we can't expect to find every day, descendants from the kings of Connaught, like the O'Shaughnessys and the O'Finns. But when is it to take place, Terence?"—"Why, faith, ma'am, it was a bit of a secret; but I can keep nothing from you."

"And why should ye? Haven't I been to you more than a mother, Terence?"

"I am to be married this evening."

"This evening! Holy Saint Patrick! and you're sure of the money? It's not a rent-charge—nothing of bills or bonds?"

"Nothing but bank-notes; nothing but the *aragudh-sheese*."^[3]

"Ogh! my blessing be about ye night and day. Arrah, Terence, what's her name?"

"You'll not mention it. We want the thing done quietly."

"Augh, Terence; and do you think I would let any thing ye told me slip? By this cross,"—and Mrs. O'Finn bisected the forefinger of her left hand with the corresponding digit of the right one; "the face of clay shall never be the wiser of any thing ye mention!"

After this desperate adjuration there was no refusing my aunt's request.

"You know her well,"—and I looked extremely cunning.

"Do I, Terence? Let me see—I have it. It's Ellen Robinson. No—though her money's safe, there's but five hundred ready."

"Guess again, aunt."

"Is it Bessie Lloyd? No—though the old miller is rich as a Jew, he would not part a guinea to save the whole human race, or make his daughter a duchess."—"Far from the mark as ever, aunt."

"Well," returned Mrs. O'Finn, with sigh, "I'm fairly puzzled."

"Whisper!" and I playfully took her hand, and put my lips close to her cheek. "It's—"

"Who?—who, for the sake of Heaven?"—"Biddy MacGawly!"

"Oh, Jasus!" ejaculated the captain's relict, as she sank upon a chair. "I'm murdered! Give me my salts, there. Terence O'Shaughnessy, don't touch me. I put the cross between us," and she made a crucial flourish with her hand. "You have finished me, ye villain. Holy Virgin! what sins have I committed, that I should be disgraced in my old age? Meat never crossed my lips of a Friday; I was regular at mass, and never missed confession; and, when the company were honest, played as fair as every body else. I wish I was at peace with poor dear Pat O'Finn. Oh! murder! murder!"

I stared in amazement. If Roger MacGawly had been a highwayman, his daughter could not have been an object of greater horror to Mrs O'Finn. At last I mustered words to attempt to reason with her, but to my desultory appeals she returned abuse fit only for a pickpocket to receive.

"Hear me, madam."—"Oh, you common *ommadawn*!"^[4]

"For Heaven's sake, listen!"—"Oh! that the O'Finns and the O'Shaughnessys should be disgraced by a mean-spirited *gom mouge*"^[5] of your kind!"

"You won't hear me."—"Biddy MacGawly!" she exclaimed. "Why, bad as my poor brother, your father, was—and though he too married a devil that has helped to ruin him, she was at all events a lady in her own right, and cousin-german to Lord Lowestoffe. But—you—you unfortunate disciple."

I began to wax warm, for my aunt complimented me with all the abuse she could muster, and there never was a cessation but when her breath failed.

"Why, what have I done? What am I about doing?" I demanded.—"Just going," returned Mrs. O'Finn, "to make a Judy Fitzsimmons mother of yourself?"

"And is it," said I, "because Miss MacGawly can't count her pedigree from Fin Macoul that she should not discharge the duties of a wife?"

My aunt broke in upon me.

"There's one thing certain, that she'll discharge the duties of a mother. Heavens! if you had married a girl with only a *blast*,^[6] your connexions might brazen it out. But a woman in such a barefaced condition!—as if her staying in the house these three months could blind the neighbours, and close their mouths."

"Well, in the devil's name, will you say what objection exists to Biddy MacGawly making me a husband to-night?"—"And a papa in three months afterwards!" rejoined my loving aunt.

If a shell had burst in the bivouac, I could not have been more electrified. Dark suspicions flashed across my mind—a host of circumstances confirmed my doubts; and I implored the widow of the defunct dragoon to tell me all she knew.

It was a simple, although, as far as I was concerned, not a flattering narrative. Biddy had commenced an equestrian novitiate under the tutelage of Lieutenant Hastings. Her progress in the art of horsemanship was, no doubt, very satisfactory, and the pupil and the professor frequently rode out *tête-à-tête*. Biddy, poor soul! was fearful of exhibiting any *mal-adresse*, and of course, roads less frequented than the king's highway were generally chosen for her riding lessons. Gradually these excursions became more extensive; twilight, and in summer too, often fell, before the quartermaster's heiress had returned; and on one unfortunate occasion she was absent for a week. This caused as desperate commotion in the town; the dowagers and old maids sat in judgment on the case, and declared Biddy no longer visitable. In vain her absence was ascribed to accident—a horse had run away—she was thrown—her ankle sprained—and she was detained unavoidably at a country inn until the injury was abated.

In this state of things the dragoons were ordered off; and it was whispered that there had been a desperate blow-up between the young lady's preceptor the lieutenant, and her papa the quartermaster. Once only had Biddy ventured out upon the mall; but she was cut dead by her quondam acquaintances. From that day she seldom appeared abroad; and when she did, it was always in the evening, and even then closely muffled up. No wonder scandal was rife touching the causes of her seclusion. A few charitably ascribed it to bad health—others to disappointment—but the greater proportion of the fair sex attributed her confinement to the true cause, and whispered that Miss MacGawly was "as ladies wished to be who love their lords."

[Pg 44]

Here was a solution to the mystery! It was now pretty easy to comprehend why Biddy was swathed like a mummy, and Roger so ready with his cash. No wonder the *demoiselle* was anxious to abridge delay, and the old crimp so obliging in procuring a priest and preparing all requisite matters or immediate hymeneals. What was to be done? What, but denounce the frail fair one, and annihilate that villain her father. Without a word or explanation I caught up my hat, and left the house in a hurry, and Mrs. O'Finn in a state of nervousness that threatened to become hysterical.

When I reached the quartermaster's habitation, I hastened to my own apartment, and got my traps together in double-quick. I intended to have abdicated quietly, and favoured the intended Mrs. O'Shaughnessy with an epistle communicating the reasons that induced me to decline the honour of her hand; but on the landing my worthy father-in-law cut off my retreat, and a parting *tête-a-tête* became unavoidable. He appeared in great spirits at the success of his interview with the parson.

"Well, Terence, I have done the business. The old chap made a parcel of objections; but he's poor as Lazarus—slily slipped him ten pounds, and that quieted his scruples. He's ready at a moment's warning."—"He's a useful person," I replied drily; "and all you want is a son-in-law."

"A what?" exclaimed the father of Miss Biddy.—"A son-in-law!"

"Why, what the devil do you mean?"—"Not a jot more or less than what I say. You have procured the priest, but I suspect the bridegroom will not be forthcoming."

"Zounds, sir! do you mean to treat my daughter with disrespect?"—"Upon consideration, it would be hardly fair to deprive my old friend Hastings of his pupil. Why, with another week's private tuition Biddy might offer her services to Astley."

"Sir,—if you mean to be impertinent,—" and Roger began to bluster, while the noise brought the footman to the hall, and Miss Biddy to the banisters 'shawled to the nose.' I began to lose temper.

"Why, you infernal old crimp!"—"You audacious young scoundrel!"

"Oh, Jasus! gentlemen! Pace, for the sake of the blessed Mother!" cried the butler from below.

"Father, jewel! Terence, my only love!" screamed Miss Bidly, over the staircase. "What is the matter?"—"He wants to be off!" roared the quartermaster.

"Stop, Terence, or you'll have my life to answer for."—"Lord, Bidly, how fat you are grown!"

"You shall fulfil your promise," cried Roger, "or I'll write to the Horse Guards, and memorial the commander-in-chief."—"You may memorial your best friend, the devil, you old crimp!" and I forced my way to the hall.

"Come back, you deceiver!" exclaimed Miss MacGawly.—"Arrah, Bidly, go tighten yourself," said I.

"Oh, I'm fainting!" screamed Roger's heiress.

"Don't let him out!" roared her sire.

The gentleman with the beefsteak collar made a demonstration to interrupt my retreat, and in return received a box on the ear that sent him halfway down the kitchen stairs.

"There," I said, "give that to the old rogue, your master, with my best compliments,"—and bounding from the hall-door, Bidly MacGawly, like Lord Ullin's daughter, "was left lamenting!"

Well, there is no describing the *rookawn*^[7] a blow-up like this, occasioned in a country town. I was unmercifully quizzed; but the quartermaster and his heiress found it advisable to abdicate. Roger removed his household goods to the metropolis—Miss Bidly favoured him in due time with a grandson; and when I returned from South America, I learned that "this lost love of mine" had accompanied a Welsh lieutenant to the hymeneal altar, who, not being "over-particular" about trifles, had obtained on the same morning a wife, an heir, and an estate—with Roger's blessing into the bargain.

REDDY O'DRYSCULL,

SCHOOLMASTER AT WATER-GRASS-HILL,

TO MR. BENTLEY, PUBLISHER.

SIR,—I write to you concerning the late P.P. of this parish—his soul to glory! for, as Virgil says, —and devil a doubt of it,—

*Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera pastor.*

His RELIQUES, sir, in two volumes, have been sent down here from Dublin, for the use of my boys, by order of the National *Education* Board, with directions to cram the spalpeens all at once with such a power of knowledge that they may forget the hunger: which plan, between you and me, (though I say it that oughtn't) is all sheer *bladderum-skate*: for, as Juvenal maintains, *jejunus stomachus*, &c. &c.—an empty bag won't stand; you must first fill it with praties. Give us a poor-law, sir, and, trust me, you will hear no more about Rock and repeal; no, nor of the *rint*, against which latter humbug the man of God set his face outright during his honest and honourable lifetime; for, sir, though he differed with Mr. Moore about Irish round towers, and a few French roundelays, in *this* they fully agreed.

As I understand, sir, that you are Publisher in ordinary to his Majesty, I intend from time to time conveying through you to the ear of royalty some *desiderata curiosa Hybernix* from the pen of the deceased; matters which remain *penès me, in scriniis*, to use the style of your great namesake. For the present, I merely send you a few classic scraps collected by Dr. Prout in some convent abroad; and, wishing every success to your Miscellany, am your humble servant,

R. O'D.

SCRAP, No. I.

Water-grass-hill.

There flourishes, I hear, in London, a Mr. HUDSON, whose reputation as a comic lyricist, it would seem, has firmly taken root in the great metropolis. Many are the laughter-compelling productions of his merry genius; but "*Barney Brallaghan's Courtship*" may be termed his *opus magnum*. It has been my lot to pick a few dry leaves from the laurel-wreath of Mr. Moore, who could well afford the loss: I know not whether I can meddle rightly after a similar fashion with *Hudson's* bay. Yet is there a strange coincidence of thought and expression, and even metre, between the following remnant of antiquity, and his never-sufficiently-to-be-encored song.

The original may be seen at Bobbio in the Apennines,—a Benedictine settlement, well known as the earliest asylum opened to learning after the fall of the Roman Empire. The Irish monk Colomanus had the merit of founding it, and it long remained tenanted by natives of Ireland. Among them it has been ascertained that DANTE lived for some time, and composed Latin verses; but I cannot recognise any trace of *his* stern phraseology in the ballad. It appears rather the production of some rustic of the Augustan age; perhaps one of Horace's ploughmen. It is addressed to a certain Julia Callapygè, **Καλλυπυγή**, a name which (for shortness I suppose) the

The Sabine Farmer's Serenade;

BEING A NEWLY RECOVERED FRAGMENT OF A LATIN OPERA.

I.

Erat turbida nox
Horâ secundâ mané
Quando proruit vox
Carmen in hoc inané;
Viri misera mens
Meditabatur hymen,
Hinc puellæ flens
Stabat obsidens limen;

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGÉ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGÉ.

II.

Planctibus aurem fer,
Venere tu formosior
Dic, hos muros per,
Tuo favore potior!
Voce beatum fac;
En, dum dormis, vigilo,
Nocte obambulans hâc
Domum planctu stridulo.

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGÉ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGÉ.

III.

Est mihi prægnans sus,
Et porcellis stabulum;
Villula, grex, et rus^[8]
Ad vaccarum pabulum;
Feriis cerneres me
Splendido vestimento,
Tunc, heus! quàm benè te
Veherem in jumento!^[9]

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGÉ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGÉ.

IV.

Vis poma terræ? sum
Uno dives jugere;
Vis lac et mella,^[10] cùm
Bacchi succo,^[11] sugere?
Vis aquæ-vitæ vim?^[12]
Plumoso somnum sacculo?^[13]

1.

'Twas on a windy night,
At two o'clock in the morning
An Irish lad so tight,
All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
Sitting upon the palings,
His love-tale he did pour,
And this was part of his wailings:—

Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

2.

Oh! list to what I say,
Charms you've got like Venus;
Own your love you may,
There's but the wall between us.
You lie fast asleep,
Snug in bed and snoring;
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.

Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

3.

I've got a pig and a sow,
I've got a sty to sleep 'em;
A calf and a brindled cow,
And a cabin too, to keep 'em;
Sunday hat and coat,
An old grey mare to ride on;
Saddle and bridle to boot,
Which you may ride astride on.

Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

4.

I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set with praties;
I've got of 'baccy a pound,
I've got some tea for the ladies;
I've got the ring to wed,
Some whisky to make us gaily;

Vis ut paratus sim
Vel annulo vel baculo?^[14]

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGÉ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGÉ.

V.

Litteris operam das;
Lucido fulges oculo;
Dotes insuper quas
Nummi sunt in loculo.
Novi quad apta sis^[15]
Ad procreandam sobolem!
Possides (nesciat quis?)
Linguam satis mobilem.^[16]

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGÉ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGÉ.

VI.

Conjux utinam tu
Fieres, lepidum cor, mî!
Halitum perdimus, heu,
Te sopor urget. Dormi!
Ingruit imber trux—
Jam sub tecto pellitur
Is quem crastina lux^[17]
Referet hùc fidelitèr.

Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGÉ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGÉ.

I've got a feather-bed
And a handsome new shilelagh.

Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

5.

You've got a charming eye
You've got some spelling and reading;
You've got, and so have I,
A taste for genteel breeding;
You're rich, and fair, and young,
As everybody's knowing;
You've got a decent tongue
Whene'er 'tis set a-going.

Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

6.

For a wife till death
I am willing to take ye;
But, och! I waste my breath,
The devil himself can't wake ye.
'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover;
Tomorrow I'll come again,
And be your constant lover.

Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

✂Our Water-grass-hill correspondent will find scattered throughout our pages the other fragments of the defunct *Padre* which he has placed at our disposal. Every chip from so brilliant an old block may be said to possess a lustre peculiarly its own; hence we have not feared to disperse them up and down our miscellany. They are "gems of the purest whiskey."—*Edit.*



Mr. Tulrubble as Mayor of Mudfog

[Pg 49]

PUBLIC LIFE OF MR. TULRUMBLE,

ONCE MAYOR OF MUDFOG.

Mudfog is a pleasant town—a remarkably pleasant town—situated in a charming hollow by the side of a river, from which river, Mudfog derives an agreeable scent of pitch, tar, coals, and rope-yarn, a roving population in oil-skin hats, a pretty steady influx of drunken bargemen, and a great many other maritime advantages. There is a good deal of water about Mudfog, and yet it is not exactly the sort of town for a watering-place, either. Water is a perverse sort of element at the best of times, and in Mudfog it is particularly so. In winter, it comes oozing down the streets and tumbling over the fields,—nay, rushes into the very cellars and kitchens of the houses, with a lavish prodigality that might well be dispensed with; but in the hot summer weather it *will* dry up, and turn green: and, although green is a very good colour in its way, especially in grass, still it certainly is not becoming to water; and it cannot be denied that the beauty of Mudfog is rather impaired, even by this trifling circumstance. Mudfog is a healthy place—very healthy;—damp, perhaps, but none the worse for that. It's quite a mistake to suppose that damp is unwholesome: plants thrive best in damp situations, and why shouldn't men? The inhabitants of Mudfog are unanimous in asserting that there exists not a finer race of people on the face of the earth; here we have an indisputable and veracious contradiction of the vulgar error at once. So, admitting Mudfog to be damp, we distinctly state that it is salubrious.

The town of Mudfog is extremely picturesque. Limehouse and Ratcliffe Highway are both something like it, but they give you a very faint idea of Mudfog. There are a great many more public-houses in Mudfog,—more than in Ratcliffe Highway and Limehouse put together. The public buildings, too, are very imposing. We consider the Town-hall one of the finest specimens of shed architecture, extant: it is a combination of the pig-sty and tea-garden-box, orders; and the simplicity of its design is of surpassing beauty. The idea of placing a large window on one side of the door, and a small one on the other, is particularly happy. There is a fine bold Doric beauty, too, about the padlock and scraper, which is strictly in keeping with the general effect.

In this room do the mayor and corporation of Mudfog assemble together in solemn council for the public weal. Seated on the massive wooden benches, which, with the table in the centre, form the only furniture of the whitewashed apartment, the sage men of Mudfog spend hour after hour in grave deliberation. Here they settle at what hour of the night the public-houses shall be closed, at what hour of the morning they shall be permitted to open, how soon it shall be lawful for people to eat their dinner on church-days, and other great political questions; and sometimes, long after silence has fallen on the town, and the distant lights from the shops and houses have ceased to twinkle, like far-off stars, to the sight of the boatmen on the river, the illumination in the two unequal-sized windows of the town-hall, warns the inhabitants of Mudfog that its little body of legislators, like a larger and better-known body of the same genus, a great deal more noisy, and not a whit more profound, are patriotically dozing away in company, far into the night,

[Pg 50]

for their country's good.

Among this knot of sage and learned men, no one was so eminently distinguished, during many years, for the quiet modesty of his appearance and demeanour, as Nicholas Tulrumbles, the well-known coal-dealer. However exciting the subject of discussion, however animated the tone of the debate, or however warm the personalities exchanged, (and even in Mudfog we get personal sometimes,) Nicholas Tulrumbles was always the same. To say truth, Nicholas, being an industrious man, and always up betimes, was apt to fall asleep when a debate began, and to remain asleep till it was over, when he would wake up very much refreshed, and give his vote with the greatest complacency. The fact was, that Nicholas Tulrumbles, knowing that everybody there, had made up his mind beforehand, considered the talking as just a long hot botheration about nothing at all; and to the present hour it remains a question, whether, on this point at all events, Nicholas Tulrumbles was not pretty near right.

Time, which strews a man's head with silver, sometimes fills his pockets with gold. As he gradually performed one good office for Nicholas Tulrumbles, he was obliging enough, not to omit the other. Nicholas began life in a wooden tenement of four feet square, with a capital of two and ninepence, and a stock in trade of three bushels and a-half of coals, exclusive of the large lump which hung, by way of sign-board, outside. Then he enlarged the shed, and kept a truck; then he left the shed, and the truck too, and started a donkey and a Mrs. Tulrumbles; then he moved again and set up a cart; the cart was soon afterwards exchanged for a waggon; and so he went on, like his great predecessor Whittington—only without a cat for a partner—increasing in wealth and fame, until at last he gave up business altogether, and retired with Mrs. Tulrumbles and family to Mudfog Hall, which he had himself erected, on something which he endeavoured to delude himself into the belief was a hill, about a quarter of a mile distant from the town of Mudfog.

About this time, it began to be murmured in Mudfog that Nicholas Tulrumbles was growing vain and haughty; that prosperity and success had corrupted the simplicity of his manners, and tainted the natural goodness of his heart; in short, that he was setting up for a public character, and a great gentleman, and affected to look down upon his old companions with compassion and contempt. Whether these reports were at the time well-founded, or not, certain it is that Mrs. Tulrumbles very shortly afterwards started a four-wheel chaise, driven by a tall postilion in a yellow cap,—that Mr. Tulrumbles junior took to smoking cigars, and calling the footman a "feller,"—and that Mr. Tulrumbles from that time forth, was no more seen in his old seat in the chimney-corner of the Lighterman's Arms at night. This looked bad; but, more than this, it began to be observed that Mr. Nicholas Tulrumbles attended the corporation meetings more frequently than heretofore; that he no longer went to sleep as he had done for so many years, but propped his eyelids open with his two fore-fingers; that he read the newspapers by himself at home; and that he was in the habit of indulging abroad in distant and mysterious allusions to "masses of people," and "the property of the country," and "productive power," and "the monied interest:" all of which denoted and proved that Nicholas Tulrumbles was either mad, or worse; and it puzzled the good people of Mudfog amazingly.

[Pg 51]

At length, about the middle of the month of October, Mr. Tulrumbles and family went up to London; the middle of October being, as Mrs. Tulrumbles informed her acquaintance in Mudfog, the very height of the fashionable season.

Somehow or other, just about this time, despite the health-preserving air of Mudfog, the Mayor died. It was a most extraordinary circumstance; he had lived in Mudfog for eighty-five years. The corporation didn't understand it at all; indeed it was with great difficulty that one old gentleman, who was a great stickler for forms, was dissuaded from proposing a vote of censure on such unaccountable conduct. Strange as it was, however, die he did, without taking the slightest notice of the corporation; and the corporation were imperatively called upon to elect his successor. So, they met for the purpose; and being very full of Nicholas Tulrumbles just then, and Nicholas Tulrumbles being a very important man, they elected him, and wrote off to London by the very next post to acquaint Nicholas Tulrumbles with his new elevation.

Now, it being November time, and Mr. Nicholas Tulrumbles being in the capital, it fell out that he was present at the Lord Mayor's show and dinner, at sight of the glory and splendour whereof, he, Mr. Tulrumbles, was greatly mortified, inasmuch as the reflection would force itself on his mind, that, had he been born in London instead of in Mudfog, he might have been a Lord Mayor too, and have patronised the judges, and been affable to the Lord Chancellor, and friendly with the Premier, and coldly condescending to the Secretary to the Treasury, and have dined with a flag behind his back, and done a great many other acts and deeds which unto Lord Mayors of London peculiarly appertain. The more he thought of the Lord Mayor, the more enviable a personage he seemed. To be a King was all very well; but what was the King to the Lord Mayor? When the King made a speech, everybody knew it was somebody else's writing; whereas here was the Lord Mayor talking away for half an hour—all out of his own head—amidst the enthusiastic applause of the whole company, while it was notorious that the King might talk to his parliament till he was black in the face without getting so much as a single cheer. As all these reflections passed through the mind of Mr. Nicholas Tulrumbles, the Lord Mayor of London appeared to him the greatest sovereign on the face of the earth, beating the Emperor of Russia all to nothing, and leaving the Great Mogul immeasurably behind.

[Pg 52]

Mr. Nicholas Tulrumbles was pondering over these things, and inwardly cursing the fate which had pitched his coal-shed in Mudfog, when the letter of the corporation was put into his hand. A crimson flush mantled over his face as he read it, for visions of brightness were already dancing before his imagination.

"My dear," said Mr. Tulrumbly to his wife, "they have elected me, Mayor of Mudfog."

"Lor-a-mussy!" said Mrs. Tulrumbly: "why, what's become of old Sniggs?"

"The late Mr. Sniggs, Mrs. Tulrumbly," said Mr. Tulrumbly sharply, for he by no means approved of the notion of unceremoniously designating a gentleman who had filled the high office of Mayor as "old Sniggs,"—"The late Mr. Sniggs, Mrs. Tulrumbly, is dead."

The communication was very unexpected; but Mrs. Tulrumbly only ejaculated "Lor-a-mussy!" once again, as if a Mayor were a mere ordinary Christian, at which Mr. Tulrumbly frowned gloomily.

"What a pity 'tan't in London, ain't it?" said Mrs. Tulrumbly, after a short pause; "what a pity 'tan't in London, where you might have had a show."

"I *might* have a show in Mudfog, if I thought proper, I apprehend," said Mr. Tulrumbly mysteriously.

"Lor! so you might, I declare," replied Mrs. Tulrumbly.

"And a good one, too," said Mr. Tulrumbly.

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulrumbly.

"One which would rather astonish the ignorant people down there," said Mr. Tulrumbly.

"It would kill them with envy," said Mrs. Tulrumbly.

So it was agreed that his Majesty's lieges in Mudfog should be astonished with splendour, and slaughtered with envy, and that such a show should take place as had never been seen in that town, or in any other town before,—no, not even in London itself.

[Pg 53]

On the very next day after the receipt of the letter, down came the tall postilion in a post-chaise,—not upon one of the horses, but inside—actually inside the chaise,—and, driving up to the very door of the town-hall, where the corporation were assembled, delivered a letter, written by the Lord knows who, and signed by Nicholas Tulrumbly, in which Nicholas said, all through four sides of closely-written, gilt-edged, hot-pressed, Bath post letter-paper, that he responded to the call of his fellow-townsmen with feelings of heartfelt delight; that he accepted the arduous office which their confidence had imposed upon him; that they would never find him shrinking from the discharge of his duty; that he would endeavour to execute his functions with all that dignity which their magnitude and importance demanded; and a great deal more to the same effect. But even this was not all. The tall postilion produced from his right-hand top-boot, a damp copy of that afternoon's number of the county paper; and there, in large type, running the whole length of the very first column, was a long address from Nicholas Tulrumbly to the inhabitants of Mudfog, in which he said that he cheerfully complied with their requisition, and, in short, as if to prevent any mistake about the matter, told them over again what a grand fellow he meant to be, in very much the same terms as those in which he had already told them all about the matter in his letter.

The corporation stared at one another very hard at all this, and then looked as if for explanation to the tall postilion, but as the tall postilion was intently contemplating the gold tassel on the top of his yellow cap, and could have afforded no explanation whatever, even if his thoughts had been entirely disengaged, they contented themselves with coughing very dubiously, and looking very grave. The tall postilion then delivered another letter, in which Nicholas Tulrumbly informed the corporation, that he intended repairing to the town-hall, in grand state and gorgeous procession, on the Monday afternoon then next ensuing. At this, the corporation looked still more solemn; but, as the epistle wound up with a formal invitation to the whole body to dine with the Mayor on that day, at Mudfog Hall, Mudfog Hill, Mudfog, they began to see the fun of the thing directly, and sent back their compliments, and they'd be sure to come.

Now there happened to be in Mudfog, as somehow or other there does happen to be, in almost every town in the British dominions, and perhaps in foreign dominions too—we think it very likely, but, being no great traveller, cannot distinctly say—there happened to be, in Mudfog a merry-tempered, pleasant-faced, good-for-nothing sort of vagabond, with an invincible dislike to manual labour, and an unconquerable attachment to strong beer and spirits whom everybody knew, and nobody, except his wife, took the trouble to quarrel with, who inherited from his ancestors the appellation of Edward Twigger, and rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of Bottle-nosed Ned. He was drunk upon the average once a day, and penitent upon an equally fair calculation once a month; and when he was penitent, he was invariably in the very last stage of maudlin intoxication. He was a ragged, roving, roaring kind of fellow, with a burly form, a sharp wit, and a ready head, and could turn his hand to anything when he chose to do it. He was by no means opposed to hard labour on principle, for he would work away at a cricket-match by the day together,—running, and catching, and batting, and bowling, and revelling in toil which would exhaust a galley-slave. He would have been invaluable to a fire-office; never was a man with such a natural taste for pumping engines, running up ladders, and throwing furniture out of two-pair-of-stairs' windows: nor was this the only element in which he was at home; he was a humane society in himself, a portable drag, an animated life-preserver, and had saved more people, in his time, from drowning, than the Plymouth life-boat, or Captain Manby's apparatus. With all these qualifications, notwithstanding his dissipation, Bottle-nosed Ned was a general favourite; and the authorities of Mudfog, remembering his numerous services to the population, allowed him in return to get drunk in his own way, without the fear of stocks, fine, or imprisonment. He had a general licence, and he showed his sense of the compliment by making the most of it.

[Pg 54]

We have been thus particular in describing the character and avocations of Bottle-nosed Ned, because it enables us to introduce a fact politely, without hauling it into the reader's presence with indecent haste by the head and shoulders, and brings us very naturally to relate, that on the very same evening on which Mr. Nicholas Tulrumbles and family returned to Mudfog, Mr. Tulrumbles's new secretary, just imported from London, with a pale face and light whiskers, thrust his head down to the very bottom of his neckcloth-tie, in at the tap-room door of the Lighterman's Arms, and enquiring whether one Ned Twigger was luxuriating within, announced himself as the bearer of a message from Nicholas Tulrumbles, Esquire, requiring Mr. Twigger's immediate attendance at the hall, on private and particular business. It being by no means Mr. Twigger's interest to affront the Mayor, he rose from the fire-place with a slight sigh, and followed the light-whiskered secretary through the dirt and wet of Mudfog streets, up to Mudfog Hall, without further ado.

Mr. Nicholas Tulrumbles was seated in a small cavern with a skylight, which he called his library, sketching out a plan of the procession on a large sheet of paper; and into the cavern the secretary ushered Ned Twigger.

"Well, Twigger!" said Nicholas Tulrumbles, condescendingly.

There was a time when Twigger would have replied, "Well, Nick!" but that was in the days of the truck, and a couple of years before the donkey; so, he only bowed.

[Pg 55]

"I want you to go into training, Twigger," said Mr. Tulrumbles.

"What for, sir?" enquired Ned, with a stare.

"Hush, hush, Twigger!" said the Mayor. "Shut the door, Mr. Jennings. Look here, Twigger."

As the Mayor said this, he unlocked a high closet, and disclosed a complete suit of brass armour, of gigantic dimensions.

"I want you to wear this, next Monday, Twigger," said the Mayor.

"Bless your heart and soul, sir!" replied Ned, "you might as well ask me to wear a seventy-four pounder, or a cast-iron boiler."

"Nonsense, Twigger! nonsense!" said the Mayor.

"I couldn't stand under it, sir," said Twigger; "it would make mashed potatoes of me, if I attempted it."

"Pooh, pooh, Twigger!" returned the Mayor. "I tell you I have seen it done with my own eyes, in London, and the man wasn't half such a man as you are, either."

"I should as soon have thought of a man's wearing the case of an eight-day clock to save his linen," said Twigger, casting a look of apprehension at the brass suit.

"It's the easiest thing in the world," rejoined the Mayor.

"It's nothing," said Mr. Jennings.

"When you're used to it," added Ned.

"You do it by degrees," said the Mayor. "You would begin with one piece to-morrow, and two the next day, and so on, till you had got it all on. Mr. Jennings, give Twigger a glass of rum. Just try the breast-plate, Twigger. Stay; take another glass of rum first. Help me to lift it, Mr. Jennings. Stand firm, Twigger! There!—it isn't half as heavy as it looks, is it?"

Twigger was a good strong, stout fellow; so, after a great deal of staggering he managed to keep himself up, under the breast-plate, and even contrived, with the aid of another glass of rum, to walk about in it, and the gauntlets into the bargain. He made a trial of the helmet, but was not equally successful, inasmuch he tipped over instantly,—an accident which Mr. Tulrumbles clearly demonstrated to be occasioned by his not having a counteracting weight of brass on his legs.

"Now, wear that with grace and propriety on Monday next," said Tulrumbles, "and I'll make your fortune."

"I'll try what I can do, sir," said Twigger.

"It must be kept a profound secret," said Tulrumbles.

"Of course, sir," replied Twigger.

"And you must be sober," said Tulrumbles; "perfectly sober."

Mr. Twigger at once solemnly pledged himself to be as sober as a judge, and Nicholas Tulrumbles was satisfied, although, had we been Nicholas, we should certainly have exacted some promise of a more specific nature; inasmuch as, having attended the Mudfog assizes in the evening more than once, we can solemnly testify to having seen judges with very strong symptoms of dinner under their wigs. However, that's neither here nor there.

[Pg 56]

The next day, and the day following, and the day after that, Ned Twigger was securely locked up in the small cavern with the skylight, hard at work at the armour. With every additional piece he could manage to stand upright in, he had on additional glass of rum; and at last, after many partial suffocations, he contrived to get on the whole suit, and to stagger up and down the room in it, like an intoxicated effigy from Westminster Abbey.

Never was man so delighted as Nicholas Tulrumbles; never was woman so charmed as Nicholas Tulrumbles's wife. Here was a sight for the common people of Mudfog! A live man in brass

armour! Why, they would go wild with wonder!

The day—*the* Monday—arrived.

If the morning had been made to order, it couldn't have been better adapted to the purpose. They never showed a better fog in London on Lord Mayor's day, than enwrapped the town of Mudfog on that eventful occasion. It had risen slowly and surely from the green and stagnant water with the first light of morning, until it reached a little above the lamp-post tops; and there it had stopped, with a sleepy, sluggish obstinacy, which bade defiance to the sun, who had got up very blood-shot about the eyes, as if he had been at a drinking-party over night, and was doing his day's work with the worst possible grace. The thick damp mist hung over the town like a huge gauze curtain. All was dim and dismal. The church-steeple had bidden a temporary adieu to the world below; and every object of lesser importance—houses, barns, hedges, trees, and barges—had all taken the veil.

The church-clock struck one. A cracked trumpet from the front-garden of Mudfog Hall produced a feeble flourish, as if some asthmatic person had coughed into it accidentally; the gate flew open, and out came a gentleman, on a moist-sugar coloured charger, intended to represent a herald, but bearing a much stronger resemblance to a court-card on horseback. This was one of the Circus people, who always came down to Mudfog at that time of the year, and who had been engaged by Nicholas Tulrumbly expressly for the occasion. There was the horse, whisking his tail about, balancing himself on his hind-legs, and flourishing away with his fore-feet, in a manner which would have gone to the hearts and souls of any reasonable crowd. But a Mudfog crowd never was a reasonable one, and in all probability never will be. Instead of scattering the very fog with their shouts, as they ought most indubitably to have done, and were fully intended to do, by Nicholas Tulrumbly, they no sooner recognised the herald, than they began to growl forth the most unqualified disapprobation at the bare notion of his riding like any other man. If he had come out on his head indeed, or jumping through a hoop, or flying through a red-hot drum, or even standing on one leg with his other foot in his mouth, they might have had something to say to him; but for a professional gentleman to sit astride in the saddle, with his feet in the stirrups, was rather too good a joke. So, the herald was a decided failure, and the crowd hooted with great energy, as he pranced ingloriously away.

[Pg 57]

On the procession came. We were afraid to say how many supernumeraries there were, in striped shirts and black velvet caps, to imitate the London watermen, or how many base imitations of running-footmen, or how many banners, which, owing to the heaviness of the atmosphere, could by no means be prevailed on to display their inscriptions: still less do we feel disposed to relate how the men who played the wind instruments, looking up into the sky (we mean the fog) with musical fervour, walked through pools of water and hillocks of mud, till they covered the powdered heads of the running-footmen aforesaid with splashes, that looked curious, but not ornamental; or how the barrel-organ performer put on the wrong stop, and played one tune while the band played another; or how the horses, being used to the arena, and not to the streets, would stand still and dance, instead of going on and prancing;—all of which are matters which might be dilated upon to great advantage, but which we have not the least intention of dilating upon, notwithstanding.

Oh! it was a grand and beautiful sight to behold the corporation in glass coaches, provided at the sole cost and charge of Nicholas Tulrumbly, coming rolling along, like a funeral out of mourning, and to watch the attempts the corporation made to look great and solemn, when Nicholas Tulrumbly himself, in the four-wheel chaise, with the tall postilion, rolled out after them, with Mr. Jennings on one side to look like the chaplain, and a supernumerary on the other, with an old life-guard'sman's sabre, to imitate the sword-bearer; and to see the tears rolling down the faces of the mob as they screamed with merriment. This was beautiful! and so was the appearance of Mrs. Tulrumbly and son, as they bowed with grave dignity out of their coach-window to all the dirty faces that were laughing around them: but it is not even with this that we have to do, but with the sudden stopping of the procession at another blast of the trumpet, whereat, and whereupon, a profound silence ensued, and all eyes were turned towards Mudfog Hull, in the confident anticipation of some new wonder.

"They won't laugh now, Mr. Jennings," said Nicholas Tulrumbly.

"I think not, sir," said Mr. Jennings.

"See how eager they look," said Nicholas Tulrumbly. "Aha! the laugh will be on our side now; eh, Mr. Jennings?"

"No doubt of that, sir," replied Mr. Jennings; and Nicholas Tulrumbly, in a state of pleasurable excitement, stood up in the four-wheel chaise, and telegraphed gratification to the Mayoress behind.

[Pg 58]

While all this was going forward, Ned Twigger had descended into the kitchen of Mudfog Hall for the purpose of indulging the servants with a private view of the curiosity that was to burst upon the town; and, somehow or other, the footman was so companionable, and the housemaid so kind, and the cook so friendly, that he could not resist the offer of the first-mentioned to sit down and take something—just to drink success to master in.

So, down Ned Trigger sat himself in his brass livery on the top of the kitchen-table; and in a mug of something strong, paid for by the unconscious Nicholas Tulrumbly, and provided by the companionable footman, drank success to the Mayor and his procession; and, as Ned laid by his helmet to imbibe the something strong, the companionable footman put it on his own head, to the immeasurable and unrecordable delight of the cook and housemaid. The companionable footman

was very facetious to Ned, and Ned was very gallant to the cook and housemaid by turns. They were all very cosy and comfortable; and the something strong went briskly round.

At last Ned Twigger was loudly called for, by the procession people: and, having had his helmet fixed on, in a very complicated manner, by the companionable footman, and the kind housemaid, and the friendly cook, he walked gravely forth, and appeared before the multitude.

The crowd roared—it was not with wonder, it was not with surprise; it was most decidedly and unquestionably with laughter.

"What!" said Mr. Tulrumbles, starting up in the four-wheel chaise. "Laughing? If they laugh at a man in real brass armour, they'd laugh when their own fathers were dying. Why doesn't he go into his place, Mr. Jennings? What's he rolling down towards us for?—he has no business here!"

"I am afraid, sir——" faltered Mr. Jennings.

"Afraid of what, sir?" said Nicholas Tulrumbles, looking up into the secretary's face.

"I am afraid he's drunk, sir;" replied Mr. Jennings.

Nicholas Tulrumbles took one look at the extraordinary figure that was bearing down upon them; and then, clasping his secretary by the arm, uttered an audible groan in anguish of spirit.

It is a melancholy fact that Mr. Twigger having full licence to demand a single glass of rum on the putting on of every piece of the armour, got, by some means or other, rather out in his calculation in the hurry and confusion of preparation, and drank about four glasses to a piece instead of one, not to mention the something strong which went on the top of it. Whether the brass armour checked the natural flow of perspiration, and thus prevented the spirit from evaporating, we are not scientific enough to know; but, whatever the cause was, Mr. Twigger no sooner found himself outside the gate of Mudfog Hall, than he also found himself in a very considerable state of intoxication; and hence his extraordinary style of progressing. This was bad enough, but, as if fate and fortune had conspired against Nicholas Tulrumbles, Mr. Twigger, not having been penitent for a good calendar month, took it into his head to be most especially and particularly sentimental, just when his repentance could have been most conveniently dispensed with. Immense tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he was vainly endeavouring to conceal his grief by applying to his eyes a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief with white spots,—an article not strictly in keeping with a suit of armour some three hundred years old, or thereabouts.

[Pg 59]

"Twigger, you villain!" said Nicholas Tulrumbles, quite forgetting his dignity, "go back!"

"Never," said Ned. "I'm a miserable wretch. I'll never leave you."

The by-standers of course received this declaration with acclamations of "That's right, Ned; don't!"

"I don't intend it," said Ned, with all the obstinacy of a very tipsy man. "I'm very unhappy. I'm the wretched father of an unfortunate family; but I am very faithful, sir. I'll never leave you." Having reiterated this obliging promise, Ned proceeded in broken words to harangue the crowd upon the number of years he had lived in Mudfog, the excessive respectability of his character, and other topics of the like nature.

"Here! will anybody lead him away?" said Nicholas: "if they'll call on me afterwards, I'll reward them well."

Two or three men stepped forward, with the view of bearing Ned off, when the secretary interposed.

"Take care! take care!" said Mr. Jennings. "I beg your pardon, sir; but they'd better not go too near him, because, if he falls over, he'll certainly crush somebody."

At this hint the crowd retired on all sides to a very respectful distance, and left Ned, like the Duke of Devonshire, in a little circle of his own.

"But, Mr. Jennings," said Nicholas Tulrumbles, "he'll be suffocated."

"I'm very sorry for it, sir," replied Mr. Jennings; "but nobody can get that armour off, without his own assistance. I'm quite certain of it, from the way he put it on."

Here Ned wept dolefully, and shook his helmeted head, in a manner that might have touched a heart of stone; but the crowd had not hearts of stone, and they laughed heartily.

"Dear me, Mr. Jennings," said Nicholas, turning pale at the possibility of Ned's being smothered in his antique costume—"Dear me, Mr. Jennings, can nothing be done with him?"

[Pg 60]

"Nothing at all," replied Ned, "nothing at all. Gentlemen, I'm an unhappy wretch. I'm a body, gentlemen, in a brass coffin." At this poetical idea of his own conjuring up, Ned cried so much that the people began to get sympathetic, and to ask what Nicholas Tulrumbles meant by putting a man into such a machine as that; and one individual in a hairy waistcoat like the top of a trunk, who had previously expressed his opinion that if Ned hadn't been a poor man, Nicholas wouldn't have dared to do it, hinted at the propriety of breaking the four-wheel chaise, or Nicholas's head, or both, which last compound proposition the crowd seemed to consider a very good notion.

It was not acted upon, however, for it had hardly been broached, when Ned Twigger's wife made her appearance abruptly in the little circle before noticed, and Ned no sooner caught a glimpse of her face and form, than from the mere force of habit he set off towards his home just as fast as his legs would carry him; and that was not very quick in the present instance either, for, however ready they might have been to carry *him*, they couldn't get on very well under the

brass armour. So, Mrs. Twigger had plenty of time to denounce Nicholas Tulrumbles to his face: to express her opinion that he was a decided monster; and to intimate that, if her ill-used husband sustained any personal damage from the brass armour, she would have the law of Nicholas Tulrumbles for manslaughter. When she had said all this with due vehemence, she posted after Ned, who was dragging himself along as best he could, and deploring his unhappiness in most dismal tones.

What a wailing and screaming Ned's children raised when he got home at last! Mrs. Twigger tried to undo the armour, first in one place, and then in another, but she couldn't manage it; so she tumbled Ned into bed, helmet, armour, gauntlets, and all. Such a creaking as the bedstead made, under Ned's weight in his new suit! It didn't break down though; and there Ned lay, like the anonymous vessel in the Bay of Biscay, till next day, drinking barley-water, and looking miserable: and every time he groaned, his good lady said it served him right, which was all the consolation Ned Twigger got.

Nicholas Tulrumbles and the gorgeous procession went on together to the town-hall, amid the hisses and groans of all the spectators, who had suddenly taken it into their heads to consider poor Ned a martyr. Nicholas was formally installed in his new office, in acknowledgment of which ceremony he delivered himself of a speech, composed by the secretary, which was very long and no doubt very good, only the noise of the people outside prevented anybody from hearing it, but Nicholas Tulrumbles himself. After which, the procession got back to Mudfog Hall any how it could; and Nicholas and the corporation sat down to dinner.

But the dinner was flat, and Nicholas was disappointed. They were such dull sleepy old fellows, that corporation. Nicholas made quite as long speeches as the Lord Mayor of London had done, nay, he said the very same things that the Lord Mayor of London had said, and the deuce a cheer the corporation gave him. There was only one man in the party who was thoroughly awake; and he was insolent, and called him Nick. Nick! What would be the consequence, thought Nicholas, of anybody presuming to call the Lord Mayor of London "Nick!" He should like to know what the sword-bearer would say to that; or the recorder, or the toast-master, or any other of the great officers of the city. They'd nick him.

[Pg 61]

But these were not the worst of Nicholas Tulrumbles's doings; If they had been, he might have remained a Mayor to this day, and have talked till he lost his voice. He contracted a relish for statistics, and got philosophical; and the statistics and the philosophy together, led him into an act which increased his unpopularity and hastened his downfall.

At the very end of the Mudfog High-street, and abutting on the river-side, stands the Jolly Boatmen, an old-fashioned, low-roofed, bay-windowed house, with a bar, kitchen, and tap-room all in one, and a large fire-place with a kettle to correspond, round which the working men have congregated time out of mind on a winter's night, refreshed by draughts of good strong beer, and cheered by the sounds of a fiddle and tambourine: the Jolly Boatmen having been duly licensed by the Mayor and corporation, to scrape the fiddle and thumb the tambourine from time, whereof the memory of the oldest inhabitants goeth not to the contrary. Now Nicholas Tulrumbles had been reading pamphlets on crime, and parliamentary reports,—or had made the secretary read them to him, which is the same thing in effect,—and he at once perceived that this fiddle and tambourine must have done more to demoralise Mudfog, than any other operating causes that ingenuity could imagine. So he read up for the subject, and determined to come out on the corporation with a burst, the very next time the licence was applied for.

The licensing day came, and the red-faced landlord of the Jolly Boatmen, walked into the town-hall, looking as jolly as need be, having actually put on an extra fiddle for that night, to commemorate the anniversary of the Jolly Boatmen's music licence. It was applied for in due form, and was just about to be granted as a matter of course, when up rose Nicholas Tulrumbles, and drowned the astonished corporation in a torrent of eloquence. He descanted in glowing terms upon the increasing depravity of his native town of Mudfog, and the excesses committed by its population. Then, he related how shocked he had been, to see barrels of beer sliding down into the cellar of the Jolly Boatmen week after week; and how he had sat at a window opposite the Jolly Boatmen for two days together, to count the people who went in for beer between the hours of twelve and one o'clock alone—which, by-the-bye, was the time at which the great majority of the Mudfog people dined. Then, he went on to state, how the number of people who came out with beer-jugs, averaged twenty-one in five minutes, which, being multiplied by twelve, gave two hundred and fifty-two people with beer-jugs in an hour, and multiplied again by fifteen (the number of hours during which the house was open daily) yielded three thousand seven hundred and eighty people with beer-jugs per day, or twenty-six thousand four hundred and sixty people with beer-jugs, per week. Then he proceeded to show that a tambourine and moral degradation were synonymous terms, and a fiddle and vicious propensities wholly inseparable. All these arguments he strengthened and demonstrated by frequent references to a large book with a blue cover, and sundry quotations from the Middlesex magistrates; and in the end, the corporation, who were posed with the figures, and sleepy with the speech, and sadly in want of dinner into the bargain, yielded the palm to Nicholas Tulrumbles, and refused the music licence to the Jolly Boatmen.

[Pg 62]

But although Nicholas triumphed, his triumph was short. He carried on the war against beer-jugs and fiddles, forgetting the time when he was glad to drink out of the one, and to dance to the other, till the people hated, and his old friends shunned him. He grew tired of the lonely magnificence of Mudfog Hall, and his heart yearned towards the Lighterman's Arms. He wished he had never set up as a public man, and sighed for the good old times of the coal-shop, and the chimney-corner.

At length old Nicholas, being thoroughly miserable, took heart of grace, paid the secretary a quarter's wages in advance, and packed him off to London by the next coach. Having taken this step, he put his hat on his head, and his pride in his pocket, and walked down to the old room at the Lighterman's Arms. There were only two of the old fellows there, and they looked coldly on Nicholas as he proffered his hand.

"Are you going to put down pipes, Mr. Tulrumbler?" said one.

"Or trace the progress of crime to 'baccer?" growled the other.

"Neither," replied Nicholas Tulrumbler, shaking hands with them both, whether they would or not. "I've come down to say that I'm very sorry for having made a fool of myself, and that I hope you'll give me up the old chair, again."

The old fellows opened their eyes, and three or four more old fellows opened the door, to whom Nicholas, with tears in his eyes, thrust out his hand too, and told the same story. They raised a shout of joy, that made the bells in the ancient church-tower vibrate again, and wheeling the old chair into the warm corner, thrust old Nicholas down into it, and ordered in the very largest-sized bowl of hot punch, with an unlimited number of pipes, directly.

[Pg 63]

The next day, the Jolly Boatmen got the licence, and the next night, old Nicholas and Ned Twigger's wife led off a dance to the music of the fiddle and tambourine, the tone of which seemed mightily improved by a little rest, for they never had played so merrily before. Ned Twigger was in the very height of his glory, and he danced hornpipes, and balanced chairs on his chin, and straws on his nose, till the whole company, including the corporation, were in raptures of admiration at the brilliancy of his acquirements.

Mr. Tulrumbler, junior, couldn't make up his mind to be anything but magnificent, so he went up to London and drew bills on his father; and when he had overdrawn, and got into debt, he grew penitent and came home again.

As to old Nicholas, he kept his word, and having had six weeks of public life, never tried it any more. He went to sleep in the town-hall at the very next meeting; and, in full proof of his sincerity, has requested us to write this faithful narrative. We wish it could have the effect of reminding the Tulrumbles of another sphere, that puffed-up conceit is not dignity, and that snarling at the little pleasures they were once glad to enjoy, because they would rather forget the times when they were of lower station, renders them objects of contempt and ridicule.

This is the first time we have published any of our gleanings from this particular source. Perhaps, at some future period, we may venture to open the chronicles of Mudfog.

Boz.

THE HOT WELLS OF CLIFTON.

SCRAP, No. II.

Water-grass-hill.

The "poems of Ossian," a celtic bard, and the "rhymes of Rowley," a Bristol priest, burst on the public at one and the same period; when the attention of literary men was for a time totally absorbed in discussing the respective discoveries of Macpherson and of Chatterton. "The fashion of this world passeth away;" and what once engaged so much notice is now sadly neglected. Indeed, had not Bonaparte taken a fancy to the ravings of the mad highlander, and had not Chatterton swallowed oxalic acid, probably far more brief had been the space both would have occupied in the memory of mankind. In the garret of Holborn, where the latter expired, the following *morceau* was picked up by an Irish housemaid (a native of this parish), who, in writing home to a sweetheart, converted it into an envelope for her letter. It thus came into my possession.

P. PROUT.

[Pg 64]

TO THE HOT WELLS OF CLIFTON,

IN PRAISE OF RUM-PUNCH.

A Triglot Ode, viz.

1° Pindarou peri reumatos ôdê.

2° Horatii in fontem Bristolii carmen.

3° A Relick (unpublished) of "the unfortunate Chatterton."

PINDAR.

HORACE.

CHATTERTON.

Πηγη Βριστολιας
Μαλλου εν βαλω

O fons Bristolii
Hoc magis in vitro

I ken your worth
"Hot wells" of Bristol,

Λαμπους' αυθεσι συν
Νεκταρος αξιη
Σ' αυτλω
Ρευματι πολλω
Μισγων
Και μελιτος πολυ.

Dulci digne mero
Non sine floribus
Vas impleveris
Undâ
Mel solvente
Caloribus.

That bubble forth
As clear as crystal;...
In parlour snug
I'd wish no hotter
To mix a jug
Of Rum and Water.

β

Αηηρ καν τις εραυ
Βουλεται η μαχαν
Σοι Βακχου παθαρον
Σοι διαχρωννυσει
Φοινω
Θ' αιματι ναμα
Προθυμος τε
Ταχ' εσσεται.

II.

Si quis vel venerem
Aut prœlia cogitat,
Is Bacchi calidos
Inficiet tibi
Rubro sanguine
Rivos,
Fiet protinus
Impiger!

2.

Doth Love, young chiel,
One's bosom ruffle?
Would any feel
Ripe for a scuffle?
The simplest plan
Is just to take a
Well stiffened can
Of old Jamaica.

γ

Σε φλεγμ' αιθαλοεν
Σειριου αστερος
Αρμοζει πλωτορι
Συ κρυος ηδυν εν
Νησοις
Αντιλεσαισι
Ποιεις
Κ' αιθιοπων φυλω.

III.

Te flagrante bibax
Ore caniculâ
Sugit navita: tu
Frigus amabile
Fessis vomere
Mauris
Præbes ac
Homini nigro.

3.

Beneath the zone
Grog in a pail or
Rum—best alone—
Delights the sailor.
The can he swills
Alone gives vigour
In the Antilles
To white or nigger.

δ

Κρηναις εν τε καλαις
Εσσεαι αγλαη
Σ' εν κοιλω κυλακι
Ευθεμενην εως
Υμνησω,

Λαλον εξ ου
Σου δε ρευμα καθαλλεται.

IV.

Fies nobilium
Tu quoque fontium
Me dicente; cavum
Dum calicem reple
Urnâque
Unde loquaces
Lymphæ
Desiliunt tuæ.

4.

Thy claims, O fount,
Deserve attention:
Henceforward count
On classic mention.
Right pleasant stuff
Thine to the lip is ...
We've had enough
Of Aganippe's.

[Pg 65]

"WHO MILKED MY COW?" OR, THE MARINE GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER."

Captain the Honourable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, of that beautiful ship his Majesty's frigate *Nænia*, loved many things. He loved his ship truly, and with a perdurable affection; yet he loved something still more, his very aristocratic self. He had also vowed to love and cherish another person; but what gallant spirit would yield love, even if it were as plenty as blackberries, upon compulsion? The less you give away, the more must remain to be employed in the service of the possessor. Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban had a great deal of unoccupied love at his disposal. Considering duly these premises, there can be nothing surprising in the fact if he had a surplus affection or two to dispose of, and that he most ardently loved new milk every morning for breakfast.

Now Captain the Honourable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban—(how delightful it is to give the whole title when it is either high-sounding or euphonous!)—had large estates and wide pastures lands populous with lowing kine. But all these availed him not; for, though he was sovereign lord and master *pro tempore* over all as far as the eye could reach, on the morning of the 6th of June 1826, he could not command so much of the sky-blueish composition that is sold for milk in London, as could be bought for one halfpenny in that sovereign city of many pumps. The fields spread around the honourable captain were wide and green enough, but, alas! they were not pastured with mammiferous animals. Neptune has never been known to take cream to his chocolate and coffee. He would scorn to be called a milk-and-water gentlemen. There is the sea-cow certainly, but we never heard much respecting the quality of her butter.

We are careful. We will not lay ourselves open to animadversion. We have read books. We have seen things. Therefore we cannot suffer the little triumph to the little critics who were just

going to tell us that all the cetaceous tribes suckle their young. We can tell these critics more than they know themselves. Whale's milk *is* good for the *genus homo*. We know two brawny fellows, maintop-men, who, being cast overboard when infants, were, like Romulus and Remus with their she-bear, suckled by a sperm-whale; and, when their huge wet-nurse wished to wean them, she cast them ashore on one of the Friendly Islands. We think that we hear the incredulous exclaim, "Very like a whale!" Why, so it was.

But to return to another matter of history. On the memorable morning before indicated, the honourable captain, the first lieutenant, the doctor, the marine officer, the officer and the midshipman of the morning watch, had all assembled to breakfast in the cabin. They had not forgotten their appetites, particularly the gentlemen of the morning watch. They were barbarous and irate in their hunger, as their eyes wandered over cold fowl and ham, hot rolls, grilled kidneys, and devilled legs of turkey.

"By all the stars in heaven," said the honourable commander, "no milk again this morning! Give me, you rascally steward," continued the captain, "a plain, straightforward, categorical answer. Why does this infernal cow, for which I gave such a heap of dollars, give me no milk?"—"Well, sir," said the trembling servitor; "if, sir, you must have a plain answer, I really—believe—it is— because—I don't know."

[Pg 66]

"A dry answer," said the doctor, who was in most senses a dry fellow.

"You son of a shotten herring!" said the captain, "can you milk her?"—"Yes, sir."

"Then why, in the name of all that is good, don't you?"—"I do, sir, but it won't come."

"Then let us go," said the captain, quite resignedly, "let us go, gentlemen, and see what ails this infernal cow; I can't eat my breakfast without milk, and breakfast is the meal that I generally enjoy most."

So he, leading the way, was followed by his company, who cast many a longing, lingering look behind.

Forward they went to where the cow was *stalled* by capstan-bars, as comfortably as a prebendary, between two of the guns on the main-deck. She seemed in excellent condition; ate her nutritious food with much appetite; and, from her appearance, the captain might have very reasonably expected, not only an ample supply of milk and cream for breakfast and tea, but also a sufficient quantity to afford him custards for dinner.

Well, there stood the seven officers of his Majesty's naval service round the arid cow, looking very like seven wise men just put to sea in a bowl.

"Try again," said the captain to his servant. If the attempt had been only fruitless, there had been no matter for wonder; it was milkless.

"The fool can't milk," said the captain; then turning round to his officers despondingly, he exclaimed, "gentlemen, can any of you?"

Having all protested that they had left off, some thirty, some forty, and some fifty years, according to their respective ages, and the marine officer saying that he never had had any practice at all, having been brought up by hand, the gallant and disappointed hero was obliged to order the boatswain's mates to pass the word fore and aft, to send every one to him who knew how to milk a cow.

Seventeen Welshmen, sixty-five Irishmen, (all on board,) and four lads from Somersetshire made their appearance, moistened their fingers, and set to work, one after the other; yet there was no milk.

"What do you think of this, doctor?" said the captain to him, taking him aside.—"That the animal has been milked a few hours before."

"Hah! If I was sure of that. And the cow could have been milked only by some one who *could* milk?"—"The inference seems indisputable."

The captain turned upon the numerous aspirants for lacteal honours with no friendly eye, exclaiming sorrowfully, "Too many to flog, too many to flog. Let us return to our breakfast; though I shall not be able to eat a morsel or drink a drop. Here, boatswain's-mate, pass the word round the ship that I'll give five guineas reward to any one who will tell me who milked the captain's cow."

The gentleman then all retired to the cabin, and, with the exception of the captain, incontinently fell upon the good things. Now, the midshipman of that morning's watch was a certain Mr. Littlejohn, usually abbreviated into Jack Small. When Jack Small had disposed of three hot rolls, half a fowl, and a pound of ham, and was handing in his plate for a well devilled turkey's thigh, his eye fell compassionately upon his fasting captain, and his heart opening to the softer emotions as his stomach filled with his host's delicacies, the latter's want of the milk of the cow stirred up within him his own milk of human kindness.

[Pg 67]

"I am very sorry that you have no appetite," said Jack Small, with his mouth very full, and quite protectingly, to his skipper; "very sorry, indeed, sir: and, as you cannot make your breakfast without any milk, I think, sir, that the midshipmen's berth could lend you a bottle."

"The devil they can, younker. Oh, oh! It's good and fresh, hey?"

"Very good and fresh, sir," said the midshipman, ramming down the words with a large wadding of hot roll.

"We must borrow some of it, by all means," said the captain; "but let the midshipmen's servant bring it here himself."

The necessary orders having been issued, the bottle of milk and the boy appeared.

"Did you know," said Captain Fitzalban, turning to his first lieutenant, "that the midshipmen's berth was provided with milk, and that too after being at sea a month?"—"Indeed I did not; they are better provided than we are, at least in this respect, in the ward-room."

"Do you think,—do you think," said the captain, trembling with rage, "that any of the young blackguards dare milk my cow?"—"It is not easy to say what they dare not do."

However, the cork was drawn, and the milk found not only to be very fresh indeed, but most suspiciously new. In the latitude of the Caribbean Islands liquids in general are sufficiently warm, so the captain could not lay much stress upon that.

"As fine milk as ever I tasted," said the captain.

"Very good indeed, sir," said the midshipman, overflowing his cup and saucer with the delicious liquid.

"Where do the young gentlemen procure it?" resumed the captain, pouring very carefully what remained after the exactions of John Small into the cream-jug, and moving it close to his own plate.—"It stands us rather dear, sir," said Mr. Littlejohn,—"a dollar a bottle. We buy it of Joe Grummet, the captain of the waisters."

The captain and first lieutenant looked at each other unutterable things.

Joe Grummet was in the cabin in an instant, and the captain bending upon him his sharp and angry glances. Joseph was a sly old file, a seaman to the backbone; and let the breeze blow from what quarter of the compass it would, he had always an eye to windward. Fifty years had a little grizzled his strong black hair, and, though innovation had deprived him of the massive tail that whilome hung behind, there were still some fancy curls that corkscrewed themselves down his weather-stained temples; and, when he stood before the captain, in one of these he hitched the first bend of the immense fore-finger of his right hand. He hobbled a little in his gait, owing to an unextracted musket-ball that had lodged in his thigh; consequently he never went aloft; and had been, for his merits and long services, appointed captain of the waist.

[Pg 68]

The Honorable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban said to the veteran mariner quickly, and pointing at the same time to the empty bottle, "Grummet, you have milked my cow."—"Unpossible, sir," said Grummet, bashing at a bow; "downright unpossible, your honour."

"Then, pray, whence comes the fresh milk you sell every morning to the young gentlemen?"—"Please your honour, I took two or three dozen of bottles to sea with me on a kind o' speculation."

"Grummet, my man, I am afraid this will turn out a bad one for you. Go and show your hands to the doctor, and he'll ask you a few questions."

So Joseph Grummet went and expanded his flippers before the eyes of the surgeon. They were nearly as large and as shapely as the fins of a porpoise, and quite of the colour. They had been tanned and tarred till their skin had become more durable than bootleather, and they were quite rough enough to have rasped close-grained wood.

"I don't think our friend could have milked your cow, Captain Fitzalban," said the doctor; "at least, not with his hands: they are rather calculated to draw blood than milk."

Joseph rolled his eyes about and looked his innocence most pathetically. He was not yet quite out of danger.

Now there was every reason in the world why this cow should give the captain at least a gallon of milk per diem—but one, and that he was most anxious to discover. The cow was in the best condition; since she had been embarked, the weather had been fine enough to have pleased Europa herself; she had plenty of provender, both dry and fresh. There were fragrant clover closely packed in bags, delicious oat-cakes—meal and water, and fine junks of juicy plantain.—The cow thrrove, but gave no milk!

"So you brought a few dozen bottles of milk to sea with you as a venture?" continued the man of medicine in his examination.—"I did, sir."

"And where did you procure them?"—"At English Harbour, sir."

"May I ask of whom?"—"Madame Juliana, the fat free Negro woman."

"Now, my man," said the doctor, looking a volume and a half of Galen, and holding up a cautionary fore-finger—"now, my man, do not hope to deceive *me*. How did you prevent the acetous fermentation from taking place in these bottles of milk?"

The question certainly was a puzzler. Joe routed with his fingers among his hair for an answer. At length he fancied he perceived a glimmering of the doctor's meaning; so he hummed and haed, until, the doctor's patience being exhausted, he repeated more peremptorily, "How did you prevent acetous fermentation taking place in these bottles of milk?"

"By paying ready money for them, sir," said the badgered seaman boldly.

"An excellent preventative against fermentation certainly," said the captain half smiling. "But you answer the doctor like a fool."

[Pg 69]

"I was never accused of such a thing, please your honour, before, sir," said tarrybrecks, with all his sheets and tacks abroad.

"Very likely, my man, very likely," answered the captain, with a look that would have been invaluable in a vinegar manufactory. "How did you prevent this milk from turning sour?"

"Ah, sir!" said Grummet, now wide awake to his danger: "if you please, sir, I humbly axes your pardon, but that's my secret."

"Then by all that's glorious I'll flog it out of you!"

"I humbly hopes not, sir. I am sure your honour won't flog an old seaman who has fought with Howe and Nelson, and who was wounded in the sarvice before your honour was born; you won't flog him, sir, only because he can't break his oath."

"So you have sworn not to divulge it, hey?"

"Ah, sir: if I might be so bold as to say so, your honour's a witch!"

"Take care of yourself, Joseph Grummet; I do advise you to take care of yourself. Folly is a great betrayer of secrets, Joseph. Cunning may milk cows without discovery: however, I will never punish without proof. How many bottles of this excellent milk have you yet left?"—"Eight or ten, sir, more or less, according to sarcumstances."

"Well! I will give you a dollar a-piece for all you have."

At this proposition Joseph Grummet shuffled about, not at all at his ease, now looking very sagacious, now very foolish, till, at last, he brought down his features to express the most deprecating humility of which their iron texture was capable, and he then whined forth, "I would not insult you, sir, by treating you all as one as a midshipman. No, your honour: I knows the respect that's due to you,—I couldn't think of letting you, sir, have a bottle under three dollars—it wouldn't be at all respectful like."

"Grummet," said Captain Fitzalban, "you are not only a thorough seaman, but a thorough knave. Now, have you the conscience to make me pay three dollars a bottle for my own milk?"—"Ah, sir, you don't know how much the secret has cost me."

"Nor do you know how dearly it may cost you yet."

Joseph Grommet then brought into the cabin his remaining stock in trade, which, instead of eight or ten, was found to consist only of two bottles. The captain, though with evident chagrin, paid for them honourably; and whilst the milkman *pro temp.* was knotting up the six dollars in the tie of the handkerchief about his neck, the skipper said to him, "Now, my man, since we part such good friends, tell me your candid opinion concerning this cow of mine?"—"Why, sir, I thinks as how it's the good people as milks her."

"The good people! who the devil are they?"—"The fairies, your honour."

"And what do they do with it?"—"Very few can tell, your honour; but those who gets it are always desarving folks."

"Such as old wounded seamen, and captains of the waist especially. Well, go along to your duty. Look out! *cats* love milk."

So Joseph Grummet went forth from the cabin shrugging up his shoulders, with an ominous presentiment of scratches upon them. The captain, the Honourable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, gave the marine officer orders to place a sentry night and day over his cow, and then dismissed his guests.

[Pg 70]

The honourable commander was, for the rest of day, in a most unconscionable ill humour. The ship's sails were beautifully trimmed, the breeze was just what it ought to have been. The heavens above, and the waters below, were striving to outsmile each other. What then made the gallant captain so miserable? He was thinking only of the temerity of the man who had dared to *milk his cow*.

The first lieutenant touched his hat most respectfully to the Honourable Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, and acquainted him that the sun indicated it to be twelve o'clock.

"Milk my cow!" said the captain abstractedly.

"Had not that better be postponed till to-morrow morning, Captain Fitzalban?" said the lieutenant, with a very little smile; "and in the mean time may we strike the bell, and pipe to dinner?"

The captain gazed upon the gallant officer sorrowfully, and, as he shook his head, his looks said as plainly as looks could speak, and with the deepest pathos, "They never milked *his* cow."

"Do what is necessary," at last he uttered; then, pulling his hat more over his eyes, he continued to pace the quarter-deck.

Now, though the Honourable Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban was the younger son of a nobleman, and enjoyed a very handsome patrimony, and his temper had been thoroughly spoiled by that process that is too often called education, yet his heart was sound, English, and noble. He revolted from doing an unjust action; yet he smarted dreadfully under the impression that he was cheated and laughed at to his very face. He did not think that Joseph Grummet had milked his cow, but he felt assured that the same milk-dealing Joseph knew who did; yet was he too humane to introduce the Inquisition on board his ship by extracting the truth by torture.

The Honourable Captain Fitzroy Fitzalban slept late on the succeeding morning. He had been called at daylight, *pro forma*, but had merely turned from his left side to the right, muttering something about a cow. It must be supposed that the slumbers of the morning indemnified him for the horrors of the night, for breakfast was on the table, and the usual guests assembled, when the captain emerged from the after-cabin.

There was no occasion to ask the pale and trembling steward if the cow had given any milk that morning.

The breakfast remained untouched by the captain, and passed off in active silence by his guests. Not wishing to excite more of the derision of Jack than was absolutely necessary, the Honourable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, when he found that the various officers whom he had invited to breakfast had sufficiently "improved the occasion," as the methodists say, turned to the first lieutenant, who was again his guest, and asked him if nothing had transpired on the over-night to warrant a suspicion as to the lacteal felony.

The first luff looked very mysterious, and not wholly disposed to be communicative upon the subject. He had been piously brought up, and was not at all inclined to be sarcastic upon the score of visions or the visited of ghosts; yet, at the same time, he did not wish to subject himself to the ridicule of his captain, who had rationally enough postponed his belief in apparitions until he had seen one. Under these difficulties, he replied hesitatingly, that a ghost had been reported as having "come on board before daylight in the morning, without leave."

[Pg 71]

"A ghost, Mr. Mitchell, come on board, and I not called!" said the indignant captain: "By G—, sir, I would have turned out a guard of honour to have received him! I would have sooner had a visit from his spirituality than from his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador.—The service, sir, has come to a pretty pass, when a ghost can come on board, and leave the ship too, I presume, without even so much as the boatswain to pipe the side. So the ghost came, I suppose, and milked my cow?"

The first lieutenant, in answer, spoke with all manner of humility. He represented that he had been educated as a seaman and as an officer, and not for a doctor of divinity; therefore he could not pretend to account for these preternatural visitations. He could only state the fact, and that not so well as the first lieutenant of marines. "He begged, therefore, to refer to him."

That officer was immediately sent for, and he made his appearance accompanied by one of the serjeants, and then it was asserted that, when the guard went round to relieve the sentries, they found the man who had been stationed over the cow, lying on the deck senseless in a fit, and his bayonet could nowhere be found. When by the means of one of the assistant-surgeons, who had been immediately summoned, he had been sufficiently recovered to articulate, all the explanation they could get from him was, that he had seen a ghost; and the very mention of the fact, so great was his terror, had almost caused a relapse.

"Send the poltroon here immediately: I'll ghost him!" cried the enraged captain. In answer to this he was informed, that the man lay seriously ill in his hammock in the sick-bay, and that the doctor was at that very moment with the patient.

"I'll see him myself," said the captain.

As the honourable captain, with his *cortège* of officers, passed along the decks on his way to the sick-bay, he thought—or his sense of hearing most grievously deceived him—that more than once he heard sneering and gibing voices exclaim, "Who milked my cow?" but the moment he turned his head in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded, he saw nothing but visages the most sanctimonious: indeed they, instead of the unfortunate sentry, appeared to have seen the ghost. The captain's amiability that morning might have been expressed by the algebraical term—minus a cipher.

When the skipper hauled alongside the sick man, he found that the doctor, having bled him, was preparing to blister his head, the ship's barber at the time being occupied in very sedulously shaving it. The patient was fast putting himself upon an equality to contend with his supernatural visitant, by making a ghost of himself. He was in a high fever and delirious,—unpleasant things in the West Indies! All the captain could get from him was, "The devil—flashes of fire—milk cow—horrible teeth—devil's cow—ship haunted—nine yards of blue flame—throw cow overboard—go to heaven—kicked the pail down—horns tipped with red-hot iron," and other rhapsodies to the same effect.

[Pg 72]

From the man the captain went to the cow; but she was looking excessively sleek, and mild, and amiable, and eating her breakfast with the relish of an outside mail-coach passenger. The captain shook his head, and thought himself the most persecuted of beings.

When this self-estimated injured character gained the quarter-deck, he commenced ruminating on the propriety of flogging Joseph Grummet; for, with the loss of his cow's milk, he had lost all due sense of human kindness. But, as the Lords of the Admiralty had lately insisted upon a report being forwarded to them of every punishment that took place, the number of lashes, and the crime for which they were inflicted, the Honourable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban thought that a report would look rather queer running thus: "Joseph Grummet, captain of the waist, six dozen, because my cow gave no milk," or "because private-marine Snickchops saw a ghost," or "for selling the midshipmen sundry bottles of milk;" and this last imagination reminded him that there was one of this highly-gifted class walking to leeward of him. "Mr. Littlejohn!" said the captain with a voice that crawled over the nerves like the screeching of an ill-filed saw.

Small Jack touched his hat with more than usual respect to the exasperated officer, and then, stepping to windward, humbly confronted him.

The captain was too angry for many words; so, looking fearfully into the happy countenance of the reefer, and pointing his fore-finger down perpendicularly, he laconically uttered, "Milk this morning?"—"Yes, sir."

"Good?"

The well-breakfasted midshipman licked his lips, and smiled.

"Grummet?"—"Yes, sir."

"Tell the boatswain's mate to send him aft."—"Ay, ay, sir."

And there stood the captain of the waist, with his hat in his hand, opposite to the captain of the ship. There was some difference between those two captains:—one verging upon old age, the other upon manhood. The old man with but two articles of dress upon his person, a canvass shirt and a canvass pair of trousers,—for in those latitudes shoes and stockings are dispensed with by the foremast men, excepting on Sundays and when mustering at divisions; the other gay, and almost gorgeous, in white jeans, broad-cloth, and gold. There they stood, the one the personification of meekness, the other of haughty anger. However firm might have been the captain's intentions to convict the man before him by an intricate cross-examination, his warmth of temper defeated them at once, for the old seaman looked more than usually innocent and sheepish. This almost stolid equanimity was sadly provoking.

"You insolent scoundrel!—who milked my cow last night?"—"The Lord in heaven knows, your honour. Who could it be, sir, without it was the ghost who has laid that poor lad in his sick hammock?"

"And I suppose that the ghost ordered you to hand the milk to the young gentlemen when he had done?"—"Me, sir! Heaven save me! I never se'ed a ghost in my life."

"Hypocrite! the bottle you sold the midshipmen!"—"One, your honour, I brought from Antigua, and which I overlooked yesterday."

[Pg 73]

"I shall not overlook it when I get you to the gangway. Go, Mr. Littlejohn, give orders to beat to quarters the moment the men have had their time."

All that forenoon the captain kept officers and men exercising the great guns, running them in and out, pointing them here and there;—sail-trimmers aloft—boarders on the starboard bow—firemen down in the fore-hold: the men had not a moment's respite, nor the officers either. How potently in their hearts they d—d the cow, even from the tips of her horns unto the tuft at the end of her tail! Five secret resolves were made to poison her that hard-worked morning. Mr. Small Jack, who was stationed at the foremost main-deck guns near her, gave her a kick every time the order came from the quarter-deck to ram home wad and shot.

Well, this sweltering work, under a tropical sun, proceeded till noon, the captain alternately swearing at the officers for want of energy, and exclaiming to himself indignantly, "D—them! how dare they milk my cow! There must be several concerned. Send the carpenter aft. Mr. Wedge, rig both the chain-pumps,—turn the water on in the well. Waisters! man the pumps. Where's that Grummet? Boatswain's mates, out with your colts and lay them over the shoulders of any man that shirks his duty; keep a sharp eye on the captain of the waist."

And thus the poor fellows had, for a finish to their morning's labour, a half-hour of the most overpowering exertion to which you can set mortal man,—that of working at the chain-pumps. When Mr. Littlejohn saw elderly Joseph Grummet stripped to the waist, the perspiration streaming down him in bucket-fulls, and panting as it were for his very life, he, the said Small Jack, very rightly opined that no milk would be forthcoming next morning.

At noon the men were as usual piped to dinner, with an excellent appetite for their pork and pease, and a thirsty relish for their grog; for which blessings they had the cow alone to thank. They were very ungrateful.

No sooner was the hour of dinner over than the captain all of a sudden discovered that his ship's company were not smart enough in reefing topsails. So at it they went, racing up and down the rigging, tricing up and laying out, lowering away and hoisting, until six bells, three o'clock, when the angry and hungry captain went to his dinner. He had made himself more unpopular in that day than any other commander in the fleet.

The dinner was unsocial enough. When a man is not satisfied with himself, it is rarely that he is satisfied with any body else. Now the whole ship's company, officers as well as men, were divided into parties, and into only two, respecting this affair of the cow; one believed in a supernatural, the other in a roguish agency; in numbers they were about equal, so that the captain stood in the pleasant predicament of being looked upon in a sinful light by one half of his crew, and in a ludicrous one by the other.

However, as the night advanced, and the marine who had seen the cow-spirit grew worse, the believers in the supernatural increased rapidly; and as one sentinel was found unwilling to go alone, the cow had the distinguished compliment of a guard of honour of two all night. The captain, with a scornful defiance of the spiritual, would allow of no lights to be shown, or of no extraordinary precautions to be taken. He only signified his intentions of having himself an interview with the ghost, and for that purpose he walked the deck till midnight; but the messenger from the land of spirits did not choose to show himself so early.

[Pg 74]

Let me hear no more any querulous talk of the labour of getting butter to one's bread—no person could have toiled more than the Honourable Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban to get milk for his breakfast.

The two sentries were relieved at twelve o'clock, and, for a quarter of an hour after, everything remaining dark and quiet about the haunted cow, the captain went below and turned in, joyfully anticipative of milk and cream in the morning. He left, of course, the most positive orders that the moment the ghost appeared he should be called.

Mr. Mitchell, the pious first lieutenant, remained on deck, determined to see the sequel; told the master he was much troubled in spirit, and he thought, with all due deference to the articles of war, and respect for the captain, that he was little better than an infidel, and an overbold tempter of God's providence. The master remarked in reply that it was an affair entirely out of soundings; but very sagely concluded that they should see what they should see, even if they saw nothing.

It was a beautiful night, darkly, yet, at the same time, brightly beautiful. There was no moon. The pure fires above were like scintillations from the crown of God's glory. Though the heavens were thus starred with splendours, it was deeply, though clearly, dark on the ocean. There was a gentle breeze that was only sufficient to make the sails draw, and the noble frigate walked stately, yet majestically onwards.

Forward on the main-deck the darkness was Cimmerian. When lights had been last there at the relieving of the sentinels, the cow had laid herself quietly down upon her litter, and seemed to be in a profound sleep; the first hour after midnight was passed, and all was hushed as death, save those noises that indicate what else would be absolute silence more strongly. There was the whispering ripple of the sea, the dull creaking of the tiller-ropes, and the stealthy step of the sentinels: these sounds, and these only, were painfully distinct. One bell struck, and its solemn echoes seemed to creep through the decks as if on some errand of death, and the monotonous cry of the look-outs fell drearily on the ear.

The first lieutenant and the officers of the watch had just begun to shake off their dreamy and fearful impressions, to breathe more freely, and to walk the deck with a firmer tread, when, from what was supposed to be the haunted spot, a low shriek was heard, then a bustle, followed by half-stifled cries of "The guard! the guard!"

The officers of the watch jumped down on to the main-deck, the midshipmen rushed into the cabin to call the captain, and men with and without lights rushed forward to the rescue.

[Pg 75]

Deep in the darkness of the manger there glared an apparition that might more than justify the alarm. The spot where the phantom was seen, (we pledge ourselves that we are relating facts,) was that part of a frigate which seamen call "the eyes of her," directly under the foremost part of the fore-castle, where the cables run through the hawse-holes, and through which the bowsprit trends upwards. The whole place is called the manger. It is very often appropriated to the use of pigs until they take their turn for the butcher's knife. This was the strange locality that the ghost chose to honour with its dreadful presence.

From the united evidences of the many who saw this ghastly avatar, it appeared only to have thrust its huge head and a few feet of the forepart of its body through the hawse-hole, the remainder of its vast and voluminous tail hanging out of the ship over its bows. The frightful head and the sockets of its eyes were distinctly marked in lineaments of fire. Its jaws were stupendous, and its triple row of sharp and long-fanged teeth seemed to be gnashing for something mortal to devour. It cast a pale blue halo of light around it, just sufficient to show the outlines of the den it had selected in which to make its unwelcome appearance. Noise it made none, though several of the spectators fancied that they heard a gibbering of unearthly sounds; and Mr. Littlejohn swore the next day upon his John Hamilton Moore, that it moaned dolefully like a young bullock crossed in love.

To describe the confusion on the main-deck, whilst officers, seamen, and marines were gazing on this spectre, so like the fiery spirit of the Yankee sea-serpent, is a task from which I shrink, knowing that language cannot do it adequately. The first lieutenant stood in the middle of the group, not merely transfixed, but paralysed with fear; men were tumbling over each other, shouting, praying, swearing. Up from the dark holds, like shrouded ghosts, the watch below, in their shirts, sprang from their hammocks; and for many, one look was enough, and the head would vanish immediately in the dark profound. The shouting for lights, and loaded muskets and pistols was terrible; and the orders to advance were so eagerly reiterated, that none had leisure to obey them.

But the cow herself did not present the least imposing feature in this picture of horror. She formed, as it were, the barrier between mortality and spirituality—all beyond her was horrible and spectral; by her fright she seemed to acknowledge the presence of a preternatural being. Her legs were stiff and extended, her tail standing out like that of an angered lion, and she kept a continued strain upon the halter with which she was tethered to a ring-bolt in the ship's side.

By this time several of the ward-room officers, and most of the midshipmen, had reached the scene of action. Pistols were no longer wanting, and loaded ones too. Three shots were fired into the manger, with what aim it is impossible to specify, at the spectre. They did not seem to annoy his ghostship in the least; without an indication of his beginning to grow hungry, might be deemed so. As the shot whistled past him, he worked his huge and fiery jaws most ravenously.

"Well," said the second lieutenant, "let us give the gentleman another shot, and then come to

[Pg 76]

close quarters. Mr. Mitchell, you have a pistol in your hand: fire!"

"In the name of the Holy Trinity!" said the superstitious first, "there!" Bang! and the shot took effect deep in the loins of the unfortunate cow.

At this precise moment, Captain the Honourable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban rushed from his cabin forward, attired in a rich flowered silk morning-gown, in which scarlet predominated. He held a pistol cocked in each hand; and, as he broke through the crowd, he bellowed forth lustily, "Where's the ghost! let me see the ghost!" He was soon in the van of the astonished gazers; but, disappointed Fitzalban! he saw no ghost, because, as the man says in the Critic, "'twas not in sight."

Immediately the honourable captain had gained his station, the much wronged and persecuted cow, galled by her wound, with a mortal effort snapped the rope with which she was fastened, and then lowering her horned head nearly level with the deck, and flourishing her tail after the manner that an Irishman flourishes his shillelagh before he commences occipital operations, she rushed upon the crowded phalanx before her. At this instant, as if its supernatural mission had been completed, the spirit vanished.

The ideal having decamped, those concerned had to save themselves from the well followed up assaults of the real. The captain flew before the pursuing horns, d—ning the cow in all the varieties of condemnation. But she was generous, and she attached herself to him with an unwonted, or rather an unwanted, fidelity. Lanterns were crushed and men overthrown, and laughter now arose amidst the shouts of dismay. The seamen tried to impede the progress of the furious animal by throwing down before her lashed-up hammocks, and by seizing her behind by the tail: but, woe is me! the Honourable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban could not run so fast in his variegated and scarlet flowered silk dressing-gown as a cow in the agonies of death; for he had just reached that asylum of safety, his cabin-door, when the cow took him up very carefully with her horns, and first giving him a monitory shake, then with an inclination to port, she tossed him right over the ward-room skylight, and deposited him very gingerly in the turtle-tub that stood lashed on the larboard side of the half-deck. This exertion was her last; for immediately after falling upon her knees, and then gently rolling over, to use an Homeric expression, her soul issued from her wound, and sought the shades below appropriated to the souls of cows.

In the mean time, the captain was sprawling about, and contending with his turtle for room, and he stood a very good chance of being drowned even in a tub; but assistance speedily arriving, he was drawn out, and thus the world was spared a second tale of a tub. But there was something in the spirit of the aristocratic Fitzalban that neither cows, ghosts, nor turtle-haunted water could subdue. Wet as he was, and suffering also from the contusions of the cow's horns, he immediately ordered more light, and proceeded to search for the ghost,—prolific parent of all his mishaps.

Well escorted he visited the manager, but the most scrutinising search could discover nothing extraordinary. The place seemed to have been undisturbed, nor once to have departed from its usual solitariness and dirt. There was not even so much as a smell of sulphur on the spot where the spectre had appeared, nor were there any signs of wet, which, supposing the thing seen had been a real animal, would have been the case, had it come from the sea through one of the hawse-holes. The whole affair was involved in the most profound mystery. The honourable captain, therefore, came to the conclusion that nothing whatever had appeared, and that the whole was the creation of cowardice.

[Pg 77]

Hot with rage and agueish with cold, he retired to his cabin, vowing all manner of impossible vengeance, muttering about courts-martial, and solemnly protesting that Mr. Mitchell, the first lieutenant, should pay him for the cow that he had so wantonly shot.

Blank were the countenances of many the next morning. The first lieutenant was not, as usual, asked to breakfast. There was distrust and division in his Majesty's ship *Nænia*, and the Honourable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban had several severe contusions on his noble person, a bad cold, and no milk for breakfast; an accumulation of evils that one of the aristocracy ought not to be obliged to bear. Though Mr. Mitchell did not breakfast with the captain, Jack Small, alias Small Jack, alias Mr. Littlejohn, did. The only attempt of the captain that morning at conversation was as follows. With a voice that croaked like a raven's at the point of death, evidence *externe* of an abominable sore-throat, the captain merely said to the reefer, pointing his fore-finger downwards as he did the day before, "*Milk?*"

Mr. Littlejohn shook his head dolefully, and replied, "No, sir."

"My cow died last night," said the afflicted commander with a pathos that would have wrung the heart of a stone statue—if it could have heard it.

"If you please, sir," said the steward, "Mr. Mitchell sends his compliments, and would be very glad to know what you would have done with the dead cow."—"My compliments to Mr. Mitchell and *he* may do whatever he likes with it. He shot it, and must pay me for it: let him eat it if he will."

The first lieutenant and the captain were, after this, not on speaking terms for three months. Several duels had very nearly been fought about the ghost; those who had not seen it, branding those who had with an imputation only a little short of cowardice; those who had seen it, becoming for a few weeks very religious, and firmly resolving henceforward to get drunk only in pious company. The carcase of the cow was properly dressed and cut up, but few were found who would eat of it; the majority of the seamen thinking that the animal had been bewitched: the

captain of course would take none of it unless Mr. Mitchell would permit him to pay him for it at so much per pound, as he pertinaciously pretended to consider it to be the property of the first lieutenant. Consequently, the animal was neatly shared between the midshipmen's berth and the mess of which Joseph Grummet, the captain of the waist, was an unworthy member.

The day following the death of the cow, Joseph Grummet was found loitering about the door of the young gentlemen's berth.

[Pg 78]

"Any milk to-morrow, Joseph?" said the caterer.—"No, sir," with a most sensible shake of the head.

"Oh!—the cow has given up the ghost!"—"And somebody else too!" This simple expression seemed to have much relieved Joe's overcharged bosom: he turned his quid in his month with evident satisfaction, grinned, and was shortly after lost in the darkness forward.

There never yet was a ghost story that did not prove a very simple affair when the key to it was found. The captain of the *Nænia* never would believe that anything uncommon was ever seen at all. He was, however, as much in the wrong as those who believed that they had seen a ghost. The occurrence could not be forgotten, though it ceased to be talked of.

Two years after the ship came to England, and was paid off. Joseph Grummet bagged his notes and his sovereigns with much satisfaction; but he did not jump like a fool into the first boat, and rush ashore to scatter his hard-earned wages among Jews, and people still worse: he stayed till the last man, and anxiously watched for the moment when the pennant should be hauled down. When he saw this fairly done, he asked leave to speak to the captain. He was ushered into the cabin, and he there saw many of the officers who were taking leave of their old commander.

"Well, Grummet," said the skipper, "what now?"

"Please your honour, you offered five guineas to anybody who would tell you who milked the cow."

"And so I will gladly," said the captain, pleasantly, "if the same person will unravel the mystery of the ghost." And he turned a triumphant look upon the believers in spirits who stood around him.

"I milked your cow, sir."

"Ah! Joseph, Joseph! it was unkindly done. But with your hands?"—"We widened a pair of Mr. Littlejohn's kid-gloves, sir."

"I knew that little rascal was at the bottom of it! but there is honour in the midshipmen's berth still. What is the reason that they thus sought to deprive me of my property?"—"You wouldn't allow them to take any live stock on board that cruise, sir."

"So—so—wild justice, hey? But come to the ghost."—"Why, sir, I wanted to have the cow unwatched for a quarter of an hour every middle watch; so I took the shark's head we had caught a day or two before, scraped off most of the flesh, and whipped it in a bread-bag,—it shone brighter in the dark than stinking mackerel;—so I whips him out when I wants him, and wabbles his jaws about. I was safely stowed under the bowsprit from your shot; and when your honour walked in on one side of the manger, I walked, with my head under my arm, out of the other."

"Well, Joseph, there are your five guineas: and, gentlemen," said the Honourable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, bowing to his officers, "I wish you joy of your ghost!"

[Pg 79]

OLD AGE AND YOUTH.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Old Age sits bent on his iron-grey steed;
Youth rides erect on his courser black;
And little he thinks in his reckless speed
Old Age comes on, in the *very same track*.

And on Youth goes, with his cheek like the rose,
And his radiant eyes, and his raven hair;
And his laugh betrays how little he knows,
Of AGE, and his sure companion CARE.

The courser black is put to his speed,
And Age plods on, in a quieter way,
And little Youth thinks that the iron-grey steed
Approaches him nearer, every day!

Though one seems strong as the forest tree,
The other infirm, and wanting breath;
If ever YOUTH baffles OLD AGE, 'twill be
By rushing into the arms of DEATH!

On his courser black, away Youth goes,
The prosing sage may rest at home;
He'll laugh and quaff, for well he knows
That years must pass ere Age *can come*.

And since too brief are the daylight hours
For those who would laugh their lives away;
With beaming lamps, and mimic flowers,
He'll teach the night to mock the day!

Again he'll laugh, again he'll feast,
His lagging foe he'll still deride,
Until—when he expects him least—
Old Age and he stand side by side!

He then looks into his toilet-glass,
And sees Old Age reflected there!
He cries, "Alas! how quickly pass
Bright eyes, and bloom, and raven hair!"

The lord of the courser black, must ride
On the iron-grey steed, sedate and slow!
And thus to him who his power defied,
Old Age must come like a conquering foe.

Had the prosing sage not preach'd in vain,
Had Youth not written his words on sand,
Had he early paused, and given the rein
Of his courser black to a steadier hand:

Oh! just as gay might his days have been,
Though mirth with graver thoughts might blend;
And when at his side Old Age was seen,
He had been hail'd as a timely friend.

[Pg 80]

AN EVENING OF VISITS.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT."

I have had an odd pleasure in driving from one house to another on particular evenings, in order to produce as strong contrasts as my limited visiting list will afford. Having a fair opportunity a few nights since, in consequence of two or three invitations coming in for the evening on which several houses where I occasionally called were opened, I determined to make a night of it, in order to note the effect. As A— did not know several of the people, I went alone, and you may possibly be amused with an account of my adventures: they shall be told.

In the first place I had to dress, in order to go to dinner at a house that I had never entered, and with a family of which I had never seen a soul. These are incidents which frequently come over a stranger, and, at first, were not a little awkward, but use hardens us to much greater misfortunes. At six, then, I stepped punctually into my *coupé*, and gave Charles the necessary number and street. I ought to tell you that the invitation had come a few days before, and, in a fit of curiosity, I had accepted it, and sent a card, without having the least idea who my host and hostess were, beyond their names. There was something piquant in this ignorance, and I had almost made up my mind to go in the same mysterious manner, leaving all to events, when happening in an idle moment to ask a lady of my acquaintance, and for whom I have a great respect, if she knew a Madame de —, to my surprise her answer was, "Most certainly—she is my cousin, and you are to dine there to-morrow." I said no more, though this satisfied me that my hosts were people of some standing. While driving to their hotel, it struck me, under all the circumstances, it might be well to know more of them; and I stopped at the gate of a female friend who knows everybody, and who I was certain would receive me even at that unseasonable hour. I was admitted, explained my errand, and inquired if she knew a M. de —. "Quelle question!" she exclaimed; "M. de — est Chancelier de la France!" Absurd, and even awkward, as it might have proved but for this lucky thought, I should have dined with the French Lord High Chancellor without having the smallest suspicion who he was!

The hotel was a fine one, though the apartment was merely good; and the reception, service, and general style of the house were so simple, that neither would have awakened the least suspicion of the importance of my hosts. The party was small, and the dinner modest. I found the *Chancelier* a grave dignified man, a little curious on the subject of America; and his wife, apparently a woman of great good sense, and, I should think, of a good deal of attainment. Every thing went off in the quietest manner possible, and I was sorry when it was time to go.

[Pg 81]

From this dinner I drove to the hotel of the Marquis de Marbois, to pay a visit of digestion. M. de Marbois retires so early on account of his great age, that one is obliged to be punctual, or he will find the gate locked at nine. The company had got back into the drawing-room; and as the last week's guests were mostly there, as well as those who had just left the table, there might

have been thirty people present, all of whom were men, but two. One of the ladies was Madame de Souza, known in French literature as the writer of several clever novels of society. In the drawing-room were grouped in clusters the Grand Referendary, M. Cuvier, M. Daru, M. Villemain, M. de Plaisance, Mr. Brown, and many others of note. There seemed to be something in the wind, as the conversation was in low confidential whispers, attended by divers ominous shrugs. This could only be politics; and, watching an opportunity, I questioned an acquaintance. The fact was really so. The appointed hour had come, and the ministry of M. de Villèle was in the agony. The elections had not been favourable, and it was expedient to make an attempt to reach the *old* end by what is called a *new* combination. It is necessary to understand the general influence of political intrigues on certain *côteries* of Paris, to appreciate the effect of this intelligence on a drawing-room filled like this, with men who had been actors in the principal events of France for forty years. The name of M. Cuvier was even mentioned as one of the new ministers. Comte Roy was also named as likely to be the new premier. I was told that this gentleman was one of the greatest landed proprietors of France, his estates being valued at four millions of dollars. The fact is curious, as showing, not on vulgar rumour, but from a respectable source, what is deemed a first-rate landed property in this country. It is certainly no merit, nor do I believe it is any very great advantage; but I think we might materially beat this, even in America. The company soon separated, and retired.

From the Place de la Madeleine I drove to a house near the Carrousel, where I had been invited to step in, in the course of the evening. All the buildings that remain within the intended parallelogram, which will some day make this spot one of the finest squares in the world, have been bought by the government, or nearly so, with the intent to have them pulled down at a proper time; and the court bestows lodgings, *ad interim*, among them, on its favourites. Madame de — was one of these favoured persons, and she occupies a small apartment in the third story of one of these houses. The rooms were neat and well arranged, but small. Probably the largest does not exceed fifteen feet square. The approach to a Paris lodging is usually either very good or very bad. In the new buildings may be found some of the mediocrity of the new order of things; but in all those which were erected previously to the Revolution, there is nothing but extremes in this as in most other things,—great luxury and elegance, or great meanness and discomfort. The house of Madame de — happens to be of the latter class; and although all the disagreeables have disappeared from her own rooms, one is compelled to climb up to them through a dark well of a staircase, by flights of steps not much better than those we use in our stables. You have no notion of such staircases as those I had just descended in the hotels of the Chancellor and the Premier President,^[18] nor have we any just idea, as connected with respectable dwellings of these I had now to clamber up. M. de — is a man of talents and great respectability, and his wife is exceedingly clever, but they are not rich. He is a professor, and she is an artist. After having passed so much of my youth on top-gallant-yards, and in becketting royals, you are not to suppose, however, I had any great difficulty in getting up these stairs, narrow, steep, and winding as they were.

[Pg 82]

We are now at the door, and I have rung. On whom do you imagine the curtain will rise? On a *réunion* of philosophers some to discuss questions in botany with M. de —, or on artists assembled to talk over the troubles of their profession with his wife? The door opens, and I enter.

The little drawing-room was crowded; chiefly with men. Two card-tables were set, and at one I recognised a party, in which were three dukes of the *vieille cour*, with M. de Duras at their head! The rest of the company was a little more mixed; but, on the whole, it savoured strongly of Coblenz and the *émigration*. This was more truly French than anything I had yet stumbled on. One or two of the *grandees* looked at me as if, better informed than Scott, they knew that General La Fayette had not gone to America to live. Some of these gentlemen certainly do not love us; but I had cut out too much work for the night to stay and return the big looks of even dukes, and, watching an opportunity when the eyes of Madame de — were another way, I stole out of the room.

Charles now took his orders, and we drove down into the heart of the town, somewhere near the general post-office, or into those mazes of streets that near two years of practice have not yet taught me to thread. We entered the court of a large hotel that was brilliantly lighted; and I ascended, by a noble flight of steps, to the first floor. Ante-chambers communicated with a magnificent saloon, which appeared to be near forty feet square. The ceilings were lofty, and the walls were ornamented with military trophies, beautifully designed, and which had the air of being embossed and gilded. I had got into the hotel of one of Napoleon's marshals, you will say, or at least into one of a marshal of the old *régime*. The latter conjecture may be true, but the house is now inhabited by a great woollen manufacturer, whom the events of the day have thrown into the presence of all these military emblems. I found the worthy *industriel* surrounded by a group, composed of men of his own stamp, eagerly discussing the recent changes in the government. The women, of whom there might have been a dozen, were ranged, like a neglected parterre, along the opposite side of the room. I paid my compliments, stayed a few minutes, and stole away to the next engagement.

[Pg 83]

We had now to go to a little retired house on the Champs Elysées. There were only three or four carriages before the door, and on ascending to a small, but very neat apartment, I found some twenty people collected. The mistress of the house was an English lady, single, of a certain age, and a daughter of the Earl of —, who was once governor of New York. Here was a very different set: one or two ladies of the old court, women of elegant manners, and seemingly of good information; several English women, pretty, quiet, and clever; besides a dozen men of different nations. This was one of those little *réunions* that are so common in Paris among the

foreigners, in which a small infusion of French serves to leaven a considerable batch of human beings from other parts of the world. As it is always a relief to me to speak my own language, after being a good while among foreigners, I stayed an hour at this house. In the course of the evening an Irishman of great wit and of exquisite humour, one of the paragons of the age in his way, came in. In the course of conversation, this gentleman, who is the proprietor of an Irish estate, and a Catholic, told me of an atrocity in the laws of his country of which until then I was ignorant. It seems that any younger brother, or next heir, might claim the estate by turning Protestant, or drive the incumbent to the same act. I was rejoiced to hear that there was hardly an instance of such profligacy known.^[19] To what baseness will not the struggle for political ascendancy urge us!

In the course of the evening, Mr. —, the Irish gentleman, gravely introduced me to a Sir James —, adding, with perfect gravity, "a gentleman whose father humbugged the Pope—humbugged infallibility." One could not but be amused with such an introduction, urged in a way so infinitely droll, and I ventured, at a proper moment, to ask an explanation, which, unless I was also humbugged, was as follows.

Among the *détenus* in 1804 was Sir William —, the father of Sir James —, the person in question. Taking advantage of the presence of the Pope at Paris, he is said to have called on the good-hearted Pius, with great concern of manner, to state his case. He had left his sons in England, and through his absence they had fallen under the care of two Presbyterian aunts; as a father he was naturally anxious to rescue them from this perilous situation. "Now, Pius," continued my merry informant, "quite naturally supposed that all this solicitude was in behalf of two orthodox Catholic souls, and he got permission from Napoleon for the return of so good a father to his own country,—never dreaming that the conversion of the boys, if it ever took place, would only be from the Protestant Episcopal Church of England to that of Calvin; or a rescue from one of the devil's furnaces to pop them into another." I laughed at this story, I suppose with a little incredulity; but my Irish friend insisted on its truth, ending the conversation with a significant nod, Catholic as he was, and saying—"humbugged infallibility!"

[Pg 84]

By this time it was eleven o'clock; and as I am obliged to keep reasonable hours, it was time to go to *the* party of the evening. Count —, of the — Legation, gave a great ball. My carriage entered the line at the distance of near a quarter of a mile from the hotel; gendarmes being actively employed in keeping us all in our places. It was half an hour before I was set down, and the quadrilles were in full motion when I entered. It was a brilliant affair,—much the most so, I have ever yet witnessed in a private house. Some said there were fifteen hundred people present. The number seems incredible; and yet, when one comes to calculate, it may be so. As I got into my carriage to go away, Charles informed me that the people at the gates affirm that more than six hundred carriages had entered the court that evening. By allowing an average of little more than two to each vehicle, we get the number mentioned.

I do not know exactly how many rooms were opened on this occasion, but I should think there were fully a dozen. Two or three were very large *salons*; and the one in the centre, which was almost at fever heat, had crimson hangings, by way of cooling one. I have never witnessed dancing at all comparable to that of the quadrilles of this evening. Usually there is either too much or too little of the dancing-master, but on this occasion every one seemed inspired with a love of the art. It was a beautiful sight to see a hundred charming young women, of the first families of Europe,—for they were there, of all nations, dressed with the simple elegance that is so becoming to the young of the sex, and which is never departed from here until after marriage,—moving in perfect time to delightful music, as if animated by a common soul. The men, too, did better than usual, being less lugubrious and mournful than our sex is apt to be in dancing. I do not know how it is in private, but in the world, at Paris, every young woman seems to have a good mother; or, at least, one capable of giving her both a good tone and good taste.

At this party I met the —, an intimate friend of the ambassador, and one who also honours me with a portion of her friendship. In talking over the appearance of things, she told me that some hundreds of *applications for invitations* to this ball had been made. "Applications! I cannot conceive of such meanness. In what manner?" "Directly; by note, by personal intercession—almost by tears. Be certain of it, many hundreds have been refused." In America we hear of refusals to go to balls, but we have not yet reached the pass of sending refusals to invite! "Do you see Mademoiselle —, dancing in the set before you?" She pointed to a beautiful French girl whom I had often seen at her house, but whose family was in a much lower station in society than herself. "Certainly; pray how came *she* here?" "I brought her. Her mother was dying to come, too, and she begged me to get an invitation for her and her daughter; but it would not do to bring the mother to such a place, and I was obliged to say no more tickets could be issued. I wished, however, to bring the daughter, she is so pretty; and we compromised the affair in that way." "And to this the mother assented!" "Assented! How can you doubt it? What funny American notions you have brought with you to France!"

[Pg 85]

I got some droll anecdotes from my companion, concerning the ingredients of the company on this occasion, for she could be as sarcastic as she was elegant. A young woman near us, attracted attention by a loud and vulgar manner of laughing. "Do you know that lady?" demanded my neighbour. "I have seen her before, but scarcely know her name." "She is the daughter of your acquaintance, the Marquise de —." "Then she is, or was, a Mademoiselle de —." "She is not, nor properly ever was, a Mademoiselle de —. In the Revolution the Marquis was imprisoned by you wicked republicans, and the Marquise fled to England, whence she returned, after an absence of three years, bringing with her this young lady, then an infant a few months old." "And Monsieur le Marquis?" "He never saw his daughter, having been beheaded in Paris, about a year

before her birth." "*Quel contre-temps!*" "*N'est-ce pas?*"

It is a melancholy admission, but it is no less true, that good breeding is sometimes quite as active a virtue as good principles. How many more of the company present were born about a year after their fathers were beheaded, I have no means of knowing, but had it been the case with all of them, the company would have been of as elegant demeanour, and of much more *retenue* of deportment, than we are accustomed to see, I will not say in *good*, but certainly in *general* society, at home. One of the consequences of good breeding is also a disinclination, positively a distaste, to pry into the private affairs of others. The little specimen to the contrary, just named, was rather an exception, owing to the character of the individual, and to the indiscretion of the young lady in laughing too loud; and then the affair of a birth so *very* posthumous was rather too *patent* to escape all criticism.

[Pg 86]

My friend was in a gossiping mood this evening, and, as she was well turned of fifty, I ventured to continue the conversation. As some of the *liaisons* which exist here must be novel to you, I shall mention one or two more.

A Madame de J— passed us, leaning on the arm of M. de C—. I knew the former, who was a widow; had frequently visited her, and had been surprised at the intimacy which existed between her, and M. de C—, who always appeared quite at home in her house. I ventured to ask my neighbour if the gentleman were the brother of the lady. "Her brother! It is to be hoped not, as he is her husband." "Why does she not bear his name, if that be the case?" "Because her first husband is of a more illustrious family than her second; and then there are some difficulties on the score of fortune. No, no. These people are *bonâ fide* married. *Tenez*—do you see that gentleman who is standing so assiduously near the chair of Madame de S—? He who is all attention and smiles to the lady?" "Certainly: his politeness is even affectionate." "Well, it ought to be, for it is M. de S—, her husband." "They are a happy couple, then." "*Hors de doute*: he meets her at *soirées* and balls; is the pink of politeness; puts on her shawl; sees her safe into her carriage, and—" "Then they drive home together, as loving as Darby and Joan." "And then he jumps into his *cabriolet*, and drives to the lodgings of ——. *Bon soir, monsieur* —; you are making me fall into the vulgar crime of scandal."

Now, much as all this may sound like invention, it is quite true that I repeat no more to you than was said to me, and no more than what I believe to be the fact. As respects the latter couple, I have been elsewhere told that they literally never see each other except in public, where they constantly meet as the best friends in the world.

I was lately in some English society, when Lady G— bet a pair of gloves with Lord R— that he had not seen Lady R— for a fortnight. The bet was won by the gentleman, who proved satisfactorily that he had met his wife at a dinner party only ten days before.

After all I have told you, and all that you may have heard from others, I am nevertheless inclined to believe that the high society of Paris is quite as exemplary as that of any other large European town. If we are any better ourselves, is it not more owing to the absence of temptation, than to any other cause? Put large garrisons into our towns, fill the streets with idlers who have nothing to do but to render themselves agreeable, and with women with whom dress and pleasure are the principal occupations, and then let us see what Protestantism and liberty will avail us in this particular. The intelligent French say that their society is improving in morals. I can believe this assertion, of which I think there is sufficient proof by comparing the present with the past, as the latter has been described to us. By the past, I do not mean the period of the Revolution, when vulgarity assisted to render vice still more odious—a happy union, perhaps, for those who were to follow,—but the days of the old *régime*. Chance has thrown me in the way of three or four old dowagers of that period, women of high rank, and still in the first circles, who, amid all their *finesse* of breeding, and ease of manner, have had a most desperate *rouée* air about them. Their very laugh, at times, has seemed replete with a bold levity that was as disgusting as it was unfeminine. I have never, in any other part of the world, seen loose sentiments *affichés*, with more effrontery. These women are the complete antipodes of the quiet, elegant Princesse de —, who was at Lady — —'s this evening; though some of them write *Princesses* on their cards, too.

[Pg 87]

The influence of a court must be great on the morals of those who live in its purlieus. Conversing with the Duc de —, a man who has had general currency in the best society of Europe, on this subject, he said,—"England has long decried our manners. Previously to the Revolution, I admit they were bad; perhaps worse than her own; but I know nothing in our history so bad as what I have witnessed in England. The King invited me to dine at Windsor. I found every one in the drawing-room, but his Majesty and Lady ——. She entered but a minute before him, like a queen. Her reception was that of a queen; young, unmarried females kissed her hand. Now, all this might happen in France, even now; but Louis XV, the most dissolute of our monarchs, went no farther. At Windsor, I saw the husband, sons, and daughters of the favourite, in the circle! *Le parc des Cerfs* was not as bad as this."

"And yet, M. de —, since we are conversing frankly, listen to what I witnessed, but the other day, in France. You know the situation of things at St. Ouen, and the rumours that are so rife. We had the *fête Dieu* during my residence there. You, who are a Catholic, need not be told that your sect believe in the doctrine of the 'real presence.' There was a *reposoir* erected in the garden of the *château*, and God, in person, was carried, with religious pomp, to rest in the bowers of the ex-favourite. It is true, the husband was not present: he was only in the provinces!"

"The influence of a throne makes sad parasites and hypocrites," said M. de —, shrugging his shoulders.

"And the influence of the people, too, though in a different way. A courtier is merely a well-dressed demagogue."

"It follows, then, that man is just a poor devil."

But I am gossiping away with you, when my Asmodean career is ended; and it is time I went to bed. Good night!

[Pg 88]

METASTASIO.

I.

La Signora.

Chi sei tu? Chi sei tu?
Dimmi piccolo fanciullo,
Sempr' andante sù et giù
Sospirando fra 'l trastullo.

Cupid.

Son Cupidon' in verità
Rè de' burle leggiadre.

La Sig.

Dunque di per carità,
Come stia, tua madre?
Senz' arco così, perchè?
Dove sono le saiette?
La faretra poi dov' è?
Sembianze son sospette—
Chi sei tu?

II.

La Sig.

Chi sei tu? chi sei tu?
Arme c'eran altre volte.

Cupid.

Giovan' ELLA non è più
Mi furon' allora tolte.

La Sig.

E la torcia, perchè, di,
Hai voluto tu lasciare?

Cupid.

Cuori signor' oggidì
Più non vogliono bruciare.

La Sig.

Tu rispondermi così
Fanciuletto! che vergogna!
O! sei cambiato, sì,
Ate dunque dir' bisogna
"CHI SEI TU?"

FONTENELLE.

I.

La Dame.

Qui es tu? Qui es tu?
Bel enfant aux gais sourires,
Toi qui cours tout devtu,
Et ris parfois, parfois soupieres?

Cupidon.

Dame, je suis Cupidon
Dieu d'amour, fils à C'ITHERE.

La Dame.

Bel enfant, eh, dis moi donc
Comment va, VENUS, ta mere?
Cette fois, sans carquois
Je te vois avec surprise,
Cupidon, est il donc
Etonnant que l'on te dise

Qui es tu?

II.

La Dame.

Qui es tu? Qui es tu?

Qu'a tu donc fait de tes armes,
De tes traits de fer pointu ...?

Cupidon.

De vos traits ... où sont les charmes?

Vous votre beau, moi mon flambeau
Ensemble nous lâchâmes:

Or, plus d'espoir hélas! de voir
Pour nous les cœurs en flammes!

La Dame.

Petit enfant, c'est peu galant
D'user pareil langage;

Pas étonnant que maintenant
Chacun dise au village

"QUI EST TU?"

SAM. LOVER.

**** This song has been set to music
* by Mr. Lover, and is published.**

"Who are you?—Who are you?
Little boy that's running after
Ev'ry one up and down,
Mingling sighing with your laughter?"

"I am Cupid, lady belle,
I am Cupid, and no other."

"Little boy, then pr'ythee tell
How is Venus? How's your mother?
Little boy, little boy,
I desire you tell me true:
Cupid, oh! you're alter'd so,
No wonder I cry *Who are you?*"

II.

"Who are you?—Who are you?
Little boy, where is your bow?
You had a bow, my little boy."

"So had you, ma'am, long ago."

"Little boy, where is your torch?"
"Madam, I have given it up:

Torches are no use at all;
Hearts will never now *flare up*."

"Naughty boy, naughty boy,
Such words as these I never knew:
Cupid, oh! you're alter'd so,
No wonder I say
"WHO ARE YOU?"

WHO ARE YOU?

"There are very impudent people in London," Said young Ben. "As I passed down Arlington-street a fellow stared at me and shouted 'Who are you?' Five minutes after, another passing me cried 'Flare up!' but a civil gentleman close to his heels kindly asked 'How is your mother?' *Vivian Grey*."



"Il y a certaines façons de parler dans toutes les langues de l'Europe, que l'on retrouve partout dans la bouche du vulgaire. A cette classe appartions "Qui es tu?" "Comment va ta mere?" En Italie comme en France on n'entend que ça."—L'Abbé Bossu *sur les idiotismes du langage*.

[Pg 89]

METROPOLITAN MEN OF SCIENCE.

No. I.

The author of the exploits of *Brown Bess* and of *The Admirable Crichton* has announced his intention of *editing* "*The Lions of London*," a task of no ordinary description; and *Boz* has already chronicled the slang, humour, peculiarities, and vices of the omnibus cads and cab-drivers. Pierce Egan, after uttering a vulgar forgery of *Life in London*, has in a repentant fit announced himself as "*A Pilgrim of the Thames*;" and, in short, the wonders of this wondrous metropolis are drawn, depicted, coloured, printed, narrated, represented, in every possible shape and way to the town and country public. All this we know: but we know more; we know that there are *the* places, *the* scenes, and *the* characters to be visited, and contemplated, and admired in town, which will be omitted to be noticed by any of our pleasant historians; but which are, of all others, worthy of sincere regard and periodical immortality! In the East, according to the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the corner of the Kiosk was the distinguished place of honour; and may we not conduct our readers to corners and by-places, and "show their eyes and grieve their hearts?" We have for some time felt a great anxiety to exhibit to our readers a few remarkable features of society, or rather to introduce them to Those who are connected with those features. All know, and yet all do not intimately and in particular know, many of our great scientific humanists, as connected with particular departments of our precious faces or heads; but we long, we thirst, to be the chroniclers of

Mr. A. and the eye,
Mr. B. and the ear,
Mr. C. and the nose,
Mr. D. and the teeth,
&c. &c. &c.

Some of our readers will think we are about to publish the works of *Head* in the usual popular monthly series; but we see no reason why old Burton should have it all to himself, and why a pleasant anatomy (which must be an anatomy of pleasure) should not compete with the Anatomy of Melancholy!

We shall at once begin our agreeable task, and as it is *biting* weather, we will immediately come to Mr. D. and the teeth, than whom a more amiable, honourable, or generous man, or a more decisive and perfect artist, does not exist. Persons may think that his abode is a mere place where drops of laudanum are dropped into wretched receptacles of pain; or where bits of yellow double ivory are lugged out, as though the teeth were dancing the hays in Hayes Court. No such thing! The house is a palace! The man is a magician over the unruly spirit of teeth! The arrangements are pleasant, touching, and delightful; and the operations are rare and fascinating surprises, which no person with a discoloured concave, or suspicious fang, ought to neglect! What a mansion! What an artist! What a deathless D.!

[Pg 90]

I do not know when I have experienced more of ease and pleasure than I did in the capacious

and comfortable ante-room; for I had, to speak the truth, accompanied a friend who had the tooth-ache, and I saw around me, various respectable objects of pang and pity, who were about to have that salutary relief given to them, which the new poor-law has directed to other poor devils, and which is derived from their *being taken into the house!* One by one was beckoned out by the porter to the relieving officer, and nothing could be more interesting or effective than the departure of patient after patient, "with a muffled drum" for a head, and who, as soon as the door closed, was "heard no more of!" What luxury marks this apartment! The handles of the doors are a complete set of ivories; and, indeed, the whole interior is one scene of mingled splendour and comfort. Let our readers, as Brutus says, "*chew upon this!*" A large table stands in the room, covered with every work that the imagination can devise, for the amusement and satisfaction of the attentive reader. The students, however, in this room, are not so steady and intent over their books as are the visitors to the library of the British Museum; but they snatch a little agreeable reading by fits and starts, and take up a very tolerable number of volumes and pamphlets, and put them down in a remarkably short compass of time. The person to whom the selection of this entertaining library has been entrusted, has executed his task with discretion, fidelity, and spirit; and we were pleased to notice, as we jotted down in our memorandum-book the names of the most attractive of the works, how much he had endeavoured to collect together, pages that should tend to soothe, beguile, and cheer the casual visitor of the place. First we had "*Paine's Age of Reason*"—a book calculated for those in whom pain and reason are so invariably connected. Then we had "*Sass's Drawings of the Human Figure;*" "*The Sufferings of the Early Martyrs;*" "*History of the Inquisition, with Prints of the Screws and Instruments of Torture;*" "*Lardner on the Lever;*" "*Coulson on Distortions, &c.*" "*Tracts on Tumours;*" "*Montgomery's Omnipresence;*" "*Five Minutes' Advice on the Care of the Teeth;*" "*The Lancet;*" and "*Elegant Extracts.*" There is no refreshment ready in *this* room, except that which is derived by the person who comes to have his or her teeth "looked at," contemplating a near chair-neighbour who is about to part with one of those useful inmates, which, like all other domestics, get troublesome as they get older, and finally lose their places from becoming in themselves perfectly unbearable! The passages and galleries are magnificent—rows of pillars of the *Tuscan* order are in even sets, and in perfect order and keeping! On the staircase, which is of marble, stands a superb clock, which *throbs* the time very awfully; and the suite of rooms on the first floor is, as the visitors cannot but admit, of the most costly order. Refreshments are here constantly spread before the lingerer, tempting those (who have not had a wink of sleep for weeks) to eat and enjoy themselves. In this house one thing is remarkable, and I think it tends to confuse the mind,—"*the drawing-room*" is on the ground-floor! Here the soothing sorcerer over anguish and horror—receives his visitors; and here, indeed, he sees company in due state. I merely took a glimpse at this room, which was by no means so provocative of curiosity to me as was the blue chamber to that of Fatima's.

[Pg 91]

A few *mems* must close this weak and impotent description:—a few recollections snatched amidst the fascination of the whole place! We observed that the mode in which our artist expelled a troublesome *double enemy* put an end to the usual interpretation of Zanga's famous exclamation,

"The flesh *will* follow where the pincers tear!"

The *pincers* might be used, but the flesh did *not* follow,—the eye-tooth came out as clean as a smelt. Mr. D. had several pictures in *enamel*, which were much to be valued; and he had in his hall a portrait by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence of Mr. Cartwright—and likenesses by *H. B.* in one of his closets, of Howard, Imrie, Sanford, Clarke, Jones, Parkinson, Hayes, Biggs, Rogers, &c. &c. which are allowed to be, by all observers, admirable works of art. There is a slight attempt at *Mallan* in *mineral succedaneum*, which appears to be falling away—we will not say decaying.

One nuisance there is, and we cannot as honest historians pass it over; the street, in which our D. lives, is disturbed, distracted, by an excess of music, amounting, arising indeed, into a decided case of "*organic disease.*" The *grinders* making a point—it would seem a pointed point—of showing themselves in the very front of that building,—which is opposed to anything defective in the front!

As we were about to depart from this attractive spot—not *spot*—place,—we saw Charles Taylor or Tom Cooke slipping away with every tooth perfect, and yet not without a *falsetto*. Some musical wag however still remained, and by permission of the butler (a *drawer* of corks in large practice) we were allowed to hear the following song; and we shall print it at once without comment, explanation, or excuse,

"For, oh! Sir Thomas's own sonnet
Beats all that we can say upon it."

[Pg 92]

SONG,

For the Private Theatre or the *Drawing-room.*

Air—Not "Pull away, pull away, pull away, my hearties!"—DIBDIN.

Oh! this is the house for effects and for scenes,—
What is Drury, Ducrow's, Covent Garden, the Queen's?

Success at the one or the other will pause,
But in this house the manager constantly *draws*.—
Then let the Muse *be* at her
Home, in this theatre;
Gain here, and glory, go snacks in applause.

The crowds that come here, made of Beauty and Ninny,
Take—each takes a seat in the stall for a guinea;
Our great managerial actor then bows,
And, oh! with what pleasure he views *the front rows!*
Then let, &c.

At the Opera they boast of the band and the *chori*,
Of Lindley,—of Balfe,—Dragonetti, and Mori;
But here finished art, perfect touch, take their station,
For who beats our hero in *instrumentation?*
Then let, &c.

There's *Richard the Third* is a favourite part,
And he mouths it, like some of our players, by heart;
But remember that Gloster, when first he drew breath,
Was shaped like a *screw*—with a *full set of teeth*.
Then let, &c.

Macbeth may effectively fall to his lot,
For where's such an artist for "*Out, damned spot!*"
And we see, where those old annotators were blind,—
For the issue of Duncan, why he *filed* his mind.
Then let, &c.

He does not play Lear (Forrest does—so does Booth),
For he thinks the "How sharper!" is wrong on the *tooth!*
His company's good, else why full stall and bench?
But, though he likes *Power*, he won't hear of *Wrench!*
Then let, &c.

Through pieces—light farce—Fame our favorite then next tracks,—
Single acts, single scenes, pungent touches, smart extracts!
With Colman's Review, too, he's coupled by some,
For he, like John Lump, gets a "*guinea by Gum!*"
Then let, &c.

Then, with riches at will, oh! how liberal the lord
Of this mansion is found at the banquet and board!
Still, though wealth comes from east and from west, north and south,
Yet some *will* say he lives but from mere *hand to mouth!*
Then let, &c.

But cautious he should be,—though bright be the day,—
For he knows, best of any, the works of decay;
And he ne'er should forget, in this splendid—this top age,
That when he *won't* draw, he inclines then to *stoppage*.
Then let, &c.

But long may he flourish—long, long here preside,
To give "harmless pleasure" to thousands beside!
Age is baffled by him,—we're still rich,—let it fret!
Oh! if hundreds are lost, we can have a *new set!*
Then let, &c.

R.

[Pg 93]

KYAN'S PATENT— THE NINE MUSES,—AND THE DRY-ROT.

"That which is most elaborate in nature is that which soonest runs to decay."

FARADAY.

The Muses, to their infinite disgrace as useful members of society, have for centuries been devoting their time to the sun, the moon, the stars, flowers, lips, hair, love, "kisses, tears, and smiles;" in short, to objects of mere enjoyment and beauty; greatly to the delight, it must be confessed, of the young and the romantic, but tending to no wise and useful purpose, and contributing to no profitable end. The long luxurious indolence of these nine inestimable young ladies for so many, many years, does appear to us to cast no slight shade upon their characters; and Parnassus itself does not "hold its own" as a place of any considerable repute, when the

habits of its female frequenters are taken into account. It is, indeed, high time that the Muses should get into places of all work,—that they should earn their bread through habits of honest industry and integrity, and not be idling about the rose-trees, and wasting their powers on a sigh, an eyebrow, or a trumpery star. The time for useful exertion is come; and the days of dalliance, dreaming, and ethereal delight are passing away. Flora gives way to Cocker, and Apollo is whipped off the top of his own Grecian mount by the schoolmaster *abroad*. If the Muses do not now patronise statistical reports, poor-law estimates, and fat-cattle meetings, they will as surely "sink in their repute," ay, as surely as the name of their firm is "Clio, Tighe, Thalia, Hemans, Euterpe, Landon, Polyhymnia, Jenkinson, and Co." Imagination is all very well in its way; but does it know how "things are in the City?" Is it in the direction—it certainly ought to be—of the Great Northern Railway, or the Public Safety British Patent Axletree Conveyance Company? Can imagination "set a leg or an arm?" if not, why imagination may imagine itself carrying out its own shutters in these enlightened times, and shutting up its own shop at mid-day.

We are happy to see, and to be able to say, that the Muses, like the ladies in "the Invincibles," are marching with the times. They are setting imagination to work on various well-sounding schemes for public companies and joint-stockeries. Apollo is preparing a prospectus for a New British Co-operative Joint Stock Music Society, into which, of course, nothing foreign will be allowed to creep, unless it is altered and dressed anew, and "wears a livery like its fellows." Melpomene is to take the Queen's Theatre for a serious bazaar, and Thalia is to turn Astley's into an agreeable chapel for the Jumpers. Urania goes to the Astronomical Society as housekeeper, and Terpsichore is to be the lessee of the dancing-rooms in Brewer-street, Golden-square, for gymnastic purposes. Indeed, there will not be an idle body in the lovely firm; and, in future, it is more than probable that vessels will be propelled by means of airy verse, and balloons inflated by fancy, or elevated and guided by the application of high-flown figures. There is no knowing or foretelling to *what* extent of usefulness poetry may be carried!

[Pg 94]

It has fallen to our lot to be able to record one of the scientific turns which poetry has taken. The Muses having of late years observed that the palm-tree, the laurel, and all their sacred trees, had, like the trees in all gardens open to the public, suffered much from ill-usage,—premature symptoms of dry-rot having presented themselves,—the Nine were all at sixes and sevens about the matter, until they were recommended by a humane neighbour (as one of Morrison's pill victims says in a grateful advertisement) to "try Kyan." "Try Kyan!" exclaimed Calliope. "What, in the name of music, can Kyan be?" On turning to the columns of the Morning Chronicle, however, Erato (who could read) discovered the advertisement explanatory of the great patent antidote to dry-rot in timber; and a deputation of three of the daughters of Mnemosyne waited on Messrs. Faraday, Pine, Kyan, Memel, Mills, Oakley, Terry, and Woodison, gentlemen interested in the progress of this invaluable discovery,—and finally at the office in Lime-street-square the Muses bargained for a steeping of their undying, dying, decaying timber in the wondrous tank at Red Lion wharf, Poplar. The process, notwithstanding the mischief done to the wood by the poets of this scratching age, was most triumphantly successful; all symptoms of decay, except where certain initials were carved, at once disappeared, and the immortal plants began to put on "all their original brightness!" Apollo gave an awful shriek of delight as he saw the wanton cuttings and witherings disappear, and the grand leaves of beauty starting into life afresh, at the inspiring touch of the immortal Kyan. The Muses, with a few select friends, dined together afterwards, at the Macclesfield Arms in the New-road, and a song upon Kyan's patent was *impromptued* on the occasion, and was very favourably received, when the mortal waiters were out of the room. We are enabled to lay a copy of it before our readers; and we are sure they will, with us, receive with pleasure this proof of the interest which the Muses are taking in matters of science and useful art. It is reported that the Nine are about to become members of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

[Pg 95]

THE ANTI-DRY-ROT COMPANY'S SONG.

*Air—"Well, well, now—no more;—sure you've told me before."
Love in a Village.*

1.

Have you heard,—have you heard,—
Anti-dry-rot's the word?
Wood will never wear out, thanks to Kyan, to Kyan!
He dips in a tank,
Any rafter or plank,—
And makes it immortal as Dian, as Dian!
If you steep but a thread,
It will hang by the head,
For ever, the largest old lion, old lion;
Or will cord up the trunk
Of an elephant drunk;—
If you doubt it,—yourself go and try 'un, and try 'un.

2.

In the days that are gone,
As to timber and stone,
Decay was by no means a shy 'un, a shy 'un.

He bolted our floors,
And our vessels by scores,
And the thirsty old rot was a dry 'un, a dry 'un!
Oak crumbled beneath
The dry blast of its breath,
As soon as it e'er came a-nigh 'un, a-nigh 'un;
But gone is the day
Of that glutton Decay,
Since he can't eat his timber with *Kyan*, with *Kyan*!

3.

Say—now—what shall we steep
In the tank? just to keep.—
Shakespeare sniffed our great secret, the sly 'un, the sly 'un!
Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear,
Have been *Kyan'd*, my dear,
By Nature's immortal Paul Pry 'un, Paul Pry 'un.
Shall the plays of the day
Take a plunge from decay?
(There is no need for Tell, or for Ion, for Ion;)
I fear he could not
Soak away the dry-rot
From *some* things:—But *all* rests on *Kyan*, on *Kyan*.

4.

Put the lid on the tank,—
Not a crack for a plank,—
While I point out one thing, as I fly on, I fly on,
Which really must not
Have a dip 'gainst dry-rot,—
Stuff with cotton the ears of my *Kyan*, my *Kyan*.
In a whisper I speak,
(But 'twill rain for a week,—
Or as long as St. Swithin will cry on, will cry on,—)
The moment I make
Your conviction awake
That *Vauxhall* wants no plunge 'gainst the dry 'un, the dry 'un.

5.

Do not dip many books
In our anti-rot nooks;
Keep out novels, and all Sense cries Fie on! cries Fie on!
Though, since Wood turns sublime
In its strife against time,
Most heads that we know, will try *Kyan*, try *Kyan*.
Only think what great good
'Twould do Alder*men* Wood,
(Elected for life) if they'd try 'un, they'd try 'un;—
Every word that I say
Is as true as the day,
And each hint you may safely rely on, rely on!

6.

Then, hurrah! come uncork!
This dry-rot is dry work;
Bring the bottle,—that one I've my eye on, my eye on;
My spirit I'd steep
In its rich *anti-deep*,
And linger for morn, like Orion, Orion!
'Gad the secret is out,
We've talk'd so much about;
My dog's on the scent,—oh! then hie on, then hie on!
'Tis the *bottle*, I feel,
Makes immortal mere deal,
And wine's the *solution of Kyan*, of *Kyan*!

R.

[Pg 96]

THE ORIGINAL OF
"NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD."

SCRAP, No. III.

When *single-speech* Hamilton made in the Irish Commons that *one* memorable hit, and persevered ever after in obdurate taciturnity, folks began very justly to suspect that all was not right; in fact, that the solitary egg on which he thus sat, plumed in all the glory of incubation, had been laid by another. The Rev. Mr. Wolfe is *supposed* to be the author of a single poem, unparalleled in the English language for all the qualities of a true lyric, breathing the purest spirit of the antique, and setting criticism completely at defiance. I say *supposed*, for the gentlemen himself never claimed its authorship during his short and unobtrusive lifetime. He who could write the "Funeral of Sir John Moore," must have eclipsed all the lyric poets of this latter age by the fervour and brilliancy of his powers. Do the other writings of Mr. Wolfe bear any trace of inspiration? None.

I fear we must look elsewhere for the origin of those beautiful lines; and I think I can put the public on the right scent. In 1749, Colonel de Beaumanoir, a native of Brittany, having rained a regiment in his own neighbourhood, went out with it to India, in that unfortunate expedition commanded by Lally-Tolendal, the failure of which eventual lost to the French their possessions in Hindostan. The colonel was killed in defending, against the forces of Coote, PONDICHERRY, the last stronghold of the French in that hemisphere. He was buried that night on the north bastion of the fortress by a few faithful followers, and the next day the fleet sailed with the remainder of the garrison for Europe. In the appendix to the "Memoirs of LALLY-TOLENDAL," by his Son, the following lines occur, which bear some resemblance to those attributed to Wolfe. Perhaps Wolf Tone may have communicated them to his relative the clergyman on his return from France. *Fides sit penès lectorem.*

[Pg 97]

P. PROUT.

THE ORIGINAL OF "NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD."

I.

Ni le son du tambour ... ni la marche funebre ...
Ni le feu des soldats ... ne marqua son depart.—
Mais du BRAVE, à la hâte, à travers les tenebres,
Mornes ... nous portâmes le cadavre au rempart!

II.

De Minuit c'était l'heure, et solitaire et sombre—
La lune à peine offrait un debile rayon;
La lanterne luisait peniblement dans l'ombre,
Quand de la bayonette on creusa le gazon.

III.

D'inutile cercueil ni de drap funeraire
Nous ne daignâmes point entourer le HEROS;
Il gisait dans les plis du manteau militaire
Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure de repos.

IV.

La prière qu'on fit fut de courte durée:
Nul ne parla de deuil, bien que le cœur fut plein!
Mais on fixait du MORT la figure adorée ...
Mais avec amertume on songeait au demain.

V.

Au demain! quand ici ou sa fosse s'apprête,
Ou son humide lit on dresse avec sanglots,
L'ennemi orgueilleux marchera sur sa tête,
Et nous, ses veterans, serons loin sur les flots!

VI.

Ils terniront sa gloire ... un pourra le entendre
Nommer l'illustre MORT d'un ton amer ... ou fol;—
Il les laissera dire.—Eh! qu'importe À SA CENDRE
Que la main d'un BRETON a confiée au sol?

VII.

L'œuvre durait encor, quand retentit la cloche
Au sommet du Befroi:—et le canon lointain
Tiré par intervalle, en annonçant l'approche,
Signalait la fierté de l'ennemi hautain.

VIII.

Et dans sa fosse alors le mîmes lentement ...
Près du champ où sa gloire a été consommée:

A GOSSIP WITH SOME OLD ENGLISH POETS.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

All hail to the octo-syllabic measure! the most cheerful, buoyant, and terse of all metres; at once familiar and refined, and fitted more than any other to the narration of a gay and laughing tale. Lord Byron, who indulged in it not a little, was pleased nevertheless to condemn it for what he called its "fatal facility;" but we believe that its *facility* is more a matter for the enjoyment of the reader than for the execution of the writer; since, in the latter respect, it seems to demand so much of polish, point, and neatness, as to require, in its very absence of all apparent effort, no little labour in him who would do its claims full justice. Cowper, who was ambitious to excel in this pleasant verse, declared that the "easy jingle" of Mat. Prior was inimitable; but Prior, delightful as his octo-syllabic poetry undoubtedly is, has many rivals,—not indeed among his contemporaries, but in poets who preceded and followed him. Shakespeare, for example, in whose boundless riches is found almost every variety of the Muse, has given us abundant specimens of this verse in the prologues to each act of "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," as spoken by the Ghost of old Gower, who, having, in his *Confessio Amantis*, told the story afterwards dramatised by Shakespeare, is evoked from his "ashes" to explain to the spectators the progress of the incidents of the play. The following *notturmo* could hardly have been as pleasantly conveyed in any other measure:—

"Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed."

Ben Johnson, too, has revelled in this metre: its sweet cheerfulness appears, for the time, to have drawn from his mind its austere and sarcastic qualities, and to have lulled the violence of his wit. Old Ben is, in short, never seen in so happy and amiable a light as when he writes in the octo-syllabic. Here in a specimen:—

"Some act of Love bound to rehearse,
I thought to bind him in my verse;
Which, when he felt, 'Away!' quoth he,
'Can poets hope to fetter me?
It is enough they once did get
Mars and my mother in their net;
I wear not these my wings in vain.
With which he fled me; and again
Into my rhymes could ne'er be got
By any art. Then wonder not
That, since, my numbers are so cold,
when Love is fled, and I grow old."

But what shall we say of Herrick, the English Anacreon, who fondled this measure with such graceful dalliance? We cannot resist the temptation of making an extract, and of *italicising* a line or two, that we may enjoy them with the reader:—

"A sweet disorder in the dresse
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse;
A lawne about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoate;
A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye
I see a wild civility;
Doe more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part."

Mark the ease, the play, the *curiosa felicitas*, of this exquisite little poem. Could it have been as happy in any other measure?

The stern and unflinching patriot, Andrew Marvell, evidently takes delight in the piquant

grace of the octo-syllabic. Here is a passage from his poem addressed to the Lord Fairfax, descriptive of the grounds about that nobleman's house, in Yorkshire, called Nun-Appleton. Speaking of the meadows, Marvell says:—

"No scene, that turns with engines strange,
Does oftener than these meadows change;
For when the sun the grass hath vex'd,
The tawny mowers enter next;
*Who seem like Israelites to be,
Walking on foot through a green sea.*
To them the grassy deeps divide,
And crowd a lane to either side.
With whistling scythe, and elbow strong,
These massacre the grass along.

The mower now commands the field;
In whose new traverse seemeth wrought
A camp of battle newly fought;
Where, as the meads with hay, the plain
Lies quilted o'er with bodies slain:
The women that with forks it fling,
Do represent the pillaging.
And now the careless victors play,
Dancing the triumphs of the hay.
When, after this, 'tis piled in cocks,
Like a calm sea it shews the rocks."

The poems of Thomas Randolph, a writer of the seventeenth century, are not so well known as they deserve to be. A specimen, therefore, of his treatment of our favourite verse, will be some such a novelty as is afforded by the revival of an obsolete fashion. He is addressing his mistress while walking through a grove:—

"See Zephyrus through the leaves doth stray,
And has free liberty to play,
And braid thy locks. And shall I find
Less favour than a saucy wind?
Now let me sit and fix my eyes
On thee that art my paradise.
Thou art my all: the spring remains
In the fair violets of thy veins;
And that it is a summer's day,
Ripe cherries in thy lips display;
And when for autumn I would seek,
'Tis in the apples of thy cheek;
But that which only moves my smart,
Is to see winter in thy heart."

[Pg 100]

Of Butler it is needless to speak; everybody knows Hudibras. He is, indeed, a glorious champion of the octo-syllabic verse. The glories, too, of Prior,—the witty, the humorous, the *riant* Prior,—are too well known to require illustration. We say "too well known," for Matthew, alas! had a sovereign contempt for *les bienséances*, and only, now-a-days, finds his "way into families" because time and a classic reputation have, in a manner, sanctified his extravagancies. But what must have been the irresistible charm of his octo-syllabic measure, to have seduced the morbid methodist, Cowper, into a warm eulogy of the very metre in which his licentious freaks were perpetuated?

As in Prior's case, Gay chose this particular verse to sin in. We do not allude to his "Fables," but to his "Tales," which are dexterous and pleasant enough, but wrong. The reader must not expect specimens. From the next writer, however, to whom we shall allude, namely, Green, author of "The Spleen," we shall be happy to transfer to our pages an extract. Green was a member of the Society of Friends; but, whatever might have been the formality of the outward man, never did a more genial heart beat in the bosom of a human creature than in that of Quaker Green. He was a philosopher, a humanist, a wit, a poet; and we do not like him the less because he took especial delight in the sly humour of the eight-syllable rhyme. He found in this measure a pleasant compromise between a staid cheerfulness and a roystering joke, and he dandled it to his heart's content in the true spirit of Quaker love-making; that is to say, with a certain significance of purpose qualified by sobriety of pretence. The friendly triumph of the flesh over the spirit was never more cordially manifested; but all is done "with conscience and tender heart." The poem called "The Spleen" would have been a luxury from any writer. From Green, in his drab coat, it has a double relish. The fire that burned under the broad-brimmed hat of this wise and gentle lover of humanity, was too strong for the stuff of which his physical man was composed; it

"O'er informed his tenement of clay;"

and our poetical Quaker died before he had reached his middle age. His principal poem is

distinguished by the elastic play of the versification, by manly good sense, and flashing wit. Poor Green! it was especially necessary for him, with his delicate organization, to study how he might best exorcise the spleen, or, as we should now call it, hypochondria,—a task which we, in our Miscellany, have taken under our especial care. The following extract from the exordium to the Quaker's poem will afford a good taste of his quality. We have italicised some lines that appeared to be peculiarly felicitous:—

[Pg 101]

"Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood;
But after no field-honours itch,
Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry, awake the Morn:
These see her from her dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the Night,
With roral wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the 'Hark-away!'
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view,
While all the spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.
To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh, and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit."

We may take an opportunity of resuming this subject.

THE RISING PERIODICAL;

BEING MR. VERDANT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST AERIAL VOYAGE,

edited BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Without apology, I'll trace
Our airy flight across the sea,
Because at once we raised *ourselves*
And public curiosity.

And well might those who saw us off,
Our many perils long discuss,
Because, ere we were out of sight,
'Twas certainly "all up with us!"

There might be danger, sure enough,
On high, from thirst and hunger blending;
But men are told they should *bear up*
Against the danger that's impending.

So we bore up into the clouds,
Of creature comforts ample store;
And really coffee ne'er was known
To rise so speedily before.

Our tongues, though salted, never halted;
Our game fresh-kill'd was very high;
And, though all nicely truss'd and roasted,
We saw our fowls and turkeys fly!

Our solid food rose like a puff,
Hard biscuit seem'd a trifle, too;
And our champagne was so much up,
That e'en our empty bottles flew!

[Pg 102]

Our spirits rose; in fact we were,
When not a dozen miles from Dover,
Quite in a *state of elevation*,
Indisputably "*half seas over*."

How like conspirators were we,
So snug we kept our hour of rising;
And when our movement once was made,
All London cried, "Oh! how surprising!"

If, when we soar'd above the great,
They trembled, 'twas without occasion:
Our thoughts were turned to France; in truth
We meditated an invasion!

But over earth and over sea
We went without one hostile notion;
Our war on earth, a civil war;
The Channel,—our Pacific Ocean.

When passing over Chatham town
We were just finishing a chicken;
A soldier and a maiden fair
I saw whilst I the bones was picking.

I threw a drumstick at the youth,
Who all around the culprit sought;
And whilst the maiden laughed aloud,
I struck her with a merry thought.

In darkness we the Channel cross'd,
And left our fragile car to chance;
And, scorning customary rules,
Without a passport enter'd France!

But on we went, and our descent
Bewilder'd many a German gaper;
Until, to prove from whence we came,
We show'd the last day's London paper!

We're told no good that is substantial
Results from all we nobly dare;
What then?—We took a clever MASON
To build us castles in the air.

We're not like certain *rising men*,
Puff'd up with vain presumptuous thoughts;
We nothing boast of what we've done,
And deem ourselves mere airy-noughts!
T. H. B

[Pg 103]

AN ITALIAN ANECDOTE.

Naples, July 1.—This was one of the hottest days of the season. I had long contemplated Fort St. Elmo, high on the crest of the mountain which overhung Naples, as one of the objects which I was bound to visit. I knew and felt that, like Vesuvius, it was one of those sights which exercise a tyranny over every traveller, not to be evaded, and which he must see, or hazard his peace of mind for ever; but never yet had I been able to overcome my natural indolence, and to proceed to explore it. On this morning I rose with an alacrity and love of enterprise quite unusual to me, and I at once determined to ascend to St. Elmo to see the magnificent Certosini Convent, with the Chiesa di S. Martino, to enjoy the extensive view which this summit presents, and to hear the ascending buzz of the city and its numerous inhabitants. I immediately sent to T—, to accompany me; and, after eating a hearty breakfast, we took our departure.

Who that has ever mounted the steep, rugged, and never-ending ascent, will not pity the middle-aged gentleman of indolent habits, seeing sights for conscience sake, of no mean size, (for such I am,) as he struggled with the difficulties before him, looking up in dismay at the castle, inflating and distending his lungs with an action to which they had long been unaccustomed, until his face rivalled the sun in glowing crimson?

At length we reached our object. We saw the sights,—admired the beauty of the church, and its beautiful pictures by Spagnoletto,—exclaimed with rapture at the view, and heard the buzz. With my conscience satisfied, and with my critical observations on all we had seen, ready to be made upon the first favourable opportunity, I lost no time in descending to whence we came. By this time it was past meridian. The descent was very trying upon legs of forty-five years' standing; and the tremulous motion which it produced upon the muscles, only increased the

longing I felt, to find myself once more extended full length on my sofa at the Vittoria.

I had taken off my coat, and, lazzaroni-like, had thrown it over my shoulder; my neckcloth was thrust into my waistcoat pocket, and my neck was bare. I carried my hat on my stick, using it by way of parasol; and, thus accoutred, I determined to make one desperate effort to brave the heat of the sun, that was baking the pavement of Santa Lucia, and emitting a glare that acted like a burning-glass upon my eyeballs. As we walked through this ordeal, we passed close to an assembly of young lazzaronis, basking in the sun, near to a stall; there they lay, in the midst of fish-bones, orange-peels, and decayed melons. We evidently excited their mirth; and I, in particular, felt myself privileged to be laughed at,—for what could be more grotesque than my appearance? One of the boys was standing. We had scarcely turned our backs upon them, when I received a blow on the head from a melon-rind;—I turned about, and immediately the whole gang ran off laughing. I would have followed; but, in truth, was too tired. I could scarcely move but at a slow walk. The boys stopped, and looked at us. At length, making a virtue of necessity, I called out to the boy who had thrown the melon-rind, to come to me—he hesitated; I called again—he was evidently puzzled, and suspicious of my intention; I then showed him a carline. "Come here," said I, "take this." "In the name of goodness!" exclaimed T—, "what are you about?" "Never mind," said I; "stop and see." The boy at length took courage, and came to me. "Here," said I, "*bravo! bravissimo! avete fatto bene!* take this." Upon which, in surprise, the boy, taking the piece of money out of my hand, ran off in the greatest exultation, showing it to his little friends as a prize fallen down from heaven.

"Now do tell me," said T—, "what demon of madness can have possessed you? You ought to have broken every bone in that young rascal's skin, instead of feeing him for insulting us." "So I would," said I, "if I could; but to catch him is impossible. By feeing him for his insolence, he will probably throw another piece of melon at the first Englishman he sees, who will, no doubt, give him the beating which I cannot." T— laughed heartily at the ingenious turn which my indolence had taken—administering a beating *à ricochet*, as he called it; and, having reached my room, we laughed over our adventure, and speculated upon the beating the youngster would get.

And, true enough, the next day, as we were seated on one of the benches of the Villa Reale, we heard a sort of hue and cry on the Chiaja, and shortly after, saw our carroty and irascible friend W— appear, foaming with rage, streaming from every pore, owing to some recent exertion, and exploding with bursts of execration. He came straight to us.—"Who ever knew such an infernal country as this?" said he, "D—them all for a beggarly set of villains. Did you ever see the like? I gave it him well, however,—that's some comfort. The young rascal won't forget me, for some time, I'll warrant you!" T— and I smiled at each other in anticipation of the reason, which only made him more furious. "Here," said he, "was I walking quietly along, when a young rascal of a lazzaroni thought fit to shy half a water-melon at my head;—you may laugh; but it was no laughing matter to me, nor to him either, for I have half killed the young urchin; and then, forsooth, I must have half the town of Naples upon me, backed by all their carrion of old women." We allowed his rage to expend itself, and said nothing, for fear of being implicated in his wrath, inasmuch as I was the origin of his disaster; but, truly, indolence was never so completely justified, as on this occasion.

J. M.



Oliver asking for more.

[Pg 105]

OUR SONG OF THE MONTH.

No. II. February, 1837.

OUR VALENTINE.

With a frozen old saint, our Miscellany quaint
We headed last month in a jolly, gay song;
It was fit that a priest should say grace to the feast
Before any layman should stick in a prong.
But now we've no need for the dark-flowing weed
Of a padre to hallow our frolics so fine;
'Tis a bishop, this moon, is to set us in tune—
And his name you know, maidens, is Saint Valentine.

So, love to our ladies from Lapland to Cadiz,
From the Tropics to Poles, (be the same more or less)—
But we know that in print they will ne'er take the hint
Half as soft and as sweet as in perfumed *MS.*
And we wish that we knew any fair one as true
As to think all we're writing superb and divine,
At her feet should we lay—not a word about pay—
Our work as her tribute on Saint Valentine.

Yet why but to one should our homage be done?
We pay it to all whose smiles lighten our art:
To Edgeworth, to Morgan, to Baillie's deep organ,
To Hall's Irish pathos, to Norton's soft heart,
To the Countess so rare, to Costello the fair,
To Miss L. E. L., to high-born Emmeline;
But a truce to more names—Take this, darling dames,
Sweet friends of the pen, as our first Valentine.

W. M.

OLIVER TWIST,
OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST

TREATS OF THE PLACE WHERE OLIVER TWIST WAS BORN, AND OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING HIS BIRTH.

Among other public buildings in the town of Mudfog, it boasts of one which is common to most towns great or small, to wit, a workhouse; and in this workhouse there was born on a day and date which I need not trouble myself to repeat, inasmuch as it can be of no possible consequence to the reader, in this stage of the business at all events, the item of mortality whose name is prefixed to the head of this chapter. For a long time after he was ushered into this world of sorrow and trouble, by the parish surgeon, it remained a matter of considerable doubt whether the child would survive to bear any name at all; in which case it is somewhat more than probable that these memoirs would never have appeared, or, if they had, being comprised within a couple of pages, they would have possessed the inestimable merit of being the most concise and faithful specimen of biography extant in the literature of any age or country. Although I am not disposed to maintain that the being born in a workhouse is in itself the most fortunate and enviable circumstance that can possibly befall a human being, I do mean to say that in this particular instance it was the best thing for Oliver Twist that could by possibility have occurred. The fact is, that there was considerable difficulty in inducing Oliver to take upon himself the office of respiration,—a troublesome practice, but one which custom has rendered necessary to our easy existence,—and for some time he lay gasping on a little flock mattress, rather unequally poised between this world and the next, the balance being decidedly in favour of the latter. Now, if during this brief period Oliver had been surrounded by careful grandmothers, anxious aunts, experienced nurses, and doctors of profound wisdom, he would most inevitably and indubitably have been killed in no time. There being nobody by, however, but a pauper old woman, who was rendered rather misty by an unwonted allowance of beer, and a parish surgeon who did such matters by contract, Oliver and nature fought out the point between them. The result was, that, after a few struggles, Oliver breathed, sneezed, and proceeded to advertise to the inmates of the workhouse the fact of a new burden having been imposed upon the parish, by setting up as loud a cry as could reasonably have been expected from a male infant who had not been possessed of that very useful appendage, a voice, for a much longer space of time than three minutes and a quarter.

[Pg
106]

As Oliver gave this first testimony of the free and proper action of his lungs, the patchwork coverlet, which was carelessly flung over the iron bedstead, rustled; the pale face of a young female was raised feebly from the pillow; and a faint voice imperfectly articulated the words "Let me see the child, and die."

The surgeon had been sitting with his face turned towards the fire, giving the palms of his hands a warm, and a rub, alternately; but as the young woman spoke, he rose, and, advancing to the bed's head, said with more kindness than might have been expected of him—

"Oh, you must not talk about dying, yet."

"Lor bless her dear heart, no!" interposed the nurse, hastily depositing in her pocket a green glass bottle, the contents of which she had been tasting in a corner with evident satisfaction. "Lor bless her dear heart, when she has lived as long as I have, sir, and had thirteen children of her own, and all on 'em dead except two, and them in the wurkus with me, she'll know better than to take on in that way, bless her dear heart! Think what it is to be a mother, there's a dear young lamb, do."

Apparently this consolatory perspective of a mother's prospects failed in producing its due effect. The patient shook her head, and stretched out her hand towards the child.

[Pg
107]

The surgeon deposited it in her arms. She imprinted her cold white lips passionately on its forehead, passed her hands over her face, gazed wildly round, shuddered, fell back—and died. They chafed her breast, hands, and temples; but the blood had frozen for ever. They talked of hope and comfort. They had been strangers too long.

"It's all over, Mrs. Thingummy," said the surgeon, at last.

"Ah, poor dear; so it is!" said the nurse, picking up the cork of the green bottle which had fallen out on the pillow as she stooped to take up the child. "Poor dear!"

"You needn't mind sending up to me, if the child cries, nurse," said the surgeon, putting on his gloves with great deliberation. "It's very likely it *will* be troublesome. Give it a little gruel if it is." He put on his hat, and, pausing by the bedside on his way to the door, added, "She was a good-looking girl too; where did she come from?"

"She was brought here last night," replied the old woman, "by the overseer's order. She was found lying in the street;—she had walked some distance, for her shoes were worn to pieces; but where she came from, or where she was going to, nobody knows."

The surgeon leant over the body, and raised the left hand. "The old story," he said, shaking his head: "no wedding-ring, I see. Ah! good night."

The medical gentleman walked away to dinner; and the nurse, having once more applied herself to the green bottle, sat down on a low chair before the fire, and proceeded to dress the

infant.

And what an excellent example of the power of dress young Oliver Twist was! Wrapped in the blanket which had hitherto formed his only covering, he might have been the child of a nobleman or a beggar;—it would have been hard for the haughtiest stranger to have fixed his station in society. But now he was enveloped in the old calico robes, that had grown yellow in the same service; he was badged and ticketed, and fell into his place at once—a parish child—the orphan of a workhouse—the humble, half-starved drudge—to be cuffed and buffeted through the world, despised by all, and pitied by none.

Oliver cried lustily. If he could have known that he was an orphan, left to the tender mercies of churchwardens and overseers, perhaps he would have cried the louder.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

TREATS OF OLIVER TWIST'S GROWTH, EDUCATION, AND BOARD.

For the next eight or ten months, Oliver was the victim of asystematic course of treachery and deception—he was brought up by hand. The hungry and destitute situation of the infant orphan was duly reported by the workhouse authorities to the parish authorities. The parish authorities inquired with dignity of the workhouse authorities, whether there was no female then domiciled in "the house" who was in a situation to impart to Oliver Twist the consolation and nourishment of which he stood in need. The workhouse authorities replied with humility that there was not. Upon this, the parish authorities magnanimously and humanely resolved, that Oliver should be "farmed," or, in other words, that he should be despatched to a branch-workhouse some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws rolled about the floor all day, without the inconvenience of too much food, or too much clothing, under the parental superintendence of an elderly female who received the culprits at and for the consideration of sevenpence-halfpenny per small head per week. Sevenpence-halfpenny's worth per week is a good round diet for s child; a great deal may be got for sevenpence-halfpenny—quite enough to overload its stomach, and make it uncomfortable. The elderly female was a woman of wisdom and experience; she knew what was good for children, and she had a very accurate perception of what was good for herself. So, she appropriated the greater part of the weekly stipend to her own use, and consigned the rising parochial generation to even a shorter allowance than was originally provided for them; thereby finding in the lowest depth a deeper still, and proving herself a very great experimental philosopher.

[Pg
108]

Everybody knows the story of another experimental philosopher, who had a great theory about a horse being able to live without eating, and who demonstrated it so well, that he got his own horse down to a straw a day, and would most unquestionably have rendered him a very spirited and rampacious animal upon nothing at all, if he hadn't died, just four-and-twenty hours before he was to have had his first comfortable bait of air. Unfortunately for the experimental philosophy of the female to whose protecting care Oliver Twist was delivered over, a similar result usually attended the operation of *her* system; for just at the very moment when a child had contrived to exist upon the smallest possible portion of the weakest possible food, it did perversely happen in eight and a half cases out of ten, either that it sickened from want and cold, or fell into the fire from neglect, or got smothered by accident; in any one of which cases, the miserable little being was usually summoned into another world, and there gathered to the fathers which it had never known in this.

Occasionally, when there was some more than usually interesting inquest upon a parish child who had been overlooked in turning up a bedstead, or inadvertently scalded to death when there happened to be a washing, (though the latter accident was very scarce,—anything approaching to a washing being of rare occurrence in the farm.) the jury would take it into their heads to ask troublesome questions, or the parishioners would rebelliously affix their signatures to a remonstrance: but these impertinencies were speedily checked by the evidence of the surgeon, and the testimony of the beadle; the former of whom had always opened the body, and found nothing inside (which was very probable indeed), and the latter of whom invariably swore whatever the parish wanted, which was very self-devotional. Besides, the board made periodical pilgrimages to the farm, and always sent the beadle the day before, to say they were coming. The children were neat and clean to behold, when *they* went; and what more would the people have?

[Pg
109]

It cannot be expected that this system of farming would produce any very extraordinary or luxuriant crop. Oliver Twist's eighth birth-day found him a pale, thin child, somewhat diminutive in stature, and decidedly small in circumference. But nature or inheritance had implanted a good sturdy spirit in Oliver's breast: it had had plenty of room to expand, thanks to the spare diet of the establishment; and perhaps to this circumstance may be attributed his having any eighth birth-day at all. Be this as it may, however, it *was* his eighth birth-day; and he was keeping it in the coal-cellar with a select party of two other young gentlemen, who, after participating with him in a sound threshing, had been locked up therein, for atrociously presuming to be hungry, when Mrs. Mann, the good lady of the house, was unexpectedly startled by the apparition of Mr. Bumble the beadle, striving to undo the wicket of the garden-gate.

"Goodness gracious! is that you, Mr. Bumble, sir?" said Mrs. Mann, thrusting her head out of the window in well-affected ecstasies of joy. "(Susan, take Oliver and them two brats up stairs, and wash 'em directly.)—My heart alive! Mr. Bumble, how glad I am to see you, sure-ly!"

Now Mr. Bumble was a fat man, and a choleric one; so, instead of responding to this open-

hearted salutation in a kindred spirit, he gave the little wicket a tremendous shake, and then bestowed upon it a kick, which could have emanated from no leg but a beadle's.

"Lor, only think," said Mrs. Mann, running out,—for the three boys had been removed by this time,—"only think of that! That I should have forgotten that the gate was bolted on the inside, on account of them dear children! Walk in, sir; walk in, pray, Mr. Bumble; do, sir."

Although this invitation was accompanied with a curtsy that might have softened the heart of a churchwarden, it by no means mollified the beadle.

"Do you think this respectful or proper conduct, Mrs. Mann," inquired Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane,—*"to keep the parish officers a-waiting at your garden-gate, when they come here upon parochial business connected with the parochial orphans? Are you aware, Mrs. Mann, that you are, as I may say, a parochial delegate, and a stipendiary?"*

"I'm sure, Mr. Bumble, that I was only a-telling one or two of the dear children as is so fond of you, that it was you a-coming," replied Mrs. Mann with great humility.

Mr. Bumble had a great idea of his oratorical powers and his importance. He had displayed the one, and vindicated the other. He relaxed.

"Well, well, Mrs. Mann," he replied in a calmer tone; "it may be as you say; it may be. Lead the way in, Mrs. Mann; for I come on business, and have got something to say."

Mrs. Mann ushered the beadle into a small parlour with a brick floor, placed a seat for him, and officiously deposited his cocked hat and cane on the table before him. Mr. Bumble wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his walk had engendered, glanced complacently at the cocked hat, and smiled. Yes, he smiled: beadles are but men, and Mr. Bumble smiled.

"Now don't you be offended at what I'm a-going to say," observed Mrs. Mann with captivating sweetness. "You've had a long walk, you know, or I wouldn't mention it. Now will you take a little drop of something, Mr. Bumble?"

"Not a drop—not a drop," said Mr. Bumble, waving his right hand in a dignified, but still placid manner.

"I think you will," said Mrs. Mann, who had noticed the tone of the refusal, and the gesture that had accompanied it. "Just a *leetle* drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar."

Mr. Bumble coughed.

"Now, just a little drop," said Mrs. Mann persuasively.

"What is it?" inquired the beadle.

"Why it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house, to put in the blessed infants' Daffy when they ain't well, Mr. Bumble," replied Mrs. Mann as she opened a corner cupboard, and took down a bottle and glass. "It's gin."

"Do you give the children Daffy, Mrs. Mann?" inquired Bumble, following with his eyes the interesting process of mixing.

"Ah, bless 'em, that I do, dear as it is," replied the nurse. "I couldn't see 'em suffer before my very eyes, you know, sir."

"No," said Mr. Bumble approvingly; "no, you could not. You are a humane woman, Mrs. Mann."—(Here she set down the glass.)—"I shall take an early opportunity of mentioning it to the board, Mrs. Mann."—(He drew it towards him.)—"You feel as a mother, Mrs. Mann."—(He stirred the gin and water.)—"I—I drink your health with cheerfulness, Mrs. Mann;"—and he swallowed half of it.

"And now about business," said the beadle, taking out a leathern pocket-book. "The child that was half-baptised, Oliver Twist, is eight years old to-day."

"Bless him!" interposed Mrs. Mann, inflaming her left eye with the corner of her apron.

"And notwithstanding an offered reward of ten pound, which was afterwards increased to twenty pound,—notwithstanding the most superlative, and, I may say, supernat'ral exertions on the part of this parish," said Bumble, "we have never been able to discover who is his father, or what is his mother's settlement, name, or condition."

Mrs. Mann raised her hands in astonishment; but added, after a moment's reflection, "How comes he to have any name at all, then?"

The beadle drew himself up with great pride, and said, "I inwented it."

"You, Mr. Bumble!"

"I, Mrs. Mann. We name our foundlin's in alphabetical order. The last was a S,—Swubble: I named him. This was a T,—Twist: I named *him*. The next one as comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins. I have got names ready made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z."

"Why, you're quite a literary character, sir!" said Mrs. Mann.

"Well, well," said the beadle, evidently gratified with the compliment; "perhaps I may be; perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann." He finished the gin and water, and added, "Oliver being now too old to remain here, the Board have determined to have him back into the house; and I have come out myself to take him there,—so let me see him at once."

"I'll fetch him directly," said Mrs. Mann, leaving the room for that purpose. And Oliver having by this time had as much of the outer coat of dirt which encrusted his face and hands removed as could be scrubbed off in one washing, was led into the room by his benevolent protectress.

"Make a bow to the gentleman, Oliver," said Mrs. Mann.

Oliver made a bow, which was divided between the beadle on the chair and the cocked hat on the table.

"Will you go along with me, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble in a majestic voice.

Oliver was about to say that he would go along with anybody with great readiness, when, glancing upwards, he caught sight of Mrs. Mann, who had got behind the beadle's chair, and was shaking her fist at him with a furious countenance. He took the hint at once, for the fist had been too often impressed upon his body not to be deeply impressed upon his recollection.

"Will *she* go with me?" inquired poor Oliver.

"No, she can't," replied Mr. Bumble; "but she'll come and see you, sometimes."

This was no very great consolation to the child; but, young as he was, he had sense enough to make a feint of feeling great regret at going away. It was no very difficult matter for the boy to call the tears into his eyes. Hunger and recent ill-usage are great assistants if you want to cry; and Oliver cried very naturally indeed. Mrs. Mann gave him a thousand embraces, and, what Oliver wanted a great deal more, a piece of bread and butter, lest he should seem too hungry when he got to the workhouse. With the slice of bread in his hand, and the little brown-cloth parish cap upon his head, Oliver was then led away by Mr. Bumble from the wretched home where one kind word or look had never lighted the gloom of his infant years. And yet he burst into an agony of childish grief as the cottage-gate closed after him. Wretched as were the little companions in misery he was leaving behind, they were the only friends he had ever known; and a sense of his loneliness in the great wide world sank into the child's heart for the first time.

Mr. Bumble walked on with long strides; and little Oliver, firmly grasping his gold-laced cuff, trotted beside him, inquiring at the end of every quarter of a mile whether they were "nearly there," to which interrogations Mr. Bumble returned very brief and snappish replies; for the temporary blandness which gin and water awakens in some bosoms had by this time evaporated, and he was once again a beadle.

Oliver had not been within the walls of the workhouse a quarter of an hour, and had scarcely completed the demolition of a second slice of bread, when Mr. Bumble, who had handed him over to the care of an old woman, returned, and, telling him it was a board night, informed him that the board had said he was to appear before it forthwith.

Not having a very clearly defined notion of what a live board was, Oliver was rather astounded by this intelligence, and was not quite certain whether he ought to laugh or cry. He had no time to think about the matter, however; for Mr. Bumble gave him a tap on the head with his cane to wake him up, and another on the back to make him lively, and, bidding him follow, conducted him into a large whitewashed room, where eight or ten fat gentlemen were sitting round a table, at the top of which, seated in an arm-chair rather higher than the rest, was a particularly fat gentleman with a very round, red face.

"Bow to the board," said Bumble. Oliver brushed away two or three tears that were lingering in his eyes, and seeing no board but the table, fortunately bowed to that.

"What's your name, boy?" said the gentleman in the high chair.

Oliver was frightened at the sight of so many gentlemen, which made him tremble; and the beadle gave him another tap behind, which made him cry; and these two causes made him answer in a very low and hesitating voice; whereupon a gentleman in a white waistcoat said he was a fool, which was a capital way of raising his spirits, and putting him quite at his ease.

"Boy," said the gentleman in the high chair; "listen to me. You know you're an orphan, I suppose?"

"What's that, sir?" inquired poor Oliver.

"The boy *is* a fool—I thought he was," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, in a very decided tone. If one member of a class be blessed with an intuitive perception of others of the same race, the gentleman in the white waistcoat was unquestionably well qualified to pronounce an opinion on the matter.

"Hush!" said the gentleman who had spoken first. "You know you've got no father or mother, and that you are brought up by the parish, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" inquired the gentleman in the white waistcoat; and to be sure it was very extraordinary. What *could* he be crying for?

"I hope you say your prayers every night," said another gentleman in a gruff voice, "and pray for the people who feed you, and take care of you, like a Christian."

"Yes, sir," stammered the boy. The gentleman who spoke last was unconsciously right. It would have been *very* like a Christian, and a marvellously good Christian, too, if Oliver had prayed for the people who fed and took care of *him*. But he hadn't, because nobody had taught him.

"Well, you have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade," said the red-faced gentleman in the high chair.

"So you'll begin to pick oakum to-morrow morning at six o'clock," added the surly one in the white waistcoat.

For the combination of both these blessings in the one simple process of picking oakum, Oliver bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward, where, on a rough hard bed, he sobbed himself to sleep. What a noble illustration of the tender laws of this favoured country! they let the paupers go to sleep!

Poor Oliver! He little thought, as he lay sleeping in happy unconsciousness of all around him, that the board had that very day arrived at a decision which would exercise the most material influence over all his future fortunes. But they had. And this was it:—

The members of this board were very sage, deep, philosophical men; and when they came to turn their attention to the workhouse, they found out at once, what ordinary folks would never have discovered;—the poor people liked it! It was a regular place of public entertainment for the poorer classes,—a tavern where there was nothing to pay,—a public breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, all the year round,—a brick and mortar elysium where it was all play and no work. "Oho!" said the board, looking very knowing; "we are the fellows to set this to rights; we'll stop it all in no time." So they established the rule, that all poor people should have the alternative (for they would compel nobody, not they,) of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it. With this view, they contracted with the water-works to lay on an unlimited supply of water, and with a corn-factor to supply periodically small quantities of oatmeal; and issued three meals of thin gruel a-day, with an onion twice a week, and half a roll on Sundays. They made a great many other wise and humane regulations having reference to the ladies, which it is not necessary to repeat: kindly undertook to divorce poor married people, in consequence of the great expense of a suit in Doctors' Commons; and, instead of compelling a man to support his family as they had theretofore done, took his family away from him, and made him a bachelor! There is no telling how many applicants for relief under these last two heads would not have started up in all classes of society, if it had not been coupled with the workhouse. But they were long-headed men, and they had provided for this difficulty. The relief was inseparable from the workhouse and the gruel; and that frightened people.

[Pg
114]

For the first three months after Oliver Twist was removed, the system was in full operation. It was rather expensive at first, in consequence of the increase in the undertaker's bill, and the necessity of taking in the clothes of all the paupers, which fluttered loosely on their wasted, shrunken forms, after a week or two's gruel. But the number of workhouse inmates got thin, as well as the paupers; and the board were in ecstasies.

The room in which the boys were fed, was a large, stone hall, with a copper at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at meal-times; of which composition each boy had one porringer, and no more,—except on festive occasions, and then he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing—the boys polished them with their spoons, till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the copper with such eager eyes as if they could devour the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves meanwhile in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites: Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months; at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing, (for his father had kept a small cook's shop,) hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem*, he was afraid he should some night eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye, and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

[Pg
115]

The evening arrived: the boys took their places; the master in his cook's uniform stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out, and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared, and the boys whispered each other and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger and reckless with misery. He rose from the table, and advancing, basin and spoon in hand, to the master, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity—

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man, but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralyzed with wonder, and the boys with fear.

"What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle, pinioned him in his arms, shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board were sitting in solemn conclave when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said,—

"Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir;—Oliver Twist has asked for more." There was a general

start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For *more!*" said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat; "I know that boy will be hung."

Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish: in other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

"I never was more convinced of anything in my life," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, as he knocked at the gate and read the bill next morning,— "I never was more convinced of anything in my life, than I am that that boy will come to be hung."

As I propose to show in the sequel whether the white-waistcoated gentleman was right or not, I should perhaps mar the interest of this narrative, (supposing it to possess any at all,) if I ventured to hint just yet, whether the life of Oliver Twist will be a long or a short piece of biography.

[Pg
116]

RICHIE BARTER;

THE MAN WHO SHOULD, BUT DID NOT.

Yes! the good Sir Toby Plum died; and the very statues in the Stock Exchange were moved,—the very pillars of that sanctuary particularly distinguished themselves by their violent agitation,—the old Lady in Threadneedle Street refused to be comforted,—and the universal brow of 'Change Alley was clouded with the profoundest grief. The dumb animals of that region—the bears and bulls—prowled about in savage woe, and "looked unutterable things," on the day that the remains of Sir Toby Plum were gathered to his fathers. He had a running personal account of seventy years and upwards with old Dame Nature, which is now paid;—(the only one, it was maliciously said, he ever paid;)—and he dies possessed—not he, but others — of — thousands, (we leave a blank for the number, to be hereafter filled up,) or, what is quite as good, the name of them.

"What's in a name?" Ask that beautiful inconsolable creature, his widow, who, at the age of twenty-three, finds she is once more mistress of herself, and of her dear Sir Toby's worldly possessions besides. As these were supposed to be infinite, can it be imagined that we will attempt to set down in round numbers what is inconceivable, and, consequently, without a name? But see:—there is a staid, solemn, business-looking personage, just stept out of her boudoir,—Peter Smyrk, the man of business, a kind of lurcher to the late Sir Toby. She is at present too inconsolable to receive him. Perhaps he might inform you—you perceive by his impatience and disappointment he is most anxious to do so. She, poor creature! could not be supposed interested in such details, who was only a few days ago on the very brink of the grave—for she accompanied the remains of the good Sir Toby to the churchyard).

It was about a fortnight after the death of good Sir Toby that his disconsolate widow felt reconciled to her mourning and "the novelty of her situation." Absorbed in thoughts about her own sweet person, and busy with reflections—such as her mirror gave,—the important Peter Smyrk was announced. The sweetest voice in the city welcomed Peter Smyrk.

"Very happy to see you, madam; but still sincerely sorry——"

"Pray, Mr. Smyrk, don't revive a subject so painful to me. Sir Toby was a good man: I shall never—ne-ver forget——" And tears such as angels—or widows—weep, coursed down her cheek.

"I'm sure not, madam; and I must entreat you to believe how sincerely I sympathise with you on your loss, and how very sorry I am to be——"

"Ah! you are very—very good, Mr. Smyrk—very considerate; so was the good Sir Toby. But these papers——"

"—Will, I fear, madam, but create fresh sorrow. In fact——"

"Very true, Mr. Smyrk; anything that reminds me of that good old man causes my sorrows to flow afresh."

"In truth, madam," said the sympathising man of business, "there *is* something in these papers to cause just and deserving regret,—but still very little to remind you of him;—he has left you but 500*l.* All the rest of his property goes to his nephew."

"What! all?" exclaimed the relict of Sir Toby Plum.

"All, madam;—everything."

"Then I am the——" But the pillows of her ottoman only knew, as she buried her face in them, the superlative degree of misery to which she said she was consigned by the too prudent Sir Toby.

[Pg
117]

It was a sweet, voluptuous moonlight night,—so fair, so sweet, so full of that delicious languor that best accords with the human heart in its softest hours, tinging the picturesque summits of chimney-tops as well as towers, and bringing out into pleasing relief each particular brick of the classic region of the Minorities,—that Richie Barter, enveloped in a double-milled dreadnought, stood before what was the mansion of the late Sir Toby Plum. Richie was the very personification of a man on 'Change,—busy, important, and imposing. He was head clerk in the house, and having served the good Sir Toby till he could serve him no longer, and having wound up the affairs of the firm, which seem disposed of, in that neatly-tied parcel under his arm, he avoids the garish eye of day, and calls by moonlight to transact a little business and condolence together. Richie was a prudent man, frugal both of his purse and person, and stood at the door of Sir Toby, elevated with the integrity of his purpose, and the consciousness of four thousand good pounds his own making. A few moments, and he was ushered into the prettiest of all parlours, where, reposing on the most seductive of ottomans, reclined the pale and disconsolate mistress of the mansion. By the softened lustre of a solitary lamp, the prudent eye of Richie took a hasty glance around him: everything bespoke comfort and elegance. He sat down, drew his chair near the sofa, and laid the neatly-tied parcel at her feet. Only one of these was visible, and was shrouded from the too curious gaze of Richie in a little slipper; the other, with retiring delicacy, was withdrawn within those precincts where the imagination of Richie did not follow. The communings of Richie on the occasion were worthy of him, and as he feasted his eyes on its fair and delicate proportions, he calculated (for he was a man of calculation) by a rule of *proportions*, that if one sweet foot gave such pleasure, what would two give? In truth, Richie, after trying the question by every rule of proportion that *Cocker* or *Cupid* could suggest, boldly asked himself what might the lady give, who abounded in proportion; and, as a prudent man, he thought at no remote period he might put that question.

"Still inconsolable, madam?" said Richie Barter after a few prefatory hems. "Surely you might yield to the soothing anxieties of your friends, and be reconciled to the loss—good man that he was!"

"Ah! Mr. Barter, such a loss!—so undeserved!—so unexpected!—and to be left thus a prey to ___"

"We must all go in our turn, madam," interrupted the sententious Richie; "and 'tis a consolation to his successors to know that his affairs were in a most flourishing condition;—a net capital, madam, of forty thousand pounds, after all demands. You will find the exact state of his affairs in these papers."

Lady Plum petulantly kicked the parcel off the sofa.

"I hate business, Mr. Barter; and were forty times the sum" (perceiving his ignorance of the testamentary disposition of the property) "contained in them, I would trust to your skill and integrity to wind up the matter."

"These forty thousand at your command, madam," said Richie, "the bulk of Sir Toby's property, if properly *husbanded*—"

The mention of a sum which she knew she *had not*, coupled with the name of husband, who she knew had not appreciated her merits, brought two pearly drops into her eyes, which Richie would have given a quarter's salary to be permitted to kiss off, and which vied in size and lustre with those that trembled in her ears; but he did what was quite as grateful to the widow,—he summoned a little moisture into his own. This sympathetic display was not lost on the considerate lady.

"Forty times that sum!—were not these her words?" thought Richie Barter, as, wending his way down Cheapside, he began to ponder on the widow's words, "and would entrust it all to Richie Barter! Well! that sum, and my own four thousand, would make a man of Richie Barter for life." And, brimful of the gayest and happiest anticipations, he strode on.

"Please, sir, what o'clock is it?" asked a little boy of Richie, as he stood staring at the clock of Bow Church; to which Richie, heedless of time and space, answered, "Forty thousand;" and, equally regardless of the shouts of laughter which the answer provoked, he walked on.

Night after night the precise Richie stood before the mansion of the late Sir Toby Plum, enwrapped in his dreadnought, and in thoughts equally fearless. The same low, considerate, but somewhat confidential rap admitted him; the same sweet little parlour and its fair occupant received him; the same confidence was expressed in his integrity and skill. Financial arrangements, discussed by *proportions*, he found irresistibly conclusive; till, in the fulness of time,—according to Richie's own account, three months *after sight*,—he became one of the happiest of husbands, and forthwith began to make arrangements for *husbanding*—now that he was qualified—their joint stock; and Richie Barter was a happy man. Richie was also a cautious man; but how absurd a thing is caution, particularly in affairs of the heart!—with which, if they would prosper, the head must have nothing to do. In a short time Richie began to discover that he might possibly have been a little too precipitate in marriage; that *proportions*, which gave forty thousand pounds as a result of the most correct calculation, were not to be relied upon; in short, that he might have looked before him;—and Richie sighed profoundly as he exclaimed, "*I should—but did not!*"

The moon that generally succeeds matrimony, and upon which all the sweets of poetry, and prose, and the grocer's shop, have been expended to give an adequate idea of its deliciousness,—thus "gilding refined gold," and making a planet, supposed to be green cheese, the very essence of honey,—that luminary had run its course, and found Richie Barter one day in the dishabille

becoming a Benedict, flung on a sofa, with his dexter hand thrown across the back of it, lost in a reverie as profound as his breeches-pocket, with something like a "pale cast of thought" on a countenance once rubicund, and now rendered perfectly cadaverous by a glance at a letter which he was crumpling in his fist.

"How is this, Julia, dear? there must be some mistake," said the agitated Richie to the most prudent of wives, as she entered the room. "Only a paltry five hundred, when I thought forty thousand was in the way!—Surely there must be a mistake in this!"

"In matters of business, Mr. Barter,—you know I hate business,—there *will* be mistakes," quoth the lady; "business is my aversion;" and she swept by the amazed Richie with all the dignity of a Siddons. "I married you, Mr. Barter, to get rid of business and its degrading details;" and she looked with no very equivocal air of contempt on the bulk of Richie as he lay coiled on the sofa, crumpling the letter.

"Mr. Smyrk," said a servant half opening the door.

"Wish you ten thousand joys, Mrs. Barter," said Sir Toby's man of business as he entered. "An excellent character,—a most prudent man, is Mr. Barter."

"Why not make it forty thousand joys, sir?" exclaimed Richie.

"Very facetious, Mr. Barter; but this just reminds me of a little business I came about,—a few debts of your good lady, which her creditors are a little clamorous for, particularly since you've got the reputation of having got forty thousand pounds with her."

"Forty thousand devils!" roared the furious Richie. "Will the *reputation* of that sum pay one shilling of her debts?—tell me that."

"Can't exactly say; but, as the friend of the late Sir Toby, I looked in, in the family way. A little business of my own—a trifle over three hundred pounds;—Mrs. Barter will tell you the value received." And the prudent Mr. Smyrk presented his bill to that amount, and left Richie glaring and grinning at this fresh demand.

"This is beyond all endurance, Mrs. Barter," said Richie, as he flung the bill on the ground.

Mrs. B. deliberately took it up, and appeared for a moment absorbed in thought. "I have it!—I have it!" at length she exclaimed, as the bewildered Richie stood staring at her abstraction.

"Well, Mrs. B.; and what have you—not forty thousand pounds?"

"No—a thought," said she seriously.

"A fiddle-stick!" cried Richie.

"No such thing, love!" and the fascinating Mrs. B. slid her arm round her helpmate's neck, and began to unfold her purpose. "You know," said she, "how I was disappointed in my just expectations at the death of Sir Toby. I had every reason to expect that the bulk of his property, which goes to his nephew, would have been mine. That young man is as yet unacquainted with the fact, and by the assistance of Smyrk, whom we might get over, he might remain so, and for a period sufficiently long for our purpose. Smyrk may manage that, and also to keep the world in ignorance of the matter. At present we have the *reputation* of being the sole owners of forty thousand pounds."

"Nonsense, Mrs. B.! What's in a name?" muttered Richie.

"I'll tell you what's in it. There is, in the first place, the credit derived from the reputation of that sum,—the splendour, the elegance, the comfort, the world's good opinion, the world's——"

"Laugh!" exclaimed Barter, with deriding bitterness, as he sneered at the chimera of his helpmate. "I'm a ruined man! I'm a beggar!—a fool!"

"You may be all three together, Mr. Barter, if you choose; but that would be too extravagant. Let us first settle this trifle of Smyrk's, whose bare whisper, you know, in the city, will settle the affair for us; and with your present savings, love,—isn't it four thousand pounds?—and the name of forty thousand pounds——"

"What's in a name?" sighed the desponding Richie; but, brightening at the prospect conjured up before him, he appeared to acquiesce, and the bill of Peter Smyrk was instantly paid. Mrs. B's drafts on futurity, and on Richie's four thousand pounds, began to be pretty considerable; and all the *good debts*, which, as sleeping partner in the firm, she brought with her, were paid.

How often did he revert to his former unambitious and peaceful life when freed from any attachments either of love or law,—when, with a clear conscience, and a well-brushed coat, he sat perched on the high stool at his desk in — Alley, where his horizon was bounded by cotton-bags and wool-sacks, and through a vista of tea-chests, as they were piled in pyramidal precision, before his considerate eyes! Thoughts of better days and better things came over him as he flung his last sovereign in payment for some pretty trumpery of his very dear Mrs. B. and cried, "I might have prevented all this,—*I should—but did not!*"

In this mood of mind it was, that Richie, as he was one day exercising his ruminating faculties on the number and colour of the flags on London Bridge, and profoundly intent on the diagrams formed by the mud thereon, was roused from his reverie by a smart tap on the shoulder. Now this was given with such precision, there was no mistaking it; and if he had any doubts of the intent of the individual thus accosting him, they were at once dispelled by his *captivating* manner, which, though manly, was somewhat *apprehensive*, and of such a nature as to be quite *taking* at first sight;—such is the overpowering, irresistible charm of manner!

"'Tis rather sudden, sir," said Richie, "and the amount not very great; it might have been settled without arrest."

"You must admit, Mr. Barter," said the sheriff's officer, "that the thing is done genteelly; no noise or exposure. Surely you won't go to jail for this trifle;" and Richie groaned as the *Bench* and its bars stared him in the face.

"No use in fretting, sir," said the chief performer in this civil action. "There's nothing like bending to a storm. If a man reels and staggers, the best thing he can do is to 'go to the wall' for support: and let me tell you, sir, that many a man has made a right good stand *there* when driven to it. Lord bless you! the coats of half my acquaintance are absolutely threadbare from standing too close to it. You don't understand me, mayhap not; two or three good *compositions*, and *then* a good fat insolvency, friendly assignees, and a few other friendly etceteras,—that's what I mean by 'going to the wall,' Mr. Barter. You'll make a pretty *wallflower* yourself—an excellent creeping plant. You may be bruised a little, and in that case the *wall* will be good for shelter and support, and in time you may creep against it;" and the worthy official gentlemen chuckled, as he gave poor Barter a nudge in the side, and conducted him through what he called the way of all flesh,—a small wicket studded with spikes, on either side of which stood fellows with looks as sharp and as full of iron. And as Richie found himself in the midst of the prison, a sinking of the heart—a feeling of loneliness and desolation came over him, and he exclaimed,

"How easily I might have avoided this!—I could have done so—'tis clear I SHOULD—BUT I DID NOT!"

L.

[Pg 121]

PLUNDER CREEK.—1783.

A Legend of New York.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY."

I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.—SCOTT.

The reader perhaps scarcely requires to be reminded, that an acknowledgment of the independence of America, and preliminaries of peace between that country and Britain, were signed at Paris, November 30th, 1782; though it was not until the following February that a vessel from the United States first arrived in the river Thames. Early in that month the friend who communicated this narrative chanced to visit an old London physician, who had long since retired from practice, and who had, oddly enough, selected as the seat of his repose one of those ancient houses, built half of brick and half of wood, which stood within the last seven years, on the western side of the Southwark end of old London Bridge, partly hanging over the roaring water, and partly standing in the street called Bridge-Foot. Another visitor, who was then present, was a zealous old Dissenting clergyman, probably originally of the family of Dunwoodie, or Dinwithie, but who at this time was called Doctor Downwithit; a name which he singularly well deserved, from his practice of beating the cushion in his fervency, in the pulpit, and of vehemently striking the table in conversation, to enforce his arguments and observations. In supporting these, he was generally rather loud and tenacious; and one of his most favourite notions was, that almost all genuine religion had travelled westward to America, which had thus become the ark wherein it was preserved, and the very Salem of the modern world. He believed, however, on the authority of the early historians of the country, and especially on that of the strange narratives of the Mather family, that certain parts were grievously vexed by witches and evil spirits; for, like many of his brethren, he held that compacts with the infernal powers were still possible. But if *New England* were thus troubled, he also considered that *Old England* was in a still worse condition; for he maintained the well-known saying to be no allegory, but a literal fact, that Satan was bodily resident in London!

The remainder of the party, to which the reader is now introduced, consisted of the old physician himself, and his wife,—a little sharp old dame, most terrifically stiff and ceremonious, and dressed in the most solemn fashion of half-a-dozen years previous. Her hair, superbly powdered, was most exactly combed straight upright over a cushion, the sides being curiously frizzed, and the back turned up in a broad loop; upon the top of which tower appeared a tremulous little gauze cap, decorated with ribands, and fastened by long pins with heads of diamond-paste. The rest of her dress consisted of a stiff rose-colour silk gown, of great length in the waist, and bordered in every part with rich full trimmings; whilst the front, and all around it, was open, and drawn up in large festoons with knots of riband, discovering an under garment of purple silk, and a round and full-flounced white muslin apron. Black silk shoes, with high French heels and rich diamond-cut steel buckles, completed her costume. Next to this stately dress, if there were any thing in which Mistress Cleopatra Curetoun was most particularly particular, it was in observing and exacting the most punctilious manners, and in the exhibition and preservation of her tea-equipage; a very rare, very small, and very fragile, set of Nan-kin porcelain, which forty years back, was in the highest estimation and value.

The recent peace with America, and particularly the arrival of a ship from the United States, had inspired Dr. Downwithit with even more than his usual warmth and energy in discoursing of them, especially when he spake of the unlooked-for happiness and glory of "the Thirteen Stripes of America at that moment flying in the river!" He also farther expressed his joyful zeal by

[Pg
122]

frequent and vigorous blows upon Mrs. Cleopatra's small round tea-table, of the carved Honduras mahogany then so fashionable, which approached in colour to ebony itself. At every stroke of his broad and heavy fist, all the china simultaneously leaped and chattered, and the table declined and rose again with a creaking jerk, which showed how much it was internally affected by the worthy preacher's zealous orations; and it may be doubted if either spring or hinge ever perfectly recovered them. At each of these convulsions, Mrs. Cleopatra regarded her visitor with a withering frown, every lineament of which was visible, from the extremely open character of her head-dress; and she appeared to be earnestly wishing that the boisterous admirer of America were safe in irons on board the vessel he declaimed about, with thrice the thirteen stripes duly laid upon his back.

"The Thirteen Stripes of America in the river, madam!" exclaimed the doctor for the twentieth time; and for the twentieth time he drove his fist upon the table with the aforesaid consequences; "the Thirteen Stripes of America in the river!—it's a step towards the universal peace of the world, and an event not to be paralleled in our times! But what do we hereupon? Why, I'll tell you: instead of receiving our American brethren with repentance, kindness, and honour, we let their ship come up even to the very Custom-house with as little regard as a herring-buss or the Gravesend tilt-boat!

"Convince yourself of it by today's *London Chronicle*. Only listen. 'February 8th. Mr. Hammet begged to inform the House of a very recent and extraordinary event; that, at the very time he was speaking, an American ship was in the river Thames, with the Thirteen Stripes flying on board!'—an interjectional bang upon the table.—'She offered to enter at the Custom-house, but the officers were at a loss what to do.' Now, Mr. Physician, what have you to say to this?"

"Why, doctor," said Curetoun merrily, "that brother Jonathan was in vastly great haste to get a week sooner where nobody wanted him at all; and so we may conclude that he's very glad the war's over, notwithstanding his swaggering."

"But, sir, we *do* want our Transatlantic brother," instantly rejoined Downwithit, in a vehement and positive voice; "we want all those blessings which America has in such abundance,—her liberty, her patriotism, her pastoral simplicity, her temperance, her humanity, her piety, her——"

"Her witches, and her slaves!" added the physician quietly.

"Sir," said the minister, innocently, "there has not been either witch or conjuror in America for these last fifty years, and more. If I live another day, I will go to the wharf and glad my eyes with the sight of that most happy vessel wherein the Thirteen Stripes of America are now floating in the river; nor will I refuse to give the right hand of fellowship to the meanest mariner or servant on board, but think myself honoured and happy in his grasp: for methinks there must be something soul-refreshing in the very voice and touch of persons coming from so pious a country. *Here* we speak with the tongues of worldlings; but *there* the common converse is framed out of that used by our ancient godly ancestors, who, for conscience sake, emigrated to the American deserts and forests. It is 'holy oil from the lamps of the sanctuary,' as the pious John Clarke calls it; a sort of blessed tongue, which——"

"You're an awful smart chap, I calkilate," exclaimed a loud voice in the passage, with a most remarkable kind of twang; "you *are* mighty 'cute, but I rather guess now the 'squire is *to* home, and that I must see him right slick away at once, and so here I sticks."

"Yes, sure, he speak to massa," added another voice, evidently that of a negro, with a thick gobbling sound; "he berry 'ticklar message for him from berry ole friend." Then, in a lower tone, it continued, "He give Ivory lilly drop o' rum, Mister Spanker Pokehorn see him."

These speeches had followed a loud knocking at the door, and the servant's vain attempt to explain that Dr. Curetoun was engaged with visitors. The domestic, however, at length succeeded in tranquillising the guests, and then entered with a letter for the physician, of which he almost immediately announced the contents, by saying, "Well, Dr. Downwithit, you will now have it in your power to shake hands with a *real* American from yonder ship, without waiting till to-morrow, or even going down to the wharf; for I learn by this letter, that my old acquaintance Backwoodsley, who went to settle in Kentucky twenty years ago, has sent over his intended son-in-law, and one of his negroes, to collect his outstanding debts, and dispose of his property."

"By your favour, then, sir," said the clergyman, "I beg that we may presently have them both in."

The physician's orders to this effect being given, in a few seconds appeared the American and his negro. The former was a very tall and strong man, with a sallow and most audacious countenance, shaded by hog-colour hair, which grew in stiff pendent flakes; he was dressed in a large loose suit of coarse light-brown duffel, with a long and wide frock-coat and trousers, and a broad white hat. He carried a five-foot untrimmed bamboo in one hand, and in the other a Dutch pipe, which he continued to smoke and swing about, to the great molestation of Mrs. Cleopatra, who absolutely started with horror, at the sight of a human being clad in a style so savage, and so entirely opposite to the fashion of the time. Of the negro it is enough to say, that he was of the Dutch race, broad and big in person, very greasy in the face, something like a ship's cook; his mouth was of an enormous size, and evidently accustomed to both good laughing and good living; and his dress consisted of coarse dark-grey cloth, with a tow shirt and trousers, and a dirty striped woollen cap. After a courteous welcome and introduction, the physician inquired after the welfare of his acquaintance in Kentucky, to which the American replied in the same loud nasal tone as before,—

"Why, the 'squire's pretty kedge for an ould un, and I guess that I'm cleverly myself; though, as I've been progressing all day hither and yon, I arn't in such good kilter as I was when I first got in the ould country; for I reckon it rained some to-day, and was dreadful sloshy going, enough to make mankind slump at every step. It was mighty near four o'clock, too, afore I could see a plate-house to feed at; and when I made an enquerry for one, folk laughed and said nout, as if I'd spoke Greek, or was moosical, for you doosn't talk such dreadful coorious elegant English here in your little place of an island as we do, I reckon. So I began to rile, I did; and grow tarnation wolfy: but at last I saw the New York Coffee-house, and in I turns, and spends the balance of the day there. They charged me four dollars for feed and drinking, they did; and yet couldn't give me a beaker of egging, or gin cock-tail, or a grain of sangaree, or any other fogmatic, or a dish of homminy. And now I should like to make an enquerry of you; what's your names? and how have you got along?—I say, Ivory, you precious nigger!" he continued, suddenly turning round and aiming a long stroke at him with his rattan, "What do *you* do, in the 'squire's keeping-room?"

"Massa help tell he to come in," returned Ivory, most adroitly edging and skipping out of the sweep of the bamboo.

"Yes, sir," interposed the physician, coming between them, "it was at my request he came, and so he is not at all to blame. My friend here is extremely desirous of hearing from your own lips something about a country which he esteems so *free*, so *pious*, and so *happy* as America." This he uttered with a peculiarly arch expression, and a side-glance at Downwithit; and then continued, "But first what refreshments shall we offer you, Mr. Pokehorn; I believe that's your name?"

"Oh, I arn't nice, by no manner of means," returned the American; "I can take considerable of anything now, but the nigger will like a beaker of rum best."

"Pray, sir," said Mrs. Cleopatra in a very stately manner, though meant to be very gracious, "what family has Mr. Backwoodsley? I was but a mere girl when he left Europe, though I *can* remember he was a fine tall portly gentleman."

"Possible! Well, now, ma'am, I should have guessed you'd been raised a purty middling awful long time afore that, to look at you: but, as you say, the 'squire's tall enough now, I calkilate, and so is all his family, for that matter; for Longfellow Backwoodsley, of Kiwigittyquag, measures six foot three in natur's stockings, and his sister Boadicea is but an inch and a half shorter. What family has the 'squire, did you say? Why, mighty near a dozen, I calkilate. Let's see: there's Travelout Backwoodsley, the oldest, he was the squatter as went to Tennessee; Longfellow, as I told you about, an awful smart gunner and racoon-catcher he is; Gumbleton, that is considerable of a lawyer in York State: Hoister, as went to sea; my ould woman as is to be, Boadicea; Increase-and-Multiply, the schoolmaster in Connecticut; Brandywine, what keeps the Rock of Columbia hotel at Boston, and a mighty powerful log-tavern it is as you'll see in a year's march; Leandish, that has the plate-house at Hoboken; Skinner, what set up the leather and finding store in Kentucky: I some think that's the tote, but four or five squeakers, squealers, younkers, whelps, and rubbish, that keeps about the ould log-house at home as yet. Pray how ould's your wife, 'squire? and where was she raised?"

"I suppose," said the physician, taking no notice of this question, "that Master Backwoodsley is growing rich, and likes his settlement, by his not coming back to England."

"Oh yaas! he conducts well, and likes his location," was the reply. "He bought at a good lay first, and then filled it with betterments, and farming trade, and creturs, and helps, and niggers, at an awful smart outlay of the dollars, I calkilate; but he has got along considerable well for all that. For sartain he is the yellow flower of the forest for prosperity. As for coming back, he used to say, when the war had a closure he would go to the ould country, and bring away the plunder he left behind; but about last fall the ague give him a purty particular smart awful shaking, and put him in an unhandsome fix, so the journey wouldn't convene. So one day, as I was a-looking over my snake-fence at Rams-Babylon, almost partly opposite to his clearing, what doos I see, but the 'squire coming along the road at a jouncing pace on his Narragansett mar, what is a real smasher at a trotting, and then he pulled up close to the zig-zag, and I stuck myself atop of a stake, and we held a talk. Says the 'squire, says he, 'Son-in-law Spanker P. Pokehorn as is to be'—my name's Anthony Spanker Pendleton Pokehorn, but he always shorts it,—'Son-in-law Spanker P. Pokehorn, I'll tell you what it is,—I guess I'm getting ould now, and more than that, I've a desp'ut ugly ague, what has made me quite frouggy and brash to what I was, so that I should take two good blows of my fist to bring down a beef-cretur; which doosn't ought to be, when a man's only sixty. Now, you see, as I can't go to get in my debits and plunder from the ould country, I'll deed them all to you for thirty dollars cash, or lumber, or breadstuffs, or farmers' *produce*, if you admire; and the tote appreciates to mighty near two hundred, I guess."

"Well, sir," said Curetoun, "and on this account you have come to England?"

"Oh yaas!" answered the Columbian; "but at first I declined off to buy at a better lay; for arter higgling back and forth for a while, I give the 'squire but twenty dollars in all, and he give me the nigger, Ivory Whiteface there, besides. Sartain he was awful sharp to make an ugly bargain; but if he *was* the steel blade, I guess I was the unpierceable di'mond; and, for fear he should squiggle, I got all set down in black and white afore the authority, and a letter to Lawyer Sharples. Now I calkilate to put up all at auction, and to sell some notions of my own, what I've brought over in my plunder, to make more avails.—How do you allot upon that?"

"Why, sir," said Dr. Downwithit, "that sensible notions from America are very much wanted at this time, to show us the excellence of her equitable laws and liberties, and the purity of her religion. I say, sir, publish them. There's no doubt of their selling well and quickly for any

bookseller—"

"The Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Pokehorn, with a shrill whistle and a sidelong glance at the minister, and then, turning to Curetoun, he said, "The ould 'squire's awful wordy; he's a Congress-man or a slang-whanger, I guess, or else he's mighty moosical, I reckon.—Bookseller!—Publish! —What does he mean?—You tarnation nigger! who told you to laugh? You calkilate as I harn't got the cowskins here; but I'll whop you cooriously all as one.—I'll tell you what it is, friend, I doosn't know what you means, I doosn't."

"Why, Mr. Pokehorn, that you should print your American notions."

"Print!—Oh yaas! I guess now,—in the notice of vendue you mean. Why, there's no merchants' trade, no awful package; only a few small little notions, and such wares, though they arn't got genoowine into the ould country, I reckon. It's some Indian plunder as I cleared out when I came away."

"Is it possible, then," exclaimed Downwithit, "that the highly-favoured inhabitants of America deal in plunder! Restore that illgotten spoil of the Indians young man, or—"

"What *doos* he mean?" interrupted Pokehorn, in a perplexed and angry voice. "Why, doosn't he understand English? Arn't plunder travelling stuff?—And what did you think notions was?"

"Sir," said the minister, "in our language the term signifies thoughts; and I supposed that you had meant intellectual, or moral, or religious views of America; not the base wares of worldly traffic."

"Perhaps, Mr. Pokehorn," said the physician, wishing to relieve both his guests, "you interest yourself more in the politics of your country. Did you witness any of the late actions? or was your residence near the seat of war?"

"Sartain!" returned the American. "I guess that we had purty considerable tough skrimmageing about us. What with the Indians, and the riglars, and the skimmers, and the cow-boys, there warn't no keeping a beef-cretur in the pen, nor sleeping ten winks at a time. You'd have thought the devil was let loose."

"And no doubt he was, as he always is in war," said Downwithit, "or rather he sent forth his legions to vex your persecuted land; for his only proper habitation on earth is this sin-devising city of London!"

"That a berry true, massa," interposed the negro, "for Massa Backwoodsley often say, 'Ivory, I whop you, sure as a devil in London;' and he always do it. But folk say, another devil in Ameriky, for all that. He know story of man what see um and talk to um. He not b'lieve it at all, dough. Good parson sometime preach about he's temptatation."

"That's a fact," added Mr. Pokehorn, "and an awful strange history it is, if true. If you want to hear the story, the nigger can fix you; for he's precious tonguey and wordy about them devildoms, and witches, and wild Indians, when he sits in the mud in the sunshine, at Rams-Babylon and High-Forks, keeping the helps from work, or at a maple-log fire in the winter."

"Then, my sable friend," said Downwithit, "with the good leave of all present, we'll have it now."

"Why, I'll tell you what it is," answered Pokehorn, "if it will happify the ould 'squire, the nigger shall have his own head for once in a while; so fire away, Ivory, and when you're not right I'll set you wrong myself."

"Iss, massa," began the negro; "ebbery body like a hear ole Ivory tell he story about a PLUNDER CREEK:

"In um ole ancient time of York, afore a great war, all a West Indy keys and a Long Island Straits and Sound war' a berry full of a ugly cruel pirates;—s'pose massa often heard of they;—and um ould folk, what sure to know, say a devil fuss help 'em get plunder, and then larn 'em how to hide it safe, in a middle of dark stormy nights, under bluffs, and up a creeks, all along shore, nighum Bowery Lane.—S'pose massa know a Bowery Lane, in um end of York?"

"Sartain the 'squire does know that, you tarnation Guinea-crow, though he doos keep in the ould country," interposed Mr. Pokehorn; "but I guess it's enough to make mankind rile to hear a body doubt it, sin' the Bowery Lane, in the free independent city of York, in York State, must be knowed by all the tote of the univarsal arth, I reckon! Well, now I calkilate it was a mighty coorious place for them ugly pirates, and did convene well, being partly all nigh the straits, awful rocky, and considerable full of trees hanging over, because there warn't then no clearing them away; and the say was, that the devil and them tarnation set of sarpenets buried their plunder there, where mankind mought look for it till the week arter doomsday, and never get it out again. They say the devil's hands is cruel clitchy when he takes money to keep; and though a purty considerable banditti of money-diggers has often been arter it, they couldn't fix it, that's a fact, and I some think that nobody never will now."

"Him that try a last," resumed the negro,— "a half-starve crazy schoolmaster and almanack-maker, name a Domine Crolius Arend Keekenkettel, what some call he Peep-in-a-pot,—he travel about and live by him wits, wherever him find good cupboard. He ask a ole governor of York let him conjure away a devil, and get up money for a state; only he want a pay first to help him dig. But golly! a governor he mighty smart for white man, and no fool; he say, 'Dere a shovel and pickaxe, dem all you want now, I guess. You go dig; you find considerable much treasure of a ugly pirates, you hab a half then, but no tink a get anyting afore, I calkilate.'"

"Shut your ugly beak, you croaking blackbird!" interrupted the American, incensed by Ivory's singular praise of the whites; "and doosn't be moosical upon your betters; though he was an Englisher, I reckon that he was a purty middling sight afore a small world of niggers. Well, the schoolmaster he contrived to make friends with a fat little Dutcher, which had to name Dyckman Deypester, and was located on a clearing in the Bloomendael, up the Bowery Lane, on the road to Yonkers and Tarry Town. The say was, that he had such an almighty quantity of dollars, that he floored his keeping-room with them under the bricks; and I rather guess that he did keep 'em awfully close out of the sight of mankind. I doosn't tell you this for sartain: but, to be sure, he was considerable of a farmer, he was; and made as many betterments, and got as many humans and creturs about his clearing, as brought a whole banditti of suitorers arter his daughter Dortje; and she was besides a dreadful smart, clever, coorious lass as you shall see between Cow-neck and Babylon. There was young Louis Hudson, a springy, *active* young fellow. He was a settler; but nobody knowed where he was born, nor himself neither, like a homeless and markless ram. I guess, though, he was raised to York State, he was such a flower of mankind. Then there was ould Morgan Hornigold, from Jamaica: belike he was a leetle of the buccaneer, for he'd been to sea all his days, and looked some between a Jarman and a Spaniard, with a cross of the sea bulldog. He was purty kedje still; but I some think he wanted to lay up for life where it warn't knowed what he had been. Then there was the almanack-maker, and a banditti of suitorers besides, as I said afore. I calkilate that dollars warn't awful plenty with any of them: but what they wanted in cash, they made up in fierce love to Doll Deypester; and stuff, and notions, and palaver to the ould Dutcher. He was a coorious smart individual, and considerably moosical, and so he let them think that they'd got his good word by sarving as helps on his clearing, making his zig-zag grand against breachy cattle, or the likes of that; but I reckon that he warn't the fish to be caught without the golden hook: though, if the devil had been the fisherman then, he would have fixed the Dutcher. I some think that it was nigh spring that Doll Deypester's birth-day came about, and all the suitorers were awful earnest with ould Dyckman to fix for one of them; the woman being most for young Hudson, and the Dutcher for him as had most plunder, and could best get well along in the world. So says the mynheer, says he, 'I'll tell you what it is,' says he; 'you're all mighty smart fellows, you are; but afore I give my gal to any of you, I must know if you can pay the charges; for I reckon for me to give the dollars and the wife both is what I call a leetle too purty middling particklar. I won't have no squatting on my clearing, and no bundling with my darter, I won't; and so, to save squiggling, whoever of you can bring me first five hundred hard dollars on her birth-day shall have Dortje Deypester.'—That was what ould Dyckman said, only I rather guess that he didn't talk such coorious elegant English as I doos, because he was an awful smoker, and a Dutcher besides. Upon the hearing of this, they mighty soon took themselves slick right away off, all but young Hudson and the schoolmaster; for one knowed when he was in good quarters, and t'other loved Dortje too well, I calkilate, to leave till he couldn't stay no longer.—I say, Ivory, arn't you going to tell the 'squire the story, or do you calkilate as I should go the whole hog for you, you 'tarnal lazy log of ebony?"

[Pg
128]

"Him tinkee massa like to hear heself talk best," answered the negro. "Golly! he tell it awful elegant, sure:—most as well as ole Ivory. A day afore a Dortje's birth-day, come on mighty ugly storm, what a ole folk say tear up ebberying he meet on a ground, and rocks on a shore, so that man see considerable much strange tings dere, what he never know afore or again. A wind crack a biggest trees, and snap a strongest zig-zags like a twigs, and a rain pour down like a water-spout. Toward a night a storm he little clear up, and a wind he blow but in puff and gusts, and a moon show heself, dough in mighty cloudy watery sky. Then Louis he leave a house of ole Deypester, 'cause he not see Dortje give away next morning to Jamaica-man, and bote of 'em sad enough, he calkilate; but there no help, and away he go in despair. He not got far from a clearing when he see a moon shine down mighty ugly narrow gulf, where a road go to a Hudson River below, and he stop little and look, 'cause he never remember he to see a place afore. While he stand, he tink he hear man speak, and then he see him sitting on rock in a moonlight, half way down a gulf, and another standing by. Hudson then go down heself on a dark side, till he get opposite, and then he look over and see a Domine Keekenkettel talking to a mighty 'tickler handsome, grand, ole colour gentleum——"

[Pg
129]

"Sartain it was the ould gentleman, sure/y," interrupted the American, "in the shape of a nigger, which arn't considerably much of a hiding for the devil, I calkilate."

"I don't tink he look a bit of a devil," answered Ivory, somewhat offended. "A tink a devil so handsome as a colour man? Be sure he no devil, 'cause ebberbody know he all white!"

"Quit, you lying jackdaw!" replied Pokehorn with great promptness, and a long stroke at Ivory; "that's only in Guinea, I calkilate, that he mayn't be mistaken for one of the family. Go on, and don't be moosical, or I trounce you."

"Well," resumed the negro, "Louis soon hear a domine say, 'This our bargain, then,—I take your place to watch a pirates' treasure,—I guess I soon fix him, and get him all slick away. But afore you and I deal, p'raps you show where a money is buried.' A stranger then point between a rocks beside him, and say in he's deep voice, 'Dere!' And then down by a colour man, Louis he see into a ground, what seems all full of treasure shining in a moonlight; here awful much gold and dollars, and dere a gold and silver plate, and a t'other place full of di'monds and jewels, bright as stars in a night sky. Grach! I tink he won'er, and b'lieve he rile a little that a almanack-maker so easy get a five hundred dollars for Dortje Deypester. A domine stare into a cave as if he's eyes eat up all he look at; but at last he get up and say, 'I gree, and dere my hand on a bargain; I take care all instead of you, and much more as you can show me.' So he fill he's pouches, and then go away to ole Deypester for a horses and bags to bring away a rest, dough he

often turn a head to look back at a treasure. He hardly gone when a strange colour man call out to Louis in he's deep voice, 'This a dark night for a sad heart to journey in.' Louis turn he round directly, and see him close beside, berry tall and genteel, such a bootiful gentleum! dough he no make out he's face for a clouds over a moon. He little feared and won'ered at first, but soon he got up he's pluck and say, 'I guess it dark enough, but how you know my heart sad?' T' other answer him smart, 'That want no wizard, when he hear a sighs like yours. But he know little more yet: he reckon you want a five hundred dollars afore to-morrow, or lose your sweetheart, which a true shame for *active* springy lad like you: a pirates' treasure dere, hab a ten thousand times as much, as he know by a watching it these twenty years.'—'In a God's name!' say Louis then, 'who are you,—and who set you there?'—'One of a last of a Spanish buccaneers' say the other; 'that berry Captain Hornigold, what make love to Dortje Deypester. He take a ship, and kill all on board but me and young child, that I slave to; then he bring us bote to a shore, where he hide all his plunder, and stab us, and tell a ghosts to watch it. A young child he live, and found on a river bank, and so called by it name—Louis Hudson, it yourself!—but I die, and wan'er about a treasure-grave till a captain come back, or another take my place, or a right owner come for his own. All that happen to-night, and I soon at liberty for ever!—You hear a money-digger say he look to a pirates' spoil hereafter, and be sure he never quit a creek again, dough he never find a gold any more. This treasure here, belong to a father, who killed in ship; it now all your own; take him, but take a nothing more;—use him well, and you be fifty times so rich as Deypester, and hab a blessing beside.—Hark! a bell strike twelve!—my time most up now, and dere come a captain!"

[Pg
130]

"Ivory, you 'tarnal tonguey imp!" again interrupted the American, "doos you mean to keep on all night about that precious wordy black preaching in the creek? Now I'll show you how to finish it all right slick away at once, I will.—You see, then, the captain comes trampoosing up from the river with a spade and a lanthorn, to dig for the treasure; and, as soon as he gets in, he cries out, 'Plunder and prize-money! this is a desp'ut ugly awful dark berth.—Is there anybody on watch, I wonder?' Upon which that dreadful big black comes up and says, 'Yes, I kalkilate I'm awake here; and now, as I've kept the treasures of the bold buccaneers till you've come back, if you admire we'll go off together.'—'Bear a smart hand, then, with the plunder into the boat below, afore the tide falls,' says Hornigold. 'Clouds and midnight! how dark it is, and the gale blows stiffer than ever!—Seas and billows! why, the tide's coming up the creek ten fathom strong!'—That's all as was ever heard of the captain or the nigger, I guess; for what between the water as come roaring up, and the rain as came pouring down, they were carried off to sea with all their plunder, and nobody never saw or heard of them serpents again!"

"A most astonishing and mysterious providence, truly," said Downwithit, "and worthy of being recorded with the narratives of Baxter, Reynolds, Janeway, and Mather.—But what became of the others?"

"Why," said Mr. Pokehorn, "as for Louis, he turned out to be some awful great man or other, and considerable rich. He showed ould Deypester a thousand dollars next morning, and married Dortje afore night. But Keekenkettel went mad outright, because he couldn't never fix the treasure again, and found that he'd filled his pouches with shells and stones, as looked mighty like dollars and doubloons in the moonshine. Folk say he was only dreaming, and that there never warn't no such treasure for him to find; though they guessed that young Hudson got his money by the storm having washed it up out of the ground. But it's a true fact, it is, that the domine always arter, kept camfoozling about the Pirates' Plunder Creek as long as he lived, as he bargained to do; and whenever there's a mighty smart storm in the night, with a blink of moonlight, the say is that he's to be seen there still."

[Pg
131]

THE SPECTRE.

It was a wild and gloomy dream: to think upon it now,
My very blood is chill'd with fear; and o'er my aching brow
Cold clammy drops are stealing down, I tremble like a child
Who listens to a story of the wonderful and wild!
And well a stouter heart than mine might quake with dread, I
ween;—
But who hath ever gazed, like me, on such a fearful scene!

Sleep dropp'd upon my wearied eyes, and down I sank to rest;
But no refreshing slumbers upon my senses press'd;
Ten thousand lights before my eyes were dancing,—blue and red;
Ten thousand hollow voices cried—I knew not what they said.
My brain wheel'd round—faint grew my limbs—I cried and
scream'd in vain;
It seem'd as though some cursed imp had bound me with his chain!
My tongue clave to the parched roof,—a raging thirst was mine,
As I had drunk for months and months, nought else but saltest
brine;
Thirst such as parched pilgrims feel who range the desert wide,
Or those who lie 'neath scorching skies upon a calmed tide.
My temples throbb'd as they would burst; and, raging through my
brain,

The boiling blood rush'd furiously with sound like a hurricane!
I rav'd and foam'd; my eyeballs strain'd, as though the nerves
would burst,
As by my side appear'd a form—a demon form accurst!
And suddenly another came—another and yet more,
All clad in dark habiliments;—a dozen—ay, a score!
On me they leer'd with savage joy, and seized me, every one,
And round and round about me went.—Oh! how my senses spun!
I thought the leader of that band of sprites must surely be
The Evil One, and I his prey. I vainly strove to flee:
I tried to pray,—my tongue was dumb;—then down upon the
ground
I sank, and felt my every limb with fiery fetters bound.
I know not now, how long I lay; my senses all were gone,
And I with those infernal ones was left alone, alone.
At length I started with affright, and felt, or seemed to feel,
The blasts of hot sulphureous air across my forehead steal.
A horrid thought, as on we mov'd, upon my senses burst,
That they were bearing me away unto the place accurst.
Oh! language vainly strives to paint the horrors of that ride!
Two demons at my head and feet, and two on either side.
The stars above were bloody red—each one seem'd doubly bright,
And spectral faces glar'd in mine, with looks of grim delight.
Still slowly, slowly on we mov'd, that ghastly troop and I:
I questioned, where?—a fiendish laugh was only their reply.
On, onward I was borne. At last they stay'd, and in my face
A hideous visage peer'd on me with horrible grimace:
Then down they threw me (still unbound) upon a bed of stone,
And one by one they vanished, and I was left alone!

How long I lay, I may not say. At length I saw a form
Beside me, and upon his brow there seem'd a gathering storm.
"Where am I?" loud I scream'd, and paus'd. Again I rav'd, and
cried,
"And who art thou, thou evil one! who standest at my side?
What spectre art thou?" "Come," said he, "young feller, hold your
peace;
You're on the stretcher now, and I'm the '*spector* of police!"

[Pg 132]

AUTHORS AND ACTORS;

OR, ENGAGING A COMPANY.

A Dramatic Sketch.

Scene—The Manager's Room. The Manager discovered.

Manager.—Well! my theatre is built at last, and I have now only to think about opening it. My walls are so dry that they cannot throw a damp upon my prospects. My stage is all ready for starting; and every one, I am happy to say, seems inclined to take the box-seat. Everything now must go as smooth as a railroad. I have always heard that a manager must lead a devil of a life; but I am in hopes I shall be an exception to the rule, and that management to me will be a delightful pastime.

Fitz-Growl (without).—But I must see him.

Manager.—Who the deuce can this be?

(Enter a Servant.)

Servant.—If you please, sir, here's a person wants to speak to you.

Manager.—I'm busy about the opening of the theatre; tell him you can't get near me.

Servant.—But he says he's an author, sir, and has called about his piece.

Manager.—His piece! why, these authors let me have no peace at all.

Servant.—He would come up, sir, though I told him you wouldn't suffer any one behind the scenes.

Manager.—And particularly an author; for he makes people suffer enough before them.

Servant.—Here he is, sir; he would force his way up.

(Exit Servant. Enter Fitz-Growl.)

Manager.—My servant says you would force your way up.

Fitz-Growl.—And isn't it natural an author should wish to do so?

Manager.—Well; but, sir, it is not usual in theatres for the manager to see any one.

Fitz-Growl.—Not usual to see any one! It must be a very poor look-out.

Manager.—Well, sir, as you are here, may I ask your business?

Fitz-Growl.—Why, being anxious for the success of your theatre, I sent you three of my pieces to begin with. Now, sir, I've had no answer.

Manager.—My dear sir, we cannot answer everybody. Theatres never answer in these times. However, your pieces shall be looked out. You can believe in my assurance.

Fitz-Growl.—Certainly; a manager ought to have assurance enough for anything. But I tell you, sir, if you want to succeed, you must open with my piece.

Manager.—What is the nature of it?

Fitz-Growl.—Nature! The beauty of my piece is, that there's no nature at all in it; it's beautifully unnatural.

Manager.—Indeed! I hope there is some spirit in the dialogue?

Fitz-Growl.—Some spirit, sir! there is a ghost in it.

Manager.—A ghost, my dear sir! that won't do for my theatre; my audience would have too much sense for a thing of that kind.

Fitz-Growl.—Then you'll never do any good, sir; but, may I ask what sort of pieces you intend producing?

Manager.—Variety and novelty, sir, will be my aim.

Fitz-Growl.—Novelty! then my piece is the very thing. I sink the whole stage.

Manager.—Thank you; but I'd rather leave the task of sinking the stage to others; my aim shall be to raise it.

Fitz-Growl.—My dear sir, you know nothing of effect; if you could only cover the stage with people, and then let them all down at once, it would be terrific!

Manager.—My dear sir, I don't want to cover my stage with people, and then let them down; I'd sooner hold my performers up than see them let down.

Fitz-Growl.—That's very fine talking; but you must get the money, and I can assure you mine are the only pieces to do it.

Manager.—Indeed, sir; then I'm too generous to my fellow-managers to think of monopolising the only author whose pieces will draw.

(*Enter Servant.*)

Servant.—A gentleman named Scowl is below.

Manager.—Oh! the gentleman I was to see respecting an engagement. Beg him to walk up.

(*Exit Servant.*)

Fitz-Growl.—Ah! he's an old friend of mine. He plays the devil in all my pieces.

Manager.—Plays the devil, does he?

Fitz-Growl.—My best friend, sir; he has made the character I allude to his own.

Manager.—It is to be hoped, for his sake, that the character you allude to will not return the compliment.

(*Enter Scowl.*)

Fitz-Growl.—Ah! my dear Scowl, how are you?

Scowl.—So, so; I swallowed a quantity of the smoke last night in your new piece.

Manager.—Did the audience swallow it too?

Scowl.—Sir?

Manager.—I beg your pardon, sir; I believe you wish to lead the business at my theatre?

Fitz-Growl.—He's the very man for it.

Manager.—What is your line, sir?

Scowl.—Why, I don't mind the heavy business; but I prefer the demons, or the singing scoundrels.

Manager.—But I don't think I shall do that sort of thing.

Scowl.—More fool you. If you want your theatre to pay, you must stick to the melodrama: the people are sure to come if you can only frighten them away.

Fitz-Growl.—Yes, I find it so with my pieces; they draw the same people over and over again, because they are forced to come several times before they can venture to sit them out.

Manager.—But I sha'n't aim at that.

Scowl.—More fool you. But if I can be of any service to you in the combat way,—I can fight with a sword in each hand, a dagger in my mouth, and a bayonet in my eye. What do you think of that?

Manager.—Astonishing!

Scowl.—My friend Mr. Fitz-Growl has written me an excellent new part.

Manager.—What's that about?

Fitz-Growl.—Oh! nothing particular. I write down a few horrors, make a list of the murders, and my friend Scowl knows what to be up to.

Manager.—Really, gentlemen, I don't see that we can come to terms.

Fitz-Growl.—Don't see!—what! you don't want my pieces?

Scowl.—Nor my acting?

Manager.—Neither, gentlemen, I thank you.

Fitz-Growl.—Then I'll go home and write a melodrama, called the "*Doomed Manager*," and you shall be the hero.

Manager.—Thank you.

Scowl.—And I'll play the part.

Manager.—What! you represent me? That's too cruel. But I must wish you good morning.

Scowl.—Farewell! remember me!

Fitz-Growl.—And me too. I say, sir, remember me!

(Exeunt Scowl and Fitz-Growl with melodramatic eye-rollings.)

Manager.—Well, I hope all the applications won't be like this, or I shall never get a company.

(Enter a Bill-sticker.)

Manager.—Well, my good fellow, who are you?

Bill-sticker.—Why, I'm one of your best friends; I'm the bill-sticker. Nobody sticks up for you like I do.

Manager.—Well, but what do you want?

Bill-sticker.—Why, sir, I'm sorry to say that as fast as I put your bills up, somebody else comes and pulls them down.

Manager.—How is that?

Bill-sticker.—I don't know, sir. It's werry ungentlemanly, whoever does it. The fact is, sir, your bills meet with as much opposition as bills in Parliament; and I'm sure I don't know why, unless it is that they are what we call money-bills.

Manager.—Perhaps they are too large, and occupy too much space: you know the printing is very large, the type is bold, and the capitals are immense.

Bill-sticker.—That's it, sir. It's the immense capital; it's such a novelty in theatres that they're all afraid of it. Shall I pull down their bills, sir?

Manager.—Certainly not. I will never sanction those whom I employ in unworthily attempting to hurt the interests of others. My theatre is for the amusement of all, and the employment of many; but the injury of none.

Bill-sticker.—Oh! if that's your motto, everybody ought to stick up for you; and I'm sure I will for one.

Manager.—Thank you, friend, for the promise of your influence.

Bill-sticker.—And it's no mean influence, either; for, though only one poor fellow, I carry more bills in a day than the House of Commons carries in a whole session.

(Exit Bill-sticker.)

Manager.—Well! management does not seem so smooth, after all: one meets with vexations now and then, I fear. Oh! who comes now?

(Enter Queershanks.)

Manager.—Your pleasure, sir?

Queershanks.—My name is Queershanks. You have built a theatre, have you not?

Manager.—I have, sir.

Queershanks.—Very good: then you will want a model.

Manager.—A model after it is built?

Queershanks.—Certainly: but not a model of a theatre; a model of a man.

Manager.—What for, sir?

Queershanks.—Why, sir, you will want occasionally to give representations of statues. I am an excellent hand at it.

Manager.—But, sir, my theatre is dedicated to Apollo.

Queershanks.—The very thing, sir: I have stood as the model of the Apollo Belvedere to the cleverest artists.

Manager.—They must have been clever artists to make an Apollo Belvedere with you for their model; but I cannot entertain your engagement in that shape.

Queershanks.—Not engage me in that shape! My shape is unexceptionable. Only look at this muscle. Here's muscle for Hercules, sir! Feel it, sir; will you be so good?

Manager.—I see it.

Queershanks.—No,—but feel it.

Manager.—Quite unnecessary, sir. I don't think what you could do would suit our audience.

Queershanks.—Do you mean to say, sir, I should do you no good? Look at this muscle, sir. Would not muscle like that make a tremendous hit? (*Striking him.*)

Manager.—Sir, I'm quite satisfied.

Queershanks.—Satisfied, sir! so you ought to be: I've got the nose of Mars, sir.

Manager.—My dear sir, what is it to the public if you've got Mars' nose and Pa's chin.

Queershanks.—I mean the classical Mars,—not my mother, you silly fellow. Then I've got the eye of a Cyclop, and the whiskers of Virginius. As yours is to be a classical theatre, will you give me a trial?

Manager.—What can you do?

Queershanks.—I'm very good in the ancient statues, only I've made them modern to suit the time. You know the "*African alarmed by thunder?*"

Manager.—Yes: a fine subject.

Queershanks.—I've modernised it into the "*Black footman frightened by an omnibus:*" this is it. (*Music; he does it.*)

Manager.—Very good! What else have you? Can you give me "*Ajax defying the lightning?*"

Queershanks.—I have modernised it into the "*Little boy defying the beadle.*" (*Music; he does it.*)

Manager.—Capital! Have you any more?

Queershanks.—One more. You've seen the "*Dying Gladiator?*" I think my "*Prize-fighter unable to come up to time*" beats it all to nothing. (*Music; he does it.*)

Queershanks.—That's something like sculpture, isn't it?

Manager.—Yes; but it won't do in my theatre.

Queershanks.—Won't do, sir! what do you mean?

Manager.—Why, I think the audience I wish to attract will like something better than dumb show. Good morning!

Queershanks.—I'm gone, sir; but remember you've lost me. I tell you, sir, that my statues would have made your season; but I leave you, sir, with contempt (*striking an attitude*). Do you know that, sir? It's the celebrated statue of Napoleon turning with contempt from the shores of Elba, which, as you know, he left because he wanted more *elbow room*. (*Exit Queershanks with an attitude.*)

Manager.—Well; each person that applies for an engagement seems to think he is the man to make my fortune for me, and gets quite angry that I won't let him have an opportunity of doing so; but I begin to see I must think for myself.

(*Enter Servant.*)

Servant.—A lady and two children wish to see you, sir.

Manager.—Show them in. (*Exit Servant.*) Some new candidates, I suppose: here they come. Ladies! they are the first that have done me the honour to apply to me.

(*Enter Mrs. Fiddler, Miss F. and Master F.*)

Manager.—Your pleasure, madam?

Mrs. F.—My name is Fiddler, sir; did you ever hear of me? I've got a friend, a supernumerary at Astley's who has great influence in the theatrical world; he promised to speak to you; has he done so?

Manager.—Really, madam, I do not remember to have had an interview with any such person.

Mrs. F.—Indeed! that's strange: but I suppose you've heard of the clever Fiddlers?

Manager.—You mean Paganini, perhaps, and De Beriot?

Mrs. F.—No, indeed, I don't; I mean my clever children here, Master and Miss Fiddler.

Manager.—Indeed, madam; I'm happy to make their acquaintance.

Mrs. F.—And so you ought to be, sir. Come here, Julietta: this young lady, sir, has got *such* a voice! It goes upon the high *C's* as safe as an East-Indiaman. I want you to engage her.

Manager.—I should like to hear her sing, before I thought of engaging her; she might fail.

Mrs. F.—And if she did, sir,—if the public were so unjust,—how great would be the consolation to you to know that you partially repaired the injury by paying the dear child a salary!

Manager.—I am afraid, madam, I could not proceed on that plan.

Mrs. F.—You will excuse my saying, sir, that you have strange notions of liberality; but you shall hear her sing. Come, my dear, let's have the *Baccy-role*; it's beautiful in your mouth, my dear.

Manager.—(*Aside.*) *Baccy-role*, indeed! (*Aloud.*) Let's hear you, my dear.

(*Miss F. looks stupid and does not sing a note. Mrs. F. moving her hands and arms, sing for her very badly, a bit of the Barcarole from Musaniello.*)

Mrs. F.—You see, sir, that's what the dear child means; though she can't do it before you, she is so nervous. But all that will wear off when she gets before the audience.

Manager.—It's to be hoped so, but what can the young gentleman do?

Mrs. F.—What can he do! anything—he's a dancer; his pirouettes are tremendous: only look here! (*She turns him round and round till he falls down giddy.*) See! he spins like a top; in fact he'll soon be the top of his profession.

Manager.—Why, bless the boy! you don't call that dancing, do you?

Mrs. F.—Of course: the dear boy has over-exerted himself, that's all; but he'll soon come round.

Manager.—Why, he has come round too much; but I can't engage him.

Mrs. F.—Then, sir, let me tell you, you'll never do.

(*Exeunt Mrs. F. Master F. and Miss F.*)

Manager.—Why, that's what everybody tells me. Here, Tom! don't let me be annoyed by any one else. I find there's no small difficulty in exercising one's own discretion in these matters. I may do much to improve the race both of authors and actors, if I think and judge for myself; but to render my efforts of any avail, the public must do so too. And when will they begin to do it?

(*Curtain falls.*)

A CRITICAL GOSSIP WITH LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

The character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is about as little known to the generality of readers as the source of the Nile, or the precise position of the North Pole. She has taken her place in public estimation as a forward, witty, voluptuous woman of fashion, who flirted, if she did not intrigue, with Pope; who was initiated into all the mysteries of a Turkish harem, and who chronicled those mysteries with no very delicate hand:—who affected friendships, lampooned her associates, and wrote verses of *single-entendre*; who married rashly, loved unwisely, and led a life of ultra-friendship and long unexplained divorce. Such is Lady Mary Wortley Montagu supposed to be! so prone is biography to perpetuate the fleeting scandals of the day, to distort mystery or obscurity into indecorum or baseness, and to darken and discolour the stream of time with the filth that is vulgarly and maliciously thrown into it at its source. The period appears to have arrived at which Lady Mary's character has obtained the power of purifying itself. With many faults, constitutional as well as acquired, there can be no doubt that she was a lady of surpassing powers of mind, of extreme wit, an easy command of her own as well as of the learned languages, a surprising knowledge of the world even in her youth, a vivid poetical imagination, a heart full of foibles, but fuller of love for her *own* circle, and that of her friends; and, above all, an abundance of common sense, which regulated her affections, her actions, her reflections, and her style, so as to render her the most accomplished lady of her own, or of the subsequent age. We do not think we can do justice to this fascinating creature in a better way than by lounging through the three volumes which Lord Wharncliffe's ancestral love, literary ability, and elegant taste, have given to the world. We may gossip with this work as we might with her who originated it, stroll with her in her favourite gardens, listen to her verses, catch her agreeable anecdotes, receive her valuable observations on human nature, as though she were actually before us in her splendid and *eternal* nightgown, or in her Turkish dress, (so sweet in Lord Harrington's charming miniature) or in her domino at Venice, or in her lute-string, or in her English court-dress. Our gossip, however,—save as to the remarks we may, to use the phrase of the dramatist, utter aside to that vast pit, the public,—will very much resemble that between Macbeth and the armed head, at which the witches give their admonitory caution. That caution will not be lost upon us—for it will nearly be,—

"Hear *her* speak, and say thou nought."

The introduction to this interesting work is from the editor, and it is written with a Walpole felicity in its points, though we would rather have had it more continuous than anecdotal. Our purpose we have professed to be, to gossip with Lady Mary, and we therefore shall make but two extracts from the introduction,—the one because it is *perhaps* leaning to the unfeeling; the other, because it is indisputably the truth of feeling. Madame de Sevigné did not deserve the phrase which we have marked in italics in the following passage, and indeed Lady Mary, in one of her letters, announces herself as a successful rival of this very agreeable French letter-writer,—an announcement which ought to have cautioned an editor against depreciating the powers of one whom the edited had chosen to select as a rival.

"The modern world will smile, but should however beware of too hastily despising works that charmed Lady Mary Wortley in her youth, and were courageously defended by Madame de Sevigné even when hers was past, and they began to be sliding out of fashion. She, it seems, thought with the *old woman* just now mentioned, that they had a tendency to elevate the mind, and to instil honourable and generous sentiments. At any rate they must have fostered application and perseverance, by accustoming their readers to what the French term *des ouvrages de longue haleine*. After resolutely mastering Clelia, nobody could pretend to quail at the aspect of Mezeray, or even at that of Holinshed's Chronicle printed in black letter. Clarendon, Burnet, and Rapin, had not yet issued into daylight."

With the foregoing extract (and all critics should get rid of their bile as quickly as they can) all that is unpleasant is at rest. Let us give the following feeling, beautiful anecdote.

"The name of another young friend will excite more attention—Mrs. Anne Wortley. Mrs. Anne has a most mature sound to our modern ears; but, in the phraseology of those days, *Miss*, which had hardly yet ceased to be a term of reproach, still denoted childishness, flippancy, or some other contemptible quality, and was rarely applied to young ladies of a respectable class. In Steele's Guardian, the youngest of Nestor Ironside's wards, aged fifteen, is Mrs. Mary Lizard. Nay, Lady Bute herself could remember having been styled Mrs. Wortley, when a child, by two or three elderly visitors, as tenacious of their ancient modes of speech as of other old fashions. Mrs. Anne, then, was the second daughter of Mr. Sidney^[20] Wortley Montagu, and the favourite sister of his son Edward. She died in the bloom of youth, unmarried. Lady Mary, in common with others who had known her, represented her as eminently pretty and agreeable; and her brother so cherished her memory, that, in after times, his little girl knew it to be the highest mark of his favour, when, pointing at herself, he said to her mother, "Don't you think she grows like my poor sister Anne?"

[Pg
140]

Lady Mary had Lord Byron's fate. She wrote a journal of her life; she became the historian of her own genius, her youthful love, and her young trials. It chanced to be her fate, that the one into whose hands her manuscript fell, considered it her duty (wisely and affectionately, or not, is immaterial for our purposes) to doom it to be a work of destruction. It is hard for genius that it cannot find an executor who regards the future in preference to the present; who cannot absolve himself from immediate ties, living incumbrances, pressing prejudices, conceived personalities,—to yield immortality its due!—who, in fact, in the blindness of temporary fears and temporary associations, classes that which he holds, erringly as that of the age,—which should be, and in its spirit was destined to be, "for all time." We have mentioned two immortal names; and before we pass into the three volumes, we cannot help endeavouring to connect them in the minds of our readers, as they are by their spirit connected in ours. Lord Byron was a moody, fiery, brooding child,—full of passion, obstinacy, and irregularity, in his teens;—Lady Mary was a single-thinking, classical, daring, inspired girl long under one-and-twenty. Lord Byron at a plunge formed his own spreading circles on the glittering still-life lake of fashionable society: Lady Mary with her beauty and her genius effected the same result by the same impetuosity. Lady Mary made, as it would appear, a cold unsatisfactory marriage, but, it must be admitted, with one possessed of a patience untainted by genius:—Lord Byron iced himself into the connubial state, but shuddered at its coldness. The press, and the poets, and the prosers united with serene ferocity against both. Both, alas! were

"Souls made of fire and children of the sun,
With whom revenge was virtue!"

Their revenge was mutual-minded. Misunderstood, calumniated, they quitted the land which was not worthy of them. Genius-borne, they both passed to the east; and to them we owe the most sensible,—the most passionate,—the most voluptuous,—and the most inspired pictures of "the land of the citron and myrtle," that have ever waked the wish and melted the heart of us southron readers. A mysterious divorcement from the marital partner marked the absence—the long last absence—of each! Mind-banished,—person-expatriated,—they vented upon their country that revenge of which injured genius can alone be capable. And looking at the calumnies upon the one, and the female animosities towards the other,—regarding the banishment of mental beauty and magic power in both,—we cannot better convey to our readers the revenge which genius gave, and must ever give, than by making a common cause of the two, and explaining it in the inimitable lines of the one.

"And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
I shrink from what is suffered; let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak
But in this page a record will I seek.

Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Tho' I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fullness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse.
That curse shall be *forgiveness!*"—

[Pg 141]

This is indeed the inspiration of forgiveness. We feel an awe after reading this humane and lofty imprecation, which calls for a pause. There is the same feeling upon us from which we cannot escape, as that to which we are subject when we wander under the arched roof and

sculptured aisles,—in the breathing, breathless, cathedral silence,—in the awful stone repose,—in the contemplation of

"The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips!"

The similarity between the genius of Byron and that of Lady Mary, and their fates,—except as to the death and duration of life of the two, (the one dying at the age of thirty-seven, and the other at the age of seventy-three,—a sad and strange reverse figures!)—are singularly interesting and affecting. The one,—sexually to distinguish them,—was *Rousseau* with a heart,—the other *De Staël* with one.—But we grow serious, critical, and minute. We are not certain that we are not growing anatomical. We shall therefore enter upon our *conversazione* with our charming, high-born, easy caftan,—Minerva,—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu!

We pass silently over her biography, and at once commence with the unmarried *Lady Mary Pierrepont* and the married Montagu! What can be livelier than the following York picture. It is *Hogarthian!*—and let it not be forgotten that the lady was only twenty, and unwedded.

"TO MRS. WORTLEY."

1710.

"I return you a thousand thanks, my dear, for so agreeable an entertainment as your letter in our cold climate, where the sun appears unwillingly—Wit is as wonderfully pleasing as a sun-shiny day; and, to speak poetically, Phœbus is very sparing of all his favours. I fancied your letter an emblem of yourself: in some parts I found the softness of your voice, and in others the vivacity of your eyes: you are to expect no return but humble and hearty thanks, yet I can't forbear entertaining you with our York lovers. (Strange monsters you'll think, love being as much forced up here as melons.) In the first form of these creatures, is even Mr. Vanbrug. Heaven, no doubt, compassionating our dulness, has inspired him with a passion that make us all ready to die with laughing: 'tis credibly reported that he is endeavouring at the honourable state of matrimony, and vows to lead a sinful life no more. Whether pure holiness inspires the mind, or dotage turns his brain, is hard to find. 'Tis certain he keeps Monday and Thursday market (*assembly* day) constantly; and for those that don't regard worldly muck, there's extraordinary good choice indeed. I believe last Monday there were two hundred pieces of woman's flesh (fat and lean): but you know Van's taste was always odd: his inclination to ruins has given him a fancy for Mrs. Yarborough: he sighs and ogles so, that it would do your heart good to see him; and she is not a little pleased in so small a proportion of men amongst such a number of women, that a whole man should fall to her share. My dear, adieu, My service to Mr. Congreve.

"M. P."

[Pg 142]

There is a charming poem by Lady Mary, which is singularly supported by her letters. It certainly acknowledges a love of pleasure which is not "quite correct;" but it is so unaffected,—so melodious,—so heartfelt,—so confiding,—that we could read it, and read it, "for ever and a day!"

"THE LOVER: A BALLAD.

"TO MR. CONGREVE.

"At length, by so much importunity press'd,
Take, Congreve, at once the inside of my breast.
This stupid indiff'rence so often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame:
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor are Sunday's sermons so strong in my head:
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh! was there a man (but where shall I find
Good sense and good nature so equally join'd?)
Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine;
Not meanly would boast, nor lewdly design;
Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,
For I would have the power, though not give the pain.

No pedant, yet learned; no rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, because he has nothing to say;
To all my whole sex obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me;
In public preserve the decorum that's just,
And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust!
Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
But not fulsomely pert, nor yet foppishly low.

But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champaign and a chicken at last,
May every fond pleasure that moment endear;
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd;
In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
Whose kindness can soothe me, whose counsel can guide.
From such a dear lover as hero I describe,
No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe;
But till this astonishing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

I never will share with the wanton coquette,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
But never shall enter the pass of my heart.
I loathe the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise:
Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies;
And as Ovid has sweetly in parable told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold."

[Pg 143]

This delightful epistle to Congreve appears to have been written at the time she resided at Twickenham,—lured there by the quiet and loveliness of that classic spot, and the fascination of Pope's society. The following letter would seem to confirm the sincerity of these racy verses;—and the presence of "Doctor Swift and Johnny Gay," —ballad-writing too,—must have had some influence over the pen of the poetess.

"TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

"Twickenham, 17—.

"DEAR SISTER, —I was very glad to hear from you, though there was something in your letters very monstrous and shocking. I wonder with what conscience you can talk to me of your being an old woman; I beg I may hear no more on't. For my part I pretend to be as young as ever, and really am as young as needs to be, to all intents and purposes. I attribute all this to your living so long at Chatton, and fancy a week at Paris will correct such wild imaginations, and set things in a better light. My cure for lowness of spirits is not drinking nasty water, but galloping all day, *and a moderate glass of champaign at night in good company*; and I believe this regimen, closely followed, is one of the most wholesome that can be prescribed, and may save one a world of filthy doses, and more filthy doctor's fees at the year's end. I rode to Twickenham last night, and, after so long a stay in town, am not sorry to find myself in my garden; our neighbourhood is something improved by the removal of some old maids, and the arrival of some fine gentlemen, amongst whom are Lord Middleton and Sir J. Gifford, who are, perhaps, your acquaintances: they live with their aunt, Lady Westmoreland, and we endeavour to make the country agreeable to one another.

"Doctor Swift and Johnny Gay are at Pope's, and their conjunction has produced a ballad,^[21] which, if nobody else has sent you, I will, being never better pleased than when I am endeavouring to amuse my dear sister, and ever yours,

"M. W. M."

What a picture we have of Mrs. Lowther! How the *Mall* is revived with its strollers of fashion and beauty!

"I am yet in this wicked town, but purpose to leave it as soon as the parliament rises. Mrs. Murray and all her satellites have so seldom fallen in my way, I can say little about them. Your old friend Mrs. Lowther is still fair and young, *and in pale pink every night in the parks*."

To the name of Mrs. Lowther is appended the following note,—and we do not know that we ever remember an anecdote, *in years*, better set off.

"Mrs. Lowther was a respectable woman, single, and, as it appears by the text, not willing to own herself middle-aged. Another lady happened to be sitting at breakfast with her when an awkward country lad, new in her service, brought word that 'there was one as begged to speak to her.'—'What is his name?'—'Don't know.'—'What sort of person? a gentleman?'—'Can't say rightly.'—'Go and ask him his business.'—The fellow returned grinning. 'Why, madam, he says as how—he says he is—'—'Well, what does he say, fool?'—'He says he is one as dies for your ladyship.'—'Dies for me! exclaimed the lady, the more incensed from seeing her friend inclined to laugh as well as her footman, —'was there ever such a piece of insolence! Turn him out of my house this minute. And

hark ye, shut the door in his face.' The clown obeyed; but going to work more roughly than John Bull will ever admit of, produced a scuffle that disturbed the neighbours and called in the constable. At last the audacious lover, driven to explain himself, proved nothing worse than an honest tradesman, a dyer, whom her ladyship often employed to refresh her old gowns."

Can the following *trifle* of whipt fashion and satire be surpassed even by the pointed and light pleasantries of Walpole?

"Cavendish-square, 1727.

"My Lady Stafford^[22] set out towards France this morning, and has carried half the pleasures of my life along with her; I am more stupid than I can describe, and am as full of moral reflections as either Cambray or Pascal. I think of nothing but the nothingness of the good things of this world, the transitoriness of its joys, the pungency of its sorrows, and many discoveries that have been made these three thousand years, and committed to print ever since the first erecting of presses. I advise you, as the best thing you can do that day, let it happen as it will, to visit Lady Stafford: she has the goodness to carry with her a true-born Englishwoman, who is neither good nor bad, nor capable of being either; Lady Phil Prat by name, of the Hamilton family, and who will be glad of your acquaintance, and you can never be sorry for hers.^[23]

"Peace or war, cross or pile, makes all the conversation; this town never was fuller, and, God be praised, some people *brille* in it who *brilled* twenty years ago. My cousin Buller is of that number, who is just what she was in all respects when she inhabited Bond-street. The sprouts of this age are such green withered things, 'tis a great comfort to us grown up people: I except my own daughter, who is to be the ornament of the ensuing court. I beg you will exact from Lady Stafford a particular of her perfections, which would sound suspected from my hand; at the same time I must do justice to a little twig belonging to my sister Gower. Miss Jenny is like the Duchess of Queensberry both in face and spirit. *A propos* of family affairs: I had almost forgot our dear and amiable cousin Lady Denbigh, who has blazed out all this winter; she has brought with her from Paris cart-loads of riband, surprising fashion, and of a complexion of the last edition, which naturally attracts all the she and he fools in London; and accordingly she is surrounded with a little court of both, and keeps a Sunday assembly to shew she has learned to play at cards on that day. Lady Frances Fielding^[24] is really the prettiest woman in town, and has sense enough to make one's heart ache to see her surrounded with such fools as her relations are. The man in England that gives the greatest pleasure, and the greatest pain, is a youth of royal blood, with all his grandmother's beauty, wit and good qualities. In short, he is Nell Gwin in person, with the sex altered, and occasions such fracas amongst the ladies of gallantry that it passes description. You'll stare to hear of her Grace of Cleveland at the head of them.^[25] If I was poetical I would tell you—

"The god of love, enrag'd to see
The nymph despise his flame,
At dice and cards misspend her nights,
And slight a nobler game;

"For the neglect of offers past
And pride in days of yore,
He kindles up a fire at last,
That burns her at threescore.

"A polish'd wile is smoothly spread
Where whilome wrinkles lay;
And, glowing with an artful red,
She ogles at the play.

"Along the Mall she softly sails,
In white and silver drest;
Her neck expos'd to Eastern gales,
And jewels on her breast.

"Her children banish'd, age forgot,
Lord Sidney is her care;
And, what is a much happier lot,
Has hopes to be her *heir*.

"This is all true history, though it is doggerel rhyme: in good earnest she has turned Lady D— and family out of doors to make room for him, and there he lies like leaf-gold upon a pill; there never was so violent and so indiscreet a passion. Lady Stafford says nothing was ever like it, since Phædra and Hippolitus.—'Lord ha' mercy upon us! See what we may all come to!'

Again—the following words are as colours taken from the pallet of a Sir Joshua:

"Cavendish-square, 1727.

"I cannot deny, but that I was very well diverted on the Coronation day. I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster-hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance, as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes, was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind a mixture of fat and wrinkles; and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making if my Lady St. J***n had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of M***se *crept along with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face*, and my Lady P***nd (who is fallen away since her dismissal from court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics."

[Pg
146]

Lady Mary read, and of course loved, the writings of Fielding. He was related to her. She had in her service a Fanny at the time she read Joseph Andrews, and thus she writes of her:

"TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

"Venice, Oct. 1, N. S. 1748.

"MY DEAR CHILD,— have at length received the box, with the books enclosed, for which I give you many thanks, as they amused me very much. I gave a very ridiculous proof of it, fitter indeed for my grand-daughter than myself. I returned from a party on horseback: and after having rode twenty miles, part of it by moonshine, it was ten at night when I found the box arrived. I could not deny myself the pleasure of opening it; and falling upon Fielding's works, was fool enough to sit up all night reading. I think Joseph Andrews better than his Foundling. I believe I was the more struck with it, having at present a Fanny in my own house, not only by the name, which happens to be the same, but the extraordinary beauty, joined with an understanding yet more extraordinary at her age, which is but few months past sixteen: she is in the post of my chambermaid. I fancy you will tax my discretion for taking a servant thus qualified; but my woman, who is also my housekeeper, was always teizing me with her having too much work, and complaining of ill health, which determined me to take her a deputy; and when I was at Louvere, where I drank the waters, one of the most considerable merchants there pressed me to take this daughter of his: her mother has an uncommon good character, and the girl has had a better education than is usual for those of her rank; she writes a good hand, and has been brought up to keep accounts, which she does to great perfection; and had herself such a violent desire to serve me, that I was persuaded to take her: I do not yet repent it from any part of her behaviour. But there has been no peace in the family ever since she came into it; I might say the parish, all the women in it having declared open war with her, and the men endeavouring all treaties of a different sort: my own woman puts herself at the head of the first party, and her spleen is increased by having no reason for it. The young creature is never stirring from my apartment, always at her needle, and never complaining of any thing. You will laugh at this tedious account of my domestics (if you have patience to read it over), but I have few other subjects to talk of."

Nothing can be livelier or happier than the following agreeable outbreak at Lady J. Wharton lavishing herself away upon one unworthy her.

"Lady J. Wharton is to be married to Mr. Holt, which I am sorry for;—to see a young woman that I really think one of the agreeablest girls upon earth so vilely misplaced— but where are people matched!—I suppose we shall all come right in Heaven; as in a country dance, the hands are strangely given and taken, while they are in motion, at last all meet their partners when the jig is done."

[Pg
147]

The observations on Richardson are a little too harsh,— but the sobbing over his works is a compliment which no criticism could dry up.

"This Richardson is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works, in a most scandalous manner. The two first tomes of Clarissa touched me, as being very resembling to my maiden days; and I find in the pictures of Sir Thomas Grandison and his lady, what I have heard of my mother, and seen of my father."

Time having made us wiser than *the Wortley*, it is amusing to see her guessing at and

"TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

"Louvere, June 23, 1754.

"MY DEAR CHILD,—I have promised you some remarks on all the books I have received. I believe you would easily forgive my not keeping my word; however, I shall go on. The Rambler is certainly a strong misnomer; he always plods in the beaten road of his predecessors, following the Spectator (with the same pace a pack-horse would do a hunter) in the style that is proper to lengthen a paper. These writers may, perhaps, be of service to the public, which is saying a great deal in their favour. There are numbers of both sexes who never read anything but such productions, and cannot spare time, from doing nothing, to go through a sixpenny pamphlet. Such gentle readers may be improved by a moral hint, which, though repeated over and over, from generation to generation, they never heard in their lives. I should be glad to know the name of this laborious author. H. Fielding has given a true picture of himself and his first wife, in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, some compliments to his own figure excepted; and, I am persuaded, several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact. I wonder he does not perceive Tom Jones and Mr. Booth are sorry scoundrels. All this sort of books have the same fault, which I cannot easily pardon, being very mischievous. They place a merit in extravagant passions, and encourage young people to hope for impossible events, to draw them out of the misery they choose to plunge themselves into, expecting legacies from unknown relations, and generous benefactors to distressed virtue, as much out of nature as fairy treasures. Fielding has really a fund of true humour, and was to be pitied at his first entrance into the world, having no choice, as he said himself, but to be a hackney writer, or a hackney coachman. His genius deserved a better fate: but I cannot help blaming that continued indiscretion, to give it the softest name, that has run through his life, and I am afraid still remains. I guessed R. Random to be his, though without his name. I cannot think Ferdinand Fathom wrote by the same hand, it is every way so much below it. Sally Fielding has mended her style in her last volume of David Simple, which conveys a useful moral, though she does not seem to have intended it: I mean, shews the ill consequences of not providing against casual losses, which happen to almost everybody. Mrs. Orgueil's character is well drawn, and is frequently to be met with. The Art of Tormenting, the Female Quixote, and Sir C. Goodville, are all sale work. I suppose they proceed from her pen, and I heartily pity her, constrained by her circumstances to seek her bread by a method, I do not doubt, she despises. Tell me who is that accomplished countess she celebrates. I left no such person in London; nor can I imagine who is meant by the English Sappho mentioned in Betsy Thoughtless, whose adventures, and those of Jemmy Jessamy, gave me some amusement. I was better entertained by the valet, who very fairly represents how you are bought and sold by your servants. I am now so accustomed to another manner of treatment, it would be difficult to me to suffer them: his adventures have the uncommon merit of ending in a surprising manner. The general want of invention which reigns among our writers inclines me to think it is not the natural growth of our island, which has not sun enough to warm the imagination. The press is loaded by the servile flock of imitators. Lord Bolingbroke would have quoted Horace in this place. Since I was born, no original has appeared excepting Congreve, and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellencies, if not forced, by necessity, to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world, he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling. The greatest virtue, justice, and the most distinguishing prerogative of mankind, writing, when duly executed, do honour to human nature; but, when degenerated into trades, are the most contemptible ways of getting bread. I am sorry not to see any more of Peregrine Pickle's performances; I wish you would tell me his name!"

An ancestor of Lord Moira was capable of making a nice distinction:

"I cannot believe Sir John's advancement is owing to his merit, tho' he certainly deserves such a distinction; but I am persuaded the present disposers of such dignities are neither more clear-sighted, or more disinterested than their predecessors. Even since I knew the world, Irish patents have been hung out to sale, like the laced and embroidered coats in Monmouth-street, and bought up by the same sort of people; I mean those who had rather wear shabby finery than no finery at all; though I don't suppose this was Sir John's case. That *good creature*, (as the country saying is,) has not a bit of pride about him. I dare swear he purchased his title for the same reason he used to purchase pictures in Italy; not because he wanted to buy, but because somebody or other wanted to sell. He hardly ever opened his mouth but to say 'What you please, sir;'—'Your humble servant;' or some gentle expression to the same effect. It is scarce credible that with this unlimited complaisance he should draw a blow upon himself; yet it so happened that one of his own countrymen was brute enough to strike him. As it was done before many witnesses, Lord Mansel heard of it; and thinking that if poor Sir John took no notice of it, he would suffer daily insults of the same kind, out of pure good nature resolved to spirit him up, at least to some shew of resentment,

intending to make up the matter afterwards in as honourable a manner as he could for the poor patient. He represented to him very warmly that no gentleman could take a box on the ear. Sir John answered with great calmness, 'I know that, but this was not a box on the ear, it was only a slap o' the face.'

The following is a smart sketch—perhaps a little too piquant:

"Next to the great ball, what makes the most noise is the marriage of an old maid, who lives in this street, without a portion, to a man of 7,000*l. per annum*, and they say 40,000*l.* in ready money. Her equipage and liveries outshine any body's in town. He has presented her with 3,000*l.* in jewels; and never was man more smitten with these charms that had lain invisible for these forty years; but, with all his glory, never bride had fewer enviers, the dear beast of a man is so filthy, frightful, odious, and detestable. I would turn away such a footman for fear of spoiling my dinner, while he waited at table. They were married on Friday, and came to church *en parade* on Sunday. I happened to sit in the pew with them, and had the honour of seeing Mrs. Bride fall fast asleep in the middle of the sermon, and snore very comfortably; which made several women in the church think the bridegroom not quite so ugly as they did before. Envious people say 'twas all counterfeited to please him, but I believe that to be scandal; for I dare swear, nothing but downright necessity could make her miss one word of the sermon. He professes to have married her for her devotion, patience, meekness, and other Christian virtues he observed in her: his first wife (who has left no children) being very handsome, and so good-natured as to have ventured her own salvation to secure his. He has married this lady to have a companion in that paradise where his first has given him a title. I believe I have given you too much of this couple; but they are not to be comprehended in few words.

"My dear Mrs. Hewet, remember me and believe that nothing can put you out of my head."

The noble dukes of the present day, and the learned members of the faculty, are by no means of so sportive a turn as they were in the goodly times of Mrs. Hewet. We confess we should like to have to get up some fine morning to be in St. James's Park in time to see some such elegant struggle between the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Henry Halford as the following:

"There is another story that I had from a hand I dare depend upon. The Duke of Grafton and Dr. Garth ran a foot-match in the Mall of 200 yards, and the latter, to his immortal glory, beat."

With a strong turn for building herself, Lady Mary makes some sensible remarks on its folly in others.

"Building is the general weakness of old people; I have had a twitch of it myself, though certainly it is the highest absurdity, and as sure a proof of dotage as pink-coloured ribands, or even matrimony. Nay, perhaps, there is more to be said in defence of the last; I mean in a childless old man; he may prefer a boy born in his own house, though he knows it is not his own, to disrespectful or worthless nephews or nieces. But there is no excuse for beginning an edifice he can never inhabit, or probably see finished. The Duchess of Marlborough used to ridicule the vanity of it, by saying one might always live upon other people's follies: yet you see she built the most ridiculous house I ever saw, since it really is not habitable, from the excessive damp; so true it is, the things that we would do, those do we not, and the things we would not do, those do we daily. I feel in myself a proof of this assertion, being much against my will at Venice, though I own it is the only great town where I can properly reside, yet here I find so many vexations, that, in spite of all my philosophy, and (what is more powerful,) my phlegm, I am oftner out of humour than among my plants and poultry in the country. I cannot help being concerned at the success of iniquitous schemes, and grieve for oppressed merit. You, who see these things every day, think me as unreasonable, in making them matter of complaint, as if I seriously lamented the change of seasons. You should consider I have lived almost a hermit ten years, and the world is as new to me as to a country girl transported from Wales to Coventry. I know I ought to think my lot very good, that can boast of some sincere friends among strangers."

But we must put an end to this agreeable conference,—though we think, that if we could for ever listen to such vivid gossip, we should never grow old. We had intended to have treated of the romantic intimacy, and subsequent determined hatred, that existed between Lady Mary and Pope; but our limits warn us that we must not indulge in a lengthy discussion of the subject. She, it is clear, was flattered by his wit and his mental beauty. In him real passion took root. His advances she appears to have repulsed, and he was thus suddenly driven to the galling contemplation of his own person, and he at once from the adoring poet became the "Deformed Transformed" into hate itself. Byron never forgave an allusion to his lameness. The separation of Mr. Wortley from his accomplished wife still remains unexplained; but it is clear that kindly and respectful feelings were preserved unblemished between them; and there is a delicate tenderness in each towards the other in the veriest trifles, which shows how feeble a thing is absence over sincere affections. We are rather surprised that no letters from Lady Mary to her grand-daughter Lady Jane, (one of the daughters of the Countess of Bute,) have not straggled into print. How beautifully must she have written to children, and particularly to such a child as Lady Jane appears to have been! The letters, however, we fear are lost.

If we might be permitted to adopt a new manner of life, and to pitch our tent in whatever part

of his Majesty's dominions we pleased,—we have no hesitation in saying that we should lose no time in directing *those people*, however respectable they may be, who inhabit Strawberry Hill, to *get out!* We should then send down by the Twickenham carrier complete sets of the works of Pope, Swift, Johnny Gay, and the dear Arbuthnot,—of the Letters of Horace Walpole, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Pepys' Memoirs, Evelyn's Memoirs, Shakspeare, and some other works of trifling interest,—begging they may be placed in *that* little library with the stained glass. We should then Ourselves go down!—have a comfortable annuity from government, and a moderate handful of servants from the neighbourhood; and there we would pass away our life, "from morn to noon,—from noon to dewy eve,—a summer's day!" This plan has something in it so modest and reasonable, that we cannot help thinking it will attract the attention of the existing ministry, and in the end be realized!

[Pg
151]

A LAMENT OVER THE BANNISTER.

And have we lost thee!—has the monarch grim
To his dull court borne off the child of whim!
And art thou gone, *Oldboy*?^[26] thou brave and good
Protector^[27] of the *Children in the Wood*?

Then has the *World's* great *Echo*^[28] died away;
Out of his time th' *Apprentice*^[29] could not stay:
The *Squib's*^[30] gone off, extinguish'd ev'ry spark,
And Momus mourns his region left so dark.

How oft, exulting, have we view'd the *Moor*^[31]
For Christian captives open Freedom's door;
We've stared to hear the *Valet's*^[32] ready fib,
And shudder'd when the *Cobbler*^[33] strapp'd his rib.

How, when Barbadoes' merry bells did ring,
We've smiled to see thee *Trudge*^[34] and hear thee sing;
Thy *Ben*^[35] and *Dory*^[36] were of right true blue,
Thy *Sheva*^[37] warm'd us to respect a *Jew*.

To *Feign well*^[38] thou indeed couldst make pretence,
Thy brilliant eye was all intelligence;
In thee we lost the flow'r of *City youths*,^[39]
And now no *Lenitive*^[40] our sorrow soothes.

We care not whether tithes be paid or left,
Since of our *Acres*^[41] we have been bereft;
We dread Spring Rice's yearly fiscal bore,
But grieve *Thy Budget*^[42] can be heard no more.

Great Garrick's pet,—an ancient fav'rite's son,—
Upon the stage thy public course was run,
Tho', in thy youth, a painter; and, as man,
Thou didst draw houses in a *Caravan*^[43].

And well thou couldst support a *Storm*^[44], but Gout
Life's *little farthing rushlight*^[45] has blown out:
Thou'rt gone, and from all further ills art screen'd,
For thou didst follow *Conscience, not the Fiend*^[46].

Mourn'd in public and private, thou wouldst not come back;
"Be quiet! I know it!"^[47]—thou 'rt happier, Jack!
J.S.

[Pg 152]

THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENT, EXTRAORDINARY.

[As we might reasonably be expected to account for the possession of the following document, we beg to state that it was put into our hands by an unknown gentleman, who slipped unseen into our *sanctum*, clothed in a whity-brown suit, half-boots, and blue cotton stockings. The gentleman apologized for the negligence of his attire, by stating that he was in "reduced" circumstances. His employers, he said, had hit upon an ingenious mode of reimbursing themselves for the losses they sustained by trading under the market price,—which was simply paying their workmen one half of their wages, and owing them the other. On our inquiring with great sympathy, whether he

was not desirous to get the last-mentioned moiety, he replied with real feeling, that he wished he might. He then begged the loan of a small pinch of snuff, sighed deeply, and withdrew.— ED. B. M.]

Messrs. Four, Two, and One, many years resident on the Surrey side of the river Thames, beg most respectfully to announce to the play-going public, that in consequence of the increasing demand for all sorts of low-priced theatrical articles, they have at length succeeded in securing and entering upon those large, commodious, and formerly well-known high-priced premises situate in Drury-lane and Covent-garden; and having by this arrangement prevented the possibility of competition, they are determined to do business in future upon the Surrey-side system only. To prove the sincerity of their intentions, Four, Two, and One take this opportunity of making known to the directors of theatrical establishments, that they have a number of hints ready cut and dried, upon the necessity of a general reduction of the salaries of the principal ENGLISH *artistes*, which will be found singularly useful to managers taking a Continental trip for the purpose of securing FOREIGN talent for the London market.

F. T. and O. also recommend their celebrated elastic, self-acting, portable, Anglo-Parisian pen, skilfully contrived to fit all hands, and which enables the writer, after six lessons upon the Hamiltonian system, to translate any French piece into *Surrey-side English*; thereby superseding the necessity of employing and paying any author or adapter who thinks it worth his while to embarrass himself with the study of reading, writing, or any other abstruse or outlandish knowledge whatsoever.

F. T. and O. cannot conclude without returning their most sincere and heartfelt thanks to the nobility, gentry, and friends of the drama generally, by whom their endeavours have been so eminently patronized. In particular, they should consider themselves guilty of the grossest ingratitude, did they omit this occasion of acknowledging their infinite obligations to the proprietors of the Patent establishments, who (by their active zeal, and indefatigable industry in the great cause of general reduction,) have placed Four, Two, and One, in their present premises, and have thereby enforced and illustrated this incontrovertible fact,—that Sheridan, Harris, and Colman were mere humbugs and imposters compared with F. T. and O.; and, that during their long and high-priced professional career, they did nothing to obtain or preserve the protection of a candid and enlightened public.

[Pg
153]

THE ABBESS AND THE DUCHESS.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Abbess.

Who is knocking for admission
At the convent's outer gate?
Is it possible a lady
Can be wandering so late?
Let me see her through the lattice,
And her *story* let me hear;
—Oh! your most obedient, madam;
May I ask what brings you here?

Duchess.

You will very much applaud me,
When you hear what I have done;
I've been naughty,—I'm a penitent,
and want to be a nun.
I've been treated most unfairly,
Though 'tis said I am most fair;
I am rich, ma'am, and a duchess,
And my name's La Vallière.

Abbess.

Get along, you naughty woman,
You'll contaminate us all;
When you touch'd the gate, I wonder
That the convent did not fall!
Stop! I think you mention'd money,—
That is—penitence, I mean:
Let her in,—I'm *too* indulgent;—
Pray how are the king and queen?

Duchess.

Lady Abbess, you delight me,—
Oh! had Louis been as kind!
But he used me ungentlely,
To my fondness deaf and blind.
Oh! methinks that now I view him,

With his feathers in his hat!—
Hem!—beg pardon—I'm aware, ma'am,
That I mustn't speak of *that*.

Abbess.

Not by no means, madam, never;
No—you mustn't even *think*;
(Put your feet upon the fender,
And here's something warm to drink:
Is it strong enough?—pray stir it:)
What on earth *could* make you go
From a palace to a convent?
Come,—I'm curious to know?

Duchess.

Can you wonder, Lady Abbess?—
At the change I should rejoice,—
I of vanities was weary,
And a convent was my choice.
I have had a troubled conscience,
And court manners did condemn,
Ever since I saw King Louis
Making eyes at Madam *M*.

[Pg 154]

Abbess.

Oh! I think I comprehend you:
But take care what you're about;
Though 'tis easy to get *in* here,
'Tan't so easy to get *out*:
You'll for beads resign your jewels,
And your robes for garments plain;
Ere you cut the world, remember
'Tis not cut and come again!

Duchess.

I am willing in a cloister
That my days and nights should pass;
—(This is very nice indeed, ma'am;
If you please, another glass)—
As for courtiers, I'll hereafter
Lay the odious topic by;
Oh! their crooked ways enough are
For to turn a nun awry!

Abbess.

Very proper: to the sisters
'Twould be wrong to chatter thus;
Now and then, when snug and cosey,
'Twill do very well for *us*.
It is strange how tittle-tattle
All about the convent spreads,
When the barber from the village
Comes to shave the sisters' heads.

Duchess.

Do you really mean to tell me
I must lose my raven locks?
Then I'll tie 'em up with ribbon,
And I'll keep 'em in my box:
Oh! how Louis used to praise 'em!
Hem!—I think I'll go to bed.—
Not another drop, I thank you,—
It would get into my head.

Abbess.

Benedicite! my daughter,
You'll be soon used to the place;
Though at meals our only duchess,
You will have to say your grace:
And when none can interrupt us,
You of courtly scenes shall tell,
When I bring a drop of comfort
From my cellar to my cell!

[Pg 155]

EDWARD SAVILLE.

A TRANSCRIPT. BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

The doctor tells me I must take no wine. Pshaw! It is not that which mounts into my brain; and sometimes—but I must not wander—wine is the best corrector of these fancies. One bottle more of sober claret, and I shall be able to finish before midnight the brief sketch of my life which I promised Travers long ago.

It were worse than useless to set down any particulars of my boyhood. An only son is usually a spoiled one, and that which is so easy and delightful a task to most parents was by no means difficult or unpleasant to mine; and yet, to do myself justice, I believe I was not more conceited, insolent, selfish, and rapacious than others are during those days of innocence, as they are called,—those days of innocence which form the germ of that noble and disinterested creature, man.

At the age of three-and-twenty I succeeded to my father's estate. It was to divert a sense of loneliness which beset me, that I plunged into—as they term it, but the phrase is a wrong one—that I ventured upon the course of folly and dissipation into which so many young men of fortune like myself hurry themselves, or are led, or are driven. But why recount these scenes of pleasure—so called, or miscalled—whose reaction is utter weariness, satiety, and disgust?

I was at the theatre one night, when the friend who accompanied me directed my attention to a very lovely girl, who, with her mother and a party of friends, occupied the next box. She was, certainly, the loveliest creature my eyes had ever lighted upon; with a sylph-like form, (that is the usual phrase, I believe,) wanting perhaps that complete roundness of limb which is considered essential to perfect beauty in a woman—but she was barely sixteen—and yet suggesting, too, the idea of consummate symmetry. Her face—but who can describe beauty? who even can paint it? Let any man look at the finest attempts to achieve this impossibility by the old masters, and then let him compare them with the faces he has seen, and may see every day. Heavens! what inanities! Can a man paint a soul upon canvass? And yet the artist talks of his "expression."

I watched her closely during the performance,—indeed, I had no power to withdraw my gaze from her; and once or twice her eyes met mine, and I thought I could perceive she was not altogether displeased at my attention. Her confusion betrayed that to me, and in one short hour I was a lost man.

When the play was over, I framed a miserable excuse, which I thought at the time a most ingenious one, to my friend for not accompanying him home to supper, as I had promised; and hastening after my unknown and her mother, who had left the box, was just in time to see them enter a coach. I contrived to keep pace with it, and saw it deposit its beautiful freight at a house in a small private street near Portman Square.

I could laugh—unaccustomed as I am even to private laughing now-a-days—when I think, as I do sometimes, on those days of sentiment. It were as futile to attempt to renew that sentiment after thirty, as to strive to recal those days, and to bid them stand in next year's calendar. The green wood is out of the tree by that time; and the trunk becomes hard, and gnarled, and stubborn. Now is the time to enjoy life. At five-and-thirty the blood and the brain act in concert, and the heart beats not one pulse the quicker, while they do their spiriting—not gently always.—To return.

I went home that night altogether an altered man, and rose next morning from a sleepless bed, absorbed with the one idea which had worked so miraculous a change within me. All that day, almost without intermission, did I pace up and down the street in the hope of seeing her; but in vain. Not once did she approach the window; and I did not deem it prudent to question one of the servants who came out of the house several times during the day. I betook myself, therefore, towards evening to a green-grocer's shop in the neighbourhood; and the purchase of some fruit gave me a privilege to indulge in a little chat with the good old woman who conducted the business. I affected to be chiefly solicitous respecting the elderly lady, whom I had seen by chance, and believed to be a friend of my father, but whose name I could not, for the life of me, remember. The old woman smiled at my shallow artifice, but proceeded to inform me that the elderly lady was the widow of an officer who had been killed in the Peninsular War, leaving an only daughter, at that period an infant. I begged pardon—the name? did she know the daughter's name?

"Oh yes! it was Isabella Denham."

It was an era in my life, the first sound of that name. I thanked my kind informant, and withdrew.

I need not tell how unremittingly, and for how many weeks, I paced up and down that street, with various success; how regularly I attended the church she frequented; and how at length I obtained an introduction to the family.

I found Isabella Denham more captivating than the accumulated fancies and self-willed convictions of months had pictured her to me. It is no unusual result in such cases; but whether it be that the object transcends the imagination, or that the imagination subserves the object, I know not. It was so, however; for feeling upon these occasions takes the place of reason, which is an impertinence.

Let me be just. I think, had I loved Isabella Denham less, I should equally have admired her.

She had a mind and a heart; she was accomplished; she was beautiful, gentle, and good; and she loved me. Yes, she loved me. I believed it then, and I am certain of it now. How I loved her, she never knew: that was for Time to show, and he has shown it.

I offered her my hand in due time, and was accepted. How I despised the sneers and banter of some of my friends who could not conceive the idea of a marriage with fortune on one side, and none on the other, and yet were endeavouring at the same time to effect an engagement of a similar nature in their own favour! How I disregarded the gratuitous advice of sundry of my officious relatives, who thought that all love had died when their own gave up the ghost, and who sometimes prophesied truly because they were always prognosticating evil!

We were at length married; and the close of the fourth year saw no diminution of our happiness. We were domestic enough without seclusion, and went into as much company as sufficed to make us feel that home was the happiest place after all. One circumstance had contributed to augment my felicity,—the birth of a son, which took place about a year after our marriage.

[Pg
157]

I know not what some people mean, who tell you that when a man becomes married, love subsides into affection, and friendship takes the place of passion. It was not so with me. I loved the wife as much as I had adored the mistress. To make her happy was myself to be so; and to have made her so, I would have laid down my life. Some, indeed, hinted that I indulged her too much—that I let her have her own way in everything. And why not? Did I marry to make my wife the creature, or the slave, of some system of management, rule of action, or principle of conduct? phrases which I abhor. No—no; be they as wise as they will, I was right. I am convinced of it. *That* was not the cause. We were happy.

It was by the merest chance that I one day encountered Hastings in the street—my friend Hastings. We had been companions at Eton, and at college our intimacy had grown into friendship. Were I now asked for what particular quality of mind or heart I had chosen Hastings for a friend, I should find some difficulty in answering the question. He was what is termed "a good-natured fellow;" there was nothing gross or offensive in his gaiety, and he was always the same. His feelings never led him to make a fool of himself which is much to say of a young man. They might be called good *plated* feelings, which answered the purpose well enough, and sometimes passed for more costly articles. It is much, after all, to possess a friend between whom and yourself you can draw comparisons favourable to the latter, and who is perfectly content that you should do so.

He dined with me on the next day. His powers of conversation were certainly much improved since we had last talked together. He could turn the most superficial reading to admirable account; and so minute was his observation, and so faithfully and graphically could he describe manners, and the surface motives of men, that it almost appeared like a profound knowledge of mankind. Isabella was pleased with his society; and after she had retired to the drawing-room, my friend expatiated somewhat at large upon her beauty and elegance, and, above all, upon the good sense which characterised her. I need hardly say that I also was delighted with him, and when we shook hands for the night, I could have hugged the man for his glowing eulogy. I almost loved every one who admired her. I was too weak—too weak.

He visited us often, for his time was altogether his own. He was living upon expectancy, and accordingly had more leisure than money. At various periods I pressed him to make my purse his own, and he did so. I had, indeed, more money at my disposal than I cared for, or knew what to do with; and at that time I thought, when I served a friend, that I had found the best employment of it. It is strange,—and yet perhaps it is not by any means strange,—how men alter in this particular as they grow older. The heart-strings and the purse-strings are not so easily drawn then.

Well, I was his banker, and felt myself sufficiently repaid by his society. About this time, also, I was greatly occupied in business of a somewhat troublesome nature, to conclude which it was necessary that I should visit my estate. My probable term of absence was to be about six weeks. The fashionable season was in its meridian, and I could not be cruel enough to ask Isabella to accompany me. She had latterly taken more pleasure in parties, and balls, and concerts than heretofore. Perhaps I had kept her too close; we were too domestic. After all, it was not the way of the world. I thought so, and Hastings agreed with me;—I would see it reformed altogether when I return.

[Pg
158]

In the mean while I begged Hastings to look in now and then, and see that she was not lonely and out of spirits. It was natural to expect that my first absence from her would cause her to feel so. He promised to do as I requested, and I set off into the country, where I was detained more than two months; and at length, finding myself released from an irksome attendance on very unpleasant business, I took post-horses, and with all the ardour of a lover returned to London.

I returned to London.—

I remember the minutest particulars of that scene so well! Not a tittle of it has escaped my memory—not a word, not a syllable! It will never depart from my mind—from my soul!

When the porter opened the door, I hastened through the hall, and sprang up stairs into the drawing-room. She was not there; but my little boy, hearing my well-known footstep, came from the adjoining room and ran towards me. I caught him in my arms, and gave him a thousand kisses.

"Well, my dear little fellow, and where is mamma?"

"Not here—not here," said the boy, looking around; "but I'm so glad you've come back!"

Isabella was gone out, doubtless. I rang the bell. I did not observe Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, enter the room,—I was still caressing the child.

"Ha! Mrs. Martin—But what's the matter? You look ill.—Where is Mrs. Saville?"

The woman spoke not, but trembled violently, and turned very pale. I motioned her to take a seat. She did so.

"My dear madam, you alarm me," said I. "Is anything wrong—your mistress——"

Tears were streaming down the woman's face, as she arose suddenly, and with her hands clasped before her she came towards me.

"Oh, sir! bear it like a man," she cried, weeping bitterly;—"do bear it like a man, sir! That I should live to tell you this!—I, who have carried you in these arms, and have prayed a thousand times for your happiness when I should be dead and gone!"

She paused. Perhaps my face revealed the sickness of heart which at that moment overcame me. I could not rise from my seat; I could not lift the child from my knee, as he lay upon my bosom with his head pressed against my heart.

"Merciful Heaven!—Isabella is ill—she is dying!—at once, at once tell me——"

"No, no," said the woman bitterly, "she is not ill or dying. Mr. Saville, I durst not tell you my suspicions before you left town—I durst not, sir. For mercy's sake compose yourself! My mistress left this house last Tuesday night with Mr. Hastings."

That horrible shriek still rings in my ears. I remember thrusting the child from me, and clasping my head with my hands; and then I was smitten down—struck to the earth—worse than dead—oh, how much worse than dead!

It was a long, long, hideous dream that succeeded, full of woe, and lamentations, and weeping, and curses, and despair. But I awoke at last from that dream. Where was I? It was a very narrow, but lofty room; the walls were whitewashed, and there was one small window about twelve feet from the door. I was seated on a low truckle-bed; and as I turned my eyes from the light of the window, they fell upon my hands, which were laid before me. Around my wrists there were deep marks, as though they had been tied together with cords; and when I moved, a sharp pain went round me, like a girdle. But the rope had been loosened, and was no longer about me. A man entered the room.

"How do you feel yourself now?" said he, laying his hand upon my shoulder.

I looked up. Methought I recognised the voice, and the face was almost familiar to me, and repulsively so.

"I am well—very well," I answered. "Where am I?"

The man said nothing, but silently left the room, presently returning with a gentleman, of whom, as of the man, I had an indistinct remembrance.

"You will be better soon, sir," said this person kindly, as he felt my pulse; and he turned towards the man, and spoke to him in an undertone. "Let him be kept very quiet," was all I heard, and he retired shortly after.

Yes:—I had been mad—raving mad—for two years, and was now slowly struggling back into consciousness. Feeble glimmerings of the past came upon me at first, and then farther half-revelations were extended to me; until at length *the cause*, dimly and remotely, but gradually nearer and more near, stood before me like a curse. It is well for me that I did not then relapse into madness; but I wrestled with it, I overcame it, and in a month was taken away in my own physician's carriage, and brought back home. Home?—that had been destroyed.

My friend, Dr. Herbert, was, and is, the best fellow breathing. He devoted for some weeks nearly the whole of his time to me. He endeavoured to draw my mind away from the one subject, which might, he thought, if entertained, once more overthrow my reason. He was mistaken. The very endeavour to discard that memory, as often as it recurred, would soon have distracted me. I encouraged it, therefore, and was strengthened by it;—my mind thrived upon it,—it was a comfort to me.

The many slight indications of an attachment—of a passion—between *her* and this man Hastings,—and they must have been but slight indications,—were presented to me now grossly and palpably. I could see them all,—they stung me;—and I would curse my fool's nature that was blind, or would not see and provide against the consequence. And why did I curse my easy nature? Could I have borne to live a wretched turnkey, a miserable listener at key-holes, a dealer out of "punishment, the drudgery of devils?" Did I marry to suspect virtue, or to control vice? Neither; and I was glad that, when they did wrong me, they permitted me to know it. These thoughts never affected my brain;—there was no fear of that. I thought no longer from the brain;—these thoughts were in my heart, and never moved thence.

One evening, as I was ascending the stairs, I overheard the child inquiring of one of the servants "who that white-haired gentleman was, and why he lived in the house?" I had hitherto refused to see the child; but I now rang the bell, and ordered the housekeeper, who constantly waited upon me, to bring him to me.

He was much grown since I had last seen him, and was a fine boy. He did not know me, and was at first fearful of approaching me; but I induced him to sit upon my knee, and, putting his

hair from the forehead, asked him if he would not give me a kiss. As he lifted his face, and looked up at me—that look! his very mother was gazing through those eyes! A sudden faintness possessed me. I lifted the child gently from my knee, and motioned the housekeeper to take him from my sight. I did not see him again.

But there was comfort still:—Hastings was in London,—I was certain of it.

And so he was. One night, about a fortnight after my return to town from Paris, where I was told he had been seen, and where I had sought him in vain, I was proceeding home, baffled in my endeavours to discover him in some of his old haunts, which I had ascertained after many and fruitless inquiries. I was walking rapidly down a miserable street in the vicinity of Clare Market, when a squalid wretch, issuing from a public-house, came in contact with me. I think no human being in the world would have recognised him but myself. Hideously changed as he was, I knew him instantly. The half-shriek that burst from him as he recoiled from me showed that he had recognised me also. The struggle was a short one,—I had omitted to put my pistols in my pocket on that evening. With what a savage triumph, when I had dashed him on the pavement, did I stamp upon the prostrate carcass of the groaning wretch! But my joy was brief; for I was suddenly seized by three or four men, who held me firmly by the arms. I could not get at him. Heedless of my ravings, they assisted the miscreant to rise, who, casting one glance of terror towards me, darted down an alley, and was lost to me for ever. He had escaped me.

How I reached home I know not. Herbert, who visited me next morning, forbade me to rise from my bed. He said my brain was unsettled, and I believe it was. But I was well again in a month.

The one idea pervaded my whole being when I arose from my bed. My rencontre with Hastings had whetted my appetite for revenge so keenly, that no reason, no thought, no feeling could control me. He was evidently in a state of the most abject beggary and want. That conviction did not disarm me; it rendered me only the more determined and inflexible.

I went forth one evening, and with much difficulty discovered the public-house from which I had seen him emerge on *that* night. From the landlord I obtained every particular I required to know. Hastings had, it seemed, changed his name;—it was now Harris. He resided in one small room on the first floor of a house in a filthy court hard by; that is, if he had not left the neighbourhood, for the man had not seen him for a month past.

It was well. I drank two glasses of brandy, for it was a cold night, and proceeded towards my destination. I found it easily. There was a light in the window, and, from the reflection of a man's figure on the wall, I judged he was at home. The house-door was open, and I entered the narrow passage. At that moment I trembled, and for an instant could not proceed. No: it was not that which made me tremble; I knew, and was prepared for, what I had to do. It was the other,—it was that face which I feared I could not bear to behold.

This was, as I have said, the weakness of a moment. I mounted the stairs, and burst into the room suddenly. A man and a woman were seated at a small fire, who arose abruptly on my entrance. It was not Harris and—his wife.

"Where is the man—Hastings?" I exclaimed, addressing the old couple.

As I uttered these words, a loud shriek proceeded from a bed behind me, and a female dropt upon the floor. I knew that voice,—I knew it well;—but it did not move me.

"Mrs. Harris is ill," said the old woman; "permit us to pass you, sir;—it is one of the fits to which she is subject."

I allowed the woman to step by me, who, raising the lifeless form beside her, drew it into an adjoining room.

"What do you want, sir? what is your business here?" inquired the man.

I placed one hand into my coat-pocket and grasped a pistol, and with the other seized the man by the collar.

"Where is Harris?" said I. "You had best tell me; you are a dead man else. He is hid somewhere—he is below, in the house—where is he?"

"He is there," gasped the man; and he pointed towards the bed, upon which a body was lying, covered with a linen cloth.

I sank upon a chair. Hastings had indeed escaped me, and for ever. I was left alone, for the man had hurried from the room. I cannot describe the agony of feeling which I underwent during the next half-hour. I took the light, and, walking to the bed, drew the linen cloth from the face of the corpse.

How awful! how mysterious is the power of death! The man who had insulted, who had wronged, who had betrayed me,—whose ingratitude—of all crimes the vilest and the basest—had inverted my very soul,—this man lay before me cold, serene, tranquil, miserable, callously insensible,—and yet I had no power to curse him. There was no serenity, no tranquillity upon the face, when I gazed upon it more closely. The brow was corrugated, the cheeks collapsed, and the eyelids sunken; and there was the soul's torture, as it left a tortured body impressed upon the face. Enough to have mitigated a more implacable hatred than mine!

I left the room, and walked down stairs. As I proceeded along the passage, the man whom I had before seen came out of a lower room, and opened the door for me. I was about to depart, when he caught me gently but firmly by the arm.

"Oh, sir!" said he earnestly, "do not leave the house without seeing Mrs. Harris. She has relapsed into another fit; but when she comes to herself, it will be a comfort to her to see a friend of her husband. You knew him, sir, when living; and for his sake, perhaps—" the man paused for a moment, and continued,—"you have a benevolent heart, sir,—I am sure you have,—and if you knew all, even though he may have wronged you——"

It was an unseasonable time for an appeal of this nature. The passions that had been forced back upon my heart had yet scarce begun to subside, but I spoke calmly.

"You will tell her Mr. Saville has been here;" and I was going.

"Mr. Saville!" repeated the man. "Oh, sir, we have heard that name mentioned frequently of late. You will come again, or send, perhaps;—will you not, sir?"

"She will know where to find me, should she wish to see me, which I think is hardly probable;" and with a cold "good-night" I left him.

I called upon Herbert on my way home, and told him all that had taken place. He was surprised and shocked.

"Saville," said he, after a long pause, during which he had been absorbed in reflection, "this cursed affair is destroying you. I am a plain man. You may shake your head, and tell me coolly and calmly that you have ceased to feel the injury which all the while is preying upon you. It is that calmness which I fear most; it will kill you, or worse than that,—you understand me. You must pursue this matter no farther. The man is dead, and your wife —— Well," he resumed, "I beg your pardon; I was wrong to call her by that name. May I speak plainly?"

"You may."

"She is evidently in a state of want—of destitution. This must not be. You must allow her—settle upon her—enough to rescue her from poverty and its temptations. She must not starve;—I see you could not bear that. And you must forget her. It will not do to see a young man like yourself sacrificed, self-sacrificed, to the villany of a scoundrel. I will say no more, Saville. Vice has too much homage paid to her when an honourable man is made her victim."

Herbert was right—he was always so. No, no;—she must not starve. That were indeed a miserable triumph to me. I went to my solicitor on the next morning, and a deed was made out, settling a competence upon her, and I sent with it as much money as she could require for immediate exigencies. And I was resolved that I would forget her. The worst was past, and time and occupation would do much, and I would think this misery down. But the worst was not yet past.

I was informed, one morning, that a woman in the hall desired to speak with me. Concluding that she was one of the many persons who are accustomed to wait upon the wealthy with petitions, I ordered the servant to admit her. A woman meanly dressed, and whose countenance was concealed, moved towards me, and sinking upon her knees, with her palms pressed together and raised towards me, looked up into my face. Madness in me, and misery and famine in her, must have wrought more strongly, if that were possible, than they had done, could I have failed to recognise that face instantly. Her lips moved,—she would have spoken, but she had no power to speak,—and with a deep and heavy groan she fell upon the floor before me. I rang the bell violently. A servant entered the room.

"Send Mrs. Martin to me instantly. Mrs. Martin," said I, as the woman hastened into the room, "let Dr. Herbert be sent for immediately. You must take care of her. See that she wants nothing."

"Gracious God! it is my mistress!" said the woman, as she raised her head upon her knee. "You will let her remain in the house, Mr. Saville?—in one of the upper rooms?"

"In her own room, Mrs. Martin.—I commit her to you. When she recovers, we can make other arrangements."

It is out of the power of fortune or of fate to excite such feelings within me now as pressed upon my heart for some days after this scene. I thank God for it. Human strength or weakness could not again endure so dreadful a conflict of brute passion and of human feeling. That piteous face raised to mine would not depart from me. That she should kneel,—that she should have been degraded abjectly to crouch before me for forgiveness, for pardon, for the vilest pity,—and that I should know and feel that the base expiation was the poorest recompense—oh! I cannot pursue this farther.

Some days after this,—it was on a Sunday forenoon,— Mrs. Martin entered the room. She took a seat opposite to me.

"I am come to speak with you, Mr. Saville," she said.

"Well, madam, proceed."

"Mrs. Saville, my mistress, sir, is dying."

I spoke not for some minutes, although I was not altogether unprepared for a communication of this nature.

"You will take the child to her, madam; she will wish to see him."

"Oh, sir, she has seen him every day since she came here, and he is with her now. You will not be offended, sir, if I tell you that she has seen him many times within the last two years. Yes, sir, when you were——"

"Mad, madam!—speak plainly!—I was mad."

"She came, sir, to me, and fell at my feet, imploring to see the child, and I could not refuse her. I could not bear that my mistress should kneel to me, and not be permitted to behold her own son;" and here the woman wept bitterly.

"It is very well," said I, after a pause; "I do not blame you. It is better, perhaps, that it should have been so."

"Could I prevail upon you, sir?" she continued, wiping her eyes; "might I be so bold as to hope —"

I anticipated the woman's thoughts.

"She has expressed no wish that I should see her, Mrs. Martin."

"She does not mention your name even to me," said she; "but she must not die without seeing you;—she *must* not, Mr. Saville."

My nature at times was changed from what it had been since I was released from the mad-house. I cast a glance at the woman, which she understood and feared.

"Mention not this subject again, madam, and leave me. I would be alone."

I was disturbed by what the housekeeper had told me. She was dying. It was well. I wished her to die. I felt that until she was dead, my heart could not be brought to forgive her.

I walked out, and bent my steps towards the lodging which Hastings had formerly occupied. I found the woman of the house at home, and, with a calmness which I have since marvelled at, I drew from her all the particulars of their sojourn at her house. They had been living with her about ten months before the death of Hastings, who, she understood, had been entirely deserted by his relations, but why she knew not. About a month previous to the decease of Hastings, he came home one night, saying that he had been waylaid by a ruffian and much injured, and he had never risen from his bed again.

I ventured to ask "if Mr. Harris and his wife lived happily together?"

The woman shook her head. "There was a strange mystery about them," said she, "which I never could rightly make out. She was ever gentle and obedient; but still there was something unlike a wife, I used to think, whenever she addressed him. And he, sir,—poor man! we should not speak ill of the dead,—but when he came home—from the gaming-house, we often thought—how he used to strike and beat her, telling her to go to her Mr. Saville! He was jealous of you, sir, I suppose, but I am certain without cause; for she was an angel, sir, if ever angel was born upon this earth.—But you are ill, sir. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," said I, rising suddenly; "I am better now;" and pressing my purse upon the woman, I rushed from the house.

God of justice! how dreadful is thy vengeance, and how thou oft-times makest the sinner work out his own punishment! I thought not of the wife at first,—I thought of Isabella Denham. My heart dwelt upon her once more as I had first beheld her at the theatre,—the young, the lovely, the innocent being of former days. I remembered when but to see her for a moment at the window was happiness unspeakable,—when even the pressure of her hand in mine was a blessing and a delight to me. And to think that this creature, who had lain in my bosom, who had been tended, watched, almost served, with a degree of love akin to idolatry,—who had never seen one glance of unkindness from me, who had heard no tone from my lips save of affection—too often of foolish weakness;—to think that this creature should have become the slave, the drudge,—the spurned and beaten drudge of a brutal miscreant,—the thought was too horrible!

I had scarcely entered my own house when Mrs. Martin sought me.

"For mercy's sake, sir!" she said in agitation, "come and take your last leave of my mistress. She is dying, and has prayed to see you once more."

I followed her in silence. I met Herbert at the door of the room. "I am glad you are come," said he. He was in tears.

"I am too weak, Herbert; am I not?"

He pressed my hand,—"No, no,"—and he left me.

I entered the room, and sat down by her side. She spoke not for some minutes.

"I wished to see you once more, Mr. Saville," she said at length in a low tone, and without raising her eyes to my face, "to implore, not your pardon, for that I dare not expect; but that you will not curse my memory when I am gone. You would not, Edward,"—and she tremblingly touched my hand as it lay upon the bed,—"if you knew all, or if I could tell you all."

I answered something, but I know not what.

"I have been guilty," she resumed, "but I did not meditate guilt. Heaven is my witness that I speak the truth. I was betrayed;—and the rest was fear, and frenzy, and despair!"

I could conceive that now—I could believe it:— I did believe it,—and I was human. I took both her hands in mine: "Look at me, Isabella! look in my face!"

She did so, but with hesitation, and as she did so she started.—"Nay, we are both altered: but other miseries might have done this. I forgive you from my heart and from my soul. As we first met, so shall we now part. All shall be forgotten,—all is forgiven. God bless you!"

Those words had killed her. Her eyes dwelt upon me for one moment with their first sweetness in them;—a sigh,—and earth alone remained!

A FRAGMENT OF ROMANCE.

WARRANTED GENUINE.

[A young lady who rejoices in the appellation of Czarina Amabelle St. Cloud has addressed a lengthened epistle to us, in which she feelingly deplores the gradual decline and downfall of the Minerva Press. She has favoured us with a catalogue of her unpublished works, and a spirit-stirring extract from her last manuscript romance, which is indeed a masterpiece in a department of literature now unhappily but too much neglected. We willingly subjoin both. For a young lady under twenty years of age, Miss St. Cloud in the most voluminous writer we ever had the pleasure of meeting with. —Ed.]

CATALOGUE OF MISS ST. CLOUD'S UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

A Nympholept Lover, or, the Whispering Fungus.
Lycanthropy, the Wolfish Exquisite.
The Vampyre's Elixir, or, the Undying Wanderer.
The Spectre Steam-boat's Monster Supercargo.
The Pawned Shadow; a Vision of Invisibility.
The Idiot Oracle and the Infant Wizard.
Ventriloquism; the Life of a Fratricidal Freemason.
Dyke-impia, the Watery Doublegoer.
Basiliska, the Snake-eyed Skeleton of Enniskillen.
The Last Woman; or, the Parentless Pigmies.
Amuletus's Enchanted Chessmen; from the German.
Second Sight; or, the Crimson Behemoth.
Frozen Echoes; or, Wraithology; a Shetland story.
The Evil Ear: a legend of love.
Venomgorgia, the Arsenic-eater; a pastoral romance.
The Politics of the Gnomes; a satiric allegory.
Pestilia, the Plague Perie; or, the Eternal Earthquake.
The Fog Fairy; or, a Fire in Fleet-ditch.
The Hydra of Hyde Park; or, High-life Eclogues.
Aristocratic Atrocities; or, the Banker's Widow.
The Fatal Furbelow; or, the Tempted Templar.
The Murderous Marchioness of Mesopotamia. With coloured plates.
Boadicea at Jaugarnaut; interspersed with Della Cruscan Poetry.
Romanzritter and Nomansreden; a tradition of ancient Norwegia.

[Pg 166]

Extract.

"Let the tear of sensibility be wiped for the simple Clotilde, who, fresh as an opening zoöphyte, awoke her aged nurse, Fidgita, to prepare her for the evening masque; and still the unconscious being warbled,

"While meekly blends the azure dew,
And starry dawn invests the grove,
When listening doves in fancy coo,
O'er faintest dreams by memory wove;
Then shall the blameless brigand bless
The suit of his Bohemian fair,
Or read in every golden tress
The token flowers of India's air!
Singing tink a tink, fal lira la,
Fal lira la, sing tink a tink!"

"Gramercy!" quoth the garrulous crone, who had numbered ninety summers; "will my foster babe mock with troubadour odes, and ballads, and the like, one whose every artery hath hardened into a tendon? Hear me, wench, and tremble!" In an unearthly and sepulchral tone, she gutturally muttered the ancient Runic prophecy—

"Two children, each of spell-bound mother,
Shall meet, and one shall love the other;

But mother young, and mother old,
Each the blessing shall withhold.
When by parent's tooth is child's flesh riven,
When by child's hand, parent hurl'd from heaven,
Then shall the serfs with joy be tipsy,
For then shall the robber espouse the gipsy."

The mysterious Fidgita disappeared. Clotilde pondered o'er the prediction. She was, indeed, a natural daughter of a wealthy baron, by some beauteous wanderer. The lawless but exemplary idol of her heart had rescued herself and nurse from these Tartar hordes, and restored her to her father, in whose halls she had been received by the Hebrew Duchess Ketura Boaz, and wooed, somewhat against the will of that mature enchantress, by the Danish Lord Wooden Murkenhole, whose cause Fidgita had warmly espoused. Clotilde still stood, clammily clasping her clay-cold hands, as her sportive Grace tripped into the corridor.

"Is the Lady Gunterzwartz turned puritan?" she asked with her wonted wit.

"Not at all," was the dignified reply; for the high patrician blood which had descended from the old Romans to our fair papist ill brooked the familiarity of the Israelitish dame.

"Lady Clotilde," resumed the Duchess Ketura, playing with the handle of the dagger which marked her caste, and which, like other creoles of that region and period, she wore stuck in her plaid bonnet, "I must tell your ladyship——"

"Nothing about that Wooden Murkenhole!" interrupted Clotilde. "Were he a sable pagan Esquimaux bowing to the abominations of Isis, I could not regard him with more repugnance."

"Ha!" laughed her Grace of Boaz, "'tis only when Guzman sails his gondola beneath the spreading cocoa-trees, and strikes his ganjam to the praise of thy charms, that thou art pleased, flirting Tory! Truly, friend Clotilde, I little dreamed, an' please you, when, flying from the invading Normans, I left the luxurious woods of Dover, and the contingent mountains of Cheshire, that I should find thee, my own—no matter! so unlike in taste to thy hapless—hush!"

"Oh, Albion!" sighed Clotilde, "decidedly thou must be the queen of cities. Thy gallant outlaws and highwaymen will with joy the bride of Guzman greet; for, rather than wive the Rosicrucian Murkenhole, I will throw myself off Mount Damthopovit, or into the monastery of St. Kusanblastre."

"My lovely pupil," said Ketura, "had far better accompany me to the munchen-hall, where the kooken-vrow is already serving up the duntarags."

Clotilde followed her friend. What, then, was her amaze at finding the phorontröm filled with armed men, headed by the rejected and vindictive Wooden! To seize his victim; to place her in the fatal trot-joggeur; to drive across the extensive crags of Smashaltobitz; to consign her to the dungeons of Glumanough,—was the work of a moment. It was not long, however, ere Fidgita apprised the Chevalier Guzman of his lady's peril: that nobleman, we may well imagine, lost no time in attempting to succour.

We must now return to the chateau. Between those fated women stood the unforgiving one.

"Mothers both!" he uttered, pointing jocosely. "Mother, traitress to your son, we part no more. Mother, rival to your daughter, Jewess or Gingaree, you have lost your Clotilde. Vainly, like your sires, may you wander crying Chloe! Chloe! till she too is old Clo—till—"

But we draw the curtain o'er his savage joy. Poison and poignard had been pacific penances to those he dealt the Duchess, ere, with delirious haste, he ascended with his wretched parent in the aerial car. The Lady Ketura, meanwhile, fled to her skiff, which, but for the incantations of the wizard Gorius, she could not have steered, her wrists being yet stiff from the thumb-screws applied to extort her unutterable secret. Thus for weeks did they buffet,—one with ether, the other with the waves,—without touching even earth, much less any more palatable food. Their squalid tatters spread pestilence around, and the rage of hunger gnawed them both.

It was now that the volcano began to spout in tragic lines of liquid fire: a furious tempest added shipwreck to the scene. A flaming brand from the irruption lighted on the sail,—the conflagration spread,—a spiral blaze darted on high,—the roar of combustion announced that it had ignited the infernal gas, and the accursed aeronaut was precipitated on the shore. Ketura now remembered how she *had* loved, and crawled to kiss the dear perfidious Murkenhole. Bats, toads, lemurs, owls, snails, spiders, and other reptilous vermin, slimily beset her loathsome way, gibbering with too intelligible triumph; but, leaning her back against a rock, and firmly placing her foot before, she shouted, "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as Ketura!"

He of the charmed life had fallen unharmed, and, hearing this heroic defiance, rushed to consummate his hellish vengeance. But the Duchess of Boaz anticipated his asking eye. Madly she dashed her veined temples against the jagged rock—all was black darkness. Wooden hurried forward,—slipped,—fell. Was it the ocean foam which rendered his path precarious? He scooped up some, in the hollow of his hand, to quench his burning thirst, and lend him voice for one more vow of hate! Holy nature! his slide was formed of Ketura's brain!—'twas that his lip had touched. Still, as life ebbed from her gangrenous coagulated wounds, her lacerated arms, like crushed vipers, wound their torn muscles round his felon knee. With a glare of fury he beheld the demon laughing o'er his prey, but, as the master of these forfeit souls, spurned the already putrescent masses of still conscious mortality into the turgid sable of that yawning gulf: their life-rending

shriek awaked the distant bandits, who had been deaf to the phenomena of nature. What sight awaits them?

Now all the gods to speed! it is the Steam Beacon of the Railroad, which begins to flare in token of their chieftain's victory: and lo! he comes, bearing in one hand two papers;—the first, a free pardon for himself and gallant band; the second, a restitution of his Italian estates, as the rightful Count Cigaro. In his other hand he leads the rescued Clotilde, followed by her venerable father Sir Gunterzwartz; and if a momentary cloud o'ershadowed their spirits at the memory of the dead, it was dissipated on the morrow at the altar of Hymen, where the Druidic high-priest, assisted by his patriarchs, conferred the blushing hand of Clotilde on the joy-o'erflowed eye of her devoted Guzman; announcing to the assembled senate this moral lesson,—that necromancy dislocates every vital tie; but that whene'er irregular valour substitutes, in favour of injured beauty, the boudoir of bliss for the dungeon of despair, there is in such exchange no robbery."

To this we can only add, that Miss St. Cloud and a young gentleman we know might write a delightful book between them; and that the sooner they form a literary partnership, the better.

LINES

On seeing "The Young Veteran," JOHN BANNISTER, toddling up Gower-street, after he had attained his seventieth birthday.

WRITTEN BY SIR GEORGE ROSE,
AND COMMUNICATED BY J. P. HARLEY, ESQ.

With seventy years upon his back,
Still is my honest friend "Young Jack,"
Nor spirits check'd nor fancy slack,
 But fresh as any daisy.
Though Time has knock'd his stumps about,
He cannot bowl his temper out;
And all the *Bannister* is stout,
 Although the *STEPS* be crazy.



An Irish Patient

HANDY ANDY.—No. II.

Andy walked out of the room with an air of supreme triumph, having laid the letters on the table, and left the squire staring after him in perfect amazement.

"Well, by the holy Paul! that's the most extraordinary genius I ever came across," was the soliloquy the master uttered as the servant closed the door after him; and the squire broke the seal of the letter that Andy's blundering had so long delayed. It was from his law-agent, on the

subject of an expected election in the county which would occur in case of the demise of the then-sitting member;—it ran thus:

"Dublin, Thursday.

MY DEAR SQUIRE.—I am making all possible exertions to have every and the earliest information on the subject of the election. I say the election,—because, though the seat for the county is not yet vacant, it is impossible but that it must soon be so. Any other man than the present member must have died long ago; but Sir Timothy Trimmer has been so undecided all his life that he cannot at present make up his mind to die; and it is only by Death himself giving the casting vote that the question can be decided. The writ for the vacant county is expected to arrive by every mail, and in the mean time I am on the alert for information. You know we are sure of the barony of Ballysloughguthery, and the boys of Killanmaul will murder any one that dares to give a vote against you. We are sure of Knockdoughty also, and the very pigs in Glanamuck would return you; but I must put you on your guard in one point where you least expected to be betrayed. You told me you were sure of Neck-or-nothing Hall; but I can tell you you're out there; for the master of the aforesaid is working heaven and earth to send us all to h—ll. He backs the other interest; for he is so over head and ears in debt, that he is looking out for a pension, and hopes to get one by giving his interest to the Honourable Sackville Scatterbrain, who sits for the borough of Old Gooseberry at present, but whose friends think his talents are worthy of a county. If Sack wins, Neck-or-nothing gets a pension,—that's *poz*. I had it from the best authority. I lodge at a milliner's here:—no matter; more when I see you. But don't be afraid; we'll bag Sack; and distance Neck-or-nothing. But, seriously speaking, it's a d—d good joke that O'Grady should use you in this manner, who have been so kind to him in money matters; but, as the old song says, 'Poverty parts good company;' and he is so cursed poor that he can't afford to know you any longer, now that you have lent him all the money you had, and the pension *in prospectu* is too much for his feelings. I'll be down with you again as soon as I can, for I hate the diabolical town as I do poison. They have altered Stephen's Green—*ruined* it, I should say. They have taken away the big ditch that was round it, where I used to hunt water-rats when a boy. They are destroying the place with their d—d improvements. All the dogs are well, I hope, and my favorite bitch. Remember me to Mrs. Egan, Whom all admire.

My dear squire,
Your's per quire,

"To Edward Egan, Esq. Merryvale."

MURTOUGH MURPHY.

[Pg 170]

Murtough Murphy was a great character, as may be guessed from his letter. He was a country attorney of good practice;—good, because he could not help it,—for he was a clever, ready-witted fellow, up to all sorts of trap, and one in whose hands a cause was very safe; therefore he had plenty of clients without his seeking them. For, if Murtough's practice had depended on his looking for it, he might have made broth of his own parchment; for though, to all intents and purposes, a good attorney, he was so full of fun and fond of amusement, that it was only by dint of the business being thrust upon him he was so extensive a practitioner. He loved a good bottle, a good hunt, a good joke, and a good song, as well as any fellow in Ireland; and even when he was obliged in the way of business to press a gentleman hard,—to hunt his man to the death,—he did it so good-humouredly that his very victim could not be angry with him. As for those he served, he was their prime favourite; there was nothing they *could* want to be done in the parchment line that Murtough would not find out some way of doing; and he was so pleasant a fellow, that he shared in the hospitality of all the best tables in the county. He kept good horses, was on every race-ground within twenty miles, and a steeple-chase was no steeple-chase without him. Then he betted freely, and, what's more, won his bets very generally; but no one found fault with him for that, and he took your money with such a good grace, and mostly gave you a *bon-mot* in exchange for it,—so that, next to winning the money yourself, you were glad it was won by Murtough Murphy.

The squire read his letter two or three times, and made his comments as he proceeded. "'Working heaven and earth to send us to—' So, that's the work O'Grady's at—that's old friendship—d—d unfair: and after all the money I lent him too;—he'd better take care—I'll be down on him if he plays foul;—not that I'd like that much either;—but—Let's see who's this is coming down to oppose me?—Sack Scatterbrain—the biggest fool from this to himself;—the fellow can't ride a bit,—a pretty member for a sporting county! 'I lodge at a milliner's'—divil doubt you, Murtough; I'll engage you do.—Bad luck to him!—he'd rather be fooling away his time in a back-parlour, behind a bonnet-shop, than minding the interests of the county. 'Pension'—ha!—wants it sure enough,—take care, O'Grady, or by the powers I'll be at you.—You may baulk all the bailiffs, and defy any other man to serve you with a writ; but, by jingo! if I take the matter in hand, I'll be bound I'll get it done. 'Stephen's Green—big ditch—where I used to hunt water-rats.'—Divil sweep you, Murphy! you'd rather be hunting water-rats any day than minding your business.—He's a clever fellow for all that. 'Favourite bitch—Mrs. Egan.' Ay!—there's the end of it—with his bit o' po'thry too! The divil!

The squire threw down the letter, and then his eye caught the other two that Andy had purloined.

"More of that stupid blackguard's work!—robbing the mail—no less!—that fellow will be hanged some time or other. 'Egad, maybe they'll hang him for this! What's best to be done?—Maybe it will be the safest way to see who they are for, and send them to the parties, and request they will say nothing: that's it."

[Pg
171]

The squire here took up the letters that lay before him, to read their superscriptions; and the first he turned over was directed to Gustavus Granby O'Grady, Esq. Neck-or-nothing Hall, Knockbotherum. This was what is called a curious coincidence. Just as he had been reading all about O'Grady's intended treachery to him, here was a letter to that individual, and with the Dublin post-mark too, and a very grand seal.

The squire examined the arms, and, though not versed in the mysteries of heraldry, he thought he remembered enough of most of the arms he had seen to say that this armorial bearing was a strange one to him. He turned the letter over and over again, and looked at it back and front, with an expression in his face that said, as plain as countenance could speak, "I'd give a trifle to know what is inside of this." He looked at the seal again: "Here's a—goose, I think it is, sitting in a bowl, with cross-bars on it, and a spoon in its mouth: like the fellow that owns it, maybe. A goose with a silver spoon in his mouth! Well, here's the gable-end of a house, and a bird sitting on the top of it. Could it be Sparrow? There's a fellow called Sparrow that's under-secretary at the Castle. D—n it! I wish I knew what it's about."

The squire threw down the letter as he said "d—n it," but took it up again in a few seconds, and, catching it edgewise between his fore-finger and thumb, gave a gentle pressure that made the letter gape at its extremities; and the squire, exercising that sidelong glance which is peculiar to postmasters, waiting-maids, and magpies who inspect marrow-bones, peeped into the interior of the epistle, saying to himself as he did so, "All's fair in war, and why not in electioneering?" His face, which was screwed up to the scrutinizing pucker, gradually lengthened as he caught some words that were on the last turn-over of the sheet, and so could be read thoroughly, and his brow darkened into the deepest frown as he scanned these lines: "As you very properly and pungently remark, poor Egan is a *bladder*—a mere *bladder*." "I am a *bladder*? by Jasus!" said the squire, tearing the letter into pieces and throwing it into the fire. "And so, *Misther* O'Grady, you say I'm a *bladder*!" and the blood of the Egans rose as the head of that pugnacious family strided up and down the room: "I'll *bladder* you, my buck,—I'll settle your hash!"

Here he took up the poker, and made a very angry lunge at the fire, that did not want stirring, and there he beheld the letter blazing merrily away. He dropped the poker as if he had caught it by the hot end, as he exclaimed, "What the d—l shall I do? I've burnt the letter!" This threw the squire into a fit of what he was wont to call his "considering cap;" and he sat with his feet on the fender for some minutes, occasionally muttering to himself what he began with,—"What the d—l shall I do? It's all owing to that infernal Andy—I'll murder that fellow some time or other. If he hadn't brought it, I shouldn't have seen it—to be sure, if I hadn't looked; but then the temptation—a saint couldn't have withstood it. Confound it! what a stupid trick to burn it. Another here, too—must burn that as well, and say nothing about either of them;" and he took up the second letter, and, merely looking at the address, threw it into the fire. He then rang the bell, and desired Andy to be sent to him. As soon as that ingenious individual made his appearance, the squire desired him with peculiar emphasis to shut the door, and then opened upon him with,

[Pg
172]

"You unfortunate rascal!"

"Yis, your honour."

"Do you know that you might be hanged for what you did to-day?"

"What did I do, sir?"

"You robbed the post-office."

"How did I rob it, sir?"

"You took two letters you had no right to."

"It's no robbery for a man to get the worth of his money."

"Will you hold your tongue, you stupid villain! I'm not joking: you absolutely might be hanged for robbing the post-office."

"Sure I didn't know there was any harm in what I done; and for that matther, sure, if they're sitch wondherful value, can't I go back again wid 'em?"

"No, you thief! I hope you have not said a word to any one about it."

"Not the sign of a word passed my lips about it."

"You're sure?"

"Sartin."

"Take care, then, that you never open your mouth to mortal about it, or you'll be hanged, as sure as your name is Andy Rooney."

"Oh, at that rate I never will. But maybe your honour thinks I ought to be hanged?"

"No,—because you did not intend to do a wrong thing; but, only I have pity on you, I could hang you to-morrow for what you've done."

"Thank you, sir."

"I've burnt the letters, so no one can know anything about the business unless you tell on

yourself: so remember,—not a word."

"Faith. I'll be as dumb as the dumb baste."

"Go, now; and, once for all, remember you'll be hanged so sure as you ever mention one word about this affair."

Andy made a bow and a scrape, and left the squire, who hoped the secret was safe. He then took a ruminating walk round the pleasure-grounds, revolving plans of retaliation upon his false friend O'Grady; and having determined to put the most severe and sudden measure of the law in force against him for the monies in which he was indebted to him, he only awaited the arrival of Murtough Murphy from Dublin to execute his vengeance. Having settled this in his own mind, he became more contented, and said, with a self-satisfied nod of the head, "We'll see who's the *bladder*."

In a few days Murtough Murphy returned from Dublin, and to Merryvale he immediately proceeded. The squire opened to him directly his intention of commencing hostile law proceedings against O'Grady, and asked what most summary measures could be put in practice against him.

"Oh! various, various, my dear squire," said Murphy; "but I don't see any great use in doing so *yet*,—he has not openly avowed himself."

"But does he not intend to coalesce with the other party?"

"I believe so;—that is, if he's to get the pension."

"Well, and that's as good as done, you know; for if they want him, the pension is easily managed."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Why, they're as plenty as blackberries."

"Very true; but, you see, Lord Gobblestown swallows all the pensions for his own family; and there are a great many complaints in the market against him for plucking that blackberry-bush very bare indeed; and unless Sack Scatterbrain has swingeing interest, the pension may not be such an easy thing."

"But still O'Grady has shown himself not my friend."

"My dear squire, don't be so hot: he has not *shown* himself yet——"

"Well, but he means it."

"My dear squire, you oughtn't to jump a conclusion like a twelve-foot drain or a five-bar gate."

"Well, he's a blackguard."

"No denying it; and therefore keep him on your side, if you can, or he'll be a troublesome customer on the other."

"I'll keep no terms with him;—I'll slap at him directly. What can you do that's wickedest?—*latitat, capias*—fee-faw-fum, or whatever you call it?"

"Hollo! squire, you're overrunning your game: maybe, after all, he *won't* join the Scatterbrains, and——"

"I tell you it's no matter; he intended doing it, and that's all the same. I'll slap at him,—I'll blister him!"

Murtough Murphy wondered at this blind fury of the squire, who, being a good-humoured and good-natured fellow in general, puzzled the attorney the more by his present manifest malignity against O'Grady. But he had not seen the turn-over of the letter: he had not seen "*bladder*,"—the real and secret cause of the "war to the knife" spirit which was kindled in the squire's breast.

"Of course you can do what you please; but, if you'd take a friend's advice——"

"I tell you I'll blister him."

"He certainly *bled* you very freely."

"I'll blister him, I tell you, and that smart. Lose no time, Murphy, my boy: let loose the dogs of law on him, and harass him till he'd wish the d—I had him."

"Just as you like; but——"

"I'll have it my own way, I tell you; so say no more."

"I'll commence against him at once then, as you wish it; but it's no use, for you know very well that it will be impossible to serve him."

"Let me alone for that: I'll be bound I'll find fellows to get the inside of him."

"Why, his house is barricaded like a jail, and he has dogs enough to bait all the bulls in the country."

"No matter; just send me the blister for him, and I'll engage I'll stick it on him."

"Very well, squire; you shall have the blister as soon as it can be got ready. I'll tell you whenever you may send over to me for it, and your messenger shall have it hot and warm for him. Good-b'ye, squire."

"Good-b'ye, Murphy!—lose no time."

"In the twinkling of a bed-post. Are you going to Tom Durfy's steeple-chase?"

"I'm not sure."

"I've a bet on it. Did you see the Widow Flanagan lately? You didn'? They say Tom's pushing it strong there. The widow has money, you know, and Tom does it all for the love o' God; for you know, squire, there are two things God hates,—a coward and a poor man. Now, Tom's no coward; and, that he may be sure of the love o' God on the other score, he's making up to the widow; and, as he's a slashing fellow, she's nothing loth, and, for fear of any one cutting him out, Tom keeps as sharp a look-out after her as she does after him. He's fierce on it, and looks pistols at any one that attempts putting his *comether* on the widow, while she looks "as soon as you plaze," as plain as an optical lecture can enlighten the heart of man: in short, Tom's all ram's horns, and the widow all sheep's eyes. Good-b'ye, squire!" And Murtough put spurs to his horse and cantered down the avenue, singing.

Andy was sent over to Murtough Murphy's for the law process at the appointed time; and, as he had to pass through the village, Mrs. Egan desired him to call at the apothecary's for some medicine that was prescribed for one of the children.

"What'll I ax for, ma'am?"

"I'd be sorry to trust to you, Andy, for remembering. Here's the prescription; take great care of it, and Mr. M'Grane will give you something to bring back; and mind, if it's a powder, don't let it get wet as you did the sugar the other day."

"No, ma'am."

"And if it's a bottle, don't break it as you did the last."

"No, ma'am."

"And make haste."

"Yis, ma'am:" and off went Andy.

In going through the village he forgot to leave the prescription at the apothecary's, and pushed on for the attorney's: there he saw Murtough Murphy, who handed him the law process, enclosed in a cover, with a note to the squire.

"Have you been doing anything very clever lately, Andy?" said Murtough.

"I don't know, sir," said Andy.

"Did you shoot any one with soda-water since I saw you last?"

Andy grinned.

"Did you kill any more dogs lately, Andy?"

"Faith, you're too hard on me, sir: sure I never killed but one dog, and that was an accident ___"

"An accident!—D—n your impudence, you thief! Do you think, if you killed one of the pack on purpose, we wouldn't cut the very heart out o' you with our hunting-whips?"

"Faith, I wouldn't doubt you, sir: but, sure, how could I help that divil of a mare runnin' away wid me, and thramplin' the dogs?"

"Why didn't you hold her, you thief?"

"Hould her, indeed!—you just might as well expect to stop fire among flax as that one."

"Well, be off with you now, Andy, and take care of what I gave you for the squire."

"Oh, never fear, sir," said Andy, as he turned his horse's head homeward. He stopped at the apothecary's in the village to execute his commission for "misthis." On telling the son of Galen that he wanted some physic "for one o' the childre up at the big house," the dispenser of the healing art asked *what* physic he wanted.

"Faith, I dunna what physic."

"What's the matter with the child?"

"He's sick, sir."

"I suppose so, indeed, or you wouldn't be sent for medicine.—You're always making some blunder. You come here, and don't know what description of medicine is wanted."

"Don't I?" said Andy with a great air.

"No you don't, you omadhaun!" said the apothecary.

Andy fumbled in his pockets and could not lay hold of the paper his mistress entrusted him with until he had emptied them thoroughly of their contents upon the counter of the shop; and then taking the prescription from the collection, he said, "So you tell me I don't know the description of the physic I'm to get. Now, you see you're out; for *that's* the *description*." And he slapped the counter impressively with his hand, as he threw down the recipe before the apothecary.

While the medicine was in the course of preparation for Andy, he commenced restoring to his pockets the various parcels he had taken from them in hunting for the recipe, Now, it happened

that he had laid them down close beside some articles that were compounded, and sealed up for going out, on the apothecary's counter; and as the law process which Andy had received from Murtough Murphy chanced to resemble in form another enclosure that lay beside it, containing a blister, Andy, under the influence of his peculiar genius, popped the blister into his pocket instead of the packet which had been confided to him by the attorney, and having obtained the necessary medicine from M'Grane, rode home with great self-complacency that he had not forgot to do a single thing that had been entrusted to him: "I'm all right this time," said Andy to himself.

Scarcely had he left the apothecary's shop when another messenger alighted at its door, and asked "If Squire O'Grady's things was ready?"

"There they are," said the innocent M'Grane, pointing to the bottles, boxes, and *blister*, he had made up and set aside, little dreaming that the blister had been exchanged for a law process; and Squire O'Grady's own messenger popped into his pocket the legal instrument, that it was as much as any seven men's lives were worth to bring within gun-shot of Neck-or-nothing Hall.

Home he went, and the sound of the old gate creaking on its hinges at the entrance to the avenue awoke the deep-mouthed dogs around the house, who rushed infuriate to the spot to devour the unholy intruder on the peace and privacy of the patrician O'Grady; but they recognised the old grey hack and his rider, and quietly wagged their tails and trotted back, and licked their lips at the thoughts of the bailiff they had hoped to eat. The door of Neck-or-nothing Hall was carefully unbarred and unchained, and the nurse-tender was handed the parcel from the apothecary, and re-ascended to the sick-room with slippered foot as quietly as she could; for the renowned O'Grady was, according to her account, "as cross as two sticks;" and she protested, furthermore, "that her heart was grey with him."

Mrs. O'Grady was near the bed of the sick man as the nurse-tender entered.

"Here's the things for your honour now," said she in her most soothing tone.

"I wish the d—l had you and them!" said O'Grady.

"Gusty, dear!" said his wife. She might have said stormy instead of gusty.

"Oh! they'll do you good, your honour," said the nurse-tender, curtsying, and uncorking bottles, and opening a pill-box.

"Curse them all!" said the squire. "A pretty thing to have a gentleman's body made a perfect sink for these blackguard doctors and apothecaries to pour their dirty stuff into—faugh!"

"Now, sir, dear, there's a little blisther just to go on your chest—if you plaze——"

"A *what!*"

"A warm plaster, dear."

"A *blister* you said, you old *divil!*"

"Well, sure, it's something to relieve you."

The squire gave a deep growl, and his wife put in the usual appeal of "Gusty, dear!"

"Hold your tongue, will you? how would *you* like it? I wish you had it on your——"

"Deed-an-deed, dear,—" said the nurse-tender.

"By the 'ternal war! if you say another word, I'll throw the jug at you!"

"And there's a nice dhrop o' gruel I have on the fire for you," said the nurse, pretending not to mind the rising anger of the squire, as she stirred the gruel with one hand, while with the other she marked herself with the sign of the cross, and said in a mumbling manner, "God presarve us! he's the most cantankerous Christian I ever kem across!"

"Show me that infernal thing!" said the squire.

"What thing, dear?"

"You know well enough, you old hag!—that blackguard blister!"

"Here it is, dear. Now, just open the brust o' your shirt, and let me put it an you."

"Give it into my hand here, and let me see it."

"Sartinly, sir;—but I think, if you'd let me just——"

"Give it to me, I tell you!" said the squire, in a tone so fierce that the nurse paused in her unfolding of the packet, and handed it with fear and trembling to the already indignant O'Grady. But it is only imagination can figure the outrageous fury of the squire, when, on opening the envelope with his own hand, he beheld the law process before him. There, in the heart of his castle, with his bars, and bolts, and bull-dogs, and blunderbusses round him, he was served—absolutely served,—and he had no doubt the nurse-tender was bribed to betray him.

A roar and a jump up in bed, first startled his wife into terror, and put the nurse on the defensive.

"You infernal old strap!" shouted he, as he clutched up a handful of bottles on the table near him and flung them at the nurse, who was near the fire at the time; and she whipped the pot of gruel from the grate, and converted it into a means of defence against the phial-pelting storm.

Mrs. O'Grady rolled herself up in the bed-curtains, while the nurse screeched "murther!" and at last, when O'Grady saw that bottles were of no avail, he scrambled out of bed, shouting,

"Where's my blunderbuss?" and the nurse-tender, while he endeavoured to get it down from the rack, where it was suspended over the mantelpiece, bolted out of the door, which she locked on the outside, and ran to the most remote corner of the house for shelter.

In the mean time, how fared it at Merryvale? Andy returned with his parcel for the squire, and his note from Murtough Murphy, which ran thus:

"MY DEAR SQUIRE.—I send you the *blister* for O'Grady, as you insist on it; but I think you won't find it easy to serve him with it.

"Your obedient and obliged,

"MURTOUGH MURPHY."

"To Edward Egan, Esq. Merryvale."

The squire opened the cover, and when he saw a real instead of a figurative blister, grew crimson with rage. He could not speak for some minutes, his indignation was so excessive. "So!" said he, at last, "Mr. Murtough Murphy—you think to cut your jokes with me, do you? By all that's sacred! I'll cut such a joke on you with the biggest horsewhip I can find, that you'll remember it. '*Dear squire, I send you the blister.*' Bad luck to your impudence! Wait till awhile ago—that's all. By this and that, you'll get such a blistering from me that all the spermaceti in M'Grane's shop won't cure you."

TO A LYRIC AND ARTIST.

(Which we received from a Correspondent, and could not possibly insert in a more appropriate place than this.)

No wonder that Painters are "drawing long faces,"
And Poets write badly, the while they discover
How truly the Muses, how fondly the Graces,
Receive the addresses of one little LOVER.

[Pg 178]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RICHARDSON, THE SHOWMAN.

With a Peep at Bartholomew Fair.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FISHER'S NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Seventeenth Edition, 4to.

In a periodical like the present, a contributor, if he really have anything in him, ought to set off at score. Such is my determination.

Works of the sort can only be produced by the exhibition of three rare qualities, namely, Wit, Humour, and entertaining Fiction. The first has been compared to a razor, which "cuts the most when exquisitely keen;" the second I will venture to liken to a table-knife, which slashes away at all on the board, and the best when broadly shining and tolerably sharp in the edge; and the last is familiar enough to everybody, under the term of "throwing the hatchet." But whatever the instrument, be it razor, or knife, or axe, it is quite essential that it should never lose its temper.

Mais l'audace est commune, et le bon sens est rare;
Au lieu d'être piquant, souvent on est bizarre:

which, being freely translated, means,

In life there's so much impudence,
And very little common sense,
That writers trying to be witty,
Are only foolish: more's the pity!

"The Showman,"—for so was this eminent individual designated by the world at large, and so upon memorable occasions he called himself;—was, it will be felt, a title of high distinction. When we look around us, and see how many men are playing showmen, and how miserably they succeed, we shall at once be convinced that nothing but very superior merit could have won for Richardson the glory of the definite "the." *He* was not showing off himself, but others: he was nor showing off his own follies, but the follies of society. Thus, instead of being a laughing-stock, he laughed in his own sleeve; and by keeping a fool, instead of making a fool of himself, he eschewed poverty, and ultimately died in the odour and sanctity of wealth.

Richardson originated at *Great Marlow*, in the county of Bucks; the very name of the place seeming to intimate that he was born to achieve greatness. Whether he was lineally descended from the author of *Clarissa Harlowe* is, and will long continue to be, a disputed fact. There was a family resemblance between them; both were country gentlemen, and both wore top-boots.

For breeding, Mr. Richardson was indebted to the parish workhouse,—fair promise of his future industry. In those days the poor laws had not been amended; and children, being victualled satisfactorily, generally thrive accordingly. Under correction be it spoken, workhouses in country towns were then far from being houses of correction. So our hero grew up.

When big enough, he acquitted himself with reputation in the employment of out o' door activity; for he never resembled the lazy fellow reduced by idleness to want, who said in excuse, "When they bid me go to the ant to learn wisdom, I am almost always going to my uncle's."

[Pg
179]

From Marlow, after due probation, young Richardson, it is stated, sought his fortune in the metropolis, and entered into the service of Mr. Rhodes, a huge cow-keeper—a colossus in the milky way. Here it is probable he acquired a taste for pastorals, and that extraordinary proficiency in the Welsh language which rendered his dialogue in after-times so strikingly rich and Celto-Doric. Some etymologists thence infer that it was *Pick't*; but we don't believe it.

We never read the life of an actor or actress without being told, about the period of Richardson's career at which we have now arrived, that the "ruling passion" took such strong possession of them, that they must break all bounds, run away, and join some strolling company, to "imp their wings," or some flight of that sort. So it happened with our hero: he cut the cows, and hastened to adhere to Mrs. Penley, then performing with unprecedented success in a club-room at Shadwell, a small town in the vicinity of Wapping. The houses were crowded; receipts to the full amount of five shillings nightly crowned their efforts, and the corps, consisting of two gentlemen and two ladies, divided the five among four, playing as it were all fours in a fives court. Encouraged by this success, Richardson resolved to extend his fame, and accordingly visited many parts of the provinces, starring it from the Shadwell boards. Mighty as must have been his deserts, he met with no Bath manager, no Tate Wilkinson, no Macready or Kemble, to appreciate his histrionic talents. One night, having accidentally witnessed a representation of the School for Scandal, he fancied he could play the little broker; so he returned to London, and took a small shop in that line of business. About the year ninety-six, he was enabled to rent the Harlequin, a public-house near the stage-door of old Drury, and much frequented by dramatic wights. It was of one of these that Richardson used to tell his most elaborate pun. Being asked if he did anything in the dramatic line, he answered, "I do more or less in it in every way: I do what I can in the first syllable, *dram*, and in the first two syllables, *drama*; in the last two syllables, *attic*, I am to be seen every night; and in the last, *tick*—m' eye! I wish you knew my exertions."

It was not to be expected that the Harlequin could last long without a change; for not only was the sign contrariwise thereto, but the place itself was a change-house. Our landlord therefore let it; and crying "Damned be he that lets me!" bought a caravan, engaged a company from among his customers, and opened his first booth at Bartholomew Fair. But the name of this famed annual assemblage—now, alas! in a deep decline—is enough to tempt a scribbler for hire to branch off into an episode. And here it is.

Proclaimed on the 3rd of September, to last during three lawful days, exclusive of the day of proclamation, "Bartholomew Faire," as appears from a pamphlet under that title, printed for Richard Harper, at the Bible and Harpe, in Smithfield, A. D. 1641, began on the 24th of August, old style. About the year 1102, in the reign of Henry the First, Rahere, a minstrel of the king, founded the priory, hospital, and church of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, as requested by the saint himself in a dream, and, it is presumed, upon a bed where the dreamer could guess what it was to be flea'd alive. Rahere was the first prior, and in his time there was a grand row with Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, on a visitation, when sundry skulls of canons, monks, and friars were cracked, which probably suggested that the site would be very eligible for an annual fair. Henry the Second accordingly granted that privilege to the clothiers of England and the drapers of *London*; and his charter to the mayor and aldermen is extant to this day. Theretofore called "The Elms," from the noble trees which adorned it, Smithfield became in turn a place for splendid jousts, tournaments, pageants, and feats of chivalry; a market for cattle and hay; a scene of cruel executions; and one where, as old Stow acquaints us, loose serving-men and quarrelsome persons resorted and made uproars, thus becoming the rendezvous of bullies and bravoos, till it earned the appropriate name of "Ruffians' Hall." King Solomon, *alias* Jacobus Primus, caused it to be paved two hundred and twenty years ago, which we have on the authority of Master Arthur Strange-ways, whose statement leads us to infer that the Lord Mayor of 1614 had never opened a railroad, like Lord Mayor Kelly in 1886. Then and there our ancient civic magnates were wont to disport themselves with witnessing "wrastlings," shooting the broad arrow and flights for games, and hunting real wild rabbits by the city boys, with great noise and laughter.

[Pg
180]

Posterior to the priors, and superior to the sub-priors of St. Bartholomew, the canons have been succeeded by common guns; and the friars by fried pigs, the most renowned viand of the festival.^[48] the monks have given place to monkeys, and the recluses to showmen. Such are the mute abilities of Father Time. "The severall enormities and misdemeanours, which are there seene and acted," are they not upon record? "Hither resort (says Master Harper, 1641) people of all sorts, high and low, rich and poore, from cities, townes, and countrys; of all sects, Papists, Atheists, Anabaptists, and Brownists; and of all conditions, knaves and fooles, cuckolds and cuckoldmakers, pimpes and panders, rogues and rascalls, the little loud-one and the witty wanton. The faire is full of gold and silver drawers: just as Lent is to the fishmonger, so is Bartholomew Faire to the pick-pocket. It is his high harvest, which is never bad but when his cart goes up Holborne. Some of your cut-purses are in fee with cheating costermongers. They have many dainty baits to draw a bit; fine fowlers they are, for every finger of theirs is a lime-twigge with which they catch dotterels. They are excellently well read in physiognomy, for they will know how strong you are in the purse by looking in your face; and, for the more certainty thereof,

they will follow you close, and never leave you till you draw your purse, or they for you, though they kisse Newgate for it."

Hone, in his *Every-day Book* (Part X.), furnished an excellent view of this fair, full of curious dramatic and other matter. He describes the shows of 1825, among which, *à propos*, Richardson's theatre figures prominently. The outside, he tells us, was above thirty feet in height, and occupied one platform one hundred feet in width. The platform was very elevated, the back of it lined with green baize, and festooned with deeply-fringed crimson curtains, except at two places where the money-takers sat, in roomy projections fitted up like Gothic shrinework, with columns and pinnacles. There were fifteen-hundred variegated illumination-lamps, in chandeliers, lustres, wreaths, and festoons. A band of ten musicians in scarlet dresses, similar to those worn by his Majesty's Beefeaters, continually played on various instruments; while the performers paraded in their gayest "properties" before the gazing multitude. Audiences rapidly ascended on each performance being over; and, paying their money to the receivers in their Gothic seats, had tickets in return, which, being taken at the doors, admitted them to descend into the "theatre." The performances were the *Wandering Outlaw*, a melodrama, with the death of the villain and appearance of the accusing spirit;—a comic harlequinade, *Harlequin Faustus*;—and concluding with a splendid panorama, painted by the first artists.—Boxes, two shillings; pit, one shilling; and gallery, sixpence.

[Pg
181]

The theatre held nearly a thousand people, continually emptying and filling, and the performances were got over in about a quarter of an hour! And, though anticipating a little of our personal narrative, we may as well mention here, that occasionally, when the outside platform was crowded with impatient spectators waiting for their turn to be admitted, though the performances had not lasted more than five minutes, Mr. Richardson would send in to inquire if *John Over-y* was there, which was the well-known signal to finish off-hand, strike the gong, turn out the one audience, and turn in their successors, to see as much of the *Outlaw*, the *Devil*, or *Dr. Faustus*, as time permitted.

Ben Johnson's play of *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614 explains many of its ancient humours, and particularly the eating of Bartholomew pig, already noticed, and not to be repeated, as we desire to pen something more to the purpose in Smithfield than a dry antiquarian essay, though it relate to hares playing on the tabor, or tigers taught to pluck chickens. In the latter way a ballad of 1655 may suffice.

In 55, may I never thrive
If I tell ye any more than is true,—
To London she came, hearing of the fame
Of a fair they call Bartholomew.

In houses of boards men walk upon cords,
As easy as squirrels crack filberds;
But the cut-purses they do bite, and rub away,
But those we suppose to be ill birds.

For a penny you may see a fine puppet play,
And for twopence a rare piece of art;
And a penny a cann, I dare swear a man
May put zix of 'em into a quart.

Their zights be so rich, is able to bewitch
The heart of a very fine man-a;
Here's Patient Grizel here, and Fair Rosamond there,
And the history of Susanna.

At Pye-corner end, mark well, my good friend,
'Tis a very fine dirty place;
Where there's more arrows and bows, the Lord above knows,
Than was handled at Chevy Chase.

Then at Smithfield Bars, betwixt the ground and the stars,
There's a place they call Shoemaker's-Row,
Where that you may buy shoes every day,
Or go barefoot all the year, I tro.

[Pg 182]

In 1715 the largest booth ever erected was in the centre of Smithfield, "for the King's Players;" and, in later times, we read of Garrick going to see the pieces at Yates' and Shuter's booth. Hogarth in his youth painted scenes for a famous woman who kept a droll in the fair; and the old lady refused to pay because Dutch metal was used instead of real gilding with leaf-gold. Pidcock and Polito exhibited their finest animals; Astley his troop of horse, succeeded by Saunders. Puppet-shows, or motions, as they were called, were also always popular here; and giants, dwarfs, and whatever was singular in nature, or could be made to seem so by art, have from time immemorial been the wonders and favourites of Bartholomew Fair.

Having now brought "*the Showman*" to the management of what he might have designated the National Theatre, with the long-established Jonases, Penleys, Jobsons, *et hoc genus omne* as his rivals,—the commencement of a career of half a century's duration,—may we not pause to point towards him the finger of admiration? What are the lessees of Drury Lane or Covent Garden

when compared to him? What have they done, or what are they likely to do, for the legitimate drama, when compared to him? He was a manager who paid his performers weekly on the nail; meaning by "the nail" the drum-head. On the Saturday evening, assembling them all, willing and buoyant, around him, he spread the sum total of their salaries upon the drum,—not double base, like the frauds of modern managers,—and then there was a roll-call of the most agreeable description. Sometimes the merry vagabonds would shove one another up against their paymaster; but the worst of his resentment was to detect the *larker*, if he could, and pay him last; or, if sorely annoyed, forget to invite him to the following supper: punishments severe, it must be acknowledged; but still the sufferers had their money to comfort themselves withal, and were not obliged to wait, like the waits in the streets at midnight, till after Christmas for the chance of their hard-earned wages. And he was grateful, too. When marked success attended any performer or performance, a marked requital was sure to follow. The Spotted Boy was a fortune to him, though not all so black as Jim Crow; and his affection grew with his growth. His portrait adorned the Tusculum of the Showman; and, after his death, he could not withdraw the green silk curtain from it without shedding tears. Had that boy lived to be a man, there is no doubt but Richardson would have made him independent of all the dark specks on life's horizon. As it was, he was treated as by a father like a spotless boy, and buried in the catacombs of the race of Richardson.

Next to the Spotted Boy, the performer whom Richardson most boasted of having belonged to his company was Edmund Kean. He, with Mrs. Carey, *quasi* mamma, and Henry, *quasi* brother, were engaged by our spirited manager; and Kean, over his cups, used to brag of having, by tumbling in front of the booth, tumbled hundreds of bumpkins in to the spectacles within. He did Tom Thumb as tiny Booth does now at the St. James's Theatre; and at a later period, viz. 1806, is stated to have played Norval, and Motley in the Castle Spectre, for him at Battersea fair. Another story adds, that he was called on to recite his Tom-Thumbery before George the Third at Windsor; but we will not vouch for the truth of the newspaper anecdote.

[Pg
183]

From the metropolitan glory of Bartholomew Fair, the transition to the principal fairs of the kingdom was obvious. Mr. Richardson went the whole hog, and, in so doing, had nearly gone to the dogs. At that revolutionary period, neither the fairs nor the affairs of the country were in a wholesome condition. Politics are ever adverse to amusements. Vain was the attempt to beguile the snobbery of their pence; and our poor caravan, like one in the deserts of the Stony Araby, toiled on their weary march with full hearts and empty stomachs. At length it is told, at Cambridge Fair,—well might it be called by its less euphonous name of Stirbitch, so badly did the speculation pay,—that Richardson and his clown, Tom Jefferies, of facetious memory, were compelled to take a sort of French leave for London, leaving much of their *materiel* in pawn. Undamped by adversity, they took a fiddler with them; and the merry trio so enamoured the dwellers and wayfarers upon the road, that they not only extracted plentiful supplies for themselves, but were enabled to provide sufficiently for the bodily wants of the main body of the company, who followed at a judicious and respectable distance.

The pressure from without was, however, luckily but of temporary endurance; and Richardson was soon well to do again in the world. Fair succeeded fair, and he succeeded with all. His enterprise was great, and his gains commensurate. He rose by degrees, and at length became the most renowned of dramatic caterers for those classes who are prone to enjoy the unadulterated drama. Why, his mere outside by-play was worth fifty times more than the inside of large houses, to witness such trash as has lately usurped the stage, and pushed Tragedy from her throne, and Comedy from her stool. Of these memorabilia we can call to mind only a few instances; but they speak volumes for the powers of entertaining possessed by our hero.

It was at Peckham one day,—and a day of rain and mud,—when Richardson, stepping from the steps of his booth, as Moncey, the king of the beggars, was shovelling past on *his boards*, happened to slip and fall. We shall not readily forget the good-humour with which he looked, not up, but level, upon his companion, and sweetly said, "'Faith! friend, it seems that neither you nor I can keep our feet."

At Brook Green, as the fair and happy were crushing up to the pay-door, a pretty servant-girl was among the number. "I should like to *hire* that girl," said a dandy to his comrade. "I rather guess you would like to *lower* her," whispered Mr. R. in his ear. But she was a good lass, and not at all like the French gentleman's maid, to whom her master uttered these humiliating words: "Bah! you arre a verry bad girl, and I shall make you *no* better."

Mr. R. disliked drunkenness in his troop. "A fellow," he exclaimed to one he was rating for this vice,—"*a fellow who gets tipsy every night will never be a rising man in any profession.*"

In a remote village some accident had destroyed a grotto necessary to the representation of the piece entitled "The Nymphs of the Grotto." What was to be done? There was no machinist within a hundred miles! "Is there not an *undertaker*?" exclaimed Mr. R.: "he could surely execute a little shell-work!"

[Pg
184]

In an adjoining booth at Camberwell was exhibited a very old man, whom the placards declared to have reached *a hundred and five years of age*. "Here is a pretty thing to make a show of," observed R. "A wonder, indeed! Why, if my grandfather had not died, he would have been a *hundred and twenty!*"

But why should we dwell on his facetiæ? Only to point the poignant grief which tells us we shall never hear them more,—shall never look upon his like again! Yes: let others mourn their Prichards, their Garricks, their Kembles, and their Keans;—our *keen* is for thee, John Richardson, the undisputed head of thy profession, the master-spirit of them all, the glory of the mighty

multitude,

"Where thou wert fairest of the *Fair*."

And how liberal thou wert! Thou wert not a manager to debar from their just privileges thy dramatic brethren, or insult the literary characters who honourably patronised thy honourable endeavours. Thy "Walk up!" was open and generous. When Jack Reeve and a party from the Adelphi visited the splendid booth at Bartholomew Fair, the veteran recognised his brethren of the buskin, and immediately returned to them the money they had paid on entrance, disdainingly pocketing the hard-earned fruits of the stage. "You, or any other actor of talent," said the old man, "are quite welcome to visit my theatre free of expense." "No, no," replied Reeve, "keep it, or (noticing a dissenting shake of the head) give it to the poor." "If I have made a mistake," retorted John, "and have not done so *already*, give it to them yourself; I will have nothing to do with it, and I am not going to turn parish overseer."

At length, alas! his days—his fair days—were numbered, and, as the song says, "the good old man must die." As his first, so was his last exhibition at Smithfield; but Smithfield, like the other national theatres, shorn of its splendour, degenerate, and degraded. It seemed as if the last of the fairs: others had been abolished and put down; and this, the topmost of them all, was sinking under the march of intellect, the diffusion of knowledge, and the confusion of reform. Fairs in Britain were ended, and it was not worth Richardson's while to live any longer. He retired, tired and dejected, to his "Woodland Cottage" in Horsemonger-lane; and on the morning of the 14th of November was expected by the Angel of Death. His finale was serene: his life had been strange and varied, but industrious and frugal. The last time we saw him,—and it was to engage him on his last loyal and public patriotic work, namely, to erect the scaffolding for the inauguration of the statue of George III. in Cockspur-street,—he approached us with a fine cabbage under his arm, which he had been purchasing for dinner. His manners, too, were equally simple and unaffected;—he was the Cincinnatus of his order. He told us of the satisfaction he had given to George IV. by transporting the giraffe in a beautiful caravan to Windsor Park. The caravan was Richardson's world; and he might well have applied to that vehicle the eastern apologue, "the place which changes its occupants so often is not a palace, but a 'caravan'-serai." But we are giving way to sorrow, though "away with melancholy" is our motto. A wide-mouthed musician—we forget whether clarionet or trombone—applied to Richardson at Easter for an engagement at Greenwich fair: "You won't do any thing till Christmas," said he: "you must wait, as you are only fit for a Wait: you are one to play from ear to ear."

[Pg
185]

It is said that Richardson died rich; and indeed the sale of his effects by auction showed that if other persons were men of property, he was a man of properties. Three hundred and thirty-four lots of multitudinous composition were submitted to the hammer; and it was truly a jubilee to see how the Jews did outbid each other. There were Nathan, and Hart, and Clarke, and Levy, besides an inferior and dirtier lot, who got velvets, and silks, and satins, for the old song, "Old Clo'!" Though their late owner, in the heyday of his prime, observed, "I have to show my dresses by daylight, and they must be first-rate; anything will do for the large theatres in the night-time, either green-baize, or tin, or dog-skins for ermine;" yet their prices were by no means considerable. Two Lear's dresses, two Dutch and one Jew's ditto, sold for thirty-five shillings; one spangled Harlequin's dress, one clown's, one magician's, and pantaloon's, came to one pound eleven shillings and sixpence; five priests' and a cardinal's dress, and the next lot, six robbers' dresses and a cardinal's dress, went very low; and six satyrs' dresses were absolutely given away. A large scene waggon brought fourteen pounds, and a ditto scene carriage only eight pounds. Then there were sundries of curious character in the catalogue:

Ten common *whigs*, trick-bottle, and trick-box (probably what Stanley called the thimble-rig).

A trick-sword, a coffin and pall: tomb of *Capulate*.

The old oak chest, with skeleton and two inscriptions (a very superior property).

A spangled woman's dress, white gown, &c. complete.

Two handsome spangled women's dresses, with caps, complete.

Five chintz women's dresses, two bow [qy. beau?] strings and scarf, eight fans, four baskets, and fifteen tails.

A man's ghost dress, complete.

A handsome woman's velvet dress, and Roman father's ditto.

Three magicians' dresses, and five musicians' ditto.

Nine spangled flies.

A handsome demon's dress, spangled and ornamented with gilt [guilt] mask, and mace.

Four demons' dresses, with *masks*, *complete*!

Executioner's dress and cap, complete; six black gowns, and *four falls*.

A superfine admiral's coat and hat, trimmed with gold lace, breeches, and waistcoat.

Ditto (no breeches).

Lion, bear, monkey, and cat's dresses, with two masks.

Two handsome *nondescript* dresses.

Such and so various were the articles in this unique three days' sale; and in the last some

pieces of good old china were knocked down. Three weeks previously their owner was deposited in the cold church-yard of Great Marlow, in the grave, we are assured, of the Spotted Boy. The funeral was, at his request, conducted without *Show*; and his nephews and nieces—for he left no family—inherit his worldly wealth, under the executorship of Mr. Cross, the proprietor of the Surrey Zoological Garden and its giraffery.

[Pg
186]

Many actors who have risen to celebrity began their course with him: Kean, first as outside and inside tumbling boy, and afterwards as a lending tragedian, with a salary of five shillings a day; Oxberry, Mitchell, Walbourn, and Sanders, A. Slader, Thwaites, Vaughan, S. Faucett, &c. were introduced to the public under his auspices. Who now shall open the gates of the temple to dramatic fame? The Janitor is gone for ever. A hearse is the last omnibus, after all. A hearse is the end of the showman's caravans, and the sexton is the last toll-collector he encounters in this world. John Richardson,

FAREWELL!

PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO.

A NEW VERSION FROM THE ORIGINAL IRISH.

"*Ecco ridente*," &c.

I.

There's a spot by that lake, sirs,
Where echoes were born,
Where one Paddy Blake, sirs,
Was walking one morn
With a great curiosity big in his mind!
Says he, "Mrs. Blake
Doesn't *trate* me of late
In the fashion she did
When I first call'd her Kate:
She's crusty and surly,—
My cabin's the *dhiaoul*,
My pigs and my poultry
Are all cheek by jowl;
But what is the cause, from the Acho I'll find."

(*Spoken.*)

So up he goes *bouldly* to the Acho, and says, "The top o' the mornin' t'ye, Mither or Missus Acho, for divil a know I know whether ye wear petticoats or breeches."

"Neither," says the Acho in Irish.

"Now, that being the case," says Paddy, turnin' sharp 'pon the Acho, d'ye see, "ye can tell me the stark-naked truth."

"Troth, an' ye may say that, with yir own purty mouth," says the Acho.

"Well, thin," says Paddy agin, "what the divil's come over Mrs. Blake of late?"

"*Potcheen!*" says the Acho.

"Oh! (*shouting*) by the pow'rs of Moll Kelly," says Paddy, "I thought as mich:—

"It wasn't for nothin' the taypot was hid,
Though I guess'd what was in it, by smelling the lid!"

II.

There's another suspicion
Comes over my mind,
That with all this *contrition*
And pray'rs, and that kind,
Ould Father Mahony's a wag in his way.
When a *station*, he says,
Will be held at *my* house,
I must go my ways,
Or be mute as a mouse.
For *him* turkey and bacon
Is pull'd from the shelf;
Not so much as a cake on
The coals for myself:
But what all this *manes*, why, the Acho will say.

(*Spoken.*)

Up he goes agin to the Acho, and says, "Tell me, aff ye plase, what is't brings ould Father

[Pg
187]

Mahony so everlastingly to my country seat in the bog of Bally Keeran?"

"Mrs. Blake!" says the Acho.

"Oh! hannimandhiaoul!" says Paddy, "I thought as mich—the thief o' the world—I thought as mich. Oh! tundher-a-nouns!"

"I'll go home an' *bate* her, until my heart's sore,
Then give her the key of the street evermore!"

W.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF **HEADLONG HALL.**

THE ABBEY HOUSE.

I passed many of my earliest days in a country town, on whose immediate outskirts stood an ancient mansion, bearing the name of the Abbey House. This mansion has long since vanished from the face of the earth; but many of my pleasantest youthful recollections are associated with it, and in my mind's eye I still see it as it stood, with its amiable, simple-mannered, old English inhabitants.

The house derived its name from standing near, though not actually on, the site of one of those rich old abbies, whose demesnes the pure devotion of Henry the Eighth transferred from their former occupants (who foolishly imagined they had a right to them, though they lacked the might which is its essence,) to the members of his convenient parliamentary chorus, who helped him to run down his Scotch octave of wives. Of the abbey itself a very small portion remained: a gateway, and a piece of a wall which formed part of the enclosure of an orchard, wherein a curious series of fish-ponds, connected by sluices, was fed from a contiguous stream with a perpetual circulation of fresh water,—a sort of piscatorial panopticon, where all approved varieties of fresh-water fish had been classified, each in its own pond, and kept in good order, clean and fat, for the mortification of the flesh of the monastic brotherhood on fast-days.

[Pg
188]

The road which led to the Abbey House terminated as a carriage-road with the house itself. Beyond it, a footpath over meadows conducted across a ferry to a village about a mile distant. A large clump of old walnut-trees stood on the opposite side of the road to a pair of massy iron gates, which gave entrance to a circular gravel road, encompassing a large smooth lawn, with a sun-dial in the centre, and bordered on both sides with tall thick evergreens and flowering shrubs, interspersed in the seasons with hollyhocks, sun-flowers, and other gigantic blossoms, such as are splendid in distance. Within, immediately opposite the gates, a broad flight of stone steps led to a ponderous portal, and to a large antique hall, laid with a chequered pavement of black and white marble. On the left side of the entrance was the porter's chair, consisting of a cushioned seat, occupying the depth of a capacious recess resembling a niche for a full-sized statue, a well-stuffed body of black leather glittering with gold-headed nails. On the right of this hall was the great staircase; on the left a passage to a wing appropriated to the domestics.

Facing the portal, a door opened into an inner hall, in the centre of which was a billiard-table. On the right of this hall was a library; on the left a parlour, which was the common sitting-room; and facing the middle door was a glazed door, opening on the broad flight of stone steps which led into the gardens.

The gardens were in the old style: a large square lawn occupied an ample space in the centre, separated by broad walks from belts of trees and shrubs on each side; and in front were two advancing groves, with a long wide vista between them, looking to the open country, from which the grounds were separated by a terraced wall over a deep sunken dyke. One of the groves we called the green grove, and the other the dark grove. The first had a pleasant glade, with sloping banks covered with flowery turf; the other was a mass of trees, too closely canopied with foliage for grass to grow beneath them.

The family consisted of a gentleman and his wife, with two daughters and a son. The eldest daughter was on the confines of womanhood, the youngest was little more than a child; the son was between them. I do not know his exact age, but I was seven or eight, and he was two or three years more.

The family lived, from taste, in a very retired manner; but to the few whom they received they were eminently hospitable. I was perhaps the foremost among these few; for Charles, who was my schoolfellow, was never happy in our holidays unless I was with him. A frequent guest was an elderly male relation, much respected by the family,—but no favourite of Charles, over whom he was disposed to assume greater authority than Charles was willing to acknowledge.

The mother and daughter had all the solid qualities which were considered female virtues in the dark ages. Our enlightened age has, wisely no doubt, discarded many of them, and substituted show for solidity. The dark ages preferred the natural blossom, and the fruit that follows it; the enlightened age prefers the artificial double-blossom, which falls and leaves nothing. But the double blossom is brilliant while it lasts; and when there is so much light, there ought to be something to glitter in it.

[Pg
189]

These ladies had the faculty of staying at home; and this was a principal among the antique faculties that upheld the rural mansions of the middling gentry. Ask Brighton, Cheltenham, *et id genus omne*, what has become of that faculty. And ask the ploughshare what has become of the rural mansions.

They never, I think, went out of their own grounds but to church, or to take their regular daily airing in the old family-carriage. The young lady was an adept in preserving: she had one room, in a corner of the hall, between the front and the great staircase, entirely surrounded with shelves in compartments, stowed with classified sweetmeats, jellies, and preserved fruits, the work of her own sweet hands. These were distinguished ornaments of the supper-table; for the family dined early, and maintained the old fashion of supper. A child would not easily forget the bountiful and beautiful array of fruits, natural and preserved, and the ample variety of preparations of milk, cream, and custard, by which they were accompanied. The supper-table had matter for all tastes. I remember what was most to mine.

The young lady performed on the harpsichord. Over what a gulph of time this name alone looks back! What a stride from that harpsichord to one of Broadwood's last grand-pianos! And yet with what pleasure, as I stood by the corner of the instrument, I listened to it, or rather to her! I would give much to know that the worldly lot of this gentle and amiable creature had been a happy one. She often gently remonstrated with me for putting her harpsichord out of tune by playing the bells upon it; but I was never in a serious scrape with her except once. I had insisted on taking from the nursery-maid the handle of the little girl's garden-carriage, with which I set off at full speed; and had not run many yards before I overturned the carriage, and rolled out the little girl. The child cried like Alice Fell, and would not be pacified. Luckily she ran to her sister, who let me off with an admonition, and the exaction of a promise never to meddle again with the child's carriage.

Charles was fond of romances. The "Mysteries of Udolpho," and all the ghost and goblin stories of the day, were his familiar reading. I cared little about them at that time; but he amused me by narrating their grimmest passages. He was very anxious that the Abbey House should be haunted; but it had no strange sights or sounds, and no plausible tradition to hang a ghost on. I had very nearly accommodated him with what he wanted.

The garden-front of the house was covered with jasmine, and it was a pure delight to stand in the summer twilight on the top of the stone steps inhaling the fragrance of the multitudinous blossoms. One evening, as I was standing on these steps alone, I saw something like the white head-dress of a tall figure advance from the right-hand grove,—the dark grove, as we called it,—and, after a brief interval, recede. This, at any rate, looked awful. Presently it appeared again, and again vanished. On which I jumped to my conclusion, and flew into the parlour with the announcement that there was a ghost in the dark grove. The whole family sallied forth to see the phenomenon. The appearances and disappearances continued. All conjectured what it could be, but none could divine. In a minute or two all the servants were in the hall. They all tried their skill, and were all equally unable to solve the riddle. At last, the master of the house leading the way, we marched in a body to the spot, and unravelled the mystery. It was a large bunch of flowers on the top of a tall lily, waving in the wind at the edge of the grove, and disappearing at intervals behind the stem of a tree. My ghost, and the compact phalanx in which we sallied against it, were long the subject of merriment. It was a cruel disappointment to Charles, who was obliged to abandon all hopes of having the house haunted.

One day Charles was in disgrace with his elderly relation, who had exerted sufficient authority to make him a captive in his chamber. He was prohibited from seeing any one but me; and, of course, a most urgent messenger was sent to me express. I found him in his chamber, sitting by the fire, with a pile of ghostly tales, and an accumulation of lead, which he was casting into dumps in a mould. Dumps, the inexperienced reader must know, are flat circles of lead,—a sort of petty quoits,—with which schoolboys amused themselves half a century ago, and perhaps do so still, unless the march of mind has marched off with such vanities. No doubt, in the "astounding progress of intellect," the time will arrive when boys will play at philosophers instead of playing at soldiers,—will fight with wooden arguments instead of wooden swords,—and pitch leaden syllogisms instead of leaden dumps. Charles was before the dawn of this new light. He had cast several hundred dumps, and was still at work. The quibble did not occur to me at the time; but, in after years, I never heard of a man in the dumps without thinking of my schoolfellow. His position was sufficiently melancholy. His chamber was at the end of a long corridor. He was determined not to make any submission, and his captivity was likely to last till the end of his holidays. Ghost-stories, and lead for dumps, were his stores and provisions for standing the siege of *ennui*. I think, with the aid of his sister, I had some share in making his peace; but, such is the association of ideas, that, when I first read in Lord Byron's Don Juan,

"I pass my evenings in long galleries solely,
And that's the reason I'm so melancholy,"

the lines immediately conjured up the image of poor Charles in the midst of his dumps and spectres at the end of his own long gallery.

EPIGRAM.

BY JOYCE JOCUND.

So well deserved is Roger's fame,
That friends who hear him most, advise
The EGOTIST to Change his name
To "Argus—with his hundred I's!"



The Spectre of Tappington

FIRE-SIDE STORIES.—No. I.

[Pg 191]

THE SPECTRE OF TAPPINGTON.

"It is very odd, though, what can have become of them?" said Charles Seaforth, as he peeped under the valance of an old-fashioned bedstead, in an old-fashioned apartment of a still more old-fashioned manor-house; "'tis confounded odd, and I can't make it out at all. Why, Barney, where are they? and where the d—l are you?"

No answer was returned to this appeal; and the lieutenant, who was in the main a reasonable person,—at least as reasonable a person as any young gentleman of twenty-two in "the service" can fairly be expected to be,—cooled when he reflected that his servant could scarcely reply extempore to a summons which it was impossible he should hear.

An application to the bell was the considerate result; and the footsteps of as tight a lad as ever put pipe-clay to belt sounded along the gallery.

"Come in!" said his master. An ineffectual attempt upon the door reminded Mr. Seaforth that he had locked himself in. "By Heaven! this is the oddest thing of all," said he, as he turned the key and admitted Mr. Maguire into his dormitory.

"Barney, where are my pantaloons?"

"Is it the breeches?" asked the valet, casting an inquiring eye round the apartment; "is it the breeches, sir?"

"Yes; what have you done with them?"

"Sure then your honour had them on when you went to bed, and it's hereabouts they'll be, I'll be bail," and Barney lifted a fashionable tunic from a cane-backed arm-chair, proceeding in his examination. But the search was vain. There was the tunic aforesaid,—there was a smart-looking kerseymere waistcoat; but the most important article in a gentleman's wardrobe was still wanting.

"Where *can* they be?" asked the master with a strong accent on the auxiliary verb.

"Sorrow a know I knows," said the man.

"It must have been the devil, then, after all, who has been here and carried them off!" cried Seaforth, staring full into Barney's face.

Mr. Maguire was not devoid of the superstition of his countrymen, but he looked as if he did not subscribe to the *sequitur*.

His master read incredulity in his countenance. "Why, I tell you, Barney, I put them there, on that arm-chair, when I got into bed; and, by Heaven! I distinctly saw the ghost of the old fellow they told me of, come in at midnight, put on my pantaloons, and walk away with them."

"Maybe so," was the cautious reply.

"I thought, of course, it was a dream; but then,—where the d—l are the breeches?"

The question was more easily asked than answered. Barney renewed his search, while the lieutenant folded his arms, and, leaning against the toilet, sunk into a reverie.

"After all, it must be some trick of my laughter-loving cousins," said Seaforth.

"Ah! then, the ladies!" chimed in Mr. Maguire, though the observation was not addressed to him; "and will it be Miss Caroline, or Miss Margaret, that's stole your honour's things?"

"I hardly know what to think of it," pursued the bereaved lieutenant, still speaking in soliloquy, with his eye resting dubiously on the chamber door. "I locked myself in, that's certain; and—but there must be some other entrance to the room—pooh! I remember—the private staircase: how could I be such a fool?" and he crossed the chamber to where a low oaken door-case was dimly visible in a distant corner. He paused before it. Nothing now interfered to screen it from observation; but it bore tokens of having been at some earlier period concealed by tapestry, remains of which yet clothed the walls on either side the portal.

"This way they must have come," said Seaforth; "I wish with all my heart I had caught them!"

"Och! the kittens!" sighed Mr. Barney Maguire.

But the mystery was yet as far from being solved as before. True, there *was* the "other door;" but then that, too, on examination, was even more firmly secured than the one which opened on the gallery,—two heavy bolts on the inside effectually prevented any *coup de main* on the lieutenant's *bivouac* from that quarter. He was more puzzled than ever; nor did the minutest inspection of the walls and floor throw any light upon the subject: one thing only was clear,—the breeches were gone! "It is *very* singular," said the lieutenant.

Tappington (generally called Tapton) Everard, is an antiquated but commodious manor-house in the eastern division of the county of Kent. A former proprietor had been high sheriff in the days of Elizabeth, and many a dark and dismal tradition was yet extant of the licentiousness of his life, and the enormity of his offences. The Glen, which the keeper's daughter was seen to enter, but never known to quit, still frowns darkly as of yore; while an ineradicable bloodstain on the oaken stair yet bids defiance to the united energies of soap and sand. But it is with one particular apartment that a deed of more especial atrocity is said to be connected. A stranger guest—so runs the legend—arrived unexpectedly at the mansion of the "Bad Sir Giles." They met in apparent friendship; but the ill-concealed scowl on their master's brow told the domestics that the visit was not a welcome one. The banquet, however, was not spared; the wine-cup circulated freely,—too freely, perhaps,—for sounds of discord at length reached the ears of even the excluded serving-men as they were doing their best to imitate their betters in the lower hall. Alarmed, some of them ventured to approach the parlour; one, an old and favoured retainer of the house, went so far as to break in upon his master's privacy. Sir Giles, already high in oath, fiercely enjoined his absence, and he retired; not, however, before he had distinctly heard from the stranger's lips a menace that "There was that within his pocket which could disprove the knight's right to issue that, or any other, command within the walls of Tapton."

The intrusion, though momentary, seemed to have produced a beneficial effect; the voices of the disputants fell, and the conversation was carried on thenceforth in a more subdued tone, till, as evening closed in, the domestics, when summoned to attend with lights, found not only cordiality restored, but that a still deeper carouse was meditated. Fresh stoups, and from the choicest bins, were produced; nor was it till at a late, or rather early, hour, that the revellers sought their chambers.

The one allotted to the stranger occupied the first floor of the eastern angle of the building, and had once been the favourite apartment of Sir Giles himself. Scandal ascribed this preference to the facility which a private staircase, communicating with the grounds, had afforded him, in the old knight's time, of following his wicked courses unchecked by parental observation; a consideration which ceased to be of weight when the death of his father left him uncontrolled master of his estate and actions. From that period Sir Giles had established himself in what were called the "state-apartments;" and the "oaken chamber" was rarely tenanted, save on occasions of extraordinary festivity, or when the Yule log drew an unusually large accession of guests around the Christmas hearth.

On this eventful night it was prepared for the unknown visitor, who sought his couch heated and inflamed from his midnight orgies, and in the morning was found in his bed a swollen and blackened corpse. No marks of violence appeared upon the body; but the livid hue of the lips, and certain dark-coloured spots visible on the skin, aroused suspicions which those who entertained them were too timid to express. Apoplexy, induced by the excesses of the preceding night, Sir Giles's confidential leech pronounced to be the cause of his sudden dissolution: the body was buried in peace; and, though some shook their heads as they witnessed the haste with which the funeral rites were hurried on, none ventured to murmur. Other events arose to distract the attention of the retainers; men's minds became occupied by the stirring politics of the day, while the near approach of that formidable armada, so vainly arrogating to itself a title which the very elements joined with human valour to disprove, soon interfered to weaken, if not obliterate, all

remembrance of the nameless stranger who had died within the walls of Tapton Everard.

Years rolled on: the "Bad Sir Giles" had himself long since gone to his account, the last, as it was believed, of his immediate line; though a few of the older tenants were sometimes heard to speak of an elder brother, who had disappeared in early life, and never inherited the estate. Rumours, too, of his having left a son in foreign lands were at one time rife; but they died away, nothing occurring to support them: the property passed unchallenged to a collateral branch of the family, and the secret, if secret there were, was buried in Denton churchyard, in the lonely grave of the mysterious stranger. One circumstance alone occurred, after a long intervening period, to revive the memory of these transactions. Some workmen employed in grubbing an old plantation, for the purpose of raising on its site a modern shrubbery, dug up, in the execution of their task, the mildewed remnants of what seemed to have been once a garment. On more minute inspection, enough remained of silken slashes and a coarse embroidery to identify the relics as having once formed part of a pair of trunk hose; while a few papers which fell from them, altogether illegible from damp and age, were by the unlearned rustics conveyed to the then owner of the estate.

Whether the squire was more successful in deciphering them was never known; he certainly never alluded to their contents; and little would have been thought of the matter but for the inconvenient memory of one old woman, who declared she had heard her grandfather say that when the "stranger guest" was poisoned, though all the rest of his clothes were there, his breeches, the supposed repository of the supposed documents, could never be found. The master of Tapton Everard smiled when he heard Dame Jones's hint of deeds which might impeach the validity of his own title in favour of some unknown descendant of some unknown heir; and the story was rarely alluded to, save by one or two miracle-mongers, who had heard that others had seen the ghost of old Sir Giles, in his night-cap, issue from the postern, enter the adjoining copse, and wring his shadowy hands in agony as he seemed to search vainly for something hidden among the evergreens. The stranger's death-room had, of course, been occasionally haunted from the time of his decease; but the periods of visitation had latterly become very rare,—even Mrs. Botherby, the housekeeper, being forced to admit that, during her long sojourn at the manor, she had never "met with anything worse than herself;" though, as the old lady afterwards added upon more mature reflection, "I must say I think I saw the devil once."

Such was the legend attached to Tapton Everard, and such the story which the lively Caroline Ingoldsby detailed to her equally mercurial cousin Charles Seaforth, lieutenant in the Hon. East India Company's second regiment of Bombay Fencibles, as arm-in-arm they promenaded a gallery decked with some dozen grim-looking ancestral portraits, and, among others, with that of the redoubted Sir Giles himself. The gallant commander had that very morning paid his first visit to the house of his maternal uncle, after an absence of several years passed with his regiment on the arid plains of Hindostan, whence he was now returned on a three years' furlough. He had gone out a boy,—he returned a man; but the impression made upon his youthful fancy by his favourite cousin remained unimpaired, and to Tapton he directed his steps, even before he sought the home of his widowed mother,—comforting himself in this breach of filial decorum by the reflection that, as the manor was so little out of his way, it would be unkind to pass, as it were, the door of his relatives without just looking in for a few hours.

But he found his uncle as hospitable and his cousin more charming than ever; and the looks of one, and the requests of the other, soon precluded the possibility of refusing to lengthen the "few hours" into a few days, though the house was at the moment full of visitors.

The Peterses were there from Ramsgate; and Mr., Mrs., and the two Miss Simpkinsons, from Bath, had come to pass a month with the family; and Tom Ingoldsby had brought down his college friend the Honourable Augustus Sucklethumbkin, with his groom and pointers, to take a fortnight's shooting. And then there was Mrs. Ogleton, the rich young widow, with her large black eyes, who, people did say, was setting her cap at the young squire, though Mrs. Botherby did not believe it; and, above all, there was Mademoiselle Pauline; her *femme de chambre*, who "*Mon-Dieu*" everything and everybody, and cried "*Quel horreur!*" at Mrs. Botherby's cap. In short, to use the last-named and much respected lady's own expression, the house was "choke-full" to the very attics,—all, save the "oaken chamber," which, as the lieutenant expressed a most magnanimous disregard of ghosts, was forthwith appropriated to his particular accommodation. Mr. Maguire meanwhile was fain to share the apartment of Oliver Dobbs, the squire's own man; a jocular proposal of joint occupancy having been first indignantly rejected by "Mademoiselle," though preferred with the "laste taste in life" of Mr. Barney's most insinuating brogue.

"Come, Charles, the urn is absolutely getting cold; your breakfast will be quite spoiled: what can have made you so idle?" Such was the morning salutation of Miss Ingoldsby to the *militaire* as he entered the breakfast-room half an hour after the latest of the party.

"A pretty gentleman, truly, to make an appointment with," chimed in Miss Margaret. "What is become of our ramble to the rocks before breakfast?"

"Oh! the young men never think of keeping a promise now," said Mrs. Peters, a little ferret-faced woman with underdone eyes.

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Peters, "I remember I always made a point of——"

"Pray how long ago was that?" asked Mr. Simpkinson from Bath.

"Why, sir, when I married Mrs. Peters, I was—let me see—I was——"

"Do pray hold your tongue, P., and eat your breakfast!" interrupted his better half, who had a mortal horror of chronological references; "it's very rude to tease people with your family affairs."

The lieutenant had by this time taken his seat in silence,—a good-humoured nod, and a glance, half-smiling, half-inquisitive, being the extent of his salutation. Smitten as he was, and in the immediate presence of her who had made so large a hole in his heart, his manner was evidently *distract*, which the fair Caroline in her secret soul attributed to his being solely occupied by her *agrémens*,—how would she have bridled had she known that they only shared his meditations with a pair of breeches!

Charles drank his coffee and spiked some half-dozen eggs, darting occasionally a penetrating glance at the ladies, in hope of detecting the supposed waggery by the evidence of some furtive smile or conscious look. But in vain! not a dimple moved indicative of roguery, nor did the slightest elevation of eyebrow rise confirmative of his suspicions. Hints and insinuations passed unheeded,—more particular inquiries were out of the question:—the subject was unapproachable.

In the mean time, "patent cords" were just the thing for a morning's ride, and, breakfast ended, away cantered the party over the downs, till, every faculty absorbed by the beauties, animate and inanimate, which surrounded him, Lieutenant Seaforth of the Bombay Fencibles bestowed no more thought upon his breeches than if he had been born on the top of Ben Lomond.

Another night had passed away; the sun rose brilliantly, forming with his level beams a splendid rainbow in the far-off west, whither the heavy cloud, which for the last two hours had been pouring its waters on the earth, was now flying before him.

"Ah! then, and it's little good it'll be the claning of ye," apostrophised Mr. Barney Maguire, as he deposited, in front of his master's toilet, a pair of "bran-new" jockey boots, one of Hoby's primest fits, which the lieutenant had purchased in his way through town. On that very morning had they come for the first time under the valet's depurating hand, so little soiled, indeed, from the turfy ride of the preceding day, that a less scrupulous domestic might, perhaps have considered the application of "Warren's Matchless," or oxalic acid, altogether superfluous. Not so Barney: with the nicest care had he removed the slightest impurity from each polished surface, and there they stood rejoicing in their sable radiance. No wonder a pang shot across Mr. Maguire's breast as he thought on the work now cut out for them, so different from the light labours of the day before; no wonder he murmured with a sigh, as the scarce dried window-panes disclosed a road now inch-deep in mud. "Ah! then, it's little good the claning of ye!"—for well had he learned in the hell below that eight miles of a stiff clay soil lay between the manor and Bolsover Abbey, whose picturesque ruins,

"Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay,"

the party had determined to explore. The master had already commenced dressing, and the man was fitting straps upon a light pair of crane-necked spurs, when his hand was arrested by the old question,—"Barney, where are the breeches?"

Mr. Seaforth descended that morning, whip in hand, and equipped in a handsome green riding-frock, but no "breeches and boots to match" were there: loose jean trousers, surmounting a pair of diminutive Wellingtons, embraced, somewhat incongruously, his nether man, *vice* the "patent cords," returned, like yesterday's pantaloons, absent without leave. The "top-boots" had a holiday.

"A fine morning after the rain," said Mr. Simpkinson from Bath.

"Just the thing for the 'ops," said Mr. Peters. "I remember when I was a boy——"

"Do hold your tongue, P.," said Mrs. Peters,—advice which that exemplary matron was in the constant habit of administering to "her P.," as she called him, whenever he prepared to vent his reminiscences. Her precise reason for this it would be difficult to determine, unless, indeed, the story be true which a little bird had whispered into Mrs. Botherby's ear,—Mr. Peters, though now a wealthy man, had received a liberal education at a charity-school, and was apt to recur to the days of his muffin-cap and leathers. As usual, he took his wife's hint in good part, and "paused in his reply."

"A glorious day for the Ruins!" said young Ingoldsby. "But, Charles, what the deuce are you about?—you don't mean to ride through our lanes in such toggery as that?"

"Lassy me!" said Miss Julia Simpkinson, "won't you be very wet?"

"You had better take Tom's cab," quoth the squire.

But this proposition was at once overruled; Mrs. Ogleton had already nailed the cab, a vehicle of all others the best adapted for a snug flirtation.

"Or drive Miss Julia in the phaeton?" No; that was the post of Mr. Peters, who, indifferent as an equestrian, had acquired some fame as a whip while travelling through the midland counties for the firm of Bagshaw, Snivelby, and Ghrimes.

"Thank you, I shall ride with my cousins," said Charles with as much *nonchalance* as he could assume,—and he did so; Mr. Ingoldsby, Mrs. Peters, Mr. Simpkinson from Bath, and his eldest daughter with her *album*, following in the family coach. The gentleman-commoner "voted the affair d—d slow," and declined the party altogether in favour of the gamekeeper and a cigar.

"There was 'no fun' in looking at old houses!" Mrs. Simpkinson preferred a short *séjour* in the still-room with Mrs. Botherby, who had promised to initiate her in that grand *arcanum*, the transmutation of gooseberry jam into Guava jelly.

[Pg
197]

"Did you ever see an old abbey before, Mr. Peters?"

"Yes, miss, a French one; we have got one at Ramsgate; he teaches the Miss Joneses to parleyvoos, and is turned of sixty."

Miss Simpkinson closed her album with an air of ineffable disdain.

Mr. Simpkinson from Bath was a professed antiquary, and one of the first water; he was master of Gwillim's Heraldry, and Milles's History of the Crusades; knew every plate in the Monasticon, had written an essay on the origin and dignity of the office of Overseer, and settled the date of a Queen Anne's farthing. An influential member of the Antiquarian Society, to whose "Beauties of Bagnigge Wells" he had been a liberal subscriber, procured him a seat at the board of that learned body, since which happy epoch Sylvanus Urban had not a more indefatigable correspondent. His inaugural essay on the President's cocked hat was considered a miracle of erudition; and his account of the earliest application of gilding to gingerbread, a masterpiece of antiquarian research. His eldest daughter was of a kindred spirit: if her father's mantle had not fallen upon her, it was only because he had not thrown it off himself; she had caught hold of its tail, however, while yet upon his honoured shoulders. To souls so congenial what a sight was the magnificent ruin of Bolsover! its broken arches, its mouldering pinnacles, and the airy tracery of its half-demolished windows. The party was in raptures; Mr. Simpkinson began to meditate an essay, and his daughter an ode: even Seaforth, as he gazed on these lonely relics of the olden time, was betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness of his love and losses; the widow's eye-glass turned from her *cicisbeo's* whiskers to the mantling ivy; Mrs. Peters wiped her spectacles; and "her P." pronounced the central tower to be "very like a mouldy Stilton cheese,—only bigger." The squire was a philosopher, and had been there often before; so he ordered out the cold tongue and chickens.

"Bolsover Priory," said Mr. Simpkinson with the air of a connoisseur,— "Bolsover Priory was founded in the reign of Henry the Sixth, about the beginning of the eleventh century. Hugh de Bolsover had accompanied that monarch to the Holy Land in the expedition undertaken by way of penance for the murder of his young nephews in the Tower. Upon the dissolution of the monasteries the veteran was enfeoffed in the lands and manor, to which he gave his own name of Bowlsover, or Bee-owls-over, (by corruption Bolsover,)—a Bee in chief, over three Owls, all proper, being the armorial ensigns borne by this distinguished crusader at the siege of Acre."

"Ah! that was Sir Sidney Smith," said Mr. Peters; "I've heard of him, and all about Mrs. Partington, and—"

"P. be quiet, and don't expose yourself!" sharply interrupted his lady. P. was silenced, and betook himself to the bottled stout.

"These lands," continued the antiquary, "were held in grand serjeantry by the presentation of three white owls and a pot of honey—"

"Lassy me! how nice!" said Miss Julia. Mr. Peters licked his lips.

"Pray give me leave, my dear—owls and honey, whenever the king should come a rat-catching into this part of the country."

"Rat-catching!" ejaculated the squire, pausing abruptly in the mastication of a drumstick.

"To be sure, my dear sir: don't you remember that rats once came under the forest laws—a minor species of venison? 'Rats and mice, and such small deer,' eh?—Shakspeare, you know. Our ancestors ate rats;" ("The nasty fellows!" shuddered Miss Julia in a parenthesis) "and owls, you know, are capital mousers—"

[Pg
198]

"I've seen a howl," said Mr. Peters; "there's one in the Sohological Gardens,—a little hook-nosed chap in a wig,—only it's feathers and—"

Poor P. was destined never to finish a speech.

"Do be quiet!" cried the authoritative voice, and the would-be naturalist shrank into his shell like a snail in the "Sohological Gardens."

"You should read Blount's 'Jocular Tenures,' Mr. Ingoldsby," pursued Simpkinson. "A learned man was Blount! Why, sir, his Royal Highness the Duke of York once paid a silver horse-shoe to Lord Ferrers—"

"I've heard of him," broke in the incorrigible Peters; "he was hanged at the Old Bailey in a silk rope for shooting Doctor Johnson."

The antiquary vouchsafed no notice of the interruption; but, taking a pinch of snuff, continued his harangue.

"A silver horse-shoe, sir, which is due from every scion of royalty who rides across one of his manors; and if you look into the penny county histories, now publishing by an eminent friend of mine, you will find that Langhale in Co. Norf. was held by one Baldwin *per saltum sufflatum, et pettum*; that is, he was to come every Christmas into Westminster Hall, there to take a leap, cry hem! and—"

"Mr. Simpkinson, a glass of sherry?" cried Tom Ingoldsby hastily.

"Not any, thank you, sir. This Baldwin, surnamed *Le* —"

"Mrs. Ogleton challenges you, sir; she insists upon it," said Tom still more rapidly; at the same time filling a glass, and forcing it on the sc̄avant, who, thus arrested in the very crisis of his narrative, received and swallowed the potation as if it had been physic.

"What on earth has Miss Simpkinson discovered there?" continued Tom; "something of interest. See how fast she is writing."

The diversion was effectual; every one looked towards Miss Simpkinson, who, far too ethereal for "creature comforts," was seated apart on the dilapidated remains of an altar-tomb, committing eagerly to paper something that had strongly impressed her: the air,—the eye in a fine frenzy rolling,—all betokened that the divine *afflatus* was come. Her father rose, and stole silently towards her.

"What an old boar!" muttered young Ingoldsby; alluding, perhaps, to a slice of brawn which he had just begun to operate upon, but which, from the celerity with which it disappeared, did not seem so very difficult of mastication.

But what had become of Seaforth and his fair Caroline all this while? Why, it so happened that they had been simultaneously stricken with the picturesque appearance of one of those high and pointed arches, which that eminent antiquary, Mr. Horseley Curties, describes as "a *Gothic* window of the *Saxon* order;"—and then the ivy clustered so thickly and so beautifully on the other side, that they went round to look at that;—and then their proximity deprived it of half its effect, and so they walked across to a little knoll, a hundred yards off, and, in crossing a small ravine, they came to what in Ireland they call "a bad step," and Charles had to carry his cousin over it;—and then, when they had to come back, she would not give him the trouble again for the world, so they followed a better but more circuitous route, and there were hedges and ditches in the way, and stiles to get over, and gates to get through; so that an hour or more had elapsed before they were able to rejoin the party.

"Lassy me!" said Miss Julia Simpkinson, "how long you have been gone!"

And so they had. The remark was a very just as well as a very natural one. They were gone a long while, and a nice cosey chat they had; and what do you think it was all about, my dear miss?

"Oh, lassy me! love, no doubt, and the moon, and eyes, and nightingales, and——"

Stay; stay, my sweet young lady; do not let the fervour of your feelings run away with you! I do not pretend to say, indeed, that one or more of these pretty subjects might not have been introduced; but the most important and leading topic of the conference was—Lieutenant Seaforth's breeches.

"Caroline," said Charles, "I have had some very odd dreams since have been at Tappington."

"Dreams, have you?" smiled the young lady, arching her taper neck like a swan in pluming. "Dreams, have you?"

"Ay, dreams,—or dream, perhaps, I should say; for, though repeated, it was still the same. And what do you imagine was its subject?"

"It is impossible for me to divine," said the tongue; "I have not the least difficulty in guessing," said the eye, as plainly as ever eye spoke.

"I dreamt of—your great grandfather!"

There was a change in the glance—"My great grandfather?"

"Yes, the old Sir Giles, or Sir John, you told me about the other day: he walked into my bedroom in his short cloak of murrey-coloured velvet, his long rapier, and his Raleigh-looking hat and feather, just as this picture represents him; but with one exception."

"And what was that?"

"Why, his lower extremities, which were visible, were—those of a skeleton."

"Well!"

"Well, after taking a turn or two about the room, and looking round him with a wistful air, he came to the bed's foot, stared at me in a manner impossible to describe,—and then he—he laid hold of my pantaloons, whipped his long bony legs into them in a twinkling, and, strutting up to the glass, seemed to view himself in it with great complacency. I tried to speak, but in vain. The effort, however, seemed to excite his attention; for, wheeling about, he showed me the grimmest-looking death's head you can well imagine, and with an indescribable grin strutted out of the room."

"Absurd, Charles! How can you talk such nonsense?"

"But, Caroline,—the breeches are really gone!"

On the following morning, contrary to his usual custom, Seaforth was the first person in the breakfast-parlour. As no one else was present, he did precisely what nine young men out of ten so situated would have done; he walked up to the mantelpiece, established himself upon the rug, and subducting his coat-tails one under each arm, turned towards the fire that portion of the human frame which it is considered equally indecorous to present to a friend or an enemy. A serious, not to say anxious, expression was visible upon his good-humoured countenance, and his

mouth was fast buttoning itself up for an incipient whistle, when little Flo, a tiny spaniel of the Blenheim breed,—the pet object of Miss Julia Simpkinson's affections,—bounced out from beneath a sofa, and began to bark at—his pantaloons.

They were cleverly "built," of a light grey mixture, a broad stripe of the most vivid scarlet traversing each seam in a perpendicular direction from hip to ankle,—in short, the regimental costume of the Royal Bombay Fencibles. The animal, educated in the country, had never seen such a pair of breeches in her life—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico!* The scarlet streak, inflamed as it was by the reflection of the fire, seemed to act on Flora's nerves as the same colour does on those of bulls and turkeys, she advanced at the *pas de charge*; and her vociferation, like her amazement, was unbounded. A sound kick from the disgusted officer changed its character, and induced a retreat at the very moment when the mistress of the pugnacious quadruped entered to the rescue.

"Lassy me! Flo! what *is* the matter?" cried the sympathising lady, with a scrutinizing glance levelled at the gentleman.

It might as well have lighted on a feather-bed.—His air of imperturbable unconsciousness defied examination; and as he would not, and Flora could not, expound, that injured individual was compelled to pocket up her wrongs. Others of the household soon dropped in, and clustered round the board dedicated to the most sociable of meals; the urn was paraded "hissing hot," and the cups which "cheer, but not inebriate," steamed redolent of hyson and pekoe; muffins and marmalade, newspapers and Finnon haddies, left little room for observation on the character of Charles's warlike "turn-out." At length a look from Caroline, followed by a smile that nearly ripened to a titter, caused him to turn abruptly and address his neighbour. It was Miss Simpkinson, who, deeply engaged in sipping her tea and turning over her album, seemed, like a female Chrononotonthologos, "immersed in congibundity of cogitation." An interrogatory on the subject of her studies drew from her the confession that she was at that moment employed in putting the finishing touches to a poem inspired by the romantic shades of Bolsover. The entreaties of the company were of course urgent. Mr. Peters, who "liked verses," was especially persevering, and Sappho at length compliant. After a preparatory hem! and a glance at the mirror to ascertain that her look was sufficiently sentimental, the poetess began:—

"There is a calm, a holy feeling,
Vulgar minds can never know,
O'er the bosom softly stealing,—
Chasten'd grief, delicious woe!
Oh! how sweet at eve regaining
Yon lone tower's sequester'd shade—
Sadly mute and uncomplaining——"

—Yow!—yeough!—yeough!—yow!—yow! yelled a hapless sufferer from beneath the table.—It was an unlucky hour for quadrupeds; and if "every dog will have his day," he could not have selected a more unpropitious one than this. Mrs. Ogleton, too, had a pet,—a favourite pug,—whose squab figure, black muzzle, and tortuosity of tail, that curled like a head of celery in a salad-bowl, bespoke his Dutch extraction. Yow! yow! yow! continued the brute,—a chorus in which Flo instantly joined. Sooth to say, pug had more reason to express his dissatisfaction than was given him by the muse of Simpkinson; the other only barked for company. Scarcely had the poetess got through her first stanza, when Tom Ingoldsby, in the enthusiasm of the moment, became so lost to the material world, that, in his abstraction, he unwarily laid his hand on the cock of the urn. Quivering with emotion, he gave it such an unlucky twist, that the full stream of its scalding contents descended on the gingerbread hide of the unlucky Cupid. The confusion was complete; the whole economy of the table disarranged; the company broke up in most admired disorder; and "vulgar minds will never know" anything more of Miss Simpkinson's ode till they peruse it in some forthcoming annual.

[Pg 201]

Seaforth profited by the confusion to take the delinquent who had caused this "stramash" by the arm, and to lead him to the lawn, where he had a word or two for his private ear. The conference between the young gentlemen was neither brief in its duration, nor unimportant in its result. The subject was what the lawyers call tripartite, embracing the information that Charles Seaforth was over head and ears in love with Tom Ingoldsby's sister; secondly, that the lady had referred him to "papa" for his sanction; thirdly and lastly, his nightly visitations and consequent bereavement. At the two first items Tom smiled auspiciously; at the last he burst out into an absolute "guffaw."

"Steal your breeches? Miss Bailey over again, by Jove!" shouted Ingoldsby. "But a gentleman, you say, and Sir Giles too—I am not sure, Charles, whether I ought not to call you out for aspersing the honour of the family!"

"Laugh as you will, Tom,—be as incredulous as you please. One fact is incontestible,—the breeches are gone! Look here—I am reduced to my regimentals; and if these go, to-morrow I must borrow of you!"

Rochefoucault says, there is something in the misfortunes of our very best friends that does not displease us; certainly we can, most of us, laugh at their petty inconveniences, till called upon to supply them. Tom composed his features on the instant, and replied with more gravity, as well as with an expression, which, if my Lord Mayor had been within hearing, might have cost him five shillings.

"There is something very queer in this, after all. The clothes, you say, have positively disappeared. Somebody is playing you a trick, and, ten to one, your servant has a hand in it. By the way, I heard something yesterday of his kicking up a bobbery in the kitchen, and seeing a ghost, or something of that kind, himself. Depend upon it, Barney is in the plot!"

It struck the lieutenant at once that the usually buoyant spirits of his attendant had of late been materially sobered down, his loquacity obviously circumscribed, and that he, the said lieutenant, had actually rung his bell three several times that very morning before he could procure his attendance. Mr. Maguire was forthwith summoned, and underwent a close examination. The "bobbery" was easily explained. Mr. Oliver Dobbs had hinted his disapprobation of a flirtation carrying on between the gentleman from Munster and the lady from the Rue St. Honoré. Mademoiselle boxed Mr. Maguire's ears, and Mr. Maguire pulled Mademoiselle upon his knee, and the lady did *not* cry *Mon Dieu!* And Mr. Oliver Dobbs said it was very wrong; and Mrs. Botherby said it was scandalous, and what ought not to be done in any moral kitchen; and Mr. Maguire had got hold of the Honourable Augustus Sucklethumbkin's powder-flask, and had put large pinches of the best double Dartford into Mr. Dobbs' tobacco-box; and Mr. Dobbs' pipe had exploded and set fire to Mrs. Botherby's Sunday cap, and Mr. Maguire had put it out with the slop-basin, "barring the wig;" and then they were all so "cantankerous," that Barney had gone to take a walk in the garden; and then—then Mr. Barney had seen a ghost!

"A what? you blockhead!" asked Tom Ingoldsby.

"Sure then, and it's meself will tell your honour the rights of it," said the ghost-seer. "Meself and Miss Pauline, sir—or Miss Pauline and meself, for the ladies comes first any how,—we got tired of the hobstroppylous skrimmaging among the ould servants, that didn't know a joke when they seen one; and we went out to look at the Comet,—that's the Rory-Bory-alehouse, they calls him in this country,—and we walked upon the lawn, and divel of any alehouse there was there at all; and Miss Pauline said it was because of the shrubbery maybe, and why wouldn't we see it better beyonst the trees? and so we went to the trees, but sorrow a Comet did meself see there, barring a big ghost instead of it."

"A ghost? And what sort of a ghost, Barney?"

"Och, then, divel a lie I'll tell your honour. A tall ould gentleman he was, all in white, with a shovel on his shoulder, and a big torch in his fist,—though what he wanted with that it's meself can't tell, for his eyes were like gig-lamps, let alone the moon and the Comet, which wasn't there at all; and 'Barney,' says he to me,—'cause why he knew me,—'Barney,' says he, 'what is it you're doing with the colleen there, Barney?' Divel a word did I say. Miss Pauline screeched, and cried murther in French, and ran off with herself; and of coorse meself was in a mighty hurry after the lady, and had no time to stop palavering with him any way; so I dispersed at once, and the ghost vanished in a flame of fire!"

Mr. Maguire's account was received with avowed incredulity by both gentlemen; but Barney stuck to his text with unflinching pertinacity. A reference to Mademoiselle was suggested, but abandoned, as neither party had a taste for delicate investigations.

"I'll tell you what, Seaforth," said Ingoldsby, after Barney had received his dismissal; "that there is a trick here, is evident; and Barney's vision may possibly be a part of it. Whether he is most knave or fool, you best know. At all events, I will sit up with you to-night, and see if I can convert my ancestor into a visiting acquaintance. Meanwhile your finger on your lip!"

"'Twas now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead."

Gladly would I grace my tale with decent horror, and therefore I do beseech the "gentle reader" to believe, that if all the *succedanea* to this mysterious narrative are not in strict keeping, he will ascribe it only to the disgraceful innovations of modern degeneracy upon the sober and dignified habits of our ancestors. I can introduce him, it is true, into an old and high-roofed chamber, its walls covered on three sides with black oak wainscoting, adorned with carvings of fruit and flowers long anterior to those of Grinling Gibbons; the fourth side is clothed with a curious remnant of dingy tapestry, once elucidatory of some Scriptural history, but of *which* not even Mrs. Botherby could determine. Mr. Simpkinson, who had examined it carefully, inclined to believe the principal figure to be either Bathsheba or Daniel in the lions' den; while Tom Ingoldsby decided in favour of the King of Bashan. All, however, was conjecture; tradition being silent on the subject. A lofty arched portal led into, and a little arched portal led out of, this apartment; they were opposite each other, and both possessed the security of massy bolts on the interior. The bedstead, too, was not one of yesterday; but manifestly coeval with days ere Seddons was, and when a good four-post "article" was deemed worthy of being a royal bequest. The bed itself, with all the appurtenances of paillasse, mattresses, &c. was of far later date, and looked most incongruously comfortable; the casements, too, with their little diamond-shaped panes and iron binding, had given way to the modern heterodoxy of the sash-window. Nor was this all that conspired to ruin the costume, and render the room a meet haunt for such "mixed spirits" only as could condescend to don at the same time an Elizabethan doublet and Bond-street inexpressibles. With their green morocco slippers on a modern fender in front of a disgracefully modern grate, sat two young gentlemen, clad in "shawl-pattern" dressing-gowns and black silk stocks, much at variance with the high cane-backed chairs which supported them. A bunch of abomination, called a cigar, reeked in the left-hand corner of the mouth of one, and in the right-hand corner of the mouth of the other;—an arrangement happily adapted for the escape of the

noxious fumes up the chimney, without that unmerciful "funking" each other, which a less scientific disposition would have induced. A small pembroke table filled up the intervening space between them, sustaining, at each extremity, an elbow and glass of toddy; and thus in "lonely pensive contemplation" were the two worthies occupied, when the "iron tongue of midnight had tolled twelve."

"Ghost-time's come!" said Ingoldsby, taking from his waistcoat pocket a watch like a gold half-crown, and consulting it as though he suspected the turret-clock over the stables of mendacity.

"Hush!" said Charles; "did I not hear a footstep?"

There was a pause: there *was* a footstep—it sounded distinctly—it reached the door—it hesitated, stopped, and—passed on.

Tom darted across the room, threw open the door, and became aware of Mrs. Botherby toddling to her chamber at the other end of the gallery, after dosing one of the housemaids with an approved julep from the Countess of Kent's "Choice Manual."

"Good night, sir!" said Mrs. Botherby.

"Go to the d—l!" said the disappointed ghost-hunter.

A hour—two—rolled on, and still no spectral visitation, nor did aught intervene to make night hideous; and when the turret-clock sounded at length the hour of three, Ingoldsby, whose patience and grog were alike exhausted, sprang from his chair, saying,

"This is all infernal nonsense, my good fellow. Deuce of any ghost shall we see to-night; it's long past the canonical hours. I'm off to bed; and as to your breeches, I'll ensure them for twenty-four hours at least, at the price of the buckram."

"Certainly. Oh! thankye; to be sure!" stammered Charles, rousing himself from a reverie, which had degenerated into an absolute snooze.

"Good night, my boy. Bolt the door behind me; and defy the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender!"

Seaforth followed his friend's advice, and the next morning came down to breakfast dressed in the habiliments of the preceding day. The charm was broken, the demon defeated; the light greys with the red stripe down the seams were yet in *rerum naturâ*, and adorned the person of their lawful proprietor.

Tom felicitated himself and his partner of the watch on the result of their vigilance; but there is a rustic adage, which warns us against self-gratulation before we are quite "out of the wood."—Seaforth was yet within its verge.

A rap at Tom Ingoldsby's door the next morning startled him as he was shaving: he cut his chin.

"Come in, and be d—d to you!" said the martyr, pressing his thumb on the wounded epidermis. The door opened and exhibited Mr. Barney Maguire. "Well, Barney, what is it?" quoth the sufferer, adopting the vernacular of his visitant.

"The Master, sir——"

"Well, what does he want?"

"The loanst of a breeches, plase your honour."

"Why, you don't mean to tell me —— By Heaven, this is too good!" shouted Tom, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "Why, Barney, you don't mean to say the ghost has got them again?"

Mr. Maguire did not respond to the young squire's risibility; the cast of his countenance was decidedly serious.

"Faith, then, it's gone they are, sure enough. Hasn't meself been looking over the bed, and under the bed, and in the bed, for the matter of that, and divel a ha'p'orth of breeches is there to the fore at all: I'm bothered entirely!"

"Harkye! Mr. Barney," said Tom, incautiously removing his thumb, and letting a crimson stream "incarnadine the multitudinous" lather that plastered his throat,— "this may be all very well with your master, but you don't humbug me, sir: tell me instantly what have you done with the clothes?"

This abrupt transition from "lively to severe" certainly took Maguire by surprise, and he seemed for an instant as much disconcerted as it is possible to disconcert an Irish gentleman's gentleman.

"Me? is it meself, then, that's the ghost to your honour's thinking?" said he, after a moment's pause, and with a slight shade of indignation in his tones; "is it I would stale the master's things, —and what would I do with them?"

"That you best know: what your purpose is I can't guess, for I don't think you mean to 'stale' them, as you call it; but that you are concerned in their disappearance, I am satisfied. Confound this blood!—give me a towel, Barney."

Maguire acquitted himself of the commission. "As I've a sowl, your honour," said he solemnly,

"little it is meself knows of the matter; and after what I seen——"

"What you've seen? Why, what *have* you seen? Barney, I don't want to inquire into your flirtations; but don't suppose you can palm off your saucer eyes and gig-lamps upon me!"

"Then, as sure as your honour's standing there, I saw him; and why wouldn't I, when Miss *Pauline* was to the fore as well as meself, and——"

"Get along with your nonsense,—leave the room, sir!"

"But the master?" said Barney imploringly; "and the breeches?—sure he'll be catching cowl!"

"Take that, rascal!" replied Ingoldsby, throwing a pair of pantaloons at, rather than to, him; "but don't suppose, sir, you shall carry on your tricks with impunity; recollect there is such a thing as a tread-mill, and that my father is a county magistrate."

Barney's eye flashed fire,—he stood erect and was about to speak; but, mastering himself, not without an effort, he took up the garment, and left the room as perpendicular as a Quaker.

"Ingoldsby," said Charles Seaforth, after breakfast, "this is now past a joke; to-day is the last of my stay, for, notwithstanding the ties which detain me, common decency obliges me to visit home after so long an absence. I shall come to an immediate explanation with your father on the subject nearest my heart, and depart while I have a change of dress left. On his answer will my return depend; in the mean time tell me candidly,—I ask it in all seriousness and as a friend,—am I not a dupe to your well-known propensity to hoaxing? have you not a hand in——"

"No, by Heaven! Seaforth; I see what you mean: on my honour, I am as much mystified as yourself; and if your servant——"

"Not he: if there be a trick, he at least is not privy to it."

"If there *be* a trick? why, Charles, do you think——"

"I know not *what* to think, Tom. As surely as you are a living man, so surely did that spectral anatomy visit my room again last night, grin in my face, and walk away with my trousers; nor was I able to spring from my bed, or break the chain which seemed to bind me to my pillow."

"Seaforth," said Ingoldsby, after a short pause, "I will— ut hush! here are the girls and my father. I will carry off the females, and leave you clear field with the Governor: carry your point with him, and we will talk about your breeches afterwards."

Tom's diversion was successful: he carried off the ladies *en masse* to look at a remarkable specimen of the class *Dodecandria Monogynia*, which they could not find; while Seaforth marched boldly up to the encounter, and carried "the Governor's" outworks by a *coup de main*. I shall not stop to describe the progress of the attack; suffice it that it was as successful as could have been wished, and that Seaforth was referred back again to the lady. The happy lover was off at a tangent; the botanical party was soon overtaken; and the arm of Caroline, whom a vain endeavour to spell out the Linnæan name of a daffy-down-dilly had detained a little in the rear of the others, was soon firmly locked in his own.

"What was the world to them,
Its noise, its nonsense, and its 'breeches' all?"

Seaforth was in the seventh heaven; he retired to his room that night as happy as if no such thing as a goblin had ever been heard of, and personal chattels were as well fenced in by law as real property. Not so Tom Ingoldsby: the mystery—for mystery there evidently was,—had not only piqued his curiosity, but ruffled his temper. The watch of the previous night had been unsuccessful, probably because it was undisguised. Tonight he would "ensconce himself,"—not indeed "behind the arras,"—for the liddle that remained was, as we have seen, nailed to the wall,—but in a small closet which opened from one corner of the room, and, by leaving the door ajar, would give its occupant a view of all that might pass in the apartment. Here did the young ghost-hunter take up a position, with a good stout sapling under his arm, a full half-hour before Seaforth retired for the night. Not even his friend did he let into his confidence, fully determined that if his plan did not succeed, the failure should be attributed to himself alone.

At the usual hour of separation for the night, Tom saw, from his concealment, the lieutenant enter his room; and, after taking a few turns in it, with an expression so joyous as to betoken that his thoughts were mainly occupied by his approaching happiness, proceed slowly to disrobe himself. The coat, the waistcoat, the black silk stock, were gradually discarded; the green morocco slippers were kicked off, and then—ay, and then—his countenance grew grave; it seemed to occur to him all at once that this was his last stake,—nay, that the very breeches he had on were not his own,—that to-morrow morning was his last, and that if he lost *them*—A glance showed that his mind was made up; he replaced the single button he had just subducted, and threw himself upon the bed in a state of transition, half chrysalis, half grub.

Wearily did Tom Ingoldsby watch the sleeper by the flickering light of the night-lamp, till the clock, striking one, induced him to increase the narrow opening which he had left for the purpose of observation. The motion, slight as it was, seemed to attract Charles's attention; for he raised himself suddenly to a sitting posture, listened for a moment, and then stood upright upon the floor. Ingoldsby was on the point of discovering himself, when, the light flashing full upon his friend's countenance, he perceived that, though his eyes were open, "their sense was shut,"—that he was yet under the influence of sleep. Seaforth advanced slowly to the toilet, lit his candle at

the lamp that stood on it, then, going back to the bed's foot, appeared to search eagerly for something which he could not find. For a few moments he seemed restless and uneasy, walking round the apartment and examining the chairs, till, coming fully in front of a large swing-glass that flanked the dressing-table, he paused, as if contemplating his figure in it. He now returned towards the bed, put on his slippers, and, with cautious and stealthy steps, proceeded towards the little arched doorway that opened on the private staircase.

As he drew the bolt, Tom Ingoldsby emerged from his hiding-place; but the sleep-walker heard him not: he proceeded softly down stairs, followed at a due distance by his friend, opened the door which led out upon the gardens, and stood at once among the thickest of the shrubs, which there clustered round the base of a corner turret, and screened the postern from common observation. At this moment Ingoldsby had nearly spoiled all by making a false step: the sound attracted Seaforth's attention, he paused and turned; and, as the full moon shed her light direct upon his pale and troubled features, Tom marked, almost with dismay, the fixed and rayless appearance of his eyes:

"There was no speculation in those orbs
That he did glare withal,"

[Pg 207]

The perfect stillness preserved by his follower seemed to reassure him; he turned aside, and, from the midst of a thickset laurustinus, drew forth a gardener's spade, shouldering which he proceeded with greater rapidity into the midst of the shrubbery. Arrived at a certain point, where the earth seemed to have been recently disturbed, he set himself heartily to the task of digging; till, having thrown up several shovelfuls of mould, he stopped, flung down his tool, and very composedly began to disencumber himself of his pantaloons.

Up to this moment Tom had watched him with a wary eye; he now advanced cautiously, and, as his friend was busily engaged in disentangling himself from his garment, made himself master of the spade. Seaforth, meanwhile, had accomplished his purpose; he stood for a moment with

"His streamers waving in the wind,"

occupied in carefully rolling up the small-clothes into as compact a form as possible, and all heedless of the breath of heaven, which might certainly be supposed at such a moment, and in such a plight, to "visit his frame too roughly."

He was in the act of stooping low to deposit the pantaloons in the grave which he had been digging for them, when Tom Ingoldsby came close behind him, and with the flat of the spade—

The shock was effectual; never again was Lieutenant Seaforth known to act the part of a somnambulist. One by one, his breeches, his trousers, his pantaloons, his silk-net tights, his patent cords, and his showy greys with the broad red stripe of the Bombay Fencibles, were brought to light, rescued from the grave in which they had been buried, like the straw of a Christmas pie; and, after having been well aired by Mrs. Botherby, became once again effective.

The family, the ladies especially, laughed; Barney Maguire cried "Botheration!" and *Ma'mselle Pauline*, "*Mon Dieu!*"

Charles Seaforth, unable to face the quizzing which awaited him on all sides, started off two hours earlier than he had proposed: he soon returned, however; and having, at his father-in-law's request, given up the occupation of Rajah hunting and shooting Nabobs, led his blushing bride to the altar.

Mr. Simpkinson from Bath did not attend the ceremony, being engaged at the Grand Junction Meeting of *Sçavans*, then congregating from all parts of the known world, in the city of Dublin. His essay, demonstrating that the globe is a great custard, whipped into coagulation by whirlwinds, and cooked by electricity,—a little too much baked in the Isle of Portland, and a thought underdone about the Bog of Allen,—is highly spoken of and, it is supposed, will obtain a Bridgewater prize.

Miss Simpkinson and her sister acted as bridesmaids on the occasion; the former wrote an *epithalamium*, and the latter cried "Lassy me!" at the clergyman's wig. But as of these young ladies, of the fair widow, Mr. Sucklethumbkin, Mrs. Peters and her P. we may have more to say hereafter, we take our leave for the present; assuring our pensive public that Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth are living together quite as happily as two good-hearted, good-tempered bodies, very fond of each other, can possibly do; and that since the day of his marriage Charles has shown no disposition to jump out of bed, or ramble out of doors o' nights,—though, from his entire devotion to every wish and whim of his young wife, Tom insinuates that the fair Caroline does still occasionally take advantage of it so far as to "slip on the Breeches."

[Pg
208]

THE WIDE AWAKE CLUB.

BY RIGDUM O'FUNNIDOS.

The clubs of London! I recollect once reading a book so called; but as for any *bonâ fide* information touching the *soi disant* social assemblies, I might as well have been perusing the Shaster, or reading the Florentine copy of the Pandects! *The* clubs of London afford, as I have reason to know, ample material for the most abundant fun; but they who expect to find it at

Crockford's, the Athenæum, and other *maisons de jeu*, where yawning dandies, expert *chevaliers*, old men of the town, *roués* of all sorts,

Mingle, mingle, mingle,
As they mingle may,

will be wofully disappointed. The clubs, *par excellence*, take them one and all,—from the Oriental, stuck, with a due disposition and attention to habits of Eastern indolence, in the dullest corner of the dullest square in London, down to, or up to, I care not which, the staring bow-windowed Omnibus Union in Cockspur-street,—are all alike destitute of the requisite material. I perhaps may have a touch at them in the middle of the session and season, when the *élite* of the club-men are in town, and when their sayings and doings may by possibility be worth recording, even if it were only to have a laugh over them. But, as Copp says, "let that pass for the present." The clubs that I intend to introduce to the readers of the Miscellany are certain of those convivial associations composed of the middlemen of society in the metropolis, who assemble on certain stated nights in the week to sing songs, smoke pipes, and imbibe moisture in the shape of divers goes of spirit and pints of ale. My reminiscences of these assemblies, I think, would fill a goodly tome. To begin with the last, Hebrew fashion. In was my lot one evening, a short time since, to be introduced by Mr. Timmins, my landlord, who, seeing I was rather low-spirited, volunteered the invitation, on a social community called the "WIDE AWAKE CLUB."

"Sir," said Mr. Timmins,—a very worthy knight of the needle, who called me "the genelman wot lodges in my first floor," (whether up or down the chimney, deponent sayeth not,)—"you looks werry oncomfutable this here nasty evening. Prowisin it ain't takin' of too great a liberty, and you feel noways disinclined, I think an hour or two at our club—(I have the privilege of introducing a wisitor wot I can answer for in regard to respectability)—might do you good."

"And pray, Mr. Timmins, what is the character of your club?"—"Oh! sir, the character of our club is *on-doubted*, sir; we are all men of experence, sir: no one is admitted a member *onless* he shows he is a *wide awake* cove."

"What do you mean by a wide awake cove," said I, "Mr. Timmins?"—"Vy," said Timmins, "there's no von hellgibble to be a member on our society but what gets a voucher from a member that he has a summut to say, and prove wot has made him *wide awake*,—that is to say, more up and down to the ways of the world than the generality of people, by experence."

"You mean, if I understand you rightly, Mr. Timmins, that your club is one where a certain number of persons meet to spend the social hours of relaxation in giving each other the tale of some particular event or occurrence that has taught them to know there is more roguery in the world than certain philanthropists would lend us to believe."—"You've hit it, sir," said Timmins; "down as a hammer."

"Well, Timmins, I shall be happy to join you," I replied.

During our walk, in answer to certain questions, Timmins informed me that the president of the club was a Mr. Phiggins, a retired draper; and that the leading members were Mr. Pounce, a lawyer's clerk, Mr. Bob Jinks, a butcher, Mr. Shortcut, a tobacconist, Mr. Sprigs, a fruiterer. "But," said Timmins, "you'll know them all in five minutes. I don't think this wet evening, there will be a strong muster: howsomdever, we can console ourselves that, if not numerous, we are select."

"Very proper consolation, Timmins," said I.

When we arrived at the *Three Pies*, the sign of the house where the club was held, Timmins went up stairs to communicate the fact of my being below, and to assure the company that all was regular and right, as he said; and shortly afterwards I was ushered into the presence, and introduced to the worthies previously named. The president, a jolly-looking man about fifty, sat in an elevated chair at the top of a long table, which gave a goodly display of pipes, glasses of grog, &c. On each side, the members sat at their most perfect ease, smoking and chatting. It would appear that they had been at business some time, for it seemed ebb-tide with the contents of the glasses; and several worthies were in the act of knocking the ashes out of their respective pipes. After ordering a glass of punch and a segar, and another for Timmins, a conversation which was going on before we came in was resumed, of which the following is a faithful report.

"That puts me in mind of M'Flummery," said Pounce, the lawyer's clerk, putting his hand—accidentally, I suppose, of course,—into Shortcut's open screw of tobacco, and filling his pipe therefrom; "I mean him as was hung at the Old Bailey some ten years back."

"And what was he hung for?" asked the president.—"Why, not exactly for his good behaviour. He set out in life as heavy a swell as ever flowed up in the regions of the West End—carried on the game for about a dozen years in bang-up style.—My eye! how precious drunk he made Snatch'em, the bum, and I, one night as we pinned him coming home in his cab from the Opera to give a champaign supper at the Clarendon."

"Champaign supper?" said the president. "Why, champaign is a wine; and no man, I maintain, can make a supper off wine, 'coz wine is drink, and supper, it stands to reason, is eating."

"And no mistake," said Shortcut.

"With submission, Mr. Chair," replied Pounce, "I'll explain. This champaign supper meant a regular slap-up feed; but no one was allowed any other drink with their grub, but champaign punch made with green tea in a silver kettle."

"I pity their stint," said Jinks.

"Ay," said the president, "that stands to reason. But how did it happen this gentleman came to be hanged?"—"Why," continued Pounce, "I was a-coming to that point. As I said just now, there never was a greater dasher at the West End than this M'Flummery; but, like many other swells, he was very often lodging in Queer-street for the want of the ready. One day he came to my old master Snaps, of the Temple, when I was managing common-law clerk,—for, you see, he knew my governor well, seeing that he had issued about fourteen writs against him. I never shall forget the day he came: it was a precious wet 'un. He drove up to the gate in a jarvey, and sent a porter down to our office to know if Snaps was in, without sending his name. So Snaps sends me to see who it was, and bring him down. When I got up to the coach, I spied M'Flummery. 'Ah! my man,' says he, quite familiar, 'how do you like champaign punch? Here, just pay this fellow his fare,' says he, quite off-hand. 'I've no change about me;' and off he bolts under the gateway, leaving me to fork out an unknown man. Well! how was I to know what the Jarvey's fare was? That was a pozer. I wasn't going to ask him, 'How much?' or where he took up. No! I was too *wide awake!*"

"WIDE AWAKE!" said the chairman, and down went a hammer of appropriate brass upon the table three times.

"Hear! hear! hear!" responded *omnes*.

"So I tipped two shillings. 'Vot's this for?' said coachee, holding it open in his hand, and looking at the money in a way money ought never by no means to be looked at. 'Your fare from the Clarendon, Bond-street,' said I, quite stiff and chuff. 'Fare be blowed!' said he; 'my fare's eight bob.' 'Then you shall swear it and prove it,' said I, pulling out a handful of silver, taking his number, and giving the wink to Hobbling Bob, one of the porters, to be witness. 'Take your demand, and we'll meet in Essex-street on Thursday.' 'Well,' says he, 'I ought to have eight bob—what *will* you give me?' 'Two,' said I. 'Well,' says he, 'I ain't a going to stand chaffing in the wet with such a —' and then he abused me in a way I can't repeat. 'Overcharge and insolence!' said I. 'We'll meet again at Philippi.' 'Fillip I,' said Jarvey, driving off, 'I should like to fillip you!' In going back to the office, I thought I ought to charge Mr. M'Flummery the eight shillings. Taking into consideration that I had advanced money—that I had got wet—had been abused, and last, though not least, that there was a strong risk touching repayment. I entered the expenditure thus: 'Coachman's demand, eight shillings. Paid *him*.' I said *him*, not *it*, you see, for I was *wide awake!*"

"WIDE AWAKE!" said the president, hitting the table three sonorous clinks with the club-hammer of brass, again.

"When I got back to the office, Snaps called for me through the pipe to come up stairs:—he always had me as a witness when he was *doing particular business*, such as discounting a bill, bargaining for a bond, or arranging an annuity.

"Sort those papers,' said Snaps, scratching his left ear.

"That means 'Cock your listeners,' thought I; and I proceeded to fumble over a bundle of old abstracts as diligently as if I was hunting for a hundred-pound note.

"As I turned over the dusty papers, I overheard the following conversation:

"So you can't manage it for me any way?" said M'Flummery to Snaps.

"I have not anything at my bankers'," answered Snaps,— a lie, for his was the best account of any professional man at Brookes and Dixon's, and I had that morning paid in five hundred and eighty pounds eleven and tenpence;—'and, by the bye, Pounce, my confidential man, knows that. Have I, Pounce?"

"Not anything,' said I; 'I'll be on my oath!'

"With that M'Flummery said, 'It's cursed hard.—I must be at Newmarket on Tuesday, and nothing less than two thousand will do for me.—So you cannot get it on my bond or note?"

"Money is money, and holders are firm,' said Snaps. 'What do you think of a mortgage? You gave, if I recollect right, six thousand for the hunting-lodge and the acres in Leicestershire.'

"Yes!' replied M'Flummery, 'and lost it six months since in one morning, at Graham's.'

"The house in Park Lane?"

"Belongs to Miss V. the rich old maid.'

"The furniture?"

"Is Gillow's.'

"Your stud?"

"I stalled at Tattersall's for six hundred advance.'

"Your commission?"

"Is pounded at Greenwood's for ditto.'

"Then, in point of fact,' said Snaps, 'Mister,'—(whenever Snaps intended to say anything uncivil, he always addressed the favoured individual as 'Mr.')

—'in point of fact, Mr. M'Flummery, you are a beggar, possessing neither house, land, goods, or chattels, or property of any sort, kind, or description.'

"M'Flummery bit his lips, and walked to the window, and Snaps continued,

___' "How, after making the avowals you have, Mr. M'Flummery, you could have the impudence

"What do you say, wretch?' cried M'Flummery, rushing and collaring Snaps, 'Impudence!'

"Pounce,' cried my master, 'an assault! Call the copying-clerks up.' But while I was in the act of summoning the scribes down the pipe, M'Flummery relaxed his hold, and said,

"I forgive you, Snaps! It certainly did warrant the term, after my declarations of insolvency; but it just flashes across my mind,—how it could have escaped me I know not,—that all is not so bad with me. I have a chest of plate!'

"A chest of plate!' ejaculated Snaps. 'Why, my dear sir,——'

"A plate-chest!' said I.

"Yes,' continued M'Flummery, 'my splendid sporting service,—quite new,—never used,—made not six months since by Rundell and Bridge. How could I have forgotten this!'

"Sit down, my dear sir,' said Snaps. 'Your recollection of this *com-plete-ly* alters the case! Perhaps we *can* manage the matter.'

"But money is money, I am afraid; and holders are firm, Mr. Snaps,' said M'Flummery, with what I thought the most devilish and malicious laugh that ever was uttered.

"True, true,' replied my master; 'but there is a mode of tempting even a miser.'

"I think there is,' said M'Flummery, just as Old Nick might have spoken the words, and looking Snaps full in the face.

"Where is the chest?" inquired Snaps. "There is no lien on it?" he continued gravely. 'It is not at——'

"My uncle's? No, no!'

"Satisfactory so far. What might it have cost you?'— 'Three thousand pounds.'

"And you want *two*. It is possible, my dear sir, that the matter *can* be managed. I'll see about it directly. Call here to-morrow with the chest, and we'll see what can be done. I'll go into the City directly.'

"Then I may as well go with you,' said M'Flummery; 'I will look in at Rundell's on our way, where you can assure yourself of the fact and value of the purchase.' So saying, my master and his client went out."

"It does not yet seem clear to me," said the president, interrupting Pounce at this period of his story, "how the gentleman came to be hung. He seems to have been an honest man, who had more money than he thought he had."

"No, he had not," said Pounce; "for, before he went out of the office, I asked him for the fare of the coach. 'Oh!' said he, quite cool, 'my little quill-driver, I'll owe you that till to-morrow.'"

"Well," resumed Pounce, after the waiter had been declared "in the room," had "taken his orders," and gone "out of the room," and re-entered the room with the said orders *executed*, preparatory (paradoxical as it may read) to their being *despatched*,—"Well," said Pounce, "when Mr. Snaps returned in the afternoon, he said to me, rubbing his hands, 'Pounce, it's all right! I have seen the chest of plate. I have handled and examined every article,—solid and beautiful! as fine a service as ever was turned out of hand.'

"Glad to hear it, sir!' says I; 'I had my doubts;—throwing as much of knowingness into my look as befitted a confidential managing common law-clerk when speaking to his governor.

"And so had I,' said Snaps seriously: 'but what do you think, Pounce?' and my master beckoned me close to him.

"What *should* I think, sir?' said I, deferentially,—'Why, he not only bought this most splendid service of plate I ever saw—massive—solid; but—but—'

"Yes, sir?'—'But he actually paid for it!' said Snaps; giving me a playful dig in the ribs with one hand, while he took a huge pinch of snuff in the other, snapping the dust off his fingers as though so many crackers were exploding.

"I shouldn't have thought he was a good one for paying, Mr. Snaps,' I replied, thinking of the fare.

"Nor I, Pounce,' said Snaps; 'but, hark-ye, be sure you are in the way to-morrow at three;' and we parted,—Mr. Snaps being a religious man, and deacon of Zion Tabernacle in Jehoshaphat Terrace, to attend lecture, and I to finish a match at bumble-puppy at the Pig and Tweezers.

"The very next day, at three, punctual came M'Flummery, and I'm blessed if it didn't take four porters to carry the chest he brought with him. (By the way, I may here promiscuously observe, that in the experience of a long professional life I never knew but one case of unpunctuality in the attendance of people who had *to receive* money, and that was explained by the fact of the party's dying of the cholera over night.) The chest was duly brought up stairs, and deposited in a corner of Mr. Snaps' private room."

"Now, Snaps,' said M'Flummery, 'I hope you are ready with the needful two thousand upon the nail.'—'Why, my dear sir,' said my master, 'I have with great difficulty been able to manage *one* thousand.'

"Two thousand was the sum agreed for," said M'Flummery.— "True, my dear sir; but money is money."

"Ay! and holders are firm, it appears, Snaps; but look at the security; plate will always fetch a safe and certain sum."—"Satisfactory; truly so, my dear sir. Most unquestionable; but——"

"Come, we are losing time. In a word, put fifteen hundred down on the desk, and we close; if not, I'm off to old Lombard."—"Say twelve hundred," cried Snaps, "and I'll see what I can do."

"Fifteen," said M'Flummery.—"It will not leave me a farthing," said Snaps; "and if I do find the odd five hundred, it must be added to the bond."

"Well! add it, and be d—d to you, Shylock the second!" said M'Flummery; "you shall have your bond;" and he burst out into what I considered an unnecessary loud laugh.

"The money was counted, and the bond drawn out.

"But, now," said my master, "if you please, you'll pardon me, my dear sir; but, in order that there may be no mistake, you will let my confidential clerk, Pounce, take a view of the contents of the chest."

"Most certainly," said M'Flummery; and, unlocking it, he desired me to see if the articles corresponded with the inventory.

"I did so, and found that my master gave an approving look. After lifting up the several trays, and handling and examining some four or five articles, M'Flummery, turning to Snaps, said,

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Snaps?"

"Quite so," said my master.

"Then there only remains one thing to satisfy me," said M'Flummery, locking the box and padlocks. "This box will be in your possession for eighteen months as security; but, as I do not wish to have *my plate hired out or used*, you will pardon me, Mr. Snaps,—I only say this in order, as you observed, that there may be 'no mistake,'—I will put my seal upon the chest, and keep the key!"

"The key!" said Snaps; "my dear sir!"

"Why," said M'Flummery, "what do you want with the key? You have the power at the end of eighteen months to break open the chest, and sell the plate, in default of payment; but you have no power over the plate till then. What, therefore, do *you* want with the key?"

"Snaps was beginning to say something; but M'Flummery stopped him short by saying, 'It is a bargain, or it is not, Mr. Snaps. I seal the chest, and keep the key.'

"Very well," said Snaps, looking very much like a tiger that had suddenly lost sight of his dinner.

"This was accordingly done, the bond signed, and the money handed over; and M'Flummery shook hands with my master, saying,

"Snaps, you are a cunning fellow!"

"Oh! my dear sir," said my master, attempting to blush,—a feat, by the way, he never accomplished during his life that I know of.

"But I recollect," continued M'Flummery, "an old fisherman telling me, when I was a boy, that, deep as some fishes were in the sea, there were always others that swam just as deep. Good-b'ye, old Shylock! you shall have your bond." So saying, he left.

"I confess, this curious remark so astonished me that I quite forgot at the moment to ask for the fare of the coach. My master also seemed struck with the observation.

"What can he mean?" said Snaps; "surely there is nothing wrong? Pooh! pooh! impossible! There is the chest, and possession is nine points of the law."

"The first of the maxims, sir," said I."

Here Pounce paused, filled his pipe, and emptied his tumbler of grog into that depository where grog had gone in *goes* for years and years.

"Well!" said the president, "may I be spiflicated,—ay, and expiflicated,—if you have not been humbugging us, Pounce, with a pretty piece of bam! What the deuce has all that you have said to do with the fact of the gentleman being hanged?"

"Everything," cried Pounce.

"I say *nothing*," said the president.

"So do I," followed Shortcut.

"Everything, I maintain," rejoined the lawyer's clerk; "*for* six months afterwards his words came true."

"Whose?" shouted several of the company.

"M'Flummery's," said Pounce; "he proved himself as deep and deeper than Snaps. He was a *wide awake one*!"

"WIDE AWAKE!" said the chairman; and down went the directing sceptre, with the customary clink.

"Hear! hear! hear!" resounded through the room.

"Yes," continued Pounce; "about six months after, and about five in the evening, a man came into the office, looking as like a turnkey or Bow-street runner as any of you gentlemen might ever have known in your life. He asked to see Mr. Snaps.

"Just as I was preparing to give my master a hint by one of the writing-clerks to be on his guard, who should walk into the office but Snaps himself?

"I believe your name is Snaps?' said the hang-gallows-looking messenger.

"Snaps was rather near-sighted, and it was getting dark, so that he did not see the winks and nods of the head I was giving him.

"My name *is* Snaps,' he answered.

"You're done,' thought I.

"Then you are the person I am to give this letter to,' says the man.

"Snaps took the letter,—and, strange to say, it *was* a letter,—coolly read it, and, folding it up, said, to my great relief, 'Tell the prisoner I shall attend;' and off went Grimgruffinhoff with his answer.

"M'Flummery is in Newgate for passing forged notes;' said my master, taking a pinch of snuff. 'I thought he would be jugged some day,' he said, with a half-laugh. 'He wants to see me tomorrow morning about business of the greatest importance to *me*. What can he have to say to *me*?'

"Ay, indeed!' said I, 'what sir?'

"It is as well that I should go,' said my master, 'for there may be something——'

"True,' said I, 'there may be.'

"The next morning we went to Newgate, which is not the most pleasant lodging in that neighbourhood, although you have it in the biggest house, and they charge you nothing for the apartments. When we entered the prisoner's cell, he was busy writing.

"Snaps!' said he, 'I'm glad to see you here!'

"I am sorry I cannot return the compliment,' said my master.

"Never mind,' said M'Flummery; 'every dog has his day.'

"And then he is hanged,' said Snaps, drily, taking a pinch of snuff.

"M'Flummery here gave a spasmodic groan, and exclaimed, 'As little reference to my present condition as possible, Mr. Snaps. It was not about myself that I requested your visit, but touching matters in which you alone are interested.'

"Well, sir; and here I am," said Mr. Snaps. 'To tell you the truth, I do not feel myself very comfortable in the place, so I shall feel obliged by your stating the nature of your business with me as briefly as possible.'

"I will,' said the prisoner, with a demonic look. 'You have, or *rather think you have*, Mr. Snaps, a chest of plate.'

"What!' shrieked my master. 'Is it not silver? Have you cheated me?'

"You have often robbed me, Mr. Snaps,' was the reply; 'I but returned the compliment. That which you believe is silver plate, manufactured by Rundell and Bridge, was made at Sheffield, and cost me two hundred pounds.'

"Snaps groaned, and hid his face.

"It is true I did buy a service from those eminent goldsmiths; but, after the Sheffield firm had copied the pattern, I pledged it with old Lombard, the pawnbroker. It was redeemed for a day to satisfy you, Mr. Snaps, and then repledged. The Earl of A. bought the duplicate, and now has the real property, of which you have the counterfeit service.'

"You are a cursed villain,' said my master; 'and thank Heaven! you will be hanged!'

"Only that a felon's cell in Newgate is not the most fit place to bandy compliments in, I should willingly aspirate the same of you, Snaps!"

"And was it to tell me this, you atrocious scoundrel, that you sent for me?' said my master.

"Not exactly,' answered M'Flummery; 'not exactly, Snaps; I want you to do me a favour.'

"Was there ever such audacity?' said Snaps. 'Ask me to do you a favour! You, who have told me to my face that you have swindled, cheated, plundered, robbed me! A favour! Come Pounce,' he added, turning to me, 'let us be gone.'

"Stay!' said the prisoner; 'you have said I shall be hanged!'

"Ay, as sure as fate!'

"My fate is death, I know; but not perhaps by hanging. I have potent interest at work for me at this moment; and, though sure of conviction, I may yet get the sentence of death commuted to transportation for life, and you would not like that would you, Snaps? You wish me dead—dead—dead!'

"After an inward struggle my master muttered out, 'I do.'

"Then, Mr. Clerk,' said M'Flummery, in a deep whisper, handing me secretly a small sealed paper, 'be so good as to open this, when you get outside these walls, and give it to your master.' Then, aloud to Snaps, 'My business with you, *sir*, is finished.' So saying, he resumed writing; and I led my master, who was trembling with agitation, revenge, and passion, out of the cell and prison.

"When we got into a coach, I produced the paper, and mentioned to my master what M'Flummery had said. With trembling hand he opened it, and read the following:

"Your soul burns with revenge. You wish me dead. It is my desire also to die. There is a strong probability that I shall not undergo the last punishment of the law. If you would render my death certain, and feed your revenge, send me, in a small phial, an ounce of prussic acid: and the bearer of your welcome gift shall carry back the fact that M'Flummery the swindler, highwayman, and forger,—M'Flummery, who has cheated all through life, has terminated his career by cheating the law!"

"I shall never to my dying day forget the face of Snaps when he read this. He did not say a word; and we sat silent till we got back to the office. My master went up stairs, saying to me, 'Pounce, be silent as the grave! and be ready when I call for you.' Shortly afterwards I heard a loud hammering in his room. 'He's breaking open the chest,' said I; and true enough he was. Curiosity led me up stairs; and, on entering the room, there was Snaps, standing aghast over the open chest, with some broken tea-spoons in his hand.

"The villain has told the truth,' said he. 'The contents of the chest are not worth fifty pounds. I thought I had taken every precaution; but I find I was not sufficiently *wide awake*.'"

"WIDE AWAKE!" said the chairman, and down went the hammer.

"Hear! hear! hear!" chorused the company.

"And ever since then, gentlemen," said Pounce, "I have always had my eyes open when doing a bill, when I had plate, the best of all possible security."

"But what became of M'Flummery?" asked Bob Jinks.

"Ay!" said the president, "when was he hanged?"

"He wasn't hanged at all," replied Pounce.

"I'm blowed," said the chairman, "if I didn't think so, all along."

"*How* he got it I do not pretend to know," said Pounce, blowing his nose, and looking aside, "but the very next day after we had paid him a visit, he was found dead on his bed, with a small empty phial, that smelt strongly of prussic acid, clenched in his fist."

The clock here stuck twelve, the hour at which the club disperses according to the rules; so Timmins and I toddled home.

OUR SONG OF THE MONTH.

No. III. March, 1837.

I.

March, March! why the de'il don't you march
Faster than other months out of your order?
You're a horrible beast, with the wind from the East,
And high-hopping hail and slight sleet on your border:
Now, our umbrellas spread, flutter above our head,
And will not stand to our arms in good order;
While, flapping and tearing, they set a man swearing
Round the corner, where blasts blow away half the border!

II.

March, March! I am ready to faint
That St. Patrick had not his nativity's casting;
I am sure, if he had, such a peaceable lad
Would have never been born amid blowing and blasting:
But as it was his fate, Irishmen emulate
Doing what Doom, or St. Paddy may order;
And if they're forced to fight through their wrongs for their right,
They'll stick to their flag while a thread's in its border.

III.

March, March! have you no feeling,
E'en for the fair sex who make us knock under?
You cold-blooded divil, you're far more uncivil
Than Summer himself, with his terrible thunder!
Every day we meet ladies down Regent-street,
Holding their handkerchiefs up in good order;

OLIVER TWIST,
OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER THE THIRD

RELATES HOW OLIVER TWIST WAS VERY NEAR GETTING A PLACE,
WHICH WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN A SINECURE.

For a week after the commission of the impious and profane offence of asking for more, Oliver remained a close prisoner in the dark and solitary room to which he had been consigned by the wisdom and mercy of the board. It appears, at first sight, not unreasonable to suppose, that, if he had entertained a becoming feeling of respect for the prediction of the gentleman in the white waistcoat, he would have established that sage individual's prophetic character, once and for ever, by tying one end of his pocket handkerchief to a hook in the wall, and attaching himself to the other. To the performance of this feat, however, there was one obstacle, namely, that pocket handkerchiefs being decided articles of luxury, had been, for all future times and ages, removed from the noses of paupers by the express order of the board in council assembled, solemnly given and pronounced under their hands and seals. There was a still greater obstacle in Oliver's youth and childishness. He only cried bitterly all day; and when the long, dismal night came on, he spread his little hands before his eyes to shut out the darkness, and crouching in the corner, tried to sleep, ever and anon waking with a start and tremble, and drawing himself closer and closer to the wall, as if to feel even its cold hard surface were a protection in the gloom and loneliness which surrounded him.

Let it not be supposed by the enemies of "the system," that, during the period of his solitary incarceration, Oliver was denied the benefit of exercise, the pleasure of society, or the advantages of religious consolation. As for exercise, it was nice cold weather, and he was allowed to perform his ablutions every morning under the pump, in a stone yard, in the presence of Mr. Bumble, who prevented his catching cold, and caused a tingling sensation to pervade his frame, by repeated applications of the cane; as for society, he was carried every other day into the hall where the boys dined, and there sociably flogged as a public warning and example; and, so far from being denied the advantages of religious consolation, he was kicked into the same apartment every evening at prayer-time, and there permitted to listen to, and console his mind with, a general supplication of the boys, containing a special clause therein inserted by the authority of the board, in which they entreated to be made good, virtuous, contented, and obedient, and to be guarded from the sins and vices of Oliver Twist, whom the supplication distinctly set forth to be under the exclusive patronage and protection of the powers of wickedness, and an article direct from the manufactory of the devil himself.



Oliver escapes being bound apprentice to the Sweep

[Pg 219]

It chanced one morning, while Oliver's affairs were in this auspicious and comfortable state, that Mr. Gamfield, chimney-sweeper, was wending his way adown the High-street, deeply cogitating in his mind, his ways and means of paying certain arrears of rent, for which his landlord had become rather pressing. Mr. Gamfield's most sanguine calculation of funds could not raise them within full five pounds of the desired amount; and, in a species of arithmetical desperation, he was alternately cudgelling his brains and his donkey, when, passing the workhouse, his eyes encountered the bill on the gate.

"Wool!" said Mr. Gamfield, to the donkey.

The donkey was in a state of profound abstraction,— wondering, probably, whether he was destined to be regaled with a cabbage-stalk or two, when he had disposed of the two sacks of soot with which the little cart was laden; so, without noticing the word of command, he jogged onwards.

Mr. Gamfield growled a fierce imprecation on the donkey generally, but more particularly on his eyes; and, running after him, bestowed a blow on his head which would inevitably have beaten in any skull but a donkey's; then, catching hold of the bridle, he gave his jaw a sharp wrench, by way of gentle reminder that he was not his own master: and, having by these means turned him round, he gave him another blow on the head, just to stun him till he came back again; and, having done so, walked up to the gate to read the bill.

The gentleman with the white waistcoat was standing at the gate with his hands behind him, after having delivered himself of some profound sentiments in the board-room. Having witnessed the little dispute between Mr. Gamfield and the donkey, he smiled joyously when that person came up to read the bill, for he saw at once that Mr. Gamfield was just exactly the sort of master Oliver Twist wanted. Mr. Gamfield smiled, too, as he perused the document, for five pounds was just the sum he had been wishing for; and, as to the boy with which it was encumbered, Mr. Gamfield, knowing what the dietary of the workhouse was, well knew he would be a nice small pattern, just the very thing for register stoves. So he spelt the bill through again, from beginning to end; and then, touching his fur cap in token of humility, accosted the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"This here boy, sir, wot the parish wants to 'prentis," said Mr. Gamfield.

"Yes, my man," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, with a condescending smile, "what of him?"

"If the parish would like him to learn a light, pleasant trade, in a good 'spectable chimbley-sweepin' bisness," said Mr. Gamfield, "I wants a 'prentis, and I'm ready to take him."

"Walk in," said the gentlemen with the white waistcoat. And Mr. Gamfield having lingered behind, to give the donkey another blow on the head, and another wrench of the jaw as a caution not to run away in his absence, followed the gentleman with the white waistcoat, into the room where Oliver had first seen him.

"It's a nasty trade," said Mr. Limbkins, when Gamfield had again stated his wish.

[Pg
220]

"Young boys have been smothered in chimneys, before now," said another gentleman.

"That's acause they damped the straw afore they lit it in the chimbley to make 'em come down again," said Gamfield; "that's all smoke, and no blaze; vereas smoke ain't o' no use at all in makin' a boy come down; it only sinds him to sleep, and that's wot he likes. Boys is wery obstinit, and wery lazy, gen'lm'n, and there's nothink like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down vith a run; it's humane too, gen'lm'n, acause, even if they've stuck in the chimbley, roastin' their feet makes 'em struggle to hextricate theirselves."

The gentleman in the white waistcoat appeared very much amused with this explanation; but his mirth was speedily checked by a look from Mr. Limbkins. The board then proceeded to converse among themselves for a few minutes; but in so low a tone that the words "saving of expenditure," "look well in the accounts," "have a printed report published," were alone audible: and they only chanced to be heard on account of their being very frequently repeated with great emphasis.

At length the whispering ceased, and the members of the board having resumed their seats, and their solemnity, Mr. Limbkins said,

"We have considered your proposition, and we don't approve of it."

"Not at all," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Decidedly not," added the other members.

As Mr. Gamfield did happen to labour under the slight imputation of having bruised three or four boys to death, already, it occurred to him that the board had perhaps, in some unaccountable freak, taken it into their heads that this extraneous circumstance ought to influence their proceedings. It was very unlike their general mode of doing business, if they had; but still, as he had no particular wish to revive the rumour, he twisted his cap in his hands, and walked slowly from table.

"So you won't let me have him, gen'lmen," said Mr. Gamfield, pausing near the door.

"No," replied Mr. Limbkins; "at least, as it's a nasty business, we think you ought to take something less than the premium we offered."

Mr. Gamfield's countenance brightened, as, with a quick step he returned to the table, and said,

"What'll you give, gen'lmen, however this page all spelt as shown? Come, don't be too hard on a poor man. What'll you give?"

"I should say three pound ten was plenty," said Mr. Limbkins.

"Ten shillings too much," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Come," said Gamfield; "say four pound, gen'lmen. Say four pound, and you've got rid of him for good and all. There!"

"Three pound ten," repeated Mr. Limbkins, firmly.

"Come, I'll split the difference, gen'lmen," urged Gamfield. "Three pound fifteen."

"Not a farthing more," was the firm reply of Mr. Limbkins.

"You're desp'rate hard upon me, gen'lmen," said Gamfield, wavering.

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said the gentlemen in the white waistcoat. "He'd be cheap with nothing at all, as a premium. Take him, you silly fellow! He's just the boy for you. He wants the stick now and then; it'll do him good; and his board needn't come very expensive, for he hasn't been overfed since he was born. Ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Gamfield gave an arch look at the faces round the table, and, observing a smile on all of them, gradually broke into a smile himself. The bargain was made, and Mr. Bumble was at once instructed that Oliver Twist and his indentures were to be conveyed before the magistrate for signature and approval, that very afternoon.

In pursuance of this determination, little Oliver, to his excessive astonishment, was released from bondage, and ordered to put himself into a clean shirt. He had hardly achieved this very unusual gymnastic performance, when Mr. Bumble brought him with his own hands, a basin of gruel, and the holiday allowance of two ounces and a quarter of bread; at sight of which Oliver began to cry very piteously, thinking, not unnaturally, that the board must have determined to kill him for some useful purpose, or they never would have begun to fatten him up in this way.

"Don't make your eyes red, Oliver, but eat your food, and be thankful," said Mr. Bumble, in a tone of impressive pomposity. "You're a-going to be made a 'prentice of, Oliver."

"A 'prentice, sir!" said the child, trembling.

"Yes, Oliver," said Mr. Bumble. "The kind and blessed gentlemen which is so many parents to you, Oliver, when you have none of your own, are a-going to 'prentice you, and to set you up in life, and make a man of you, although the expence to the parish is three pound ten!—three pound ten, Oliver!—seventy shillin's!—one hundred and forty sixpences!—and all for a naughty orphan which nobody can love."

As Mr. Bumble paused to take breath after delivering this address, in an awful voice, the tears rolled down the poor child's face, and he sobbed bitterly.

"Come," said Mr. Bumble, somewhat less pompously; for it was gratifying to his feelings to observe the effect his eloquence had produced. "Come, Oliver, wipe your eyes with the cuffs of your jacket, and don't cry into your gruel; that's a very foolish action, Oliver." It certainly was, for there was quite enough water in it already.

On their way to the magistrate's, Mr. Bumble instructed Oliver that all he would have to do, would be to look very happy, and say, when the gentleman asked him if he wanted to be apprenticed, that he should like it very much indeed; both of which injunctions Oliver promised to obey, the more readily as Mr. Bumble threw in a gentle hint, that if he failed in either particular, there was no telling what would be done to him. When they arrived at the office, he was shut up in a little room by himself and admonished by Mr. Bumble to stay there, until he came back to fetch him.

There the boy remained with a palpitating heart for half an hour, at the expiration of which time Mr. Bumble thrust in his head, unadorned with the cocked-hat, and said aloud,

"Now, Oliver, my dear, come to the gentleman." As Mr. Bumble said this, he put on a grim and threatening look, and added in a low voice, "Mind what I told you, you young rascal."

Oliver stared innocently in Mr. Bumble's face at this somewhat contradictory style of address; but that gentleman prevented his offering any remark thereupon, by leading him at once into an adjoining room, the door of which was open. It was a large room with a great window; and behind a desk sat two old gentlemen with powdered heads, one of whom was reading the newspaper, while the other was perusing, with the aid of a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, a small piece of parchment which lay before him. Mr. Limbkins was standing in front of the desk, on one side; and Mr. Gamfield, with a partially washed face, on the other; while two or three bluff-looking men in top-boots were lounging about.

The old gentleman with the spectacles gradually dozed off, over the little bit of parchment; and there was a short pause after Oliver had been stationed by Mr. Bumble in front of the desk.

"This is the boy, your worship," said Mr. Bumble.

The old gentleman who was reading the newspaper raised his head for a moment, and pulled the other old gentleman by the sleeve, whereupon the last-mentioned old gentleman woke up.

"Oh, is this the boy?" said the old gentleman.

"This is him, sir," replied Mr. Bumble. "Bow to the magistrate, my dear."

Oliver roused himself, and made his best obeisance. He had been wondering, with his eyes fixed on the magistrates' powder, whether all boards were born with that white stuff on their heads, and were boards from thenceforth, on that account.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I suppose he's fond of chimney-sweeping?"

"He dotes on it, your worship," replied Bumble, giving Oliver a sly pinch, to intimate that he had better not say he didn't.

"And he *will* be a sweep, will he?" inquired the old gentleman.

"If we was to bind him to any other trade to-morrow, he'd run away simultaneously, your worship," replied Bumble.

"And this man that's to be his master,—you, sir,—you'll treat him well, and feed him, and do all that sort of thing,—will you?" said the old gentleman.

"When I says I will, I means I will," replied Mr. Gamfield doggedly.

"You're a rough speaker, my friend, but you look an honest, open-hearted man," said the old gentleman, turning his spectacles in the direction of the candidate for Oliver's premium, whose villanous countenance was a regular stamped receipt for cruelty. But the magistrate was half blind, and half childish, so he couldn't reasonably be expected to discern what other people did.

"I hope I am, sir," said Mr. Gamfield with an ugly leer.

"I have no doubt you are, my friend," replied the old gentleman, fixing his spectacles more firmly on his nose, and looking about him for the inkstand.

It was the critical moment of Oliver's fate. If the inkstand had been where the old gentleman thought it was, he would have dipped his pen into it and signed the indentures, and Oliver would have been straightway hurried off. But, as it chanced to be immediately under his nose, it followed as a matter of course that he looked all over his desk for it, without finding it; and happening in the course of his search to look straight before him, his encountered the pale and terrified face of Oliver Twist, who, despite all the admonitory looks and pinches of Bumble, was regarding the very repulsive countenance of his future master with a mingled expression of horror and fear, too palpable to be mistaken even by a half-blind magistrate.

The old gentleman stopped, laid down his pen, and looked from Oliver to Mr. Limbkins, who attempted to take snuff with a cheerful and unconcerned aspect.

"My boy," said the old gentleman, leaning over the desk. Oliver started at the sound,—he might be excused for doing so, for the words were kindly said, and strange sounds frighten one. He trembled violently, and burst into tears.

"My boy," said the old gentleman, "you look pale and alarmed. What is the matter?"

"Stand a little away from him, beadle," said the other magistrate, laying aside the paper, and

leaning forward with an expression of some interest. "Now, boy, tell us what's the matter: don't be afraid."

Oliver fell on his knees, and, clasping his hands together, prayed that they would order him back to the dark room,—that they would starve him—beat him—kill him if they pleased—rather than send him away, with that dreadful man.

"Well!" said Mr. Bumble, raising his hands and eyes with most impressive solemnity,—*"Well!* of *all* the artful and designing orphans that ever I see, Oliver, you are one of the most bare-facedest."

"Hold your tongue, beadle," said the second old gentleman, when Mr. Bumble had given vent to this compound adjective.

"I beg your worship's pardon," said Mr. Bumble, incredulous of his having heard aright,—*"did your worship speak to me?"*

"Yes—hold your tongue."

Mr. Bumble was stupified with astonishment. A beadle ordered to hold his tongue! A moral revolution.

The old gentleman in the tortoise-shell spectacles looked at his companion: he nodded significantly.

"We refuse to sanction these indentures," said the old gentleman, tossing aside the piece of parchment as he spoke.

"I hope," stammered Mr. Limbkins,—*"I hope the magistrates will not form the opinion that the authorities have been guilty of any improper conduct, on the unsupported testimony of a mere child."*

"The magistrates are not called upon to pronounce any opinion on the matter," said the second old gentleman sharply. *"Take the boy back to the workhouse, and treat him kindly. He seems to want it."*

That same evening the gentleman in the white waistcoat most positively and decidedly affirmed, not only that Oliver would be hung, but that he would be drawn and quartered into the bargain. Mr. Bumble shook his head with gloomy mystery, and said he wished he might come to good; to which Mr. Gamfield replied, that he wished he might come to him, which, although he agreed with the beadle in most matters, would seem to be a wish of a totally opposite description.

The next morning the public were once more informed that Oliver Twist was again to let, and that five pounds would be paid to anybody who would take possession of him.

[Pg
225]

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

OLIVER, BEING OFFERED ANOTHER PLACE,
MAKES HIS FIRST ENTRY INTO PUBLIC LIFE.

In great families, when an advantageous place cannot be obtained, either in possession, reversion, remainder, or expectancy, for the young man who is growing up, it is a very general custom to send him to sea. The board, in imitation of so wise and salutary an example, took counsel together on the expediency of shipping off Oliver Twist in some small trading vessel bound to a good unhealthy port, which suggested itself as the very best thing that could possibly be done with him; the probability being, that the skipper would either flog him to death, in a playful mood, some day after dinner, or knock his brains out with an iron bar,—both pastimes being, as is pretty generally known, very favourite and common recreations among gentlemen of that class. The more the case presented itself to the board, in this point of view, the more manifold the advantages of the step appeared; so they came to the conclusion that the only way of providing for Oliver effectually, was to send him to sea without delay.

Mr. Bumble had been despatched to make various preliminary inquiries, with the view of finding out some captain or other who wanted a cabin-boy without any friends; and was returning to the workhouse to communicate the result of his mission, when he encountered just at the gate no less a person than Mr. Sowerberry, the parochial undertaker.

Mr. Sowerberry was a tall, gaunt, large-jointed man, attired in a suit of threadbare black, with darned cotton stockings of the same colour, and shoes to answer. His features were not naturally intended to wear a smiling aspect, but he was in general rather given to professional jocosity; his step was elastic, and his face betokened inward pleasantry, as he advanced to Mr. Bumble and shook him cordially by the hand.

"I have taken the measure of the two women that died last night, Mr. Bumble," said the undertaker.

"You'll make your fortune, Mr. Sowerberry," said the beadle, as he thrust his thumb and forefinger into the proffered snuff-box of the undertaker, which was an ingenious little model of a patent coffin. "I say you'll make your fortune, Mr. Sowerberry," repeated Mr. Bumble, tapping the undertaker on the shoulder in a friendly manner, with his cane.

"Think so?" the undertaker in a tone which half admitted and half disputed the probability of the event. "The prices allowed by the board are very small, Mr. Bumble."

"So are the coffins," replied the beadle, with precisely as near an approach to a laugh as a great official ought to indulge in.

Mr. Sowerberry was much tickled at this, as of course he ought to be, and laughed a long time without cessation, "Well, well, Mr. Bumble," he said at length, "there's no denying that, since the new system of feeding has come in, the coffins are something narrower and more shallow than they used to be; but we must have some profit, Mr. Bumble. Well-seasoned timber is an expensive article, sir; and all the iron bundles come by canal from Birmingham."

[Pg
226]

"Well, well," said Mr. Bumble, "every trade has its drawbacks, and a fair profit is of course allowable."

"Of course, of course," replied the undertaker; "and if I don't get a profit upon this or that particular article, why, I make it up in the long run, you see—he! he! he!"

"Just so," said Mr. Bumble.

"Though I must say,"—continued the undertaker, resuming the current of observations which the beadle had interrupted,—"though I must say, Mr. Bumble, that I have to contend against one very great disadvantage, which is, that all the stout people go off the quickest—I mean that the people who have been better off; and have paid rates for many years, are the first to sink when they come into the house; and let me tell you, Mr. Bumble, that three or four inches over one's calculation makes a great hole in one's profits, especially when one has a family to provide for, sir."

As Mr. Sowerberry said this, with the becoming indignation of an ill-used man, and as Mr. Bumble felt that it rather tended to convey a reflection on the honour of the parish, the latter gentleman thought it advisable to change the subject; and Oliver Twist being uppermost in his mind, he made him his theme.

"By the bye," said Mr. Bumble, "you don't know anybody who wants a boy, do you—a parochial 'prentis, who is at present a dead-weight,—a millstone, as I may say—round the parochial throat? Liberal terms, Mr. Sowerberry—liberal terms;"—and, as Mr. Bumble spoke, he raised his cane to the bill above him, and gave three distinct raps upon the words "five pounds," which were printed therein in Roman capitals of gigantic size.

"Gadso!" said the undertaker, taking Mr. Bumble by the gilt-edged lappel of his official coat; "that's just the very thing I wanted to speak to you about. You know—dear me, what a very elegant button this is, Mr. Bumble; I never noticed it before."

"Yes, I think it is rather pretty," said the beadle, glancing proudly downwards at the large brass buttons which embellished his coat. "The die is the same as the parochial seal,—the Good Samaritan healing the sick and bruised man. The board presented it to me on New-year's morning, Mr. Sowerberry. I put it on, I remember, for the first time, to attend the inquest on that reduced tradesman who died in a doorway at midnight."

"I recollect," said the undertaker. "The jury brought in 'Died from exposure to the cold, and want of the common necessities of life,'—didn't they?"

Mr. Bumble nodded.

"And they made it a special verdict, I think," said the undertaker, "by adding some words to the effect, that if the relieving officer had——"

"Tush—foolery!" interposed the beadle angrily. "If the board attended to all the nonsense that ignorant jurymen talk, they'd have enough to do."

"Very true," said the undertaker; "they would indeed."

"Juries," said Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane tightly, as was his wont when working into a passion,— "juries is ineddicated, vulgar, grovelling wretches."

"So they are," said the undertaker.

"They haven't no more philosophy or political economy about 'em than that," said the beadle, snapping his fingers contemptuously.

"No more they have," acquiesced the undertaker.

"I despise 'em," said the beadle, growing very red in the face.

"So do I," rejoined the undertaker.

"And I only wish we'd a jury of the independent sort in the house for a week or two," said the beadle; "the rules and regulations of the board would soon bring their spirit down for them."

"Let 'em alone for that," replied the undertaker. So saying, he smiled approvingly to calm the rising wrath of the indignant parish officer.

Mr. Bumble lifted off his cocked-hat, took a handkerchief from the inside of the crown, wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his rage had engendered, fixed the cocked-hat on again; and, turning to the undertaker, said in a calmer voice,

"Well, what about the boy?"

"Oh!" replied the undertaker; "why, you know, Mr. Bumble, I pay a good deal towards the poor's rates."

"Hem!" said Mr. Bumble. "Well?"

[Pg
227]

"Well," replied the undertaker, "I was thinking that if I pay so much towards 'em, I've a right to get as much out of 'em as I can, Mr. Bumble; and so—and so—I think I'll take the boy myself."

Mr. Bumble grasped the undertaker by the arm, and led him into the building. Mr. Sowerberry was closeted with the board for five minutes, and then it was arranged that Oliver should go to him that evening "upon liking,"—a phrase which means, in the case of a parish apprentice, that if the master find, upon a short trial, that he can get enough work out of a boy without putting too much food in him, he shall have him for a term of years, to do what he likes with.

When little Oliver was taken before "the gentlemen" that evening, and informed that he was to go that night as general house-lad to a coffin-maker's, and that if he complained of his situation, or ever came back to the parish again, he would be sent to sea, there to be drowned, or knocked on the head, as the case might be, he evinced so little emotion, that they by common consent pronounced him a hardened young rascal, and ordered Mr. Bumble to remove him forthwith.

[Pg
228]

Now, although it was very natural that the board, of all people in the world, should feel in a great state of virtuous astonishment and horror at the smallest tokens of want of feeling on the part of anybody, they were rather out, in this particular instance. The simple fact was, that Oliver, instead of possessing too little feeling, possessed rather too much, and was in a fair way of being reduced to a state of brutal stupidity and sullenness for life, by the ill usage he had received. He heard the news of his destination in perfect silence, and, having had his luggage put into his hand,—which was not very difficult to carry, inasmuch as it was all comprised within the limits of a brown paper parcel, about half a foot square by three inches deep,—he pulled his cap over his eyes, and once more attaching himself to Mr. Bumble's coat cuff, was led away by that dignitary to a new scene of suffering.

For some time Mr. Bumble drew Oliver along, without notice or remark, for the beadle carried his head very erect, as a beadle always should; and, it being a windy day, little Oliver was completely enshrouded by the skirts of Mr. Bumble's coat as they blew open, and disclosed to great advantage his flapped waistcoat and drab plush knee-breeches. As they drew near to their destination, however, Mr. Bumble thought it expedient to look down and see that the boy was in good order for inspection by his new master, which he accordingly did, with a fit and becoming air of gracious patronage.

"Oliver!" said Mr. Bumble.

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, in a low, tremulous voice.

"Pull that cap off of your eyes, and hold up your head, sir."

Although Oliver did as he was desired at once, and passed the back of his unoccupied hand briskly across his eyes, he left a tear in them when he looked up at his conductor. As Mr. Bumble gazed sternly upon him, it rolled down his cheek. It was followed by another, and another. The child made a strong effort, but it was an unsuccessful one; and, withdrawing his other hand from Mr. Bumble's, he covered his face with both, and wept till the tears sprung out from between his thin and bony fingers.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble, stopping short, and darting at his little charge a look of intense malignity,—"*well*, of *all* the ungratefullest, and worst-disposed boys as ever I see, Oliver, you are the—"

"No, no, sir," sobbed Oliver, clinging to the hand which held the well-known cane; "no, no, sir; I will be good indeed; indeed, indeed, I will, sir! I am a very little boy, sir; and it is so—so—"

"So what?" inquired Mr. Bumble in amazement.

"So lonely, sir—so very lonely," cried the child. "Everybody hates me. Oh! sir, don't be cross to me. I feel as if I had been cut here, sir, and it was all bleeding away;" and the child beat his hand upon his heart, and looked into his companion's face with tears of real agony.

Mr. Bumble regarded Oliver's piteous and helpless look with some astonishment for a few seconds, hemmed three or four times in a husky manner, and, after muttering something about "that troublesome cough," bid Oliver dry his eyes and be a good boy; and, once more taking his hand, walked on with him in silence.

The undertaker had just put up the shutters of his shop, and was making some entries in his day-book by the light of a most appropriately dismal candle, when Mr. Bumble entered.

"Aha!" said the undertaker, looking up from the book, and pausing in the middle of a word; "is that you, Bumble?"

"No one else, Mr. Sowerberry," replied the beadle. "Here, I've brought the boy." Oliver made a bow.

"Oh! that's the boy, is it?" said the undertaker, raising the candle above his head to get a full glimpse of Oliver. "Mrs. Sowerberry! will you come here a moment, my dear?"

Mrs. Sowerberry emerged from a little room behind the shop, and presented the form of a short, thin, squeezed-up woman, with a vixenish countenance.

"My dear," said Mr. Sowerberry, deferentially, "this is the boy from the workhouse that I told you of." Oliver bowed again.

"Dear me!" said the undertaker's wife, "he's very small."

"Why, he *is* rather small," replied Mr. Bumble, looking at Oliver as if it were his fault that he wasn't bigger; "he is small,—there's no denying it. But he'll grow, Mrs. Sowerberry,—he'll grow."

[Pg
229]

"Ah! I dare say he will," replied the lady pettishly, "on our victuals, and our drink. I see no saving in parish children, not I; for they always cost more to keep, than they're worth: however, men always think they know best. There, get down stairs, little bag o' bones." With this, the undertaker's wife opened a side door, and pushed Oliver down a steep flight of stairs into a stone cell, damp and dark, forming the ante-room to the coal-cellar, and denominated "the kitchen," wherein sat a slatternly girl in shoes down at heel, and blue worsted stockings very much out of repair.

"Here, Charlotte," said Mrs. Sowerberry, who had followed Oliver down, "give this boy some of the cold bits that were put by for Trip: he hasn't come home since the morning, so he may go without 'em. I dare say he isn't too dainty to eat 'em,—are you, boy?"

Oliver, whose eyes had glistened at the mention of meat, and who was trembling with eagerness to devour it, replied in the negative; and a plateful of coarse broken victuals was set before him.

I wish some well-fed philosopher, whose meat and drink turn to gall within him, whose blood is ice, and whose heart is iron, could have seen Oliver Twist clutching at the dainty viands that the dog had neglected, and witnessed the horrible avidity with which he tore the bits asunder with all the ferocity of famine:—there is only one thing I should like better; and that would be to see him making the same sort of meal himself with the same relish.

"Well," said the undertaker's wife, when Oliver had finished his supper, which she had regarded in silent horror, and with fearful auguries of his future appetite, "have you done?"

There being nothing eatable within his reach, Oliver replied in the affirmative.

"Then come with me," said Mrs. Sowerberry, taking up a dim and dirty lamp, and leading the way up stairs; "your bed's under the counter. You won't mind sleeping among the coffins, I suppose?—but it doesn't much matter whether you will or not, for you won't sleep any where else. Come; don't keep me here, all night."

Oliver lingered no longer, but meekly followed his new mistress.

A REMNANT OF THE TIME OF IZAAK WALTON.

VENATOR, AMATOR, EBRIOLUS.

Venator.

Good morrow, good morrow! say whither ye go,—
To the chase above, or the woods below?
Brake and hollow their quarry hold,
Streams are bright with backs of gold:
'Twere shame to lose so fair a day,—
So, whither ye wend, my masters, say.

Amator.

The dappled herd in peace may graze,
The fish fling back the sun's bright rays;
I bend no bow, I cast no line,
The chase of Love alone is mine.

Ebriolus.

Your venison and pike
Ye may get as ye like,
They grace a board right well;
But the sport for my share
Is the chase of old Care,
When the wine-cup tolls his knell.

Venator.

Give ye good-den, my masters twain,
I'll flout ye, when we meet again:
Sad lover, lay thee down and pine;
Go thou, and blink o'er thy noon-day wine;
I'll to the woods. Well may ye fare
With two such deer, as Love and Care.

THE "ORIGINAL" DRAGON.

A LEGEND OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

Freely translated from an undeciphered MS. of Con-fuse-us,^[49] and dedicated to Colonel Bolsover, (of the Horse Marines,) by C. J. Davids, Esq.

I.

A desperate dragon, of singular size,—
(His name was *Wing-Fang-Scratch-Claw-Fum*,)—
Flew up one day to the top of the skies,
While all the spectators with terror were dumb.
The vagabond vow'd, as he sported his tail,
He'd have a *sky lark*, and some glorious fun;
For he'd nonplus the natives that day without fail,
By causing a *total eclipse of the sun!*^[50]
He collected a crowd by his impudent boast,
(Some decently dress'd—some with hardly a rag on,)
Who said that the country was ruin'd and lost,
Unless they could compass the death of the *dragon*.

II.

The emperor came with the whole of his court,—
(His majesty's name was *Ding-Dong-Junk*)—
And he said—to delight in such profligate sport,
The monster was mad, or disgracefully drunk.
He call'd on the army: the troops to a man
Declar'd—though they didn't feel frighten'd the least—
They never could think it a sensible plan
To go within reach of so ugly a beast.
So he offer'd his daughter, the lovely *Nan-Keen*,
And a painted pavilion, with many a flag on,
To any brave knight who would step in between
The *solar eclipse* and the dare-devil *dragon*.

III.

Presently came a reverend bonze,—
(His name, I'm told, was *Long-Chin-Joss*,)—
With a phiz very like the complexion of bronze;
And for suitable words he was quite at a loss.
But, he humbly submitted, the orthodox way
To succour the *sun*, and to bother the foe,
Was to make a new church-rate without more delay,
As the clerical funds were deplorably low.
Though he coveted nothing at all for himself,
(A virtue he always delighted to brag on,)
He thought, if the priesthood could pocket some pelf,
It might hasten the doom of this impious *dragon*.

IV.

The next that spoke was the court buffoon,—
(The name of this buffer was *Whim-Wham-Fun*,)—
Who carried a salt-box, and large wooden spoon,
With which, he suggested, the job might be done.
Said the jester, "I'll wager my rattle and bells,
Your pride, my fine fellow, shall soon have a fall:
If you make many more of your damnable yells,
I know a good method to make you sing small!"
And, when he had set all the place in a roar,
As his merry conceits led the whimsical wag on,
He hinted a plan to get rid of the bore,
By putting some *salt* on the *tail* of the *dragon!*

V.

At length appear'd a brisk young knight,—
(The far-fam'd warrior, *Bam-Boo-Gong*,)—
Who threaten'd to burke the big blackguard outright,
And have the deed blazon'd in story and song.
With an excellent shot from a very *long bow*
He damag'd the dragon by cracking his crown;
When he fell to the ground (as my documents show)
With a smash that was heard many miles out of town.
His death was the signal for frolic and spree—
They carried the corpse in a common stage-waggon;
And the hero was crown'd with the leaves of green tea,
For saving the *sun* from the jaws of the *dragon*.

VI.

A poet, whose works were all the rage,—
(This gentleman's name was *Sing-Song-Strum*,)—
Told the terrible tale on his popular page:
(Compar'd with *his* verses, *my* rhymes are but rum!)

The Royal Society claim'd, as their right,
The spoils of the vanquish'd—his wings, tail, and claws;
And a brilliant bravura, describing the fight,
Was sung on the stage with unbounded applause.
"The valiant *Bam-Boo*" was a favourite toast,
And a topic for future historians to fag on,
Which, when it had reach'd to the Middlesex coast,
Gave rise to the legend of "*George and the Dragon*."

[Pg 233]

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF BEAUMARCHAIS.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

M. de Beaumarchais, the celebrated French dramatist, was one of the most remarkable men of his time, though his fame now rests in a great measure on his two comedies, *Le Barbier de Seville*, and *Le Mariage de Figaro*; and even these titles are now-a-days much more generally associated with the names of Rossini and Mozart, than with that of Beaumarchais. Few comedies, however, have been more popular on the French stage than these delightful productions. The character of Susanna was the *chef d'œuvre* of the fascinating Mademoiselle Contat; and has preserved its attractions, almost down to the present time, in the hands of her evergreen successor, the inimitable Mars. The Count and Countess Almaviva, Susanna, Figaro, and Cherubino, have now become the property of Italian singers; and, in this musical age, even the French public have been content to give up the wit, satire, point, and playfulness of the original comedies, for those meagre outlines which have been made the vehicles for the most charming dramatic music in the world. Not that *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* are not lively and amusing, considered as operas; but the *vis comica* of Beaumarchais has almost entirely evaporated in the process of transmutation.

None of the other dramatic works of Beaumarchais are comparable to these. Some of them bear marks of immature genius; and his last play, *La Mère Coupable*, the conclusion of the history of the Almaviva family, was written after a long interval, and when advanced age, and a life of cares and troubles, appear to have extinguished the author's gaiety, and changed the tone of his feelings. The play is written with power, but it is gloomy, and even tragical; succeeding its lively and brilliant precursors as a sunset of clouds and darkness closes a bright and smiling day. It painfully disturbs the agreeable associations produced by the names of its characters; and, for the sake of these associations, every one who reads it must wish to forget it.

But it is not so much to the writings of Beaumarchais, as to himself, that we wish at present to direct the attention of our readers. His life was anything but that of a man of letters. He possessed extraordinary talents for affairs; and, during his whole life, was deeply engaged in important pursuits both of a private and public nature. Extensive commercial enterprises, lawsuits of singular complication, and missions of great moment as a political agent, withdrew him from the walks of literature, and probably prevented him (as one of his biographers has remarked) from enriching the French stage with twenty dramatic masterpieces, instead of two or three. In this respect he resembled our Sheridan, as well as in the character of his genius; for we know of no plays that are more akin to each other, in many remarkable features, than *The School for Scandal* and *Le Mariage de Figaro*.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the history of Beaumarchais, that a considerable portion of his literary fame was derived from a species of composition from which anything of the kind could hardly have been expected,—the pleadings, or law-papers, in the various causes in which he was involved. The proceedings in the French parliaments, or high courts of justice, were totally different from those with which we are acquainted in England; though they were similar to those which were practised in the Scottish court of session, (a tribunal formed on the French model,) before that court came in for its share in the general progress of reform. There were no juries; the proceedings were conducted under the direction of a single judge, whose business it was to prepare the cause for decision, and then to make a report upon it to the whole court, by whom the judgment was given. A favourable view of the case from the reporting judge was, of course, an object of much importance; and the most urgent solicitations by the litigants and their friends—nay, even bribes—were often employed to obtain it. A charge against Beaumarchais,—a groundless one, however,—of having attempted to bribe the wife of one of these judges, exposed him to a long and violent persecution. Among his enemies were men of rank and power; the grossest calumnies against him were circulated in the highest quarters, and countenanced by the court in which he was a litigant; the bar became afraid to support him, and he could no longer find an advocate. In these forlorn circumstances the energy of his character did not abandon him, and he resolved to become his own advocate.

The pleadings in the French courts of those days were all written. The cause was debated in *mémoires*, or memorials, in which the pleas of the parties were stated without any of our technical formality. Law, logic, eloquence, pathos, and sarcasm, were all employed, in whatever way the pleader thought most advantageous. The paper was printed and distributed, not only among the judges, but among the friends and connexions of the parties; and when the case excited much interest, the distribution was often so extensive as almost to amount to publication. Beaumarchais, deserted by his former advocates, began to compose his own memorials, to which he found means to obtain the mere signature of some member of the bar. In this manner he

[Pg
234]

fought a long and desperate battle, in which, after some severe reverses, (one of which was the burning of a series of his memorials by the common hangman, pursuant to a sentence of the court,) he at length achieved a complete and signal victory over all his enemies, whom he not only defeated on the immediate subjects of dispute, but overwhelmed with universal ridicule and contempt.

In the mean time these *mémoires* produced an extraordinary sensation throughout France. When a new one appeared, it flew from hand to hand like lightning. The causes in which Beaumarchais was involved were so interesting in themselves, and connected with such strange occurrences, that, had they belonged to the period of the *Causes Célèbres*, they would have made a remarkable figure in that famous collection. Their interest was increased a thousand-fold by the memorials of Beaumarchais. "The genius," says a French writer, "with which they are marked, the originality of the style, the dramatic form of the narrative, mingled with fine bursts of eloquence, keep the attention always awake; while the logical clearness of the reasoning, and the art of accompanying every statement of facts with striking and conclusive evidence, lay hold of the mind, and interest and instruct, without fatiguing the reader. But their most remarkable feature is the noble firmness of mind which they display; the serenity of a lofty spirit which the most terrible and unforeseen reverses were unable to subdue or intimidate; the stamp, in short, of a great character which is impressed upon them." These writings of Beaumarchais are spoken of in terms of admiration by the most eminent literati of that day, especially by Voltaire, in many parts of his correspondence; they attracted the notice of the government, and procured for their author several political missions, the results of which had no small influence on the public affairs of the time.

[Pg
235]

We have given this sketch of the character of Beaumarchais by way of introduction to an account of a remarkable incident of his life, taken from one of those extraordinary productions. Among other calumnies, he had been charged, at one time with a series of atrocities committed in Spain ten years before; and, among other things, with having endeavoured to bully a Spanish gentleman into a marriage with his sister, whom that gentleman had kept as a mistress; and it was added that he had been expelled from Spain in disgrace. In one of his *mémoires* he answers these accusations, by giving a narrative of his residence in Spain during the period in question. It is a leaf of "the romance of real life," and the interest of the story is heightened by the conviction of its entire truth; for every fact is confirmed by evidence, and the smallest incorrectness, as the writer knew, would be laid hold of by his enemies. Goethe, it is not immaterial to add, has made it the subject of his tragedy of *Clavijo*, the characters of which consist of Beaumarchais himself, and the other persons introduced into his narrative; though the great German dramatist has taken some poetical liberties with the story, especially in its tragical catastrophe.

The following narrative is a *condensation* of the original, which contains minute details and pieces of evidence, of great importance to M. de Beaumarchais' object at the time,—a conclusive vindication of his character, but not at all conducive to the interest of the story.

"For some years I had enjoyed the happiness of living in the bosom of my family; and our domestic union consoled me for all I suffered through the malice of my enemies. I had five sisters. Two of them had been committed by my father, at a very early age, to the care of one of his correspondents in Spain, so that I had only that faint but pleasant remembrance of them which is associated with our days of childhood. This remembrance, however, was kept alive by frequent correspondence.

"In February 1764, my father received from his eldest daughter a letter of very painful import. 'My sister,' she wrote, 'has been grossly abused by a powerful and dangerous man. Twice, when on the point of marrying her, he has broken his word, and withdrawn without condescending to assign any reason for his conduct; and my poor sister's wounded feelings have thrown her into a state of depression from which we have faint hopes of her recovery. For these six days she has not spoken a word. Under this unmerited stigma, we are living in the deepest retirement. I weep night and day, and endeavour to offer the unhappy girl comfort which I cannot find myself.'

"My father put his daughter's letter into my hands, 'Try, my son,' he said, 'what you can do for these poor girls. They are your sisters as well as the others.'

"'Alas, my dear father,' I said, 'what can I do for them? What assistance shall I ask? Who knows but they may have brought this disgrace upon themselves by some fault of their own?'

"My father showed me some letters from our ambassador to my elder sister, in which he spoke of both of them in terms of the highest esteem. I read these letters. They gave me courage; and my father's phrase, 'They are your sisters as well as the others,' had sunk into my heart. 'Console yourself,' I said to him, 'I am going to adopt a course that may surprise you; but it appears to me the surest and the most prudent. My eldest sister mentions several respectable persons in Paris who can give testimony to the good conduct and virtue of her sister. I will see them; and if their testimony is as honourable as that of our ambassador, I shall instantly set out for Madrid, and either punish the traitor who has outraged them, or bring them back with me to share my humble fortune.'

"My inquiries were completely satisfactory. I immediately returned to Versailles, and informed my august patronesses,^[51] that business, no less painful than urgent, demanded my immediate presence at Madrid. I showed them my sister's letter, and received their permission to depart, in terms of the kindest encouragement. My preparations were soon made, as I dreaded that I might not arrive in time to save my poor sister's life. I obtained the strongest letters of recommendation to our ambassador at Madrid; and my ancient friend, M. Duvernay, gave me a credit on himself to

[Pg
236]

the amount of two hundred thousand francs, to enable me to transact a piece of commercial business, and at the same time to increase my personal consideration. I was accompanied by one of my friends, a merchant, who had some business in Spain; but who went also partly on my account.

"We travelled day and night, and arrived in Madrid on the 18th of May 1764. I had been expected for some days, and found my sisters in the midst of their friends. As soon as the feelings, caused by a meeting between a brother and his sisters, so long separated, and seeing each other once more under such circumstances, had subsided, I earnestly conjured them to give me an exact account of all that had happened, in order that I might be able to serve them effectually. The story was long and minute. When I had heard it to an end, I embraced my young sister:

"'Now that know all, my dear girl,' I said, 'keep your mind at ease. I am delighted to see that you no longer love this man, and my part is all the easier on that account. All that I want now, is to know where I can find him.'

"Our friends began eagerly to advise me to go, first of all, to Aranjuez, and wait upon the French ambassador, in order to obtain his protection against a man whose official situation gave him so much influence with people in power. But I had made up my mind to follow a different course; and, without giving any intimation of my intention, I merely begged that my arrival might be kept a secret till my return from Aranjuez.

"I immediately changed my travelling dress, and found my way to the residence of Don Joseph Clavijo, keeper of the archives of the crown. He was from home, but I went in search of him; and it was in the drawing-room of a lady whom he had gone to visit that I told him, that, having just arrived from France, and being intrusted with some commissions for him, I was anxious to have an interview with him as soon as possible. He asked me to breakfast the following morning; and I accepted the invitation for myself and the French merchant who was along with me.

"Next morning, I was with him at half-past eight o'clock. I found him in a splendid house, which, he said, belonged to Don Antonio Portugues, the highly-respected head of one of the government offices, and so much his friend, that in his absence he used the house as if it were his own.

"'I am commissioned, sir,' I began, 'by a society of men of letters, to establish, in the different towns which I visit, a literary correspondence with the most distinguished men of the place; and I am sure that I cannot serve my friends more effectually than by opening a correspondence between them and the distinguished author of the papers published under the title of the '*Pensador*'.^[52]

"He seemed delighted with the proposal. That I might the better know my man, I allowed him to expatiate on the advantages which different countries might derive from this kind of literary intercourse. His manner became quite affectionate; he talked like an oracle; and was all smiles and self-satisfaction. At last he bethought himself of asking what business of my own had brought me to Spain, politely expressing his wish to be of service to me.

"'I accept,' I said, 'your kind offers with much gratitude, and assure you, sir, that I shall explain my business very openly.'

"With the view of throwing him into a state of perplexity in which I intended him to remain till it should be cleared up by the conclusion of what I had to say, I again introduced my friend to him, telling him that the gentleman was not unacquainted with the matter, and that his presence would do no harm. At this exordium, Clavijo turned his eyes on my friend with an air of curiosity. I began:

"'A French merchant, who had a numerous family and a narrow fortune, had several correspondents in Spain. One of the richest of them, happening to be at Paris nine or ten years ago, proposed to adopt two of his daughters. He would take them, he said, to Madrid; he was an old bachelor; they should be to him as children, and be the comfort of his old age; and after his death they should succeed to his mercantile establishment. The two eldest daughters were committed to his care. Two years afterwards he died, leaving the Frenchwomen without any other advantage than the burden of carrying on an embarrassed commercial house. Their good conduct, however, and amiable qualities, gained them many friends, who exerted themselves to increase their credit and improve their circumstances.'

"I observed Clavijo become very attentive.

"'About this time, a young man, a native of the Canaries, got an introduction to their house.'

"Clavijo's gaiety of countenance vanished.

"'Anxious to make himself known, this young gentleman conceived the idea of giving Madrid a pleasure of a novel description in Spain, by establishing a periodical paper in the style of the English *Spectator*. He received encouragement and assistance, and nobody doubted that his undertaking would be fully successful. It was then that, animated by the hope of reputation and fortune, he made a proposal of marriage to the younger of the French ladies. The elder told him, that he should first endeavour to succeed in the world; and that as soon as some regular employment, or other means of honourable subsistence, should give him a right to think of her sister, her consent, if he gained her sister's affections, should not be wanting.'

"He became restless and agitated. Without seeming to notice his manner, I went on.

"The younger sister, touched by her admirer's merit, refused several advantageous proposals; and, preferring to wait till he who had loved her, for four years, should realise the hopes which he and his friends entertained, encouraged him to publish the first number of his journal under the imposing title of the *Pensador*.'

"Clavijo looked as if he were going to faint.

"The work,' I continued with the utmost coldness, 'had a prodigious success. The king, delighted with so charming a production, gave the author public marks of favour; and he was promised the first honourable employment that should be vacant. He then removed, by an open prosecution of his suit, every other person who had sought my sister's hand. The marriage was delayed only till the promised post should be obtained. At six months' end the post made its appearance, but the man vanished.'

"Here my listener heaved an involuntary sigh, and, perceiving what he had done, reddened with confusion. I went on without interruption.

"The matter had gone too far to be allowed to drop in this manner. A suitable house had been taken; the bans had been published. The common friends of the parties were indignant at such an outrage; the ambassador of France interfered; and when this man saw that the French ladies had protectors whose influence might be greater than his own, and might even destroy his opening prospects, he returned to throw himself at the feet of his offended mistress. He got her friends to intercede for him; and as the anger of a forsaken woman has generally love at the bottom, a reconciliation soon took place. The marriage preparations were resumed; the bans were re-published; the ceremony was to take place in three days. The reconciliation had made as much noise as the rupture. The lover set out for St. Ildefonso to ask the minister's consent to his marriage; entreating his friends to preserve for him till his return the now precarious affection of his mistress, and to arrange everything for the immediate performance of the ceremony.'

"In the horrible state into which he was thrown by this recital, but yet uncertain whether I might not be telling a story in which I had no personal interest, Clavijo from time to time fixed his eyes on my friend, whose *sangfroid* was no less puzzling than mine. I now looked him steadily in the face, and went on in a sterner tone.

"Two days afterwards he returned indeed from court; but, instead of leading his victim to the altar, he sent word to the poor girl that he had once more changed his mind, and would not marry her. Her indignant friends hastened to his house. The villain no longer kept any measures with them, but defied them to hurt him, telling them that if the Frenchwomen were disposed to give him any trouble, they had better take care of themselves. On hearing this intelligence, the young woman fell into convulsions so violent, that her life was long despaired of. In the midst of their desolation, the elder wrote to France an account of the public affront that they had received. They had a brother, who, deeply moved by the story, flew to Madrid, determined to investigate the affair to the bottom. *I am that brother. It is I who have left everything—my country, my family, my duties—to avenge in Spain the cause of an innocent and unhappy sister. It is I who come, armed with justice and resolution, to unmask and punish a villain; and it is you who are that villain.*'

"It is easier to imagine than describe the appearance of this man by the time I had concluded my speech. His mouth opened from time to time, and inarticulate sounds died away on his tongue. His countenance, at first so radiant with complacency and satisfaction, gradually darkened; his eyes became dim, his features lengthened, his complexion pale and haggard.

"He tried to stammer out some phrases by way of justification. 'Do not interrupt me, sir,' I said; 'you have nothing to say to me, and much to hear from me. In the first place, have the goodness to declare before this gentleman, who has accompanied me from France on account of this very business, whether, owing to any want of faith, levity, weakness, ill-temper, or any other fault, my sister has deserved the double outrage she has received from you.'

"No, sir; I acknowledge Donna Maria, your sister, to be a young lady full of charms, accomplishments, and virtues.'

"Has she ever, since you have known her, given you any ground of complaint?'

"No, never.'

"Well, then, monster that you are! why have you had the barbarity to bring a poor girl to death's door, merely because her heart gave you the preference over half a dozen other persons more respectable and better than you?'

"Ah, sir, I have been advised, instigated: if you knew——'

"I interrupted him: 'That is quite sufficient,' I said. Then, turning to my friend, 'You have heard my sister's justification; pray go, and make it known. What I have further to say to this gentleman requires no witness.'

"My friend left the room. Clavijo rose, but I made him resume his seat.

"It does not suit my views, any more than yours, that you should marry my sister; and you are probably aware that I am not come here to play the brother's part in a comedy, who desires to bring about his sister's happiness, as it is called. You have thought fit to insult a respectable young woman, because you thought her friendless in a strange land; your conduct has been base and dishonourable. You will please, therefore, to begin by acknowledging, under your hand, at perfect freedom, with all your doors open and all your domestics in the room, (who will not understand us, as we shall speak French,) that you have causelessly deceived, betrayed, insulted

my sister. With this declaration in my hand I shall hasten to Aranjuez, where our ambassador is; I shall show him the paper, and then have it printed; to-morrow it shall be abundantly circulated through the court and the city. I have some credit here—I have time and money; all shall be employed to deprive you of your place, and to pursue you without respite, and in every possible way, till my sister herself shall entreat me to forbear.'

"I shall make no such declaration,' said Clavijo, almost inarticulate from agitation.

"I dare say not, for I don't think, were I in your place, that I should do so myself. But you must consider the other alternative. From this moment I remain at your elbow. I will not leave you a moment. Wherever you go, I will go, till you shall have no other way of getting rid of so troublesome a neighbour but by going with me behind the Palace of Buen Retiro. If I am the survivor, sir, without even seeing the ambassador, or speaking to a single soul here, I shall take my dying sister in my arms, put her in my carriage, and return with her to France. If the luck is yours, all is ended with me. You will then be at liberty to enjoy your triumph, and laugh at your dupes as much as you please. Will you have the goodness to order breakfast.'

"I rose, and rang the bell; a servant brought in breakfast. I took my cup of chocolate, while Clavijo, in deep thought, walked about the room. At length he seemed all at once to form a resolution.

"M. de Beaumarchais,' he said, 'hear me. Nothing on earth can justify my conduct towards your sister; ambition has been my ruin; but if I had imagined that Donna Maria had a brother like you, far from looking upon her as a stranger without friends or connexions, I should have anticipated the greatest advantages from our union. You have inspired me with the greatest esteem; and I throw myself on your generosity, beseeching you to assist me in redressing, as far as I am able, the injuries I have done your sister. Restore her to me, sir; and I shall esteem myself too happy in receiving, from your hands, my wife and forgiveness of my offences.'

"It is too late,' I replied; 'my sister no longer loves you. Write a declaration,—that is all I require of you; and be satisfied that, as an open enemy, I will avenge my sister's wrongs till her own resentment is appeased.'

"He made many difficulties; objecting to the style in which I demanded his declaration; to its being all in his hand-writing; and to my insisting that the domestics should be in the room while he was writing it. But the alternative was pressing, and he had probably some lurking hope of regaining the affections of the woman who had loved him so long. His pride, therefore, gave way; and he submitted to write the declaration, which I dictated to him, walking about the room. It contained an ample testimony to the blameless character of my sister, and an acknowledgment of his causeless treachery towards her.

"When he had written and signed the paper, I put it in my pocket, and took my leave, repeating what I had said, as to the use I meant to make of it. He besought me, at least, to tell my sister of the marks of sincere repentance he had exhibited; and I promised to do so.

"My friend's return before me, to my sister's, had produced great alarm in the little circle that were waiting for us. I found the females in tears, and the men very uneasy. But when they heard my account of my interview, and saw the declaration, the general anxiety was turned into joy and congratulation. Every one was of a different opinion: some insisted on ruining Clavijo; others were inclined to forgive him; and others, again, were for leaving everything to my prudence. My sister entreated that she might never hear of him more. I resolved to go to Aranjuez and lay the whole affair before the Marquis D'Ossun, our ambassador.

"Before setting out, I wrote to Clavijo, telling him that my sister would not hear a word in his favour, and that I was therefore determined to adhere to my intention of doing all I could to avenge her injuries. He begged to see me; and I went without hesitation to his house. His language was full of the most bitter self-reproach; and, after many earnest entreaties, he obtained my permission to visit my elder sister, accompanied by a mutual friend, and my promise, in case he should fail in obtaining forgiveness, not to publish his dishonour till after my return from Aranjuez.

"The Marquis D'Ossun received me very kindly. I told him my story, concluding with an account of my meeting with Clavijo, which he could hardly credit, till I showed him the declaration. He asked me what were my views—did I desire to make Clavijo marry my sister?—'No, my lord, my object is to disgrace him publicly.' The Marquis dissuaded me from proceeding to extremities. Clavijo, he said, was a rising man, and evidently in the way of great advancement; ambition had alienated him from my sister; but ambition, repentance, or affection, seemed to be bringing him back; all things considered, Clavijo seemed an advantageous match, and the wisest thing I could do was to get the marriage celebrated immediately. He hinted further, that, by following his advice, I should do him a pleasure, for reasons which he could not explain.

"I returned to Madrid, much troubled by the result of this conference. On arriving at my sister's, I found that Clavijo had been there, accompanied by some mutual friends, in order to beseech my sisters to forgive him. Maria, on his appearance, had fled to her own room, and would not appear; and I was told he had conceived hopes from this little ebullition of resentment. I concluded, for my part, that he was well acquainted with woman, whose soft and tender nature, however deeply she may have been injured, is always prone to pardon the repentant lover whom she sees kneeling at her feet.

"After my return from Aranjuez, Clavijo found means to see me every day. I was delighted with his talents and attainments, and, above all, with the manly confidence he appeared to have in my

mediation. I was sincerely desirous to favour his suit; but the profound respect which my poor sister had for my judgment rendered me very circumspect in regard to her. It was her happiness, and not her fortune, that I wished to secure; her heart, and not her hand, that I wished to dispose of.

"On the 25th of May, Clavijo suddenly left the house of M. Portugues, and retired to the house of an officer of his acquaintance, in the quarters of the invalids. This hasty move appeared somewhat singular, though it did not, at the moment, give me any uneasiness. I went to see him: he explained his precipitate retreat by saying that, as M. Portugues was very much opposed to his marriage, he thought he could not give me a better proof of his sincerity than by leaving the house of so powerful an enemy of my sister. This appeared probable, and I felt obliged to him for so delicate a proceeding.

[Pg
242]

"Next day I received a letter from him, breathing the utmost frankness, honour, and good feeling. He renewed his offer of marriage, if my sister would only forgive his past conduct. He protested the most devoted and unalterable love for her; and called upon me to perform my promise of interceding for him. If it were possible for him, he said, to leave Madrid without an express order from the head of his department, he would instantly set out for Aranjuez to obtain that minister's consent to the marriage: he therefore begged that I would undertake that matter for him; and said that my prompt compliance would be the most convincing proof of my sincere good wishes.

"I read this letter to my sisters; Maria burst into tears. I embraced her tenderly. 'Well, poor child, you love him after all; and are mightily ashamed of it, no doubt! I see it all; but never mind—you are a good excellent girl, notwithstanding; and since your resentment is dying away, let it be extinguished altogether in the tears of forgiveness. They are sweet and soothing after tears of grief and anger. He is a sad fellow, this Clavijo, to be sure, like most men; but, such as he is, I join our worthy ambassador in advising you to forgive him. For his own sake, perhaps,' I added, laughing, 'I might have been as well pleased had he fought me; for yours, I am much better pleased that he has not.'

"I ran on in this way till my sister began to smile in the midst of her tears. I took this as a silent consent, and hastened away in search of her lover. I told him he was a hundred times happier than he deserved; and he agreed that I was in the right. I brought him to my sister's. The poor girl was overwhelmed, on all hands, by entreating friends, till at last, with a blush and a sigh of mingled pleasure and shame, she whispered a consent that we might dispose of her as we pleased. Clavijo was in raptures. In his joy, he ran to my writing-desk, and wrote a paper containing a brief but formal mutual engagement, which he signed, and then kneeling, presented it to my sister for her signature. The gentlemen present, joined their entreaties to his, and thus a written consent was extorted from my poor sister, who, no longer knowing where to hide her head, threw herself weeping into my arms, whispering in my ear, that really I was a hard-hearted man, and had no pity for her.

"We spent a very happy evening, as may well be imagined. At eleven o'clock I set out for Aranjuez, for in that warm climate the night is the pleasantest time for travelling. I communicated all that had passed to the ambassador, who was much pleased, and praised my conduct more than it deserved. I then waited on M. de Grimaldi, the minister at the head of Clavijo's department. He received me kindly, gave his consent to the marriage, and wished my sister every happiness; but observed that Don Joseph Clavijo might have spared me the journey, because a letter to the minister was the usual form, and would have been quite sufficient.

"On my return to Madrid, I found a letter from Clavijo, written in great apparent agitation, in which he told me, that copies of a pretended declaration, said to be by him, had got into circulation, and that it was in such terms that he could not show his face while impressions subsisted so derogatory to his character and honour. He therefore begged me to show the paper he had really signed, and give copies of it. Subjoined to his letter was a copy of this pretended declaration, which was conceived in the most false, exaggerated, and abominable language, and was all in his own hand-writing. He further said, that, in the mean time, and till the public should be disabused, *it would be better that we should not see each other for a few days*; for, if we did, it might be supposed that the pretended paper was the real one, and that the other, now appearing for the first time, was concocted afterwards.

[Pg
243]

"I was a little out of humour at the conclusion drawn by Clavijo from this base fabrication. I reproached him gently for taking such an unreasonable view of the matter; and, as I found him unwell, I promised that as soon as he was able to go out, we should go everywhere together, and that I should make it appear that I looked upon him as a brother and an honourable man.

"We made all the arrangements for the marriage. In case he might not be fully supplied with money, I offered him my purse; and I presented him with some jewels and French laces, to enable him to make my sister a wedding gift. He accepted the jewels and laces, because, as he said, it would be difficult to find anything so handsome at Madrid; but I could not prevail on him to receive the money I offered him.

"Next day, a Spanish valet robbed me of a large sum of money and a number of valuable articles. I immediately waited on the governor of Madrid to make my complaint, and was somewhat surprised at the very cold reception I met with. I wrote to the French ambassador on the subject, and thought no more of it.

"I continued my attentions to my sick friend, which were received with every appearance of affectionate gratitude; but, on the 5th of June, when I came as usual to see him, I found, to my

utter astonishment, that he had, once more, suddenly decamped.

"I got inquiries made after him at all the lodging-houses in Madrid, and at last discovered his new abode. I expressed my surprise in stronger language than on the previous occasion. He told me that he had learned that his friend with whom he was staying, had been blamed for sharing with another a lodging which was given by the king for his own use only; and that he had been so much hurt at this, that he thought it necessary to leave his friend's apartments instantly, without regarding the embarrassment it might occasion, the state of his health, the untimely hour, or any other consideration. I could not but approve of his delicacy; but kindly scolded him for not having come to reside at my sister's, whither I offered to take him at once. He thanked me most affectionately, but found some reason for excusing himself.

"Next day, under trifling pretexts, he refused my repeated offers of an apartment at my sister's. My friends began to shake their heads, and my sister looked anxious and unhappy. It was similar evasions that had twice already preceded his total desertion. I felt angry at these forebodings, which I insisted were groundless; but I found that suspicion was creeping into my own mind. To get rid of it, on the day fixed for signing the contract, (the seventh of June,) I sent for the apostolic notary, whose function it is to superintend this ceremony. But what was my surprise when this official told me that he was going to make Señor Clavijo sign a declaration of a very different nature; as he had, the day before, received a writ of opposition to my sister's marriage, on the part of a young woman who affirmed that she had a promise from Clavijo, given in 1755, nine years before!

[Pg
244]

"I inquired who the woman was, and was told by the notary that she was a waiting-woman. In a transport of rage, I ran to Clavijo, loaded him with threats and reproaches. He besought me to moderate my anger and suspend my opinion. He had long ago, he said, made some such promise to Madame Portugues's waiting-woman, who was a pretty girl; but he had never since heard of it, and believed that the girl was now set on by some enemy of Donna Maria. The affair, he assured me, was a trifle, and could be got rid of by the aid of a few pistoles. He repeated his vows of eternal constancy to Maria, and begged me to return at eight o'clock in the evening, when he would go with me to an eminent advocate, who would easily put him on the way of getting rid of this trifling obstacle.

"I left him, full of indecision and bitterness of heart. I could make nothing of his conduct, or imagine any reasonable object he could have in deceiving me. At eight o'clock I returned to his lodgings with two of my friends; but we had hardly got out of the carriage, when the landlady came to the door, and told me that Señor Clavijo had removed from her house an hour before, and was gone she knew not whither.

"Thunderstruck at this intelligence, and unable to believe it, I went up to the room he had occupied. Every thing belonging to him had been carried off. Perplexed and dismayed, I returned home, and had no sooner arrived than a courier from Aranjuez brought me a letter, which he had been ordered to deliver with the utmost speed. It was from the French ambassador. He informed me that the governor of Madrid had just been with him, to tell him that Señor Clavijo had retired to a place of safety, in order to protect himself from the violence he apprehended from me, as I had, a few days before, compelled him, in his own house, and with a pistol at his breast, to sign an engagement to marry my sister. The Marquis, at the same time, expressed his belief of my innocence; but feared that the affair might be turned to my disadvantage, and requested that I would do nothing whatever until I had seen him.

"I was utterly confounded. This man, who for weeks had been treating me like a brother,—who had been writing me letter upon letter, full of affection,—who had earnestly besought me to give him my sister, and had visited her again and again as her betrothed husband,—this monster had been all the while secretly plotting my destruction!

"Suddenly an officer of the Walloon guards came into the room. 'M. de Beaumarchais,' he said, 'you have not a moment to lose. Save yourself, or to-morrow morning you will be arrested in your bed. The order is given, and I am come to apprise you of it. Your adversary is a monster. He has contrived to set almost everybody against you, and has led you into snare after snare, till he has found means to make himself your public accuser. Fly instantly, I beseech you. Once immured in a dungeon, you will have neither protection nor defence.'

[Pg
245]

"'I fly!—I make my escape!—I will die sooner. Say not a word more, my friends. Let me have a travelling carriage to-morrow morning at four o'clock, and meanwhile leave me to prepare for my journey to Aranjuez.'

"I shut myself up in my room. My mind was utterly exhausted. I threw myself into a chair, where I remained for two hours in a state of total vacuity of thought. At length I roused myself. I reflected on all the circumstances of the case, and on the abundant proofs of my integrity. I sat down to my desk, and, with the rapidity of a man in a high fever, I wrote an exact journal of my actions since my arrival at Madrid: names, dates, conversations,—everything sprang, as it were, into my memory, and fixed itself under my pen. I was still writing at five in the morning, when I was told that my carriage was ready. Some friends wanted to accompany me. 'I wish to be alone,' I said. 'Twelve hours of solitude are not more than necessary to calm the agitation of my frame.' I set out for Aranjuez.

"When I arrived, the ambassador was at the palace, and I could not see him till eleven o'clock at night. He was glad, he said, I was come; for he had been very uneasy about me. During the last fortnight my adversary had gained all the avenues of the palace; and, had it not been for him, I should have been already arrested, and probably sent to a dungeon for life, on the African coast.

He had done what he could with M. Grimaldi, the minister, to whom he had earnestly represented his conviction of my probity and honour; but all was without effect. 'You must really go, M. de Beaumarchais,' he continued. 'You have not a moment to lose. I can do nothing in opposition to the general impression against you, or against the positive order that has been issued for your imprisonment; and I should be sincerely grieved should any calamity happen to you in this country. You must leave Spain instantly.'

"I did not shed tears while he was speaking, but large drops of water fell at intervals from my eyes, gathered in them by the contraction of my whole frame. I was stupified and speechless. The ambassador was affected by my situation, and spoke to me in the kindest and most soothing manner; but still persisted in saying that I must yield to necessity, and escape from consequences which could not otherwise be averted. I implored him to think of the ruin to my own character in France if I fled from Spain under such circumstances;—to consider the situation of my unhappy, innocent sister. He said he would write to France, where his account of my conduct would be credited; and that, as to my sister, he would not neglect her. I could bear this conversation no longer; but, abruptly quitting his presence, I rushed out of the house, and wandered all night in the dark alleys of the park of Aranjuez, in a state of inexpressible anguish.

"In the morning, my courage rose; and, determined to obtain justice or perish, I repaired to the levee of M. Grimaldi, the minister. While I waited in his ante-chamber, I heard several voices pronounce the name of M. Whal. That distinguished and venerable statesman, who had retired from the ministry that, in the close of life, he might have a brief interval of repose, was then residing in M. Grimaldi's house. I heard this, and was suddenly inspired with the idea of having recourse to him for protection. I requested permission to see him, as a stranger who had something of importance to communicate. I was admitted; and the sight of his mild and noble countenance gave me courage. I told him that my only claim to his favour was that I was a native of the country in which he himself was born, persecuted almost to death by cruel and powerful enemies; but this title, I trusted, was sufficient to obtain for me the protection of a just and virtuous man.

"'You are a Frenchman,' he said, 'and that is always a strong claim with me. But you tremble—you are pale and breathless; sit down—compose yourself, and tell me the cause of such violent agitation.' He ordered that no one should be admitted; and I, in an unspeakable state of hope and fear, requested permission to read my journal of occurrences since my arrival in Madrid. He complied, and I began to read. As I went on, he from time to time begged me to be calm, and to read more slowly that he might follow me the better; assuring me that he took the greatest interest in my narrative. As I proceeded, I laid before him in succession the letters and other documents which were referred to. But when I came to the criminal charge against me,—to the order for my imprisonment, which had been only suspended for a little by M. Grimaldi at the request of our ambassador,—to the urgent advices which I had received to make my escape, but which I avowed my determination not to follow,—he uttered an exclamation, rose, and took me kindly by the hand:

"'Unquestionably the king will do you justice, M. de Beaumarchais. The ambassador, in spite of his regard for you, is obliged to act with the caution which befits his office; but I am under no such restraint. It shall never be said that a respectable Frenchman, after leaving his home, his friends, his business,—after having travelled a thousand miles to succour an innocent and unfortunate sister, has been driven from this country, carrying with him the impression that no redress or justice is to be obtained in Spain. It was I who placed this Clavijo in the king's service, and I feel myself responsible for his infamous conduct. Good God! how unhappy it is for statesmen that they cannot become sufficiently aware of the real character of the persons they employ, and thus get themselves surrounded by specious knaves, of whose shameful actions they often bear the blame. A minister may be forgiven for being deceived in the choice of a worthless subordinate; but when once he comes to a knowledge of his character, there is no excuse for retaining him a moment. For my part, I shall immediately set a good example to my successors.'

"So saying, he rang, ordered his carriage, and took me with him to the palace. He sent for M. Grimaldi; and, while waiting for the arrival of that minister, went into the king's closet, and told his majesty the story, accusing himself of indiscretion in recommending such a man to his majesty's favour. M. Grimaldi came; and I was called into the royal presence. 'Read your memorial,' said M. Whal,—'every feeling and honourable heart must be as much moved by it as I was.' I obeyed. The king listened with attention and interest; examined the proofs of my statements; and the result was an order that Clavijo should be deprived of his employment, and dismissed for ever from his majesty's service."

From subsequent parts of the narrative, it appears that Clavijo exerted all his powers of cunning and intrigue in order to get himself re-instated in his situation; not omitting further attempts to impose upon M. de Beaumarchais, accompanied with abject entreaties and hypocritical professions. All, however, was in vain; and this man, who seems to have been an extraordinary compound of intellectual ability and moral depravity, seems to have sunk into contempt and insignificance. The young lady recovered the shock she had received; and was afterwards happily married, and settled at Madrid.

MARS AND VENUS.

One day, upon that Trojan plain,

Where men in hecatombs were slain,
 Th' immortal gods (no common sight)
 Thought fit to mingle in the fight,
 And found convincing proof that those
 Who will in quarrels interpose
 Are often doom'd to suffer harm—
 Venus was wounded in the arm;
 Whilst Mars himself, the god of war,
 Receiv'd an ignominious scar,
 And, fairly beat by Diomed,
 Fled back to heav'n and kept his bed.
 That bed (the proof may still be seen)
 Had long been shared with beauty's queen;
 For, with th' adventure of the cage,
 Vulcan had vented all his rage, **(a)**
 And, like Italian husbands, he
 Now wore his horns resignedly.
 Ye modest critics! spare my song:
 If gods and goddesses did wrong,
 And revell'd in illicit love,
 As poets, sculptors, painters, prove,
 Is mine the fault? and, if I tell
 Some tales of scandal that befell
 In heathen times, why need my lays
 On ladies' cheeks more blushes raise,
 When read (if such my envied lot)
 In secret boudoir, bower, or grot,
 Than scenes which, in the blaze of light,
 They throng to witness ev'ry night?
 Ere you condemn my humble page,
 Glance for a moment at the stage,
 Where twirling gods to view expose
 Their pliant limbs, in tighten'd hose,
 And goddesses of doubtful fame
 Are by lord chamberlains allow'd,
 With practis'd postures, to inflame
 The passions of a gazing crowd:
 And if great camels, such as these,
 Are swallow'd with apparent ease,
 Oh! strain not at a gnat like me,
 Nor deem me lost to decency,
 When I now venture to declare
 That Mars and Venus—guilty pair—
 On the same couch extended lay,
 And cursed the fortunes of the day.
 The little Loves, who round them flew,
 Could only sob to show their feeling,
 Since they, of course, much better knew
 The art of wounding than of healing,
 And Cupid's self essay'd in vain
 To ease his lovely mother's pain:
 The chaplet that his locks confin'd
 He tore indeed her wound to bind;
 But from her sympathetic fever
 He had no nostrum to relieve her,
 And, thinking that she might assuage
 That fever, as she did her rage,
 By talking loud,—her usual fashion
 Whenever she was in a passion,—
 He stood, with looks resign'd and grave,
 Prepar'd to hear his mother rave.
 Who thus began: "Ah! Cupid, why
 Was I so silly as to try
 My fortune in the battle-field, **(b)**
 Or seek a pond'rous spear to wield,
 Which only Pallas (hated name!)
 Of all her sex can wield aright?
 What need had I of martial fame,
 Sought 'midst the dangers of the fight,
 When beauty's prize, a trophy far
 More precious than the spoils of war,
 Was mine already, won from those
 Whom rivalry has made my foes,
 And who on Trojan plains would sate

E'en with my blood that ranc'rous hate
 Which Ida's neighb'ring heights inflame,
 And not this wound itself can tame?
 Ah! why did I not bear in mind
 That Beauty, like th' inconstant wind,
 Is always privileg'd to raise
 The rage of others to a blaze,
 Then, lull'd to rest, look calmly on,
 And see the work of havoc done?
 'Twas well to urge your father, Mars,
 To mingle in those hated wars;
 'Twas well—" But piteous cries of pain,
 From him she named, here broke the chain
 Of her discourse, and seem'd to say,
 "What want of feeling you display!"
 So, turning to her wounded lover,
 She kindly urged him to discover
 By whom and where the wound was given,
 That sent him writhing back to heaven.
 The god, thus question'd, hung his head,
 A burning blush of shame o'erspread
 With sudden flush his pallid cheek,
 As thus he answer'd: "Dost thou seek
 To hear a tale of dire disgrace,
 Which all those honours must efface,
 That, hitherto, have made my name
 Pre-eminent in warlike fame?
 Yet—since 'twas thou who bad'st me go
 To fight with mortals there below—
 'Tis fitting, too, that thou shouldst learn
 What laurels 'twas my fate to earn.
 At first, in my resistless car,
 I seem'd indeed the god of war;
 The Trojans rallied at my side;
 Changed in its hue, the Xanthus' tide
 Its waters to the ocean bore,
 Empurpled deep in Grecian gore;
 And o'er the corpse-impeded field
 The cry was still 'They yield!—they yield!'
 But soon, the flying ranks to stay,
 Thy hated rivals joined the fray;
 They nerved, with some accursed charm,
 Each Greek's, but most Tydides' arm,
 And, Venus, thou first felt the smart
 Of his Minerva-guided dart.
 I saw thee wounded, saw thee fly,—
 I saw the chief triumphantly
 Tow'rds me, his ardent coursers turn,
 As though from gods alone to earn
 The highest honours of the fight;
 I know not why, but, at the sight—
 Eternal shame upon my head!—
 A panic seized me, and I fled—
 I fled, like chaff before the wind,
 And, ah! my wounds are all—behind!"
 When thus at length the truth was told,
 (The shameful truth of his disgrace,)
 Again, within his mantle's fold,
 The wounded coward hid his face; (c)
 Whilst Venus, springing from his side,
 With looks of scornful anger, cried,
 "And didst thou fly from mortal foe,
 Nor stay to strike one vengeful blow
 For her who fondly has believ'd,
 By all thy val'rous boasts deceiv'd,
 That in the god of war she press'd
 The first of heroes to her breast?
 Cupid, my swans and car prepare—
 To Cyprus we will hasten, where
 Some youth, as yet unknown to fame,
 May haply raise another flame;
 For Mars may take his leave of Venus,
 No coward shall enjoy my love;
 And nothing more shall pass between us,—
 I swear it by my fav'rite dove."

She spake; and through the realms of air,
 Before the humbled god could dare
 Upraise his head to urge her stay,
 Already she had ta'en her way;
 And in her Cyprian bow'r that night,
 (If ancient scandal tell aright,)
 Forgetful of her recent wound,
 In place of Mars another found,
 And to a mortal's close embraces
 Surrender'd her celestial graces.
 'Tis said that Venus, wont to range
 Both heav'n and earth in search of change,
 Was not unwilling to discover
 Some pretext to desert her lover;
 Nor do I combat the assertion,
 But from the *cause* of her desertion,
 Whilst you, fair readers, justly rail
 Against *her morals*, I will dare
 To draw *this moral* for my tale,—
 "None but the brave deserve the fair!"

[Pg 250]

NOTES.

(a) Ovid thus speaks of the result of Vulcan's exposure of his wife's infidelity:

"Hoc tibi profectum, Vulcane, quod ante tegebant,
 Liberior faciunt ut pudor omnis abest;
 Sæpe tamen demens stultè fecisse fateris,
 Teque ferunt iræ pœnituisse tuæ."

(b) Leonidas, in his beautiful epigram to Venus armed, says,

Ἀρεὸς ἐν τεαυτὰ τινὸς χάρις, ὦ Κυθίρεια,
 Ἐνδιδύσαι, κενεὸν τοῦτο φέρουσα βάρος,
 Αὐτοῦ Ἀρη' γυμνῆ γὰρ ἀφοπλίσας, εἰ δὲ λιλειπταί
 Καὶ θεὸς, ἀνθρώποις σπλά ματην ἐπαγεις.

(c) The ancients were seldom guilty of making the actions of their gods inconsistent with their general character and attributes; but there seems to have been much of the Captain Bobadil in the mighty god of war, and the instance of cowardice here alluded to is not the only one recorded of him by the poets. In the wars with the Titans he showed a decided "white feather," and suffered himself to be made prisoner.

AN EVENING MEDITATION.

I love the sound of Nature's happy voice,
 The music of a summer evening's sky,
 When all things fair and beautiful rejoice,
 As though their glory ne'er would fade and die.
 Sweet is the breeze as 'mid the flowers it sings,
 Sweet is the melody of falling streams,
 Sweet is the sky-lark's song as borne on wings
 Of waving light—a bird of heaven she seems.
 Oh! for the hours, when wrapt in joy I've sat,
 And felt that harmony—"all round my hat!"

SIGMA.

[Pg 251]

THE DEVIL AND JOHNNY DIXON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

Arnold. Your form is man's, and yet you may be the devil.

Stranger. Unless you keep company with him (and you seem scarce used to such high company) you can't tell how he approaches.

The Deformed Transformed.

I remember having been exceedingly amused by a book of German *diablerie*, in which the movements of his Satanic Majesty were faithfully and fashionably chronicled. He had chosen, it would appear, for good and cogent reasons, to revisit our earth *incognito*; and as potentates steal occasionally a glance at the world to see how things move in their ordinary courses, he too

indulged his princely curiosity, and, *selon la règle*, during his travels assumed a borrowed title.

I had business to transact in a very remote district of the kingdom of Connaught, and, as some delay was unavoidable, I threw a few books carelessly into my portmanteau. Among them the wild conception of Hoffmann, entitled "The Devil's Elixir," was included; and in the perusal of that strange tale, I endeavoured to amuse the tedium of as wet a day as often comes in Connemara. Bad as the morning had been, the evening was infinitely worse: the wind roared through the mountains; the rain came down in torrents; and every unhappy wayfarer pushed hastily for the nearest inn.

I had been an occupant of the best (and only) parlour of Tim Corrigan during the preceding week; and so unfrequent were the calls at his caravansera, that, like Robinson Crusoe, I could stroll out upon the moor, and proclaim that I was absolute over heath and "hostelrie." But, on this night, two travellers were driven to the "Cock and Punchbowl." They were bound for a fair that was to be holden on the morrow some twenty miles off; and, although anxious to lodge themselves in some more contiguous hostel, the weather became so desperate, that by mutual consent they abandoned their intention, and resolved to ensconce themselves for the night in a double-bedded room, which, fortunately for them, happened to be unoccupied in the "Cock and Punchbowl."

Had their resolution to remain been doubtful, one glance at the kitchen fire would have confirmed it. There, a well-conditioned goose was twisting, on a string appended to the chimney-breast; while divers culinary utensils simmered on the blazing turf, giving sure indications that other adjuncts were to accompany the bird, and the dinner would be a substantial one. I, while taking "mine ease in mine inn," had seen the travellers arrive; and, the door being ajar, heard the "to ride or not to ride" debated. That question settled, other cares arose.

"Tim," said the younger guest to the landlord, as he nodded significantly at the goose, "I'm hungry as a hawk."

The host shrugged his shoulders, and, pointing to the "great chamber," where I was seated, replied in an undertone, "There's a customer before ye, Master Johnny."

"A customer!—only one, Tim?"

"Sorrow more," replied the host.

"Why, the curse of Cromwell on ye for a cormorant!" said the traveller. "Three priests, after confessing half a parish, would scarcely demolish that wabblar. I'll invite myself to dinner; and if I be not in at the dissection, it won't be Johnny Dixon's fault."

"Arrah! the devil a fear of that," returned the landlord. "Your modesty nivir stopped your promotion, *Shawn avourneen!*^[53]" and he of the Cock and Punchbowl laughed heartily as the traveller entered the parlour.

He was a stout, middle-sized, foxy-headed fellow of some six or eight-and-twenty. His face was slightly marked with small-pox, and plain, but not unpleasing. The expression was good-humoured and intelligent; while, in the sparkle of his light blue eye, there was a pretty equal proportion of mirth and mischief. He advanced to me with perfect nonchalance; nodded as if he had known me for a twelvemonth; and, as if conferring a compliment, notified with great brevity that it was his intention to honour me with his company. No proposition could have pleased me better, and it was fortunate that I had no wish to remain alone; for, I verily believe, the traveller had already made up his mind, *coute qui coute*, to aid and assist in demolishing the bird that saved the Capitol.

Presently the hostess announced that all preparations were complete. The traveller, who had been talking of divers affairs, rural and political, suddenly changed the conversation. "There was," he said, "an unlucky sinner outside, who like himself had been storm-stayed that evening. He was a priest's nephew, a harmless poor devil, whom the old fellow had worked like a nigger, until one sweet evening he smothered himself in poteen-punch, leaving Peter Feaghan a kettleful of gold. If he, Peter, were only let in, he would pray for me during life; and, as to eating, would be contented with the drumsticks."

I laughed, and assented; and "Master Johnny" speedily produced a soft-looking, bullet-headed farmer; who, after scraping his leg across the floor, sate himself down at the corner of the table.

Dinner came. I, since I breathed the keen air of Connemara, had felt a quickened appetite; but "Master Johnny" double-distanced me easily as a trencher-man, and he, in turn, could not hold a candle to the nephew of the defunct priest. Peter Feaghan was a silent and a steady workman, and I firmly believe the drumsticks were regularly skeletonized before the priest's heir was disposed to cry "Hold, enough!" At last the cloth was removed; and a quart-bottle, a basin of sugar, with a jug of boiling water of enormous capacity, were set down.

"What an infernal night it is!" ejaculated the younger traveller, as a gust of wind drove the hail against the window. "Were you not in luck," he continued, "that chance drove two Christian men, like Peter and me, among the mountains? Honest Tim is speechless by this hour, or he has shortened his allowance greatly since I was here last. No flirting in the house, for Mrs. Corrigan is a Carmelite, and *Brideen dhu*^[54] has bundled off with a *peeler*.^[55] In short, you must have got drunk in self-defence, and, for lack of company, as I have often done, drank one hand against the other."

"Or," said I, "diluted the poteen with a draught of 'The Devil's Elixir.'"

"The Devil's Elixir!" repeated the foxy-headed traveller; "and pray what may that be?"

In reply, I handed him a volume of the Prussian Counsellor; he looked at the title-page, and read the motto, "*In that yeare the Deville was alsoe seene walking publiclie on the streetes of Berline.*" Laughing loudly, he turned to the priest's heir.

"Holy Mary! had your poor uncle Paul been in town, he would have had a shy at ould Beelzebub, or made him quit the flagway."

"And who was Uncle Paul?" I inquired of the stranger.

"What!" he exclaimed, in manifest astonishment, "not know that excellent and gifted churchman,—one before whom the devil shook like a whipped schoolboy?"

"And was Mr. Feaghan's influence over him, surnamed 'the Morning Star,' so extraordinary?"

"Extraordinary you may well call it," resumed Foxy-Head. "The very mention of Paul's name would produce an ague-fit. Many a set-to they had—a clear stage and no favour—and in all and every, the devil was regularly floored. There is the old house of Knockbraddigan,—for months, man, woman, or child could not close an eye. Priest, monk, and friar, all tried their hands in vain. Holy-water was expended by the gallon—masses said thrice a week—a saint's finger borrowed for the occasion, and brought all the way from Cork,—and even the stable-lantern had a candle in it, blessed by the bishop. For all these 'Clooty' did not care a button, when Father Paul toddled in, and saved the house and owner."

"Indeed?"

"Ay! and I'll tell you the particulars. It was the year after the banks broke—times were bad—tenants racked—and Tom Braddigan, like many a better man, poor fellow! was cleaned out by the sheriff. Never was a *shuck*^[56] sinner harder up for a few hundreds; and, to make a long story short, *Hoofey* came in the way, and Tom 'sould himself' regularly. I never heard the sum, but it is said that it was a large figure; and that, to give the devil his due, he never cobbled for a moment, but paid a sporting price, and came down like a man. Well, the tenure-day came round; Clooty was true to time, and claimed his customer: but Tom was awake; Paul Feaghan was at his elbow, and, as it turned out, Paul proved himself nothing but a good one.

"Arrah! what do ye want here, honest man?" says the priest to the devil, opening the conversation civilly.

"No offence, I suppose," says the other, 'for a body to look after his own.'

"None in the world," replied Father Paul, answering him quite politely; and all the while, poor Tom shaking like a Quaker.

"Mr. Braddigan," says the devil, 'we have a long drive before us, and the carriage is waiting. Don't mind your *Cotamore*,^[57] Tom; and the eternal ruffian put his tongue in his cheek. 'Though the day's cold, 'pon my conscience, you shall have presently an air of the fire.'

"Asy," says the priest, 'what call have you to a Catholic?'

"A Catholic!" replied the devil, with a twist of his lip, mimicking Father Paul; 'maybe your reverence would tell us when he was last at confession?'

"At this the priest lost temper. 'What the blazes,' says he, 'have you to do with that? Was there any body present at the bargain *betune*^[58] ye?'

"Hell to the one," replied the devil.

"Then," says Father Paul, 'sorrow leg you would have to stand on if the whole thing came before the barrister.'

"The devil gave a knowing look, and, dipping his hand into the left breeches-pocket, took out a piece of paper, and, as an attorney shows the corner of a promissory-note to an unwilling witness, he held it out to Tom, and asked him was it his hand-writing: 'Tummas a Brawdeen,'^[59] says he, in Irish, 'is that yer fist?'

"There's no denying it," says Tom, with a shudder.

"Then draw on yer boots, and let us be jogging.'

"Asy," says Father Feaghan. 'Did ye get the consideration, Tom?'

"The devil seemed uncommonly affronted. 'Paul Feaghan,' says he, 'I didn't think you would suppose that I would take his I.O.U. and not post the coal! By my oath,' he continued, 'and let him contradict me if he can, a Tuam note he would not touch with the tongs; and the devil a flimsy would go down with him, good or bad, but a regular Bank of Ireland!'

"Oh, be Jakers!" says the priest, 'you're done, Tom! Show me the note.'

"Bedershin!" says the devil, clapping his right fore-finger on his nose.

"Honour bright!" replied Father Paul.

"Will ye return it?" inquired Old Hoofey.

"Will a duck swim?" says the priest. 'Be this book,' says he, laying his hand upon the tea-caddy, 'ye shall have it in two twos.'

"There it is, then," replied the other, 'and make your best of it. Come, Tom, there's no turnpikes to pay where you're going to; so on with your wrap-rascal,' pointing to the cotamore.

"But, sorrow wink was on Father Feaghan all the while. He examined the note, and not a letter was wanting. It was regular, as if the devil had been bound to an attorney—drawn on a three-shilling stamp,—and, as he turned it round and round, it crumpled like singed parchment.

"'You're dished,' ejaculated his reverence, looking over at Tom.

"'Murder! murder!' says he, as Hoofey held out his hand for the I.O.U.

"'Arrah!' says Father Paul, 'do ye keep your papers in a tinderbox?'

"'They're over dry, I allow,' replied the devil; 'but in my place it's hard to find a cool corner.'

"'We'll damp this one a little,' says the priest, slipping his hand fair and asy into a mug of holy-water, and splashing half a pint of it on *Tummas a Brawdeen's* note. 'Put that in yer pocket to balance yer pipe.'

"'In a moment the devil changed colour. 'Bad luck attend ye night and day, for a circumventing villain!' says he.

"'Off with ye, you convicted ruffin!' roared Father Paul, making a flourishing †; and before Tom Braddigan had time to bless himself, Clooty went up the chimney in a flash of fire, leaving the room untenantable for a fortnight, from the sulphur; and *Tummas a Brawdeen* sung, for the remainder of his life, 'Wasn't that elegantly done?'"

"Nothing could be better," said I, as Red-head closed his story. "What a sensation the affair must have occasioned. 'Like angels' visits,' I presume, the old gentleman's are 'few and far between?'"

"By no means," returned the stranger, "there are few families of any fashion in this country, who have not, at some period or other, been favoured with a call; and I myself was once honoured by his company at supper."

I stared at the man; but he bore my scrutiny without flinching.

"Had you a party to meet his Satanic Majesty?" I inquired, with a smile.

"Not a soul," replied he. "We supped *tête-à-tête*; and a pleasanter fellow never stretched his legs beneath a man's mahogany."

"You certainly have excited my curiosity not a little," said I.

"If I have," returned the fox-headed stranger, "I shall most willingly give you a full account of our interview.

"It was the first Friday after the winter fair of Boyle. I was returning home in bad spirits; for, though I sold my bullocks well, I had been regularly cleaned out at loo, and hit uncommonly hard in a handicap. For three nights I scarcely won a pool, and that was bad enough; but to lose the best weight-carrier that was ever lapped in leather, for a paltry ten-pound note, and a daisy-cutter with a fired leg and feathered eye, would make a saint swear, and a Quaker kick his mother.

"Night had closed in, as I passed the cross-roads of Kilmactigue, about two miles from home; and I pulled up into a walk, to bring my bad bargain cool to the stable. Just then I heard a horse behind me, coming on in a slapping trot; and, before you could say Jack Robinson, a strange horseman was beside me.

"'Morra,^[60] Mistre Dixon,' says he.

"'Morra to ye, sir,' says I, turning sharp about to see if I could know him. He looked in the dim light a 'top-sawyer,' and, as far as I could judge, the best-mounted man I had met for a month of Sundays. He appeared to be dressed in black; his horse was the same colour as his coat, and I began to tax my memory, hard, to recollect the place where he and I had met before.

"'You have the advantage of me, sir,' says I.

"'Faith, and that's odd enough,' says he, 'for you and I rode head and girth together at the stag-hunt at Rathgranaher.'

"'Death and nouns!' says I, 'is this Mr. Magan?'

"'I believe so,' says he, 'for want of a better.'

"'Ah! then,' said I, 'I'm glad I met you. Is that the black mare that carried you so brilliantly?'

"'The same,' he replied.

"'No wonder I didn't know ye: you wore at Rathgranaher a light-green coatee, and now you're black as a bishop.'

"'I buried an aunt of mine lately,' says he.

"'Maybe you could do as much for a friend,' replied I; 'I have a couple at your service; and, as I pay them a hundred a year, I wish them often at the devil.'

"'I'll make no objection on my part,' replied Mr. Magan. 'But how far is it to Templebeg? It will be late before I reach it, I fear.'

"'It's the worst road in Connaught,' said I: 'my den is scarcely a mile off; and, if you are not in a hurry, turn in for the night, and you shall have a warm stall, a grilled bone, and a hearty welcome.'

"Never say it again,' says Mr. Magan; and on we rode, cheek by jowl, talking of fairs, horses, and the coming election. Lord! nothing came amiss to him: he was up to every thing, from *écarté* to robbing the mail-coach; and in politics so knowing, that one while I fancied him a Whig, and at the next I would have given my book oath he was a black Orangeman.

"Before we reached the avenue, I tried if he would 'stand a knock.'^[61]

"'Would you part with the mare?' says I.

"'If I was bid a sporting price, I would part with my grandmother, if I had one,' was the reply.

"'What boot will you take, and turn tails?' said I.

"'Neighbour,' replied Mr. Magan, 'it must be a long figure that gets Black Bess. What's that you're riding?'

"'A thorough-bred four-year old, by Langar, out of a Tom Pipes mare.'

"'Bedershin!' says Mr. Magan; 'Tom died before you were born.'

"This was a hard hit. Devil a one of me knew how the horse was bred; but, as he happened to be a chestnut, I thought I would give Langar for a sire. Pretending not to hear the remark, I continued,

"'He's uncommon fast up to twelve stone; will take five feet, 'coped and dashed,' without a balk; and live the longest day with any fox-hounds on the province. At three years old, Peter Brannick refused fifty for him.'

"'And didn't ask a rap for a dark eye and a ring-bone,' observed Mr. Magan.

"'Oh!' says I, to myself, 'Magan, there's no coming over ye!' So I thought that I had better leave horse-flesh alone, and try if I could draw him at a setch of loo, or a hand of five and ten.

"With that we had ridden into the yard, and given our prads to the men, with a hundred charges from the stranger, that his mare should have a bran-mash and warm clothing. Well, I ushered him into the parlour, and there was a roaring fire, and the cloth laid for supper; for, luckily enough, Judy Mac Keal had expected me home. Mr. Magan took off his cotamore, laid his hat and whip aside, and then threw his eyes over the apartment.

"'Mona mon diaoul!'^[62] says he, 'if there's a snigger hunting-box between Birr and Bantry.'

"'Oh!' said I, 'the cabin's well enough for a loose lad like me. Everything here is rough and ready; and, as it's a bachelor's shop, you must make allowances.'

"'Arrah! nabocklish!'^[63] I'm a single man myself, and it's wonderful how well I get my health, and manage with a housekeeper. 'By-the-bye,' and he looked knowing as a jailor, 'is Judy Mac Keal with you still?'

"'And what do you know about Judy, neighbour?' says I.

"'Don't be offended,' replied he. 'The boys were joking after supper at Dinny Balfe's; and Maurice Ffrench named her for face and figure, against any mentioned, for a pony.'

"'Ffrench is a fool!' I replied. 'But as you know Judy already, we'll ring, and see if there's any chance of supper.'

"She answered the bell; told us the ducks were at the fire, and that in half an hour all would be ready. When she went away, Magan swore she was the best-looking trout he had laid eyes on for a twelvemonth; and, spying out a pack of cards upon the chimney-piece, proposed that we should kill time with a game of hookey or lansquenet.

"It was the very thing I wanted; but I took the offer indifferently.

"'Egad! I'm afraid of you,' says I, as I laid the pack upon the table-cloth. He cut the cards.

"'The deal is yours. What an infernal ass I am to touch paper,' says he; and kissing the knave of clubs. 'By this book, I'm such an unlucky devil, that I verily believe, had my father bound me to a hatter, men would be born without heads. Come, down with the dust!' and he pulled from his breast-pocket a parcel of notes as thick as an almanack. They were chiefly fives and tens; and when I remarked them all the black bank,^[64] I set him down a Northman.

"We played at first tolerably even; but, by the time supper was served, I found myself a winner of twenty pounds. This was a good beginning; and I determined to continue my good luck, and, if I could, do Mr. Magan brown.

"Down we sate; my friend had an excellent appetite, and finished a duck to his own share. We drank a bottle of sherry in double-quick, got the cards again, and called for tumblers and hot water.

"Judy brought in the materials, and Mr. Magan began to quiz her.

"'Arrah! Miss Mac Keal,' says he, 'will ye come and keep house for me, and I'll double your wages?'

"'And where do ye live?' replied she.

"'Down in the North,' returned Magan; 'and I have as nate a place, ay, and as warm a house, as ever you laid a foot in!'

"'Have done with your joking,' says Judy, 'and go home to your own dacent wife.'

"I have her yet to look for,' replied he.

"Devil have the liars,' says Judy.

"Ah then, amen!' said Magan.

"I wouldn't believe ye,' continued she, 'if you kissed the vestment on it.'

"*Liggum lathé*,^[65] says he.

"Why, what good Irish you have for a Northman!' replied Judy.

"My mother was a Munster woman,' says Mr. Magan.

"Is she alive?' inquired she.

"Dead as Cleopatra,' he said, with a laugh; and Judy afterwards remarked, 'she knew he was a rascal, or he would have added, 'God rest her soul!'

"When the housekeeper disappeared, the stranger filled a bumper. 'Egad!' thought I, 'I'll try him now, whether he be radical or true-blue; and, lifting up the tumbler, I proposed, 'The glorious, pious, and immortal memory—'

"Of the great and good King William,' says he, taking the word out of my mouth.

"Who freed us from Pope and popery, knavery, slavery—'

"Brass money, and wooden shoes,' returned the Northman.

"May he who would not, on bare and bended knee, drink this toast, be rammed, crammed—'

"And damned!' roared Magan, as if the sentiment came from his very heart. 'Here's the Pope in the pillory, and the Devil pelting priests at him!' cried the Northman; and, with a laugh, off went the bumpers, and we commenced the cards anew.

"Well, sir, that night I had the luck of thousands. The black bank-notes came over the table-cloth by the dozen; and, as the Northman lost his money, his temper went along with it. He cursed the cards, and their maker; swore he would book himself^[66] against bones and paper for a twelvemonth; made tumbler after tumbler; and, as he drank them boiling from the kettle, I wondered how he could swallow poteen-punch hot enough to scald a pig.

"Come,' says he, in a rage, 'I see how the thing will end; and the sooner I am cleaned out, the better. Instead of a beggarly flimsey, fork out a five-pound note.'

"With all my heart,' replied I.

"Curse of Cromwell attend upon all shoemakers!' ejaculated Mr. Magan, with a grin.

"Arrah! what's vexing ye now?' says I, pulling the third five-pounder across the cloth.

"Every thing!' returned he, 'I have the worst of luck, a tight boot, and a bad corn.'

"I'll get ye slippers in a shake.'

"Mind your cards,' says he, rather cross; 'there's nobody here but ourselves, and I'll pull off my boot quietly under the table!'

"He did so: we continued play; and, though he lost ahead, he recovered his temper, and seemed to bear it like a gentleman. It was quite clear that the boot had made him cranky. No wonder: an angry corn and tight shoe would try the patience of a bride.

"Well, the last of his bundle of bank-notes was in due course transferred to me, and I fancied I had him 'polished off;' but, dipping his hand into his big-coat pocket, he produced a green silk purse, half a yard long, and stuffed, apparently, with sovereigns. I lighted a cigar, and offered him another, but he declined it; and, after groping his *cotamore* for half a minute, produced a *dudheen*,^[67] which he lighted at the candle. I have smoked tobacco here these ten years,—Persian or pigstail were all the same to me;—but the first whiff of Magan's pipe I thought would have smothered me on the spot.

"Holy Bridget!' says I, gasping for breath. 'Arrah! what stuff is that you're blowing?'

"It's rather strong,' says he, 'but beautiful when you're used to it. Cut the cards; and, as they say in Connaught, 'if money stands, luck may turn.'

"Just then Judy come in to ask Mr. Magan if he would have a second pair of blankets on his bed.

"Will you come with me?' says he, putting his arm round her jokingly.

"God take ye, if possible!' cried Judy: 'pheaks! ye'r not over well honest man, for your hand's in a fever!'

"It's the liker my heart, Judy,' and he gave her a coaxing smile.

"Sorrow one of me liked his making so free. 'Go on with your game,' says I, 'and don't be putting your *comether*^[68] over my housekeeper.'

"At the moment a horse-tramp was heard in the yard, and Judy ran to the window.

"Who's that?' says I. 'Devil welcome him, whoever he is;' for I thought he would interrupt us.

"It's a short man on a grey pony,' says Judy, 'with a big blue cloak about him.'

"Phew!' and I whistled. 'It's Father Paul Feaghan.'

"Father Paul!" ejaculated Mr. Magan, turning pale as a shirt-frill, and dropping the *dudheen* on the floor.

"Oh, death and nouns! the carpet will be ruined!" roared Judy, plumping down upon her knees, and snatching at the pipe; but, before she reached it, she gave a wild scream, as if she saw a ghost, and began blessing herself busily. But, scarcely had she made the sign of the †, when a thunderclap shook the lodge; a blaze lightened through the supper-room, and Mr. Magan, taking with him the black bank-notes, and the hand of cards he was playing with, vanished up the chimney. No doubt he would have taken the roof away into the bargain, had not Father Paul been fortunately so near us."

"And," said I, "did no other evil consequences attend this unhallowed visit?"

"Evil consequences!" returned Johnny Dixon, as he repeated my words: "my stable-boy was frightened into fits; Judy Mac Keal kept her bed for a fortnight,—and, *mona mon diaoul*^[69] thirty shillings did not pay the glazier—for Magan,—the Lord's curse light upon him!—smashed the windows into smithereens. But it grows late," he continued, addressing his companion; "and you and I, Peter, must be up ere cockcrow. Good night, sir!" and he turned to me. "Should you ever meet Mr. Magan—while you remain in his society, never be persuaded, as they say in Mayo, to 'prove agreeable;' or, 'fight, flirt, play cards, or hold the candle.'"

[NOTE:—The story was told me at a supper-table table by a Connaught gentleman, with the most profound gravity imaginable. He, the hero, believed it religiously himself; and woe be to the sceptic who gainsayed its authenticity.

Poor Johnny lies under a ton weight of Connemara marble. *Requiescat!* A better fellow never took six feet in a stroke, carried off a third bottle, or gave a job to the coroner. *Requiescat! Amen!*]

[Pg
260]

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Dover, December 20th, 1836.

DEAR YOUR LORDSHIP,—I never writ to a lord before, and don't do it now spontaneous; but Mrs. Miggins desires me to ask you to join our Christmas party next week. Now I think that will be what you call a bore, because 't isn't only us ourselves, but I can't give up old friends and relations, and so there'll be more Migginses than you ever saw before; and, always excepting daughter Sophy, I suspect you've seen more already than you ever wish to see again. However, daughter Sophy did seem to attract your notice like, last autumn here, when you was staying with the duke. I saw clear enough you didn't want the duke nor the duchess to know about it, and so I were glad when you took yourself away; but Sophy hankers after you, and my wife says,—and she's right enough there, though it doesn't generally follow that a thing's right because she says it,—that there's no reason why daughter Sophy shouldn't be a lord's wife and a lady herself, like other fine girls no ways her betters; and, though I did make my money in the soap and candle line, the money, now it's made, an't the worse; and so, if you really wants to marry Sophy, say it out and out, and I'll give my consent. It is but fair and right to tell your Lordship that there's another young man desperate about her,—not, when I say another young man, that I mean to call your lordship a young man, for I know that wouldn't be respectful. However, if I had my own way in all things,—which I haven't, and few men have,—Captain Mills of the artillery would be the man for Sophy. He's a mighty proper man to look at, and I've asked him down to spend Christmas here too; so, if your lordship don't think it worth while to come, why only say the word, and, to my thinking, Captain Mills will have a good chance.

People do report things that I don't want to believe about your lordship's ways of going on; but if you do marry Sophy, hang it! make her happy. Don't take her away from them as loves her, and then be neglectful and unkind; for she don't know yet what unkindness is, and I know 'twould break her heart, and then I should break mine, and my poor wife would follow,—so that would break us all. But a lord must be a gentlemen, and a gentleman can't behave like a blackguard to a woman. So some down here on Saturday the 24th, and we'll have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. In all which my wife and Sophy do join. So no more at present

From your dear lordship's
humble servant at command,
PETER MIGGINS.

Peter Miggins's letter to Lord John Lavender has probably sufficiently introduced him to the reader. The right honourable personage to whom that letter was addressed was the youngest son of a duke, and in all respects as great a contrast to all the blood of the Migginses as can possibly be imagined.

Lord John had been, for many years, one of the best-looking men about town; so many years, indeed, had he been a beauty, that it was quite wonderful to detect no change in his figure, face,

[Pg
261]

or manner. He still looked as he always had looked, and probably always intended to look. There is this one great advantage in beginning to *make up* early in life,—nobody detects any difference. The toilet requires a more protracted attention, and a steadier hand; but, once completed, to the eye of the observer the colours and the outline are the same. No woman ever thought more about her appearance than did Lord John Lavender; yet there was a manliness in his manner and conversation which rescued him from the charge of effeminacy.

He was devoted to the fair sex; so much so, that the world could not help giving him credit for being so sedulously attentive to the beautification of his person solely that he might render himself agreeable in their eyes.

He certainly succeeded most admirably; and, at the same time that he was in all societies courted and caressed by the fairest and the most distinguished, there was one little well-known theatrical connexion, *of* which we will say as little as possible, and *to* which old Mr. Miggins had alluded in his letter.

Lord John Lavender's income was small, his expectations minute, his expenses great, and his debts amounted to his overplus expenditure for the number of years he had been about town. Of the sum total of his incumbrances he was ignorant. Bills came in at stated periods, and were carelessly thrown aside; for what was the use of looking at their amount, knowing beforehand that he could not pay them? But he was aware this could not go on for ever; he knew that, according to custom, tradesmen would trust him, as they constantly trust others, almost to any amount, for a certain period, without having from the first the slightest reason to suppose that the individual so trusted would ever be in a condition to pay them; and then all of a sudden they would pounce upon him, demand payment of all arrears, and trust no more.

Now, it was quite impossible for Lord John to think of retrenchment. Among the absolute necessities of life he reckoned at least two pair of primrose kid gloves a-day, at three shillings a-pair. Two guineas a-week for gloves,—the price of a moderate bachelor's lodging! Life would be intolerable without such things; so, in order that he might continue in the land of the living, his fastidious lordship had deigned to smile upon Miss Sophy Miggins, and had permitted the idea of marriage with a plebeian to enter his aristocratic mind.

No wonder that Sophy should be dazzled by smiles from such a quarter. She was pleased and flattered, and imagined that she liked his lordship exceedingly, though she never felt at ease in his presence. He was so unlike everybody with whom she had been accustomed to associate, that she had sense enough to suppose she must be equally unlike his former companions, and she was always afraid of exciting his wonder and ridicule by some awkward breach of the usages of good society. But then to walk about with a lord, was a thing not to be resisted; and though she would have been much happier with the Captain Mills of whom her father made honourable mention in his letter to Lord John, still she never could bring herself to reject the proffered arm of his lordship.

And had she made up her mind to accept the *hand* of Lord John Lavender, should that also in due course of time be proffered? Not exactly; but Mrs. Miggins had decided for her. That his intentions were honourable, she could not doubt. Honourable! nay, was he not a *right* honourable lover? So, in full expectation of an offer for her daughter, the old lady bought a "Peerage," placed it in a conspicuous part of her drawing-room, and looked very coldly on Captain Mills.

The captain was ordered to Woolwich; and Lord John having left Dover, Sophy could not, at parting, help evincing to poor Mills a little of the partiality which she felt. Such was the position of affairs when Mr. Miggins, who had no notion of men (nor lords neither) being shilly shally, as he called it, was determined to bring matters to a crisis. He therefore, after much serious cogitation, wrote the letter which has been confidentially exhibited to the reader; and also another, requiring infinitely less forethought, which he dispatched to Captain Mills.

"What day of the month is it?" said Lord John to his valet, after perusing the epistle of his Dover correspondent.

"The twenty-first, my lord."

"The twenty-first!" exclaimed his lordship finishing his coffee.—"Wednesday, I declare!—and Sunday is Christmas-day! If I go at all, I must go on Saturday at latest."

"My lord?"

"I must go to Dover, Friday or Saturday."

"Oh! on your way to the Continent? I think it would be advisable, my lord."

"The Continent! no:—why advisable?"

"Why, my lord; *may* I speak?" inquired Faddle, as he removed breakfast.

"Certainly: what have you to say?"

"Why, the tradespeople, my lord:—just at Christmas-time the bills do fall in like a shower of paper-snow in a stage-play."

"Oh! and you think I must get out of the way, and let the storm blow over, eh?"

"I do, indeed, my lord; for I'm sorry to say it's very threatening."

"Oh, well! we'll go as far as Dover; there's no occasion to cross that odious channel."

"If I may make bold to ask, why will your lordship be safer at Dover than in London?"

"Don't you remember that pretty girl, Faddle? the girl with the rich father,—Miss Miggins?"

"Oh! *marriage!*" said Faddle, with a very deep sigh.

"Yes, Faddle, marriage."

"And here's a billet from May-fair!"

"Ah! let me see;" and Lord John opened an elegant little note, penned on a rose-leaf,—at least, in colour and fragrance it resembled one.

"She acts to-night, and desires me to dine with her on Christmas-day. Leave me, Faddle. Give me pen, ink, and paper; send me the *coiffeur* directly. I must speak to Tightfit's man at one; appoint Heeltap at two, and Gimcrack and Shine a quarter of an hour later."

"To speak about their bills, my lord?"

"Oh dear, no; to elongate their bills. But *they* are too distinguished in their respective lines to breathe a hint about the *trifles*. As to the *canaille* of tradesmen, mention my intended marriage."

"Oh! it's settled?"

"Why, to be sure; you don't suppose I've anything to do *but to go!*"

The valet bowed, and left the noble lord to his meditations. At three he was in his cab,—at five in May-fair,—at eight in the green-room.

Rapidly passed Thursday and Friday; and, among his many preparations for departure on Saturday, Lord John forgot to write to his future father-in-law, to intimate that it was his intention to depart. No matter; they would only be the more delighted at his unexpected arrival. Faddle packed up all his things; and, as his cambric handkerchiefs and kid gloves entirely filled one portmanteau, some notion may be formed of the quantity of luggage which it was absolutely necessary for him to take.

All this, however, was despatched by the mail on Friday night, directed to "Lord John Lavender, Worthington's Ship Hotel." On Saturday morning, his lordship, accompanied by his faithful Faddle, was to follow in a post-chariot and four. But Saturday morning came, and with it came another rose-leaf, on which were lines so delicately penned, that—

Suffice it to say that Lord John Lavender postponed his departure, dined in May-fair on Christmas-day, and, having resolved to travel all night, ordered horses to be at the door at ten. He at length tore himself away, wrapped himself up in several cloaks, threw himself into a corner of the carriage, and fell fast asleep. Poor Faddle in the rumble was most uncomfortably situated. It was no common snow-storm that commenced on Christmas-night 1836, nor was it a commonly keen wind that blew upon him. He shivered and shook, muttering foul curses on May-fair; and very shortly became as white as a sugar ornament on the exterior of a twelfth-cake, and very nearly as inanimate. With much ado they reached Canterbury; their stopping suddenly, roused Lord John Lavender from his repose. Somebody tapped at the window, and most reluctantly he opened it.

"If you please, my lord, we can't go any further," stammered the miserable and long-suffering Faddle.

"If *I* please! nonsense: horses out directly!"

"They say it's not possible, my lord: we've come through terrible dangers as it is."

"Not possible! why not?"

"The snow, my lord."

"Snow! nonsense!—as if it never snowed before! Tell them who I am. I say, you fellows, put horses to,—the distance is nothing;—go on;" and Lord John pulled up the glass, threw himself again into his corner, and the landlord, knowing that though they would inevitably be obliged to return, the horses must be paid for, tipped the postilion the wink, and on they went.

But not to Dover! Slowly they proceeded: now one wheel was up in the air, and then the other. Lord John was himself startled when he saw the deep drifts through which they waded; and when at last they stopped at a low miserable hovel by the road-side, he no longer urged the possibility of proceeding farther.

"We must return to Canterbury."

"Impossible, my lord: after we passed a part of the road which had been cut between two hills, an immense mass of snow fell, and blocked it up. It is a mercy it did not fall upon *us*;—we had a narrow escape."

"We *can't* stay here," said Lord John, looking at the wretched hut before him.

"We *must* stay here," said one of the drivers.

"Why, I haven't got my things!—what can I do, Faddle, without my things? I haven't even a clean cambric handkerchief, nor a tooth-brush!"

It was too true: it had appeared so easy to have his "*things*" unpacked and placed on his dressing-table the moment he arrived at Dover, that literally nothing had been provided. Intense cold soon drove Lord John into the hut; from which, however, his first impulse was to emerge again, so execrable were the fumes of bad tobacco, and so odious the group which preoccupied the low chamber.

"Walk in and welcome," cried a tipsy waggoner; "we be all friends."

"Oh, faith!" said an Irish *lady*, whose husband, a "needy knife-grinder," was asleep on the floor, "he's a rare gintleman, and I'll give him a sate by myself, and p'raps he'll trate me to a drop of comfort."

Lord John felt exceedingly sick; and, choking with anger and tobacco-smoke, he turned to the ragged lad of the house, and ordered a private room.

"There be no room, sir, but this here, besides that there up the ladder."

"Up there, then," said his lordship, approaching it.

"No, but ye can't though," said the lad interposing: "mother and sister's asleep up there, and the waggoner's wife, and all the females except she as sits there, by the fire."

Lord John paused; he could not invade the territory of the fair sex: what was to be done?

"Can't I have a bed?"

"There *be* some dry straw left, I take it: I'll go and see, and give you a shake down here, and welcome."

"A shake down!" groaned his lordship, "Faddle!"

"Yes, my lord."

"Where are you?"

"Here—dying, I believe; I never was so ill!" and there in truth lay Faddle, rolling on the bare floor.

"I say, Mother Murphy," said the tipsy Waggoner, "that ere chap's a lord!"

"They be going to do away wi' them, I hear," said the Radical knife-grinder, waking up; "and a good job too;—werry useless fellors, I take it."

"Bless his pretty face!" said the Irish lady: "exchange is no robbery; and I'd gi' him a kiss for a drop of the cratur."

"You be hung!" cried her husband, throwing a stool at her head; "you've had too much already."

The fair representative of Hibernia was not to be put upon; up she started, and there was a pitched battle between her and her husband, which ended in the fall of both.

Unused to fatigue, Lord John at last threw himself on his straw. But what a night did he pass! the noise, the smell, the discomfort, the fleas—oh!

By many will the last week of 1836 be long remembered, but by none with greater horror than by the Right Honourable Lord John Lavender.

Without wholesome food,—without a change of linen,—exposed to cold, privation, and every possible annoyance, he became seriously unwell; and when, at the end of a week, the indefatigable Mr. Worthington opened a communication between Dover and Canterbury by means of a sledge, the poor prisoner was unable to avail himself of it. Some comforts and necessary restoratives were, however, conveyed to him; and at the end of another week, after the road had been traversed by many, four horses were again put to his carriage, and, entering it like the shadow of his former self, he once more started on his way to Dover. We have said that there is a great advantage in having begun to "*make up*" early in life. Not so, however, when the process has been suddenly and unavoidably interrupted. But Lord John was sure to find all he wanted as soon as he arrived at the Ship Hotel; a few hours' renovation would prepare him for his interview with the fair Sophy. He threw himself back in the carriage, and indulged in the most gratifying anticipations.

He was roused from his reverie by the rapid approach of a chariot and four greys; and, leaning forward, he caught a glimpse of Sophy,—the lovely, amiable Sophy,—who, having heard of his dilemma, had, doubtless, set out to seek him!

"Stop! stop!" cried Lord John. "Here, Faddle, get down; call to those drivers. Hollo there!—open the door—let down the step—give me your arm—that will do: I'm delighted to see you, Sophy; I recognised you in a minute: I was on my way to Dover to pay my respects."

Sophy blushed, and smiled, and did not seem to know what to say: at last she articulated,

"Papa and mamma will be happy to see you, my lord: allow me to introduce to your lordship my husband, Captain Mills;" and a gentleman leaned forward and bowed, who had before been invisible.

"Your lordship will be in time for the wedding-dinner; you will have the kindness to say you have seen us."

Saying thus, Captain Mills and *his lady* again bowed and smiled; and, leaving his lordship in amazement, the wedding equipage dashed on.

Lord John Lavender proceeded to Dover, and, looking into some Sunday chronicle of fashionable scandal, he saw that his friend of May-fair had just entered into another *arrangement*. His case was desperate; and, accompanied only by his valet, he proceeded on what lords and gentlemen so circumstanced, call, a *Continental trip*.

They who choose to read a document on a certain church-door, may ascertain, that though no

FAMILY STORIES.—No. II.

LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE.

Tapton Everard, Feb. 14, 1837.

FRIEND BENTLEY,—I see you have got hold of some of our family secrets; but Seaforth was always a blab. No matter: as you *have* found your way into our circle, why, I suppose we must even make the best of it, and let you go on. The revival of "Old Sir Giles's" story has set us all rummaging among the family papers, of which there is a large chest full "apud *castro* de Tappington," as a literary friend of mine has it. In the course of her researches, Caroline the other day popped upon the history of a far-off cousin, some four or five generations back,—a sad story,—a sort of Uriah business,—in which a principal part was played by a great-great-aunt of ours. In order to secure her own child's succession to a fair estate, she was always believed to have wantonly exposed the life of her husband's only son by a former marriage; and through the assistance of her brother, a sea-captain, to have at least thrust him unnecessarily into danger, even if their machinations went no farther. The lad was killed; and report said that an old boatswain confessed on his death-bed—But Miss Simpkinson will tell you the story better than I can. She has dished it up for you in her choicest Pindarics; and though the maiden is meek, her muse is masculine.

Yours, as it may be,
THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

THE LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE.

The captain is walking his quarter-deck,
With a troubled brow and a bended neck;
One eye is down through the hatchway cast,
The other turns up to the truck on the mast;
Yet none of the crew may venture to hint
"Our skipper hath gotten a sinister squint!"

The captain again the letter hath read
Which the bum-boat woman brought out to Spithead—
Still, since the good ship sailed away,
He reads that letter three times a-day;
Yet the writing is broad and fair to see
As a skipper may read in his degree,
And the seal is as black, and as broad, and as flat,
As his own cockade in his own cock'd hat:
He reads, and he says, as he walks to and fro,
"Curse the old woman—she bothers me so!"

He pauses now, for the topmen hail—
"On the larboard quarter a sail! a sail!"
That grim old captain he turns him quick,
And bawls through his trumpet for Hairy-faced Dick.

"The breeze is blowing—huzza! huzza!
The breeze is blowing—away! away!
The breeze is blowing—a race! a race!
The breeze is blowing—we near the chase!
Blood will flow, and bullets will fly,—
Oh where will be then young Hamilton Tighe?"—

—"On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
With his sword in his hand, and his foe at his knee.
Cockswain, or boatswain, or reefer may try,
But the first man on board will be Hamilton Tighe!"

Hairy-faced Dick hath a swarthy hue,
Between a gingerbread nut and a Jew,
And his pigtail is long, and bushy, and thick,
Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick.
Hairy-faced Dick understands his trade;
He stands by the breech of a long carronade,
The linstock glows in his bony hand,
Waiting that grim old skipper's command.

"The bullets are flying—huzza! huzza!
The bullets are flying—away! away!"
The brawny boarders mount by the chains,
And are over their buckles in blood and brains:
On the foeman's deck, where a man should be,
 Young Hamilton Tighe
 Waves his cutlass high,
And *Capitaine Crapaud* bends low at his knee.

Hairy-faced Dick, linstock in hand,
Is waiting that grim-looking skipper's command:—
 A wink comes sly
 From that sinister eye—
Hairy-faced Dick at once lets fly,
And knocks off the head of young Hamilton Tighe!

There's a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her pages and handmaidens come at her call:
"Now haste ye, my handmaidens, haste and see
How he sits there and glow'rs with his head on his knee!"
The maidens smile, and, her thought to destroy,
They bring her a little pale mealy-faced boy;
And the mealy-faced boy says, "Mother dear,
Now Hamilton's dead, I've a thousand a-year!"

The lady has donn'd her mantle and hood,
She is bound for shrift at St. Mary's Rood:—
"Oh! the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll,
And the mass shall be said for my step-son's soul,
And the tablet fair shall be hung up on high,
Orate pro anima Hamilton Tighe!"

 Her coach and four
 Draws up to the door,
With her groom, and her footman, and half a score more;
The lady steps into her coach alone,
And they hear her sigh and they hear her groan;
They close the door, and they turn the pin,
But there's one rides with her who never stept in!
All the way there, and all the way back,
The harness strains, and the coach-springs crack,
The horses snort, and plunge, and kick,
Till the coachman thinks he is driving Old Nick:
And the grooms and the footmen wonder and say,
"What makes the old coach so heavy to-day?"
But the mealy-faced boy peeps in, and sees
A man sitting there with his head on his knees.

'Tis ever the same, in hall or in bower,
Wherever the place, whatever the hour,
That lady mutters and talks to the air,
And her eye is fixed on an empty chair;
But the mealy-faced boy still whispers with dread,
"She talks to a man with never a head!"

There's an old yellow admiral living at Bath,
As grey as a badger, as thin as a lath;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.
That old yellow admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, but he frets and fumes,
For all his knaves stand upside down,
And the Jack of clubs does nothing but frown;
And the kings, and the aces, and all the best trumps,
Get into the hands of the other old frumps;
While, close to his partner, a man he sees
Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine store,
And a great black doll hangs out at the door;
There are rusty locks, and dusty bags,
And musty phials, and fusty rags,

And a lusty old woman, called Thirsty Nan,
And her crusty old husband's a hairy-faced man!

That hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,
And his great thick pigtail is wither'd and gone;
And he cries, "Take away that lubberly chap
That sits there and grins with his head in his lap!"
And the neighbours say, as they see him look sick,
"What a rum old covey is Hairy-faced Dick!"

That admiral, lady, and hairy-faced man
May say what they please, and may do what they can;
But one thing seems remarkably clear,—
They may die to-morrow, or live till next year,—
But wherever they live, or whenever they die,
They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe.

[Pg 269]

NIGHTS AT SEA:

Or, Sketches of Naval Life during the War.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.

For the purple Nautilus is my boat,
In which I over the waters float;
The moon is shining upon the sea.
Who is there will come and sail with me?—L.E.L.

Of all the craft that ever swam upon salt-water give me the dashing forty-four gun frigate, with a ship's company of dare-devils who would board his Satanic Majesty's kitchen in the midst of cooking-time, if they could only get a gallant spirit to lead them. And pray, what would a ship's company be without leaders? for, after all, it is the officers that make the men what they are; so that, when I see a well-rigged man-o'-war, in which discipline is preserved without unnecessary punishment or toil, that's the hooker for me; and such was his Britannic Majesty's frigate, "the saucy, thrash-'em-all SPANKAWAY," for by that title was she known from Yarmouth Roads to the Land's End. Oh, she was a lovely creature! almost a thing of life! and it would be outraging the principles of beauty to give her any other than a female designation. Everybody has been in love some time or other in the course of his existence, and the object of affection was no doubt an angel in the eyes of the ardent lover:—just so was the frigate to me—an angel; for she had wings, and her movements were regulated by the breath of heaven. She was the very standard of loveliness, the most exquisite of graceful forms. At anchor she sat upon the water with all the elegance and ease of the cygnet, or like a queen reclining on her downy couch. Under weigh she resembled the pretty pintado bird skimming the billow tops, or the fleet dolphin darting from wave to wave. Then to see her climb the rolling swell, or cleave the rising foam, baptising her children with the spray, and naming them her seamen—Oh, it was a spectacle worth a life to witness!

And who was her captain? the intrepid Lord Eustace Dash; a man more ennobled by his acts than by the courtesy which conferred his title; one who loved the women, hated the French, and had a constitutional liking for the rattling reports of a long-eighteen. His first lieutenant, Mr. Seymour, knew his duty, and performed it. The second lieutenant, Mr. Sinnitt, followed the example of his senior. The third lieutenant, Mr. Nugent, obeyed orders, touched the guitar, and was extremely anxious to become an author. Then there was Mr. Scalpel, the surgeon; Mr. Squeeze'em, the purser; and Mr. Parallel, the master; with the two marine officers, Plumstone and Peabody. Such were the *élite* of the frigate; but it would be unpardonable—a sort of sea-sacrilege—not to notice Mr. Savage, the boatswain; Mr. Blueblazes, the gunner; and Mr. Bracebit, the carpenter, all good men and true, who had come in at the hawse-holes, and served through the various gradations till they mounted the anchor-button on their long-tailed coats. As for the mates, midshipmen, and assistant-surgeons, there was a very fair sprinkling,—the demons of the orlop, each with his nickname. Her crew—but we will speak of them presently.

[Pg
270]

Hark! it is four bells, in the first dog-watch; and there rolls the summons by the drum, calling the brave to arms. See how the hatchways pour forth the living mass! and in three minutes every soul fore and aft is at his appointed post. The gallant ship lies almost slumbering on the fair bosom of the waters, and the little progress she does make is as noiseless as a delightful dream; like the lone point in the centre of a circle, she is surrounded by the blue waves, and nothing intervenes to break the connected curve of the horizon. Upon the quarter-deck, his right hand thrust into his waistcoat, and his feet firmly planted on the white plank, as if desirous of making the bark feel his own peculiar weight, stands her brave commander: near him Mr. Squeeze'em and two young imps of aides-de-camp take up their allotted stations; the former to note and minute down the details of action, the latter to fly to the infernal regions of the magazine, or anywhere else, at the bidding of their chief. The lieutenants are mustering their divisions through the

agency of the young gentlemen; the surgeon and his assistants, happily having nothing to do below, appear abaft the mizen-mast; whilst Mr. Parallel holds brief consultation with the veteran Savage, whose portrait is affixed to each cat-head. Mr. Bracebit is sounding the well, and old Blueblazes is skimming about wherever circumstances require his presence. The marines, stiffened with pipe-clay, and their heads immovable from what the negroes appropriately call "a top-boot round de neck," are parading on the gangway—their thumbs as stark as tobacco-stoppers, and their fingers as straight as a "hap'orth of pins." What a compound of pomatum and heel-ball, pipe-clay and sand-paper!

And now the officers give in their reports to the captain, who walks round the quarters to make a personal inspection, and, as he looks along the frowning battery, his lordship is proud of his bonny bark; whilst, as he gazes on his gallant crew, his heart exults in beholding some of the finest specimens of Britain's own that ever made their "home upon the deep."

"What think you of the weather, Mr. Parallel?" inquires his lordship, on returning to the quarter-deck. "Will it be fine to-night?"

The old man scans the horizon with an eye of professional scrutiny, and then replies, "I have my doubts, my lord; but at this time o' year the helements are beyond the ken of human understanding. I've been up the Mediterranean, off and on, man and boy, some five-and-forty years; it is to me like the face of a parent to a child, but I never could discover from its features what was passing in its heart, or the fit it would take next; one minute a calm, the next a squall; one hour a gentle breeze that just keeps the sails asleep, the next a gale of wind enough to blow the devil's horns off."

Lord Eustace well knows the veteran's peculiarities; indeed he is the only privileged talker in the ship, and so much esteemed by all, that no one seeks to check his loquacity.

"Beat the retreat, and reef the topsails, Mr. Seymour," cries the captain to his first lieutenant, and the latter despatches one of the young gentlemen to repeat the orders.

Rub-a-dub goes the drum again; but before the sound of the last tap has died away, the twhit-twhit of the boatswain's call summons his mates to their duty; a loud piping succeeds, and "Reef topsails ahoy!" is bellowed forth from lungs that might have been cased with sheet-iron, so hoarse is the appeal. And see! before you can slue round to look, from the tack of the flying-jib to the outer clue of the spanker, the lower rattlins of the fore, main, and mizen shrouds are thronged with stout active young men, who keep stealthily ascending, till the first lieutenant's "Away aloft!" sends them up like sparks from a chimney-pot. The topsails are lowered, the studding-sail booms are triced up, the topmen mount the horses, the earings are hauled out, the reef-points tied, the sails rehoisted, and the men down on deck again in one minute and fifty-two seconds from the moment the halliards first rattled from the rack.

"Very well done, Mr. Seymour!" exclaims his lordship, as he stands near the wheel, with his gold repeater in his hand; "and cleverly reefed too: those after-points are well taut, and show as straight a line as if it had been ruled by a schoolmaster."

"Natur's their schoolmaster, my lord," says old Parallel, with a pleased and business-like countenance; "and, consequently, they have everything well taut."

"Very good, master," exclaimed his lordship, laughing, "you get more witty than ever."

"It's strange," muttered the veteran, surlily, "that I can't speak a simple truth, without their logging it down again' me for wit. For my part I see no wit in it."

"Pipe the hammocks down, Mr. Seymour; give them half an hour, and then call the watch," orders his lordship.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responds the first lieutenant. "Stand by the hammocks, Mr. Savage."

"Twhit-twhit!" goes the boatswain's call, followed by a voice like a distant thunderclap, "Hammocks ahoy!" and away flies every man to the nettings; but not a lashing is touched till the whole have found owners, (the occupation of a minute,) when the first lieutenant's "Pipe down!" draws forth a lark-like chirping of the calls, and in a few seconds the whole have disappeared; even the hammock-men to the young gentlemen have fetched their duplicate, and the cloths are rolled up for the night. The gallant Nelson had his coffin publicly exhibited in his cabin; but what of that? the seaman constantly sleeps in his coffin, for such is his hammock should he die at sea.

Lord Eustace has retired to his cabin, and the officers are pacing to and fro the quarter-deck, conversing on

"Promotion, mess-debts, absent friends, and love."

The glory of the day is on the wane; the full round moon arises bright and beautiful, like a gigantic pearl from the coral caverns of the ocean; but there is a sort of sallow mistiness upon the verge of the western horizon, tinged with vermeil streaks from the last rays of the setting sun, that produce feelings of an undefined and undefinable nature: yet there is nothing threatening, for all is delightfully tranquil; no cloud appears to excite apprehensions, for there is a smile upon the face of the heavens, and its dimples are reflected on the surface of the clear waters as assurances of safety. Yet, why are there many keen and experienced eyes glancing at that sickly aspect of the west, as if it were something which tells them of sudden squalls, of whirling hurricanes, like the unnatural flush that gives warning of approaching fever.

"The captain will be happy to have the company of the gun-room officers, to wind up the day, sir," said his lordship's steward, addressing the first lieutenant.

"The gun-room officers, much obliged, will wait upon his lordship," returned Mr. Seymour; then, turning to Mr. Parallel, "Come, master; what attracts your attention there to windward? The captain has sent us an invitation to take our grog with him. Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay!" responded the old man, "with pleasure; his lordship means to make Saturday night of it, I suppose; and I must own it has been a precious long week, though, according to the log, it's only Thursday."

The cabin of Lord Eustace had nothing splendid about it; the guns were secured by the tackles, ready for instant use, and everything was plain and simple; the deck was carpeted, and the furniture, handsome of its kind, more suited for utility than show. The baize-covered table was amply supplied with wines, spirits, and liquors, which his lordship prided himself in never having but of the best quality; and a jovial party sat around to enjoy the invigorating cheer.

"Gentlemen," said his lordship, rising, "The King!"

Heartily was that toast drunk, for never was monarch more affectionately served by his royal navy than George the Third. Other toasts were given, national and characteristic songs were sung; the relaxation of discipline loosened the restraints on harmony, and that kindly feeling prevailed which forms the best bond of union amongst the officers, and commands respect and esteem from the men.

"Come, Mr. Nugent, have you nothing new to give us? no fresh effusion of the muse?" enquired his lordship.

"As for any thing fresh," said old Parallel, "I know he puts us all into a pretty pickle with his 'briny helement,' and in his 'salt-sea sprays,' everlasting spouting like a fin-back at play; what with him and the marines' flutes I suffer a sort of cable-laid torture."

"You've no taste for poetry, master," returned the young officer: "but come, I'll give you my last song; Plumstone has set it to music;" and with a clear sonorous voice he sang the following:

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag! Britannia's proudest boast;
Her herald o'er the distant sea, the guardian of her coast;
Where'er 'tis spread, on field or flood, the blazonry of fame;
And Britons hail its mastery with shouts of loud acclaim.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag! in battle or in blast;
Whether 'tis hoisted at the peak, or nail'd to splinter'd mast;
Though rent by service or by shot, all tatter'd it may be,
Old England's tars shall still maintain its dread supremacy.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag, that Nelson proudly bore,
When hostile banners waved aloft, amid the cannon's roar!
When France and Spain in unison the deadly battle close,
And deeper than its own red hue the vital current flows.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag! for it is Victory's own,
Though Trafalgar re-echoes still the hero's dying groan;
The Spaniards dows'd their jaundiced rag on that eventful day,
And Gallic eagles humbly crouch'd, acknowledging our sway.

Hail to the flag—the gallant flag! come, hoist it once again;
And show the haughty nations round, our throne is on the main;
Our ships are crowns and sceptres, whose titles have no flaw,
And legislators are our guns dispensing cannon law.

Once more then hail the gallant flag! the seaman's honest pride,
Who loves to see it flaunt the breeze, and o'er the ocean ride;
Like the genius of his country, 'tis ever bold and free;
And he will prove, where'er it flies, we're sovereigns of the sea."

"Very fair, very fair, Mr. Nugent," said his lordship; "and not badly sung, either."

"Ay, ay, my lord, the youngster's well enough," chimed in old Parallel; "but, what with his poetry and book-making, I'm half afraid he'll forget the traverse-tables altogether."

"And pray how does the book-making, as the master calls it, get on, Nugent?" inquired the captain: "have you made much progress?"

"I have commenced, my lord," returned the junior lieutenant, pulling out some papers from his pocket; "and, with your lordship's permission——"

"You'll inflict it upon us," grumbled the old master, and shrugging up his shoulders as he perceived his messmate was actually about to read, whether the captain sanctioned it or not.

"Now then, attention to my introduction!" said Nugent, holding up the manuscript, heedless of the nods and winks of his companions; "I'm sure you'll like it. 'The moon is high in the mid heavens, and not a single envious cloud frowns darkly upon her fair loveliness; there is a flood of silvery light; and fleecy vapours, with their hoary crests, like snow-wreaths from the mountain top, float on its surface to do honour to the queen of night. The winds are sporting with the waters; the amorous waves are heaving up their swelling bosoms to be kissed by the warm breeze that comes laden with perfumes from the sunny clime of Italy. There is a glow of crimson

lingering in the west, as if departing day blushed for her wanton sister. Hail, thou inland sea, upon whose breast the gallant heroes of the British isles have fought and conquered! Ancient history recounts thy days of old, and the bold shores that bind thee in their arms stand as indubitable records of the truth of Holy Writ. The tall ship, reflected on thy ocean mirror, seems to view her symmetry in silent exultation, as if conscious of her grandeur and her beauty, her majesty and her might. The giantess of the deep, her lightnings sleeping and her thunders hushed, dances lightly o'er thy mimic billows, and curtsies to the gentle gale.' There, my lord, that is the way I begin: and I appeal to your well-known judgment whether it is not a pretty picture, and highly poetical."

"A pretty picture truly," grumbled old Parallel: "it ounly wants a squadron of angels seated with their bare starns upon the wet clouds, scudding away before it like colliers in the Sevin, and in one corner the heads of a couple o' butcher's boys blowing wooden skewers, and then it would be complete. Why, there's the marine a-laughing at you. Talk about the winds kissing the waves, indeed. Ay, ay, young sir, when you've worked as many reckonings as ould Will Parallel,—and that's myself,—you'll find 'em kiss somat else, or you'll have better luck than your neighbours. Why don't you stick to Natur, if you mean to write a book? and how'll the log stand then?—Why, His Majesty's ship Spankaway cruising in the Mediterranean: and if you've worked your day's work, you ought to know the latitude and longitude. Well, there she is, with light winds and fine weather, under double-reefed top-sels, jib, and spanker, the courses snugly hauled up, the t'gant-sels furled in a skin as smooth as an infant's, the staysels nicely stowed, and not a yard of useless canvass abroad. There'd be some sense in that, and everybody would understand it; but as for your kissing and blushing, and such like stuff, why it's all nonsense."

[Pg
274]

"That's always the way with you matter-o'-fact men," retorted the lieutenant: "you make no allowance for the colourings of the imagination; your ideas of the picturesque never go beyond the ship's paint."

"But they do, though, my young friend," asseverated the master, to the great amusement of all present. "Show me the ship's paint that can compare with the ruby lustre of this fine old port—here's a discharge of grape."

"That's a metaphor, master," said the purser; "and, moreover,"—and he seemed to shudder at the abomination,—"it is a pun."

"Ay, ay," answered the veteran, holding up his glass to the light, and eyeing its contents with evident satisfaction, "we've often met afore; and as for the pun, I'll e'en swallow it;" and he drank off his wine amidst a general laugh. "But do you really mean to write a book, Nugent?"

"I do, indeed, master," answered the lieutenant; "but whether it will be read or not is an affair for others to determine. I've got as far as I have repeated to you, and must now pick up incidents and characters."

"A bundle of shakings and a head-rope of wet swabs!" uttered the old master contemptuously. "Stick to your log-book, Mr. Nugent, if ever you hopes to get command of such a sweet craft as this here, of which I have the honour to be the master. Larn to keep the ship's reck'ning, and leave authorship to the poor devils who starves by it. There's ounly two books as ever I look at—Hamilton Moore and the Bible; and though I never yet sailed in a craft that rated a parson in commission, yet I make out the latter tolerably well, notwithstanding my edication sometimes gets jamm'd in a clinch, and my knowledge thrown slap aback: but that's all nat'ral; for how can a man work to wind'ard through a narrow passage without knowing somut o' the soundings or the outline o' the coast. Howsomever, there's one course as is plain enough, and I trust it will carry me clear at last,—to do my duty by my king, God bless him!—and whilst the yards of conscience are squared by the lifts and braces of honesty, I have no fear but I shall cheat the devil of one messmate, and that's ould Will—myself."

"A toast, gentlemen—a toast!" exclaimed his lordship in high animation; "'The master of the Spankaway and his lady-mate.'"

"I beg pardon, my lord," interrupted the surgeon, "the master is not married; he is yet a solitary bachelor."

"True—most true," chimed in Nugent, laughing; "for, according to the words of the poet,

"None but himself can be his PARALLEL."

[Pg 275]

"You are too fastidious, gentlemen," said his lordship: "remember, it is 'Wives and sweethearts;' and, as it is a favourite toast of mine, we will, if you please, drink it standing." The toast was drunk with all due honours. "And now," continued his lordship, "without further preface, I shall volunteer a song, which Nugent may hoist into his book, if he pleases.

"Drink, drink to dear woman, whose beautiful eye,
Like the diamond's rich lustre or gem in the sky,
Is beaming with rapture, full, sparkling, and bright—
Here's woman, the soul of man's choicest delight.

CHORUS.

Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrows—in pleasure our boast.

Drink, drink to dear woman, and gaze on her smile;
Love hides in those dimples his innocent guile:

'Tis a signal for joy—'tis a balm for all woe;—
Here's woman, dear woman, man's heaven below.

CHORUS.

Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrow—in pleasure our boast.

Drink, drink to dear woman, and look on her tear:—
Is it pain?—is it grief?—is it hope?—is it fear?
Oh! kiss it away, and believe whilst you press,
Here's woman, dear woman, man's friend in distress.

CHORUS.

Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrow—in pleasure our boast.

Drink, drink to dear woman, whose exquisite form
Was never design'd to encounter the storm,
Yet should sickness assail us, or trouble o'er cast,
Here's woman, dear woman, man's friend to the last.

CHORUS.

Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrow—in pleasure our boast."

As in duty bound, this song elicited great applause, and Nugent declared he should most certainly avail himself of his lordship's proposal for inserting it in his book. "But you have done nothing, Mr. Nugent," said the captain. "You say you want incident and character. You have already taken the frigate for your text;—there's the master now, a perfect character."

"For the love of good old port," exclaimed Parallel, as if alarmed, "let me beg of you not to gibbet me in your consarn. But I'm not afraid of it; book-making requires some head-piece; there's nothing to be done without a head, nor ever has been."

"I must differ with you there, Mr. Parallel," said Seymour unobtrusively; "for I myself saw a very difficult thing done literally without a head."

"Galvanised, I suppose," uttered the doctor in a tone of inquiry; "the power of the battery is wonderful."

"There assuredly was a battery, doctor," responded the lieutenant, laughing; "and a very heavy one too. But the event I'm speaking of had no connexion with galvanism: it was sheer muscular motion."

"Out with it, Seymour!"—"Let's have it by all means!"—"It will be an incident for Nugent!"—"Out with it!" burst forth simultaneously from all.

"It certainly is curious," said the first lieutenant, assuming much gravity of countenance, "and happened when I was junior luff of the old Sharksnose. We were running into Rio Janeiro man-o'-war fashion, with a pennant as long as a purser's account at the masthead, and a spanking ensign hoisted at the gaff-end, with a fly that would have swept all the sheep off of the Isle of Wight. Away we gallop'd along, when a shot from Santa Cruz, the three-deck'd battery at the entrance, came slap into our bows. 'Tell him we're pretty well, thanky,' shouted the skipper; and our jolly first, who took his meaning, literally pointed the fokstle gun, clapp'd the match to the priming, and off went the messenger, which struck the sentry, who was pacing his post, right between the shoulders, and whipt off his head as clean as you would snap a carrot; he was a stout-made powerful-looking man, and by sheer muscular motion, as I said before, his head flew up from his body at least a fathom and a half, and actually descended upon the point of his bayonet, where it stuck fast, and the unfortunate fellow walked the whole length of the rampart in that way; nor was it till he got to the turn, and was steering round to come back again, that he discovered the loss of his head, when, according to the most approved practice in similar surgical cases, he fell to the ground. It was sheer muscular motion, gentlemen,—sheer muscular motion."

"He would, no doubt, have been a good mussulman, Seymour, if he had been a Turk," said his lordship.

"He couldn't come the right-about face," said Peabody, "having lost his head. It would have been a comical sight to have seen him present arms; pray did he come to the present?"

"No, nor yet to the recover, I'll be sworn," observed Plumstone; "no doubt he grounded his arms and his head too."

"Them chance shots often do the most mischief," remarked Parallel. "Who would have thought that it would have gone right through his chest, so as to leave him a headless trunk. Pray may I ax you whether he was near his box?"

"Well hove and strong, master," exclaimed Sinnitt, joining in the general laugh; "your wit equals your beauty."

"What have I said that's witty now?" returned the veteran; "I can't open my mouth to utter a word of truth, or to ax a question, but I'm called a wit; for my part, I see no wit in it."

"Your anecdote," said his lordship, "reminds me of something similar that I witnessed, when a

youngster, at one of the New Zealand Isles. Our captain took a party of us to see his dun-coloured majesty at court. The monarch was seated in a mud, or rather clay building, nearly in a state of nudity, his only covering being an old uniform coat and a huge cocked-hat: his queens—happy man! I think he had seventy—not quite so decently dressed as himself, were squatting, or lying down, in different directions; several of them with such ornaments through their lips and noses, as would have answered the purpose of rings in the decks to a stopper'd best bower cable. I heartily wish some of our court ladies could have seen this royal spectacle. We were ushered in through an entrance, on each side of which was a pile of heads without tails to them, most probably dropped in their hurry to wait upon the king. His majesty was a man of mild countenance, and of most imperturbable gravity; behind him stood a gigantic-looking rascal, with an enormous dragoon's sabre over his shoulder, by way of warning to his majesty's wives not to disturb his majesty's repose, or it was amongst the chances of royalty that he would shorten their bodies and their days at the same moment,—a sort of summary process to make good women of them; and I began to suspect that some of those which we saw at the entrance had once touched noses with his most disgusting majesty,—for a filthier fellow I never set eyes on. You've, no doubt, seen some of those curiously figured heads which grow upon New Zealand shoulders, for many have been brought to England: our skipper, who was a sort of collector of curiosities, was extremely desirous of obtaining one, but he was aware that it was only the head men who were thus marked or tattooed, and he had run his eye over the samples at the doorway, but could not detect one chief who had been deprived of his caput. Nevertheless, by signs and through means of a Scotch interpreter, (for the prime minister to Longchewfishcow was a Scotchman,) his majesty was informed of the captain's wish; and in a short time several natives handsomely tattooed were drawn up within the building: the skipper was requested to select the figures which pleased him most; and he, imagining that the chiefs had been exhibited merely by way of pattern, fixed upon one whose features appeared to have had pricked off upon them every day's run of the children of Israel when cruising in the wilderness. The chief bowed in token of satisfaction at being thus highly honoured; but, before he could raise his head, it sprang away from his shoulders into the captain's arms, with thanks for the compliment yet passing from the lips:—the life-guardsmen of the king had obeyed his majesty's signal, and the dragoon's sabre had made sharp work of it."

"It was quick and dead," said the old master. "Now, Mr. Nugent, you may begin your book as soon as you please. I'm sure you have plenty of heads to work upon."

"You talk as if I had no head of my own, master," retorted the lieutenant, somewhat offended; "and with all your wit you shall find that I have got a head."

"So has a scupper-nail," returned the veteran, "but it requires a deal of hammering before you can get it to the leather."

"Good-humour, gentlemen! good-humour!" said the captain, laughing; "no recriminations, if you please, or we shall bring some of your heads to the block."

"To make blockheads of 'em, I suppose," observed old Parallel; "by every rope in the top, but that's done already! Howsomever, as you are lecturing upon heads, why I'll just relate an anecdote of a circumstance that I was eyewitness to upwards of thirty years ago. I was then just appointed acting-master of the 'Never-so-quick,' one o' your ould ship sloops; and we were cruising in among the West Ingee islands, but more especially boxing about the island of Cuba, and that way, for pirates. Well, one morning at daybreak the look-out had just got upon the foretopsel-yard, when word was passed that there were two sail almost alongside of each other, and dead down to looard of us. There was a nice little breeze, and so we ups stick, squares the yards, and sets the stud'nsels a both sides, to run down and overhaul the strangers, though we made pretty certain it was a pirate plundering a capture; and we was the more convinced of the fact when broad daylight came, and our glasses showed that one of 'em was a long low schooner, just such a one as the picarooning marauders risk'd their necks in, and certainly better judges of a swift craft never dipp'd their hands in a tar-bucket. She saw us a-coming, and away she pay'd off before the wind, and up went a squaresel of light duck that dragg'd the creatur along beautifully. The other craft, a large brig, lay quite still with her maintop to the mast, except that she came up and fell off as if her helm was lash'd a-lee. Now the best point of the ould Never-so-quick's sailing was right afore it, and so we not only held our own, but draw'd upon the vagabond thief that was doing his best to slip his head out of a hangman's noose, when it fell stark calm, the brig lying about midway between his Majesty's ship and the devil's own schooner. Out went her sweeps, and out went our boats; but she altered her course to get in shore, and without a breath of wind they swept her along at the rate of four knots and a half, whilst our ould beauty would hardly move; so the captain recalls the boats, and orders 'em to overhaul the brig. We got alongside about noon, a regular wasting burning hot noon; and we found a hand cut off at the wrist grasping one of the main-chain plates, so that it could hardly be disengaged."

"Muscular power!" said Seymour; "the death-grapple, no doubt! astonishing tenacity notwithstanding."

"Howsomever, we did open the fingers," continued the master, "and found by its delicate whiteness, and a ring on the wedding-finger, that it belonged to a woman. When we got on board, the blood in various parts of the quarter-deck, and at the gangways, indicated the murderous tragedy that had been acted; but no semblance of human being could we find except a head,—a bloody head that seemed to have been purposely placed upon a flour-cask that was upended near the windlass. 'Well, I'm bless'd,' says one of our boasun's-mates, who had steered the pinnace, —'I'm bless'd if they arn't shaved you clean enough at any rate; but d—my tarry trousers, look at that!—why then I'm a Dutchman if it arn't winking at me.'—'Bathershin!' says an Irish topman,

'it's stretching his daylight he is, mightily plased to see such good company;' and sure enough the eyes were rolling about in a strange fashion for a head as had no movables to consort to it; and presently the mouth opened wide, and then the teeth snap'd to again, just like a cat-fish at St. Jago's. 'It's a horrible sight,' said one of the cutters, 'and them fellows'll go to — for it, that's one consolation; but ain't it mighty queer, sir, that a head without ever a body should be arter making such wry faces, and opening and shutting his sallyport, seeing as he's scratched out of his mess?' A hideous grin distorted every feature,—so hideous that it made me shudder; and first one eye and then the other opened in rapid succession. 'I say, Jem,' says one of the pinnaces to the boasun's-mate,—'I say, Jem, mayhap the gentleman wants a bit o' pig-tail, for most likely he arn't had a chaw since he lost his 'bacca-box.' This sally, with the usual recklessness of seamen, produced a general laugh, which emboldened Jem to take out his quid, and, watching an opportunity, he claps it into between the jaws; but before he could gather in the slack of his arm, the teeth were fast hold of his fingers, and there he was, jamm'd like Jackson, and roaring out ten thousand murders. He tried to snatch his hand away, but the head held on to the cask like grim death against the doctor; at last away it roll'd over and Jem got clear, but the head stuck fast, and then we discovered that there was a body inside. The head of the cask had been taken out, and a hole cut hardly large enough to admit of the poor fellow's neck; but nevertheless it had been hoop'd up again, and when we got on board he was in the last convulsive gasps of strangulation. We released him immediately, but it was only to find him so shockingly mutilated that he died in about ten minutes afterwards; and not a soul was left to tell us the fatal tale, though from an ensign and some shreds of papers we conjectured the brig was a Spaniard. The pirates had scuttled her. She made water too fast to think of saving her, and in a couple of hours she went down."

"Thankye, master, thankye," exclaimed several; "why we shall have you writing a book before long, and you'll beat Nugent out and out. See, he's ready to yield the palm."

"Him!" uttered the old man, with a look expressive of rather more contempt than the young lieutenant merited. "Him!"

"Come, master," said Nugent, "we *must* have your song,—it is your turn next."

"So it appears," replied the old man, as the frigate suddenly heeled over. "You have had so much singing that even the winds must have a *squall*." They were rising hastily from their seats, when in an instant the frigate was nearly thrown on her beam-ends. Away went Parallel right over the table into the stomach of the marine Peabody, whom he capsized; and before another moment elapsed the gallant captain and his officers were scrambling between the guns to leeward, and half buried in water, amidst broken decanters and glasses, sea-biscuit and bottles. Old Parallel grasped a decanter of port that was clinking its sides against a ring-bolt, and, unwilling that so much good stuff should be wasted, clapped the mouth to his own; the purser was fishing for his wig, as he was extremely tenacious on the score of his bald head; the captain and Seymour were trying for the door; the doctor got astride one gun, and the two marine officers struggled for the other, so that as fast as one got hold his messmate unhorsed him again. Sinnitt had crawled up to the table, and Nugent twisted his coat-laps round him to preserve his MS. from becoming saturated. The frigate righted again. His lordship and his lieutenants rushed on deck, to behold the three topmasts, with all their lengths of upper spars, hanging over the side, having in a white squall been snapped short off by the caps. We will leave them in the present to

"Call all hands to clear the wreck."

REMAINS OF HAJJI BABA.

It appears that Hajji Baba, the Persian adventurer, known in this country as the author of certain memoirs, is no more. In what particular manner he quitted this world, we have not been able to ascertain; but, through the kindness of a friend recently returned from the East, we have been put in possession of the fragment of a Journal written by him, by which we learn that he once again visited England (although incog.) some time after the passing of the Reform bill. The view which he, his Shah, and his nation, took of that event, is so characteristic of the ignorance in which Eastern people live in matters relative to Europe, and to England in particular, that we deem ourselves fortunate in being able to lay so curious a document before our readers, and shall take the liberty, from time to time, to insert portions of it, until it be entirely exhausted.

CHAPTER I.

Since my return from Frangistan, the current of my existence flowed more like the waters of a canal than those of a river. I have been allowed to smoke the pipe of tranquillity, rested upon the carpet of content; and as my duties, which principally consisted in standing before the king at stated times, and saying "*Belli—Yes*," and "*Mashallah—Praise be to God!*" at proper intervals, I could not complain of the weight of responsibility imposed upon me.

I lived in the smallest of houses, consisting of one room, a shoe closet, and a small court; also of a kitchen. My principal amusement was to sit in my room and look into my court-yard, and, as one must think, my thoughts frequently would run upon my travels, upon the strange things which I had seen, and upon the individuals with whom I had become acquainted. My heart would soften as it dwelt upon the charms of the moon-faced Bessy, and would rouse into anger when I reflected that she was possessed by the infidel Figsby, at a time that she might have been the

head of the harem of a true believer. I frequently recalled to myself all the peculiarities of the strange nation with which I had lived, and compared it with my own. I brought to mind all its contrivances to be happy, its House of Commons and its House of Lords, its eternal quarrels, its cryings after "justice and no justice," and its dark climate. I read over my journals, and thus lived my life over again; but in proportion as years passed away, so I thought it right, in relating my adventures to my countrymen, to diminish the most wonderful parts of my narrative, for I found that, had I not done so, I should have been set down as the greatest liar in Persia. Truth cannot be told at all times,—that is a common saying; but now I found, in what regarded the Franks, that truth ought never to be told. When, on my return to Persia, I informed my countrymen that their men and women lived together promiscuously,—that everybody drank wine and ate pork,—that they never prayed,—that their kings danced, and that they had no harems, I was believed, because I had many to confirm what I said; but now that I stood alone, I found it would not do to venture such assertions, for whenever I did I was always told that such events might have taken place when I was in Frangistan, but that now Allah was great, and that the holy Prophet could not allow such abominations to exist.

[Pg
281]

The news of the death of the King of England, to whom I had been presented, had reached the ears of our Shah; and we were informed that he was succeeded by his brother, a lord of the sea. Years passed away, with all their various events, without much intercourse taking place between Persia and England. England required no longer the friendship of the Shah, and she therefore turned us over to the Governor of India, for which she duly received our maledictions; and every one who knew upon what a footing of intimacy the two nations had stood, said, as he spat upon the ground, "Pooh! may their house be ruined!" She left our country to be conquered, our finest provinces to be taken from us, and never once put her hand out to help us.

However, *Allah buzurg est!*—God is great! we soon found that the good fortune of the king of kings had not forsaken him. Rumours began to be spread abroad that affairs in England were in a bad way. Many foreigners had enlisted themselves in the Shah's troops, and from them we learned that, no doubt, ere long that country must be entirely ruined, for great dangers threatened their present king. He was said to have got into the possession of a certain rebellious tribe, whose ultimate aim was to set up a new sovereign, called 'People Shah,' and to depose him and his dynasty. We heard that great poverty reigned in that land, which I had known so rich and prosperous; and that every department in the state had been so reduced, that the king had not a house to live in, but that the nation was quarrelling about the expense of building him one.

We still had an English *elchi* at our court, but he enjoyed little or no consideration; and the news of the poverty of his country was confirmed to us by what we learnt from his secretaries. Orders, it seems, had just arrived from his court that every economy should be observed in his expenses; and one may suppose to what extent, when we are assured that, by way of saving official ink, it had been strictly prohibited to put dots to the *I*'s, or strokes to the *T*'s. Presents of all sorts were done away with:—the ambassador would not even receive the common present of a water-melon, lest he should be obliged to send one in return; and his whole conduct seemed more directed by the calculations of debtor and creditor, like a merchant, than by the intercourse of courtesy which ought to take place between crowned heads. Some wicked infidels of French would whisper abroad, that kings in Europe, like Saadi at Tabriz, were now become less than dogs, and that therefore their representatives had no dignities to represent; the English *elchi*, however, would not allow this, but gave us other reasons for the economy practised in his country, stating that, although every one allowed that such policy was full of mischief, yet that it was necessary to humour the whim of this People Shah, who aspired to the crown, and whose despotism was greater than even that of our famous Nadir Shah.

[Pg
282]

When I appeared at the King's Gate, and took my seat among the minor officers who awaited the presence of the vizier previously to his going before the Shah, the enemies of England, of whom there were many, would taunt me with the news spread to her disadvantage, for I was looked upon as a Frangi myself.

"After all," said one, "own, O Hajji! that these Ingliz are an unclean generation; that it is quite time they should eat their handful of abomination."—"We are tired of always hearing them lauded," said another. "Praised be the Prophet! that little by little we may also defile their fathers' graves, and point our fingers at their mothers."

"Why address me, O little man?" said I. "Am I their father, mother, brother, or uncle, that you address me?—It was my destiny to go amongst them; it was my destiny to come back. A fox does not become a swine because he goes through the ordure of the sty in search of his own affairs. Let their houses be bankrupt, let their fathers grill in Jehanum—what is that to me?"

"What words are these?" said a third. "Your beard has changed its colour. What are become of your guns that would reach from Tehran to Kom placed side by side, or to Ispahan placed lengthwise? Where now are your ships that spout more fire than Demawand, and your women like houris that can read and write like men of the law? Formerly there was nothing in the world like Franks; now you look upon them as dirt."

Had I persisted in upholding my Ingliz friends, now that the tide had turned against them, I should have done them no good, and myself harm; therefore I applied the cotton of deafness to the ear of unwillingness. Most true, however, it was that they daily lost in public estimation; and rumours of the approaching downfall of English power and prosperity came to us from so many quarters, that we could not do otherwise than believe them. Whenever an Englishman now appeared in the streets, he was called pig with impunity; and, instead of the bastinado which the man who so insulted him formerly was wont to get, he now was left to repeat the insult at his

The fact principally urged was, that a disorder had broken out amongst them, which affected the brain more than any other organ; that it had taken possession of high and low, rich and poor, master and servant; and raged with such violence, that it was almost dangerous to go amongst them, although strangers were said not to catch it. It was neither cholera, plague, nor heart-ache, and could not be assimilated to any known disorder in the East. We have no name for it in Persia; in England it is called *Reform*: and, as it had suddenly attacked the country when in a state of great health and prosperity, it was supposed that some one great evil eye had struck it, and that therefore no one could foresee what might be its mischievous results.

CHAPTER II.

Whilst seated one morning in my room, inspecting my face in my looking-glass and combing my beard, preparatory to going to the daily selam before the king, and thanking Allah from the bottom of my heart for being secure in my mediocrity from all the storms and dangers of public life, a loud knocking at my gate announced a visiter of no small importance. My servant, for I kept one, quickly opened it, and I soon was greeted by the *selam al aikum* of one of the royal ferashes, who exclaimed "The Shah wants you."

So unusual a summons first startled, then alarmed me. A thousand apprehensions rushed through my mind as quick as lightning, for on such occasions in Persia one always apprehends—one never hopes. However, I immediately gave the usual "*Becheshm!*—Upon my eyes be it!" and prepared to obey his command. "Can I have said '*Belli*' in the wrong place," thought I, "at the last selam? or did I perchance exclaim '*Inshallah*—Please God,' instead of saying '*Mashallah*—Praise be to God'? Allah only knows," thought I, shrugging up my shoulders, "for I am sure I do not. Whatever has happened, Khoda is merciful!"

I followed the ferash, but could gain no intelligence from him which could in the least clear up my doubts. One thing I discovered, which was that no *felek*, or sticks, had been displayed in the Shah's presence as preparatory to a bastinado; and so far I felt safe.

The Shah was seated in the *gulistan*, or rose-garden; the grand vizier stood before him, as well as Mirza Firooz, my old master. When I appeared, all my apprehensions vanished, for with a goodnatured voice the king ordered me to approach. I made my most profound bow, and stood on the brink of the marble basin without my shoes.

The king said, "*Mashallah!* the Hajji is still a *khoobjuan*—a fine youth; he is a good servant."

Upon hearing these ominous words, I immediately felt that some very objectionable service was about to be required of me. I answered,

"May the shadow of the centre of the universe never be less! Whatever your slave can do, he will by his head and by his eyes."

After consulting with the grand vizier, who was standing in the apartment in which the king was seated, his majesty exclaimed,

"Hajji, we require zeal, activity, and intelligence at your hands. Matters of high import to the state of Persia demand that one, the master of wit, the lord of experience, and the ready in eloquence, should immediately depart from our presence, in order to seek that of our brother the King of England. You are the man we have selected; you must be on horseback as soon as a fortunate hour occurs, and make your way *chappari*—as a courier, to the gate of power in London."

With my thanks for so high an honour sticking in my throat, I knelt down, and kissed the ground; but if any one present had been skilful in detecting the manning of looks, surely he would have read dismay and disappointment in mine.

"It is plain," said the Shah, turning towards the vizier and Mirza Firooz occasionally as he spoke, "from all that has been reported to us, that England, as it is now, is not that England of whose riches, power, and prosperity so much has been said. It has had its day. It is falling fast into decay. Its men are rebellious. Its ancient dynasty ere this may have been supplanted by another, and its king a houseless wanderer."

"*Belli! belli!*" said the vizier and Mirza Firooz.

"In the first place," continued the Shah, "you must acquaint the king, my brother, if such he still be, that the gate of the palace of the king of kings is open to all the world; it is an asylum to kings as well as to beggars; the needy find a roof, and the hungry food. Should the vicissitudes of life, as we hear they are likely to do, throw him on the world, tell him he will find a corner to sit in near our threshold; no one shall molest him. He shall enjoy his own customs, saving, always, eating the unclean beast; wine shall he have, and he will be allowed to import his own wives. He may sit on chairs, shave whatever parts of his body he likes, wear a shawl coat, diamond-beaded daggers, and gold-headed furniture to his horse. Upon all these different heads make his mind perfectly easy."

"Upon my eyes be it!" I exclaimed, with the profoundest respect.

"In the next place," said the king, "we have long heard that England possesses a famous general, a long-tried and faithful servant to his king. If he be a good servant, he will stick by his master in his distress. You must see him, Hajji, and tell him from the lips of the king of kings that

he will be welcome in Persia; that he will find protection at our stirrup, and, *Inshallah!* he will be able to make his face white before us. Whatever else is necessary to our service will be explained to you by our grand vizier," said the Shah; and then, after making me a few more complimentary speeches, I was dismissed.

When I left the presence, I could not help thinking that the Shah must be mad to send me upon so long a journey upon so strange an expedition; and I inferred that there must be something more in it than met the eye. I was not mistaken. No sooner had the grand vizier been dismissed than he called me into his *khelvet*, or secret chamber, and there unfolded to me the true object of my mission.

"It is plain," said he, with the most unmoved gravity, "that the graves of these infidels have been defiled, and that ere long there will be an end of them and their prosperity. We must take advantage of their distress. Much may be done by wisdom. In the first place, Hajji, we shall get penknives and broad-cloth for nothing, that is quite clear; then, spying-glasses and chandeliers, for which they are also famous, may be had for the asking; and—who knows?—we may obtain the workmen who manufactured them, and thus rise on the ruins of the infidels. All this will mainly depend upon your sagacity. Then the Shah, who has long desired to possess some English slaves in his harem, has thought that this will be an excellent moment to procure some, and you will be commissioned to buy as many as you can procure at reasonable prices. Upon the breaking up of communities at the death of kings and governors, we have always found, both in Iran and Turkey, that slaves and virgins were to be bought for almost nothing; and, no doubt, that must be the case among Franks."

I was bewildered at all I heard; and thus at once to be transformed from a mere sitter in a corner to an active agent in a foreign country, made my liver drop, and turned my face upside down.

"But, in the name of Allah," said I, "is it quite certain that this ruin is going on in England? I have not read that wise people rightly, if so suddenly they can allow themselves to be involved in misery."

"What words are these?" said the vizier. "Everybody speaks of it as the only thing certain in the world. Their own *elchi* here allows it, and informs everybody that a great change is going to take place in his government. And is it not plain, that, if under their last government they have reached the height of prosperity, a change must lead them to adversity?"

"We shall see," said I; "at all events, I am the Shah's servant; whatever he orders I am bound to obey."

"It is evident the good fortune of that country," exclaimed Mirza Firooz, who was present also, "has turned ever since it abandoned Persia to follow its own selfish views. Did I not say so a thousand times to the ministers of the king of England; but they would not heed me?"

"Whatever has produced their misfortunes, Allah only knows," said the grand vizier; "it is as much their duty to submit, as it is ours to take advantage of them. We must do everything to secure ourselves against the power of our enemies. You must say to the King of England that the asylum of the universe is ready to do everything to assist him; and, as he is a man of the sea, you will just throw out the possibility of his obtaining a command of the Shah's *grab* (ship of war) in the Caspian Sea. As for the famous general of whom the Shah spoke, (may the holy Prophet take him in his holy keeping!) when once we have obtained possession of him, *Inshallah!* not one Russian will we leave on this side the Caucasus; and it will be well for them if we do not carry our arms to the very walls of Petersburg."

To all these instructions all I had to say was, "Yes, upon my eyes be it!" and when I had fully understood the object of my mission, I took my departure, in order to make preparations for my journey.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Physiognomy is the most important of all studies. Well versed in this science, no man will be cursed with a scolding wife, a pilfering servant, or an imbecile teacher for the offspring of his connubial felicity. It has ever been my favourite pursuit; and, when a child, I would not have tossed up with a pieman if he had exhibited a crusty countenance. Lavater's immortal works are my *vade mecum*, and I have carefully collected engraved portraits to discover the character of every individual the limner had painted ere I read their lives. I lately found that the Marquis of — had pursued a similar plan. His splendid gallery of pictures is well known in all Europe; but his collection of portraits at his favourite seat in — has been seen but by a few privileged persons, and I, fortunately, was one of the number, having been taken to his delightful mansion by his librarian, an old college *chum*.

Over the entrance of this gallery is an allegorical painting by Watteau, or Lancret, which my guide explained. On the summit of a rock, apparently of granite, and older than the Deluge, rose the Temple of Fame. The paths that led to it, were steep and intricate, difficulties that were not foreseen by the travellers tempted to thread this labyrinth by the roseate bowers that formed their entrance, inviting the weary pilgrim to seek a soft repose in their refreshing shade. But when he awoke from his peaceful slumber and delicious visions, renovated and invigorated, to pursue his journey, the scene soon changed; brambles, bushes, and tangling weeds impeded his path; and, despite the apparent solidity of the ground he trod, quicksands and moving bogs would

often dishearten the most adventurous. Numerous were the travellers who strove to ascend the height, but few attained its wished-for summit; while many of them, overcome with fatigue, and despairing of success, stopped at some of the houses of reception, bad, good, and indifferent, that they found on the road-side.

However, the back part of the acclivity presented a different prospect. There, the rock formed a terrific precipice, that no one could ascend by the ordinary means of locomotion. A balloon at that period had not been invented; yet I beheld a good number of visitors merrily hopping over the flowery mead that led to the temple, culling posies and running after butterflies, and in hearty fits of laughter on beholding the poor pilgricks who were puffing and blowing in vain to climb up the other face of the hill. The success of these fortunate adventurers amazed me, until my *cicerone* pointed out to me, a personage fantastically dressed in the height of fashion, bewhiskered and moustached, hoisting up his favourite companions with a rope, securely fastened to the brink of the cliff. This individual, I found, was a brother of the goddess, and his name was *Effrontus*. His sister had long endeavoured to rid herself of his importunities, and had frequently complained to Jupiter to send the knave out of the country; but the fellow had so ingratiated himself at court,—more especially with the ladies, one of whom, by name *Famosa*, supported him in all his extravagancies,—that he snapped his fingers at his sister, and, by means of a latch-key, (forged by Vulcan as a reward to Mercury for his vigilance over his wife, when he was obliged to be absent in his workshop,) he could admit his impertinent cronies into the very *sanctum* of her abode, where they not only revelled in every luxury, but actually sent out their scouts and tigers to increase the obstacles that rendered the roads up the hill more impracticable, and terrify by alarming reports the timid voyagers who were struggling up the rugged steep. The contrast between these adventurers was curious. The creatures of *Effrontus*, whom he had hoisted up, were all clad in cloth of gold, or in black suits of silk and broadcloth, and some of them wore large wigs of various forms and dimensions; while the poor pilgrims were all in tatters, and, to all appearance, not rich enough to purchase wigs, although they most needed them, as they were nearly all bald or greyheaded. Howbeit, these fortunate candidates for celebrity were not always prosperous; for the height they had ascended, swinging to and fro by the rope of *Effrontus*, like boys bird-nesting in the Isle of Wight, suspended from the cliff, frequently made them giddy, and occasioned vertigoes and dimness of sight, in consequence of which they would sometimes fall over the precipice when they fancied they were roaming about in security, and were dashed to pieces in the very dirty valley where not long before they had grovelled.

This allegory appeared to me ingenious; but when my guide opened the door, and I found myself in a room hung round with portraits of celebrated physicians, I observed that the painting was most applicable to the gallery. My companion smiled at my remark, and proceeded to describe some of the doctors whose likenesses I beheld. He said "This gentleman, so finically dressed, with powdered curls, Brussels lace frills and ruffles, was the celebrated DR. DULCET. You may perceive that a smile of self-complacency plays on his simpering countenance, yet his brow portrays some anxious cares, arising from inordinate vanity; and those furrows on the forehead show that, fortunate as he may have been, ambition would sometimes ruffle his pillow.

Dulcet was of a low origin, and his education had been much neglected; however, he possessed a good figure, handsome features, and a tolerable share of impudence. When an apothecary's apprentice, his advantageous points had been perceived by a discriminating duchess, who sent him to Aberdeen to graduate; and shortly after his return, he was introduced to royalty and fashion. Aware of the fickleness of Fortune, and well acquainted with the miseries that attend her frowns, he displayed a tact in courting the beldame's favour that would have done honour to the most experienced and *canny* emigrant from the Land of *Cakes* roving over the world in search of *bread*. He commenced his career, by courting the old and the ugly of the fair sex, and devoting his *petits soins* soon to all the little urchins whom he was called to attend. Handsome women he well knew were satiated with adulation, whereas flattery was a god-send to those ladies who were not so advantageously gifted: these he complimented on their intellectual superiority, their enlightened mind, "that in itself contains the living fountains of beauteous and sublime." Though the object of his attentions never opened a book, save and excepting the Lady's Magazine, or read any thing but accounts of fashionable *fracas*, offences, and births, deaths, and marriages in the newspapers, he would discourse upon literature and arts, bring them publications as intelligible to them as a Hebrew Talmud, ask their opinion of every new novel or celebrated painting,—any popular opera or favourite performer. If the lady had children, the ugliest little toad was called an angel; and such of the imps who had been favoured by nature in cross-breeding, he would swear were the image of their mother. To court the creatures, he constantly gave them sugar-plums (which afforded the double advantage or ministering to their gluttony and to his friend the apothecary); while he presented them with *pretty* little books of *pictures*, and *nice* toys. He had, moreover, a happy knack of squeezing out a sympathetic tear from the corner of his eye whenever the brat roared from pain or perversity; and on those occasions he would screw his eyes until the crystal drop was made to fall upon the mother's alabaster hand. It is needless to add, that the whole *coterie* rang with the extreme sensibility, the excellent heart of the dear doctor, who had saved the darling's life, although nothing had ailed the sweet pet but an over-stuffing.

Another quality recommended him to female protection. Husbands and father she ever considered as intruders in a consultation: he merely looked upon them as the bankers of the ladies. It is true that, after a domestic breeze, his visits were sometimes dispensed with for a short time; but dreadful hysterics, that kept the whole house in an uproar both night and day, soon brought back the doctor, who was the only person who knew *my lady's* constitution, and on

these occasions the lady's lord was too happy to take his hat and seek a refuge at Crockford's, or some other consolatory refuge from nerves. It was certainly true that Dulcet had made many important discoveries in the treatment of ladies' affections. For instance, he had ascertained that a pair of bays were more effectual in curing spasms, than chestnuts or greys, unless his patient preferred them. Then, again, he was convinced that Rundell and Bridge kept better remedies than Savory and Moore: a box at the Opera was an infallible cure for a headache; and the air of Brighton was absolutely necessary when its salutary effects were increased by the breath of Royalty. Cards he looked upon as indispensable, to prevent ladies from taking laudanum; and a successful game of *écarté* was as effectual an opiate, as extract of lettuce,—one of his most favourite drugs.

In this career of prosperity, a circumstance arose that for a time damped his ardour. Dulcet had attended an East-Indian widow, the wealthy relict of a civil servant of the Company. Her hand and fortune would have enabled the doctor to throw physic to the dogs, and all the nasty little brats whom he idolised after it. He had succeeded in becoming a great favourite. The disconsolate lady could not eat, drink, or sleep, without giving him his guinea. She scarcely knew at what end she was to break an egg, or how many grains of salt she could safely put in it, without his opinion; but, unfortunately, there was a certain colonel, an old friend of her former husband, who was a constant visitor, and who seemed to share with her medical attendant the lady's confidence. Though Dulcet ordered her not to receive visitors when in a nervous state, somehow or other the colonel had been admitted. On such occasions he would shake his head in the most sapient manner, and observe that the pulse was much agitated; but he did not dare forbid these (to him) dangerous visits, and therefore endeavoured to attain his ends by a more circuitous route, and gain time until the colonel's departure for Bengal afforded him the vantage-ground of absence. The widow would sometimes complain of her moping and lonely life. On these occasions Dulcet would delicately hint that at some *future period* a change of condition might be desirable, and the widow would then sigh deeply, and perchance shed a few tears, (whether from the recollection of her dear departed husband, or the idea of the '*future period*' of this change of condition,—a *futurity* which was *sine die*,—I cannot pretend to say); but the doctor strove to impress upon her mind, that in her *present* delicate state, the cares of a family, the pangs of absence, the turmoil of society, would shake her 'too tender frame' to very atoms, while the slightest shadow of an unkind shade would break her sensitive heart; whereas a *leetle* tranquillity would soon restore her to that society of which she was considered the brightest ornament! And then the sigh would become still deeper, and the tears would trickle down her pallid cheek with increased rapidity, until Dulcet actually fancied that 'the Heaven-moving pearls' were not beaded in sorrow, but were 'shed from Nature like a kindly shower.' Still he knew the sex too well, to venture upon so delicate a subject as matrimonial consolation; and he, with no little reluctance, parted with a few fees to obtain some intelligence regarding the lady's toilet-thoughts and conversation with her favourite woman, a certain cunning abigail named Mercer. Mercer was of course subject to nervous affections, which she caught from her mistress; and Dulcet was as kind to the maid as to her lady, well knowing that as no hero is a great man in the eyes of his valet, no widow was crystalised with her waiting-maid. The visits of the colonel had not been as frequent as usual; nay, Dulcet fancied that he was received with some coolness, and on this important matter Mercer was prudently consulted. The result of the conference fully confirmed the doctor's fondest hopes; for he learnt from Mercer that 'her missus liked him above all and was never by no means half as fond of the colonel, as she knew for certain that those soldier-officers were not better than they ought to be, and there were red-rags on every bush.' This communication, although made with cockney vulgarity, had a more powerful effect upon the doctor than had he heard Demosthenes or Cicero; and he could have embraced the girl with delight and gratitude had he dared it,—but she was handsomer than her mistress; he, moreover, fancied that such a condescension might tempt the girl's vanity to boast of the favour; but he gave her something more substantial than a kiss,—a diamond ring that graced his little finger, and which he always displayed to advantage when feeling a tender pulse.

Dulcet now altered his plan of campaign, redoubled his assiduity, assured the widow that she was fast recovering her pristine strength and healthy glow, and recommended her to shorten the '*futurity of the period*' he had alluded to; assuring her that *now* the cares of a family would give her occupation, and society once more would hail her presence with delight. In her sweet smiles of satisfaction he read his future bliss and independence. The colonel never came to the house; and, one day, our doctor was on the point of declaring the purity and the warmth of his affection, when the widow rendered the avowal needless, informing him that she had resolved to follow his *kind advice*, and that the ensuing week she was to be married to THE COLONEL, who had gone down into the country to regulate his affairs. The blow fell upon Dulcet like an apoplexy. Prudence made him conceal the bitterness of his disappointment, and even induced him to be present at the wedding breakfast; though his appetite was doubly impaired when he found that Miss Mercer had married the colonel's valet, and he beheld his diamond guarding her wedding-ring, while an ironical smile showed him, what little faith was to be reposed in ladies' women.

The report of this adventure entertained the town for nine days; but on the tenth, through the patronage of his protectresses, Dulcet was dubbed a knight, and soon after married a cheesemonger's daughter, ugly enough to have a hereditary claim to virtue; but who possessed an ample fortune, and was most anxious to become a lady.

The librarian was proceeding to give me an account of the next personage, a Dr. Cleaver, when the bell rung for dinner, and we adjourned our illustrations until the following morning.

THE SORROWS OF LIFE.

Who would recal departed days and years
 To tread again the dark and cheerless road,
 Which, leading through this gloomy vale of tears,
 His weary feet in pain and toil have trod!
 I've felt the bitterness of grief—I've shed
 Such tears as only wretched mortals pour,
 And wish'd among the calm and quiet dead
 To find my sorrows and my sufferings o'er;
 Yet firm in heart and hope I still bear up,
 And onward steer my course true—a true "Flare-up".

SIGMA.

[Pg 291]

STRAY CHAPTERS.

BY BOZ.

CHAPTER I.

THE PANTOMIME OF LIFE.

Before we plunge headlong into this paper, let us at once confess to a fondness for pantomimes—to a gentle sympathy with clowns and pantaloons—to an unqualified admiration of harlequins and columbines—to a chaste delight in every action of their brief existence, varied and many-coloured as those actions are, and inconsistent though they occasionally be with those rigid and formal rules of propriety which regulate the proceedings of meaner and less comprehensive minds. We revel in pantomimes—not because they dazzle one's eyes with tinsel and gold leaf; not because they present to us, once again, the well-beloved chalked faces, and goggle eyes of our childhood; not even because, like Christmas-day, and Twelfth-night, and Shrove Tuesday, and one's own birth-day, they come to us but once a-year;—our attachment is founded on a graver and a very different reason. A pantomime is to us, a mirror of life; nay more, we maintain that it is so to audiences generally, although they are not aware of it; and that this very circumstance is the secret cause of their amusement and delight.

Let us take a slight example. The scene is a street: an elderly gentleman, with a large face, and strongly marked features, appears. His countenance beams with a sunny smile, and a perpetual dimple is on his broad red cheek. He is evidently an opulent elderly gentleman, comfortable in circumstances, and well to do in the world. He is not unmindful of the adornment of his person, for he is richly, not to say gaudily dressed; and that he indulges to a reasonable extent in the pleasures of the table, may be inferred from the joyous and oily manner in which he rubs his stomach, by way of informing the audience that he is going home to dinner. In the fullness of his heart, in the fancied security of wealth, in the possession and enjoyment of all the good things of life, the elderly gentleman suddenly loses his footing, and stumbles. How the audience roar! He is set upon by a noisy and officious crowd, who buffet and cuff him unmercifully. They scream with delight! Every time the elderly gentleman struggles to get up, his relentless persecutors knock him down again. The spectators are convulsed with merriment! And when at last the elderly gentleman does get up, and staggers away, despoiled of hat, wig, and clothing, battered to pieces, and his watch and money gone, they are exhausted with laughter, and express their merriment and admiration in rounds of applause.

Is this like life? Change the scene to any real street;—to the Stock Exchange, or the City banker's; the merchant's counting-house, or even the tradesman's shop. See any one of these men fall,—the more suddenly, and the nearer the zenith of his pride and riches, the better. What a wild hallo is raised over his prostrate carcase by the shouting mob; how they whoop and yell as he lies humbled beneath them! Mark how eagerly they set upon him when he is down; and how they mock and deride him as he slinks away. Why, it is the pantomime to the very letter.

Of all the pantomimic *dramatis personæ*, we consider the pantaloon the most worthless and debauched. Independent of the dislike, one naturally feels at seeing a gentleman of his years engaged in pursuits highly unbecoming his gravity and time of life, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that he is a treacherous worldly-minded old villain, constantly enticing his younger companion, the clown, into acts of fraud or petty larceny, and generally standing aside to watch the result of the enterprise: if it be successful, he never forgets to return for his share of the spoil; but if it turn out a failure, he generally retires with remarkable caution and expedition, and keeps carefully aloof until the affair has blown over. His amorous propensities, too, are eminently disagreeable; and his mode of addressing ladies in the open street at noon-day is downright improper, being usually neither more nor less than a perceptible tickling of the aforesaid ladies in the waist, after committing which, he starts back, manifestly ashamed (as well he may be) of his own indecorum and temerity; continuing, nevertheless, to ogle and beckon to

[Pg
292]

them from a distance in a very unpleasant and immoral manner.

Is there any man who cannot count a dozen pantaloons in his own social circle? Is there any man who has not seen them swarming at the west end of the town on a sun-shiny day or a summer's evening, going through the last-named pantomimic feats with as much liquorish energy, and as total an absence of reserve, as if they were on the very stage itself? We can tell upon our fingers a dozen pantaloons of our acquaintance at this moment—capital pantaloons, who have been performing all kinds of strange freaks, to the great amusement of their friends and acquaintance, for years past; and who to this day are making such comical and ineffectual attempts to be young and dissolute, that all beholders are like to die with laughter.

Take that old gentleman who has just emerged from the *Café de l'Europe* in the Haymarket, where he has been dining at the expense of the young man upon town with whom he shakes hands as they part at the door of the tavern. The affected warmth of that shake of the hand, the courteous nod, the obvious recollection of the dinner, the savoury flavour of which still hangs upon his lips, are all characteristics of his great prototype. He hobbles away humming an opera tune, and twirling his cane to and fro, with affected carelessness. Suddenly he stops—'tis at the milliner's window. He peeps through one of the large panes of glass; and, his view of the ladies within being obstructed by the India shawls, directs his attentions to the young girl with the bandbox in her hand, who is gazing in at the window also. See! he draws beside her. He coughs; she turns away from him. He draws near her again; she disregards him. He gleefully chucks her under the chin, and, retreating a few steps, nods and beckons with fantastic grimaces, while the girl bestows a contemptuous and supercilious look upon his wrinkled visage. She turns away with a founce, and the old gentleman trots after her with a toothless chuckle. The pantaloons to the life!

But the close resemblance which the clowns of the stage bear to those of every-day life, is perfectly extraordinary. Some people talk with a sigh of the decline of pantomime, and murmur in low and dismal tones the name of Grimaldi. We mean no disparagement to the worthy and excellent old man when we say, that this is downright nonsense. Clowns that beat Grimaldi all to nothing turn up every day, and nobody patronises them—more's the pity!

"I know who you mean," says some dirty-faced patron of Mr. Osbaldistone's, laying down the Miscellany when he has got thus far; and bestowing upon vacancy a most knowing glance: "you mean C. J. Smith as did Guy Fawkes, and George Barnwell, at the Garden." The dirty-faced gentleman has hardly uttered the words when he is interrupted by a young gentleman in no shirt-collar and a Petersham coat. "No, no," says the young gentleman; "he means Brown, King, and Gibson, at the 'Delphi." Now, with great deference both to the first-named gentleman with the dirty face, and the last-named gentleman in the non-existing shirt-collar, we do not mean, either the performer who so grotesquely burlesqued the Popish conspirator, or the three unchangeables who have been dancing the same dance under different imposing titles, and doing the same thing under various high-sounding names, for some five or six years last past. We have no sooner made this avowal than the public, who have hitherto been silent witnesses of the dispute, inquire what on earth it is we *do* mean; and, with becoming respect, we proceed to tell them.

It is very well known to all play-goers and pantomime-seers, that the scenes in which a theatrical clown is at the very height of his glory are those which are described in the play-bills as "Cheesemonger's shop, and Crockery warehouse," or "Tailor's shop, and Mrs. Queertable's boarding-house," or places bearing some such title, where the great fun of the thing consists in the hero's taking lodgings which he has not the slightest intention of paying for, or obtaining goods under false pretences, or abstracting the stock-in-trade of the respectable shopkeeper next door, or robbing warehouse-porters as they pass under his window, or, to shorten the catalogue, in his swindling everybody he possibly can; it only remaining to be observed, that the more extensive the swindling is, and the more barefaced the impudence of the swindler, the greater the rapture and ecstasy of the audience. Now it is a most remarkable fact that precisely this sort of thing occurs in real life day after day, and nobody sees the humour of it. Let us illustrate our position by detailing the plot of this portion of the pantomime—not of the theatre, but of life.

The Honourable Captain Fitz-Whisker Fiercy, attended by his livery-servant Do'em,—a most respectable servant to look at, who has grown grey in the service of the captain's family,—views, treats for, and ultimately obtains possession of, the unfurnished house, such a number, such a street. All the tradesmen in the neighbourhood are in agonies of competition for the captain's custom; the captain is a good-natured, kind-hearted, easy man, and, to avoid being the cause of disappointment to any, he most handsomely gives orders to all. Hampers of wine, baskets of provisions, cart-loads of furniture, boxes of jewellery, supplies of luxuries of the costliest description, flock to the house of the Honourable Captain Fitz-Whisker Fiercy, where they are received with the utmost readiness by the highly respectable Do'em; while the captain himself struts and swaggers about with that compound air of conscious superiority, and general blood-thirstiness, which a military captain should always, and does most times wear, to the admiration and terror of plebeian men. But the tradesmen's backs are no sooner turned, than the captain, with all the eccentricity of a mighty mind, and assisted by the faithful Do'em, whose devoted fidelity is not the least touching part of his character, disposes of everything to great advantage; for, although the articles fetch small sums, still they are sold considerably above cost price, the cost to the captain having been nothing at all. After various manoeuvres, the imposture is discovered, Fitz-Fiercy and Do'em are recognised as confederates, and the police-office to which they are both taken is thronged with their dupes.

Who can fail to recognise in this, the exact counterpart of the best portion of a theatrical pantomime—Fitz-Whisker Fiercy by the clown; Do'em by the pantaloons; and supernumeraries by

the tradesmen? The best of the joke, too, is that the very coal-merchant who is loudest in his complaints against the person who defrauded him, is the identical man who sat in the centre of the very front row of the pit last night and laughed the most boisterously at this very same thing,—and not so well done either. Talk of Grimaldi, we say again! Did Grimaldi, in his best days, ever do anything in this way equal to Da Costa?

The mention of this latter justly-celebrated clown reminds us of his last piece of humour, the fraudulently obtaining certain stamped acceptances from a young gentleman in the army. We had scarcely laid down our pen to contemplate for a few moments this admirable actor's performance of that exquisite practical joke, than a new branch of our subject flashed suddenly upon us. So we take it up again at once.

[Pg
295]

All people who have been behind the scenes, and most people who have been before them, know, that in the representation of a pantomime, a good many men are sent upon the stage for the express purpose of being cheated, or knocked down, or both. Now, down to a moment ago, we had never been able to understand for what possible purpose a great number of odd, lazy, large-headed men, whom one is in the habit of meeting here, and there, and everywhere, could ever have been created. We see it all, now. They are the supernumeraries in the pantomime of life; the men who have been thrust into it, with no other view than to be constantly tumbling over each other, and running their heads against all sorts of strange things. We sat opposite to one of these men at a supper-table, only last week. Now we think of it, he was exactly like the gentlemen with the pasteboard heads and faces, who do the corresponding business in the theatrical pantomimes; there was the same broad stolid simper—the same dull leaden eye—the same unmeaning, vacant stare; and whatever was said, or whatever was done, he always came in at precisely the wrong place, or jostled against something that he had not the slightest business with. We looked at the man across the table, again and again; and could not satisfy ourselves what race of beings to class him with. How very odd that this never occurred to us before!

We will frankly own that we have been much troubled with the harlequin. We see harlequins of so many kinds in the real living pantomime, that we hardly know which to select as the proper fellow of him of the theatres. At one time we were disposed to think that the harlequin was neither more nor less than a young man of family and independent property, who had run away with an opera-dancer, and was fooling his life and his means away in light and trivial amusements. On reflection, however, we remembered that harlequins are occasionally guilty of witty, and even clever acts, and we are rather disposed to acquit our young men of family and independent property, generally speaking, of any such misdemeanours. On a more mature consideration of the subject, we have arrived at the conclusion, that the harlequins of life are just ordinary men, to be found in no particular walk or degree, on whom a certain station, or particular conjunction of circumstances, confers the magic wand; and this brings us to a few words on the pantomime of public and political life, which we shall say at once, and then conclude; merely premising in this place, that we decline any reference whatever to the columbine: being in no wise satisfied of the nature of her connexion with her parti-coloured lover, and not feeling by any means clear that we should be justified in introducing her to the virtuous and respectable ladies who peruse our lucubrations.

[Pg
296]

We take it that the commencement of a session of parliament is neither more nor less than the drawing up of the curtain for a grand comic pantomime; and that his Majesty's most gracious speech, on the opening thereof, may be not inaptly compared to the clown's opening speech of "Here we are!" "My lords and gentlemen, here we are!" appears, to our mind at least, to be a very good abstract of the point and meaning of the propitiatory address of the ministry. When we remember how frequently this speech is made, immediately after the *change* too, the parallel is quite perfect, and still more singular.

Perhaps the cast of our political pantomime never was richer than at this day. We are particularly strong in clowns. At no former time, we should say, have we had such astonishing tumblers, or performers so ready to go through the whole of their feats for the amusement of an admiring throng. Their extreme readiness to exhibit, indeed, has given rise to some ill-natured reflections; it having been objected that by exhibiting gratuitously through the country when the theatre is closed, they reduce themselves to the level of mountebanks, and thereby tend to degrade the respectability of the profession. Certainly Grimaldi never did this sort of thing; and though Brown, King, and Gibson have gone to the Surrey in vacation time, and Mr. C. J. Smith has ruralised at Sadler's Wells, we find no theatrical precedent for a general tumbling through the country, except in the gentleman, name unknown, who threw summersets on behalf of the late Mr. Richardson, and who is no authority either, because he had never been on the regular boards.

But, laying aside this question, which after all is a mere matter of taste, we may reflect with pride and gratification of heart on the proficiency of our clowns as exhibited in the season. Night after night will they twist and tumble about, till two, three, and four o'clock in the morning; playing the strangest antics, and giving each other the funniest slaps on the face that can possibly be imagined, without evincing the smallest tokens of fatigue. The strange noises, the confusion, the shouting and roaring, amid which all this is done, too, would put to shame the most turbulent sixpenny gallery that ever yelled through a boxing-night.

It is especially curious to behold one of these clowns compelled to go through the most surprising contortions by the irresistible influence of the wand of office, which his leader or harlequin holds above his head. Acted upon by this wonderful charm he will become perfectly motionless, moving neither hand, foot, nor finger, and will even lose the faculty of speech at an instant's notice; or, on the other hand, he will become all life and animation if required, pouring

[Pg

forth a torrent of words without sense or meaning, throwing himself into the wildest and most fantastic contortions, and even grovelling on the earth and licking up the dust. These exhibitions are more curious than pleasing; indeed they are rather disgusting than otherwise, except to the admirers of such things, with whom we confess we have no fellow-feeling.

Strange tricks—very strange tricks—are also performed by the harlequin who holds for the time being, the magic wand which we have just mentioned. The mere waving it before a man's eyes will dispossess his brain of all the notions previously stored there, and fill it with an entirely new set of ideas; one gentle tap on the back will alter the colour of a man's coat completely; and there are some expert performers, who, having this wand held first on one side, and then on the other, will change from side to side, turning their coats at every evolution, with so much rapidity and dexterity, that the quickest eye can scarcely detect their motions. Occasionally, the genius who confers the wand, wrests it from the hand of the temporary possessor, and consigns it to some new performer; on which occasions all the characters change sides, and then the race and the hard knocks begin anew.

We might have extended this chapter to a much greater length—we might have carried the comparison into the liberal professions—we might have shown, as was in fact our original purpose, that each is in itself a little pantomime with scenes and characters of its own, complete; but, as we fear we have been quite lengthy enough already, we shall leave this chapter just where it is. A gentleman, not altogether unknown as a dramatic poet, wrote thus a year or two ago—

"All the World's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;"

and we, tracking out his footsteps at the scarcely-worth-mentioning little distance of a few millions of leagues behind, venture to add, by way of new reading, that he meant a Pantomime, and that we are all actors in The Pantomime of Life.

IMPROMPTU.

Who the *dickens* "Boz" could be
Puzzled many a learned elf;
Till time unveil'd the mystery,
And *Boz* appear'd as DICKENS' self!
C. J. DAVIDS.

[Pg 298]

MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL FOOTE.

Few writers obtained a larger share of notoriety during their lifetime than Samuel Foote. If the interest which he excited was not very profound, it was at any rate very generally diffused throughout the community. His witty sayings were in every one's mouth; his plays were the rage of the day; he was the constant guest of royalty, the Dukes of York and Cumberland being among his staunchest friends and patrons; and the "Sir Oracle" of all the *bons vivants* and would-be wits of the metropolis. Take up any light memoir of those days, and you shall scarcely find one that does not bear testimony to the powers of this incomparable humourist. Yet, what is he now? A name,—perhaps a great one,—but little more. His plays are seldom acted, though the best Major Sturgeon and Jerry Sneak that the stage ever had are still among us; and as seldom perused in the closet, or assuredly they would have been republished oftener than has been the case of late years.

We are induced, therefore, to give a brief memoir of our English Aristophanes, accompanied by as brief a criticism on his genius, such a task falling naturally, indeed almost necessarily, within the scope of our Miscellany. But enough of preface: "now to business," as Foote's own Vamp would say.

Samuel Foote was born at Truro in the year 1720. His family was of credible extraction, his father being a gentleman of some repute in Cornwall as receiver of fines for the duchy; and his mother, the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart. M.P. for Herefordshire. From this lady, whom he closely resembled in appearance and manner, he is supposed to have inherited that turn for "merry malice" for which he was famous above all his contemporaries. Mr. Cooke, in his notices of Foote, describes his mother as having been "the very model of her son Samuel,—short, fat, and flabby," and nearly equally remarkable for the broad humour of her conversation.

At an early age, young Foote was despatched to a school at Worcester, where he soon became notorious for his practical jokes and inveterate propensity to caricature. He was the leader in all the rebellions of the boys, and perpetrated much small mischief on his own private account. Among other of his freaks, it is stated that he was in the habit of anointing his master's lips with ink while he slept in the chair of authority, and then bewildering and overwhelming the good man with a host of grave apologies. Yet, with all this, he was attentive to his studies, reading hard by fits and starts; and left Worcester with the reputation of being that very ambiguous character—a "lad of parts."



SAMUEL FOOTE

At the usual period of life, Foote was entered of Worcester College, Oxford, where, as at school, his favourite amusement consisted in quizzing the authorities,—more especially the provost, who was a grave, pedantic scholar, of a vinegar turn of temperament. The following hoax is recorded as having been played off by him in his Freshman's year. In one of the villages near Oxford there was a church that stood close by a shady lane, through which cattle were in the habit of being driven to and fro from grass. From the steeple or belfry of this church dangled a rope, probably for the convenience of the ringers, which overhung the porch, and descended to within a few feet of the ground. Foote, who chanced to see it in the course of one of his rambles, resolved to make it the subject of a practical joke; and accordingly, one night, just as the cattle were passing down the lane, tied a wisp of fresh hay tightly about the rope by way of bait. The scheme succeeded to a miracle. One of the cows, as she passed the church-porch, attracted by the fragrant smell of the fodder, stopped to nibble at, and tear it away from the rope; and by so doing set the bell tolling, infinitely to the astonishment and perplexity of the village authorities, who did not detect the hoax, which was repeated more than once, till the circumstance had become the talk of the neighbourhood for miles round. We do not vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote, though more than one biographer has alluded to it; but, as it is highly characteristic of Foote, we think it not unlikely to be true.

[Pg 299]

On quitting the university, Foote returned for a few months to his father's house at Truro, at which period it was that a frightful tragedy occurred in his family, which he seldom spoke of afterwards, and never without the deepest emotion. We allude to the murder of his uncle Sir John Goodere, by the baronet's brother Captain Goodere, which took place about the year 1740. The parties had been dining together at a friend's house near Bristol; apparently a reconciliation—for they had been for some time on bad terms with each other, owing to certain money transactions—had been agreed to between them; but, on his return home, Sir John was waylaid, by his brother's orders, by the crew of his vessel, which lay at anchor in the roads; carried on board, and there strangled; the assassin looking on the while, and actually furnishing the rope by which the murder was perpetrated. For this atrocious deed, the Captain and his confederates, who, it appears, made no attempt at concealment, were tried at the Bristol assizes, found guilty, and hanged.

But the strangest part of this strange story remains to be told. On the night the murder was committed, Foote arrived at his father's house at Truro, and describes himself as having been kept awake for some time by the softest and sweetest strains of music he had ever heard. At first he imagined that it was a serenade got up by some of the family, by way of a welcome home; but, on looking out of his windows, could see no trace of the musicians, so was compelled to come to the conclusion that the sounds were the mere offspring of his imagination. When, however, he

learned shortly afterwards that the catastrophe to which we have alluded, had occurred on the same night, and at the same hour when he had been greeted by the mysterious melody, he became, says one of his biographers, persuaded that it was a supernatural warning, and retained this impression to the last moment of his existence. Yet the man who was thus strongly susceptible of superstitious influences, and who could mistake a singing in the head, occasioned possibly by convivial indulgence, for a hint direct from heaven, was the same who overwhelmed Johnson with ridicule for believing in the Cock-lane ghost!

At the age of twenty-two, shortly after he had quitted Oxford, Foote entered the Temple; rented an expensive set of chambers; sported a dashing equipage; gave constant convivial parties; gambled—betted—aped—the man of fashion and of title—in a word, distinguished himself as one of the most exquisite fops about town. In those days the fop was quite a different sort of person from what he is now. He was a wit, and very frequently a scholar; whereas he is now, in the majority of instances,—to quote Swift's pungent sarcasm,—"a mere peg whereon to hang a trim suit of clothes." The last legitimate fop, or dandy, vanished from the scene of gay life with Brummell. He was the *Ultimus Romanorum*.

[Pg
300]

One of Foote's most frequent places of resort was the Bedford Coffee-house, then the favourite lounge of all the aspiring wits of the day. Here Fielding, Beauclerk, Bonnell Thornton, and a host of kindred spirits, used to lay down the law to their consenting audience; and here too many of those verdicts issued which stamped the character of the "last new piece." Such desultory habits of life—to say nothing of his inveterate propensity to gambling—soon dissipated the handsome fortune which Foote had acquired by his father's death; and, at the end of three years, he was compelled to quit the law, and resort to some other means of gaining a livelihood.

From a young and enthusiastic amateur of the stage to a performer on its boards, is no unnatural transition; and we find Foote, somewhere about the year 1743, associated with his friend Macklin in the management of a wooden theatre in the Haymarket. Having a lofty notion of his tragic capabilities, he made his *debut* in the character of Othello; and, like Mathews, Liston, and Keeley, who began their theatrical career in the same mistaken spirit, convulsed the audience with the grotesque extravagance of his passion, and the irresistible drollery of his pathos. Finding therefore that his forte did not lie in tragedy, he next had recourse to comedy, and made a tolerable hit at Drury-lane in the parts of Sir Paul Pliant, Bayes, and Fondlewife. We have seen a portrait of him in this last character,—one of Congreve's earliest and raciest,—and, if it be at all like him, we do not wonder at his success, for his countenance is replete with the true sly, oily, hypocritical expression.

In the ear 1747, Foote produced his first piece at the Haymarket, in which he mimicked the peculiarities of several well-known actors, and, among others, Macklin. The play was successful; but its performance having been interdicted by the Westminster magistrates, Foote brought it out in a new form, under the title of "Diversions of the Morning," and issued cards of invitation to the public, requesting the honour of their company to a tea-party (at playhouse prices) at the Haymarket. The experiment was a decided hit, and was followed up next season by an "Auction of Pictures," in which the author lashed with pitiless ridicule the Virtuoso follies of the day.

Foote was now once again in possession of a handsome competency, for, in addition to the money made by his labours as an author and an actor, an unexpected legacy was left him by some branch of his mother's family. Intoxicated by his good fortune, and unwarned by experience, he resumed his old habits of extravagance; but, finding that his funds did not disappear fast enough, he accelerated their diminution by a trip to Paris, where he remained two or three years, and did not return home until he found himself, as before, reduced to his last shilling.

Immediately on his arrival in London, Foote renewed his engagement at Drury-lane, and performed the principal character in his own play of "The Knights;" but this proving less attractive than the two former ones, he abruptly quitted town, and crossed the channel to Dublin, where, in the year 1760, he brought out at the Crowstreet theatre his celebrated comedy, "The Minor." This, which was then a mere crude sketch in two acts, was unequivocally damned; but the circumstance, so far from depressing the author's spirits, only stimulated him to fresh exertions, and after mercifully revising the play, and adding a third act, he produced it at the Haymarket. His industry did not go unrewarded. The success of the comedy equalled his most sanguine expectations, being played without intermission throughout the season, to houses crammed to the very ceiling.

[Pg
301]

It is a singular fact connected with this piquant play, that its author, doubtful of its reception, sent it in MS. to the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a request that, if he found any objectionable passages, he would do him the favour to expunge them. Of course, his Grace declined all interference with such a heterodox production, observing to a friend, that if he had made the slightest alteration, the wag might possibly have published it, as "corrected and prepared for the press by the Archbishop of Canterbury!" This is as good a story as that told of Shelley, who is said to have sent a copy of his "Queen Mab" to each of the twenty-four bishops. The part which Foote played in the "Minor" was that of the notorious Mother Cole; and the Parson Squintem, to whom this exemplary specimen of womankind—as Jonathan Oldbuck would say—makes such repeated allusions, is supposed to have been the celebrated Whitfield.

"The Minor" was followed in 1762 by "The Liar," which was brought out at Covent Garden. This drama, the idea of which is borrowed from the "Menteur" of Corneille, brought full houses for the season; and was succeeded in the same year by the "Orators,"—an amusing play, but by no means one of its author's best,—in which he ridiculed Falkner, the printer of the Dublin

Journal, and for which he got entangled in a tedious law-suit that was not compromised without difficulty. About this time, too, Foote, according to Boswell, announced his intention of bringing Dr. Johnson on the stage; but the threat of a public chastisement, with which "Surly Sam" threatened him, induced him to abandon his intention. "What is the price of a good thick stick?" said the Doctor on this remarkable occasion. "A shilling," replied the individual to whom he put the question. "Then go, and buy me a half-crown one; for if that rascal, Foote, persists in his attempt to mimic me, I will step from the boxes, thrash him publicly before the audience, and then make them a speech in justification of my conduct." It is almost to be regretted that the satirist gave up his design, for a capital Philippic has been thereby lost to the world.

From this period Foote chiefly confined himself to the Haymarket, where appeared in succession his "Mayor of Garratt," "Patron," and "Commissary." The first, which was founded on the whimsical custom, now discontinued, of choosing a mock M.P. for the village of Garratt in Surrey, is a laughable hit at the warlike propensities of cockney volunteers. After some years' neglect, it was revived with success during the height of the anti-Jacobin phrensy, when Major Sturgeons again sprung up as plentiful as mushrooms,—when every tailor strutted a hero, and every Alderman felt himself a William Tell.

Foote was now afloat on the full tide of prosperity, drawing crowded houses whenever he performed; patronised by the nobility, at whose tables he was a sort of privileged guest; and everywhere acknowledged as the great lion of the day. In the year 1766, when on a visit with the Duke of York at Lord Mexborough's, he had the misfortune to break his leg by a fall from his horse in hunting. A silly peer condoling with him shortly afterwards on this accident, the wag replied, "Pray, my lord, do not allude to my weak point, I have not alluded to yours," at the same time pointing significantly to the nobleman's head.

By this misfortune Foote was withdrawn some months from his profession, but on his recovery he purchased the Haymarket, and opened it with an extravaganza entitled "The Tailors, or a Tragedy for Warm Weather." The next year appeared his "Devil on Two Sticks," the machinery of which is derived from the "Diable Boiteux" of Le Sage. This play, which was a severe satire on those medical quacks who then, as now, infested the metropolis, was so popular, that its author cleared upwards of three thousand pounds by it, but, a few weeks after, lost it all by gambling at Bath.

Foote's next production was the "Maid of Bath", which was performed in the year 1771. The principal characters in this comedy—Flint, the avaricious old bachelor, and Miss Linnet, the vocalist to whom he is represented as paying his addresses,—were portraits from life; the former having been intended for Walter Long, a rich Somersetshire squire, who died in 1807 at the age of ninety-five, leaving property to the amount of a quarter of a million sterling to Miss Tilney Long, who married the present Mr. Wellesley; and the latter for the beautiful Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan. The "Maid of Bath" is a lively play, containing one or two terse, brilliant witticisms worthy of Congreve; such, for instance as the definition of marriage,—that it is like "bobbing for a single eel in a barrel of snakes." Its best-sustained character is that of Flint; in sketching which, Foote had evidently in view the Athenian miser alluded to by Horace, for he makes him say, "Ay, you may rail, and the people may hiss; but what care I? I have that at home which will keep up my spirits,"—which is a manifest paraphrase from

—"Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ."

This comedy is further deserving of notice, as showing the exquisite tact and readiness with which Foote availed himself of the floating topics of the day. At the time it appeared, the town was greatly diverted by a squabble between Wilkes and the notorious political parson John Horne, afterwards Horne Tooke, the latter of whom accused the former of having sold some rich court-dresses which he had entrusted to his care at Paris. In allusion to this amusing quarrel, Flint says, speaking of the clergyman whom he has engaged to marry him to Miss Linnet, "You have seen friend Button, the Minister that has come down to tack us together; he don't care much to meddle with the pulpit, but he is a prodigious patriot, and a great politician to boot; and, moreover, he has left behind him at Paris a choice collection of curious rich clothes, which he has promised to sell me cheap."

The "Maid of Bath" was followed by the "Nabob" and the "Bankrupt," the first of which was an effective attack on the habits of many of those old curmudgeons who, about the middle of the last century—the period of Anglo-Indian prosperity—returned with dried livers from the East, rich as Chartres, and equally profligate; and the last, on the crazy commercial speculations of the day. The sketch of Sir Robert Riscouter in the "Bankrupt" is supposed to have been meant for the well-known Sir George Fordyce, who failed, in the year 1772, for an almost unparalleled amount. Of these two plays, the "Nabob" is the most carefully finished; but its breadth and grossness must ever prevent its revival.

In 1774 came out the "Cozeners," a pungent satire on the venal politicians of the day. The corruption which had been sanctioned and made systematic by Walpole and the Pelhams, was then in the full vigour of its rank luxuriance; every man had his price; never therefore was satire better applied than this of Foote's. The "Mrs. Fleec'em" of the "Cozeners," a lady of accommodating virtue, and somewhat relaxed in her notions of *meum* and *tuum*, was intended for the notorious Mrs. Catherine Rudd, who, after inducing the two brothers (Perreau) to commit forgery, gave evidence against them, on the strength of which they were hanged. Yet this creature, tainted as she was with the foulest moral leprosy, was admitted into the best society,

and died at a good old age with the character of a discreet, respectable matron!

We come now to Foote's last production. In the year 1775, the famous Duchess of Kingston was tried before the House of Lords for bigamy, and found guilty. Her case excited extraordinary interest throughout the country; availing himself of which, Foote introduced her in the "Trip to Calais" under the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile, which coming to her Grace's ears, she procured its prohibition by the Lord Chamberlain, and, not content with this measure of retaliation, got up through her minions of the press, of whom she had numbers in her pay, a charge against Foote of a most odious complexion,—so odious, indeed, that he had no alternative but to demand an instant public trial, which ended, as might have been anticipated, in his triumphant acquittal. But this result, satisfactory as it was, had no power to restore him to the wonted peace of mind. The dagger had struck home to the heart. His friends, too, for the first time, began to look coolly on him; the anonymous agents of the Duchess still pursued him with unrelenting acrimony; many of those whose follies and crimes he had lashed, but who had feared to retort in his hour of pride, swelled the clamour against him; and he found himself, in the decline of health and manhood, becoming just as unpopular as he once was the reverse. In vain he endeavoured to rally and make head against this combination; his moral fortitude wholly deserted him; and after performing a few times, after his trial, at the Haymarket, but with none of his former vivacity, he was seized with a sudden paralytic affection, and bade adieu to the stage for ever.

About six months subsequent to his retirement, he was attacked by a complaint which ultimately terminated his life; and, by his physician's order, quitted London for the Continent, with a view to pass the winter at Paris. But his constitution was too much shattered to admit of the fatigue of such a journey, and he was compelled to halt at Dover, where, on the morning after his arrival, a violent shivering fit came over him while seated at the breakfast table, which in a few hours put an end to his existence. No sooner was his death known in the metropolis, than a re-action commenced in his favour. It was then discovered that, with all his errors, he had been "more sinned against than sinning;" and some of his friends even went the length of proposing the erection of a monument to his memory! Just in the same way, a few years later, was Burns treated by the world. He, too, was alternately caressed and vilified; and finally hurried to a premature grave, the victim of a broken heart. But this is the penalty that superior genius must ever be prepared to pay. It walks alone along a dizzy, dangerous height, the observed of all eyes; while gregarious common-place treads, secure and unnoticed, along the tame, flat "Bedford level" of ordinary life!

Having closed our brief memoir of Foote, it remains to say a few words of his literary peculiarities. His humour was decidedly Aristophanic; that is to say, broad, easy, reckless, satirical, without the slightest alloy of *bonhomme*, and full of the directest personalities. There is no playfulness or good-nature in his comedies. You laugh, it is true, at his portraits, but at the same time you hold them in contempt; for there is nothing redeeming in their eccentricities; nothing for your esteem and admiration to lay hold of. We cannot gather from his writings, as we can from every page of Goldsmith, that Foote possessed the slightest sympathies with humanity. He seems everywhere to hold it at arm's length, as worthy of nought but the most supercilious treatment; which accounts for, and to a certain extent justifies, the treatment he received from the world in his latter days. Foote could never have drawn a "Good-natured Man," or even a "Dennis Brulgruddery;" for, though he may have possessed the head to do so, yet he lacked the requisite sensibility. So greatly deficient is he in this respect, that, whenever he attempts to put forth a refined or generous sentiment, he almost always overdoes it, and degenerates into cant. Yet his characters—with the exception of his virtuous and moral ones, which are the most insipid in the world—are admirably drawn, are sustained with unflagging spirit, and evince a wide range of observation which, however, rarely pierces beyond the surface.

As works of art, Foote's dramas are by no means of first-rate excellence. They show no fancy, no invention, no ingenuity in constructing, or tact in developing plot; but are merely a collection of scenes and incidents huddled confusedly together for the purpose of drawing out the peculiarities of some two or three pet characters. The best thing we can say of them is, that they exhibit everywhere the keenness, the readiness, the self-possession, of the disciplined man of the world, combined with a pungent malicious humour that reminds us of a Mephistopheles in his merriest mood. It must also be urged in their favour, that they are, in every sense of the word, original. Foote copied no model, but painted direct from the life. He took no hints from others, but gave his own fresh impressions of character. He did not draw on his fancy, like Congreve, or study to make points like Sheridan, but availed himself hastily of such materials as came readiest to hand. The very extravagances of his early life were in his favour, by bringing him in contact with those marked, out-of-the-way characters, who, like Arabs, hang loose on the skirts of society, and constitute the quintessence of comedy. Thus his inveterate love of gambling furnished him with his masterly sketch of Dick Loader; and his long-continued residence at Paris—into whose various dissipations he entered with all the zeal of a devotee—with his successful hits at the absurdities of our travelled fops.

Foote's three best plays are his "Minor," his "Liar," and his "Mayor of Garratt." Perhaps the last is his masterpiece; for it is alive and bustling throughout, is finished with more than the author's ordinary care, and contains two characters penned in his truest *con amore* spirit. Jerry Sneak and Major Sturgeon are, in their line, the two most perfect delineations of which the minor British drama can boast. There is no mistaking their identity. They speak the genuine, unadulterated vulgar tongue of the City. Their sentiments are cockney; their meanness and their bluster, their pompous self-conceit and abject humility, are cockney; they are cockney all over

from the crown of the head to the sole of the shoe. What a rich set-off to the "marchings and counter-marchings" of the one, is the other's recital of his domestic grievances! Jerry's complaint that his wife only allows him "two shillings for pocket-money," and helps him to "all the cold vittles at table," is absolutely pathetic, if—as Hazlitt observes—"the last stage of human imbecility can be called so." While Bow bells ring, and St. Paul's church overlooks Cheapside, Foote's cockneys shall endure. Nevertheless, while we acknowledge their excellence, we entertain the most intense contempt for them, and feel the strongest possible inclination to fling the Major into a horse-pond, and smother Jerry Sneak in a basin of water-gruel.

Foote's conversational abilities were, if possible, superior to his literary ones. For men of the world, in particular, they must have had an inexpressible charm. There is no wit on record who has said so many good things, or with such perfect ease and readiness. Foote never laid a pun-trap to catch the unwary. He had humour at will, and had no need to resort to artifice. His mind was well, but not abundantly stored; and he had the tact to make his knowledge appear greater than it really was. The most sterling testimony that has been borne to his colloquial powers, is that furnished by Dr. Johnson, who says, "The first time I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irresistible." Foote's favourite butt was Garrick, whose thrifty habits he was constantly turning into ridicule. Being one day in company with him, when after satirizing some individual, David had wound up his attack by saying, "Well, well, perhaps before I condemn another, I should pull the *beam* out of my own eye," Foote replied. "And so you would, if you could *sell the timber*." On another occasion, when they were dining together, Garrick happened to let a guinea drop on the floor. "Where has it gone to?" asked Foote, looking about for it. "Oh, to the devil, I suppose," was the reply. "Ah, David," rejoined his tormentor, "you can always contrive to make a guinea go farther than any one else."

Such was Samuel Foote,—the wit, the satirist, the humourist—whose life inculcates this wholesome truth, that those who set themselves up, with no superior moral qualifications to recommend them, to ridicule the follies and lash the vices of the age, but "sow the wind, to reap the whirlwind!"

[Pg
306]

THE TWO BUTLERS.

In all countries and all languages we have the story of *Il Bondocani*. May I tell one from Ireland?

It is now almost a hundred years ago—certainly eighty—since Tom—I declare to Mnemosyne I forget what his surname was, if I ever knew it, which I doubt,—It is at least eighty years since Tom emerged from his master's kitchen in Clonmell, to make his way on a visit to foreign countries.

If I can well recollect dates, this event must have occurred at the end of the days of George the Second, or very close after the accession of George the Third, because in the course of the narrative it will be disclosed that the tale runs of a Jacobite lord living quietly in Ireland, and that I think must have been some time between 1740 and 1760,—or say 65. Just before the year of the young Pretender's burst, a sharp eye used to be kept upon the "honest men" in all the three kingdoms; and in Ireland, from the peculiar power which the surveillance attendant on the penal laws gave the government, this sharp eye could not be surpassed in sharpness,—that is to say, if it did not choose to wink. Truth, nevertheless, makes us acknowledge that the authorities of Ireland were ever inclined at the bottom of their hearts to countenance lawlessness, if at all recommended by anything like a noble or a romantic name. And no name could be more renowned or more romantic than that of Ormond.

It is to be found in all our histories well recorded. What are the lines of Dryden?—and Dryden was a man who knew how to make verses worth reading.

And the rebel rose stuck to the house of Ormond for many a day;—but it is useless to say more. Even I who would sing "Lilla bullalero bullen a la,"—if I could, only I can't sing,—and who give "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory," because I can toast,—even I do not think wrong of the house of Ormond for sticking as it did to the house of Stuart. Of that too I have a long story to tell some time or another.

Never mind. I was mentioning all this, because I have not a 'Peerage' by me; and I really do not know who was the Lord Ormond of the day which I take to be the epoch of my tale. If I had a 'Peerage,' I am sure I could settle it in a minute; but I have none. Those, therefore, who are most interested in the affair ought to examine a 'Peerage,' to find who was the man of the time;—I can only help them by a hint. My own particular and personal reason for recollecting the matter is this: I am forty, or more—never mind the quantity more; and I was told the story by my uncle at least five-and-twenty years ago. That brings us to the year 1812,—say 1811. My uncle—his name was Jack—told me that he had heard the story from Tom himself fifty years before that. If my uncle Jack, who was a very good fellow, considerably given to potation, was precise in his computation of time, the date of his story must have fallen in 1762—or 1763—no matter which. This brings me near the date I have already assigned; but the reader of my essay has before him the grounds of my chronological conjectures, and he can form his opinions on *data* as sufficiently as myself.

[Pg
307]

I recur fearlessly to the fact that Tom—whatever his surname may have been—emerged from the kitchen of his master in Clonmell, to make his way to foreign countries.

His master was a very honest fellow—a schoolmaster of the name of Chaytor, a Quaker, round of paunch and red of nose. I believe that some of his progeny are now men of office in Tipperary—and why should they not? Summer school-vacations in Ireland occur in July; and Chaytor—by the bye, I think he was *Tom* Chaytor, but if Quakers have Christian names I am not sure,—gave leave to his man Tom to go wandering about the country. He had four, or perhaps five, days to himself.

Tom, as he was described to me by my uncle over a jug of punch about a quarter of a century ago, was what in his memory must have been a smart-built fellow. Clean of limb, active of hand, light of leg, clear of eye, bright of hair, white of tooth, and two-and-twenty; in short, he was as handsome a lad as you would wish to look upon in a summer's day. I mention a summer's day merely for its length; for even on a winter's day there were few girls that could cast an eye upon him without forgetting the frost.

So he started for the land of Kilkenny, which is what we used to call in Ireland twenty-four miles from Clonmell. They have stretched it now to thirty; but I do not find it the longer or shorter in walking or chalking. However, why should we gamble at an act of "justice to Ireland?" Tom at all events cared little for the distance; and, going it at a slapping pace, he made Kilkenny in six hours. I pass the itinerary. He started at six in the morning, and arrived somewhat foot-worn, but full not only of bread, but of wine, (for wine was to be found on country road-sides in Ireland in those days,) in the ancient city of Saint Canice about noon.

Tom refreshed himself at the Feathers, kept in those days by a man named Jerry Mulvany, who was supposed to be more nearly connected with the family of Ormond than the rites of the church could allow; and having swallowed as much of the substantial food and the pestiferous fluid that mine host of the Feathers tendered him, the spirit of inquisitiveness, which, according to the phrenologists, is developed in all mankind, seized paramount hold of Tom. Tom—? ay, Tom it must be, for I really cannot recollect his other name.

If there be a guide-book to the curiosities of Kilkenny, the work has escaped my researches. Of the city it is recorded, however, that it can boast of fire without smoke, air without fog, and streets paved with marble. And there's the college, and the bridge, and the ruins of St. John's abbey, and St. Canice, and the Nore itself, and last, not least, the castle of the Ormonds, with its woods and its walks, and its stables and its gallery, and all the rest of it, predominating over the river. It is a very fine-looking thing indeed; and, if I mistake not, John Wilson Croker, in his youth, wrote a poem to its honour, beginning with

"High on the sounding banks of Nore,"

every verse of which ended with "The castle," in the manner of Cowper's "My Mary," or Ben Jonson's "Tom Tossopot." If I had the poem, I should publish it here with the greatest pleasure; but I have it not. I forget where I saw it, but I think it was in a Dublin magazine of a good many years ago, when I was a junior sophister of T. C. D.

[Pg 308]

Let the reader, then, in the absence of this document, imagine that the poem was infinitely fine, and that the subject was worthy of the muse. As the castle is the most particular lion of the city, it of course speedily attracted the attention of Tom, who, swaggering in all the independence of an emancipated footman up the street, soon found himself at the gate. "Rearing himself thereat," as the old ballad has it, stood a man basking in the sun. He was somewhat declining towards what they call the vale of years in the language of poetry; but by the twinkle of his eye, and the purple rotundity of his cheek, it was evident that the years of the valley, like the lads of the valley, had gone cheerily-o! The sun shone brightly upon his silver locks, escaping from under a somewhat tarnished cocked-hat guarded with gold lace, the gilding of which had much deteriorated since it departed from the shop of the artificer; and upon a scarlet waistcoat, velvet certainly, but of reduced condition, and in the same situation as to gilding as the hat. His plum-coloured breeches were unbuckled at the knee, and his ungartered stockings were on a downward progress towards his unbuckled shoes. He had his hands—their wrists were garnished with unwashed ruffles—in his breeches pockets; and he diverted himself with whistling "Charley over the water," in a state of *quasi*-ruminant quiescence. Nothing could be plainer than that he was a hanger-on of the castle off duty, waiting his time until called for, when of course he was to appear before his master in a more carefully arranged costume.

Ormond Castle was then, as I believe it is now, a show-house, and the visitors of Kilkenny found little difficulty in the admission; but, as in those days purposes of political intrusion might be suspected, some shadow at least of introduction was considered necessary. Tom, reared in the household of a schoolmaster, where the despotic authority of the chief extends a flavour of its quality to all his ministers, exhilarated by the walk, and cheered by the eatables and drinkables which he had swallowed, felt that there was no necessity for consulting any of the usual points of etiquette, if indeed he knew that any such things were in existence.

"I say," said he, "old chap! is this castle to be seen? I'm told it's a show; and if it is, let's have a look at it."

"It is to be seen," replied the person addressed, "if you are properly introduced."

"That's all hum!" said Tom. "I know enough of the world, though I've lived all my life in Clonmell, to know that a proper introduction signifies a tester. Come, my old snouty, I'll stand all that's right if you show me over it. Can you do it?"

"Why," said his new friend, "I think I can; because, in fact, I am——"

"Something about the house, I suppose. Well, though you've on a laced jacket, and I only a plain frieze coat, we are both brothers of the shoulder-knot. I tell you who I am. Did you ever hear of Chaytor the Quaker, the schoolmaster of Clonmell?"

"Never."

"Well, he's a decent sort of fellow in the *propria quæ maribus* line, and gives as good a buttock of beef to anybody that gets over the threshold of his door as you'd wish to meet; and I am his man,—his valley de sham, head gentleman——"

"Gentleman usher?"

"No, not usher," responded Tom indignantly: "I have nothing to do with ushers; they are scabby dogs of poor scholars, sizards, half-pays, and the like; and all the young gentlemen much prefer me:—but I am his *fiddleus Achates*, as master Jack Toler calls me,—that's a purty pup who will make some fun some of these days,—his whacktotum, head-cook, and dairy-maid, slush, and butler. What are you here?"

"Why," replied the man at the gate, "I am a butler as well as you."

"Oh! then we're both butlers; and you could as well pass us in. By coarse, the butler must be a great fellow here; and I see you are rigged out in the cast clothes of my lord. Isn't that true?"

"True enough: he never gets a suit of clothes that it does not fall to my lot to wear it; but if you wish to see the castle, I think I can venture to show you all that it contains, even for the sake of our being two butlers."

It was not much sooner said than done. Tom accompanied his companion over the house and grounds, making sundry critical observations on all he saw therein,—on painting, architecture, gardening, the sublime and beautiful, the scientific and picturesque,—in a manner which I doubt not much resembled the average style of reviewing those matters in what we now call the best public instructors.

"Rum-looking old ruffians!" observed Tom, on casting his eyes along the gallery containing the portraits of the Ormondes. "Look at that fellow there all battered up in iron; I wish to God I had as good a church as he would rob!"

"He was one of the old earls," replied his guide, "in the days of Henry the Eighth; and I believe he did help in robbing churches."

"I knew it by his look," said Tom; "and there's a chap there in a wilderness of a wig. Gad! he looks as if he was like to be hanged."

"He was so," said the cicerone; "for a gentleman of the name of Blood was about to pay him that compliment at Tyburn."

"Serve him right," observed Tom; "and this fellow with the short stick in his hand;—what the deuce is the meaning of that?—was he a constable?"

"No," said his friend, "he was a marshal; but he had much to do with keeping out of the way of constables for some years. Did you ever hear of Dean Swift?"

"Did I ever hear of the Dane? Why, my master has twenty books of his that he's always reading, and he calls him Old Copper-farthing; and the young gentlemen are quite wild to read them. I read some of them wance (once); but they were all lies, about fairies and giants. Howsoever, they say the Dane was a larned man."

"Well, he was a great friend of that man with the short stick in his hand."

"By dad!" said Tom, "few of the Dane's friends was friends to the Hanover succession; and I'd bet anything that that flourishing-looking lad there was a friend to the Pretender."

"It is likely that if you laid such a bet you would win it. He was a great friend also of Queen Anne. Have you ever heard of her?"

"Heard of Brandy Nan! To be sure I did—merry be the first of August! But what's the use of looking at those queer old fools?—I wonder who bothered themselves painting them?"

"I do not think you knew the people;—they were Vandyke, Lely, Kneller."

"I never heard of them in Clonmell," remarked Tom. "Have you anything to drink?"

"Plenty."

"But you won't get into a scrape? Honour above all; I'd not like to have you do it unless you were sure, for the glory of the cloth."

The pledge of security being solemnly offered, Tom followed his companion through the intricate passages of the castle until he came into a small apartment, where he found a most plentiful repast before him. He had not failed to observe, that, as he was guided through the house, their path had been wholly uncrossed, for, if anybody accidentally appeared, he hastily withdrew. One person only was detained for a moment, and to him the butler spoke a few words in some unknown tongue, which Tom of course set down as part of the Jacobite treason pervading every part of the castle.

"Gad!" said he, while beginning to lay into the round of beef, "I am half inclined to think that the jabber you talked just now to the powder-monkey we met in that corridor was not treason,

but beef and mustard: an't I right?"

"Quite so."

"Fall to, then, yourself. By Gad! you appear to have those lads under your thumb—for this is great eating. I suppose you often rob my lord?—speak plain, for I myself rob ould Chaytor the schoolmaster; but there's a long difference between robbing a schoolmaster and robbing a lord. I venture to say many a pound of his you have made away with."

"A great many indeed. I am ashamed to say it, that for one pound he has lost by anybody else, he has lost a hundred by me."

"Ashamed, indeed! This is beautiful beef. But let us wash it down. By the powers! is it champagne you are giving me? Well, I never drank but one glass of it in my life, and that was from a bottle that I stole out of a dozen which the master had when he was giving a great dinner to the fathers of the boys just before the Christmas holidays the year before last. My service to you. By Gor! if you do not break the Ormonds, I can't tell who should."

"Nor I. Finish your champagne. What else will you have to drink?"

"Have you the run of the cellar?"

"Certainly."

"Why, then, claret is genteel; but the little I drank of it was mortal cold. Could you find us a glass of brandy?"

"Of course:" and on the sounding of a bell there appeared the same valet who had been addressed in the corridor; and in the same language some intimation was communicated, which in a few moments produced a bottle of Nantz, rare and particular, placed before Tom with all the emollient appliances necessary for turning it into punch.

"By all that's bad," said the Clonmellian butler, "but ye keep these fellows to their knitting. This is indeed capital stuff. Make for yourself. When you come to Clonmell, ask for me—Tom—at old Chaytor's, the Quaker schoolmaster, a few doors from the Globe. This lord of yours, I am told, is a bloody Jacobite: here's the Hanover succession! but we must not drink that here, for perhaps the old fellow himself might hear us."

"Nothing is more probable."

"Well, then, mum's the word. I'm told he puts white roses in his dog's ears, and drinks a certain person over the water on the tenth of June; but, no matter, this is his house, and you and I are drinking his drink,—so, why should we wish him bad luck? If he was hanged, of course I'd go to see him, to be sure; would not you?"

"I should certainly be there."

By this time Tom was subdued by the champagne and the brandy, to say nothing of the hot weather; and the spirit of hospitality rose strong upon the spirit of cognac. His new friend gently hinted that a retreat to his *gîte* at the Feathers would be prudent; but to such a step Tom would by no means consent unless the butler of the castle accompanied him to take a parting bowl. With some reluctance the wish was complied with, and both the butlers sallied forth on their way through the principal streets of Kilkenny, just as the evening was beginning to assume somewhat of a dusky hue. Tom had, in the course of the three or four hours passed with his new friend, informed him of all the private history of the house of Ormond, with that same regard to veracity which in general characterises the accounts of the births, lives, and educations of persons of the higher classes, to be found in fashionable novels and other works drawn from the communications of such authorities as our friend Tom; and his companion offered as much commentary as is usually done on similar occasions. Proceeding in a twirling motion along, he could not but observe that the principal persons whom they met bowed most respectfully to the gentleman from the castle; and, on being assured that this token of deference was paid because they were tradesmen of the castle, who were indebted to the butler for his good word in their business, Tom's appreciation of his friend's abilities in the art of "improving" his situation was considerably enhanced. He calculated that if they made money by the butler, the butler made money by them; and he determined that on his return to Clonmell he too would find tradesfolks ready to take hats off to him in the ratio of pedagogue to peer.

The Kilkenny man steadied the Clonmell man to the Feathers, where the latter most potentially ordered a bowl of the best punch. The slipshod waiter stared; but a look from Tom's friend was enough. They were ushered into the best apartment of the house,—Tom remarking that it was a different room from that which he occupied on his arrival; and in a few minutes the master of the house, Mr. Mulvany, in his best array, made his appearance with a pair of wax candles in his hands. He bowed to the earth as he said,

"If I had expected you, my——"

"Leave the room," was the answer.

"Not before I order my bowl of punch," said Tom.

"Shall I, my——"

"Yes," said the person addressed; "whatever he likes."

"Well," said Tom, as Mulvany left the room, "if I ever saw anything to match that. Is he one of the tradespeople of the castle? This does bate everything. And, by dad, he's not unlike you in the face, neither! Och! then, what a story I'll have when I get back to Clonmell."

"Well, Tom," said his friend, "I may perhaps see you there; but good-b'ye for a moment. I assure you I have had much pleasure in your company."

"He's a queer fellow that," thought Tom, "and I hope he'll be soon back. It's a pleasant acquaintance I've made the first day I was in Kilkenny. Sit down, Mr. Mulvany," said he, as that functionary entered, bearing a bowl of punch, "and taste your brewing." To which invitation Mr. Mulvany acceded, nothing loth, but still casting an anxious eye towards the door.

"That's a mighty honest man," said Tom.

"I do not know what you mean," replied the cautious Mulvany; (for, "honest man" was in those days another word for Jacobite.)

"I mane what I say," said Tom; "he's just showed me over the castle, and gave me full and plenty of the best of eating and drinking. He tells me he's the butler."

"And so he is, you idiot of a man!" cried Mulvany. "He's the chief Butler of Ireland."

"What?" said Tom.

"Why, him that was with you just now is the Earl of Ormond."

My story is over—

"And James Fitzjames was Scotland's king."

All the potations pottle-deep, the road-side drinking, the champagne, the cognac, the punch of the Feathers, vanished at once from Tom's brain, to make room for the recollection of what he had been saying for the last three hours. Waiting for no further explanation, he threw up the window, (they were sitting on a ground-floor,) and, leaving Mr. Mulvany to finish the bowl as he pleased, proceeded at a hand-canter to Clonmell, not freed from the apparition of Lord Ormond before he had left Kilcash to his north; and nothing could ever again induce him to wander in the direction of Kilkenny, there to run the risk of meeting with his fellow-butler, until his lordship was so safely bestowed in the family vault as to render the chance of collision highly improbable. Such is my *Il Bondocani*.

T. C. D.



The Little Bit of Tape

"Slow and sure" has been the motto of my family from generation to generation, and wonderfully has it prospered by acting on this maxim; the misfortunes of the house of Slowby having apparently been reserved for the only active and enterprising individual ever born unto that name. Reader, I am that unhappy man! Waiters upon Fortune, plentifully have all my progenitors fared from the dainties of the good lady's table; while I, in my anxiety to share in the feast, have generally upset the board, and lost every thing in the scramble.

Sir James Slowby, my worthy father, was a younger son, and his portion had been little more than the blessing of a parent, conveyed in the form of words always used in our family—"Bless thee, my son; be slow and sure, and you will be sure to get on." He did get on; for, was he not one of the feelers of that huge polypus in society, the Slowbys? Ways of making money, which other men had diligently sought in vain, discovered themselves to him; places were conferred on him, and legacies left him, for no one reason that could be discovered, except that he seemed indifferent to such matters, and latterly became so wealthy, that he did not require them. He was slow in marrying; not entering the "holy state" till he was forty. He did not wed a fortune: no! he rather preferred a woman of good expectations; and these were, of course, realised,—the money came "slow and sure." He lived to a good old age; but death, though slow, was sure also; and he at length died, leaving two sons: on one he bestowed all his wealth; the other, my luckless self, he left a beggarly dependent on an elder brother's bounty. The fact of the matter was, I had too much vivacity to please so true a Slowby as my father; while James was a man after his own heart: and, perhaps I had circulated a little too much of the old gentleman's money in what he strangely called my "loose kind of life;" but which I only denominated "living fast." He might have confessed that I was not altogether selfish in my pleasures. I often made my father most magnificent presents; and though, perhaps, he ultimately had to pay the bills, the generosity of the intention was the same.

The following letters were written just before our worthy parent's death, by his two sons. James was at the paternal mansion in — Square, I at a little road-side public-house about four and twenty miles from Newmarket. I must premise that I was thus far on my way to London, in answer to my brother's summons; but, at "Ugley" over the post-chaise went—a wheel was broken, and so was my left arm. The post-boys swore it was my fault, because I had not patience to have the wheels properly greased; and I, because it was my misfortune to be obliged to delay my journey till the mischief was repaired—I mean as regards the WEAL of my arm, not the wheel of the chaise,—for, had I been able, I would rather have ridden one of the post-horses to the next stage, than not have pursued my route.

"— Square.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your father requests that you will take an early opportunity of coming to town, as he is supposed to be on his death-bed. His will only awaits your arrival to receive signature. Should you solemnly promise not to dissipate money as you have heretofore done, he will leave you a gentlemanly competence. Dr. Druget is of opinion that our father may live till Sunday next; so, if you are here at any period before that date, you will be in sufficient time for the above-mentioned purpose.

"Your affectionate brother, JAMES SLOWBY."

"DEAR JIM,—*You* might think it wise to delay my seeing our dear father, but *I* did not;—so started at once,—double-fee'd the post-boys,—double feed for the horses,—away I bowled, till off came the wheel at Ugley. Here I am, with a broken arm. Tell my father I am cut to the quick that we may never meet again. I'll promise any thing he likes. I now really see the folly of being always in such a devil of a hurry; particularly in spending money, paying bills, and that kind of thing: say that I will now for ever stick by the family motto, 'slow and sure.' Yours in haste,

"RICHARD SLOWBY.

"P.S. I send my own servant to ride whip and spur till he puts this in your hands; he will beat the post by an hour and a half, which is of consequence."

This latter epistle never reached its destination,—my poor fellow broke his neck at Epping; and, as the letter was despatched in too great haste to be fully directed, it was opened and returned to me by the coroner in due course of post.

I did not get to town till long after the death of my father. The will signed at last, my absence being unaccounted for, gave my brother the whole property; nor did he seem inclined to part with a shilling. A place in the T—, which the head of our ancient house, Lord Snaille, had bestowed on my father, and still promised to keep in the family, might yet be mine,—I was his lordship's godson, and had a fair chance for it; but the now Sir James Slowby, second of the title, and worthy of the name, would not withdraw his claim as eldest born.

"I won't move in the matter, Richard," said my slow and sure brother; "but if my lord gives me the offer, I will accept it. I am not greedy after riches, Heaven knows; but it would be tempting Providence not to hold what is put into my possession, nor freely take what is freely given. His lordship has requested, by letter, that we both wait upon him in Curzon Street, no doubt about the appointment; he makes mention of wishing to introduce us to the ladies, after 'the despatch

of business.' Our cousin Maria used to be lovely as a child, and, though not a fortune, may come in for something considerable, ultimately."

Such was my brother's harangue. Sick of his prosing I left his house, comforting myself that I had, at least, as much chance of the appointment as he had; nor was I altogether without my hopes of supplanting him with Maria, though *he* might be worthy of wedding her at Marylebone; and I, even with her own special licence, would have to journey on the same errand as far as Gretna.

I dined that day at Norwood with an old schoolfellow. At his house I was to pass the night, and on the morrow, at two o'clock, my fate was to be decided. On this eventful morning I was set down in Camberwell by my friend's phaeton. I had seen the Norwood four-horse coach start for town long before we left home, and had given myself great credit for not allowing it to convey me that I might have from thence been enabled to intrude on Lord Snaile's privacy an hour or two before I was expected. But I recollected I had annoyed his lordship on more than one occasion in a similar manner, and I seriously resolved that I would no longer mar my fortunes by my precipitation. It was now, however, within two hours of the time of appointment; my friend's vehicle was not going any farther, and I might, at least, indulge myself by reaching Oxford Street by the quickest public conveyance. Omnibuses had just been introduced on that road; and the Red Rover, looking like a huge trap for catching passengers, was drawn up at the end of Camberwell Green. "Charing Cross, sir!"—"Oxford Street, sir!"—"Going directly, sir!" was music to my ears, even from the cracked voice of a cad, and in I unfortunately got; and there did I sit for ten minutes, while coaches innumerable, passed me for London. Still I preserved my patience, firm in my good resolves. At length another Westminster omnibus drove up.

"Are you going now; or are you not?" said I, very properly restraining an oath just on the tip of my tongue.

"Going directly, sir—be in town long before him, sir," said the cad, pointing to the other 'bus, for he saw my eye was turned towards it.

At that moment a simple-looking servant-girl with a handbox came across the Green, and a fight commenced between the *conducteurs* of the rival vehicles for the unfortunate woman, in which she got not a little pulled about. The Red Rover, however, won the day; and glad enough was I when we started, at a rattling pace. But my pleasure was of short duration.

"Where are you going?" asked an old woman opposite me, who knew the road, which I did not.

"Going to take up, ma'am," said the cad. "We shall be back to the Green Man in ten minutes if you've left any thing behind."

"Where is my handbox?" said the girl.

"I knows nothing about it, not I; I suppose it went by the other 'bus if you arn't a got it. Why did you let it out of your own hands, young 'oman? That 'ere cad is the greatest thief on the road."

The girl began to cry, and declared she should lose her place; and I to swear, for I thought it very likely I should lose mine. But we at length once more passed the Green, and tore along at the rate of ten miles an hour, till we set down passengers at the Elephant and Castle. Reader, do you happen to know a biscuit-shop occupying the corner of the road to Westminster, opposite the aforesaid Elephant and Castle? There it was, the Red Rover drew up, and the cad descended to run after a man and woman, who seemed undetermined whether they would take six-pennyworth or not. My patience was now quite exhausted. A four-horse Westminster coach was just starting across the way, and, determined to get a place in a more expeditious conveyance, I dashed open the door of the omnibus just as the *conducteur's* "all right" again set the carriage in motion; he, having failed in his canvassing, at the same instant jumped on the step behind the 'bus. The consequences were direful. The cad was transferred to the pavement by a swingeing blow on the temple from the opening panel, while I lost my equilibrium, and made a full-length prostration into mud four inches thick, which formed the bed of the road. I had fallen face downward, and the infuriated official of the 'bus quickly bestrode me, grasping me by the nape of the neck. I gasped for breath. Never shall I forget what I then inhaled. To bite the dust is always disagreeable; but, I can assure you, it is nothing to a mouthful of mud. Rescued at last by the intervention of the police, I was permitted to rise. I had no time to dispute the question of right and wrong; glad enough was I to be allowed to medicate the cad's promissory black eye with a sovereign; for which I was declared by all present, and particularly by the man what rides behind the 'hombus' "to be a perfect gemman, only a little hasty." Never was a gentleman in a worse pickle. The road had been creamed by the *reign* of wet weather that marks an English summer. Had I been diving in a mud-cart, or "far into the bowels of the land," through the medium of a ditch in the neighbouring St. George's Fields, I could not have presented a more extraordinary appearance. I might have been rated as a forty-shilling landholder, and rich soil into the bargain. As soon as I could clear my eyes sufficiently to permit of the exercise of vision, I espied an old clothes' shop in the distance; and in this welcome retreat I speedily bestowed myself amid cries of "How are you off for soap?"—"There you go, stick-in-the-mud!"—"Where did you lie last?" and other specimens of suburban wit. Having left the admiring gaze of about two hundred spectators, I obtained a washing-tub and a private room from my newly-formed acquaintance, Isaacs; and, my ablutions being complete, I equipped myself in a full suit of black, which, though the habiliments were rather the worse for wear, fitted me pretty well, and had been, withal, decently made. I was also supplied with shirt and drawers, "goot ash new," and a hat which Isaacs swore was only made the week before, and "cheap ash dirt." I appreciated the simile, but the hat I could

scarcely get on my head; time was however wearing away, and I was obliged to have it, as well as a pair of Blucher boots, not a Wellington fitting me in the Jew's whole stock of such articles. I again started. There happened to be a hackney-coach passing just as I emerged from the shop. This was fortunate; for, to hide my low boots, Isaacs had strapped my trousers down so tightly, that, not trusting much to the material, I thought it might be advisable to avoid walking.

I had yet sufficient time before me to keep my appointment, and I was now fairly on my way to Curzon Street; nothing interrupting my meditation for the next half hour but the paying of a turnpike. I had certainly met with many vexatious annoyances during the morning; but I felt pleased with myself for so far conquering my impetuous spirit as to have exhibited, on the whole, but little irritation under my suffering. For this, I thought I deserved to succeed in my present visit to that high-priest of Fortune, a patron. Then I bethought me of Maria, and took a glance at my suit of black. I fancied that I must look very like an undertaker,—I knew not why: I had imagined myself perfectly gentlemanly in appearance when I left my toilet at Norwood, and I had only changed one suit of black for another,—but then these were not made for me. Perhaps some poor fellow had been hanged in them. I got nervous and miserable.

[Pg
317]

My hat galled my head; I removed it, and held it in my hand. It certainly did not look like a new one. I was ingeniously tormenting myself with calling to memory every disease of the scalp I had ever heard of, when I reached the corner of Curzon Street; and, not wishing to desecrate the portals of the fastidious peer by driving up in a "Jarvey," I got out, and made my approach on foot. I had knocked—there was a delay in opening the door. The porter is out of the way, thought I; and I took an opportunity of looking at my heels, to see if I had walked off with any straws from the coach. I heard the door opening;—I say heard, for I did not look up, my eyes just then resting on a small *piece of tape* that I had been dragging in the dirt—Oh! luckless appurtenance of the drawers of the Jew!—Yes! the door was opening to admit me to the presence of my noble relation—my patron—who I trusted was waiting with an appointment of 1500*l.* a-year, anxious to bestow it on his godson—the morning that was to witness my introduction to her whom I had already wedded in my imagination—I saw a little piece of tape dangling at my heels! Before the portals of the mansion had quite gaped to receive me, my finger was twisted round this cruel instrument of destiny, in the hope of breaking it. I pulled. Acting like a knife on the trousers, fast strapped to my boots, and too powerful a strain on the drawers, though "goot ash new," both were rent to the waistband;—my coat ripped at the shoulder by the action of my arm;—my hat fell off, and was taken by the wind down the street;—and the servant, to whom, having finished this ingenious operation, I stood fully disclosed, unfortunately saw but the effects, without knowing the cause of my disaster.

The man was too well-bred to remark my appearance, but he had every reason for thinking me either mad or drunk; as, to crown all, my face must have been flushed and distorted from rage and mortification.

"My lord expects you in the library, sir," said the astounded servant.

An abrupt "Tell my lord I'll call again" was my only reply, delivered over my shoulder as I dashed from the door, perfectly unconscious of what I was about, till I found myself in a tavern, the first friendly door that was open to receive me. I here composed my bewildered senses, despatched a messenger for a tailor, and set myself down to concoct a note to Lord Snaile. But how narrate to the most particular, matter-of-fact, and yet fastidious, man in the world the events of that morning? I threw the pen and paper from me in despair. Nothing now remained but to wait patiently, if possible, till I could make my excuses in person.

The tailor came, and in about an hour and a half I was again on my way to his lordship's residence; but alas! ere I reached it, I met my steady young brother, who with much formality thus addressed me.

"Richard Slowby, your conduct this morning is the climax of your excesses. His lordship requests that he may not in future be favoured with your visits in Curzon Street; and I consider it my duty to inform you, that these will be equally disagreeable in — Square."

[Pg
318]

I felt at that moment too proud to ask for, or offer, explanations. I saw by the twinkle of his cold grey eye that *he* had received the appointment, and of course it would have been against his principles to resign it in my favour; so I merely told him that I should have great pleasure in attending to the wishes of two men I so *equally* respected as Lord Snaile and Sir James Slowby: and, bidding him a very good morning, I left him to his self-gratulations.

About a twelvemonth afterwards, I elicited from the servant who had opened the door to me, and delivered my unfortunate message to his lordly master, the following particulars.

It appears that on the man entering the library he found the peer and the baronet seated together, the eyes of the former fixed on a time-piece, which told the startling fact that the hour of appointment was past, by five minutes. "Is Mr. Slowby come?" said my lord, turning suddenly towards the servant.

"Yes, my lord; but——"

"Show him in directly, sir. Did I not tell you I expected Mr. Slowby, and ordered him to be admitted?"

"I told the gentleman so, my lord, and that you were waiting for him, and he said he would call again. I am afraid the gentleman is unwell, my lord."

"Unwell!" cried his lordship, "and you allowed him to quit the house?"

"He ran away, my lord;" and here, not knowing how far it would be safe to give the conclusion he had drawn from my extraordinary manner and appearance, the man hesitated.

"Tell me why, this instant, sir," exclaimed his master; "there is some mystery, and I will know it."

"I beg pardon, my lord, but Mr. Slowby seemed much excited—was without his hat, had torn clothes—scarcely decent, my lord. I hope your lordship will excuse me, but the gentleman seemed flushed with after-dinner indulgence in the morning, my lord."

On this well-bred announcement of my being drunk, the peer and his companion exchanged significant looks.

"You may go," said my lord, bowing his head to the servant: but ere my informant got further than the neutral ground between the double doors, he heard my kind brother say, "Just like him;—dined yesterday at Norwood."

"A disgrace to the family!" sorrowfully remarked his lordship. "I had hoped to benefit him, but"—a pause—"the appointment is yours, Sir John. I could not trust it with a man of his character."

It is satisfactory to know the particulars of one's misfortunes, and these were given me at the "Bear" in Piccadilly. After being cut by all, as a graceless vagabond, when it was discovered that I had few meals to say grace over, I am now considered dead to society; but I am, in fact, "living for revenge." To spite the omnibuses, and abuse the cads at my leisure, I drive a short stage out of town; and if any gentleman knows one Dick Hastings, and will "please to remember the coachman," he who will drink to his honour's good health will be the luckless Richard Slowby.

[Pg
319]

HIPPOTHANASIA; OR, THE LAST OF TAILS.

A LAMENTABLE TALE; BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

"London and Brighton *Railway* (quatuor); Brighton and London *Railway*, without a tunnel; Gateshead, South-Shields, and Monk-Wearmouth *Railway*; London Grand-junction *Railway*; Northern and Eastern *Railway*; Southeastern *Railway*; Great Northern *Railway*; Great Western *Railway*; London and Birmingham *Railway*; London and Greenwich *Railway*; Croydon *Railway*; North-Midland *Railway*; London and Blackwall *Railway*; Commercial-road *Railway*; Wolverhampton and Dudley *Railway*; Liverpool and Manchester *Railway*; Hull and Selby *Railway*; Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Carlisle *Railway*; Kingston-upon-Hull *Railway*; Durham Junction *Railway*; Edinburgh and Glasgow *Railway*; Dublin and Kingstown *Railway*; Dublin and Bantry Bay *Railway*; London and Gravesend *Railway*; Commercial *Railway*; Eastern Counties *Railway*; Llanelly *Railway*; London, Salisbury and Exeter *Railway*; Preston and Wye *Railway*; Bristol and Exeter *Railway*; Gravesend and Dover *Railway*; Gravesend, Rochester, Chatham, and Stroud *Railway*; London and Southampton *Railway*; Gateshead and South Shields *Railway*; Cheltenham and Great Western *Railway*; Lincoln *Railway*; Leicester and Swannington *Railway*; Newcastle and York *Railway*; Birmingham and Derby *Railway*; Bolton and Leigh *Railway*; Canterbury and Whitstable *Railway*; Clarence *Railway*; Cromford and Peak Forest *Railway*; Edinburgh and Dalkeith *Railway*; Dean Forest *Railway*; Hartlepool *Railway*; St. Helens and Runc. Gap *Railway*; Manchester and Oldham *Railway*; Preston and Wigan *Railway*; Stanhope and Tyne *Railway*; Stockton and Darlington *Railway*; Warrington and Newton *Railway*; the Grand Incomparable North-southern, East-western *Railway*, with parallel and radiating Branches," &c. &c. &c.

"It may be observed," (says a newspaper in our hand, quite as correctly informed as newspapers usually are,) "that the railway companies now forming, of which we have a list before us, require a capital of upwards of thirty millions of pounds, divided into nearly five hundred thousand shares."

This was in the year 1836; and the horror it excited in the race of horses, native and foreign, inhabitants of the British empire, is not to be described. A knowledge of the habits and intelligence of this species is only to be obtained from the writings of our matter-of-fact and lamented predecessor, Captain Lemuel Gulliver, whose travels among the Houyhnhnms, rather more than a century ago, may have been heard of by a few of our antiquarian and classical readers. To that work we would refer, to show that Houyhnhnm is "the perfection of nature;" which truth will partly account for the following melancholy narrative. "I admired" (the author writes) "the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants; and such a constellation of virtues in such amiable persons, produced in me the highest veneration."

Having the view of horse-flesh which this preface opens, though we have not had an opportunity of studying it so purely under our mixed government, breeds, and circumstances, it is unnecessary to explain the panic which arose on the announcement of so universal a system of railways to supersede the noble animal in every beneficial and elegant office, and reduce it to the condition of a useless sinecurist, even if permitted to live on human bounty. The result was that, when the severities of winter fell thick and fast, a convocation was held by moonlight in Smithfield, and adjourned, owing to the multitude, to Horselydown, (so called from King John

being tumbled off his nag by that process in that locality,) and, after a most interesting discussion, it was unanimously resolved that every horse in Great Britain should die. Wherefore should they live? Steam-boats had thrown the wayfaring trackers out of hay; steam-ploughs, the agricultural labourers out of oats; steam-carriages, the best of postmen out of employment; steam guns, the military out of service; steam-engines, the mechanics out of mills and factories;—in short, their occupations were gone, and they knew not where they could get a bit to their mouths. Wherefore should they live!

The resolution having been communicated throughout the country, and an hour appointed for the catastrophe, though it had nigh broken the hearts of some petted ponies and favourites, it was obeyed with all the stubborn *sted-fastness* of this illustrious creature. Racers and hunters, coach and cart, high-bred and low, drays and galloways, saddle and side ditto, Suffolk punches and dogsmeat, cobs and cabs, hacks and shelties, respectables and rips, old and young, stallions, mares, geldings, colts, foals, and fillies,—all perished at the same time. O'Connell's tail was the only one that remained extant in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; but this our tale hath no reference to that. It may be inquired by the physiologist what were the means of death to which the abhorrence of steam induced the horses to resort; and it is gratifying to be able to satisfy their thirst for knowledge by stating that they died of the *Vapours*.

But we now come to the extraordinary results which must spring from the fatal fact we have just recorded. "*What next?*" as the political pamphleteer sayeth:—ay, *what next?* How will the country go on? *What will the Lords do*—without horses?

The revolution produced by the event was immediately felt in every part of the empire, in every pursuit, in every trade, in every amusement. Within four-and-twenty hours, the isle was frightened from her propriety, and England could no longer be recognised for herself. It is true that the crown remained; but how shorn of its beams! And then the whole *Equestrian* order had been destroyed at a blow. Talk of swamping the Peers! it was done, and they could dragoon the representatives of the people no more. And in proportion to their fall was the rise of the *Commoners*. Not a donkey-man whose ass fed on these wastes, but found himself in a higher and more powerful position. When horses are out of the field, great is the increase of the value of asses. The brutes, it is true, are still long-eared, obstinate, devoid of speed, rat-tailed, and stupid; but, in the absence of nobler beasts, whatever is, must be first. And so it now happened. The huckster, the gipsy, the higgler, the donkey-driver of Margate, the costermonger, the sandman, every asinine possessor mounted in the scale, as it fell out, with a one or more ass power, and the scum became the top of the boiling-pot of society, who all at once found themselves gentlemen of property and influence. Little had the superior classes dreamed how entirely their dignity and consequence depended on their "cattle;" but now, when a Wellington, a Grey, a Melbourne, an Anglesey, a Jersey, a Cavendish, a Fane, a Somerset, had to trudge on foot through the muddy streets, whilst the Scrogginses, the Smiths, the Gileses, the Toms, Bills, and Charleys honoured them with a nod and a splash as they scampered by, shouting "Go it, Neddy!" it was sadly demonstrated to them, and to the world, that their former personal vanity, pride, and presumption had been built on a false foundation; for it was not themselves, but their fine and noble horses, that had won the observance and submissiveness of their fellow men unmounted.

The instant effects of the hippo-hecatomb in every circle and business of life were as remarkable as they were important. No previous imagination could have suggested a homœopathic part of the vast change. His Majesty had decided to open parliament, not by proxy, but in person,—that is to say, he was to proceed to the House in royal state, and read his speech as if it were his own, instead of leaving it to five gentlemen in large cloaks, as if it were theirs, and be ashamed to march through Coventry with them; but, alas the day! the cream-coloured steeds were all dead, and the blacks were as pale as the cream. Windsor awoke in affright and dismay. There were the royal carriages, and there the coachmen, and there the grooms, and there the hussars; but where were the horses? Gone! It was a moment for an ebullition of loyalty, and we record it as an everlasting honour to their young patriotic feelings, that the boys at Eton, in this mighty emergency, respectfully offered their services to drag the King to London, providing the head-master sat upon the box as driver, and the ushers clustered behind, in the character of the footmen. A council held on the proposition decided that the task would be too much for the tender years of the Etonians, and especially as drawing had hardly been taught in that classic establishment; so that, instead of being competent to draw a monarch, there was not a boy in the school who could draw anything. At Woolwich it was quite the reverse. In the increasing dilemma,—for his Majesty declined the walk, and the route by the river could not be performed in time,—it was resolved to despatch one of the royal messengers on the swiftest ass which the town could produce, and order a short prorogation till measures could be adopted to meet the awful exigences of the crisis.

In London, meanwhile, the consternation was equally overwhelming, if not more so. Ministers met in cabinet, but, as usual, knew not what to do; and so agreed to lie by, a bit, and see how matters might shape their own course. The First Lord of the Treasury and three secretaries sat down to a rubber of long whist, half-crown points; the Lord President of the Council, First Lord of the Admiralty, President of the Board of Control, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Lord Privy Seal, preferred three-card loo; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade had a capital *tête-à-tête* bout at brag. The other officers of state employed themselves as they could, from the Lord High Chancellor to the store-keepers and under-secretaries. And meanwhile the public mind, that is to say, all the mind inside the hats of the mob about Whitehall and Westminster, was in a tumult of excitement. Two o'clock struck, and no guns were heard: three, and the patereros were dumb. The clock of the Horse Guards—the Horse

Guards! a name of departed glory and present woe!—told the hour in vain; till, just as it gave warning for four, a breathless and panting ass was seen galloping into Downing street. It bore the express from Windsor, who by prodigious exertions had accomplished the journey in less than seven hours. The unfinished rubber was broken up, to the heavy mortification of the First Lord, who scored eight, and was looking forward to a call of the honours; the loo-scores were balanced and settled, the First Lord of the Admiralty pocketing the profits, in consequence of taking one for his heels as the donkey turned up; and "I brag" fell no more from Exchequer or Trade. But it was already too late to restore order; and confusion in the midst of deliberation only became worse confounded. Extraneous calamities every instant interfered. No mails had arrived, and very few peeresses. The letters containing friendly assurances from foreign governments were in post-offices, Heaven knew at what distances. Such of the ministers, bachelor as well as married, as were directed by their grey mares, had no opportunity for consulting and receiving their commands, though it must have been in some degree a consolation to feel that they remained amid the wreck of horse-flesh. In short, in politics, as at cards, the game was up. The English constitution was not the constitution of a horse, and it gave way before the frightful revolution; and, to add to the individual horrors of the scene, the Master of the Buckhounds, the Master of the Horse, the Postmaster-General, and the Master of the Rolls (why *he*, could never be conjectured) committed suicide in the course of the ensuing night; and the Lord Chancellor became a confirmed lunatic, under his own care.

It were tedious to trace all the varieties of aspects into which this awful event plunged the nation: a few, briefly described, may suffice to indicate its universal extent and terrible alterations. Routs, ball, at homes, operas, and every fashionable amusement and resort were abrogated. The ladies of the land were bowed to the ground. Visits could not be paid: to dress was unnecessary. There was no crush-room; and milliners, mantua-makers, perfumers, and jewellers were crushed. Seventeen old sedan-chairs were the total that could be discovered in London; and these, with the succedaneum suggested by the witty Countess of —, viz. mounting such of the porters' hall-chairs as were susceptible of the improvement upon poles, in a similar manner, constituted the whole migrations of the fashionable world. We will not allude to the meetings baulked, and the assignations broken, through this unfortunate state of things; and are only sorry to say it did not add to the sum of domestic felicity.

The Park—dismal was the Park! Exquisites, more helpless than ever, tottered along its almost deserted walks. There was not one who,

—With left heel insidiously aside,
Provoked the caper he would seem to chide;

nor was there a pretty woman to smile at him if he had. Could the race have obtained asses, it would have been most unnatural to ride them; and thus they vanished from the vision of society.

Ascot was not particularly unhappy, though the King's cup was a cup of dregs. But Bentinck and Crocky, Richmond and Gully, Exeter and Lamb, Rutland and —, Jersey and —, Chesterfield and the rest of the legs, got up an excellent two days' sport. Running in sacks afforded ample opportunities for betting heavily; and wheelbarrow races, with the barrow-drivers blindfolded or partially enlightened, were found quite as good as anything which had been done before, and allowing quite as much scope for the honourable strategies of the turf. An immense number of useless horsecollars were brought to be grinned through; and the books of literature and intelligence surpassed, if anything, those of other times.

At Epsom, the old and general patrons of that course having now the ascendancy, indulged in donkey races, at which the poor nobility gazed with speechless regret. The last were truly the first, here.

Among the instances of individual ruin, none was more unentertaining than that of Mr. Ducrow. Reduced to a single zebra, he was obliged to turn wanderer and mendicant; the stripes of Misfortune were vividly impressed upon him. Circuses and amphitheatres ceased; and the dragon was more than a match for the poor horseless St. George. What a symbol of the decline of England, when even her patron saint must yield to a Saurian reptile!

Of all human beings affected by the calamity, deep as were the afflictions of others, perhaps those who evinced the most sensitive and overpowering feelings on the occasion, were the butchers' boys. As a class, they evidently suffered beyond the rest. Betrayed, unsupported, and wretched, they trudged under the heavy burthens of fate, as if the world—as indeed in one sense it was—were out of joint for them. The centaurs of antiquity were destroyed by a demigod; but the modern centaurs had nothing to soothe their pride. They were hurled down, but living and without a hope. Poor lads! every heart bled for them.

There were another set of men, almost equally unfortunate, though they endured it with greater equanimity,—the late royal horseguards, with all their splendid caparisons, their tags and tassels, their sashes and sabres, their spurs and epaulettes, their helms and feathers; the officers, people of the first families in the country, the men, the picked and chosen of the plebeian many. The high *élite* and the low, reduced alike by unsparing destiny to foot it with the humblest,—it was a grievous blow; and, considering their Uniform conduct, most undeserved. And it was accordingly felt that among the earliest evils for which a remedy should be sought, was the remounting of those so essential to the dignity of the throne and the safety of the realm. True it was, that of the animals they once bestrode not a skin was left; but donkeys were to be procured at excessive prices; and they were obtained for this especial purpose. As yet, the manœuvres of the Royal Ass Guards are more amusing than seemly; but there is no doubt that with time and

discipline they will be, as before, the foremost corps in the service.

It were easy to enlarge upon similar topics to the end of this tome, but they would only serve to illustrate that which, we trust, we have illustrated enough. At Melton it was melancholy to see the gay hunter, unable to risk his limbs and neck, reduced to stalking,—and stalking, too, without a horse. Carts being *hors de combat*, the truck system began to prevail in all quarters, and, bad as it was, what could not be cured must be endured. Londonderry went into mourning on account of having exported seventy asses to Canada by a vessel which sailed about a month before, about the same period that the old bear at the Tower was sent to America, together with the monkey which bit Ensign Seymour's leg. Scotland suffered in the extreme, in spite of its excellent banking business and assets, for there was scarcely an ass in the country, except among some gipsies at Yetholm (vide Guy Mannering); and if, as we are certain it is not, one in a thousand of our readers ever saw a dead jackass anywhere, it will be agreed that not one in a million could ever enjoy that spectacle on the north side of Tweed. But enough: the kingdom was turned upside down,—old gentlemen without their hobbies, young gentlemen without their exhibitions, sportsmen without their sports, schoolboys in the holidays without their ponies, ladies without their rides and knights,^[70] coachmen without their hacks, waggoners without their teams, barges without their draughts, the army without cavalry, and a king and aristocracy without equipages,—the revolution is complete.

[Pg
324]

In picturing this appalling change, it is but proper to notice that the agricultural interests have not been so severely dealt with. The substitution of bullocks was effected without much difficulty in most farms; and in others hand labour was happily introduced, which employed the poor, and, upon the whole, rather ameliorated the condition of the people.

At first, and for a while, it appeared as if dogs, as well as asses, would rise in value; but it was soon discovered that every dog would have only a short day. Like honest creatures as they are, they pulled and tugged at the cruel loads imposed upon them, till gradually their strength departed from them, and they died away. Their supply of food had failed, and the last of the knackers had followed the last of the tails. Pigs were tried, but positively refused to train. They smelt the wind, or what was in it; and, when out of breath, had no idea of getting a new one. A few goats in babies' shays were honoured as well-bearded and respectable-looking substitutes for the departed; and the Principality published several triads on the auspicious circumstance.

But there was a curious coincidence in London, which puzzled the British Association, the Royal Society, and other learned bodies, and which it is probable never can be satisfactorily accounted for. We refer to the sudden and enormous rise in the price of German, Strasburg, and Bologna sausages. Epping, like Epsom, might be involved in the national difficulty; but how distant countries, Germany and Italy, could by possibility be affected, was a mystery which the Geographical, and even the Statistical Society, professed themselves incompetent to determine.

From bad to worse has been the rapid declension of the empire since the fatal day of the fatal catastrophe which is the subject of this pitiable historical record. Competition, too faint for success, having ceased, steam and smoke have everywhere usurped the once blooming soil. From them, we are now a land of clouds,—murky clouds, to which those of Aristophanes are but fanciful and brilliant exhalations. Intersected by railroads, the iron age is restored, and the golden has vanished for ever. The commonweal revolves on the axes of tramwheels and trains; the reins of government are utterly relaxed; and the country, saddled with taxes and burthens, can no longer afford its inhabitants a single morsel. Engineers and speculators are bringing us to a dead level everywhere; and a republic is the inevitable consequence. For our parts, with the stomach of a horse, and loving beyond measure a sound horse-laugh, emigration is our immediate purpose. By Strasburg and Bologna will we wend our way, and endeavour to fathom the sausage-wonder; and thence, if no better may be, we shall sail for the Houyhnhnms' Land, (to the south of Lewin's and Nuyt's Land, and the west of Maelsuyker's Isle), and, at all events, make our finale like Trojans, by trusting to the horse!

[Pg
325]

OUR SONG OF THE MONTH.

No. IV. April, 1837.

APRIL FOOLS.

Giojusatete! e con espressione burlesca.

Now mer - ry Mo - mus rules A - pril
fools! A - pril fools! And with quirp and quil - let
schools A - pril fools! 'Tis the sea - son of the
year, When we hold it to be clear That all,
more or less, ap - pear A - pril fools! A - pril fools!

[\[April Fools Audio\]](#)

Now mer-ry Mo-mus rules
A-pril fools! A-pril fools!
 And with quirp and quil-let schools
A-pril fools!
 'Tis the sea-son of the year,
 When we hold it to be clear
 That all, more or less, ap-pear
A-pril fools! A-pril fools!

Now, at every turn, we meet
April fools! April fools!
 In park, in square, and street,
April fools!
 Now "pigeon's milk" is sought,
 "Useful knowledge" cheaply bought,
 Pleasant lessons, too, are taught
April fools! April fools!

Now little boys are made
April fools! April fools!
 (By bigger boys betrayed,)
April fools!
 Now boys, the world calls "old,"
 Deceived by damsels bold,
 Find out they are cajoled
April fools! April fools!

Now sportive nymphs beguile,
April fools! April fools!
 With gamesome trick and wile,
April fools!
 In vain the charming sex
 Would their lovers' heart perplex,
 They may cheat, but cannot vex
April fools! April fools!

Now Evans and his crew,
April fools! April fools!
 Find fighting will not do,
April fools!
 Now Sarsfield, Espartero,
 And many a battered hero,
 Place Spanish funds at zero,
April fools! April fools!

Now ministers are termed
April fools! April fools!
 And their titles are confirmed,
April fools!
 Now Whigs astute, kicked out,
 Hear the deep derisive shout
 Echo wide the land throughout,

April fools! April fools!

Now costermonger scribes—
April fools! April fools!—
Pen their dullest diatribes,
April fools!
In Bentley's Magazine,
Alone, are to be seen
Wits, who scourge with satire keen
April fools! April fools!

Now readers, grave or gay,
April fools! April fools!
We shall terminate our lay,
April fools!
And we trust that you perceive,
We are laughing in our sleeve,
As these idle rhymes we weave,
April fools! April fools!

[Pg 326]

OLIVER TWIST,
OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

OLIVER MINGLES WITH NEW ASSOCIATES, AND,
GOING TO A FUNERAL FOR THE FIRST TIME, FORMS
AN UNFAVOURABLE NOTION OF HIS MASTER'S BUSINESS.

Oliver, being left to himself in the undertaker's shop, set the lamp down on a workman's bench, and gazed timidly about him with a feeling of awe and dread, which many people a good deal older than Oliver will be at no loss to understand. An unfinished coffin on black tressels, which stood in the middle of the shop, looked so gloomy and death-like, that a cold tremble came over him every time his eyes wandered in the direction of the dismal object, from which he almost expected to see some frightful form slowly rear its head to drive him mad with terror. Against the wall were ranged in regular array a long row of elm boards cut into the same shape, and looking in the dim light like high-shouldered ghosts with their hands in their breeches pockets. Coffin-plates, elm-chips, bright-headed nails, and shreds of black cloth, lay scattered on the floor; and the wall above the counter was ornamented with a lively representation of two mutes in very stiff neckcloths, on duty at a large private door, with a hearse drawn by four black steeds approaching in the distance. The shop was close and hot, and the atmosphere seemed tainted with the smell of coffins. The recess beneath the counter in which his flock-mattress was thrust, looked like a grave.

Nor were these the only dismal feelings which depressed Oliver. He was alone in a strange place; and we all know how chilled and desolate the best of us will sometimes feel in such a situation. The boy had no friends to care for, or to care for him. The regret of no recent separation was fresh in his mind; the absence of no loved and well-remembered face sunk heavily into his heart. But his heart *was* heavy, notwithstanding; and he wished, as he crept into his narrow bed, that that were his coffin, and that he could be laid in a calm and lasting sleep in the churchyard ground, with the tall grass waving gently above his head, and the sound of the old deep bell to soothe him in his sleep.

Oliver was awakened in the morning by a loud kicking at the outside of the shop-door, which, before he could huddle on his clothes, was repeated in an angry and impetuous manner about twenty-five times; and, when he began to undo the chain, the legs left off their volleys, and a voice began.



Oliver plucks up a spirit.

"Open the door, will yer?" cried the voice which belonged to the legs which had kicked at the door.

"I will directly, sir," replied Oliver, undoing the chain, and turning the key.

"I suppose yer the new boy, a'nt yer?" said the voice, through the key-hole.

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver.

"How old are yer?" inquired the voice.

"Eleven, sir," replied Oliver.

"Then I'll whop yer when I get in," said the voice; "you just see if I don't, that's all, my work'us brat!" and, having made this obliging promise, the voice began to whistle.

Oliver had been too often subjected to the process to which the very expressive monosyllable just recorded bears reference, to entertain the smallest doubt that the owner of the voice, whoever he might be, would redeem his pledge most honourably. He drew back the bolts with a trembling hand, and opened the door.

For a second or two, Oliver glanced up the street, and down the street, and over the way, impressed with the belief that the unknown, who had addressed him through the key-hole, had walked a few paces off to warm himself, for nobody did Oliver see but a big charity-boy sitting on the post in front of the house, eating a slice of bread and butter, which he cut into wedges the size of his mouth with a clasp-knife, and then consumed with great dexterity.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Oliver, at length, seeing that no other visitor made his appearance; "did you knock?"

"I kicked," replied the charity-boy.

"Did you want a coffin, sir?" inquired Oliver, innocently.

At this the charity-boy looked monstrous fierce, and said that Oliver would stand in need of one before long, if he cut jokes with his superiors in that way.

"Yer don't know who I am, I suppose, work'us?" said the charity-boy, in continuation; descending from the top of the post, meanwhile, with edifying gravity.

"No, sir," rejoined Oliver.

"I'm Mister Noah Claypole," said the charity-boy, "and you're under me. Take down the shutters, yer idle young ruffian!" With this Mr. Claypole administered a kick to Oliver, and entered the shop with a dignified air, which did him great credit: it is difficult for a large-headed, small-eyed youth, of lumbering make and heavy countenance, to look dignified under any circumstances; but it is more especially so, when, superadded to these personal attractions, are a red nose and yellow smalls.

Oliver having taken down the shutters, and broken a pane of glass in his efforts to stagger

away beneath the weight of the first one to a small court at the side of the house in which they were kept during the day, was graciously assisted by Noah, who, having consoled him with the assurance that "he'd catch it," condescended to help him. Mr. Sowerberry came down soon after, and, shortly afterwards, Mrs. Sowerberry appeared; and Oliver having "caught it," in fulfilment of Noah's prediction, followed that young gentleman down stairs to breakfast.

"Come near the fire, Noah," said Charlotte. "I saved a nice little piece of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver, shut that door at Mister Noah's back, and take them bits that I've put out on the cover of the bread-pan. There's your tea; take it away to that box, and drink it there, and make haste, for they'll want you to mind the shop. D'ye hear?"

"D'ye hear, work'us?" said Noah Claypole.

"Lor, Noah!" said Charlotte, "what a rum creature you are! Why don't you let the boy alone?"

"Let him alone!" said Noah. "Why everybody lets him alone enough, for the matter of that. Neither his father nor mother will ever interfere with him: all his relations let him have his own way pretty well. Eh, Charlotte? He! he! he!"

"Oh, you queer soul!" said Charlotte, bursting into a hearty laugh, in which she was joined by Noah; after which they both looked scornfully at poor Oliver Twist, as he sat shivering upon the box in the coldest corner of the room, and ate the stale pieces which had been specially reserved for him.

Noah was a charity-boy, but not a workhouse orphan. No chance-child was he, for he could trace his genealogy back all the way to his parents, who lived hard by; his mother being a washerwoman, and his father a drunken soldier, discharged with a wooden leg and a diurnal pension of twopence-halfpenny and an unstateable fraction. The shop-boys in the neighbourhood had long been in the habit of branding Noah in the public streets with ignominious epithets of "leathers," "charity," and the like; and Noah had borne them without reply. But now that fortune had cast in his way a nameless orphan, at whom even the meanest could point the finger of scorn, he retorted on him with interest. This affords charming food for contemplation. It shows us what a beautiful thing human nature is, and how impartially the same amiable qualities are developed in the finest lord and the dirtiest charity-boy.

Oliver had been sojourning at the undertaker's some three weeks or a month, and Mr. and Mrs. Sowerberry, the shop being shut up, were taking their supper in the little back-parlour, when Mr. Sowerberry, after several deferential glances at his wife, said,

"My dear—" He was going to say more; but, Mrs. Sowerberry looking up with a peculiarly unpropitious aspect, he stopped short.

"Well!" said Mrs. Sowerberry, sharply.

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," said Mr. Sowerberry.

"Ugh, you brute!" said Mrs. Sowerberry.

"Not at all, my dear," said Mr. Sowerberry, humbly. "I thought you didn't want to hear, my dear. I was only going to say——"

"Oh, don't tell me what you were going to say," interposed Mrs. Sowerberry. "I am nobody; don't consult me, pray. *I* don't want to intrude upon your secrets." And, as Mrs. Sowerberry said this, she gave a hysterical laugh, which threatened violent consequences.

"But, my dear," said Sowerberry, "I want to ask your advice."

"No, no, don't ask mine," replied Mrs. Sowerberry, in an affecting manner; "ask somebody else's." Here there was another hysterical laugh, which frightened Mr. Sowerberry very much. This is a very common and much-approved matrimonial course of treatment, which is often very effective. It at once reduced Mr. Sowerberry to begging as a special favour to be allowed to say what Mrs. Sowerberry was most curious to hear, and, after a short altercation of less than three quarters of an hour's duration, the permission was most graciously conceded.

"It's only about young Twist, my dear," said Mr. Sowerberry. "A very good-looking boy that, my dear."

"He need be, for he eats enough," observed the lady.

"There's an expression of melancholy in his face, my dear," resumed Mr. Sowerberry, "which is very interesting. He would make a delightful mute, my dear."

Mrs. Sowerberry looked up with an expression of considerable wonderment. Mr. Sowerberry remarked it, and, without allowing time for any observation on the good lady's part, proceeded,

"I don't mean a regular mute to attend grown-up people, my dear, but only for children's practice. It would be very new to have a mute in proportion, my dear. You may depend upon it that it would have a superb effect."

Mrs. Sowerberry, who had a good deal of taste in the undertaking way, was much struck by the novelty of the idea; but, as it would have been compromising her dignity to have said so under existing circumstances, she merely inquired with much sharpness why such an obvious suggestion had not presented itself to her husband's mind before. Mr. Sowerberry rightly construed this as an acquiescence in his proposition: it was speedily determined that Oliver should be at once initiated into the mysteries of the profession, and, with this view, that he should accompany his master on the very next occasion of his services being required.

The occasion was not long in coming; for, half an hour after breakfast next morning, Mr. Bumble entered the shop, and supporting his cane against the counter, drew forth his large leathern pocket-book, from which he selected a small scrap of paper which he handed over to Sowerberry.

"Aha!" said the undertaker, glancing over it with a lively countenance; "an order for a coffin, eh?"

"For a coffin first, and a parochial funeral afterwards," replied Mr. Bumble, fastening the strap of the leathern pocket-book, which, like himself, was very corpulent.

"Bayton," said the undertaker, looking from the scrap of paper to Mr. Bumble; "I never heard the name before."

Bumble shook his head as he replied, "Obstinate people, Mr. Sowerberry, very obstinate; proud, too, I'm afraid, sir."

"Proud, eh?" exclaimed Mr. Sowerberry with a sneer.—"Come, that's too much."

"Oh, it's sickening," replied the beadle; "perfectly antimonial, Mr. Sowerberry."

"So it is," acquiesced the undertaker.

"We only heard of them the night before last," said the beadle; "and we shouldn't have known anything about them then, only a woman who lodges in the same house made an application to the parochial committee for them to send the parochial surgeon to see a woman as was very bad. He had gone out to dinner; but his 'prentice, which is a very clever lad, sent 'em some medicine in a blacking-bottle, off-hand."

"Ah, there's promptness," said the undertaker.

"Promptness, indeed!" replied the beadle. "But what's the consequence; what's the ungrateful behaviour of these rebels, sir? Why, the husband sends back word that the medicine won't suit his wife's complaint, and so she shan't take it—says she shan't take it, sir. Good, strong, wholesome medicine, as was given with great success to two Irish labourers and a coalheaver only a week before—sent 'em for nothing, with a blacking-bottle in,—and he sends back word that she shan't take it, sir."

As the flagrant atrocity presented itself to Mr. Bumble's mind in full force, he struck the counter sharply with his cane, and became flushed with indignation.

"Well," said the undertaker, "I ne—ver—did—"

"Never did, sir!" ejaculated the beadle,—"no, nor nobody never did; but, now she's dead, we've got to bury her, and that's the direction, and the sooner it's done, the better."

Thus saying, Mr. Bumble put on his cocked-hat wrong side first, in a fever of parochial excitement, and flounced out of the shop.

"Why, he was so angry, Oliver, that he forgot even to ask after you," said Mr. Sowerberry, looking after the beadle as he strode down the street.

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, who had carefully kept himself out of sight during the interview, and who was shaking from head to foot at the mere recollection of the sound of Mr. Bumble's voice. He needn't have taken the trouble to shrink from Mr. Bumble's glance, however; for that functionary on whom the prediction of the gentleman in the white waistcoat had made a very strong impression, thought that now the undertaker had got Oliver upon trial, the subject was better avoided, until such time as he should be firmly bound for seven years, and all danger of his being returned upon the hands of the parish should be thus effectually and legally overcome.

"Well," said Mr. Sowerberry, taking up his hat, "the sooner this job is done, the better. Noah, look after the shop. Oliver, put on your cap, and come with me." Oliver obeyed; and followed his master on his professional mission.

They walked on for some time through the most crowded and densely inhabited part of the town, and then striking down a narrow street more dirty and miserable than any they had yet passed through, paused to look for the house which was the object of their search. The houses on either side were high and large, but very old; and tenanted by people of the poorest class, as their neglected appearance would have sufficiently denoted without the concurrent testimony afforded by the squalid looks of the few men and women who, with folded arms and bodies half doubled, occasionally skulked like shadows along. A great many of the tenements had shop-fronts; but they were fast closed, and mouldering away: only the upper rooms being inhabited. Others, which had become insecure from age and decay, were prevented from falling into the street by huge beams of wood which were reared against the tottering walls, and firmly planted in the road; but even these crazy dens seemed to have been selected as the nightly haunts of some houseless wretches, for many of the rough boards which supplied the place of door and window, were wrenched from their positions to afford an aperture wide enough for the passage of a human body. The kennel was stagnant and filthy; the very rats that here and there lay putrefying in its rottenness, were hideous with famine.

There was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where Oliver and his master stopped; so, groping his way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Oliver keep close to him and not be afraid, the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs, and, stumbling against a door on the landing, rapped at it with his knuckles.

It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of

what the room contained, to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in, and Oliver followed him.

There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching mechanically over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess opposite the door there lay upon the ground something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes towards the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master; for, though it was covered up, the boy *felt* that it was a corpse.

[Pg
332]

The man's face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly, and his eyes were blood-shot. The old woman's face was wrinkled, her two remaining teeth protruded over her under lip, and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look at either her or the man,—they seemed so like the rats he had seen outside.

"Nobody shall go near her," said the man, starting fiercely up, as the undertaker approached the recess. "Keep back! d—n you, keep back, if you've a life to lose."

"Nonsense! my good man," said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes,—"nonsense!"

"I tell you," said the man, clenching his hands, and stamping furiously on the floor,—"I tell you I won't have her put into the ground. She couldn't rest there. The worms would worry—not eat her,—she is so worn away."

The undertaker offered no reply to this raving, but producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

"Ah!" said the man, bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman; "kneel down, kneel down—kneel round her every one of you, and mark my words. I say she starved to death. I never knew how bad she was, till the fever came upon her, and then her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire nor candle; she died in the dark—in the dark. She couldn't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets, and they sent me to prison. When I came back, she was dying; and all the blood in my heart has dried up, for they starved her to death. I swear it before the God that saw it,—they starved her!"—He twined his hands in his hair, and with a loud scream rolled grovelling upon the floor, his eyes fixed, and the foam gushing from his lips.

The terrified children cried bitterly; but the old woman, who had hitherto remained as quiet as if she had been wholly deaf to all that passed, menaced them into silence; and having unloosened the man's cravat, who still remained extended on the ground, tottered towards the undertaker.

"She was my daughter," said the old woman, nodding her head in the direction of the corpse, and speaking with an idiotic leer, more ghastly than even the presence of death itself.—"Lord, Lord!—well, it is strange that I who gave birth to her, and was a woman then, should be alive and merry now, and she lying there, so cold and stiff! Lord, Lord!—to think of it;—it's as good as a play—as good as a play!"

As the wretched creature mumbled and chuckled in her hideous merriment, the undertaker turned to go away.

"Stop, stop!" said the old woman in a loud whisper. "Will she be buried to-morrow—or next day—or to-night? I laid her out, and I must walk, you know. Send me a large cloak—a good warm one, for it is bitter cold. We should have cake and wine, too, before we go! Never mind: send some bread—only a loaf of bread and a cup of water. Shall we have some bread, dear?" she said eagerly, catching at the undertaker's coat, as he once more moved towards the door.

"Yes, yes," said the undertaker, "of course; anything, everything." He disengaged himself from the old woman's grasp, and, dragging Oliver after him, hurried away.

The next day, (the family having been meanwhile relieved with a half-quartern loaf and a piece of cheese, left with them by Mr. Bumble himself,) Oliver and his master returned to the miserable abode, where Mr. Bumble had already arrived, accompanied by four men from the workhouse, who were to act as bearers. An old black cloak had been thrown over the rags of the old woman and the man; the bare coffin having been screwed down, was then hoisted on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried down stairs into the street.

"Now, you must put your best leg foremost, old lady," whispered Sowerberry in the old woman's ear; "we are rather late, and it won't do to keep the clergyman waiting. Move on, my men,—as quick as you like."

Thus directed, the bearers trotted on, under their light burden, and the two mourners kept as near them as they could. Mr. Bumble and Sowerberry walked at a good smart pace in front; and Oliver, whose legs were not as long as his master's, ran by the side.

There was not so great a necessity for hurrying as Mr. Sowerberry had anticipated, however; for when they reached the obscure corner of the churchyard in which the nettles grew, and the parish graves were made, the clergyman had not arrived, and the clerk, who was sitting by the vestry-room fire, seemed to think it by no means improbable that it might be an hour or so before he came. So they set the bier down on the brink of the grave; and the two mourners waited patiently in the damp clay with a cold rain drizzling down, while the ragged boys, whom the spectacle had attracted into the churchyard, played a noisy game at hide-and-seek among the tombstones, or varied their amusements jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin. Mr. Sowerberry and Bumble, being personal friends of the clerk, sat by the fire with him, and read

[Pg
333]

the paper.

At length, after the lapse of something more than an hour, Mr. Bumble, and Sowerberry, and the clerk, were seen running towards the grave; and immediately afterwards the clergyman appeared, putting on his surplice as he came along. Mr Bumble then threshed a boy or two, to keep up appearances; and the reverend gentleman, having read as much of the burial service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the clerk, and ran away again.

[Pg
334]

"Now, Bill," said Sowerberry to the grave-digger, "fill up."

It was no very difficult task, for the grave was so full that the uppermost coffin was within a few feet of the surface. The grave-digger shovelled in the earth, stamped it loosely down with his feet, shouldered his spade, and walked off, followed by the boys, who murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon.

"Come, my good fellow," said Bumble, tapping the man on the back, "they want to shut up the yard."

The man, who had never once moved since he had taken his station by the grave side, started, raised his head, stared at the person who had addressed him, walked forward for a few paces, and then fell down in a fit. The crazy old woman was too much occupied in bewailing the loss of her cloak (which the undertaker had taken off) to pay him any attention; so they threw a can of cold water over him, and when he came to, saw him safely out of the churchyard, locked the gate, and departed on their different ways.

"Well, Oliver," said Sowerberry, as they walked home, "how do you like it?"

"Pretty well, thank you, sir," replied Oliver, with considerable hesitation. "Not very much, sir."

"Ah, you'll get used to it in time, Oliver," said Sowerberry. "Nothing when you *are* used to it, my boy."

Oliver wondered in his own mind whether it had taken a very long time to get Mr. Sowerberry used to it; but he thought it better not to ask the question, and walked back to the shop, thinking over all he had seen and heard.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

OLIVER, BEING GOADED BY THE TAUNTS OF NOAH, ROUSES INTO ACTION, AND RATHER ASTONISHES HIM.

It was a nice sickly season just at this time. In commercial phrase, coffins were looking up; and, in the course of a few weeks, Oliver had acquired a great deal of experience. The success of Mr. Sowerberry's ingenious speculation exceeded even his most sanguine hopes. The oldest inhabitants recollected no period at which measles had been so prevalent, or so fatal to infant existence; and many were the mournful processions which little Oliver headed in a hat-band reaching down to his knees, to the indescribable admiration and emotion of all the mothers in the town. As Oliver accompanied his master in most of his adult expeditions too, in order that he might acquire that equanimity of demeanour and full command of nerve which are so essential to a finished undertaker, he had many opportunities of observing the beautiful resignation and fortitude with which some strong-minded people bear their trial and losses.

[Pg
335]

For instance, when Sowerberry had an order for the burial of some rich old lady or gentleman, who was surrounded by a great number of nephews and nieces, who had been perfectly inconsolable during the previous illness, and whose grief had been wholly irrepressible even on the most public occasions, they would be as happy among themselves as need be—quite cheerful and contented, conversing together with as much freedom and gaiety as if nothing whatever had happened to disturb them. Husbands, too, bore the loss of their wives with the most heroic calmness; and wives, again, put on weeds for their husbands, as if, so far from grieving in the garb of sorrow, they had made up their minds to render it as becoming and attractive as possible. It was observable, too, that ladies and gentlemen who were in passions of anguish during the ceremony of interment, recovered almost as soon as they reached home, and became quite composed before the tea-drinking was over. All this was very pleasant and improving to see; and Oliver beheld it with great admiration.

That Oliver Twist was moved to resignation by the example of these good people, I cannot, although I am his biographer, undertake to affirm with any degree of confidence; but I can most distinctly say, that for some weeks he continued meekly to submit to the domination and ill-treatment of Noah Claypole, who used him far worse than ever, now that his jealousy was roused by seeing the new boy promoted to the black stick and hat-band, while he, the old one, remained stationary in the muffin-cap and leathers. Charlotte treated him badly because Noah did; and Mrs. Sowerberry was his decided enemy because Mr. Sowerberry was disposed to be his friend: so, between these three on one side, and a glut of funerals on the other, Oliver was not altogether as comfortable as the hungry pig was, when he was shut up by mistake in the grain department of a brewery.

And now I come to a very important passage in Oliver's history, for I have to record an act, slight and unimportant perhaps in appearance, but which indirectly produced a most material change in all his future prospects and proceedings.

One day Oliver and Noah had descended into the kitchen, at the usual dinner-hour, to banquet upon a small joint of mutton—a pound and a half of the worst end of the neck; when, Charlotte

being called out of the way, there ensued a brief interval of time, which Noah Claypole, being hungry and vicious, considered he could not possibly devote to a worthier purpose than aggravating and tantalising young Oliver Twist.

Intent upon this innocent amusement, Noah put his feet on the table-cloth, and pulled Oliver's hair, and twitched his ears, and expressed his opinion that he was a "sneak," and furthermore announced his intention of coming to see him hung whenever that desirable event should take place, and entered upon various other topics of petty annoyance, like a malicious and ill-conditioned charity-boy as he was. But, none of these taunts producing the desired effect of making Oliver cry, Noah attempted to be more facetious still, and in this attempt did what many small wits, with far greater reputations than Noah notwithstanding, do to this day when they want to be funny;—he got rather personal.

"Work'us," said Noah, "how's your mother?"

"She's dead," replied Oliver; "don't you say anything about her to me!"

Oliver's colour rose as he said this; he breathed quickly, and there was a curious working of the mouth and nostrils, which Mr. Claypole thought must be the immediate precursor of a violent fit of crying. Under this impression he returned to the charge.

"What did she die of, work'us?" said Noah.

"Of a broken heart, some of our old nurses told me," replied Oliver, more as if he were talking to himself than answering Noah. "I think I know what it must be to die of that!"

"Tol de rol lol lol, right fol lairy, work'us," said Noah, as a tear rolled down Oliver's cheek. "What's set you a snivelling now?"

"Not *you*," replied Oliver, hastily brushing the tear away. "Don't think it."

"Oh, not me, eh?" sneered Noah.

"No, not you," replied Oliver, sharply. "There; that's enough. Don't say anything more to me about her; you'd better not!"

"Better not!" exclaimed Noah. "Well! better not! work'us; don't be impudent. *Your* mother, too! She was a nice 'un, she was. Oh, Lor!" And here Noah nodded his head expressively, and curled up as much of his small red nose as muscular action could collect together for the occasion.

"Yer know, work'us," continued Noah, emboldened by Oliver's silence, and speaking in a jeering tone of affected pity—of all tones the most annoying—"Yer know, work'us, it carn't be helped now, and of course yer couldn't help it then, and I'm very sorry for it, and I'm sure we all are, and pity yer very much. But yer must know, work'us, your mother was a regular right-down bad 'un."

"What did you say?" inquired Oliver, looking up very quickly.

"A regular right-down bad 'un, work'us," replied Noah, coolly; "and it's a great deal better, work'us, that she died when she did, or else she'd have been hard labouring in Bridewell, or transported, or hung, which is more likely than either, isn't it?"

Crimson with fury, Oliver started up, overthrew chair and table, seized Noah by the throat, shook him in the violence of his rage till his teeth chattered in his head, and, collecting his whole force into one heavy blow, felled him to the ground.

A minute ago the boy had looked the quiet, mild, dejected creature that harsh treatment had made him. But his spirit was roused at last; the cruel insult to his dead mother had set his blood on fire. His breast heaved, his attitude was erect, his eye bright and vivid, and his whole person changed, as he stood glaring over the cowardly tormentor that lay crouching at his feet, and defied him with an energy he had never known before.

"He'll murder me!" blubbered Noah. "Charlotte! missis! here's the new boy a-murdering me! Help! help! Oliver's gone mad! Char—lotte!"

Noah's shouts were responded to, by a loud scream from Charlotte, and a louder from Mrs. Sowerberry; the former of whom rushed into the kitchen by a side-door, while the latter paused on the staircase till she was quite certain that it was consistent with the preservation of human life to come further down.

"Oh, you little wretch!" screamed Charlotte, seizing Oliver with her utmost force, which was about equal to that of a moderately strong man in particularly good training,—"*Oh, you little ungrate-ful, mur-de-rous, hor-rid villain!*" and between every syllable Charlotte gave Oliver a blow with all her might, and accompanied it with a scream for the benefit of society.

Charlotte's fist was by no means a light one; but, lest it should not be effectual in calming Oliver's wrath, Mrs. Sowerberry plunged into the kitchen, and assisted to hold him with one hand, while she scratched his face with the other; and in this favourable position of affairs Noah rose from the ground, and pummeled him from behind.

This was rather too violent exercise to last long; so, when they were all three wearied out, and could tear and beat no longer, they dragged Oliver, struggling and shouting, but nothing daunted, into the dust-cellar, and there locked him up; and this being done, Mrs. Sowerberry sunk into a chair, and burst into tears.

"Bless her, she's going off!" said Charlotte. "A glass of water, Noah, dear. Make haste."

"Oh, Charlotte," said Mrs. Sowerberry, speaking as well as she could through a deficiency of

breath and a sufficiency of cold water, which Noah had poured over her head and shoulders,—"Oh, Charlotte, what a mercy we have not been all murdered in our beds!"

"Ah, mercy, indeed, ma'am," was the reply. "I only hope this'll teach master not to have any more of these dreadful creatures that are born to be murderers and robbers from their very cradle. Poor Noah! he was all but killed, ma'am, when I came in."

"Ah, poor fellow!" said Mrs. Sowerberry, looking piteously on the charity-boy.

Noah, whose top waistcoat-button might have been somewhere on a level with the crown of Oliver's head, rubbed his eyes with the inside of his wrists while this commiseration was bestowed upon him, and performed some very audible tears and sniffs.

"What's to be done!" exclaimed Mrs. Sowerberry. "Your master's not at home—there's not a man in the house,—and he'll kick that door down in ten minutes." Oliver's vigorous plunges against the bit of timber in question rendered this occurrence highly probable.

"Dear, dear! I don't know, ma'am," said Charlotte, "unless we send for the police-officers."

"Or the millingary," suggested Mr. Claypole.

"No, no," said Mrs. Sowerberry, bethinking herself of Oliver's old friend; "run to Mr. Bumble, Noah, and tell him to come here directly, and not to lose a minute; never mind your cap,—make haste. You can hold a knife to that black eye as you run along, and it'll keep the swelling down."

Noah stopped to make no reply, but started off at his fullest speed; and very much it astonished the people who were out walking, to see a charity-boy tearing through the streets pell-mell, with no cap on his head, and a clasp-knife at his eye.

A CONTRADICTION.

Bent upon extra thousands netting,
Graspall's the oddest mortal living!
His only object seems *for-getting*—
How strange he should not be *for-giving*!
H. H.

THE GRAND CHAM OF TARTARY, AND THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Abridged from the voluminous Epic Poem by Beg-beg (formerly a mendicant ballad-singer, afterwards Principal Lord Rector of the University of Samarcand, and subsequently Historiographer and Poet Laureate to the Court of Balk,) by C. J. Davids, Esq.

I.

The great Tartar chief, on a festival day,
Gave a spread to his court, and resolv'd to be gay;
But, just in the midst of their music and glee,
The mirth was upset by a humble-bee—
A humble-bee—
They were bored by a rascally *humble-bee*!

II.

This riotous bee was so wanting in sense
As to fly at the Cham with malice prepense:
Said his highness, "My fate will be *felo-de-se*,
If I'm thus to be teas'd by a humble-bee—
A humble-bee—
How *shall* I get rid of the humble-bee!"

III.

The troops in attendance, with sabre and spear,
Were order'd to harass the enemy's rear:
But the brave body-guards were forced to flee—
They were all so afraid of the humble-bee—
The humble-bee—
The soldiers were scar'd by the humble-bee.

IV.

The solicitor-general thought there was reason
For indicting the scamp on a charge of high-treason;
While the chancellor *doubted* if any decree
From the woolsack would frighten the humble-bee—
The humble-bee—

So the lawyers fought shy of the humble-bee.

V.

The Cham from his throne in an agony rose,
While the insect was buzzing right under his nose:—
"Was ever a potentate plagued like me,
Or worried to death by a humble-bee!
A humble-bee—
Don't let me be stung by the humble-bee!"

VI.

He said to a page, nearly choking with grief,
"Bring hither my valiant commander-in-chief;
And say that I'll give him a liberal fee,
To cut the throat of this humble-bee—
This humble-bee—
This turbulent, Jacobin, humble-bee!"

[Pg 340]

VII.

His generalissimo came at the summons,
And, cursing the courtiers for cowardly *rum-uns*,
"My liege," said he, "it's all fiddle-de-dee
To make such a fuss for a humble-bee—
A humble-bee—
I don't care a d—n for the humble-bee!"

VIII.

The veteran rush'd sword in hand on the foe,
And cut him in two with a desperate blow.
His master exclaim'd, "I'm delighted to see
How neatly you've settled the humble-bee!"
The humble-bee—
So there was an end of the humble-bee.

IX.

By the doctor's advice (which was prudent and right)
His highness retired very early that night:
For they got him to bed soon after his tea,
And he dream'd all night of the humble-bee—
The humble-bee—
He saw the grim ghost of the humble-bee.

MORAL.

Seditious disturbers, mind well what you're *arter*—
Lest, humming a prince, you by chance catch a *Tartar*.
Consider, when planning an impudent spree,
You may get the same luck as the humble-bee—
The humble-bee—
Remember the doom of the humble-bee!

THE DUMB WAITER.

I can not really understand,
(Said Henry to his aunt,)
Why a dumb waiter this is called,—
Upon my word, I can't;
For I have heard you often say
It *answers* very well.
Why, then, the waiter is called *dumb*,
I cannot think, or tell.

Between you, boy, this difference know,—
For once attention lending,—
While without *speaking* this *attends*,
You *speak* without *attending*.

[Pg 341]

FAMILY STORIES.—No. III.

GREY DOLPHIN.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

"He won't—won't he? Then bring me my boots!" said the Baron.

Consternation was at its height in the castle of Shurland—a caitiff had dared to disobey the Baron! and—the Baron had called for his boots!

A thunderbolt in the great hall had been a *bagatelle* to it.

A few days before, a notable miracle had been wrought in the neighbourhood; and in those times miracles were not so common as they are now:—no Royal Balloons, no steam, no railroads, —while the few Saints who took the trouble to walk with their heads under their arms, or pull the Devil by the nose, scarcely appeared above once in a century:—so it made the greater sensation.

The clock had done striking twelve, and the Clerk of Chatham was untrussing his points preparatory to seeking his truckle-bed: a half-emptied tankard of mild ale stood at his elbow, the roasted crab yet floating on its surface. Midnight had surprised the worthy functionary while occupied in discussing it, and with the task yet unaccomplished. He meditated a mighty draught: one hand was fumbling with his tags, while the other was extended in the act of grasping the jorum, when a knock on the portal, solemn and sonorous, arrested his fingers. It was repeated thrice ere Emanuel Saddleton had presence of mind sufficient to inquire who sought admittance at that untimeous hour.

"Open! open! good Clerk of St. Bridget's," said a female voice, small, yet distinct and sweet, —"an excellent thing in woman."

The clerk arose, crossed to the doorway, and undid the latchet.

On the threshold stood a lady of surpassing beauty: her robes were rich, and large, and full; and a diadem, sparkling with gems that shed a halo around, crowned her brow: she beckoned the clerk as he stood in astonishment before her.

"Emanuel!" said the lady; and her tones sounded like those of a silver flute. "Emanuel Saddleton, truss up your points, and follow me!"

The worthy clerk stared aghast at the vision; the purple robe, the cymar, the coronet,—above all, the smile;—no, there was no mistaking her; it was the blessed St. Bridget herself!

And what could have brought the sainted lady out of her warm shrine at such a time of night? and on such a night? for it was as dark as pitch, and, metaphorically speaking, "rained cats and dogs."

Emanuel could not speak, so he looked the question.

"No matter for that," said the Saint, answering to his thought. "No matter for that, Emanuel Saddleton; only follow me, and you'll see."

The clerk turned a wistful eye at the corner-cupboard.

"Oh, never mind the lantern, Emanuel; you'll not want it: but you may bring a mattock and shovel." As she spoke, the beautiful apparition held up her delicate hand. From the tip of each of her long taper fingers issued a lambent flame of such surpassing brilliancy as would have plunged a whole gas company into despair—it was a "Hand of Glory," such a one as tradition tells us yet burns in Rochester Castle every St. Mark's Eve. Many are the daring individuals who have watched in Gundulph's Tower, hoping to find it, and the treasure it guards;—but none of them ever did.

"This way, Emanuel!" and a flame of peculiar radiance streamed from her little finger as it pointed to the pathway leading to the churchyard.

Saddleton shouldered his tools, and followed in silence.

The cemetery of St. Bridget's was some half-mile distant from the clerk's domicile, and adjoined a chapel dedicated to that illustrious lady, who, after leading but a so-so life, had died in the odour of sanctity. Emanuel Saddleton was fat and scant of breath, the mattock was heavy, and the saint walked too fast for him: he paused to take second wind at the end of the first furlong.

"Emanuel," said the holy lady good-humouredly, for she heard him puffing; "rest a while, Emanuel, and I'll tell you what I want with you."

Her auditor wiped his brow with the back of his hand, and looked all attention and obedience.

"Emanuel," continued she, "what did you and Father Fothergill, and the rest of you, mean yesterday by burying that drowned man so close to me? He died in mortal sin, Emanuel; no shrift, no unction, no absolution: why, he might as well have been excommunicated. He plagues me with his grinning, and I can't have any peace in my shrine. You must howk him up again, Emanuel!"

"To be sure, madam,—my lady,—that is, your holiness," stammered Saddleton, trembling at the thought of the task assigned him. "To be sure, your ladyship; only—that is—"

"Emanuel," said the Saint, "you'll do my bidding; or it would be better you had!" and her eye changed from a dove's eye to that of a hawk, and a flash came from it as bright as the one from her little finger. The Clerk shook in his shoes, and, again dashing the cold perspiration from his brow, followed the footsteps of his mysterious guide.

The next morning all Chatham was in an uproar. The Clerk of St. Bridget's had found himself at home at daybreak, seated in his own arm-chair, the fire out, and—the tankard of ale quite

exhausted. Who had drunk it? Where had he been? How had he got home?—all was a mystery: he remembered "a mass of things, but nothing distinctly;" all was fog and fantasy. What he could clearly recollect was, that he had dug up the grinning sailor, and that the Saint had helped to throw him into the river again. All was thenceforth wonderment and devotion. Masses were sung, tapers were kindled, bells were tolled; the monks of St. Romuald had a solemn procession, the abbot at their head, the sacristan at their tail, and the holy breeches of St. Thomas-à-Becket in the centre; Father Fothergill brewed a XXX puncheon of holy-water. The Rood of Gillingham was deserted; the chapel of Rainham forsaken; every one who had a soul to be saved flocked with his offering to St. Bridget's shrine, and Emanuel Saddleton gathered more fees from the promiscuous piety of that one week than he had pocketed during the twelve preceding months.

[Pg
343]

Meanwhile the corpse of the ejected reprobate oscillated like a pendulum between Sheerness and Gillingham Reach. Now borne by the Medway into the Western Swale, now carried by the reflux tide back to the vicinity of its old quarters, it seemed as though the River god and Neptune were amusing themselves with a game of subaqueous battledore, and had chosen this unfortunate carcass as a marine shuttlecock. For some time the alternation was kept up with great spirit, till Boreas, interfering in the shape of a stiffish "Nor'-wester," drifted the bone (and flesh) of contention ashore on the Shurland domain, where it lay in all the majesty of mud. It was soon discovered by the retainers, and dragged from its oozy bed, grinning worse than ever. Tidings of the god-send were of course carried instantly to the castle, for the Baron was a very great man; and if a dun crow had flown across his property unannounced by the warder, the Baron would have kicked him, the said warder, from the topmost battlement into the bottommost ditch,—a descent of peril, and one which "Ludwig the leaper," or the illustrious Trenk himself, might well have shrunk from encountering.

"An't please your lordship—" said Peter Periwinkle.

"No, villain! it does not please me!" roared the Baron.

His lordship was deeply engaged with a peck of Feversham oysters,—he doted on shellfish, hated interruption at meals, and had not yet despatched more than twenty dozen of the "natives."

"There's a body, my lord, washed ashore in the lower creek," said the seneschal.

The Baron was going to throw the shells at his head; but paused in the act, and said with much dignity,

"Turn out the fellow's pockets!"

But the defunct had before been subjected to the double scrutiny of Father Fothergill and the Clerk of St. Bridget's. It was ill gleaning after such hands; there was not a single marvedi.

We have already said that Sir Ralph de Shurland, Lord of the Isle of Sheppey, and of many a fair manor on the main-land, was a man of worship. He had rights of freewarren, saccage and sockage, cuisage and jambage, fosse and fork, infang theofe and outfang theofe; and all waifs and strays belonged to him in fee simple.

"Turn out his pockets!" said the Knight.

"Please you, my lord, I must say as how they was turned out afore, and the devil a rap's left."

"Then bury the blackguard!"

"Please your lordship, he has been buried once."

"Then bury him again, and be——!" The Baron bestowed a benediction.

The seneschal bowed low as he left the room, and the Baron went on with his oysters.

Scarce ten dozen more had vanished when Periwinkle reappeared.

"An't please you, my lord, Father Fothergill says as how that it's the Grinning Sailor, and he won't bury him anyhow."

"Oh! he won't—won't he?" said the Baron. Can it be wondered at that he called for his boots?

Sir Ralph de Shurland, Lord of Shurland and Minster, Baron of Sheppey *in comitatu* Kent, was, as has been before hinted, a very great man. He was also a very little man; that is, he was relatively great and relatively little,—or physically little and metaphorically great,—like Sir Sidney Smith and the late Mr. Bonaparte. To the frame of a dwarf he united the soul of a giant and the valour of a gamecock. Then, for so small a man, his strength was prodigious; his fist would fell an ox, and his kick—oh! his kick was tremendous, and, when he had his boots on, would,—to use an expression of his own, which he had picked up in the holy wars,—would send a man from Jericho to June. He was bull-necked and bandy-legged; his chest was broad and deep, his head large, and uncommonly thick, his eyes a little blood-shot, and his nose *retrousé* with a remarkably red tip. Strictly speaking, the Baron could not be called handsome; but his *tout ensemble* was singularly impressive: and when he called for his boots, everybody trembled, and dreaded the worst.

[Pg
344]

"Periwinkle," said the Baron, as he encased his better leg, "let the grave be twenty feet deep!"

"Your lordship's command is law."

"And, Periwinkle,"—Sir Ralph stamped his left heel into its receptacle,— "and, Periwinkle, see that it be wide enough to hold not exceeding two!"

"Ye—ye—yes, my lord."

"And, Periwinkle,—tell Father Fothergill I would fain speak with his reverence."

"Ye—ye—yes, my lord."

The Baron's beard was picked, and his moustaches, stiff and stumpy, projected horizontally like those of a Tom-cat; he twirled the one, stroked the other, drew the buckle of his surcingle a thought tighter, and strode down the great staircase three steps at a stride.

The vassals were assembled in the great hall of Shurland Castle; every cheek was pale, every tongue was mute, expectation and perplexity were visible on every brow. What would his lordship do? Were the recusant anybody else, gyves to the heels and hemp to the throat were but too good for him: but it was Father Fothergill who had said "I won't;" and, though the Baron was a very great man, the Pope was a greater, and the Pope was Father Fothergill's great friend—some people said he was his uncle.

Father Fothergill was busy in the refectory trying conclusions with a venison pasty, when he received the summons of his patron to attend him in the chapel cemetery. Of course he lost no time in obeying it, for obedience was the general rule in Shurland Castle. If anybody ever said "I won't," it was the exception; and, like all other exceptions, only proved the rule the stronger. The Father was a friar of the Augustine persuasion; a brotherhood which, having been planted in Kent some few centuries earlier, had taken very kindly to the soil, and overspread the county much as hops did some few centuries later. He was plump and portly, a little thick-winded, especially after dinner, stood five feet four in his sandals, and weighed hard upon eighteen stone. He was moreover a personage of singular piety; and the iron girdle, which, he said, he wore under his cassock to mortify withal, might have been well mistaken for the tire of a cart-wheel. When he arrived, Sir Ralph was pacing up and down by the side of a newly-opened grave.

"*Benedicite!* fair son,"—(the Baron was as brown as a cigar,)—" *Benedicite!*" said the chaplain.

The Baron was too angry to stand upon compliment.—"Bury me that grinning caitiff there!" quoth he, pointing to the defunct.

"It may not be, fair son," said the Friar; "he hath perished without absolution."

"Bury the body!" roared Sir Ralph.

"Water and earth alike reject him," returned the chaplain; "holy St. Bridget herself—"

"Bridget me no Bridgets! do me thine office quickly, Sir Shaveling; or, by the piper that played before Moses!—" The oath was a fearful one; and whenever the Baron swore to do mischief, he was never known to perjure himself. He was playing with the hilt of his sword.—"Do me thine office, I say. Give him his passport to heaven!"

"He is already gone to hell!" stammered the friar.

"Then do you go after him!" thundered the Lord of Shurland.

His sword half leaped from its scabbard. No!—the trenchant blade that had cut Suleiman Ben Malek Ben Buckskin from helmet to chine disdained to daub itself with the cerebellum of a miserable monk: it leaped back again; and as the chaplain, scared at its flash, turned him in terror, the Baron gave him a kick!—one kick!—it was but one!—but such a one! Despite its obesity, up flew his holy body in an angle of forty-five degrees; then, having reached its highest point of elevation, sunk headlong into the open grave that yawned to receive it. If the reverend gentleman had possessed a neck, he had infallibly broken it; as he did not, he only dislocated his vertebræ,—but that did quite as well. He was as dead as ditch-water.

"In with the other rascal!" said the Baron, and he was obeyed; for there he stood in his boots. Mattock and shovel made short work of it; twenty feet of superincumbent mould pressed down alike the saint and the sinner. "Now sing a requiem who list!" said the Baron, and his lordship went back to his oysters.

The vassals at Castle Shurland were astounded, or, as the seneschal Hugh better expressed it, "perfectly conglomerated," by this event. What! murder a monk in the odour of sanctity,—and on consecrated ground too! They trembled for the health of the Baron's soul. To the unsophisticated many it seemed that matters could not have been much worse had he shot a bishop's coach-horse;—all looked for some signal judgment. The melancholy catastrophe of their neighbours at Canterbury was yet rife in their memories: not two centuries had elapsed since those miserable sinners had cut off the tail of St. Thomas's mule. The tail of the mule, it was well known, had been forthwith affixed to that of the mayor; and rumour said it had since been hereditary in the corporation. The least that could be expected was, that Sir Ralph should have a friar tacked on to his for the term of his natural life! Some bolder spirits there were, 'tis true, who viewed the matter in various lights, according to their different temperaments and dispositions; for perfect unanimity existed not even in the good old times. The verderer, roistering Hob Roebuck, swore roundly, "'Twere as good a deed as eat to kick down the chapel as well as the monk."—Hob had stood there in a white sheet for kissing Giles Miller's daughter.—On the other hand, Simpkin Agnew, the bell-ringer, doubted if the devil's cellar, which runs under the bottomless abyss, were quite deep enough for the delinquent, and speculated on the probability of a hole being dug in it for his especial accommodation. The philosophers and economists thought with Saunders M'Bullock, the Baron's bagpiper, that "a feckless monk more or less was nae great subject for a clamjamphry," especially as "the supply considerably exceeded the demand;" while Malthouse, the tapster, was arguing to Dame Martin that a murder now and then was a seasonable check to population, without which the Isle of Sheppey would in time be devoured, like a mouldy cheese, by inhabitants of its own producing. Meanwhile, the Baron ate his oysters, and thought no more

of the matter.

But this tranquillity of his lordship was not to last. A couple of Saints had been seriously offended; and we have all of us read at school that celestial minds are by no means insensible to the provocations of anger. There were those who expected that St. Bridget would come in person, and have the friar up again as she did the sailor; but perhaps her ladyship did not care to trust herself within the walls of Shurland Castle. To say the truth, it was scarcely a decent house for a female Saint to be seen in. The Baron's gallantries, since he became a widower, had been but too notorious; and her own reputation was a little blown upon in the earlier days of her earthly pilgrimage: then things were so apt to be misrepresented: in short, she would leave the whole affair to St. Austin, who, being a gentleman, could interfere with propriety, avenge her affront as well as his own, and leave no loop-hole for scandal. St. Austin himself seems to have had his scruples, though of their precise nature it were difficult to determine, for it were idle to suppose him at all afraid of the Baron's boots. Be this as it may, the mode which he adopted was at once prudent and efficacious. As an ecclesiastic, he could not well call the Baron out, had his boots been out of the question; so he resolved to have recourse to the law. Instead of Shurland Castle, therefore, he repaired forthwith to his own magnificent monastery, situate just without the walls of Canterbury, and presented himself in a vision to its abbot. No one who has ever visited that ancient city can fail to recollect the splendid gateway which terminates the vista of St. Paul's street, and stands there yet in all its pristine beauty. The tiny train of miniature artillery which now adorns its battlements is, it is true, an ornament of a later date; and is said to have been added some centuries after by some learned but jealous proprietor, for the purpose of shooting any wiser man than himself who might chance to come that way. Tradition is silent as to any discharge having taken place, nor can the oldest inhabitant of modern days recollect any such occurrence. Here it was, in a handsome chamber, immediately over the lofty archway, that the superior of the monastery lay buried in a brief slumber snatched from his accustomed vigils. His mitre—for he was a mitred abbot, and had a seat in parliament—rested on a table beside him; near it stood a silver flagon of Gascony wine, ready, no doubt, for the pious uses of the morrow. Fasting and watching had made him more than usually somnolent, than which nothing could have been better for the purpose of the Saint, who now appeared to him radiant in all the colours of the rainbow.

"Anselm!"—said the beatific vision,—"Anselm! are you not a pretty fellow to lie snoring there, when your brethren are being knocked at head, and Mother Church herself is menaced! It is a sin and a shame, Anselm!"

"What's the matter?—Who are you?" cried the Abbot, rubbing his eyes, which the celestial splendour of his visiter had set a-winking. "Ave Maria! St. Austin himself!—Speak, *Beatissime!* what would you with the humblest of your votaries?"

"Anselm!" said the Saint, "a brother of our order, whose soul Heaven assoilzie! hath been foully murdered. He hath been ignominiously kicked to the death, Anselm; and there he lieth cheek-by-jowl with a wretched carcass, which our sister Bridget has turned out of her cemetery for unseemly grinning. Arouse thee, Anselm!"

"Ay, so please you, *Sanctissime!*" said the Abbot: "I will order forthwith that thirty masses be said, thirty *Paters*, and thirty *Aves*."

"Thirty fools' heads!" interrupted his patron, who was a little peppery.

"I will send for bell, book, and candle."

"Send for an inkhorn, Anselm. Write me now a letter to his Holiness the Pope in good round terms, and another to the coroner, and another to the sheriff and seize me the never-enough-to-be-anathematised villain who hath done this deed! Hang him as high as Haman, Anselm!—up with him!—down with his dwelling-place, root and branch, hearth-stone and roof-tree,—down with it all, and sow the site with salt and sawdust!"

St. Austin, it will be perceived, was a radical reformer.

"Marry will I," quoth the Abbot, warming with the Saint's eloquence; "ay, marry will I, and that *instantly*. But there is one thing you have forgotten, most Beatified—the name of the culprit."

"Ralph de Shurland."

"The Lord of Sheppey! Bless me!" said the Abbot, crossing himself, "won't that be rather inconvenient? Sir Ralph is a bold baron and a powerful; blows will come and go, and crowns will be cracked, and——"

"What is that to you, since yours will not be of the number?"

"Very true, *Beatissime!* I will don me with speed, and do your bidding."

"Do so, Anselm!—fail not to hang the baron, burn his castle, confiscate his estate, and buy me two large wax-candles for my own particular shrine out of your share of the property."

With this solemn injunction the vision began to fade.

"One thing more!" cried the Abbot, grasping his rosary.

"What is that?" asked the Saint.

"*O Beate Augustine, ora pro nobis!*"

"Of course I shall," said St. Austin. "*Pax vobiscum!*"—and Abbot Anselm was left alone.

Within an hour all Canterbury was in commotion. A friar had been murdered,—two friars—ten

—twenty; a whole convent had been assaulted,—sacked,—burnt,—all the monks had been killed, and all the nuns had been kissed! Murder!—fire!—sacrilege! Never was city in such an uproar. From St. George's gate to St. Dunstan's suburb, from the Donjon to the borough of Staplegate, all was noise and hubbub. "Where was it?"—"When was it?"—"How was it?" The Mayor caught up his chain, the Aldermen donned their furred gowns, the Town-clerk put on his spectacles. "Who was he?"—"What was he?"—"Where was he?"—he should be hanged,—he should be burned,—he should be broiled,—he should be fried,—he should be scraped to death with red-hot oyster-shells! "Who was he?"—"What was his name?"

[Pg
348]

The abbot's Apparitor drew forth his roll and read aloud: "Sir Ralph de Shurland, Knight banneret, Baron of Shurland and Minster, and Lord of Sheppey."

The Mayor put his chain in his pocket, the Aldermen took off their gowns, the Town-clerk put his pen behind his ear,—It was a county business altogether: the Sheriff had better call out the *posse comitatus*.

While saints and sinners were thus leaguering against him, the Baron de Shurland was quietly eating his breakfast. He had passed a tranquil night, undisturbed by dreams of cowl or capuchin; nor was his appetite more affected than his conscience. On the contrary, he sat rather longer over his meal than usual; luncheon-time came, and he was ready as ever for his oysters; but scarcely had Dame Martin opened his first half-dozen when the warder's horn was heard from the barbican.

"Who the devil's that?" said Sir Ralph. "I'm not at home, Periwinkle. I hate to be disturbed at meals, and I won't be at home to anybody."

"An't please your lordship," answered the seneschal, "Paul Prior hath given notice that there is a body——"

"Another body!" roared the Baron. "Am I to be everlastingly plagued with bodies? No time allowed me to swallow a morsel. Throw it into the moat!"

"So please you, my lord, it is a body of horse,—and—and Paul says there is a still larger body of foot behind it; and he thinks, my lord,—that is, he does not know, but he thinks—and we all think, my lord, that they are coming to—to besiege the castle!"

"Besiege the castle! Who? What? What for?"

"Paul says, my lord, that he can see the banner of St. Austin, and the bleeding heart of Hamo de Crevecœur, the abbot's chief vassal; and there is John de Northwood, the sheriff, with his red-cross engrailed; and Hever, and Leybourne, and Heaven knows how many more; and they are all coming on as fast as ever they can."

"Periwinkle," said the Baron, "up with the drawbridge; down with the portcullis; bring me a cup of canary, and my night-cap. I won't be bothered with them. I shall go to bed."

"To bed, my lord!" cried Periwinkle, with a look that seemed to say, "He's crazy."

At this moment the shrill tones of a trumpet were heard to sound thrice from the champaign. It was the signal for parley: the Baron changed his mind; instead of going to bed, he went to the ramparts.

"Well, rascalions! and what now?" said the Baron.

A herald, two pursuivants, and a trumpeter, occupied the foreground of the scene; behind them, some three hundred paces off, upon a rising ground, was drawn up in battle-array the main body of the ecclesiastical forces.

"Hear you, Ralph de Shurland, Knight, Baron of Shurland and Minster, and Lord of Sheppey, and know all men, by these presents, that I do hereby attach you, the said Ralph, of murder and sacrilege, now, or of late, done and committed by you, the said Ralph, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity: and I do hereby require and charge you, the said Ralph, to forthwith surrender and give up your own proper person, together with the castle of Shurland aforesaid, in order that the same may be duly dealt with according to law. And here standeth John de Northwood, Esquire, good man and true, sheriff of this his majesty's most loyal county of Kent, to enforce the same, if need be, with his *posse comitatus*."

[Pg
349]

"His what?" said the Baron.

"His *posse comitatus*, and——"

"Go to Bath!" said the Baron.

A defiance so contemptuous roused the ire of the adverse commanders. A volley of missiles rattled about the Baron's ears. Night-caps avail little against contusions. He left the walls, and returned to the great hall.

"Let them pelt away," quoth the Baron; "there are no windows to break, and they can't get in." So he took his afternoon nap, and the siege went on.

Towards evening his lordship awoke, and grew tired of the din. Guy Pearson, too, had got a black eye from a brick-bat, and the assailants were clambering over the outer wall. So the Baron called for his Sunday hauberk of Milan steel, and his great two-handed sword with the terrible name:—it was the fashion in feudal times to give names to swords; King Arthur's was christened Excalibar; the Baron called his Tickletohy, and whenever he took it in hand it was no joke.

"Up with the portcullis! down with the bridge!" said Sir Ralph; and out he sallied, followed by

the *élite* of his retainers. Then there was a pretty to-do. Heads flew one way—arms and legs another; round went Tickletohy, and, wherever it alighted, down came horse and man: the Baron excelled himself that day. All that he had done in Palestine faded in the comparison; he had fought for fun there, but now it was for life and lands. Away went John de Northwood; away went William of Hever, and Roger of Leybourne. Hamo de Crevecœur, with the church vassals and the banner of St. Austin, had been gone some time. The siege was raised, and the Lord of Sheppey left alone in his glory.

But, brave as the Baron undoubtedly was, and total as had been the defeat of his enemies, it cannot be supposed that *La Stoccata* would be allowed to carry it away thus. It has before been hinted that Abbot Anselm had written to the Pope, and Boniface the Eighth piqued himself on his punctuality as a correspondent in all matters connected with church discipline. He sent back an answer by return of post; and by it all Christian people were strictly enjoined to aid in exterminating the offender, on pain of the greater excommunication in this world, and a million of years of purgatory in the next. But then, again, Boniface the Eighth was rather at a discount in England just then. He had affronted Longshanks, as the loyal lieges had nicknamed their monarch; and Longshanks had been rather sharp upon the clergy in consequence. If the Baron de Shurland could but get the King's pardon for what in his cooler moments he admitted to be a peccadillo, he might sniff at the Pope, and bid him "do his devilmost."

Fortune, who, as the poet says, delights to favour the bold, stood his friend on this occasion. Edward had been, for some time, collecting a large force on the coast of Kent, to carry on his French wars for the recovery of Guienne; he was expected shortly to review it in person; but, then, the troops lay principally in cantonments about the mouth of the Thames, and his majesty was to come down by water. What was to be done?—the royal barge was in sight, and John de Northwood and Hamo de Crevecœur had broken up all the boats to boil their camp-kettles. A truly great mind is never without resources.

"Bring me my boots!" said the Baron.

They brought him his boots, and his dapple-grey steed along with them. Such a courser! all blood and bone, short-backed, broad-chested, and, but that he was a little ewe-necked, faultless in form and figure. The Baron sprang upon his back, and dashed at once into the river.

The barge which carried Edward Longshanks and his fortunes had by this time nearly reached the Nore; the stream was broad and the current strong, but Sir Ralph and his steed were almost as broad, and stronger. After breasting the tide gallantly for a couple of miles, the Knight was near enough to hail the steersman.

"What have we got here?" said the king. "It's a mermaid," said one. "It's a grampus," said another. "It's the devil," said a third. But they were all wrong; it was only Ralph de Shurland. "Grammercy," quoth the king, "that fellow was never born to be drowned!"

It has been said before that the Baron had fought in the holy wars; in fact, he had accompanied Longshanks, when only heir-apparent, in his expedition twenty-five years before, although his name is unaccountably omitted by Sir Harris Nicolas in his list of crusaders. He had been present at Acre when Amirand of Joppa stabbed the prince with a poisoned dagger, and had lent Princess Eleanor his own toothbrush after she had sucked out the venom from the wound. He had slain certain Saracens, contented himself with his own plunder, and never dunned the commissariat for arrears of pay. Of course he ranked high in Edward's good graces, and had received the honour of knighthood at his hands on the field of battle.

In one so circumstanced it cannot be supposed that such a trifle as the killing a frowzy friar would be much resented, even had he not taken so bold a measure to obtain his pardon. His petition was granted, of course, as soon as asked; and so it would have been had the indictment drawn up by the Canterbury town-clerk, viz. "That he, the said Ralph de Shurland, &c. had then and there, with several, to wit, one thousand, pair of boots, given sundry, to wit, two thousand, kicks, and therewith and thereby killed divers, to wit, ten thousand, Austin friars," been true to the letter.

Thrice did the gallant Grey circumnavigate the barge, while Robert de Winchelsey, the chancellor, and archbishop to boot, was making out, albeit with great reluctance, the royal pardon. The interval was sufficiently long to enable his majesty, who, gracious as he was, had always an eye to business, just to hint that the gratitude he felt towards the Baron was not unmingled with a lively sense of services to come; and that, if life was now spared him, common decency must oblige him to make himself useful. Before the archbishop, who had scalded his fingers with the wax in affixing the great seal, had time to take them out of his mouth, all was settled, and the Baron de Shurland, *cum suis*, had pledged himself to be forthwith in readiness to accompany his liege lord to Guienne.

With the royal pardon secured in his vest, boldly did his lordship turn again to the shore; and as boldly did his courser oppose his breadth of chest to the stream. It was a work of no common difficulty or danger; a steed of less "mettle and bone" had long since sunk in the effort: as it was, the Baron's boots were full of water, and Grey Dolphin's chamfrain more than once dipped beneath the wave. The convulsive snorts of the noble animal showed his distress; each instant they became more loud and frequent; when his hoof touched the strand, and "the horse and his rider" stood again in safety on the shore.

Rapidly dismounting, the Baron was loosening the girths of his demi-pique, to give the panting animal breath, when he was aware of as ugly an old woman as he ever clapped eyes upon, peeping at him under the horse's belly.

"Make much of your steed, Ralph Shurland! Make much of your steed!" cried the hag, shaking at him her long and bony finger. "Groom to the hide, and corn to the manger. He has saved your life, Ralph Shurland, for the nonce; but he shall yet be the means of your losing it, for all that!"

The Baron started: "What's that you say, you old faggot?" He ran round by his horse's tail; the women was gone!

The Baron paused; his great soul was not to be shaken by trifles; he looked around him, and solemnly ejaculated the word "Humbug!" then, slinging the bridle across his arm, walked slowly on in the direction of the castle.

The appearance, and still more, the disappearance of the crone, had however made an impression; every step he took he became more thoughtful. "'Twould be deuced provoking though, if he *should* break my neck after all!" He turned, and gazed at Dolphin with the scrutinizing eye of a veterinary surgeon.—"I'll be shot if he is not groggy!" said the Baron.

With his lordship, like another great Commander, "Once to be in doubt, was once to be resolved:" it would never do to go to the wars on a rickety prad. He dropped the rein, drew forth Tickletohy, and, as the enfranchised Dolphin, good easy horse, stretched out his ewe-neck to the herbage, struck off his head at a single blow. "There, you lying old beldame!" said the Baron; "now take him away to the knackers."

Three years were come and gone. King Edward's French wars were over; both parties, having fought till they came to a stand-still, shook hands; and the quarrel, as usual, was patched up by a royal marriage. This happy event gave his majesty leisure to turn his attention to Scotland, where things, through the intervention of William Wallace, were looking rather queerish. As his reconciliation with Philip now allowed of his fighting the Scotch in peace and quietness, the monarch lost no time in marching his long legs across the border, and the short ones of the Baron followed him of course. At Falkirk, Tickletohy was in great request; and, in the year following, we find a contemporary poet hinting at its master's prowess under the walls of Caerlaverock,

Obec eus fu achiminez
Li beau Rafe de Shurlande
Ki kant seoit sur le cheval
Ne sembloit home le someille.

A quatrain which Mr. Simpkinson translates,

"With them was marching
The good Ralph de Shurland,
Who, when seated on horseback,
Does not resemble a man asleep!"

So thoroughly awake, indeed, does he seem to have proved himself, that the bard subsequently exclaims, in an ecstasy of admiration,

Si ie estoie une pucellette
Je li donroie ceur et cors
Tant est de lu bons lí recors.

"If I were a young maiden,
I would give him my heart and person,
So great is his fame!"

Fortunately the poet was a tough old monk of Exeter; since such a present to a nobleman, now in his grand climacteric, would hardly have been worth the carriage. With the reduction of this stronghold of the Maxwells seem to have concluded the Baron's military services; as on the very first day of the fourteenth century we find him once more landed on his native shore, and marching, with such of his retainers as the wars had left him, towards the hospitable shelter of Shurland Castle. It was then, upon that very beach, some hundred yards distant from high-water mark, that his eye fell upon something like an ugly old woman in a red cloak. She was seated on what seemed to be a large stone, in an interesting attitude, with her elbows resting upon her knees and her chin upon her thumbs. The Baron started: the remembrance of his interview with a similar personage in the same place, some three years since, flashed upon his recollection. He rushed towards the spot, but the form was gone; nothing remained but the seat it had appeared to occupy. This, on examination, turned out to be no stone, but the whitened skull of a dead horse. A tender remembrance of the deceased Grey Dolphin shot a momentary pang into the Baron's bosom; he drew the back of his hand across his face; the thought of the hag's prediction in an instant rose, and banished all softer emotions. In utter contempt of his own weakness, yet with a tremor that deprived his redoubtable kick of half its wonted force, he spurned the relic with his foot. One word alone issued from his lips elucidatory of what was passing in his mind,—it long remained imprinted on the memory of his faithful followers,—that word was "Gammon!" The skull bounded across the beach till it reached the very margin of the stream;—one instant more, and it would be engulfed for ever. At that moment a loud "Ha! ha! ha!" was distinctly heard by the whole train to issue from its bleached and toothless jaws: it sank beneath the flood in a horse-laugh!

Meanwhile Sir Ralph de Shurland felt an odd sort of sensation in his right foot. His boots had suffered in the wars. Great pains had been taken for their preservation. They had been "soled" and "heeled" more than once;—had they been "galoshed," their owner might have defied Fate! Well has it been said that "there is no such thing as a trifle." A nobleman's life depended upon a question of ninepence.

The Baron marched on; the uneasiness in his foot increased. He plucked off his boot; a horse's tooth was sticking in his great toe!

The result may be anticipated. Lame as he was, his lordship, with characteristic decision would hobble on to Shurland; his walk increased the inflammation; a flagon of *aqua vitæ* did not mend matters. He was in a high fever; he took to his bed. Next morning the toe presented the appearance of a Bedfordshire carrot; by dinner-time it had deepened to beetroot; and when Bargrave, the leech, at last sliced it off, the gangrene was too confirmed to admit of remedy. Dame Martin thought it high time to send for Miss Margaret, who, ever since her mother's death, had been living with her maternal aunt, the abbess, in the Ursuline convent of Greenwich. The young lady came, and with her came one Master Ingoldsby, her cousin-german by the mother's side; but the Baron was too far gone in the deathdraw to recognise either. He died as he lived, unconquered and unconquerable. His last words were—"Tell the old hag to go to—." Whither remains a secret. He expired without fully articulating the place of her destination.

But who and what was the crone who prophesied the catastrophe? Ay, "that is the mystery of this wonderful history."—Some said it was Dame Fothergill, the late confessor's mamma; others, St. Bridget herself; others thought it was nobody at all, but only a phantom conjured up by Conscience. As we do not know, we decline giving an opinion.

And what became of the Clerk of Chatham? Mr. Simpkinson avers than he lived to a good old age, and was at last hanged by Jack Cade, with his inkhorn about his neck, for "setting boys copies." In support of this he adduces his name "Emanuel," and refers to the historian Shakspeare. Mr. Peters, on the contrary, considers this to be what he calls one of Mr. Simpkinson's "Anacreonisms," inasmuch as, at the introduction of Mr. Cade's reform measure, the clerk would have been hard upon two hundred years old. The probability is, that the unfortunate alluded to was his great-grandson.

Margaret Shurland in due course became Margaret Ingoldsby, her portrait still hangs in the gallery at Tappington. The features are handsome, but shrewish, betraying, as it were, a touch of the old Baron's temperament; but we never could learn that she actually kicked her husband. She brought him a very pretty fortune in chains, owches, and Saracen ear-rings; the barony, being a male fief, reverted to the crown.

In the abbey-church at Minster may yet be seen the tomb of a recumbent warrior, clad in the chain-mail of the 13th century. His hands are clasped in prayer; his legs, crossed in that position so prized by Templars in ancient, and tailors in modern, days, bespeak him a soldier of the Faith in Palestine. Close to his great-toe, lies sculptured in bold relief a horse's head; and a respectable elderly lady, as she shows the monument, fails not to read her auditors a fine moral lesson on the sin of ingratitude, or to claim a sympathising tear to the memory of poor "Grey Dolphin!"

FRIAR LAURENCE AND JULIET.

[Pg 354]

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Friar.

Who is calling Friar Laurence?
 —Madam Juliet! how d'ye do?
 Dear me—talk of the—beg pardon—
 I've been talking about *you*.
 Mistress Montagu, they tell me
 You on Thursday mean to wed!
 It is strange you never told me
 That poor Mister M. was dead!

Juliet.

M.'s alive! yet County Paris
 I'm to marry, people say!
 (I shall marry the whole county
 If I go on in this way:)
 Once you've wedded me already,
 If I wed again, you see,
 Though in *you* a *little* error,
 'Twill be very *big o' me*.

Friar.

'Pon my life, it's very awkward!
 I'll on some expedient hit;
 If you'll find me ready money,
 I will find you ready wit:
 I can't let you wed a second

Ere I know the first has died;
Think of faggots! for such deeds, ma'am,
Holy friars have been fried!

Juliet.

'Tan't my wish, sir, nor intention,—
Any scheme of yours I'll hail;
To escape from County Paris,
Put me in the county jail:
Kill me dead! and make me food for
Earthworm, viper, toad, or rat;
Make a widower of Ro-me-
-O,—('twill *hurt* me to do that!)

Friar.

If you've really resolution
That your life-blood should be spilt,
I will save you, for I'll have you
Not quite killed, but merely *kilt*:
Could you in a vault be buried—
Horizontal—in a niche?
And of death so good a copy,
None could find out which is which?

Juliet.

I would vault into a vault, sir,
With a dead man in his shroud;
I'd do any dirty work, sir,
Though my family's so proud!
I'll do whatsoe'er you bid me,
'Till you say I've done enough:
Nay, sir, much as I dislike it,
I'll take 'poticary's stuff!

[Pg 355]

Friar.

Then go home, ma'am, and be merry;
Say that Paris you will wed;
Tell your nurse you've got a headache,
And go quietly to bed:
Ask for something warm,—some negus,
Grog, or gruel, or egg-flip,
Put in this, and then drink quickly,—
'Tis so nauseous if you sip.

Juliet.

Give, oh! give me quick the phial,
From the trial I'll not shrink,—
Is it shaken when it's taken?
Gracious me! it's black as ink!
There's no fear, I trust, of failure?—
No—I doubt not its effect;
From your conversation's *tenor*
No base phial I expect.

Friar.

You will have the bridegroom *follow*,
Where he generally *leads*;
'Stead of hymeneal flowers,
He will wear sepulchral weeds:
I to Romeo will quickly
Write a letter by the post;
He will wake you, and should Paris
Meet you,—say you are your ghost!

Juliet.

'Tis an excellent arrangement,
As you bid me I will act;
But within the tomb, dear friar,
Place a basket nicely pack'd;—
Just a loaf, a tongue, a chicken,
Port and sherry, and some plums;
It will *really* be a comfort
Should I wake e'er Romeo comes!

[Pg 356]

CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF A STATESMAN,

BEING INEDITED LETTERS OF ADDISON.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM THE AUTOGRAPH ORIGINALS.

The following letters, which have never before been published, are exceedingly curious, as exhibiting Addison in a new point of view, and as displaying traits in that celebrated man's character, differing very materially from those which his biographers have recorded. They are addressed to Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, and to Monsieur Robethon, secretary to the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George the First of England. They represent Addison as eager for place and pension, yearning after pecuniary reward, dwelling upon services unrequited, urging his utmost interest to procure some new emoluments, and discontentedly comparing his own condition with that of other more fortunate placemen. Leaving the letters to speak for themselves, it is only necessary to add that they are accompanied by a few notes which furnish some new data in the family history of the writer.

TO CHARLES MONTAGUE, EARL OF HALIFAX.

Dublin Castle, May 7, 1709.

MY LORD,—I am glad of any occasion of paying my duty to your lordship, and therefore cannot but lay hold of this, in transmitting to your lordship our Lord Lieutenant's^[71] speech at the opening of the parliament, with a couple of addresses from the House of Commons upon that occasion. Your lordship will see by them that all parties have set out in good-humour, which is entirely owing to his excellency's conduct, who has addressed himself so all sorts of men since his arrival here, with unspeakable application. They were under great apprehensions, at his first coming, that he would drive directly at repealing the Test, and had formed themselves into a very strong body for its defence; but, as their minds are at present pretty quiet upon that head, they appear willing to enter into all other measures that he would have them. Had he proceeded otherwise, it is easie to see that all things would have been thrown into the utmost confusion, and a stop put to all public business. His excellency, however, gains ground daily; and I question not but in a new parliament, where parties are not settled and confirmed, he will be able to lead them into any thing that will be for their real interests and advantage.

I have the happiness every day to drink your lordship's health in very good wine,^[72] and with very honest gentlemen; and am ever, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

[Pg 357]

TO M. DE ROBETHON, SECRETARY TO THE ELECTOR OF HANOVER.

St. James's, Sept. 4, 1714.

SIR,—I have been obliged to so close an attendance on the Lords Justices, and have had so very little time at my own disposal during my absence from their excellencies, that I could not do myself the honour before now, to assure you of my respects, and to beg the continuance of that friendship which you formerly honoured me with, at Hanover.^[73] I cannot but extremely rejoice at the occasion, which will give me an opportunity of waiting on you in England, where you will find a whole nation in the highest joy, and thoroughly sensible of the great blessings which they promise themselves from his Majesty's accession to the throne.

I take the liberty to send you, enclosed, a poem written on this occasion by one of our most eminent hands, which is indeed a masterpiece in its kind; and, though very short, has touched upon all the topics which are most popular among us. I have likewise transmitted to you, a copy of the preamble to the Prince of Wales's patent, which was a very grateful task imposed upon me by the Lords Justices. Their excellencies have ordered that the lords and others who meet his Majesty, be out of mourning that day, as also their coaches; but all servants, except those of the City magistrates, to be in mourning. The shortness of the time, which would not be sufficient for the making of new liveries, occasioned this last order.

The removal of the Lord Bolingbroke^[74] has put a seasonable check to an interest that was making in many places for members in the next parliament; and was very much relished by the people, who ascribed to him, in a great measure, the decay of trade and public credit.

You will do me a very great honour if you find means submissive enough to make the humble offers of my duty acceptable to his Majesty. May God Almighty preserve his person, and continue him for many years the blessing of these kingdoms!

I am, with great esteem and respect,

Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

TO THE SAME.

St. James's, Sept. 11.

SIR,—Though I am not without hopes of seeing you in England before this letter comes to your hands, I cannot defer returning you my thanks for the honour of yours of the 17th N. S. which I received this morning. I beg leave to send you the enclosed ceremonial for the King's entry, published by the Earl of Suffolk, Deputy Earl Marshal, as regulated by the Lords Justices and privy council.^[75] The Attorney-general is preparing a proclamation, reciting the rewards set on the Pretender by the late Queen and Parliament, with the security set for the payment, as established by a clause in an act passed since his Majesty's accession to the throne. As such a proclamation is very requisite; so, perhaps, it may come with a good grace from the Regents before his Majesty's arrival. It will, I believe, be fixed up in all the market-towns, especially among the highlands in Scotland, where there has been some meetings, but, by the care of the Regents, of no consequence.

[Subscribed in the same words as the preceding.]

TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

Oct. 17, 1714.

MY LORD,—I find by your lordship's discourse that you have your reasons for laying aside the thought of bringing me into a part of Lowndes's place;^[76] and, as I hope they do not proceed from any change of goodwill towards me, I do entirely acquiesce in them. I know that one in your lordship's high station has several opportunities of showing favour to your dependants, as one of your generous temper does not want to be reminded of it when any such offer. I must therefore beg your lordship to believe that I think no more of what you were pleased to mention in relation to the Treasury, though the kind and condescending manner in which your lordship was pleased to communicate yourself to me on that subject, shall always raise in me the most constant and unfeigned zeal for your honour and service.

I fancy, if I had a friend to represent to his Majesty that I was sent abroad by King William, and taken off from all other pursuits in order to be employed in his service^[77]—that I had the honour to wait on your lordship to Hanover,—that the post I am now in, is the gift of a particular lord [Sunderland], in whose service I have been employed formerly,—that it is a great fall, in point of honour, from being secretary to the Regents, and that their request to his Majesty still subsists in my favour,—with other intimations that might perhaps be made to my advantage,—I fancy, I say, that his Majestie, upon such a representation, would be inclined to bestow on me some mark of his favour. I protest to your lordship I never gained to the value of five thousand pounds^[78] by all the business I have yet been in; and, out of that, very near a fourth part has been laid out in my elections.^[79] I should not insist on this subject so long, were it not taken notice of by some of the Lords Justices themselves, as well as many others, that his Majestie has yet done nothing for me, though it was once expected he would have done something more considerable for me than I can at present have the confidence to mention. As I have the honour to write to your lordship, whose favour I have endeavoured to cultivate, and should be very ambitious of deserving, I will humbly propose it to your lordship's thoughts, whether his Majestie might not be inclined, if I was mentioned to him, to put me in the Commission of Trade, or in some honorary post about the Prince, or by some other method to let the world see that I am not wholly disregarded by him. I am ashamed to talk so long of myself; but, if your lordship will excuse me this time, I will never more erre on this side. I shall only beg leave to add, that I mentioned your lordship's kind intentions towards me only to two persons. One of them was Phillips,^[80] whom I could not forbear acquainting, in the fulness of my heart, with the kindness you had designed both him and me, which I take notice of because I hope your lordship will have him in your thoughts.

Though I put by several importunities which are made me to recommend persons and pretensions to your lordship, there are some which I cannot resist, without declaring, what would go very much against me, that I have no credit with your lordship. Of this kind is a request made me yesterday by Lady Irby, that I would mention her to your lordship as one who might be made easy in her fortune if your lordship would be pleased to procure for her the place of a bedchamber-woman to the Princess. I told her that places of that nature were out of your lordship's province; but she tells me, as the proper persons are not yet named to whom she should make her applications, and as my Lord Townsend has gained the same favour for Mrs. Selwyn, she hopes you will excuse her solicitation upon this occasion.

My Lord Dorchester, from whom I lately conveyed a letter to your lordship, has likewise obliged me to speak in favour of Mr. Young, who married a sister of Mr.

[Pg
359]

[Pg
360]

Chetwynd's, and formerly was a clerk under me in Ireland. He is now a man of estate, of honest principles, and has been very serviceable to Lord Dorchester in the elections at Salisbury.

I humbly beg leave to congratulate your lordship upon the honours you have lately received; and whenever your lordship will allow me to wait on you, I shall always value the honour of being admitted to your conversation more than any place that can be given me.

I am, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most devoted and most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

Oct. 24, 1714.

MY LORD,—Upon my coming home this evening, I found a letter left for me from your lordship which has raised in me a greater satisfaction and sense of gratitude than I am able to express. Nothing can be more acceptable to me than the place which I hope your lordship has procured for me, and particularly because it may put me in a way of improving myself under your lordship's directions. I will not pretend to express my thanks to your lordship upon this occasion, but should be glad to employ my whole life in it.

[Subscribed as before.]

Nov. 30, 1714.

MY LORD,—Finding that I have miscarried in my pretensions to the Board of Trade, I shall not trouble your lordship with the resentments of the unhandsome treatment I have met with from some of our new great men in every circumstance of that affair; but must beg leave to express my gratitude to your lordship for the great favour you have shown me on this occasion, which I shall never forget. Young Craggs^[81] told me, about a week ago, that his Majesty, though he did not think fit to gratifie me in this particular, designed to give me a recompense for my service under the Lords Justices, in which case your lordship will probably be consulted. Since I find I am never to rise above the station in which I first entered upon public business, (for I begin to look upon myself like an old serjeant or corporal,) I would willingly turn my secretaryships, in which I have served five different masters, to the best advantage I can; and as your lordship is the only patron I glory in, and have a dependence on, I hope you will honour me with your countenance in this particular. If I am offered less than a thousand pounds, I shall beg leave not to accept it, since it will look more like a clerk's wages than a mark of his Majesty's favour. I verily believe that his Majesty may think I had fees and perquisites belonging to me under the Lords Justices; but, though I was offered a present by the South Sea Company, I never took that, nor anything else, for what I did, as knowing I had no right to it. Were I of another temper, my present place in Ireland^[82] might be as profitable to me as some have represented it. I humbly beg your lordship's pardon for the trouble of such a letter, and do assure your lordship that one of the greatest pleasures I shall receive in whatever I get from the government will be its enabling me to promote your honour and interest more effectually. I am informed, Mr. Yard, besides a place and an annual recompense for serving the Lords Justices [of Ireland] under King William, had considerable fees, and was never at the charge of getting himself elected into the House of Commons.

I beg your lordship will give me leave to add, that I believe I am the first man that ever drew up a Prince of Wales's preamble without so much as a medal for my pains.

[Subscribed as before.]

[Pg 362]

MY LORD,—Your lordship having given me leave to acquaint you with the names and pretensions of persons who are importunate with me to speak to your lordship in their behalf, I shall make use of that liberty when I believe it may be of use to your lordship, or when I cannot possibly resist the solicitation. I presumed to write to your lordship in favour of Mr. Hungerford, who purchased of me in the commission of Appeals. All I aske is, that he may enjoy the fruits of his purchase: as for his recommending one to his place, I only hinted at it, if his coming into the House might be of service to your lordship. I would not have spoken of Mr. Wroth, had not he assured me that he was first recommended to your lordship by my Lord Cooper.^[83] He tells me since, he had the honour to be schoolfellow to your lordship, and I know has a most entire respect for you, and I believe is able to do his friends service.

The enclosed petition is of one who is brother to a particular friend of mine at Oxford, and brought me a letter in his behalf from Mr. Boscawen. If your lordship would be pleased to refer it to the Commissioners of Customs, it would give me an opportunity of obliging one who may be of service to me, and perhaps be a piece of justice to one who seems to be a man of merit.

I must beg your lordship's patience for one more, at the request of my Lord and Lady Warwick, especially since I hear your lordship has formerly promised to do something

for him. His name is Edward Rich: he is to succeed to the title of the Earl of Warwick should the young lord have no heir of his own.^[84] He is in great want, writes an extraordinary good hand, and would be glad of a small place. He mentions in particular a King's tide-waiter. Capt. Addison^[85] tells me that he presumed to put your lordship in mind of himself; but, as I hope to provide for him in Ireland, I will not trouble you on his account. I have another namesake, who is well turned for greater business; but if he could have a stamper's place, vacant by the death of one who was formerly my servant, it would be a very great favour. I beg your lordship to pardon this freedom, and I promise to use it very sparingly hereafter.

When your lordship is at leisure, I should be glad of a moment's audience: in the mean time, I cannot conclude my letter without returning your lordship thanks for all your favours, which have obliged me, as long as I live, to be, in the most particular manner, and with the utmost gratitude and respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most devoted and
Most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

April 28, 1715.

MY LORD,—I can only acknowledge the receipt of your grace's^[86] last letters, without being able to return any satisfactory answer to them, my Lord Lieutenant not being yet well enough recovered to give any directions in publick businesse. He has not found the desired effects from the country air and remedies which he has taken; so that he is at length prevailed upon to go to the Bath, which we hope will set him right, if we may believe the assurances given him by his physicians. Your grace has, doubtlesse, heard many idle reports which have been industriously spread abroad with relation to his distemper, which is nothing else but the cholick, occasioned by a too frequent use of vomits, to which the physicians adde the drinking of small beer in too great quantities when he has found himself a little heated. I hope, before his excellency sets out for the Bath, I shall receive his directions upon your grace's letters, which I shall always execute with the greatest pleasure and dispatch, being with all possible respect, my lord,

Your grace's most obedient and
Most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

[Pg 364]

REMAINS OF HAJJI BABA.

CHAPTER III.

I made my preparations with all haste. In addition to my own servant, Sadek, who had been one of our suite in our former mission, I hired two others; one to take care of my horses, and another to spread my carpet. A mule for my baggage, a good horse for my own riding, and two yaboos for my servants, were soon procured; and, straightway, whip in hand, and with boots on my feet, I announced myself ready for departure.

When I appeared before the grand vizier, he said, "*Mashallah!* By the beard of the king, thou art a good servant; the kingdom of the Franks, however, is not falling quite so rapidly that we cannot wait for a fortunate hour for your departure."

I had entirely resigned myself to fate, and therefore said, "Whatever the Shah commands, I am ready to obey." Taking advantage of the presence of many persons who were come to attend the vizier's levee; and perhaps as much to exhibit my own consequence as to ask a question of importance, I stepped forward, and, kneeling before him, applied my mouth to his ear, and said, "Your slave was anxious to have one question answered, before he went, which is this:—suppose, before he got to England, its king were really deposed, and the new king, the People Shah, had mounted on the throne, what is your slave to do?"

At this the vizier paused, and, reflecting a while, said, "You will then live in a corner, and write to us for instructions; but do not lose any opportunity of making good hits in penknives, broad-cloth, and virgins."

Having waited his pleasure for some time, he then announced that he would take me before the Shah; and accordingly we proceeded thither, he taking the lead, whilst I followed at a respectable distance.

The king was in a good humour; in other words, his brain was sane, and his spirits well wound up. "By the head of the Shah!" he exclaimed, as soon as he saw me equipped for the journey, "the Hajji is a wonderful man; he makes as little of going from here to Frangistan, as we do of going from the imperial gate to the Takht Kajar."

Upon this the grand vizier said, "As I am your sacrifice, we are all your slaves, we are all your servants, we are all ready to go to Frangistan."

"That is well," said the Shah. "Is every thing prepared for the Hajji?"

"As I am your sacrifice, yes," answered the minister. Upon which he drew from his girdle a roll of paper, which contained the instructions I was to receive as the rule of my conduct, and the several official letters which I was to deliver upon my arrival in England.

[Pg
365]

They were exhibited; and, the proper seals having been placed in the royal presence, they were sent to the head mastofi, or secretary, to be directed, and inserted in their silken bags.

When this was over, the king sent for a *calaat*, or dress of honour, with which I was soon after invested; and then he announced to me with his own sacred lips, (an event which in my younger days I had so much desired,) that, if on my return I should have fulfilled my mission to the Shah's satisfaction, the title of khan would be conferred upon me, with an appropriate dress of honour.

This piece of intelligence, some ten years ago, would have made my head touch the skies, but now it fell upon the surface of my mind as lead upon cotton; for it promised rather more of trouble than of that questionable sensation called honour, which I had long learnt to despise.

I went to the *Der a Khoneh*, or the King's Gate, to take leave of my friends, and there I received the papers relating to my mission. I was instructed to offer no presents, but to receive as many for the Shah as might be given; although, in the destitute situation in which we supposed England was, we agreed that we could not expect many. The chief treasurer then gave me a bag of *tomans*, few in number, and which, I was aware, were insufficient to defray my expenses there and back; yet, rather than run the chance of having my ears clipped by asking for more, I chose to trust to my own ingenuity, and to the knowledge of *chum wa hum*, or palaver, which I possessed, to make up the deficiencies. In short, I determined to travel at everybody's cost rather than my own.

At night I went to kiss the hem of the grand vizier's garment, and to receive his last orders before my departure. He said nothing besides recommending me to the care of the Prophet, and requesting me to send him some silk spangled stuffs for the trousers of his harem when I reached Constantinople. I then received the embrace of my old master, the Mirza Firooz, who furnished me with letters to his old friends in England; and with these consolations I went home, rolled up my carpets, ordered my mule to be loaded, and my horses to be saddled; and, when all was ready, I locked the door of my house, and, putting the key in my pocket, I set off for the country of the Franks.

I reached Erzeroom without any difficulty, having become a gainer, rather than a loser, by my journey, owing to the presents which I extracted from the villages on the road, who made them out of consideration to the character of *elchi*, or ambassador, which I did not fail to assume. Having got to this city, I determined to repose for a few days; and, in order to refresh my memory upon the object of my mission, I passed my time in reading over the instructions with which I had been furnished.

Perhaps my readers may be glad to know their contents.

They were as follows:

"Instructions to the high in station, the Mirza Hajji Baba.

[Pg 366]

"That since, by the blessing of Allah, it has come to the knowledge of the asylum of the universe, the king of kings, that the good fortune which accompanied the infidels of England has turned upon them, it has appeared good to appoint some master of wit, some lord of understanding and experience, to go, and see, and consider, and to endeavour to extract advantage from misery, wealth from poverty, and instruction from wickedness: to that effect, the high in station, Hajji Baba, famous for his skill in Franc wisdom and language, the lord of accomplishment, the skilled in cunning and intelligence, has been appointed to this service.

"That as in every country good men are to be found among whole communities of bad, even as roses are seen to grow among thorns and thistles, the Hajji will, with that eye of discernment for which he is famous, discover such men among the infidels, and learn from them the why and the wherefore, the how and the when, and the truth, if such is to be found, of all that has taken place; beginning with the beginning, and going on to the present time; and marking the same in a book to be placed before the all-refulgent presence of the shadow of God upon earth.

"That, as it is strictly enjoined in our blessed Koran, written by the inspired Prophet, upon whom be blessings and peace! that true believers do inflict all the harm in their power upon infidels, even unto death, the Hajji is enjoined to take every advantage in his power of their distress; taking their goods at the smallest value; enticing their choice workmen into the land of Iran; holding out premiums of *calaats*, and the protection of the Shah to their wise men; and making it clear to them that it is better to make the confession of faith in the religion of Islam, than to persist in their own unclean belief; holding out promises of protection and advancement to those who, of their own free will, will shave their heads, let their beards grow, receive the proper marks, and say, "*Laallah, illalah, Mohamed resoul Allah!*" and assurances of toleration to those who through obstinacy and infatuation still eat the unclean beast, drink wine, and call Isau the only true prophet.

"That, upon arriving at the gate of the palace in London, he will proceed to the presence of the king, brother to the ancient friend and ally of Persia, if king he still be; and, after having delivered the all-auspicious letter with which he is charged, he will lift up his voice and say, 'O

king, the asylum of the universe, whose slave I am, has sent me to thee in thy distress, to offer thee a seat at his gate, bread to eat, and the free usages of thy own country.' The Hajji will then use his own discretion, and his own tongue, according as circumstances may direct his wisdom, to console the Franc king in his distress, to point out to him the manner in which he will be received, and to hold out the prospect of commanding the Shah's ship in the Caspian Sea.

[Pg
367]

"That, having seen the king, he will repair to the famous Franc general, celebrated for having discomfited the great French conqueror, well known in Iran, and point out to him the advantages of serving the Shah, instead of sitting in a corner under a new king of his own people; and further, that he will place before him the certainty of his being appointed to command the Persian armies, who will not fail to take both Moscow and Petersburg, to burn the fathers of the Russians, and thus to entitle himself to such share of the pillage as the Shah in his greatness will allow him.

"Having secured these advantages, the Hajji will then cast his eyes about the country, and do his best endeavours to procure for the harem of the Shah three choice virgins, whose beauty must surpass everything that has been seen in Iran, with figures like poplar-trees, waists a span round, eyes like those of the antelope, faces round as the moon, hair to the swell of the leg, throats so fine that the wine may be seen in its passage through them, teeth like pearls, and breath like the gales wafted from the caravans of musk from Khatai. They are required to be mistresses of every accomplishment; to sing so loud and so long that they may be heard from the Ark to the Negaristan; to dance every dance, standing on their heads, and running on their hands. They must embroider, sew, and spin; they must know how to make *halwa*, or sweetmeats; how to light a *kalioon*, or pipe, and to play the *jerid bazi* on horseback. In short, they must unite all the accomplishments of Fars to the sagacity of Francs; and should they please the Shah, only for one hour, they will have the satisfaction of having made the Hajji's face white for ever.

"The Shah, in his wisdom, trusting to the misery which is now known to assail the English nation, enjoins the Hajji, as he would gain the royal favour, and gain a great name in Iran, ever to keep a watchful eye upon penknives, broad-cloth, chandeliers, and looking-glasses. He will make as large a collection as possible for the use of the Shah,—for nothing if he can: for little if he cannot for nothing. He will also accumulate every other desirable thing fitted for the use of the king, which may come within his grasp.

"In short, he will recollect that such another opportunity of acquiring advantages to his king and country as the breaking up of a large nation and government, will never perhaps again be afforded; and with this truth in his mind, that with one grain of wisdom frequently more is to be achieved than with the strength of armies, he will employ all his best wit to turn that head to account which Allah in his mercy has given to him, and which luck and the blessed Prophet has given to the asylum of the universe to employ."

When I had read over my instructions, I laid the head of confusion upon the pillow of repose, and sought in vain to relieve myself from the various strange images which they had brought into my brain. I feared that it would be impossible to bring the arduous business with which I was intrusted to a happy conclusion, and secure for myself a white face at the end of it, so difficult did it appear. However, the certainty that *Allah kerim est*, or God is merciful, came to my help: and with this soothing feeling, I quieted my apprehensions, and continued my road to Constantinople, fully persuaded that, be the true believer among Jews, Francs, or Muscovites, his only true help is in *Allah*.

[Pg
368]

CHAPTER IV.

I reached Constantinople, and immediately inquired for the house of a Franc whom I had known in former days: an Englishman, who might enlighten my understanding concerning the objects of my mission, and might inform me what might be the state of his country. He was a sensible man,—a man done to a turn, who knew the difference between justice and injustice, and whose words were not thrown into the air without use. He frankly confirmed to me the truth of everything we had heard reported at the gate of the asylum of the universe. I found him seated on bales of merchandise in his warehouse, looking as if the world had placed his heels where his head ought to be, and desponding over his future prospects. Whatever I said to him upon the unreasonableness of attempting to strive against the decrees of Providence was of no avail. Instead of sitting down satisfied with his *takdeer*, or fate, as I should have done, I found him poring over a large sheet of Franc paper, printed, and therefore true, which he had just received from his own land, and cursing in his teeth one of his household demons, as I thought, which he called "*Dowlet*." He said that he verily believed the father of madness had taken possession of his once flourishing country; for what was always looked upon as right, was now called wrong, and what used to be execrated as wrong was now adopted as right. And, moreover, he asserted that the infatuation had gone so far, that nobody seemed inclined to eat his figs, no one would buy his cotton: there was an universal cry upon the miseries entailed by silk, and more gloves now existed in the world than there were hands to wear them. If such were the miseries of silk, thought I,—a produce which comes from abroad,—what must be those of penknives which grow in the country? I kept my thoughts to myself, and determined to set off without delay to put my orders into execution. There was one thing I was glad to ascertain in the interview with my friend, which was, that I had not so entirely forgotten his language as I had feared, and that I understood much of what he said. When I saw that large printed sheet of paper, numerous were the recollections it gave rise to, and I was struck with apprehension lest my thoughts, words, actions, even to the dye of my beard, would be carefully registered therein day by day, the

[Pg
369]

moment I set my foot on English ground, if I did not take great precautions against such an evil. I therefore determined to keep myself as much unknown as possible; and, to that effect, resolved to leave Constantinople without seeing the ambassador of the King of England, who was residing there; and to make my way to the foot of his king's throne with all the best haste I could.

In consequence of what I had heard from the Franc merchant, and from all I had seen with my own eyes, I collected all my certainty into a heap, and became quite satisfied that the madness for which all Francs are celebrated, and particularly the English, was now beginning to be fully developed, and, strange to say, that the Turks, a nation so unchanged since the days of Seljuk, so fixed in *destour*, or custom, tied down by ancient habit,—the Turks themselves were no longer the same; the English disorder, Reform, had crept in amongst them, and had committed woful ravages. The Sultan himself took the lead; and it was now a question solemnly discussed among the elders and ulemah, whether heaven had come down to earth amongst them, or whether earth had descended into hell. Some asserted one thing, some another. Those who were for heaven said, "Thank Allah, our souls are now becoming as free as our chins. Where are now those odious beards that used to wave about the ends of our faces like long grass on the mountain top; that took toll of every mouthful of food that went into our mouths; that required more washing and dyeing than a Franc's shirt; and that gave a handle to our enemies without being of use to ourselves—where are they? Swept for ever from the faces of the sons of Islam, and swimming through the currents of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. And where are now those great, those awful, those capacious breeches, that could include within their folds as many legs as would serve a whole company of soldiers, instead of one pair of legs, which were eternally playing at hide-and-seek among their immense involutions? They are gone for ever. The saving to the Bab Homaioon—the gate of splendour—and to the treasury of the great blood-drinker, in broad-cloth alone, will be worth ten thousand fighting men per annum, let alone the inconvenience to the individuals. And because we change the fashion of our clothes, does it follow that we change that of our faith, as our enemies would have us to do? No. We can kneel down on our praying-carpets as often and as easily in our tights, as we before did in our slacks. And although smooth chins may be common to unbelievers, yet it is certain that the paradise of Mahomet is as open to the shaved as it is to the hairy."

On the other hand, those who were of the Jehanum faction insisted that the whole dignity and consequence of the Turkish empire had been sacrificed with the beards of its subjects; that, from looking a nation of sages, they had been turned into a nation of monkeys; and that although the rage of innovation had hitherto only seized the capital, yet, so it was once argued, when once it was known in the provinces that its emperor, the vicegerent of Allah upon earth, had cut off his beard, it was likely that the whole of the population would do so likewise, and thus universal degradation would ensue.

[Pg
370]

Then, as for the tight trousers which had been introduced, what lover of decency would now venture to show his person in the nakedness of unprotected legs, like the unblushing Francs? People might revile the janissaries; but, at all events, they were decently clad men, wearing as much cloth and muslin about their dress as would clothe a whole orta of the poor starving-looking individuals of the new nizam. It might be very well to say, that the faith of the heart did not change with the cut of one's clothes; but it was plain that when once reform began, it was impossible to say where it might stop; and true Mussulmans might perhaps soon have to deplore its terrible effects, by seeing their wives walk about without veils, with their faces exposed to the gaze of man. The unclean beast would ere long be eaten with impunity from one end of the celestial empire to the other; whilst all the holy Prophet's injunctions against wine would be entirely set at nought;—all to follow the example of unclean, faithless, and corrupt Francs, upon whom he all curses poured!

Such were the subjects which I daily heard discussed among the Turks, and every word which entered into my ears, only confirmed the reports which had reached my own country. I therefore consulted with my friend the Franc merchant upon the easiest mode of getting to England, quickest in point of conveyance, and the most eligible in point of secrecy. He recommended me to go by land, and first to proceed to the capital of the Nemseh, or Germans, ascending the Balkan, descending into the plains of Wallachia, by first crossing the Danube, and then making my way to another chain of mountains culled Karpathos; which having crossed, I should soon find myself among the Major, and then all in good time, meeting the Danube again, I should reach Vienna. This seemed mighty easy to the Franc merchant, but to me it appeared very much like scaling the six heavens to get at the seventh. However, I was on the Shah's business; and therefore, putting my firm faith in Allah, I allied myself with a party of Greek merchants, who were proceeding into Germany upon matters of business. We resolved to set off as soon as we should hear that no recent robberies had taken place on the road.

[Pg
371]

SONNET TO A FOG.

(WITH A CRITICAL NOTE.)

BY EGERTON WEBBE.

Hail to thee, Fog! most reverend, worthy Fog!
Come in thy full-wigg'd gravity; I much
Admire thee:—thy old dulness hath a touch
Of true respectability. The rogue

That calls thee names (a fellow I could flog)
 Would beard his grandfather, and trip his crutch.
 But I am dutiful, and hold with such
 As deem thy solemn company no clog.
 Not that I love to travel best incog.—
 To pounce on latent lamp-posts, or to clutch
 The butcher in my arms or in a bog
 Pass afternoons; but while through thee, I jog,
 I feel I am true English, and no Dutch,
 Nor French, nor any other foreign dog
 That never mixed his grog
 Over a sea-coal fire a day like this,
 And bid thee scowl thy worst, and found it bliss,
 And to himself said, "Yes,
 Italia's skies are fair, her fields are sunny;
 But, d—n their eyes! Old England for my money."

"And do you call this a sonnet, sir?" I hear some reader say, with his fingers resting on the twentieth line: "I hope I know what a sonnet is; why, sir, sonnet is the Greek for *fourteen*, to be sure; and your lines must always count just two over the dozen, or you make no sonnet of it; everybody knows this same."

Have patience, good reader, while I proceed to convict thee of impertinence. No man is so happy of an occasion of correcting others as he who has recently learnt something. Now, behold! I have recently learnt this,—that the Italian poets, when they want to be funny, and at the same time to sonneteer, (new verb,) outrage the gentle proportions of Poetry's fairest daughter—her whose delicate form took captive the soul of Petrarch—by ignominiously affixing to her hinder parts that always unseemly appendage—a *tail*, which is no less a tail, and therefore no less disgraceful to her who wears it, for being called, in the more courtly language of those original conspirators, *coda* (from Latin *cauda*, observe;—see your dictionary.) This have I learnt, astonished reader, by poking into the *Parnasso Italiano*, as you may do, and there, beholding these prodigious baboon sonnets in full tail,—for verily they resemble not the true birth more than monkeys resemble men, and that is as much as to say they do resemble them—in such a manner as to make you laugh at the difference. But herein those Italian conspirators, who hatched the infernal plot, gained their end; they diverted their readers at the expense of poetical decency. Now, however, seeing that this second ("*caudatus*") species of the sonnet has a real and lively existence in the land that gave it birth; and seeing that we have freely imported from that land the other, the *non-caudatus*, species, (for I suppose all young ladies and gentlemen know to what country they are indebted for the fourteen-lined happiness,) it seems but fair that we should improve our national stock by bringing over the later breed, and applying it to the same uses as our neighbours.

The above is the first avowed specimen of the *tailed sonnet*, I believe, that has ever appeared in English; and I hope it may operate as a useful example to better poets, and induce them to clap tails continually to their sonnets, whenever they intend fun.^[87] I say it is the first *avowed* specimen, because there exists one (unsuspected) among the poems of no less a man than John Milton, who found nothing admirable in any language but he quickly transplanted it. That most accomplished of modern poetical critics, Leigh Hunt, was the first who discovered the fact, and gave the alarm to Milton's editors; he showed very clearly that that short poem, "On the New Forcers of conscience under the Long Parliament," which is always published, ignorantly, among the *miscellaneous* pieces, is neither more nor less than a comic *sonnet* with the Italian tail to it. If the reader will take the trouble to look into his Milton, he will find that this poem down to the line,

"Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,"

forms a regular fourteen-liner; then comes the little adjunct,—"That so the parliament,"—which, rhyming with the foregoing, gains the right of introducing a new couplet; then another, rhyming with that, and lending to a second supernumerary. In this manner the Italian poets link on couplet after couplet without end, and you may see some of their sonnets with tails stretching through several pages; nay, for aught I know, you might have a sonnet in two volumes octavo, without exceeding your licence. But it must always be constructed on the above plan, with links of a like thickness. By the bye, it is surprising that the late editors of Milton's poems—men professedly conversant with Italian literature—should still persist in placing this comic sonnet among the "miscellaneous pieces," after the error has been pointed out to them!

As for the question—why a tail should be ridiculous?—it seems to me one of considerable intricacy, and of the highest interest. Yes, Mr. Editor, why *should* tails be ridiculous? Coat-tails, pig-tails, all tails whatsoever, are found to touch us with a sense of the jocose; nay, your comet's tail itself is only a kind of *terrific absurdity*. I say, therefore, without fear of contradiction, that there subsists in this question a deep psychological truth, which demands the exploring hand of philosophy; and if no better man will take the hint,—why, Mr. Editor, I think I must myself present you, another time, with my ideas on this subject, handling the matter in the Aristotelian mode, and dividing my *tails* into *heads*.

With respect to the tail of a comic sonnet, it may be briefly remarked, that its comicality (of course I speak with reference to the Italian models) arises in a great measure from the stumbling of the little line, which always comes limping after the long one, as if something were forgotten to

be said in it, which the little one thus breathlessly comes to adjoin; and then a succession of these *quasi* oversights makes us laugh, alternately at the seeming blunder and at the funny haste with which it is redressed. Or it is like an orator in his cups, speaking fairly enough his *prepared* speech; but then—encouraged by applause—spoiling all with drunken additions *ex tempore*.

HANDY ANDY.—No. III.

Squire Egan was as good as his word. He picked out the most suitable horsewhip for chastising the fancied impertinence of Murtough Murphy; and as he switched it up and down with a powerful arm, to try its weight and pliancy, the whistling of the instrument through the air was music to his ears, and whispered of promised joy in the flagellation of the jocular attorney.

"We'll see who can make the sorest blister," said the squire. "I'll back whalebone against Spanish flies any day. Will you bet, Dick?" said he to his brother-in-law, who was a wild helter-skelter sort of fellow, better known over the country as Dick the Devil than Dick Dawson.

"I'll back your bet, Ned."

"There's no fun in that, Dick, as there is nobody to take it up."

"Maybe Murtough will. Ask him before you thrash him; you'd better."

"As for *him*," said the squire, "I'll be bound he'll back my bet after he gets a taste o' this;" and the horsewhip whistled as he spoke.

"I think he had better take care of his back than his bet," said Dick, as he followed the squire to the hall-door, where his horse was in waiting for him, under the care of the renowned Andy, who little dreamed the extensive harvest of mischief which was ripening in futurity, all from his sowing.

"Don't kill him quite, Ned," said Dick, as the squire mounted to his saddle.

"Why, if I went to horsewhip a gentleman, of course I should only shake my whip at him; but an attorney is another affair. And, as I'm sure he'll have an action against me for assault, I think I may as well get the worth o' my money out of him, to say nothing of teaching him better manners for the future than to play off his jokes on his employers." With these words, off he rode in search of the devoted Murtough, who was not at home when the squire reached his house; but, as he was returning through the village, he espied him coming down the street in company with Tom Durfy and the widow, who were laughing heartily at some joke Murtough was telling them, which seemed to amuse him as much as his hearers.

"I'll make him laugh at the wrong side of his mouth," thought the squire, alighting and giving his horse to the care of one of the little ragged boys who were idling in the street. He approached Murphy with a very threatening aspect, and, confronting him and his party so as to produce a halt, he said, as distinctly as his rage would permit him to speak, "You little insignificant blackguard, I'll teach you how you'll cut your jokes on *me* again; *I'll* blister you, my buck!" and, laying hands on the astonished Murtough with the last word, he began a very smart horsewhipping of the attorney. The widow screamed, Tom Durfy swore, and Murtough roared, with some interjectional curses. At last he escaped from the squire's grip, leaving the lappel of his coat in his possession; and Tom Durfy interposed his person between them when he saw an intention on the part of the flagellator to repeat his dose of horsewhip.

"Let me at him, sir; or by——"

"Fie, fie, squire—to horsewhip a gentleman like a cart-horse."

"A gentleman!—an attorney you mean."

"I say a gentleman, Squire Egan," cried Murtough fiercely, roused to gallantry by the presence of a lady, and smarting under a sense of injury and whalebone. "I'm a gentleman, sir, and demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. I put my honour in your hands, Mr. Durfy."

"Between his finger and thumb you mean, for there's not a handful of it," said the squire.

"Well, sir," replied Tom Durfy, "little or much, I'll take charge of it.—That's right, my cock," said he to Murtough, who, notwithstanding his desire to assume a warlike air, could not resist the natural impulse of rubbing his back and shoulders, which tingled with pain, while he exclaimed "Satisfaction! satisfaction!"

"Very well," said the squire: "you name yourself as Mr. Murphy's friend?" added he to Durfy.

"The same, sir," said Tom. "Who do you name as yours?"

"I suppose you know one Dick the Divil."

"A very proper person, sir;—no better: I'll go to him directly."

The widow clung to Tom's arm, and, looking tenderly at him, cried "Oh, Tom, Tom, take care of your precious life!"

"Bother!" said Tom.

"Ah, Squire Egan, don't be so bloodthirsty!"

"Fudge, woman!" said the squire.

"Ah, Mr. Murphy, I'm sure the squire's very sorry for beating you."

"Divil a bit," said the squire.

"There, ma'am," said Murphy; "you see he'll make no apology."

"Apology!" said Durfy;—"apology for a horsewhipping, indeed!—Nothing but handing a horsewhip (which I wouldn't ask any gentleman to do), or a shot can settle the matter."

"Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom!" said the widow.

"Ba! ba! ba!" shouted Tom, making a crying face at her. "Arrah, woman, don't be makin' a fool o' yourself. Go in there to the 'pothecary's, and get something under your nose to revive you; and let *us* mind *our* business."

The widow, with her eyes turned up, and an exclamation to Heaven, was retiring to M'Garry's shop wringing her hands, when she was nearly knocked down by M'Garry himself, who rushed from his own door, at the same moment that an awful smash of his shop-window, and the demolition of his blue and red bottles, alarmed the ears of the bystanders, while their eyes were drawn from the late belligerent parties to a chase which took place down the street, of the apothecary roaring "Murder!" followed by Squire O'Grady with an enormous cudgel.

O'Grady, believing that M'Garry and the nurse-tender had combined to serve him with a writ, determined to wreak double vengeance on the apothecary, as the nurse had escaped him; and, notwithstanding all the appeals of his poor frightened wife, he left his bed, and rode to the village to "break every bone in M'Garry's skin." When he entered the shop, the pharmacoplist was much surprised, and said, with a congratulatory grin at the great man, "Dear me, Squire O'Grady, I'm delighted to see you."

"Are you, you scoundrel!" said the squire, making a blow of his cudgel at him, which was fended by an iron pestle the apothecary fortunately had in his hand. The enraged O'Grady made a rush behind the counter, which the apothecary nimbly jumped over, crying "Murder!" as he made for the door, followed by his pursuer, who gave a back-handed slap at the window-bottles *en passant*, and produced the crash which astonished the widow, who now joined her screams to the general hue-and-cry; for an indiscriminate chase of all the ragamuffins in the town, with barking curs and screeching children, followed the flight of M'Garry and the pursuing squire.

"What the divil is all this about?" said Tom Durfy, laughing. "By the powers! I suppose there's something in the weather to produce all this fun,—though it's early in the year yet to begin thrashing, for the harvest isn't in yet. But, however, let us manage our little affair, now that we're left in peace and quietness, for the blackguards are all over the bridge afther the hunt. I'll go to Dick the Divil immediately, squire, and arrange time and place."

"There's nothing like saving time and trouble on these occasions," said the squire. "Dick is at my house, I can arrange time and place with you this minute, and he will be on the ground with me."

"Very well," said Tom; "where is it to be?"

"Suppose we say the cross-roads halfway between this and Merryvale. There's very pretty ground there, and we shall be able to get our pistols, and all that, ready in the mean time between this and four o'clock,—and it will be pleasanter to have it all over before dinner."

"Certainly, squire," said Tom Durfy; "we'll be there at four.—Till then, good morning, squire;" and he and his man walked off; Tom having left the widow under the care of the apothecary's boy, who was applying asafœtida and other sweet-smelling things to the alleviation of the faintings which the widow thought it proper and delicate to enact on the occasion.

The squire rode immediately homewards, and told Dick Dawson the piece of work that was before them.

"And so he'll have a shot at you, instead of an action," said Dick. "Well, there's pluck in that: I wish he was more of a gentleman for your sake. It's dirty work shooting attorneys."

"He's enough of a gentleman, Dick, to make it impossible for me to refuse him."

"Certainly, Ned," said Dick.

"Do you know is he anything of a shot?"

"Faith, he makes very pretty snipe-shooting; but I don't know if he has experience of the grass before breakfast."

"You must try and find out from any one on the ground; because, if the poor divil isn't a good shot, I wouldn't like to kill him, and I'll let him off easy—I'll give it to him in the pistol-arm, or so."

"Very well, Ned. Where are the flutes? I must look over them."

"Here," said the squire, producing a very handsome mahogany case of Rigby's best. Dick opened the case with the utmost care, and took up one of the pistols tenderly, handling it as delicately as if it were a young child or a lady's hand. He clicked the lock back and forwards a few times; and, his ear not being satisfied at the music it produced, he said he should like to examine them: "At all events, they want a touch of oil."

"Well, keep them out of the mistriss's sight, Dick, for she might be alarmed."

"Divil a taste," says Dick; "she's a Dawson, and there never was a Dawson yet that did not know men must be men."

"That's true, Dick. I wouldn't mind so much if she wasn't in a delicate situation just now, when

it couldn't be expected of the woman to be so stout: so go, like a good fellow, into your own room, and Andy will bring you anything you want."

Five minutes after, Dick was engaged in cleaning the duelling-pistols, and Andy at his elbow, with his mouth wide open, wondering at the interior of the locks which Dick had just taken off.

"Oh, my heavens! but that's a quare thing, Mither Dick, sir," said Andy, going to take it up.

"Keep your fingers off it, you thief, do!" roared Dick, making a rap of the turnscrew at Andy's knuckles.

"Sure I'll save you the throuble o' rubbin' that, Mither Dick, if you let me; here's the shabby leather."

"I wouldn't let your clumsy fist near it, Andy, nor your *shabby* leather, you villain, for the world. Go get me some oil."

Andy went on his errand, and returned with a can of lamp-oil to Dick, who swore at him for his stupidity: "The divil fly away with you; you never do anything right; you bring me lamp-oil for a pistol."

"Well, sure I thought lamp-oil was the right thing for burnin'."

"And who wants to burn it, you savage?"

"Aren't you goin' to fire it, sir?"

"Choke you, you vagabond!" said Dick, who could not resist laughing, nevertheless; "be off, and get me some sweet oil, but don't tell any one what it's for."

Andy retired, and Dick pursued his polishing of the locks. Why he used such a blundering fellow as Andy for a messenger might be wondered at, only that Dick was fond of fun, and Andy's mistakes were a particular source of amusement to him, and on all occasions when he could have Andy in his company he made him his attendant. When the sweet oil was produced, Dick looked about for a feather; but, not finding one, desired Andy to fetch him a pen. Andy went on his errand, and returned, after some delay, with an ink-bottle.

"I brought you the ink, sir, but I can't find a pin."

"Confound your numskull! I didn't say a word about ink; I asked for a pen."

"And what use would a pin be without ink, now I ax yourself, Mither Dick?"

"I'd knock your brains out if you had any, you *omadhaun*! Go along and get me a feather, and make haste."

Andy went off, and, having obtained a feather, returned to Dick, who began to tip certain portions of the lock very delicately with oil.

"What's that for, Mither Dick, sir, if you plaze?"

"To make it work smooth."

"And what's that thing you're grazin' now, sir?"

"That's the tumbler."

"O Lord! a tumbler—what a quare name for it. I thought there was no tumbler but a tumbler for punch."

"That's the tumbler you would like to be cleaning the inside of, Andy."

"Thru for you, sir.—And what's that little thing you have your hand on now, sir?"

"That's the cock."

"Oh dear, a cock!—Is there e'er a hin in it, sir?"

"No, nor a chicken either, though there *is* a feather."

"The one in your hand, sir, that you're grazin' it with."

"No: but this little thing—this is called the feather-spring."

"It's the feather, I suppose, makes it let fly."

"No doubt of it, Andy."

"Well, there's some sinse in that name, then; but who'd think of sitch a thing as a tumbler and a cock in a pistle? And what's that place that opens and shuts, sir?"

"The pan."

"Well, there's sinse in that name too, bekaze there's fire in the thing; and it's as nath'ral to say pan to that as to a fryin'-pan—isn't it, Mither Dick?"

"Oh! there was a great gunmaker lost in you, Andy," said Dick, as he screwed on the locks, which he had regulated to his mind, and began to examine the various departments of the pistol-case, to see that it was properly provided. He took the instrument to cut some circles of thin leather, and Andy again asked him for the name "o' *that* thing."

"This is called the punch, Andy."

"So, there *is* the punch as well as the tumbler, sir?"

"Ay, and very strong punch it is, you see, Andy;" and Dick struck it with his little mahogany

mallet, and cut his patches of leather.

"And what's that for, sir?—the leather, I mane."

"That's for putting round the ball."

"Is it for fear 'twould hurt him too much when you hot him?"

"You're a queer customer, Andy," said Dick, smiling.

"And what weeshee little balls thim is, sir."

"They are always small for duelling-pistols."

"Oh, then *thim* is jewellin' pistles. Why, musha, Misther Dick, is it goin' to fight a jule you are?" said Andy, looking at him with earnestness.

"No, Andy,—but the master is; but don't say a word about it."

"Not a word for the world. The masther goin' to fight!—God send him safe out iv it!—Amin. And who is he going to fight, Misther Dick?"

"Murphy the attorney, Andy."

"Oh, won't the masther disgrace himself by fightin' the 'torney?"

"How dare you say such a thing of your master?"

"I ax your pard'n, Misther Dick; but sure you know what I mane.—I hope he'll shoot him."

"Why, Andy, Murtough was always very good to you, and now you wish him to be shot."

"Sure, why wouldn't I rather have him kilt more than the masther?"

"But neither may be killed."

"Misther Dick," said Andy, lowering his voice, "wouldn't it be an iligant thing to put two balls into the pistle instid o' one, and give the masther a chance over the 'torney?"

"Oh, you murdherous villain!"

"Arrah, why shouldn't the masther have a chance over him? sure he has childre, and 'Torney Murphy has none."

"At that rate, Andy, I suppose you'd give the master a ball additional for every child he has, and that would make eight. So, you might as well give him a blunderbuss and slugs at once."

Dick locked the pistol-case, having made all right; and desired Andy to mount a horse, carry it by a back road out of the domain, and wait at a certain gate he named until he should be joined there by himself and the squire, who proceeded at the appointed time to the ground.

Andy was all ready, and followed his master and Dick with great pride, bearing the pistol-case after them to the ground, where Murphy and Tom Durfy were ready to receive them, and a great number of spectators were assembled; for the noise of the business had gone abroad, and the ground was in consequence crowded.

Tom Durfy had warned Murtough Murphy, who had no experience as a pistol-man, that the squire was a capital shot, and that his only chance was to fire as quickly as he could.—"Slap at him, Morty, my boy, the minute you get the word; and, if you don't hit him itself, it will prevent his dwelling on his aim."

Tom Durfy and Dick the Devil soon settled the preliminaries of the ground and mode of firing; and twelve paces having been marked, both the seconds opened their pistol-cases, and prepared to load. Andy was close to Dick all the time, kneeling beside the pistol-case, which lay on the sod; and, as Dick turned round to settle some other point on which Tom Durfy questioned him, Andy thought he might snatch the opportunity of giving his master "the chance" he suggested to his second.—"Sure, if Misther Dick wouldn't like to do it, that's no raison I wouldn't," said Andy to himself; "and, by the powers! I'll pop in a ball *onknownst* to him." And, sure enough, Andy contrived, while the seconds were engaged with each other, to put a ball into each pistol before the barrel was loaded with powder, so that, when Dick took up his pistols to load, a bullet lay between the powder and the touch-hole. Now this must have been discovered by Dick, had he been cool; but he and Tom Durfy had wrangled very much about the point they had been discussing, and Dick, at no time the quietest person in the world, was in such a rage, that the pistols were loaded by him without noticing Andy's ingenious interference, and he handed a harmless weapon to his brother-in-law when he placed him on his ground.

The word was given. Murtough, following his friend's advice, fired instantly: bang he went, while the squire returned but a flash in the pan. He turned a look of reproach upon Dick, who took the pistol silently from him, and handed him the other, having carefully looked to the priming, after the accident which happened to the first.

Durfy handed his man another pistol also; and, before he left his side, said in a whisper, "Don't forget; have the first fire."

Again the word was given: Murphy blazed away a rapid and harmless shot; for his hurry was the squire's safety, while Andy's murderous intentions were his salvation.

"D—n the pistol!" said the squire, throwing it down in a rage. Dick took it up with manifest indignation, and d—d the powder.

"Your powder's damp, Ned."

"No, it's not," said the squire; "it's you who have bungled the loading."

"Me!" said Dick, with a look of mingled rage and astonishment: "I bungle the loading of pistols!—I that have stepped more ground and arranged more affairs than any man in the county!—Arrah, be aisy, Ned!"

Tom Durfy now interfered, and said, for the present it was no matter, as, on the part of his friend, he begged to express himself satisfied.

"But it's very hard we're not to have a shot," said Dick, poking the touch-hole of the pistol with a pricker which he had just taken from the case which Andy was holding before him.

"Why, my dear Dick," said Durfy, "as Murphy has had two shots, and the squire has not had the return of either, he declares he will not fire at him again; and, under these circumstances, I must take my man off the ground."

"Very well," said Dick, still poking the touch-hole, and examining the point of the pricker as he withdrew it.

"And now Murphy wants to know, since the affair is all over and his honour satisfied, what was your brother-in-law's motive in assaulting him this morning, for he himself cannot conceive a cause for it."

"Oh, be *aisy*, Tom."

"Pon my soul, it's true."

"Why, he sent him a blister,—a regular apothecary's blister,—instead of some law-process, by way of a joke, and Ned wouldn't stand it."

Durfy held a moment's conversation with Murphy, who now advanced to the squire, and begged to assure him there must be some mistake in the business, for that he had never committed the impertinence of which he was accused.

"All I know is," said the squire, "that I got a blister, which my messenger said you gave him."

"By virtue of my oath, squire, I never did it! I gave Andy an enclosure of the law-process."

"Then it's some mistake that vagabond has made," said the squire. "Come here, you sir!" he shouted to Andy, who was trembling under the angry eye of Dick the Devil, who, having detected a bit of lead on the point of the pricker, guessed in a moment Andy had been at work; and the unfortunate rascal had a misgiving that he had made some blunder, from the furious look of Dick.

"Why don't you come here when I call you?" said the squire.—Andy laid down the pistol-case, and sneaked up to the squire.—"What did you do with the letter Mr. Murphy gave you for me yesterday?"

"I brought it to your honour."

"No, you didn't," said Murphy. "You've made some mistake."

"Divil a mistake I made," answered Andy very stoutly; "I wint home the minit you give it to me."

"Did you go home direct from my house to the squire's?"

"Yis, sir, I did: I wint direct home, and called at Mr. M'Garry's by the way for some physic for the childre."

"That's it!" said Murtough; "he changed my enclosure for a blister there; and if M'Garry has only had the luck to send the bit o' parchment to O'Grady, it will be the best joke I've heard this month of Sundays."

"He did! he did!" shouted Tom Durfy; "for don't you remember how O'Grady was after M'Garry this morning."

"Sure enough," said Murtough, enjoying the double mistake. "By dad! Andy, you've made a mistake this time that I'll forgive you."

"By the powers o' war!" roared Dick the Devil, "I won't forgive him what he did now, though! What do you think?" said he, holding out the pistols, and growing crimson with rage: "may I never fire another shot if he hasn't crammed a brace of bullets down the pistols before I loaded them: so, no wonder you burned prime, Ned."

There was a universal laugh at Dick's expense, whose pride in being considered the most accomplished regulator of the duello was well known.

"Oh, Dick, Dick! you're a pretty second!" was shouted by all.

Dick, stung by the laughter, and feeling keenly the ridiculous position in which he was placed, made a rush at Andy, who, seeing the storm brewing, gradually sneaked away from the group, and, when he perceived the sudden movement of Dick the Devil, took to his heels, with Dick after him.

"Hurra!" cried Murphy; "a race—a race! I'll bet on Andy—five pounds on Andy."

"Done!" said the squire; "I'll back Dick the Divil."

"Tare an' ouns!" roared Murphy; "how Andy runs! Fear's a fine spur."

"So is rage," said the squire. "Dick's hot-foot after him. Will you double the bet?"

"Done!" said Murphy.

The infection of betting caught the bystanders, and various gages were thrown down and taken up upon the speed of the runners, who were getting rapidly into the distance, flying over hedge and ditch with surprising velocity, and, from the level nature of the ground, an extensive view could not be obtained; therefore Tom Durfy, the steeple-chaser, cried "Mount, mount! or we'll lose the fun: into our saddles, and after them!"

Those who had steeds took the hint, and a numerous field of horsemen joined in the chase of Handy Andy and Dick the Devil, who still maintained great speed. The horsemen made for a neighbouring hill, whence they could command a wider view; and the betting went on briskly, varying according to the vicissitudes of the race.

"Two to one on Dick—he's closing."

"Done!—Andy will wind him yet."

"Well done!—there's a leap! Hurra!—Dick's down! Well done, Dick!—up again, and going."

"Mind the next quickset hedge—that's a rasper; it's a wide gripe, and the hedge is as thick as a wall—Andy'll stick in it.—Mind him!—Well leap'd, by the powers!—Ha! he's sticking in the hedge—Dick'll catch him now.—No, by jingo! he has pushed his way through—there he's going again at the other side.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! look at him—he's in tatters!—he has left half of his breeches in the hedge."

[Pg
381]

"Dick is over now.—Hurra!—he has lost the skirt of his coat—Andy is gaining on him.—Two to one on Andy!"

"Down he goes!" was shouted, as Andy's foot slipped in making a dash at another ditch, into which he went head over heels, and Dick followed fast, and disappeared after him.

"Ride! ride!" shouted Tom Durfy, and the horsemen put their spurs in the flanks of their steeds, and were soon up to the scene of action. There was Andy roaring murder, rolling over and over in the muddy bottom of a deep ditch, with Dick fastened on him, pummelling away most unmercifully, but not able to kill him altogether for want of breath.

The horsemen, in a universal *screech* of laughter, dismounted, and disengaged the unfortunate Andy from the fangs of Dick the Devil, who was dragged from out of the ditch much more like a scavenger than a gentleman.

The moment Andy got loose, away he ran again, and never cried stop till he earthed himself under his mother's bed in the parent cabin.

The squire and Murtough Murphy shook hands, and parted friends in half an hour after they had met as foes; and even Dick contrived to forget his annoyance in an extra stoup of claret that day after dinner,—filling more than one bumper in drinking *confusion* to Handy Andy, which seemed a rather unnecessary malediction.

EPIGRAM.

On Easter Sunday, Lucy spoke,
And said, "A saint you might provoke,
Dear Sam, each day, since Monday last;
But now I see your rage is past."
Said Sam, "What Christian could be meek!
You know, my love, 'twas *Passion Week*;
And so, you see, the rage I've spent
Was not my own—'twas only *Lent*."

S. LOVER.

[Pg 382]

INTRODUCTION TO THE BIOGRAPHY OF MY AUNT JEMIMA, THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

BY FRIDOLIN.

PRELIMINARY DISQUISITION ON HUMAN GREATNESS,
TOUCHING UPON THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MATTER.

"Some men are born great,
some acquire greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Thus read my aunt Jemima, and thus subsequently read I, in the days of our respective and respectable minorities; but with this difference—uncertain whether GREATNESS had not already clandestinely made its *avatar* into me at my birth, or whether it was destined hereafter to yield coyly to my wooing, or would force me in future years to cry in vain humility, "*Nolo magnificari*."

I always felt confident of eminence; whereas my aunt Jemima often feelingly reverted to the misery of her young maidenly thoughts, when brooding over the certainty that she could never, under any circumstances, become a "great man."

"Great women" were unknown in her early days. There were no such things; save and except such as might be seen at St. Bartholomew's fair at inexpensive cost,—giantesses, who lowered themselves to gain a living by their height. But my aunt Jemima valued not such feminine *greatness* as theirs. Her aspiring spirit looked not "to *measures*, but to men." Our notions change!

It is very melancholy, and rather inconvenient, to drag through the last and heaviest stage of life a martyr to a marvel.

Horace, who forbids all wise men to wonder, himself exhibited a thriftless want of economy in the expenditure of his own wonder when he marvelled, in excellent metre, that any man should eat garlic who had not murdered his father; and also, that any mortal should have dared to venture on the sea before the discovery of Kyan's anti-dry-rot patent.

Nor can I much sympathise in the great marvel of that renowned French statesman, of esculent memory, who professed himself unable to discover any principle in nature, or in philosophy, that could explain how a certain Duke of Thuringia, passing through Strasburg on a diplomatic mission, should not have stopped to dine, *en hâte, de foie gras*. As for the "three, yea four," curious problems of olden time, which consumed the wise king with their inexplicability, they are as clear to modern apprehensions as plate-glass: nay, as my aunt Jemima used to observe, in the days when glory and greatness had come upon her,—"Thanks be praised!" (My aunt was a religious woman, and guarded herself from profane expressions.)—"Thanks be praised! owing to the enlightenment of the age in which we live, even in those seven wonders of the world there is nothing so very wonderful now." There can be no objection on my part to allow that eclipses were pretty marvellous transactions as long as they occurred in consequence of a bilious dragon needing a pill, and bolting the sun to correct digestion; but ever since dragons have adopted a different treatment, and abandoned the solar bolus, this phenomenon has subsided into one of common-place pretension. The age of wonders, like the New Marriage-act, has passed.

[Pg
383]

But one wonder—single, solitary, omnipotent—oppresses me. It is, that mankind, from ignorance of the meaning of true greatness, lay themselves open to perpetual insult,—nay, court it. Do we not lie down patiently as lambs, and bear impertinent biographies to be thrust before our eyes of persons who are facetiously termed *great*? Great! implying, in a paltry and indifferently disguised innuendo, that you, the reader, are of course small,—stunted, as it were, in intellectual growth,—an under-shrub,—a dwarf specimen. Without being in any way consulted in a matter, or examined, or probed, to see what stuff may be in you, it is taken for granted that the world has already made its odious comparisons between your unobtrusive self and its GREAT MAN; and that, with the promptness of a police magistrate, it has summarily decided against you; that you, without knowing it, have been weighed in the scales and found wanting; have flown upwards as a feather, have kicked the beam, have moved lighter than a balloon textured of gossamer and inflated with rarefied essence of hydrogen: a very pretty and gratifying assumption!

Our primitive lessons in emulation generally consist, in great part, in a series of these insults.

The chubby little fellow, bribed to undergo the advantages of scholarship by tardy permission to harass his young nether limbs with trousers, usually of nankeen, finds himself immediately exhorted to strive, in order that in time he may become a GREAT man. He images the vague outline of a human mammoth, and sits down with scanty hope of modelling himself accordingly. In the pride and pomp of baby ambition he yearns to rival in stature and girth the sons of Amalek. He is small, and perfectly conscious that he is so; but frets to exchange his little pulpy fingers for a sinewy fist that can shake a weaver's beam: he meditates upon great men as pumpkins, compared with which he is but a gooseberry. He is not taught, by way of softening the injury done him by an unnecessary contrast, that the one may be full of sweetness as the other of insipidity.

He waxes in years and amplitude: still hears he of that obtrusive department in natural history, the GREAT men. He thinks not of them as before; he no longer deems their greatness to consist in the mere admeasurement of their cubic contents, as in the days of his young innocence, when an extensive pudding would, in his ceremonial, have taken precedence of name and fame. He now understands, and, by understanding, suffers the more acutely under the impertinence. If acts of valour and command, or of senatorial display,—if a tyranny over empires, or mighty influence over the minds and feelings of successive generations,—if literary renown or public benefaction constitute greatness, he is himself of most diminutive dimensions. He knows it. He never for a moment dreamed of denying it. He has enjoyed no scope for being otherwise. He is perfectly aware of the fact, and would at once have admitted it. He needs not to have it perpetually pushed into his face, and thrust before his eyes to glare at him. The pauper feels that he is not one of the wealthy ones of the earth, without being reminded at every instant of the incurious circumstance by some rich bullionist shaking his pockets that the wretch may hear the voice of the gold jingling. His memory requires not to be so jogged on the subject. He recognises the truth of his meagre estate, and derives not a whit of pleasure from such external corroboration. It is an insult; and any raciness or merit of originality in it is altogether lost upon him. The wit is purely thrown away.

[Pg
384]

How fares the boy when, like his primal sire, "he stands erect a man?" and in what spirit does

he study the philosophy of "greatness?" He may bethink him of the false fruiterer's melon, how it lay on the stall, its sunny side laughing and coquetting with the eye of the wayfarer,—its rottenness and unsavoury portion in retirement and unseen below. He discovers that the "great" are gigantic in one line, but that "the line upon line" is not their predicate; in some matters they may perchance be far smaller than their neighbours. He is no longer the boy without experience of others, or the child who interprets literally; he measures not the monsters by his own standard; he endeavours not to poise them by his own weight,—with his own girth to buckle their circumference: his acquaintance serve his turn; society establishes and confirms his experience, that an average sprinkling of inherent "greatness" may be detected in all, though the world hath not cared to trumpet it.

It becomes of difficult endurance to see our intimates thrust, as it were, on one side,—morally cast into the mire,—their qualities trampled as by heels. It mars our equability to find our friends in intellectual, philosophical, or worldly utility insinuated as no better than they should be,—to hear them classed as of the herd, essentially and merely gregarious,—vague portions of an unmeritorious whole,—negative existences, positive only in combination,—cyphers without value, that multiply but by relative position. Whereas in our young days we felt personally insulted by contrast with your "great men," in maturity we resent the impertinence as offered to our friends; for in our friends we can trace a "greatness," although the thing may not have been blazoned. Even in a man's household shall he see greatness, though it be obscure; and he shall discover that, whilst it is true that no man is "great to his valet," the comfortable conundrum is equally demonstrable, that ALL ARE GREAT. Your groom shall indite you verses that shall stir the hearts and haunt the dreams of your village maidens—will they compare Homer to him?—and your cook-maid shall be no small domestic oracle on the unfathomable mysteries of phrenology—what cares she for Combe and Spurzheim? Who lives, while yet his father lives, that does not hear the old man "great" in prophecy on the coming "crisis," and rich and ponderous upon the currency question? Who, in the book of the generations of his family, might not inscribe the name of some brother, a mighty man of valour, great amongst his playmates; or a sister, whose attire has given tone for a season to an emulous neighbourhood? And then, in the nineteenth century, who possesses not "great" uncles, who during the war have swayed, although unknown, victories by their strategy or disciplined obedience; or, in more peaceful triumph, have mightily influenced the election of a candidate by the despotism of their oratory? Of aunts—maiden ones—it needs not to speak. They are of the fortunate who require not greatness to be "thrust upon them." Of them it is safely assumed, that they are "born great" prospectively. This privilege however, is guaranteed to the "maiden" only; for marriage absorbs the bride into unity with her combined-separate—and "the crown of a good wife is her husband."

[Pg
385]

Your village oracle, seated on his throne—the old oaken bench under the village elm-tree, after his weekly labours, on the Saturday night embalming his tongue in the aroma of the fragrant weed, and bribing his lips into complacent humour by sips from the chirping old October, is truly *great*. He is surrounded by listeners who love to pay homage to his power. Whilst he whiffs, they consult him on great interests,—it may be respecting the destiny of nations, or the desolating march of hostile armies,—it may be on the devastations of the turnip-fly. He lays his pipe aside; his words issue, like the syllables of the Pythoness, in the midst of fragrant fumes. They fix at once the unsettled,—they establish the doubtful,—they convict the speculative.

On points of international law, Puffendorf and Grotius would shrink into nut-shells before him; they would discover their littleness: yet some deem *them* great!

Bilious disputants may deny that any can be great whom the world has not thought fit to canonise. "Indeed!" do I reply with the sarcastic smile of superiority with which it is customary to spill the arguments of men of straw whom controversialists set up for the sake of knocking down again—"Indeed! Were the Andes a whit smaller before their exact height was proclaimed to the same arrogant world? Was not the moon as great a ball in the days when the world esteemed it a green cheese, as it is now, when men are acquainted with its diameter?"

"Ay," may reply my subtle disputant; "but these are physical facts, independent of opinion: mental, moral, social greatness, are widely different. They have no altitudes subject to trigonometrical survey by an ordnance-board like the Andes; they admit not of parallax, like the planets. Master Fridolin, your illustrations are no more worth than the kernel of a vicious nut."

"What!" I answer, "you want a metaphysical instance, do you? Physics are too coarse. Well, sir, '*Magna est veritas*—Truth is great,'—that is to say, your canoniser, the *world* say so. Now, pray, what does the world, much more a man of straw, know about truth? Confessedly less than it knows about my groom, who is *great* in poetry,—my cook-maid, who is *great* in phrenology,—my father, who is *great* on those hobgoblins the coming crises; and, let me say, amazingly less than it knows, or will know, of my aunt Jemima, who was *great* in political economy; let alone our village oracle, who is regarded, pipe and all, as *great* by a larger portion of the inhabitants of the *world* than can boast any intimate acquaintance with abstract verity.

"And now, man of straw! a word in your ear:—unless you are dull in grain, methinks you will admit yourself answered."

No fallacy is more palpable when examined, and, consequently, none is more preposterous, than that of connecting GREATNESS with the *world's* applause; yet for this, men fume and fret, struggle and strive, elbow their neighbours, and tread on their own bunnions, forgetting that they might be quite as *great* if they would only be quiet; nay, that their chance of being so, without exertion, lies, according to Shakspeare's nice and accurate calculation, in the very

[Pg
386]

comfortable proportion of two to one in their favour. Two GREAT men out of every three, find themselves so, without the least trouble on their own parts. They are born so, or their greatness "is thrust upon them." They have nothing to do in life but to button in the morning, unbutton at night, sip, masticate, and sleep, if their conscience and digestion will permit: they find themselves not a whit less great. The third alone—the "odd one"—acquires GREATNESS; and "odd" enough it is, to discover a sample of this meagre class.

But the case may be settled to mathematical certainty. Statistical inquirers—men, the breath of whose nostrils are the bills of mortality—have discovered that a tenth part of all men born into the world die and are buried before one brief year has passed. It follows, therefore, as a corollary, that of those "born great" a great proportion die *great* when extremely little. Their nurses see one tenth of all "the great men" born, fade and expire, hydrocephalic or rickety, ere their tendencies and tastes have toddled beyond the pap-boat. What does the world know about this evanescent tenth? What does mankind trouble about the grave offence of the sepulchre in seizing and gobbling up annually these great and small tithes? What say they against its appropriating clause? Why, the world is clearly ignorant of the departed great ones,—the buried little ones; yet their greatness is indisputable.

The true philosophy of the matter, is the philosophy of the matters herein set forth; and, in her latter days, my aunt Jemima acknowledged it, for she felt it. There were no great women when she was youthful; but she lived to perceive greatness come upon her. It was not thrust—it was inherent: but it took time and acted leisurely in developing itself. It was not a creation or an acquisition, but a developement, an exudation of that which would *out,—nolens volens*.

The real truth is this,—*All* under circumstances are great, although few are aware that they are so. Celebrity has nothing to do with the affair; it may proclaim the fact, but does not constitute it;—as will hereafter be shown in the instance of my aunt Jemima.

F. HARRISON RANKIN.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A GAMBLER.

[Pg 387]

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate."

Paris!—there was once a magic in the name—a music in the sound. "Paris!" how often said I to myself when in another quarter of the globe, "Yes, I will one day visit thee—will revive the memory of the great events of which thou hast been the arena—thy Fronde—the League—the Revolution—the Cent Jours—the history of thy chivalrous François—thy noble-minded Henri—the Grand Monarque—the witty and profligate Regent—thy unfortunate Louis, and still more pitiable Empereur;—and then, the Gallery of the Louvre—the Museum of the Luxembourg—Versailles—St. Cloud—the Tuileries!" My dream was about to be realised.

I was then in my twenty-fifth year. I had health—a sufficiency of the goods of fortune to purchase the enjoyment of the moderate pleasures of life. My person and manners were agreeable; my acquirements greater than those of most of my college contemporaries; and the fine arts were "my passion and my enjoyment." All these advantages, with a pardonable egotism, I had been canvassing during my solitary journey (solitary? no, my mind was occupied with the most enchanting reveries—the most intoxicating visions) from which I was only awakened at the barrier of Montmartre. How my heart beat with delight as, from the eminence that overlooks the city, I beheld its spires, and domes, and houses, huddled in the vaporous gloom of an evening in May! The day had been a glorious one; the air breathed balm. My caleche was open; and four posters whirled me rapidly through the Boulevards, and entered the gateway of the Hotel des Princes in the Rue Richelieu. This street was, as all who are acquainted with it, know, the centre and focus of the fashion,—the life and motion of Paris, and of the foreigners who then flocked to it from all parts of Europe, (for it was the third year of the Restoration,) and had caught some of the volatile spirit of its mercurial people.

Times and dynasties change. Politics, that many-headed monster, now reigns supreme. Instead of the goddess Pleasure,—at whose shrine all sacrificed,—they have set up the Gorgon of parties. The army is no "état"—the church is no "état." It is become a city of national guards—reviewed by a king, with his three sons,—a family marked for assassination. There is no court—no *ancienne noblesse*. Everywhere distress and misery, hate and calumny, persecution and imprisonment, ruin, the gripe, and bankruptcy. Such is a picture of the Paris of 1837.

But I was in the Rue Richelieu—the great artery of the life's blood of Paris. From it, as from a floodgate, rushed along in conflicting eddies, sweeping like a torrent, a crowd in quest of pleasure. Some were hurrying to the gaming-houses; some *aux Italiens*, to the Ambigu, of the Varietés, and the different theatres; others to the Palais Royal, which in its magic circle comprehends all that vice or luxury can invent to seduce the imagination or gratify the sense; then to Tortoni's, or the innumerable cafés, there to enjoy the *al fresco* of the Boulevards Italiens seated under the trees, or to mingle with the multitude, chatting, laughing, or whispering in delighted ears under the well-lighted avenue of elms that had just put forth their young leaves. I made one of the throng, and would that *Armida* Paris had had no worse enchantments—no more seductive pleasures. Alas! what have I now to do with them?—they have lost their charm. My hair is grey,—my heart is withered!

[Pg
388]

But I anticipate.

What do the phrenologists mean, by not having assigned to their chart of the skull a place for play? Gall, during his long practice in Paris, might surely have discovered it; for, of all people, the Parisians have this passion the most strongly developed. It is common, indeed, to the most savage, as well as the most civilised nations; for I have seen the Hindu strip himself naked, and bet at chukra the last rag in his possession; the African stakes his wife and children; but our neighbours may plunge their families, to the third and fourth generation, in misery and destitution. The pauper sells his only bed: the cradle of his child. The manufacturer takes to the Mont de Pieté his tools; steals those of his employers. The diplomatist and the figurante, the financier and the mendicant, all fall down before one idol—a Moloch worse than that of the Valley of Gehenna—a monster without pity or remorse, who delights in the tears, and groans, and gnashings of teeth of his votaries, nor quits his prey till he tracks them to the Morgue—name of horrid sound! and yet, the last refuge and sole resting-place of his infatuated victims.

How easy it is to moralise! I should like to know if I always had this infernal bias, or if it was engrafted in me, or whether I was seized at that time with the general epidemy, taking the infection, like the cholera, from those about me, or from the air which I was respiring. Oh, worse than wind-walking pestilence is play! It has a subtle poison, and more kinds of death; no, not death! for, *I live*,—if dying from day to day can be called life.

The first weeks of my *séjour* passed like days, nay hours; but I did not confine myself to Paris itself. Few foreigners, or even natives, know the beauty of the environs. These were the scenes of my rides by day. In the evening I assisted at some French *réunion*, or mixed in the *soirées* of our own country; frequented the Opera Italienne, where not a note is lost: and such notes!—for Pasta was the prima donna. Being "*un peu friand*," I frequently dined at the Rocher de Concal. I mention that restaurant because I have reason to remember it. The Rocher de Concal boasts none of the magnificence of Very's, or Beauvilliers. The entrance is encumbered with the shells of the *huitres d'Ostende*, the most delicious of oysters. The rooms are not much larger than boxes at the opera; but they enclose a world of fun. The rustling of silk is often heard there, and one meets in the narrow passages veiled forms hastening to some mysterious rendezvous.

It was here that I became acquainted with the Prince M——. His was a fatal initial; and might have reminded me of what he proved to be,—my Mephistophiles! M—— was one of those princes that "*fourmillent*" in all the capitals of Europe. He was about thirty years of age. His figure was tall, slight, and emaciated, and corresponded with his countenance, that was of a paleness approaching to marble, and might be said to have no expression, so complete a mastery had he obtained over his feelings. His equipage had nothing at first sight remarkable. The cabriolet was of a sombre colour, and the harness without ornaments; but the horse was not to be matched for beauty and power. His dress seemed equally plain; but, on closer inspection, you discovered it was of a studied elegance, the colours being so well matched that the eye had nothing particular on which to rest. He never was known to laugh, and seldom smiled; he was rather cold, though not forbidding in his manners, and perfectly indifferent whether he amused or not. He never spoke of the politics of the day, of his domains, of his stud or family,—much less of himself, his exploits, or his adventures. He never made an observation that was worthy of being repeated, yet never said a foolish thing. With the sex he was a great favourite, for he perfectly understood the science of flattery; but it was with the utmost tact that he put it in requisition. His address was perfect: he spoke French, and indeed several languages, with that admirable choice of phrase for which the Russians are remarkable. The sole occupation of his life was play; and to win or lose seemed a matter of perfect indifference to him, whatever the stake.

There was also of the party that day another foreigner, Baron A——, who had been a Jew. He was his *compagnon de voyage*. Castor and Pollux were not more inseparable. This *alter ego* was a little man, with a grey eye of singular archness, and a light moustache, as most Germans have. His whole fortune consisted of five hundred louis, which he carried about with him;—an excellent nest-egg; for he contrived to double annually this poor capital. One year he was at Rome, another at Florence, a third at Vienna—no; there he was too well known. A gambler, like a prophet, has no honour in his own country. The last spring he had passed in London, where, of course, he had the *entrée* at Almack's, and now opened the campaign under the most promising auspices at Paris. The baron was a sort of lion's-provider—the pilot-fish of the shark.

We separated at an early hour, and I afterwards met my new *friends* at an hotel in the Fauxbourg St. Honoré, where there was, as usual, an *écarté*-table. *Ecarté* was then all the rage; though, like our all-fours, it had originally been the game of the *peuple*, or rather in Paris of the *laquais*. It is a game uniting skill and chance; but it is a game of countenance; a game, also, in which the cards played with, being fewer in number than at whist, it is no difficult matter to scratch an important one, so as to know in time of need where to find it, or to *sauter le coup*. That evening, for the first time, I was induced to take a hand, and, in my innocence of such manœuvres, wondered that my opponent turned up the king so much oftener than myself. In time my eyes were opened, and I discovered that other *tricheries* were practicable. For instance, one morning, after a ball given by an English lady, there were found rolled up in one corner of the room two queens and a knave; and, on examining the *écarté* packs, these were missing,—had literally been discarded,—a circumstance which rendered the success of two officers of the *garde de corps*, who cleaned out the party, by no means problematical. But I was now initiated; and a witty writer says,

"That where that pestilence, play, once leaves a taint,
It saps the bone, and pierces to the marrow,

How willing we all are to put off the evil moment: to string anecdote on anecdote, and weave parenthesis in parenthesis, rather than come to the point! Does it not remind us of the tricks of the wrestler to avoid the grasp of his more powerful antagonist? But it must come: so let me proceed with my confession.

As I was leaving the room, the prince came up to me and said, "Demain voulez-vous, Monsieur, être des notres?—There is a dinner at the *salon*, and I will take you with me as my 'umbra,' and present you to the Marquis—." In an evil hour I consented.

The *maisons de jeu* at Paris are farmed by a society, who purchase of the government the privilege of opening a certain limited number—if I remember right, five. In order to prevent unfair play, a *commis* of the police is in daily attendance at the opening of the packs of cards, and they are lodged in the office every night. So far so good. But the advantages in favour of the bank are so great, that after the payment of several hundred thousand pounds sterling to the revenue, after defraying the expenses of hotels, cashiers, croupiers, lackeys, &c. &c. the *associés* divide twenty or thirty per cent. At the head of these establishments is the *salon des étrangers*. The prime minister, or master of the ceremonies, was then the Marquis de L——. He was the last of the *aisles de pigeon*, which he wore *bien poudrées*. He had been an *émigré*, and, like many of them, had passed twenty years in England without knowing a word of the language. He was distinguished by an ease of manner and a politeness, though rather exaggerated, of the *vieille cour*. Soon after my introduction to him he lost his appointment, it having been discovered that the cashier, *by some mistake*, nightly gave him fifty napoleons in exchange for a billet of five hundred francs. By-the-by, the office of president of the *salon* was in considerable request, and was afterwards filled by a general officer who had once been in the English service.

It was one of the dinners that were given three times a-week. We passed through a range of servants in splendid liveries, to the *salon à manger*, where I found sixty guests, consisting, not only of the foreigners most distinguished for rank, fortune, and consideration, but *pairs de France, députés* of all parties,—in fact, the *élite* of Paris. Before each, was placed a *carte*. It was not one of your English bills of fare, with its *plats de resistance*; but earth, air, and ocean had been ransacked, and all the skill of the most consummate *artistes* employed to furnish out the table. Every sort of wine circulated in quick succession; but, when I looked around me, I saw no hilarity in this assembly. The viands seemed to pall upon the taste, the goblet passed unquaffed. Gambling is the most selfish of vices; it admits of no society; every one seemed too much occupied with his own thoughts even to address his neighbour. Was I happy myself? No. The soul instinctively seems to foresee all the miseries that originate from a single false step, inspiring us with certain vague apprehensions that with a vain casuistry we endeavour to dissipate. In fact, I never enjoyed a dinner less; and was as pleased at its termination as most of the party were anxious for the real object of the meeting—*le commencement de la fin, ou la fin du commencement—le jeu*.

The hotel where we assembled was of the time of Louis the Fifteenth, and had belonged to one of his numerous mistresses; the taste, however, of his predecessor reigned there. In front was a *cour d'honneur*, large enough to draw the rattle of carriages and noise from without; and behind, was a garden laid out in the English style, and full of odoriferous shrubs, then in full bloom, particularly the lilac, the laburnum, and the red-thorn, that wafted their perfume through the unfolded doors, whilst at intervals was heard the plashing of a fountain. The three principal rooms, two of which were dedicated to *rouge et noir* and French hazard, were in shape octagonal; the compartments, which were fantastically chased, and rich in gilding, served as a frame-work to pictures in the manner of Watteau, and probably by the hand of one of his pupils. The ceilings were similar in taste, and described some exploits of Jupiter, whose representative was the monarch himself according to the fashion of the day. The only light in each of these apartments, proceeded from a lamp shaded by green silk, that diffused its mellow and softened rays around, and threw a brilliant and dazzling effulgence on the table. Along the centre were ranged the dealers and bankers; and before them heaps of gold and silver, and *billets de banc*, and red and white counters, their representatives. On both sides were the players; and the broad glare, shadowless and impending, displayed their features. Many of them were known to me by name. There was, with his noble and portly figure and countenance, much resembling the busts of Charles Fox, the late Earl of T——, who with perfect *sangfroid* lost his twenty-five thousand pounds a-year, and thought the only use of money was to buy pieces of ivory marked with numbers on them, and that the next pleasure in life to winning, was to lose. To his right was B—— H——, with his handsome profile, Hyperion locks, and unmeaning red-and-white face, incapable of an expression either of joy or chagrin: Lord M——, who went by the sobriquet of Père la Chaise; S——, bent double with care, and wrinkled with premature old age; the young and emaciated Lord Y——, the only one of his family who resembles his father, and inheriting from him the same propensity: and by his side Benjamin Constant, whose ardent spirit, like the volcano under Vesuvius, was for ever breaking out in the excitement of love, or politics, or play; his hair was grey, as if scorched by the working of his brain; his frame consumed as by an inward fire; his cheek bloodless as that of a corpse, for which, but for his eye, he might have been taken;—there was a desolateness in every trait of his countenance, and nervous sensibility accompanied every cast of the die that it was painful to witness. These were some of the *crêpes* party. The Prince M—— was not among them: he had found more attractive metal—was closeted in a cabinet at écarté.

For some hours I looked on, as an indifferent spectator. I had come fortified by a long colloquy held with myself, the result of which was a determination not to be duped. I had had too much

experience of the world to fall into the snare—I had resisted many worse temptations—I knew too well the chances to risk even the few napoleons cautiously put into my purse. "Facilis descensus Averni," says the poet. Insensibly I took an interest in the game. I flattered my self-vanity by thinking that, when such a one threw in, I should not have been on the *contre*, or should have withdrawn my money before he *sauté*,—that I should have taken the odds, or betted them differently from Lord This or Monsieur *Tel*. In short, for me the veil of Isis was lifted, the mysteries of play revealed. I alone was inspired; and so for once it was to prove. One of the circle left his seat, and I filled up the vacancy. I sat writhing till my turn came. All had thrown out, and all had backed the casters. I now took the box: by my clumsy way of handling it, and shaking the dice, it was perceived that I was a tyro. And now the *contre* was covered with gold and notes: "Seven!" I cried; "eleven's the nick!" I changed the main: still my luck continued. In short, I threw in nine times, leaving all my winnings to accumulate, and found myself in possession of twenty-four thousand francs. It was now suggested to me that the bank was only responsible for twelve thousand. Twice more did I tempt Fortune, and with equal success; and then handed over the box, and gave up my place to a new comer; and, without any one seeming to notice my departure, betook myself to my apartment—but not to sleep. I was in a fever of delight; visions more enchanting than those of Eldorado visited my couch. I had found the magic wand,—had gained the golden branch in the *Æneid*,—opened to myself a mine of wealth,—an inexhaustible treasure. At daybreak I raised myself in the bed, and counted it,—arranged in heaps the glittering treasure. I had all Paris in my hand! I would have an hotel, I would have horses, carriages, all that wealth could purchase should be mine. That gold which others sighed for, toiled for, sinned for, was mine, easily obtained, and won expressly to be spent. Horace, when in his poetic dream of immortality he cried "Album mutor in alitem," and soared above the heads of the admiring world, felt no raptures compared with mine.

[Pg
392]

My success was soon blazoned abroad, and my gains exaggerated. In the course of the day I had a visit of congratulation from the prince. "There is a fête and ball at Frascati," said he, on taking leave; "you will be there?" There was a devilish smile on his face. It was the first time I had ever seen him smile.

It was ten o'clock, and that temple of Circe was flooded with light, and filled with women and men of all ages;—no, not of all, for one of the conditions of admission is, besides being well dressed, that a person must be *of age*. *Le Jeu* has no objection to the gold of a father, a lover, or a husband; but he disdains the pocket-money of a minor. He has great respect for all the decencies of life: he requires a well-filled purse and an elegant toilette. Enter, ye rich and lively!—come, and welcome! There is sure to be gold where there are women, and woman where there is gold.

At the entrance of this hell, the *laquais*, after a scrutiny of my person, took my hat, and, by means of an iron instrument attached to a long pole, with a practised dexterity lifted it to peg 200, where it assumed its place in the well-marshalled ranks of its comrades. I afterwards observed that it was the only thing most of the owners carried away with them.

The first room was occupied by a roulette table. The grand saloon,—of which there is, or was, an admirable picture in the Oxford Street Bazaar, containing the well-known portraits of very many who frequented it,—is dedicated to *rouge et noir*, or *trente et quarante*, and was encircled two or three deep by a crowd of both sexes, all preserving a profound silence, only interrupted by the *Messieurs, faites votre jeu!—Le jeu est fait!—Rien plus!* of the dealer; for the noise of the *ratiers* that had shovelled the gold and five-franc pieces into a heap had ceased, and all were breathlessly awaiting the *coup*. The *coup* was made: *quarante: Rouge gagne*. It was then a horrid sight to mark the expression of the different feelings that agitated this assembly—this Pandæmonium! Some tore their hair from their heads in handfuls,—some gnashed their teeth like the damned in the Sistine chapel,—others, their eyes almost starting out of their sockets, uttered horrid oaths, and blasphemous exclamations,—and one, who had his hand in his breast, withdrew it, dyed in blood, without being sensible of the wounds his nails had inflicted! But, as if this spectacle of tortured and degraded humanity were not enough, it was still more appalling to observe the countenances of the women, who had staked their last louis on the turn of the card! Their splendid dresses, their silks and gauze, their *cachemires de l'Inde*, that glitter of gold and gems, their necklaces of pearl, and ear-rings of diamond,—all that serves to heighten and embellish beauty, by a horrid contrast only gave them a greater deformity, reminding us of Pauline Borghese on her death-bed daubing her cadaverous cheeks with rouge, and tricking herself out in the same magnificent costume she had worn in the Tuileries when she shone the wonder and admiration of Paris; assuming in the last agonies of dissolution the voluptuous attitude she had chosen for that masterpiece of art, that wonderful creation of the greatest of modern sculptors, Canova.

[Pg
393]

Oh! that these Phrynes could at that moment have seen in the mirrors that on all sides reflected them, their hollow eyes—their violet lips—their livid cheeks! The snakes of Leonardo's Medusa would have made them perfect. No; they had no eyes or ears but for that hideous old Sultan whose seraglio they had formed,—*le Jeu*.

The *rouge et noir* table being thus *agreeably* filled, I sat down to roulette, and placed before me my packet of notes; being determined this time to break the bank. I turned some of my *billets* into gold, and began, during the revolutions of the wheel of Fortune, to cover the cyphers. Sixty-two times the original stake would be good interest for less than as many seconds! Now for my inspiration—but this time my spirit of prophecy had fled. There was no prize for me. The ball still made its accustomed rounds, and lost itself in some number where I had no stake: now it bounded along, and hung suspended like a bird hovering over its nest; and then, just as it was about to crown my wishes, took a new spring, and, with a provoking coquetry, lavished its

favours on one who had not courted them with half, perhaps only the twentieth part, of the fervour I had done. Sometimes, as if to lead me on in the pursuit, she tantalised me by hiding herself in the next number to that I had chosen; and then, the succeeding minute crushed all my hopes, and reduced them to nothing, with some zero rouge or zero blanc, or the double misery of two zeros.

I now gave up the lottery of numbers, and betook myself to that of colours. Still I was no diviner. If I made black my favourite, there was sure to be a run on red; and *vice versâ*. I lost my coolness—my temper. I doubled my stakes,—trebled them. Still the *ratliers* did their merciless office; the *croupiers* still with imperturbable nonchalance swept into a gulph, from which was no return, my notes and gold. In short, in a few hours, I was not only stript of all my winnings, but had borrowed of one of the lackeys three thousand francs, which I was to return the next morning, with a premium of two per cent. He was one of the myrmidons of the *salon des étrangers*, and knew I had the *entrée*, and that the loan was a safe one; nay, he pressed me to borrow more: but—*ohé, jam satis!*—I hurried to my porter's lodge, and thence to my apartment, but in a widely different mood to that in which I had entered it the night before. All the scenes of wealth and riches that my imagination had conjured up, had vanished. I had horrid dreams. The curtain was withdrawn; it showed me the sad reality of all that had happened, and all that was to happen.

The next day I locked my room-door, and held a long dialogue with my conscience. I felt two powers at work within me—two inclinations striving for mastery—two persons, as it were, one acting against and in spite of the other. I endeavoured to arm myself against myself. It was a violent struggle between the principles of good and evil. Whether, like Hercules, I should have made the same choice, I know not; but vice never wants for arguments or supporters, and in the afternoon came an invitation, by one of his emissaries, from the prince, to dine with him. My foible—the rock on which I have made shipwreck—has been, that I never could say, no. I accepted it.

Besides the inseparables, were present, on this occasion, a Prussian colonel and a Polish count. The dinner was *recherché*; the dishes having been sent from different *restaurants* famous for their *cuisine*: the *ravioli*, for instance, from an Italian house, and the *omelette Russe* from the *café de Paris*. The mock and real champagne were well iced, and the Chambertin a bouquet of violets. I endeavoured to find a Lethe in the glass, which circulated freely, though it only circulated; for the prince, on the plea of health, drank lemonade, and his guests, as the Italians say, baptised their Lafitte with water. Two nights such as I had passed did not diminish the effect of the wine; and when it was proposed to play at faro, though I knew nothing of the game, I made no objection. It was suggested that the baron should be banker. He had come ready prepared; opened his strong box, and produced his five hundred louis. The practised neatness with which he turned up the cards, the accuracy of his calculations, and correctness of his accounts, might have excited the admiration of any *croupier* at the *salon*; certainly none of them understood his *métier* better. I began with very small stakes, which were unlimited. I soon, however, followed the example of the circle, and played higher. I lost. The two strangers appeared to lose also, and retired at an early hour.

I had added one hundred louis to the baron's capital. Whilst I was in search of my hat to make my escape, A— had been employed in preparing an *écarté* pack, and offered to give me my *revanche*; our host encouraging me to take it by saying he would back me.

I sat down; and, as the prince was interested in the result, I asked his advice, but he told me, he never gave or took it. My adversary had an extraordinary run of luck,—almost always *voled* me when I did not propose, and scored the king so often that I could not help observing it. The prince in the mean time walked about the room, occasionally looking over my cards; at length he declined participating in my stakes, and betted with me largely on his own account. Ill fortune continued to pursue me; still I played higher and higher, till my score had swelled to a frightful amount. My immense losses sobered me, and I then had my suspicions that all was not right. Opposite to the table was a mirror over the chimney, which extended from the marble-slab to the ceiling. I was fronting it, when I perceived by the reflection, the prince standing over my shoulder: he was taking snuff, and, in the act of so doing, raised up his fingers in a manner that excited my attention. I now determined to watch the pair more closely. I observed that the German always awaited the sign before he decided on proposing or refusing; and once inadvertently did so, without even looking at his own hand. It is true, we were both at four, but I had not an *atout* or court-card: the consequence was, that I lost the game. It was now clear that I had fallen into the hands of sharpers. I found myself minus thirty thousand francs. Throwing down the pack, I got up, and walked about the room for some time, in order to collect my thoughts and consider how to act. Though confident of having been cheated; almost unknown as I was in Paris, I was aware it would not be easy to convince their numerous and powerful friends of the fact. I therefore determined to pay the money, and insult one or the other so grossly that he must give me my *revanche* in a different way. Thinking that the scheme, however concocted, had been put in execution at the prince's own house, and that it was rendered still blacker by a breach of hospitality, I made choice of him with perfect self-possession. I asked for pen, ink, and paper; and having written cheques payable on demand at my bankers' in London for the *par nobile fratrum*, I turned to the prince, and said, presenting him with his share of the plunder, "Monsieur, voilà votre argent: vous savez comment il étoit gagné." Running his eye over the amount to ascertain if it were correct, he carefully folded up the paper, and put it in his pocket; and then, with imperturbable coolness, turned to me, and said, "Monsieur, vous m'avez insulté, et vous me ferez l'honneur de m'en rendre raison." "Très, très volontiers," I replied; "c'est ce que je

cherchois." "The sooner the better," said the prince; "I will leave my friend the baron to settle the preliminaries." With these words he walked slowly to the door, and left me with his associate. He had not been gone more than a few minutes, when the Polish count, who was lodging in the same hotel, (it was in the Rue de la Paix,) and had just returned from some orgies, made his appearance, probably thinking to find us still engaged in play. The baron, without entering into particulars, immediately explained to him that the prince and myself had had a serious misunderstanding, and that it had ended in his claiming satisfaction. I was not sufficiently intimate with any one in Paris to disturb him at that hour in the morning; and, thinking it a mere formality to have a second, readily asked the count to be my friend. He consented with the best grace imaginable. It was now explained to me, that it is the custom (though I believe such is not the case) for the challenger to choose his own weapons.

"The prince," observed the baron, "has two blades of the finest Spanish steel; they are beautifully watered, and it is a pleasure to look at them. They have never yet been used: Monsieur," added he, addressing the count, "shall have his choice." All this was said with the utmost nonchalance, as though he had been only treating of a trial of skill, and not a duel à l'outrance.

I had never taken a fencing-lesson since I was at school, and then only for a few months of old Angelo. The prince I knew to be almost as dexterous in the art as a *maître d'armes*. The first qualification for an accomplished gambler is to be a duellist; foils were at that moment lying in a corner of the room, and he had probably been practising the very day before; indeed it was almost the only exercise he took at any time.

To have made, however, my want of skill a plea for the adoption of pistols, might, I knew, be answered by the baron's professing the prince to be the worst of shots; besides its being a deviation from the established rule in such cases for me to have a voice.

Strange to say, I felt little uneasiness on the subject: I had a quick eye, great activity, and superior physical strength; and I had heard that the most expert fencer is often at a loss to parry the determined assault of an aggressor, even though he should hardly know the use of his weapon. A sense, too, of my wrongs, and a desire of revenge, added to that moral courage in which I was never deficient, rendered me bold and confident.

It was now broad daylight. The *fiacre* rattled up to the door, and the count and I, got into it; the prince following in his cabriolet, accompanied by A—. We drove through the *Champs Elyseés*, passed the *Port Maillot*, and, without meeting a single carriage, arrived at our destination. If there were ever a spot where a lover of nature might die almost without regret, it is this favourite resort of the *beau monde* of Paris. Avenues ankle-deep in sand, cut into straight lines; *allées* without verdure, that lead to nothing; a wood without trees. Such is the *Bois de Boulogne*.

The coachman, who had a perfect knowledge of the localities, and the object of our morning ride, pulled up at a spot where four roads met; and, having alighted, we followed an ill-defined path for a few hundred yards, till we came to an opening in the brushwood that was scarcely above our heads. It had served for a recent encounter, for I perceived the prince step on one side to avoid a stain of blood on one of the tufts of grass that here and there rose rankly among the sand. He appeared not to notice it, and continued to talk on indifferent subjects to his companion.

Having received our swords, all new, and bright, and glittering, as the baron promised they should be, and taken up our ground, without waiting to cross blades, I precipitated myself on my adversary, and endeavoured to beat down his guard: so impetuous was my onset, that he retreated, or, rather, I drove him before me for several yards. Those who have not experienced it, may conceive what a strange grating sensation the meeting of two pieces of steel produces; but they cannot be aware how it quickens the pulse, and that there is in every electric shock, such fierce rage, and hatred, and revenge, as burnt within me then. Still, however, the prince parried my thrusts, and kept me at arm's length. All I now remember is, that I made a last desperate lunge—that I almost lost my balance—that I felt the point of my adversary's sword enter my side, and then a film came over my eyes. When I awoke from this trance, I found myself in a crowded hospital, with a *Sœur de Charité* leaning over me.

LES POISSONS D'AVRIL.

REDDY O'DRYSCULL, SCHOOLMASTER, ETC., TO THE EDITOR.

Water-grass-hill, 20th March.

SIR,—In answer to your application for further scraps of the late P. P., and in reply to your just reproof of my remissness in forwarding, as agreed upon, the monthly supplies to your Miscellany, I have only to plead as my "apology" the "fast of Lent," which in these parts is kept with such rigour as totally to dry up the genial moisture of the brain, and desiccate the **καλα ρεεθρα** of the fancy. In "justice to Ireland" I must add, that, by the combined exertions of patriots and landlords, we are kept at the proper starving-point all the year round; a blissful state not likely to be disturbed by any provisions in the new Irish "poor law." My correspondence must necessarily be *jejune* like the season. I send you, however, an appropriate song, which our late pastor used to chaunt over his red-herring whenever a friend from Cork would drop in to partake of such lenten entertainment as his frugal kitchen could afford.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

A GASTRONOMICAL CHAUNT.

**Sunt Aries, Taurus, Cancer, Leo, Scorpio, Virgo,
Libraque et Arcitenens, Gemini, Caper, Amphora, Pisces.**

I.

Of a tavern the Sun every month takes "the run,"
And a dozen each year wait his wishes;
One month with old Prout he takes share of a trout,
And puts up at the sign of THE FISHES. ♋
'Tis an old-fashioned inn, but more quiet within
Than THE BULL ♉ or THE LION ♌ —both boisterous;
And few would fain dwell at THE SCORPION ♏-hôtel,
Or THE CRAB ♏...But this last is an oyster-house.

II.

At the sign of THE SCALES ♎ fuller measure prevails;
At THE RAM ♈ the repast may be richer:
Old Goëthe oft wrote at the sign of THE GOAT, ♉
Tho' at times he'd drop in at THE PITCHER; ♛
And those who have stay'd at the sign of THE MAID, ♍
In desirable quarters have tarried;
While some for their sins must put up with THE TWINS, ♊
Having had the mishap to get married.

III.

But THE FISHES ♋ combine in one mystical sign
A moral right apt for the banquet;
And a practical hint, which I ne'er saw in print,
Yet a Rochefoucault maxim I rank it:—
If a secret I'd hide, or a project confide,
To a comrade's good faith and devotion,
Oh! the friend whom I'd wish, though he *drank* like a *fish*,
Should be *mute* as the tribes of the ocean.

[Pg 398]

THE ANATOMY OF COURAGE.

BY PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU.
IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

As for the article of courage and its various manifestations, it is a very peculiar thing: I have thought much about it, and observed a great deal; and I am convinced that, except in romances, there are very few men who at all times show distinguished, and *none at all* who possess *perfect* courage. I should esteem any man who maintained the contrary of himself, and who asserted that he did not know what fear was, a mere braggart; but, nevertheless, I should not consider it my duty to tell him so, to his face. There are endless *varieties* of courage, which may, however, be comprised under three general dispositions of temperament, and six principal rubrics; within this arrangement a thousand modifications still remain, but I cannot here pursue them.

We come, first, to three sorts of that courage which alone can be called natural, and which, like all that nature gives *directly*, is perfect; that is, without any mixture of fear so long as *it lasts*, and which, therefore, has only a temporary influence. These are,

1. Courage from passion, such as love, anger, vengeance, and so forth.
2. From hunger, or the want of any thing indispensable to existence.
3. From habit, which, according to a law of nature, hardens completely against particular kinds of permanent danger.

All the others are artificial, but not, therefore, imperfect; that is, they are not always without admixture of fear, the result either of a dawning, or on already advanced state of civilization. They may be divided into

- a. Courage out of vanity.
- b. Out of a feeling of honour.
- c. Out of duty; under which head may be reckoned the inspiration of religion, and all kinds of

enthusiasm; which is also closely allied to *a*. At last we come to the physical conformation which supports courage, or renders it difficult of exhibition, or puts it altogether out of the question.

(There is certainly a fourth kind of courage, in some measure the shady side of the others,—courage from avarice. I omitted it, because it is rather an enormity, and can only produce criminals; it is, therefore, allied to madness, of which I do not speak here.)

They are, firstly, a strong and healthy nervous system, and a sanguine temperament.

Secondly, a weak and excitable constitution, which is called *par excellence* a nervous constitution.

Thirdly, that unfortunate defective formation, probably of the nerves of the brain, which produces an unconquerable timidity, becomes real suffering and a regular malady, rendering all manifestations of courage next to impossible.

That these divisions are subject to more or less modification, and often branch off into each other through inward motives, or external influences, follows of course. I will in few words touch upon these powers in their general and universal operation, and examine how the different value of the chief combinations are classified.

[Pg
399]

One, two, and three, I give up; for every one knows that with both man and beast, when a beloved object is in danger, or under the influence of a natural impulse, or when animated by a blind rage, or pinched by hunger, instinct alone acts, and timidity vanishes: but let the excitement cease, and the courage disappears also. When full of food, the lion flees before the feeblest man; and, when the hunger of the terrible boa is quite appeased, it may be laid hold of, without danger. It is equally well known that habit would make us forget the sword suspended over our heads by a single hair. The soldier, continually in battle, is as indifferent to bullets as the boy to the flying ball: and yet the same soldier would shudder at a species of danger that the most cowardly spy encounters in cold blood, and, in all probability, would feel real terror if he were compelled to a conflict with a tiger, which the timid Indian, armed with a short sword, and protected only by a green shield, will go in search of and subdue. The boldest mariner is often absurdly fearful in a carriage; and I have known a brave officer who turned pale whenever he was obliged to leap his horse over a hedge or a ditch.

But the case is very different when the courage of civilisation makes common cause with the physical disposition. If No. 1, in its highest perfection, be conjoined with *a*, *b*, and *c*, it is easy to see that the individual uniting the whole will be the bravest possible man; when, however, No. 1 stands alone, precious as it is, in, and for itself, there is but little dependence on it. The weaker No. 2, united to *a*, *b*, or *c*, is a rock compared to it: for the last motives have this great and invaluable quality—they are lasting, while No. 1 depends upon time and circumstance; and then will produce only the *so-called* naturally brave, of whom the Spaniards say, *He was brave in his day*; No. 1 reduced to his own resources would perhaps encounter with vermilion cheeks and perfect cheerfulness, danger that would make No. 2 + *a*, *b*, or *c*, pale and serious.

Notwithstanding this, it is by no means certain whether No. 1 would not be seized with a panic in the fight, for all his red cheeks; but No. 2, with his powerful auxiliary, certain that he must fight, is quite secure, while the colour returns to his cheek even in the midst of the danger. As soon as fear seizes No. 1, it must influence his action; with No. 2 + *a*, *b*, or *c*, it is a matter of indifference whether he feels fear or no, as it will be neutralized by the permanent auxiliary qualifications, and its influence on his actions nullified. And, although No. 1 + *a*, *b*, *c*, must always remain the *summum perfectum*, yet No. 2 + *a*, *b*, *c*, will sometimes do bolder and more surprising things, because the nervous excitement is more strongly acted on; especially if enthusiasm be brought into play.

The other sex, for instance, never possess any other than this species of courage; and if our manners had not, as well out of vanity, as a feeling of honour and duty, entirely dispensed with courage in them, and directed their whole education on this principle, then a lady, No. 2 + *a* alone, even without *b* and *c*, would certainly have surpassed the bravest man in point of courage, and would probably have been victor in every combat, where only this courage and its endurance, and not merely physical strength or skill, should decide.

[Pg
400]

No. 1 gifted also with *a*, *b*, *c*, would be brave sometimes, and sometimes not; if No. 2, however, were equally *a*, *b*, *c*, then the disadvantageous side of such a disposition would come into action, and No. 2 would in this case be a regular portion, not so much *because* he *must* be such, like No. 3, but because it would be far more convenient, and more suitable to his nature: such would be many men in the lower, and the whole dear sex in the highest, degree. The undeniably cowardly disposition of the Jews has the same foundation. We have so long denied them human and social rights, that the motives of vanity and the sense of honour can operate but feebly on them, while that of duty in relation to us can scarcely exist at all. Nothing but centuries of a more reasonable and humane policy can render this otherwise.

The unfortunate No. 3 would only be courageous in two predicaments; in half-frantic religious ecstasy, or in despair, itself the very extremity of fear, when he might reach a point beyond the limits of courage. We have seen, for example, people destroy themselves out of dread of death!

What I have here said, little as it is, appears to me sufficient to point out a mode of drawing new deductions from every possible combination; to determine their relative value; and, what is most important of all, to excite further reflections, from which all may draw practical benefit.

You may think, my dear friend, that I could not occupy myself with subjects, without endeavouring to analyse my own portion of courage; for who can undertake to study mankind

without beginning and ending with himself? Are you curious to be informed on this point? It is a ticklish thing; but you know that I have a pleasure in being candid, and therefore willingly withdraw, at times, the curtains of my most secret chamber, to afford my good friends a glimpse. Listen, then: the result will be found in that admired *juste milieu*, which certain well-known governments have discovered without knowing it, and find that it answers admirably well, because it may be translated by the German word *mittel mässigkeit* (moderation, or mediocrity.) This is just the case with me also: in the first place, I must own to the feminine temperament No. 2, although I would rather have belonged to No. 1; however, laws are not to be prescribed to the Creator; and to say of myself what I think, without maintaining it as certainly demonstrated, would be too vain on my part: fortunately, in addition to my mediocre No. 2, I possess *a, b, c*, thoroughly, at least in a high, if not in the highest degree.

I know the nervous agitation which in some is called bashfulness, and in others fear, as do many who would not perhaps admit it so candidly; but it does not conquer me, and acts merely as a shower of rain does on a man wrapped in a waterproof cloak; the water remains on the surface, and does not penetrate. I have before signified that physical conditions, that is, stronger or weaker condition of the nerves, produce great variations, particularly in the dispositions 1 and 2. The advantageous effect of a good breakfast on the courage has become proverbial among the French; and all those who are in the least "nervous" must acknowledge that there is a good deal of truth in it. The young libertine in Gil Blas was perfectly in the right to answer, when he was called at five in the morning to fight a duel, "That he would not rise at such an hour for a rendezvous with a lady, much less to have his throat cut by a man;" at eleven o'clock, when he had breakfasted, and was thoroughly awake—not before—he got up, went out, and was run through the body: a strong illustration of the folly of getting up, too soon. However, when it must be, the admirable *a, b, c*, can conquer even distasteful fasting, as they can everything else, whether they act together or singly: with the help of this *æs triplex*, my littleness has fought its way very comfortably through the world, as I hope it will continue to do, without any great injury accruing, or being likely to accrue, to my vanity, my sense of honour, or my sense of duty.

Being, in addition, half poet and half enthusiast, even the courage of rashness was not unknown to me in my youthful days; notwithstanding which, it is possible that, without my *a, b, c*, I might have run away when it was dangerous to stay.

Now that I have grown up a civilised man, I observe one peculiar shade. In danger, I think far less, sometimes not at all, of the danger itself; but I am *afraid of my fear*; that is, I am afraid that others should observe I am not quite so much at my ease, as my vanity and my sense of honour (duty has nothing to do with it) require I should be. At the very moment of danger, this feeling, as well as every other that can be called anxiety, ceases of itself; because action makes stronger claims on the spirit's strength, and the weaker affections fall naturally into the background. This weakness (for such it certainly is) of extreme anxiety respecting the opinion of men, is so characteristic of me, that I feel it continually whenever I am called upon to do anything that brings me under observation,—for example, whether I make a speech, act a part, or encounter mortal danger. Herewith must not, however, be reckoned more or less physical excitement, or when natural impulses such as I, II, III, come into play. I can, without boasting, affirm, with a good conscience, that the mortal danger is, in relation to the others, the lightest of the three; and you will laugh when I tell you, that the strongest fit of timidity that ever seized upon me was, absurdly enough, on one occasion when I was to *sing* in public!—an unlucky passion that possessed me at one time in my foolish life, and which I renounced merely out of vexation at this ridiculous bashfulness. If I were writing about another, I should, out of civility, call such a disposition, only an exaggerated sense of honour,—at most vanity, well-founded vanity. But I dare not flatter myself, and therefore I give it its true name,—the fear of men; for bashfulness is a part of fear, as audacity is of courage, but of courage, so to say, without soul, consequently without dignity, as bashfulness is fear without shame. It must not be overlooked that the greatest courage cannot, at the bottom, dispense with audacity, and the greatest men in profane history possessed it. It is, however, one of the greatest gifts for the world; and many deceive through their whole lives, by the help of audacity alone. It is not necessary to say that it must, however, be coupled with understanding, and so applied as we must in public go decently clothed. I am sorry that I have it not, and can only obtain it by artificial means; but it appears to me of so much importance, that I am half inclined, dear Schefer, to favour you with a second dissertation, if it were not a principal maxim of my book and letter-writing trade not to give too much of what is valuable. You are quit for the fear this time; and, as you are but too well acquainted with me, I see you smile, and hear you distinctly exclaim, "Another fancy-piece to look like truth." My dear Schefer, a good conjurer shows all the cards, and yet you only see what he pleases to let you. You and the Secret Society understand me. Like Wallenstein, I keep my last word *in petto*. This is my last but one.

THE SONG OF THE COVER.

(NOT A SPORTING ONE.)

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR. —I have been for some time troubled by a slight longing to illustrate the title-page (or rather the Cover and its pretty *pages*) of the Miscellany. Today I was taken suddenly worse with this desperate symptom of the *cacoethes scribendi*, but at length being safely delivered of the following doggrel, you will be glad to hear that I am now "as well as can be expected."

THE SONG OF THE COVER.

"SING a song of half-a-crown—
Lay it out this minute:
Buy the book, for half the town
Want to know what's in it.
Had you all the cares of Job,
You'd then forget your troubles,"
Cried Cupid, seated on the globe,
Busy blowing bubbles.

Rosy Summer, pretty Spring,
See them scattering flowers—
"Catch who can!" the song they sing:
Hearts-ease fall in showers.
Autumn, tipsy with the grape,
Plays a pipe and tabor;
Winter imitates the ape,
Mocking at his neighbour.

Bentley, Boz, and Cruikshank, stand,
Like expectant reelers—
"Music!"—"Play up!"—pipe in hand,
Beside the *fluted* pillars!
Boz and Cruikshank want to dance,
None for frolic riper,
But Bentley makes the first advance,
Because he "pays the piper."

"Then sing a song of half-a-crown,
And make a merry race on't
To buy the book, all London town;
There's wit upon the *face* on't.
Had you all the cares of Job,
You'd then forget your troubles,"
Cried Cupid, seated on the globe,
Busy blowing bubbles.

[Pg 403]

THE COBBLER OF DORT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEPHISTOPHELES IN ENGLAND."

"Oh! the world's nothing more than a cobbler's stall,
Stitch, stitch, hammer, hammer, hammer!
And mankind are the boots and the shoes on the wall;
Stitch, stitch, hammer, hammer, hammer!
The great and the rich
Never want a new stitch;
They fit like a glove before and behind,
Are polished and neat, and always well lined,
And thus wear till they come to life's ending:
But the poor and the mean
Are not fit to be seen,—
They are things that none would borrow or steal,
Are out at the toes, and down at the heel,
And are always beyond any mending.
So the world's nothing more than a cobbler's stall,
Stitch, stitch, hammer, hammer, hammer!
And mankind are the boots and the shoes on the wall;
Stitch, stitch, hammer, hammer, hammer!"

"Jacob!—Jacob Kats, I say!" exclaimed a shrill female voice.

"Stitch, stitch, hammer, hammer, hammer!" continued the singer.

"Are you deaf, mynheer?"

"And mankind are the boots and the shoes on the wall."

"Do leave off your singing, and open the door; the burgomaster will be angry that I have stayed so long."

"Stitch, stitch, hammer, hammer, hammer!"

"You are enough to provoke the most patient girl in Dort. Open the door, Jacob Kats! Open the door this instant, or you shall never have any more work from me!"

"Ya?" drawled the cobbler interrogatively, as he slowly opened the door of his stall.

"Is this the way you behave to your customers, mynheer?" asked a smartly-dressed, plump-faced, pretty little woman, in rather a sharp tone;—"keeping them knocking at the door till you please to open it? It's not respectful to the burgomaster, Jacob Kats!"

"Ya!" replied the mender of leather.

"Here, I want you to do this very neatly," said the girl, producing a small light shoe, and pointing to a place that evidently wanted repairing.

"Ya!" said Jacob Kats, examining with professional curiosity the object spoken of.

"The stitches have broken away, you see; so you must fill up the place they have left, with your best workmanship," she continued.

"Ya!" he responded.

"And mind you don't make a botch of it, mynheer!"

"Ya!"

"And let me have it in an hour, for the burgomaster has given me leave to go to a dance."

"Ya!"

"And be sure you make a reasonable charge."

"Ya."

"I shall be back in an hour," said the little woman, as she opened the door to let herself out of the stall; "and I shall expect that it will be ready by that time:" and away she went. "Ya!" replied Jacob for the last time, as he prepared to set briskly about the job, knowing that his fair customer was too important a personage to be disappointed. "It is not every cobbler that can boast of being employed by a burgomaster's nursery-maid," thought Jacob; and Jacob was right.

Now every one knows what sort of character a cobbler is; but a Dutch cobbler is the *beau idéal* of the tribe, and the cobbler of Dort deserved to be king of all the cobblers in Holland. He was the finest specimen of "the profession" it was possible to meet with; a profession, by-the-by, which his forefathers from time immemorial had followed, for none of them had ever been, or ever aspired to be, shoemakers. Jacob could not be said to be tall, unless a height of five feet one is so considered. His body was what is usually called "punchy;" his head round like a ball, so that it appeared upon his shoulders like a Dutch cheese on a firkin of butter; and his face, having been well seamed by the ravages of the small-pox, closely resembled a battered nutmeg-grater, with a tremendous gap at the bottom for a mouth, a fiery excrescence just above it, for a nose, and two dents, higher still, in which were placed a pair of twinkling eyes. It will easily be understood from this description, that our hero was by no means handsome; but his father and his grandfather before him, had been remarkable for the plainness of their looks, and therefore Jacob had no earthly reason to desire to put a better face on his business than his predecessors. Much cannot be said of his dress, which had little in it differing from that of other cobblers. A red woollen cap ornamented his head,—a part of his person that certainly required some decoration; long sleeves, of a fabric which could only be guessed at, in consequence of their colour, cased his arms; half-a-dozen waistcoats of various materials covered the upper part of his body; and his nether garments were hid under an immense thick leather apron,—a sort of heir-loom of the family.

But Jacob had other *habits* beside these; he drank much—he smoked more—and had an equal partiality for songs and pickled herrings. Alone, which is something like a paradox, he was the most sociable fellow in existence; he sang to himself, he talked to himself, he drank to himself, and was evidently on the most friendly terms with himself: but when any one made an addition to the society, he became the most reserved of cobblers; monosyllables were all he attempted to utter; nor had he any great variety of these, as may have been observed in the preceding dialogue. His stall was his kingdom; he swayed his hammer, and ruled his lapstone vigorously; and, as other absolute monarchs have done,—in his subjects he found his *tools*. His place of empire was worthy of its ruler. It had originally been an outhouse, belonging to one of those low Gothic-looking dwellings with projecting eaves and bow windows that may be seen in the unfashionable parts of most Dutch towns; and its interior, besides a multitude of objects belonging to the trade, contained a variety of other matters peculiar to himself. Such spaces on the wells as were not hidden from view by superannuated boots and shoes, were covered with coloured prints from designs by Ostade, Teniers, and others, representing boors drinking, playing at cards or at bowls, and similar subjects. On a heavy three-legged stool, the throne of the dynasty of the Kats, sat the illustrious Jacob, facing the window to receive all the advantages the light could give: before him were the paraphernalia of his vocation: on one side was a curious old flask, smelling strongly of genuine Schiedam, which invariably formed "a running accompaniment" to his labours; and on the other was an antique pipe, short in the stem, and having a bowl on which the head of a satyr had been carved, but constant use for several generations had made the material so black, that it might have been taken for the frontispiece of a more objectionable personage.

Jacob Kats had been diligently waxing some flax preparatory to commencing the repairs of the burgomaster's nursery-maid's shoe, occasionally stopping in his task to moisten his throat with

the contents of the flask, which, either from a prodigal meal of pickled herrings having made him more thirsty than usual, or the Schiedam appearing more excellent, had been raised to his mouth so often that day, that it had tinged his nose to a more luminous crimson, and had given to his eyes a more restless twinkling, than either had known for some time; when, having prepared his thread, laid it carefully on his knee ready for immediate use, and placed the object on which his skill was to be exercised close at hand, he turned his attention to his pipe,—it being an invariable rule of his progenitors never to attempt anything of importance without first seeking the stimulating influence of the Virginian weed. On examining his stock of tobacco, he discovered that he had barely enough for one pipe.

"Donner und blitzen! no more? Bah! I wish to the Teufel my pipe would never want refilling," exclaimed the cobbler of Dort, filling the bowl with the remains of the tobacco; and then, having ignited it with the assistance of flint, steel, and German tinder, puffed away at the tube, consoling himself with the reflection that, when his labour was done, he should be able to procure a fresh supply. He smoked and stitched, and stitched and smoked, and smoked and stitched again, and, while his fumigations kept pace with his arms, his thoughts were by no means idle; for, to tell the exact truth, he became conscious of a flow of ideas more numerous and more ambitious than he had ever previously conceived. Among other notions which hurried one another through his pericranium, was one particularly interesting to himself. He thought it was high time to attempt something to prevent the ancient family of the Kats becoming extinct, as he was now on the shady side of forty, enjoying in single blessedness the dignities of Cobbler of Dort, and, if such a state continued, stood an excellent chance of being the last of his name who had filled that honourable capacity. He could not help condemning the taste of the girls of his native town, who had never looked favourably upon his advantages: even Maria Van Bree, a fair widow who had signified her affection every day for fifteen years by repeating a joke upon his nose, only last week had blighted his dearest hopes by marrying an old fellow with no nose at all. Jacob thought of his solitary condition, and fancied himself miserable. He became sentimental. His stitches were made with a melancholy precision, and in the intensity of his affliction he puffed his miserable pipe; but, as song was the medium through which he always expressed his emotions, his grief was not tuneless: in tones that, without any exaggeration, were wretched to a degree, he sung the following exquisite example of Dutch sentiment:

"Ach! had ik tranen kon ik schreijen,
De smart knaagt mij het leven af;
Neen wanhoop spaargeen folte ringen,
Stort bij Maria mij in't graf."

Which is most appropriately rendered thus:

"Ah! had I tears, so fast they'd spring,
Nought from these eyes the flood could wipe out;
But had I songs, I could not sing,—
The false Maria's put my pipe out."

The conclusion of this pathetic verse brought to his mind the extraordinary circumstance of his pipe (the one he had been smoking) continuing to be vigorously puffed long after it had usually required replenishing. He might have exhausted three in the same time. He also became conscious of a curious burning sensation spreading from immediately under his red cap to the very extremities of his ten toes. The smoke he inhaled seemed very hot; and the alarm which his observations on these matters created was considerably increased by hearing a roar of small shrill laughter burst from under his very nose!

"Donner und blitzen!" exclaimed the bewildered cobbler, as he took the pipe out of his mouth and looked around him to discover from whence the sounds proceeded.

"Smoke away, old boy! Smoke away! You won't smoke me out in a hurry, I can tell ye."

Jacob directed his eyes to the place from whence came this strange address, and his astonishment may be imagined at perceiving that *the words were uttered by his pipe!* The ill-looking, black satyr, carved on the bowl, seemed to cock his eye at him in the most impertinent manner, twisted his mouth into all sorts of diabolical grimaces, and laughed till the tears ran down his sooty cheeks. Jacob was, as he himself expressed it, "struck all of a heap."

"You know you wished to the Teufel your pipe would never require refilling," said the voice as plainly as it could, while laughing all the time; "so your desire is now gratified. You may smoke me till the day of judgement."

Jacob, in fear and trembling, recalled to mind his impious wish; and even his regret for having been jilted by the widow Van Bree was forgotten in the intensity of his alarm.

"Smoke away, Jacob Kats!—I'm full of capital tobacco," continued the little wretch, with a chuckle.

The terrified cobbler was thinking of refusing, yet too much afraid of the consequences; while his tormentor, distorting his hideous features into a more abominable grin, shrieked out in his shrill treble,

"You *must* smoke me—no use refusing *now!* Here I am, old boy, with a full bowl that will never burn out—never, never, never! so you'd best smoke." And then, as if noticing his indecision, he exclaimed, with a fresh burst of horrid laughter, "Well, if you won't, I'll make you: so, here goes!"

and, before his wretched victim was aware of the manoeuvre, he jumped stem foremost into his mouth.

"Now, smoke away, old boy, or worse will follow!" said the little satyr threateningly.

Jacob was in such a state of fright that he did not dare to refuse; but the first mouthful of smoke he inhaled seemed to choke him, as if it was the burning flames of sulphur, and, gasping for breath, he brushed the pipe from his mouth.

"Smoke away, Jacob!—capital tobacco!" screamed the voice in a roar of more fiendish mirth, as he immediately regained his position. In vain, with one hand after the other, the miserable cobbler knocked the pipe from between his teeth: as fast as he struck it away, it returned to the same place. "Smoke away, old boy!" continued his unrelenting enemy, as often as his fits of laughter would allow. "Smoke away!—capital tobacco!"

Jacob Kats seemed in despair, when, casting his eyes upon his lapstone, a way of getting rid of the accursed pipe presented itself to his mind. He threw down the grinning demon on the floor, and with his lapstone raised above his head was about to crush it at a blow. "Smoke away, old boy!" fixing itself again firmly between his teeth, before Jacob had time to put his intention into execution, jeeringly continued the detested voice; "smoke away!—capital tobacco!"

With one great effort, such as great minds have recourse to on great occasions. Jacob let fall the stone, with a vigorous grasp caught hold of the grinning pipe, and, as he thought, before it could make a guess as to what he was about to do, dashed it into a thousand pieces upon the lapstone at his feet.

"Donner und blitzen!" cried the delighted cobbler; "I have done for you now!"

Alas for all sublunary pleasures!—alas for all worldly convictions!—instead of his enemy being broken into a thousand pieces, it was multiplied into a thousand pipes,—every one a facsimile of the original, each possessing the same impertinent cock of the eye, each disclosing the same satirical twist of the mouth, and all laughing like a troop of hyenas, and shouting in chorus, "Smoke away! smoke away, old boy!—capital tobacco!"

The patience of a Dutchman may be great, but the concentrated patience of all Holland could not stand unmoved on so trying an occasion as that which occurred to Jacob Kats. He saw his multitudinous tormentors form into regular rank and file, and then, as if his mouth had been a breach which he had "armed to the teeth," they presented their stems like so many bayonets, and charged in military fashion, screaming, laughing, and shouting, in a manner sufficiently terrible to scare the senses out of all the cobblers in Christendom. Slowly the trembling wretch retreated before the threatening phalanx; but he was surrounded—his back was against the wall—there was no escape; and with one leap the enemy were in the citadel. Extraordinary as it may appear, Jacob did not lose his presence of mind. As they were all jostling, and giggling, and crying out to be smoked, the unconquered cobbler firmly grasped the whole mass of his foes in both his hands to make a last attempt at their destruction, by throwing them into a tub of water, in which he soaked his leather, that happened to be just within reach; but, in a manner inexplicable to him, he felt that the more vigorously he grasped them in a body, the more rapidly they seemed to shrink from his touch, till nothing was left but the original pipe, which suddenly slipped out of his hands.

"Well then, you *won't* smoke me," coolly remarked the sooty demon;—"but," added he, in tones that made the marrow in Jacob's bones turn cold as ice, "I'LL SMOKE YOU!"

While the last of the family of the Kats was reflecting upon the meaning of those mysterious words, to his increasing horror he observed the well-smoked features of the satyr gradually swell into an enormous bulk of countenance, as the same process of enlargement transformed the stem into legs, arms, and body, proportionately huge and terrific; but the monstrous face still wore its original expression, and seemed to the unhappy Dutchman as if he was looking at the cock of his eye through a microscope. Without saying a word, the monster, with the finger and thumb of his right hand, caught up Jacob Kats by the middle, just as an ordinary man would take up an ordinary pipe, and with his left hand twisted one of his victim's legs over the other, as if they had been made of wax, till they came to a tolerable point at the foot; then, taking from a capacious pocket at his side a moderate-sized piece of tobacco, with the utmost impudence imaginable, he rubbed it briskly upon Jacob's unfortunate nose, which, as would any fiery nose under such circumstances, was burning with indignation; and the weed immediately igniting, as the poor cobbler lay with his head down gasping for breath, he thrust the flaming mass into his mouth, extended a pair of jaws that looked like the lock of the Grand Canal, quietly raised Jacob's foot between them, and immediately began to smoke with the energy of a steam-engine! Miserable Jacob Kats!—what agonies he endured! At every whiff the inhuman smoker took, he could feel the narcotic vapour, hot as a living coal, drawn rapidly down his throat, through his veins and out at his toes, to be puffed in huge volumes out of the monster's mouth, till the place was filled with the smoke. Jacob felt that his teeth were red-hot,—that his tongue was a cinder,—and big drops of perspiration coursed each other down his burning cheeks, like the waves of the Zuyder Zee on the shore when the tide's running up. Jacob looked pitiably at his tormentor, and thought he discerned a glimpse of relenting in the atrocious ugliness of his physiognomy. He unclosed his enormous jaws, and removed from them the foot of his victim. The cobbler of Dort congratulated himself on the approach of his release.

"Jacob Kats, my boy!" exclaimed the giant, in that quiet patronising kind of voice all great men affect, carelessly balancing Jacob on his finger and thumb at a little distance from his mouth, as he threw out a long wreath of acrid smoke; "Jacob, you are a capital pipe,—there's no denying

that. You smoke admirably,—take my word for it;" and then, without a word of pity or consolation, he resumed his unnatural fumigations with more fierceness than ever. Jacob had behaved like a martyr,—he had shown a spirit worthy of the Kats in their best days; but the impertinence of such conduct was not to be endured. He would a minute since have allowed himself to have been dried into a Westphalia ham, to which state he had been rapidly progressing, but the insult he had just received had roused the dormant spirit of resistance in his nature; and, while every feature in his tyrant's smoky face seemed illuminated with a thousand sardonic grins, having no better weapon at hand, Jacob hastily snatched the red cap off his head, and, taking deliberate aim at his persecutor, flung it bang into the very cock of his eye. The monster opened his jaws to utter a yell of agony, and down came the head of Jacob Kats upon the floor, that left him without sense or motion.

[Pg
409]

How long the cobbler of Dort remained in this unenviable situation it is impossible to say, but he was first recalled to consciousness by a loud knocking at the door of his stall.

"Jacob! Jacob Kats!" exclaimed the well-known voice of his fair customer, in a tone of considerable impatience; and Jacob, raising himself on his elbows, discovered that he had fallen back off his stool; and the empty flask at his side, and the unfinished work on his lap, while they gave him a tolerably correct notion of his condition, did not suggest any remedy for the fatal consequences of disappointing the burgomaster's nursery-maid. It is only necessary to add, that, with considerable difficulty, he managed to satisfy his important patroness; but, to the very day of his death, Jacob, who proved to be the last of the long dynasty of Kats who enjoyed the dignity inseparable from the situation of Cobbler of Dort, could not, with any degree of satisfaction, make up his mind as to whether the strange effects he had that eventful day experienced had been caused by extraordinary indulgence in the luxury of pickled herrings,—or too prodigal allowance of Schiedam,—or intense disappointment for the loss of the widow Van Bree.

AN EPIGRAM.

On Sabbath morn two sisters rise,
And each to chapel goes;
Fair Caroline to close her eyes,
And Jane to eye her clothes (close).

ANOTHER.

All Flora's friends have died, it seems, before her:—
I wish my wife had been a friend of Flora!

[Pg 410]

HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM THE GREEK OF MUSÆUS.

The lamp that saw the lovers side by side
In furtive clasp; the swimmer bold o' nights;
The close embrace Aurora never spied,
Sing Muse! and Sestos, nest of their delights,
Where Hero watched, and Eros had his rites
Duly performed. My song is of Leander,
And lovingly the beacon-lamp requites,
Which lured him o'er the ocean's back to wander,
Sweet Hero's message-light, love's harbinger and pandar.

Zeus should have placed that signal-light above,
(Their love-race ended) 'mid the constellations,
And called its name the bridal star of love,
As minister of rapture's keen sensations,
The cresset, by whose aid they found occasions
Of sleepless nights—till blew the fatal blast.
Come, Muse! and join with me in lamentations
For that clear night, by which love's bidding past,
And for Leander's life, extinguished both at last.

Sestos is opposite Abydos, near
And neighbour cities—parted by the sea:
Love with one arrow scorched a virgin there,
And here a youth; the fairest Hero she,
The handsome bachelor, Leander, he.
Stars of their cities, but resembling each
The other. Sestos keeps her memory
Where Hero's lamp was wont his way to teach,
And for Leander moans Abydos' sullen beach.

Whence grew Leander's passion? Whence again
Did the same fire sweet Hero's heart devour?
Priestess of Cypris, and of noble strain,
Untaught in Hymen's rites, and of love's power
Unconscious, Hero in a sea-side tower,
An ancient and ancestral pile, was dwelling,—
Another Cypris, but a virgin flower,
In sensitive white purity excelling,
The slander and the touch of license rude repelling.

She went not where the light-foot choir assembled,
Shunned ribalds, and the breath that Envy blew,
(The fair hate those are fairer,) and she trembled
At thought of young Love's quiver,—for she knew
His mother favoured every shaft he drew;
Prayers to the mother, and with girlish art
Cates to the son she offered: nathless flew
From the sly urchin's bow the fire-plumed dart
Straight to its destined mark, the maiden's trembling heart.

What time came round the Sestian festival,
Sacred to Cypris, and her Syrian fere,
All who inhabited the coronal
Of sparkling isles their way to Sestos steer;
Some from Emonia gather far and near;
Others from Cyprus; in Cythera now
No woman stays; in Sestos now appear
The Phrygian, and the dancer on the brow
Of spicy Lebanon, as thereto bound by vow.

[Pg 411]

Thither the virgin-hunters thick repair,
As is their wont; a rash and reckless race,
Whose prayers are only offered to the fair.
There moved our Hero with majestic pace;
A star-like glory scattered from her face
Sparkles of light, as when the moon discloses
Among the stars her cheek's clear-shining grace;
Like a twin-rose, one white, one red, reposes
On either snow-white cheek the blushing bloom of roses.

You'd say her limbs were rose-buds; for a light
Of rose-like hues fell from them; you might see
The rose-blush on her feet and ankles white;
And from her limbs with every movement free
Flowed many graces: they who feigned them three
Said falsely, for in Hero's laughing eyes
A thousand graces budded. Such was she—
Fit priestess of the beauty of the skies,
For without question hers was mortal beauty's prize.

Into the young men's minds her beauty entered:
Who wished not loveliest Hero for his wife?
Where'er she paced the temple, still she centred
All eyes, hearts, wishes. "I have seen the strife
For beauty's prize in Lacedemon, rife
With virgins radiant, with love's dazzling splendour;
But never there, nor elsewhere in my life,
Saw I a girl so dignified, yet tender;
She surely is a Grace: Oh, would Queen Cypris lend her—

"Or give her me! I've tired, not filled mine eye
With gazing. Let me press her dainty side,
And die! A god's life on Olympus high
Would I refuse, had I that girl for bride:
But, since to me thy priestess is denied,
Queen! let my home with such a one be gladdened."
Thus spake one bachelor; another tried
To smile and mock, as tho' he were not saddened,
Hiding the secret wound, which all the time him maddened.

But thou, Leander, wouldst not hide the wound,
And vex thy secret soul; but when Desire
Surprised thee looking on the maid renowned,
Tamed by the sudden darts of arrowy fire,
Thou wouldst not live without her; fiercer, higher,
Flamed love's hot torch, and pierced into thy marrow,

Fed by her eye-beams. Loveliness, entire
And blameless, sharper is than any arrow,
Reaching the heart of man thro' channel sure tho' narrow.

The liquid fire from hers to his eye glides,
Thence passing inward, dives into his breast:
A sudden whirl of thoughts his mind divides;
Amazement at her loveliness confest;
Shame at himself soon caught; fear, love's unrest,
And hope, impatient for love's recompense;
But love to this delirious whirl gave zest,
And furnished him with resolute impudence
To venture, and outface that glorious innocence.

He turned on her askant his guileful eye,
With speechless nods the damsel's mind assailing:
She gladly saw his love, and silently
Her sweet face ever and anon was veiling,
And then with furtive nods her lover hailing,
Bowed to him in return. He with delight
Observed she saw, nor scorned his love. Then, trailing
His robe of beams, the Day departed quite,
(Leander watched the hour,) and rose the star of night.

[Pg 412]

Nor, when he saw the dark-robed mist, he lingered,
But hastened boldly to the maid beloved,
And with a sigh her rosy palm he fingered.
But, drawing back her hand, the virgin moved
In silence from th' intruder; unreprieved,
For he had seen her nods, and they were kind,
He pulled her broidered robe, and, as behoved,
He drew her gently to the gloom behind:
She slowly followed him, as if against her mind.

And then with art and language feminine
She threatened him:—"Why pullest me, lewd ranger?
Pursue thy way, I beg, and leave me mine.
To touch a priestess is a deed of danger;
A virgin's bed is not for any stranger."
She spake as virgins should; and yet she missed
To frighten him, who reckoned soon to change her,
When he her chiding heard; for well he wist
That women chide the most when they would fain be kissed.

Kissing her polished, fragrant neck, he cries:
"After the fairest Cytherea, fair!
And after the most wise Athena, wise!
For with Jove's daughters thee will I compare,
And not with any dames that mortal are;
Happy thy father! happy she who bore thee!
But hear, and pardon, and accept my prayer;
I come for love; for love I now implore thee;
Perform love's ministry with me, for I adore thee.

"A virgin priestess to the Cyprian Queen!
No grace in virgins Cytherea trows;
To marriage only point her rites, I ween;
Then if to her thy heart true service vows,
Accept me for thy lover and thy spouse,
Whom Eros hunted as a spoil for thee.
As Hermes of the gold-wand (Fame allows)
Led Hercules to serve Queen Omphale,
So Cytherea now, not Hermes, leadeth me.

"The tale of Atalantis too is known,
Who fled the couch of Prince Milanion,
To keep her virgin flower; but wrath was shewn
By Cypris, who, for scorn to marriage done,
Him once she loved not, made her dote upon:
Beware lest thou too anger her." Commenting
Thus cunningly, the maiden's ear he won,
And willing mind, to dulcet words consenting,
To love's soft eloquence, that genders love, relenting.

In silence on the ground she fixed her eyes,
And gently turned aside her glowing cheek,

And shuffled her small feet, and modest-wise
Drew round her graceful neck, and bosom sleek,
Her robe yet closer. These are signs that speak;
A virgin's silence ever means consent;
The bitter-sweet of love was hers, and eke
The glow of heart, hopeful, but not content,
While yet the thoughts are lost in love's first wonderment.

[Pg 413]

This for Leander gentle Hero felt;
But, while she downward looked, his greedy eyes
Fed on her neck. With words that dew-like melt,
While blossom on her cheek the moist red dies
Of modesty, she says: "Such power there lies
In thy sweet eloquence, that it might move
The flinty rock; who taught the harmonies
Of such enticing words? What impulse drove
Thee hither? Who thy guide? Oh was it, was it Love?"

"Perchance thou mockest me; but how canst thou,
A stranger and unknown, my love enjoy?
I never can be thine by open vow;
My parents shut me up. Can we employ
Art for our secret, love? Oh, men destroy
Who trust them! ever babbling in the street
Of what they do in secret. Wilt decoy
A trusting heart to ruin? yet, as meet,
Speak truth; thy fatherland and name to me repeat.

"My name is Hero; my abode is lonely,
A tower that lifts its echoes to the sky,
For so my parents will; one handmaid only
Dwells with me there; no choirs e'er court mine eye,
Nor friends of equal years. The shores close by
Rebellow; night and day the roaring tide
Rings in mine ears, and eke the clanging cry
Of the sea-winds." She spake, and sought to hide,
Shamefaced, her rosy cheek, her words to chide.

Leander then did with himself advise,
How in love's contest he might best contend;
For wily Love, though wont to tyrannise,
Heals whom he wounds, and ever loves to lend
His subjects wit, their counsellor and friend.
He helped Leander, then, who deeply sighed,
And said: "Dear virgin! for our wished-for end
I dauntless on the rugged surge will ride,
Tho' in it ships be whelmed, and o'er it lightnings glide.

"Seeking thy bed, I tremble not, nor cower
At ocean's angry roar and frightful front:
A dripping bed-mate, nightly to thy tower
Will I swim o'er the rapid Hellespont;
Abydos is not far from Hero's haunt.
But promise me to shew a lamp, to be
My nightly star; and it shall be my wont,
E'en like a ship, to swim across the sea,
Thy lamp the blessed star that guides my course to thee.

"And, watching it, I ne'er will turn mine eye on
Setting Boötes, nor th' unwetted Wain,
Nor on the sworded, storm-engirt Orion,
But, guided by the lamp, I soon shall gain
Safe anchorage and sweet. Strict guard maintain
Against the blasts, for fear my safety-light
They rudely quench, and in the howling main
I perish so. Leander am I hight,
And Hero's happy spouse." Thus they their love-vows plight.

She from her tower to shew a lamp agrees,
And he from the swelling waves at night to cleave:
Then to her tower the anxious maiden flees,
While he must in a pinnacle Sestos leave,
And in Abydos wait till he receive
The promised signal, his appointed guide,
When he must swim, not sail. Till they achieve
Love's celebration, rest is them denied.

[Pg 414]

Haste, Night! and canopy the bridegroom and the bride.

In veil of darkness Night ran up the sky,
Bringing on sleep, but not for Hero's lover;
He, where the swelling waves roared mightily,
For by the shore, stood waiting to discover
The lamentable lamp that lured him over—
To death at last. But Hero, seaward turning,
Perceived the gloom, and for her ocean-rover
Kindled the signal; but on his discerning
Its promised flame, he burned with love, as that was burning.

At first he trembled at the ringing roar
Of the mad surge, but with the soothing spell
Of hopeful words took courage; "What is more
Cruel than love, or more implacable
Than ocean? in moist ruin this doth swell;
That in the heart, a burning furnace, raves.
Fear not, my soul! why shouldst thou fear the hell
Of waters? Aphrodite from the waves
Sprung, and rules over them, sways our love pains and saves."

He then put off his vest with playful glee,
And twined it round his head; and from the shore
Plunged fearlessly into the surf o' the sea;
And where the signal shone, he hastened o'er,
Ship, sail, and oars himself. But yet before
He reached his port, how oft the Sestian flower
Kept off the breezes with the robe she wore
From the trimmed lamp! It is her nuptial hour—
Leander comes at last, and now ascends her tower.

With a mute clasp she welcomed to her home
The panting youth, and to her chamber led,
While from his hair fast dropt the salt sea-foam:
She rubbed his limbs with rose-oil, and then led
Her lover to her virgin couch, and said,
Embracing him the while, and softly willing
"Enough of brine and odours which bred:
No bridegroom but thyself was ever willing
To run such risk, such toil none else but thou fulfilling.

"No longer lies our joy and us between
That envious sea—now lay thee down to rest."
Silence was there, and Night drew round her screen;
Their nuptial troth was by no minstrel blest;
The bridal pair were in no hymn address;
No choir danced round them; and no torches lightened
About the genial bed; no marriage guest
Led the gay dance; nor hymeneal heightened
The joy, approving it; no parent's smile there brightened.

Silence arranged the couch, and Darkness drew
The curtains; paranymp and bridemaids none
Had they beside. Aurora ne'er did view
Leander lying, when the night was done,
In Hero's arms. He was already gone,—
Already wishing for the night again.
The wife at night, by day a virgin shone.
As thought her parents wise; while she was fain,
Of night, to welcome him who made their wisdom vain.

Thus they enjoyed awhile their furtive pleasure,
He to his bed-mate nightly swimming o'er;
But soon their life's bloom fell, and scant their measure
Of bridal hours. When came the winter frore,
And brought the cold blast and the whirlwind's roar,
Sharp gusts the bottom of the deep confounding,
And lashing up the main from shore to shore,
Whirling and rushing, roaring and rebounding,
The watery paths above and shaken depths astounding—

What time a desperate pilot, who no more
Amid the waters wild his course could hold,
Had run his ship upon a fork o' the shore;
Not then the tempest checked Leander bold,

For Hero's signal-light her summons told.
Oh! cruel, faithless light of love! to scout him
On such a night! to plunge him in the cold
And hissing waves, that rudely toss and flout him!
Why could not Hero sleep, while winter raged, without him?

But love and fate compelled her; light of love,
Drawn by desire, she shewed not, but the black
Torch-gloom of fate. The winds collected drove
Volumes of gusty darts upon the track
Of the sea-broken shore; but on the back
Of raving ocean lost Leander went.
The water stood in heaps; with fearful crack
The winds ran counter, and were madly blent,
Rushing from every side, in wildest minglement.

Wave upon wave! ocean with ether mixt!
Mighty the crash! How could Leander ride on
The monstrous whirl? Sore tost, he one while fixt
In prayer on Cypris, then on King Poseidon,
And e'en the fierce and frantic Boreas cried on,
Who then forgot his Atthis. Lover lorn!
None helped him, none! Love, whom he most relied on,
Averted not his fate; tost, tumbled, torn,
By every counter wave he was at random borne.

He can no longer ply his hands or feet;
Drench'd with the brine, his strength is failing fast;
On him the cruel waves remorseless beat;
The lamp is now extinguished by the blast,
And with it his young life and love at last:
But while the waves his lifeless body drove,
How many a glance poor Hero seaward cast!
In vain into the gloom her glances rove;
Her anxious thoughts a pool of spectred troubles move.

The morning came, nor yet Leander came!
Upon the sea's broad back her glance was thrown,
If haply, missing that unfaithful flame,
He wandered there; but soon she spied him strown
A mangled corse below. She tore her gown,
And shrieked, and for Leander madly cried,
And from the tower fell whizzing headlong down.
Thus, on her husband dead sweet Hero died,
And who were joined in life, then death did not divide.

[Pg 416]

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

"Signor Giacomo caro, non vi accorgete che sete un giovane senza pare? Nobile, bello, dotto, e robusto, ed alto quasi egualmente, or lingua or mano ad oprando, a dire e fare ogni bene?"

So, in or about the year of Grace 1582, wrote Sperone Speroni the Paduan, to James Crichton the Scotchman:

"Dear James, do you not know that you have no equal? Noble, handsome, learned, and robust,—equally apt to use the tongue or the hand,—to say or to do what is excellent?"

There cannot be the smallest doubt that James knew all this himself; and now, since the appearance of Mr. Ainsworth's romance, all the world knows it. Wherefore, as the Admirable has suddenly become an object of admiration, we are moved to say a few words about him.

A number of learned people, remarkable chiefly for the dullness of their learning, have on various occasions undertaken to prove the egregious quackery and pretension of the famous Scot. Such-like people are, naturally enough, given to such researches; for they cannot endure in any shape the rebuke of an obvious superiority. "How now, thou particular fellow?" said Jack Cade to the man who sought to recommend himself on the score of being able to write and read; and, "How now, thou particular fellow?" is the exclamation of plodding pedants to the illustrious Crichton, when, instead of approaching them covered with the dust of folios, he bounds into their presence beaming with grace and beauty, the idol of the gay and the young, the observed of all observers, crowned with the favours of women, and followed by the applauding shouts of men!

We are not pedants, and therefore we have faith in Crichton. How otherwise? In philosophy and learning was he not a Bayle's Dictionary? In the universality of his literary accomplishments, a perfect Bentley's Miscellany? Who shall impugn the opinions of the most classic time of

Scotland, or set up his dogmas against the generous acknowledgments of Italy in her golden day? And was not Crichton so beautiful in body only because he was in mind so beautiful;—for, where true beauty exists, who would separate body from mind? Shade of the Admirable, forgive your poor detractors, for the sake of the true worship your memory has inspired! It was natural that to the sight of many men, before whom in life you strode on so far, you should have dwindled in the distance; but now, after many years, you reappear again, graceful as ever in form, and wonderful in accomplishments. We hail you as we should some missing star that once more "swims into our ken!"

And what sort of fame is that, the reader possibly asks, which may seek from the hands of some novelist or romancer its privilege of continuance in the mouths of men? Let that reader first ask himself how many brilliant actions there are which pass away and are forgotten—while a thousandth part of the effort that produced them, embodied in a few words, might have lived for ever. It was the remark of an old writer, that words harden into substances, while bodies moulder away into air. Even Cæsar and Alexander weigh little in comparison with Virgil and Homer. Now Crichton might have been a Cæsar or an Alexander, if he had had legions at his back; or, without the legions, if his youth had been allowed to ripen into age. The great principle of his being was a stirring and irrepressible activity. His learning was as prodigious as his accomplishments; but how, in the short six or seven years of his public life, could he have exhibited them to the admiration of Europe, if he had set to work in the fashion of the schoolmen? With a probable forecast of his early doom, he bethought himself of a different way. He made up for the brevity of his life, by its brightness. He kindled all its fires at once. Resolved to abate no single particle of his brilliancy among the great men of his time, he rose at once to the topmost height of his possible achievements, careless whether he should fall among posterity, dark as a spent rocket, and recognizable by a few fragments of faded paper only. But what of that? What he designed to do, he did. He struck the blow he had desired to strike. And which of the Great Men has done more? How many have done lamentably less! We see the beauty and the learning of Crichton reflected back from the most intellectual minds of the greatest day that ever shone upon Scotland or Italy. What nobler mirror?

Justly Mr. Ainsworth remarks—"It is from the effect produced upon his contemporaries, and *such* contemporaries, that we can form a just estimate of the extent of Crichton's powers. By them he was esteemed a miracle of learning—*divinum planè juvenem*: and we have an instance in our own times of a great poet and philosopher, whose published works scarcely bear out the high reputation he enjoyed for colloquial ability. The idolized friend of Aldus Manutius, of Lorenzo Massa, Giovanni Donati, and Sperone Speroni, amongst the most accomplished scholars of their age,—the antagonist of the redoubted Arcangelus Mercenarius and Giacomo Mazzoni, men who had sounded all the depths of philosophy,—could not have been other than an extraordinary person." The allusion to Coleridge here is not altogether out of place. Coleridge, like Crichton, though in a humbler sphere, preferred prompt payment to the tardy waiting for posterity. With both it was in some sort necessary that the effort and the applause should go together. To Coleridge, for instance, so strong had this habit of excessive talking become, even the certainty of seeing what he wrote in print the next day was too remote a stimulus for his imagination; and it was a constant practice of his to lay aside his pen in the middle of an article, if a friend happened to drop in upon him, and to finish the subject more effectually aloud, so that the approbation of his hearer and the sound of his own voice might be co-instantaneous. But what would Coleridge have done, if, besides having to write an article for the Courier, in which he was to unravel some transcendentalism about humanity and universal brotherhood into a slavish support of the Allies—(a difficult task we admit),—if, besides this, the ball-room, the ladies' chamber, the hunting-fields, the riding-house, the lists at the Louvre, and some profoundly learned controversies with the doctors of Navarre or Padua, had all, nearly at the same instant, awaited him? Poor Coleridge would have died at twenty, untouched by opium, and unknown, except by the admiring testimonies of his less accomplished contemporaries.

Mr. Ainsworth has omitted, by-the-by, a very characteristic, and, we think, a very decisive opinion of Crichton, by the famous Joseph Scaliger. "He was a man of very wonderful genius," observes that laborious and self-satisfied person; "but he had something of the coxcomb about him. He wanted a little common sense." Here is an unbiassed opinion. What Joseph means by the coxcombry is obvious enough. Why, thinks Joseph, should a scholar have cheerfulness of blood? All the women ran after Crichton,—a most indecorous thing, and a certain evidence of coxcombry to a person who cannot get a woman to run after him,—"Nor were the young unmarried ladies," as Sir Thomas Urquhart remarks in his jewel of a book, "of all the most eminent places of Italy anything respected of one another, that had not either a lock of Crichton's hair, or a copy of verses of his composing." Who doubts his coxcombry, or that it was other than a very delightful thing in him?

A want of common sense, in Scaliger's notion, was probably an over supply of modesty. Nothing is so remarkable in Crichton as the modesty which in him united with the most perfect confidence. He proved that a coxcomb and a confident man may possess the truest modesty. There is a charming anecdote told of him at a great levee of learned men in Padua, where, having exposed the errors of the school of Aristotle with equal solidity, modesty, and acuteness, and perceiving that the enthusiasm of his audience was carrying them too far in admiration of himself, he suddenly changed his tone, assumed an extreme playfulness of manner, and declaimed in exquisite phrase upon the *happiness of ignorance*. Nothing could have been so perfectly devised to self-check any exuberance of pride. But in all things his modesty was remarkable, when taken in connexion with his extraordinary powers. Observe it in the circumstance of his melancholy death, where a romantic sense of what was due to his prince and

master induced him to throw aside his unmatched skill, and present himself naked and defenceless to the dagger of an assassin. This was not weakness in Crichton. Himself the descendant of rulers of the earth, of princes and bishops,—(shall we ever forget that perfect model of ecclesiastical fitness, Bishop George Crichton of Dunkeld, "a man nobly disposed, very hospitable, and a magnificent housekeeper, but in matters of religion not much skilled"?)—a weak and unmanly feeling would have given him presumption, not deference,—would have thrown insult in the face of Gonzaga, and not ill-required chivalry at his feet.

But what more need we say of Crichton? Have not three volumes of brilliant writing been just devoted to the delineation of two days of his matchlessly brilliant life? We may refer the reader, whether he is curious after the Admirable Crichton, or after his own amusement solely, to William Harrison Ainsworth's last romance. An expression of character equally poetic and dramatic, a rich glow of colouring which diffuses itself through every part of the work, and a generally easy and effective style, have secured for this book a high and permanent place in the literature of fiction.



R B Sheridan

MEMOIRS OF SHERIDAN.

[Pg 419]

Though it may appear paradoxical to say so, yet there is no more melancholy reading than the biography of a celebrated wit. In nine out of ten cases, what is such a memoir other than a record of acute suffering, the almost inseparable attendant of that thoughtless and mercurial temperament which cannot, or will not, conform to the staid usages society; which makes ten enemies where it makes one friend; is engaged in a constant warfare with common sense, and lives for the day, letting the morrow shift for itself? Instances there are of prosperous wits, such as Congreve, Pope, and some others that we could mention, whose singular tact and provident habits have preserved them from the usual fate of their fraternity; but these instances are rare: the majority, though enjoying, it is true, their sunny hours, and realising for a brief season their most brilliant hopes, have struggled through life a prey to the bitterest disappointments.

The life of Sheridan will go far to verify these cursory remarks. No wit ever enjoyed more intoxicating successes, or suffered more humiliating reverses. He had frequent opportunities of realising a handsome independence; but, with that recklessness and inattention to the business of life peculiar to such natures as his, he flung away all his chances, and died a beggar, deserted by almost all his old associates, his celebrity on the wane, and his character under a cloud. Never was there a more impressive homily than his death-bed inculcates; it speaks to the heart, like the closing scene of "great Villiers," and is worth all the sermons that ever were preached from the pulpit.

Many, however, of poor Sheridan's defects seem to have descended to him as a sort of heirloom from his ancestors. His grandfather, Dr. Sheridan, the friend and butt of Swift, though an

amiable, was a singularly reckless and improvident man; and his father, the well-known teacher of elocution, is mentioned more than once by Johnson as being remarkable for nothing so much as his "wrong-headedness." It is but justice, however, to this individual to state, that by fits and starts he paid every attention to his son's education that his straitened means and capricious temper would allow. In the year 1758, when young Sheridan had just completed his seventh year, he sent him to a private school in Dublin, whence, at the expiration of fourteen months, he brought him over with him to England, and placed him at Harrow, under the care of Dr. Sumner. From this period to the day of his death, the subject of our memoir never again beheld his native city.

Sheridan had not been long at Harrow when he attracted the favourable notice of Dr. Parr, at that time one of the head-masters of the establishment, who, perceiving in him unquestionable evidences of superior capacity, did all he could to stimulate him to exertion. But his endeavours were fruitless, for the boy was incorrigibly idle, though a general favourite by reason of his good-humour and the social turn of his mind,—and left Harrow at the age of eighteen, with a slender amount of Latin and less Greek, but at the same time with a very fair acquaintance with the lighter branches of English literature.

In the year 1770, Sheridan accompanied his family to Bath, which was then what Cheltenham and Brighton now are,—the head-quarters of gaiety and dissipation. Here he promptly signalled himself, after the usual Irish fashion, by an elopement and two duels; thus literally fighting his way to celebrity! The young lady who was the cause of these sprightly sallies was Miss Linley, daughter of the eminent musician of that name, and one of the most beautiful women of her day. At the time when Sheridan first became acquainted with her she was but sixteen, the favourite vocalist at the Bath concerts, and the standing toast of all the wits and gallants of the city. It is to the impassioned feelings which the charms of this lovely girl called forth in his breast that we owe our hero's first decided plunge into unequivocal poetry. Having on one occasion—for the families of the young couple were in habits of strict intimacy—presumed to offer her some sober counsel, she resented his officiousness, and a quarrel took place between them, which was not made up till Sheridan sent some stanzas of a most penitential character, by way of a peace-offering. We subjoin a specimen or two of this poem, which evinces unquestionable feeling, but is deformed, as was the fashion of those days, by tawdry and puerile conceits:

Oh, this is the grotto where Delia reclined,
As late I in secret her confidence sought;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-covered stone,
And tell me, thou willow, with leaves dripping dew,
Did Delia seem vexed when Horatio was gone,
And did she confide her resentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel,
To hint how she frowned when I dared to advise,
And sighed when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow;
She frowned, but no rage in her looks could I see;
She frowned, for reflection had clouded her brow;
She sighed, but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of woe,
I tell thee no rage in her looks I could see;
I cannot, I will not, believe it was so;
She was not, she could not, be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong;
It sank at the thought but of giving her pain;
But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,
Which erred from the feelings it could not explain.

Sentimental poetry, it is well known, has a great effect in softening the female heart; and Sheridan soon succeeded in sonnetteering Miss Linley into sympathy. He had, however, a sturdy opponent to contend against in the person of Captain Mathews, a married man, of specious address and persevering gallantry. This *roué* beset the fair vocalist in every possible way, and, when mildly but firmly repulsed, threw out a menace of attacking her good fame. Alarmed at this unmanly threat, and at the consequences of her father's indignation should the captain's dishonourable proposals become known to him, Miss Linley had recourse to Sheridan, who instantly advised her to accept of his escort to France, where he promised that he would place her under the secure protection of a convent. With some hesitation she complied with his advice, assisted not a little in her resolution by the repugnance which she had long entertained to her profession; and the parties set out for Calais, accompanied by a third person, a female, by way of chaperon.

On reaching the place of their destination, Sheridan at once threw off the mask of the friend,

and, addressing Miss Linley as the lover, so worked upon her feelings by artful hints about the injury her character would sustain, if she did not give him a legal title to protect her, that she consented to a private marriage, which accordingly took place in 1772, at a little village near Calais. The parties then made the best of their way back to England where they returned to their respective families; old Linley, from whom the marriage was kept a profound secret, being, of course, not less incensed than surprised by the, to him, unaccountable conduct of his daughter.

Meanwhile Captain Mathews, on learning Miss Linley's extraordinary flight, instantly made good his threat of defaming her character in the local journals, for which he was twice called out by Sheridan, who in the second duel received a wound which long confined him to his bed. His situation at this period must have been one of extreme uneasiness. He was separated from his wife, and was on ill terms with his father, who, on his return from London shortly after the catastrophe, refused to see him, and even went the length of forbidding any of his family to hold the slightest intercourse with the Linleys. A communication was nevertheless kept up between the lovers through the agency of Sheridan's sisters, who had not the heart to resist the imploring appeals of their brother.

In the autumn of 1772 the young Benedict was sent by his father—who was anxious to detach him wholly from the Linleys—to the house of a friend in Essex, where he remained for some months in strict retirement, and spent much of his time in study. While here, he paid occasional flying visits to London, for the purpose of seeing his wife, who was then professionally engaged at the Covent Garden oratorios; but, finding no means of procuring an interview with her, so closely was she watched by her father, he more than once, it is said, disguised himself as a hackney-coachman, for the sole pleasure of driving her home from the theatre.

The time, however, was at hand when his perseverance was to meet with its reward. Old Linley, finding that neither threat, supplication, nor remonstrance could change the current of his daughter's affections and that, by some mysterious process, letters from her husband always found their way into her hands, at length gave his reluctant consent to their union, and they were re-married, by licence, in 1773.

About this time Sheridan entered himself of the Middle Temple, and took a small cottage at East Burnham, whither he retired immediately after his marriage, with no other resources than his wife's slender jointure and his own talents afforded him. Yet, though cramped in his finances, he had the fortitude to resist all the golden temptations which Mrs. Sheridan's musical abilities held out to him; and withdrew her for ever from public life, resolving henceforth to be himself the artificer of his own fortunes.

After a short stay at East Burnham, to which in after-years he often looked back with regret as being the happiest period of his life, Sheridan took a house in the neighbourhood of Portman-square, which his father-in-law kindly furnished for him. Here he laboured with great assiduity; wrote several political tracts, among which was a reply to "Junius;" and completed his comedy of the "Rivals," which was brought out at Covent Garden in the year 1775, and proved a failure on its first representation, though it subsequently won its way into public favour. The "Rivals" is a lively play, whose interest seldom or never flags; is easy and graceful in its dialogue; and contains one or two characters drawn with consummate skill. That of Falkland, in particular,—the sensitive, wayward lover, the idea of which was, no doubt, suggested by Sheridan's own personal experience,—is a masterpiece; and not less effective is the sketch of Sir Anthony Absolute. Mrs. Malaprop—an evident imitation of Fielding's Mrs. Slip-slop—is a mere whimsical caricature; while, as respects Lydia Languish, she is one of the insipid common-places to be picked up at all watering-places, well delineated, it is true, but scarcely worth the labour of delineation.

Sheridan's next production was "St. Patrick's Day;" a clever, bustling farce, but bearing marks of haste and negligence. It was followed, in the winter of 1775, by the well-known opera of the "Duenna," which at once obtained a popularity unexampled in the annals of the drama. The plot of this delightful play is remarkable for the tact with which it is conducted; the language is elegant, without being too ornate or elaborate,—a very common defect in Sheridan's dramas;—and the songs are prettily versified, which is the highest praise we can accord them.

In the year 1776, on the retirement of Garrick from the stage, Sheridan became one of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre. How, or by whose assistance, he obtained the large sum—upwards of forty-five thousand pounds—necessary to make this purchase, is a mystery which none of his numerous biographers, with all their research and ingenuity, have ever been able to fathom. We conclude it must have been by that winning address, and the strenuous exercise of those unrivalled powers of persuasion, which, at a later period, enabled Sheridan to work a miracle,—that is, to soften the soul of an attorney! It was in allusion to these fascinating powers that a rich City banker once observed, "Whenever Sherry makes me a bow, it always costs me a good dinner; and when he calls me 'Tom,' it is a full hundred pounds out of my pocket!"

The year 1777 was rendered memorable by the production of the "School for Scandal," which is incomparably the finest comedy of which modern times can boast. Its success was proportionate to its deserts. It completely took the town by storm. Nevertheless, transcendent as are the excellencies of this brilliant play, it is not without many and serious defects. Its dialogue is too studiously artificial; it has little or no sustained interest of plot; and its characters—with the exception of Charles Surface, whose airy, Mercutio-like vivacity conciliates us in spite of ourselves—are such as them from first to last we regard with indifference. The incessant dazzle of the language, however,—for the "School for Scandal" is a perfect repertory of wit,—its consummate polish, and the power of quick, apt repartee, that it exhibits in every page, altogether blind us to its defects. The only play that can bear a comparison with it is Congreve's

"Love for Love," which shows an equal opulence of wit, and an equal sacrifice to effect, of the free and easy play of nature.

Sheridan had now the ball at his feet. He was the lion of the day, courted by all classes; the proprietor of the most thriving theatrical establishment in London; and, could he but have been industrious, and exercised ordinary forethought, he might have insured, not merely what Thomson calls "an elegant sufficiency," but a splendid independence for life. But indolence was his bane,—the fertile source of all his errors and all his misfortunes,—the rock on which he split,—the quicksand in which he was finally engulfed.

In the year following the production of the "School for Scandal," Sheridan brought out "The Critic,"—an admirable farce, the conception of which is derived from the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal." The best character in this drama, and the most natural and spirited ever drawn by its author, is that of Sir Fretful Plagiary, which is supposed to have been meant for Cumberland, who witnessed the representation from one of the side-boxes, and, being of an irritable, tetchy temperament, must of course have been highly entertained.

We are now to regard Sheridan in a new character. Hitherto we have seen him as the triumphant dramatist,—we are now to see him as the triumphant orator. He had always, from his first entrance into public life, had a strong predilection for politics; and the acquaintance with Burke, Fox, Wyndham, and other eminent statesmen, which he made at Johnson's Literary Club, decided him on trying his chance in the House of Commons. Accordingly, in 1780, he stood, and was returned, for Stafford; and made his first speech, as an avowed partisan of Fox, in the November of that year, on the presentation of a petition complaining of his undue election. Though he was listened to with marked attention, yet so general was the impression that he had failed, that the well-known printer, Woodfall, who happened to be in the gallery at the time, said to him, as they quitted the house together, "Oratory is not your forte; you had much better have stuck to the drama;" on which Sheridan impatiently interrupted him with, "It is in me, however, and, by G—! it shall come out."

But, despite this determined confidence in his own powers, he did not for months afterwards take any active part in the debates; but, when he did speak, spoke briefly and unassumingly, with a view, no doubt, to feel his way. By this shrewd conduct he gained insensibly on the good opinion of the house, and became at length so useful an auxiliary to his party, that, on their accession to office in the year 1782, he was appointed one of the Under Secretaries of State; a snug, easy post, but which he was compelled shortly to resign by the sudden breaking up of the ministry, occasioned by the death of the Marquis of Rockingham.

In the following year he was reinstated in office as Secretary of the Treasury, a coalition having been formed between Lord North and the Whigs, much against Sheridan's wishes; for he had the sagacity to foresee that a junction of such discordant interests could have but one termination; and the result proved that he was right. The Coalition Ministry was speedily defeated, chiefly by the King's own personal exertions; and the Under Secretary of the Treasury found himself once again transported to that Siberia,—the Opposition bench.

Up to this period, Sheridan, though acknowledged to be a skilful, ready debater, had not particularly distinguished himself in the House; but the hour was approaching which was to draw forth all his powers, and place him on the very highest pinnacle of oratorical fame. In the year 1787, on the question of Warren Hastings' conduct as Governor-general of India, he was chosen by his party to bring forward in Parliament the charge relative to the Begum princesses of Oude. His speech on this occasion produced an effect on all who heard it, to which there is no parallel in the records of the senate. It startled the House like a thunderbolt. Men of all parties vied with each other in lavishing on it the most enthusiastic praises. Burke declared it to be the "most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition." Fox said, "all that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing;" and Pitt—even the cold, reserved Pitt—confessed that, in his opinion, "it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish, to agitate and control the human mind." So intense, in short, was the sensation created by this philippic, that the Minister actually moved an adjournment of the debate, in order, as he observed, that honourable members might have time to recover from the mental intoxication into which they had been thrown by the spells of the enchanter!

Sheridan was now considered of so much consequence by the Whig party, that when the trial of Warren Hastings was finally determined on, he was appointed one of the managers to make good the articles of impeachment; and brought forward in Westminster Hall, before the most august assembly in the world, the same charge which he had previously urged in the House of Commons. On this occasion he spoke for four successive days, exciting, as before, the astonishment and admiration of all his hearers. Fortunately this celebrated oration, unlike the former one, has been preserved, and we are therefore enabled to form a tolerable estimate of it. It contains much brilliant wit, dexterous reasoning, and ready sarcasm; but is at the same time defaced by the most tawdry, patchwork imagery. Whenever Sheridan essays the poetic, he is invariably affected and on stilts. He cannot soar, like Burke, into the empyreum; for he had capacity, not imagination. His best passages are his most unlaboured ones; but of these he seems to have thought least. He tricks out superficial thoughts and obvious common-places in glittering trope and metaphor; piles hyperbole on hyperbole, conceit on conceit; and mistakes such showy, elaborate fustian for the true work of the fancy. There is as much difference between the figurative composition of Sheridan and that of Burke, as there is between specious tinsel and sterling gold; yet, throughout the Westminster Hall proceedings, the former appears to have thrown the latter completely into the shade,—so apt is the world to be caught by the mere show

and glare of oratory!

The illness of his Majesty, George the Third, and the discussion on the Regency question which took place in consequence, afforded Sheridan numerous other opportunities of distinguishing himself in Parliament. He espoused, of course, the side of the Prince of Wales, whose confidence he soon gained, and at whose splendid entertainments he was ever the favoured guest. He was, in fact, the chief adviser of the heir-apparent, to whom was entrusted the delicate task of drawing up his state papers; and he would, no doubt, in the event of a change of ministry, have been raised to one of the most valuable posts that his party could offer, had not the King's recovery put an end to his golden expectations.

[Pg
425]

Shortly after, a dissolution took place, when he hurried off to Stafford, with the intention of again trying his luck with that borough. One of his fellow-passengers chanced to be an elector; on discovering which, Sheridan took the opportunity of asking him for whom he should vote. The other, ignorant who it was that put the question, replied that neither of the candidates were much to be depended on, but that he would vote for the devil sooner than that scamp Sheridan. The conversation here dropped for a while; but, having in the interim contrived to learn from the coachman the name of his opponent, Sheridan resumed the discourse by observing, that he had heard say there were many corrupt rogues among the Stafford electors, and that among them was one Thompson, the biggest scoundrel in the borough. "I am Mr. Thompson," exclaimed his fellow-traveller, crimson with rage. "And I am Mr. Sheridan," rejoined the other. The joke was immediately seen, and the parties became sworn friends ever after. Another anecdote, equally characteristic of Sheridan, is told of him at this period. A few days after his return to town, having hired a hackney-coach to take him from Carlton Palace to his own house, he found himself, as usual, without the means of paying for it. Luckily he espied his friend Richardson in the street, and, calling to him to get in, he engaged him in a favourite discussion, which he was well aware would draw forth all his energies; and then, after adroitly contradicting him, and so rousing his utmost indignation, he affected to grow angry himself; and, exclaiming that he would not remain an instant longer in the same coach with a man capable of holding such language, he insisted on Jehu setting him down, and walked quietly to his own house, which was now but a few yards off, leaving his angry friend to pay the fare!

In the year 1792, Sheridan lost his beautiful and accomplished wife; a loss which he took greatly to heart. It was indeed an irreparable one; for she had long been his best "guide and friend;" and her benign influence removed, he plunged headlong into that reckless extravagance which ultimately sealed his ruin. Henceforth, for some time, he seldom or never distinguished himself in Parliament, though the French Revolution was then setting all England in a ferment; but was chiefly to be heard of in the circles of fashion, and at the Carlton House revels. On the occasion, however, of the Nore Mutiny, he took a decided part, nobly sacrificing all party considerations in his zeal to maintain his country's honour.

About four years after the death of his first wife, Sheridan entered into a second marriage with Miss Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester. His affairs were now in a sad state of embarrassment, for he obtained but a slender jointure with his wife; and, to retrieve them, he once again turned his attention to the stage. In 1799 he brought out the play of "Pizarro," which had a prodigious run, and is still occasionally performed. The style and sentiments of this drama are in the worst possible taste, utterly at variance with nature, and outraging all the legitimate rules of composition. Strange, however, to say its author was as proud of it as even of his "School for Scandal."

[Pg
426]

On the death of Mr. Pitt, and the accession of the Whigs to power, Sheridan was appointed Treasurer of the Navy,—a situation which he held but a short time, the ministry being unexpectedly broken up by the demise of Mr. Fox. It was while holding this office that he gave a splendid entertainment to the Prince of Wales, which swallowed up his whole year's income. Nevertheless he turned even this absurd extravagance to account; for, having occasion to allude to his resignation in Parliament, he, with matchless effrontery, thanked God that he quitted office as poor as when he entered upon it!

Parliament being dissolved soon after Fox's death, Sheridan, after a violent struggle, was returned for Westminster, but was unseated on the next dissolution, which occurred in 1807. Somewhere about this time his friend the Prince made him a privy-councillor, and appointed him to the Receivership of the Duchy of Cornwall; but, whatever were the pecuniary advantages he derived from this sinecure, they were more than counterbalanced by the destruction of all his theatrical property by fire. This calamity took place in 1809, when Sheridan was on his legs at St. Stephen's. He instantly quitted the House, and, after coolly looking on at the conflagration, retired to a neighbouring tavern, where he was found by a friend, luxuriating over a bottle of wine. On being asked how he could think of enjoying himself at such a time, he replied, "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass by his own fireside!"

We now approach the last and most melancholy period of poor Sheridan's life. The sun that we have seen blazing so long and brilliantly, is now about to set in storm and cloud. Having committed himself with his party by some mysterious intrigues in which he had engaged, relative to the formation of a new ministry, Sheridan lost almost all his political influence; and, on the dissolution of Parliament in 1812, was defeated in his attempts to be re-elected for Stafford. Ruin now begun to stare him in the face. The management of the new theatre had been, some time before, taken out of his hands; his debts were on the increase; his duns grew daily more clamorous; and he had no longer the House of Commons to fly to for shelter. To such a wretched state of destitution was he now reduced, that he was absolutely compelled to pawn his books, his pictures, and all his most valuable furniture. Nor was this the worst. In the spring of 1814 he was

arrested and carried to a spunging-house, where he remained in "durance vile" upwards of three days!

From this moment he never again held up his head, or ventured abroad into the world. His heart was broken, and he would sit for hours weeping in the solitude of his chamber. Yet, though hovering on the very threshold of the grave, his duns allowed him not the slightest respite; writs and executions were multiplied against him; and the bailiffs at length forced their way into his house. He was then dying; yet, even in that state, the agents of the law were about to carry him out in blankets, when the interference of a friend saved him from the humiliation of drawing his last breath in a spunging-house. And where were all his fashionable and titled friends during this season of distress? Where were the princes, and dukes, and lords, of whom he had so long been the idol? All had flown; the sight of his death-bed—and such a death-bed!—would, no doubt, have been too much for their delicate sensibilities; and, with the exception of Messrs. Moore, Rogers, and one or two other friends, who remained faithful to the last, there was not one to close his dying eyes. But when all was over, then came the pomp and the pageantry, the titled pall-bearers, the long array of mourners, the public funeral, and the tomb in Westminster Abbey! Poor Sheridan! He was thought of sufficient consequence to be laid by the side of the departed worthies of England; yet the very men who paid this homage to his ashes, scorned to come near him in his poverty!

[Pg
427]

At the period of his death, which took place in 1816, Sheridan had just completed his sixty-fifth year. His constitution was robust and healthy; and he might have lived full ten years longer, had not grief and his own excesses cut short the span of his days. In youth he was considered handsome; but long confirmed habits of conviviality had obliterated, ere he had yet entered on the autumn of life, every trace of comeliness. His manners were remarkably insinuating, especially to women; his wit ever at command; and his flow of animal spirits unflagging. His worst failing was his unconquerable indolence. To this may be attributed all his misfortunes, and those humiliating expedients to which he was compelled to have recourse in order to ward off the evil day. So deeply was this vice implanted in his nature, that, even when he had to attend the funeral of his old friend Richardson, he could not be prevailed on to set out in time, but arrived after the service was concluded, which, at his particular request, was performed a second time.

Lord Byron, who saw much of him in his decline, has stated—as we see by Moore's admirable life of that poet—that Sheridan's wit was bitter and morose, rather than sparkling or conciliatory. It should be borne in mind, however, that he was then worn down by sickness, disappointed in all his hopes, and deserted by that Prince on whose favour he laid so much stress, and to preserve which he had made so many sacrifices. The concurrent testimony of those who knew him in his best days represents him as having been, like a Wharton or a Villiers, the "life of pleasure and the soul of whim." That in the course of his meteor-like career he committed many indefensible acts, and carried the faculty of non-payment to its highest point of perfection, is true; but, before we finally condemn him, let us consider what was his education, what his original position in society, and, above all, what were his temptations. He was never taught in early life to set a right value on thrifty and industrious habits. His father was an eccentric being from whose example he could derive no benefit; and, at an age when the majority of men are yet in the parental leading-strings, he was cast adrift upon the world, to sink or swim as might happen. Thus situated, without any legitimate profession or certain income, he made his own way to celebrity; and if, while associating with people infinitely his superiors in rank, wealth, and all worldly advantages, he imbibed their extravagances and aped their follies, such weakness is surely a fitter subject for our regret than indignation. At any rate, let us not forget that, if he erred, he paid the penalty; and that many men a thousand times worse than ever he was, but with more tact in concealing their faults, have gone down to the grave honoured and lamented as good citizens and good Christians.

[Pg
428]

A SUMMER NIGHT'S REVERIE.

'Tis night—and, save the waterfall
That murmurs through the stony vale,
No sound is near the castle wall
On which the moonlight falls so pale!

There is no wind, but up on high
The clouds are passing hurriedly;
And the bright tops of tree and tow'r
Look chilly cold, although the hour
Is midtime of a summer's night,
When moon is mixt with morning light.

There is a terror o'er the scene,
As if but lately it had been
A battle-plain,—and dead and dying
Were silent in the shadows lying!

Is it within the night's lone hour—
The open vale, or closed bower—
The murmur of the distant dells,

That such wild melancholy dwells?
Is it the silvery orbs that sleep
So tranquilly in heaven's deep,
That with their silence wake the mind
To such calm sorrow—such refin'd,
And mixture sweet of joy and grief,
That makes young hearts think tears relief?

Why should the softest season bring
The mind such blissful suffering,
As oft we feel when Nature's rest
Seems most divinely—calmly blest?

Who ever roam'd on moonlit night,
And thought its beam was gaily bright?
Who ever heard a serenade,
With ev'n a theme of lightest mirth,
But melancholy echoes play'd,
And sighs within the heart had birth?
Who ever trode, in glenwood way,
The trellised shadows of the trees,
But felt come o'er his spirit's play
A mournful cadence like a breeze?—
A mingled thrill of pain and bliss—
A dream of hopes and mem'ries lost?
Oh! even happiest lovers' kiss,
By moonlight is with sadness crost!
At such an hour the gayest thing
Is sicklied o'er with pleasing sorrow:
The nightingale would gladly sing,
Were we to list its song by morrow!

Such is to-night—a soft, calm, summer night—
Dim in its beauty,—gloomy in its light!—
Breathing a peacefulness o'er vale and hill,
But in its quiet, something sadden'd still!

W.

[Pg 429]

SONGS OF THE MONTH.

No. V. May, 1837.

MAY MORNING.

Welcome, sweet May!
There is not a day
On the wings of the whole year round,
That sheds in its flight
Such heart-felt delight
As thou dost, with even thy sound!
May! May!
There's music in May,
From the breath of the mead
To the song of the spray!

Welcome, fair May!
The first dewy ray
That awaken'd the infant earth,
Descended when Thou
(With spring-summer brow)
And Beauty were twins of a birth!
May! May!
There's something in May
That even the lips
Of thy son^[88] could not say!

W.

LEARY THE PIPER'S LILT.

This is the first o' the May, boys!
Listen to me, an' my planxty pipe
Will show ye the fun o' the day, boys!
I know for a spree that ye're always ripe,

And fond o' gingerbread while it is gilt.
"Hurroo! for Leary the Piper's Lilt!"

First, on the *first* o' the May, boys!
Do as the birds did Valentine morn;
Find out a lass for the day, boys!
And then together go *gether* the thorn—
I warrant she'll never be jade or jilt.
"Hurroo! for Leary the Piper's Lilt!"

Go where ye *may* for the May, boys!
Folla yir nose, an' ye'll find it soon:
On every hedge by the way, boys!
Ye'll hear it singin' its scented tune,
Unless by the breath o' your darlin' *kilt!*
"Hurroo! for Leary the Piper's Lilt!"

But isn't it betther the *May*, boys!
All living to *lave* on its flow'ry tree,
Than wound it by *braking* away, boys!
A branch that in blossom not long will be
When the rosy dew that it drank is spilt?
"Hurroo! for Leary the Piper's Lilt!"

An' when ye're all tir'd o' the May, boys!
Come to the sign o' the Muzzle an' Can:
An' there, at the close o' the day, boys!
Let ev'ry lass, by the side of her man,
Dance till the daisies are spreadin' their quilt.
"Hurroo! for Leary the Piper's Lilt!"

W.

[Pg 430]

OLIVER TWIST,

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH

OLIVER CONTINUES THE REFRACTORY.

Noah Claypole ran along the streets at his swiftest pace, and paused not once for breath until he reached the workhouse-gate. Having rested here, for a minute or so, to collect a good burst of sobs and an imposing show of tears and terror, he knocked loudly at the wicket, and presented such a rueful face to the aged pauper who opened it, that even he, who saw nothing but rueful faces about him at the best of times, started back in astonishment.

"Why, what's the matter with the boy?" said the old pauper.

"Mr. Bumble! Mr. Bumble!" cried Noah, with well-affected dismay, and in tones so loud and agitated that they not only caught the ear of Mr. Bumble himself who happened to be hard by, but alarmed him so much that he rushed into the yard without his cocked hat,—which is a very curious and remarkable circumstance, as showing that even a beadle, acted upon by a sudden and powerful impulse, may be afflicted with a momentary visitation of loss of self-possession, and forgetfulness of personal dignity.

"Oh, Mr. Bumble, sir!" said Noah; "Oliver, sir,—Oliver has——"

"What? what?" interposed Mr. Bumble, with a gleam of pleasure in his metallic eyes. "Not run away: he hasn't run away; has he, Noah?"

"No, sir, no; not run away, sir, but he's turned wicious," replied Noah. "He tried to murder me, sir; and then he tried to murder Charlotte, and then missis. Oh, what dreadful pain it is! such agony, please sir!" and here Noah writhed and twisted his body into an extensive variety of eel-like positions; thereby giving Mr. Bumble to understand that, from the violent and sanguinary onset of Oliver Twist, he had sustained severe internal injury and damage, from which he was at that speaking suffering the acutest torture.

When Noah saw that the intelligence he communicated perfectly paralysed Mr. Bumble, he imparted additional effect thereunto, by bewailing his dreadful wounds ten times louder than before: and, when he observed a gentleman in a white waistcoat crossing the yard, he was more tragic in his lamentations than ever, rightly conceiving it highly expedient to attract the notice, and rouse the indignation, of the gentleman aforesaid.



Oliver introduced to the respectable Old Gentleman

The gentleman's notice was very soon attracted; for he had not walked three paces when he turned angrily round, and inquired what that young cur was howling for, and why Mr. Bumble did not favour him with something which would render the series of vocular exclamations so designated, an involuntary process.

[Pg 431]

"It's a poor boy from the free-school, sir," replied Mr. Bumble, "who has been nearly murdered—all but murdered, sir—by young Twist."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the gentleman in the white waistcoat, stopping short. "I knew it! I felt a strange presentiment from the very first, that that audacious young savage would come to be hung!"

"He has likewise attempted, sir, to murder the female servant," said Mr. Bumble, with a face of ashy paleness.

"And his missis," interposed Mr. Claypole.

"And his master, too, I think you said, Noah?" added Mr. Bumble.

"No, he's out, or he would have murdered him," replied Noah. "He said he wanted to—"

"Ah! said he wanted to—did he, my boy?" inquired the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Yes, sir," replied Noah; "and, please sir, missis wants to know whether Mr. Bumble can spare time to step up there directly, and flog him, 'cause master's out."

"Certainly, my boy; certainly," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, smiling benignly, and patting Noah's head, which was about three inches higher than his own. "You're a good boy—a very good boy. Here's a penny for you. Bumble, just step up to Sowerberry's with your cane, and see what's best to be done. Don't spare him, Bumble."

"No, I will not, sir," replied the beadle, adjusting the wax-end which was twisted round the bottom of his cane for purposes of parochial flagellation.

"Tell Sowerberry not to spare him, either. They'll never do anything with him, without stripes and bruises," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"I'll take care, sir," replied the beadle. And, the cocked hat and cane having been by this time adjusted to their owner's satisfaction, Mr. Bumble and Noah Claypole betook themselves with all speed to the undertaker's shop.

Here the position of affairs had not at all improved, for Sowerberry had not yet returned, and Oliver continued to kick with undiminished vigour at the cellar-door. The accounts of his ferocity, as related by Mrs. Sowerberry and Charlotte, were of so startling a nature that Mr. Bumble judged it prudent to parley before opening the door: with this view, he gave a kick at the outside, by way of prelude, and then, applying his mouth to the keyhole, said, in a deep and impressive tone,

"Oliver!"

"Come; you let me out!" replied Oliver, from the inside.

[Pg 432]

"Do you know this here voice, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble.

"Yes," replied Oliver.

"Ain't you afraid of it, sir? Ain't you a-trembling while I speak, sir?" said Mr. Bumble.

"No!" replied Oliver, boldly.

An answer so different from the one he had expected to elicit, and was in the habit of receiving, staggered Mr. Bumble not a little. He stepped back from the keyhole, drew himself up to his full height, and looked from one to another of the three bystanders in mute astonishment.

"Oh, you know, Mr. Bumble, he must be mad," said Mrs. Sowerberry. "No boy in half his senses could venture to speak so to you."

"It's not madness, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, after a few moments of deep meditation; "it's meat."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Sowerberry.

"Meat, ma'am, meat," replied Bumble, with stern emphasis. "You've overfed him, ma'am. You've raised a artificial soul and spirit in him, ma'am, unbecoming a person of his condition, as the board, Mrs. Sowerberry, who are practical philosophers, will tell you. What have paupers to do with soul or spirit either? It's quite enough that we let 'em have live bodies. If you had kept the boy on gruel, ma'am, this would never have happened."

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Sowerberry, piously raising her eyes to the kitchen ceiling. "This comes of being liberal!"

The liberality of Mrs. Sowerberry to Oliver had consisted in a profuse bestowal upon him, of all the dirty odds and ends which nobody else would eat; so that there was a great deal of meekness and self-devotion in her voluntarily remaining under Mr. Bumble's heavy accusation, of which, to do her justice, she was wholly innocent in thought, word, or deed.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bumble, when the lady brought her eyes down to earth again. "The only thing that can be done now, that I know of, is to leave him in the cellar for a day or so till he's a little starved down, and then to take him out, and keep him on gruel all through his apprenticeship. He comes of a bad family—excitable natures, Mrs. Sowerberry. Both the nurse and doctor said that that mother of his made her way here, against difficulties and pain that would have killed any well-disposed woman weeks before."

At this point of Mr. Bumble's discourse, Oliver just hearing enough to know that some further allusion was being made to his mother, recommenced kicking with a violence which rendered every other sound inaudible. Sowerberry returned at this juncture, and Oliver's offence having been explained to him, with such exaggerations as the ladies thought best calculated to rouse his ire, he unlocked the cellar-door in a twinkling, and dragged his rebellious apprentice out by the collar.

Oliver's clothes had been torn in the beating he had received; his face was bruised and scratched, and his hair scattered over his forehead. The angry flush had not disappeared, however; and when he was pulled out of his prison, he scowled boldly on Noah, and looked quite undismayed.

"Now, you are a nice young fellow, ain't you?" said Sowerberry, giving Oliver a shake, and a sound box on the ear.

"He called my mother names," replied Oliver, sullenly.

"Well, and what if he did, you little ungrateful wretch?" said Mrs. Sowerberry. "She deserved what he said, and worse."

"She didn't!" said Oliver.

"She did!" said Mrs. Sowerberry.

"It's a lie!" said Oliver.

Mrs. Sowerberry burst into a flood of tears.

This flood of tears left Sowerberry no alternative. If he had hesitated for one instant to punish Oliver most severely, it must be quite clear to every experienced reader that he would have been, according to all precedents in disputes of matrimony established, a brute, an unnatural husband, an insulting creature, a base imitation of a man, and various other agreeable characters too numerous for recital within the limits of this chapter. To do him justice, he was, as far as his power went,—it was not very extensive,—kindly disposed towards the boy; perhaps because it was his interest to be so, perhaps because his wife disliked him. The flood of tears, however, left him no resource; so he at once gave him a drubbing, which satisfied even Mrs. Sowerberry herself, and rendered Mr. Bumble's subsequent application of the parochial cane rather unnecessary. For the rest of the day he was shut up in the back kitchen, in company with a pump and a slice of bread; and, at night, Mrs. Sowerberry, after making various remarks outside the door, by no means complimentary to the memory of his mother, looked into the room, and, amidst the jeers and pointings of Noah and Charlotte, ordered him up stairs to his dismal bed.

It was not until he was left alone in the silence and stillness of the gloomy workshop of the undertaker, that Oliver gave way to the feelings which the day's treatment may be supposed likely to have awakened in a mere child. He had listened to their taunts with a look of dogged contempt; he had borne the lash without a cry, for he felt that pride swelling in his heart which

would have kept down a shriek to the last, if they had roasted him alive. But, now that there were none to see or hear him, he fell upon his knees on the floor, and, hiding his face in his hands, wept such tears as God send for the credit of our nature, few so young may ever have cause to pour out before him.

For a long time Oliver remained motionless in this attitude. The candle was burning low in the socket when he rose to his feet, and having gazed cautiously round him, and listened intently, gently undid the fastenings of the door and looked abroad.

It was a cold dark night. The stars seemed to the boy's eyes further from the earth than he had ever seen them before; there was no wind, and the sombre shadows thrown by the trees on the earth looked sepulchral and death-like, from being so still. He softly reclosed the door, and, having availed himself of the expiring light of the candle to tie up in a handkerchief the few articles of wearing apparel he had, sat himself down upon a bench to wait for morning.

With the first ray of light that struggled through the crevices in the shutters Oliver rose, and again unbarred the door. One timid look around,—one moment's pause of hesitation,—he had closed it behind him, and was in the open street.

He looked to the right and to the left, uncertain whither to fly. He remembered to have seen the waggons as they went out, toiling up the hill; he took the same route, and arriving at a footpath across the fields, which he thought after some distance led out again into the road, struck into it, and walked quickly on.

Along this same footpath, Oliver well remembered he had trotted beside Mr. Bumble, when he first carried him to the workhouse from the farm. His way lay directly in front of the cottage. His heart beat quickly when he bethought himself of this, and he half resolved to turn back. He had come a long way though, and should lose a great deal of time by doing so. Besides, it was so early that there was very little fear of his being seen; so he walked on.

He reached the house. There was no appearance of its inmates stirring at that early hour. Oliver stopped, and peeped into the garden. A child was weeding one of the little beds; and, as he stopped, he raised his pale face, and disclosed the features of one of his former companions. Oliver felt glad to see him before he went, for, though younger than himself, he had been his little friend and playmate; they had been beaten, and starved, and shut up together, many and many a time.

"Hush, Dick!" said Oliver, as the boy ran to the gate, and thrust his thin arm between the rails to greet him. "Is any one up?"

"Nobody but me," replied the child.

"You mustn't say you saw me, Dick," said Oliver; "I am running away. They beat and ill-use me, Dick; and I am going to seek my fortune some long way off, I don't know where. How pale you are!"

"I heard the doctor tell them I was dying," replied the child with a faint smile. "I am very glad to see you, dear; but don't stop, don't stop."

"Yes, yes, I will, to say good-b'ye to you," replied Oliver. "I shall see you again, Dick; I know I shall. You will be well and happy."

"I hope so," replied the child, "after I am dead, but not before. I know the doctor must be right. Oliver; because I dream so much of heaven, and angels, and kind faces that I never see when I am awake. Kiss me," said the child, climbing up the low gate, and flinging his little arms round Oliver's neck. "Good-b'ye dear! God bless you!"

The blessing was from a young child's lips, but it was the first that Oliver had ever heard invoked upon his head; and through all the struggles and sufferings of his after life, through all the troubles and changes of many weary years, he never once forgot it.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH

OLIVER WALKS TO LONDON, AND ENCOUNTERS ON THE ROAD A STRANGE SORT OF YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Oliver reached the stile at which the by-path terminated, and once more gained the high-road. It was eight o'clock now; and, though he was nearly five miles away from the town, he ran, and hid behind the hedges by turns, till noon, fearing that he might be pursued and overtaken. Then he sat down to rest at the side of a mile-stone, and began to think for the first time where he had better go and try to live.

The stone by which he was seated bore, in large characters, an intimation that it was just seventy miles from that spot to London. The name awakened a new train of ideas in the boy's mind. London!—that great large place!—nobody—not even Mr. Bumble—could ever find him there. He had often heard the old men in the workhouse, too, say that no lad of spirit need want in London, and that there were ways of living in that vast city which those who had been bred up in country parts had no idea of. It was the very place for a homeless boy, who must die in the streets unless some one helped him. As these things passed through his thoughts, he jumped upon his feet, and again walked forward.

He had diminished the distance between himself and London by full four miles more, before he recollected how much he must undergo ere he could hope to reach his place of destination. As

this consideration forced itself upon him, he slackened his pace a little, and meditated upon his means of getting there. He had a crust of bread, a coarse shirt, and two pairs of stockings in his bundle; and a penny—a gift of Sowerberry's after some funeral in which he had acquitted himself more than ordinarily well—in his pocket. "A clean shirt," thought Oliver, "is a very comfortable thing,—very; and so are two pairs of darned stockings, and so is a penny; but they are small helps to a sixty-five miles' walk in winter time." But Oliver's thoughts, like those of most other people, although they were extremely ready and active to point out his difficulties, were wholly at a loss to suggest any feasible mode of surmounting them; so, after a good deal of thinking to no particular purpose, he changed his little bundle over to the other shoulder, and trudged on.

Oliver walked twenty miles that day; and all that time tasted nothing but the crust of dry bread, and a few draughts of water which he begged at the cottage-doors by the road-side. When the night came, he turned into a meadow, and, creeping close under a hay-rick, determined to lie there till morning. He felt frightened at first, for the wind moaned dismally over the empty fields, and he was cold and hungry, and more alone than he had ever felt before. Being very tired with his walk, however, he soon fell asleep and forgot his troubles.

He felt cold and stiff when he got up next morning, and so hungry that he was obliged to exchange the penny for a small loaf in the very first village through which he passed. He had walked no more than twelve miles, when night closed in again; for his feet were sore, and his legs so weak that they trembled beneath him. Another night passed in the bleak damp air only made him worse; and, when he set forward on his journey next morning, he could hardly crawl along.

He waited at the bottom of a steep hill till a stage-coach came up, and then begged of the outside passengers; but there were very few who took any notice of him, and even those, told him to wait till they got to the top of the hill, and then let them see how far he could run for a halfpenny. Poor Oliver tried to keep up with the coach a little way, but was unable to do it, by reason of his fatigue and sore feet. When the outsides saw this, they put their halfpence back into their pockets again, declaring that he was an idle young dog, and didn't deserve anything; and the coach rattled away, and left only a cloud of dust behind.

In some villages, large painted boards were fixed up, warning all persons who begged within the district that they would be sent to jail, which frightened Oliver very much, and made him very glad to get out of them with all possible expedition. In others he would stand about the inn-yards, and look mournfully at every one who passed; a proceeding which generally terminated in the landlady's ordering one of the post-boys who were lounging about, to drive that strange boy out of the place, for she was sure he had come to steal something. If he begged at a farmer's house, ten to one but they threatened to set the dog on him; and when he showed his nose in a shop, they talked about the beadle, which brought Oliver's heart up into his mouth,—very often the only thing he had there, for many hours together.

In fact, if it had not been for a good-hearted turnpike-man, and a benevolent old lady, Oliver's troubles would have been shortened by the very same process which put an end to his mother's; in other words, he would most assuredly have fallen dead upon the king's highway. But the turnpike-man gave him a meal of bread and cheese; and the old lady, who had a shipwrecked grandson wandering barefooted in some distant part of the earth, took pity upon the poor orphan, and gave him what little she could afford—and more—with such kind and gentle words, and such tears of sympathy and compassion, that they sank deeper into Oliver's soul than all the sufferings he had ever undergone.

Early on the seventh morning after he had left his native place, Oliver limped slowly into the little town of Barnet. The window-shutters were closed, the street was empty, not a soul had awakened to the business of the day. The sun was rising in all his splendid beauty, but the light only seemed to show the boy his own lonesomeness and desolation as he sat with bleeding feet and covered with dust upon a cold door-step.

By degrees the shutters were opened, the window-blinds were drawn up, and people began passing to and fro. Some few stopped to gaze at Oliver for a moment or two, or turned round to stare at him as they hurried by; but none relieved him, or troubled themselves to inquire how he came there. He had no heart to beg, and there he sat.

He had been crouching on the step for some time, gazing listlessly at the coaches as they passed through, and thinking how strange it seemed that they could do with ease in a few hours what it had taken him a whole week of courage and determination beyond his years to accomplish, when he was roused by observing that a boy who had passed him carelessly some minutes before, had returned, and was now surveying him most earnestly from the opposite side of the way. He took little heed of this at first; but the boy remained in the same attitude of close observation so long, that Oliver raised his head, and returned his steady look. Upon this, the boy crossed over, and, walking close up to Oliver, said,

"Hullo! my covey, what's the row?"

The boy who addressed this inquiry to the young wayfarer was about his own age, but one of the queerest-looking boys that Oliver had ever seen. He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough, and as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see; but he had got about him all the airs and manners of a man. He was short of his age, with rather bow-legs, and little sharp ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so slightly that it threatened to fall off every moment, and would have done so very often if the wearer had not had a knack of every now and then giving his head a sudden twitch, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels. He had turned the cuffs back halfway up his arm

to get his hands out of the sleeves, apparently with the ultimate view of thrusting them into the pockets of his corduroy trousers, for there he kept them. He was altogether as roosting and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood three feet six, or something less, in his bluchers.

"Hullo, my covey, what's the row?" said this strange young gentleman to Oliver.

"I am very hungry and tired," replied Oliver, the tears standing in his eyes as he spoke. "I have walked a long way,—I have been walking these seven days."

"Walking for sivin days!" said the young gentleman. "Oh, I see. Beak's order, eh? But," he added, noticing Oliver's look of surprise, "I suppose you don't know wot a beak is, my flash companion."

Oliver mildly replied, that he had always heard a bird's mouth described by the term in question.

"My eyes, how green!" exclaimed the young gentleman. "Why, a beak's a madg'st'rate; and when you walk by a beak's order, it's not straight forerdr, but always going up, and nivir coming down agen. Was you never on the mill?"

"What mill?" inquired Oliver.

"What mill!—why, *the* mill,—the mill as takes up so little room that it'll work inside a stone jug, and always goes better when the wind's low with people than when it's high, acos then they can't get workmen. But come," said the young gentleman; "you want grub, and you shall have it. I'm at low-water-mark,—only one bob and a magpie; but, *as far as* it goes, I'll fork out and stump. Up with you on your pins. There: now then, morrice."

Assisting Oliver to rise, the young gentleman took him to an adjacent chandler's shop, where he purchased a sufficiency of ready-dressed ham and a half-quartern loaf, or, as he himself expressed it, "a fourpenny bran;" the ham being kept clean and preserved from dust by the ingenious expedient of making a hole in the loaf by pulling out a portion of the crumb, and stuffing it therein. Taking the bread under his arm, the young gentleman turned into a small public-house, and led the way to a tap-room in the rear of the premises. Here, a pot of beer was brought in by the direction of the mysterious youth; and Oliver, falling to, at his new friend's bidding, made a long and hearty meal, during the progress of which the strange boy eyed him from time to time with great attention.

"Going to London?" said the strange boy, when Oliver had at length concluded.

"Yes."

"Got any lodgings?"

"No."

"Money?"

"No."

The strange boy whistled, and put his arms into his pockets as far as the big-coat sleeves would let them go.

"Do you live in London?" inquired Oliver.

"Yes, I do, when I'm at home," replied the boy. "I suppose you want some place to sleep in to-night, don't you?"

"I do indeed," answered Oliver. "I have not slept under a roof since I left the country."

"Don't fret your eyelids on that score," said the young gentleman. "I've got to be in London to-night, and I know a 'spectable old genelman as lives there, wot'll give you lodgings for nothink, and never ask for the change; that is, if any genelman he knows interduces you. And don't he know me?—Oh, no,—not in the least,—by no means,—certainly not."

The young gentleman smiled, as if to intimate that the latter fragments of discourse were playfully ironical, and finished the beer as he did so.

This unexpected offer of shelter was too tempting to be resisted, especially as it was immediately followed up, by the assurance that the old gentleman already referred to, would doubtless provide Oliver with a comfortable place without loss of time. This led to a more friendly and confidential dialogue, from which Oliver discovered that his friend's name was Jack Dawkins, and that he was a peculiar pet and *protegé* of the elderly gentleman before mentioned.

Mr. Dawkins's appearance did not say a vast deal in favour of the comforts which his patron's interest obtained for those whom he took under his protection; but as he had a somewhat flighty and dissolute mode of conversing, and furthermore avowed that among his intimate friends he was better known by the *sobriquet* of "The artful Dodger," Oliver concluded that, being of a dissipated and careless turn, the moral precepts of his benefactor had hitherto been thrown away upon him. Under this impression, he secretly resolved to cultivate the good opinion of the old gentleman as quickly as possible; and, if he found the Dodger incorrigible, as he more than half suspected he should, to decline the honour of his farther acquaintance.

As John Dawkins objected to their entering London before nightfall, it was nearly eleven o'clock when they reached the turnpike at Islington. They crossed from the Angel into St. John's-road, struck down the small street which terminates at Sadler's Wells theatre, through Exmouth-street and Coppice-row, down the little court by the side of the workhouse, across the classic ground which once bore the name of Hockley-in-the-hole, thence into Little Saffron-hill, and so

into Saffron-hill the Great, along which the Dodger scudded at a rapid pace, directing Oliver to follow close at his heels.

[Pg
440]

Although Oliver had enough to occupy his attention in keeping sight of his leader, he could not help bestowing a few hasty glances on either side of the way as he passed along. A dirtier or more wretched place he had never seen. The street was very narrow and muddy, and the air was impregnated with filthy odours. There were a good many small shops; but the only stock in trade appeared to be heaps of children, who, even at that time of night, were crawling in and out at the doors, or screaming from the inside. The sole places that seemed to prosper amid the general blight of the place were the public-houses, and in them, the lowest orders of Irish (who are generally the lowest orders of anything) were wrangling with might and main. Covered ways and yards, which here and there diverged from the main street, disclosed little knots of houses where drunken men and women were positively wallowing in the filth; and from several of the doorways, great ill-looking fellows were cautiously emerging, bound, to all appearance, upon no very well-disposed or harmless errands.

Oliver was just considering whether he hadn't better run away, when they reached the bottom of the hill: his conductor, catching him by the arm, pushed open the door of a house near Field-lane, and, drawing him into the passage, closed it behind them.

"Now, then," cried a voice from below, in reply to a whistle from the Dodger.

"*Plummy and slam!*" was the reply.

This seemed to be some watchword or signal that it was all right; for the light of a feeble candle gleamed upon the wall at the farther end of the passage, and a man's face peeped out from where a balustrade of the old kitchen staircase had been broken away.

"There's two on you," said the man, thrusting the candle farther out, and shading his eyes with his hand. "Who's the t'other one?"

"A new pal," replied Jack, pulling Oliver forward.

"Where did he come from?"

"Greenland. Is Fagin up stairs?"

"Yes, he's a sortin' the wipes. Up with you!" The candle was drawn back, and the face disappeared.

Oliver, groping his way with one hand, and with the other firmly grasped by his companion, ascended with much difficulty the dark and broken stairs which his conductor mounted with an ease and expedition that showed he was well acquainted with them. He threw open the door of a back-room, and drew Oliver in after him.

The walls and ceiling of the room were perfectly black with age and dirt. There was a deal-table before the fire, upon which was a candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle; two or three pewter pots, a loaf and butter, and a plate. In a frying-pan which was on the fire, and which was secured to the mantelshelf by a string, some sausages were cooking; and standing over them, with a toasting-fork in his hand, was a very old shrivelled Jew, whose villanous-looking and repulsive face was obscured by a quantity of matted red hair. He was dressed in a greasy flannel gown, with his throat bare, and seemed to be dividing his attention between the frying-pan and a clothes-horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging. Several rough beds made of old sacks were huddled side by side on the floor; and seated round the table were four or five boys, none older than the Dodger, smoking long clay pipes and drinking spirits with all the air of middle-aged men. These all crowded about their associate as he whispered a few words to the Jew, and then turned round and grinned at Oliver, as did the Jew himself, toasting-fork in hand.

[Pg
441]

"This is him, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins; "my friend, Oliver Twist."

The Jew grinned; and, making a low obeisance to Oliver, took him by the hand, and hoped he should have the honour of his intimate acquaintance. Upon this, the young gentlemen with the pipes came round him, and shook both his hands very hard,—especially the one in which he held his little bundle. One young gentleman was very anxious to hang up his cap for him; and another was so obliging as to put his hands in his pockets, in order that, as he was very tired, he might not have the trouble of emptying them when he went to bed. These civilities would probably have been extended much further, but for a liberal exercise of the Jew's toasting-fork on the heads and shoulders of the affectionate youths who offered them.

"We are very glad to see you, Oliver,—very," said the Jew. "Dodger, take off the sausages, and draw a tub near the fire for Oliver. Ah, you're a-staring at the pocket-handkerchiefs! eh, my dear? There are a good many of 'em, ain't there? We've just looked 'em out ready for the wash; that's all, Oliver; that's all. Ha! ha! ha!"

The latter part of this speech was hailed by a boisterous shout from all the hopeful pupils of the merry old gentleman, in the midst of which they went to supper.

Oliver ate his share; and the Jew then mixed him a glass of hot gin and water, telling him he must drink it off directly, because another gentleman wanted the tumbler. Oliver did as he was desired. Almost instantly afterwards, he felt himself gently lifted on to one of the sacks, and then he sunk into a deep sleep.

[Pg
442]

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.—No. II.

Dr. Cleaver, whose portrait we next reviewed, displayed a physiognomy widely different from that of DR. DULCET. It did not exhibit any of the milk of human kindness; or, if ever such a benign fluid had circulated in his veins, it had been curded by the rennet of early disappointment in every young hope. The features were stern and inflexible,—cast-iron, moulded by philosophy; a Cynic smile portrayed contempt of the world, or rather of society, such as it then was, is, and most probably ever will be. Yet his rubicund cheeks and vinous nose proclaimed that he was fond of the good things of this perishable globe; and few men, when he had acquired wealth, enjoyed life and its luxuries with greater zest than he did. His maxim was founded on what he would call *the whole duty of man*; which was, *to keep what we get, and to get all we can*.

Edward Cleaver was born in that class of human beings denominated *paupers*. He was ushered into life a burthen on the parish in which he had been found, at the door of a butcher of the name of Cleaver, (whose patronymic was generously bestowed on him,) in a condition as natural as his birth. Cleaver was a man of a *serious* way of thinking; and, fearing that the adoption of an orphan infant might asperse his sanctimonious character, and thereby injure his trade, very properly sent the child to the parish officers. These worthies would willingly have made him paternise the thing; but he had evidence of its having been found abandoned in the street.

Whether a burthen be carried by a body corporate or an individual, it is nevertheless an obnoxious incumbrance, of which the bearer is anxious to rid himself as soon as he possibly can; and therefore, maugre the puling and mawkish cant of some would-be philanthropic scribblers, a parish has just the same right to grumble at a burthen, and cast it off as feasibly as may be, as a hod-bearer to relieve himself of his load, a donkey of his panniers, or a nursery-maid of a squalling and ponderous brat. Therefore, overseers are perfectly justifiable in having recourse to all the industrious methods that sound political economy can suggest to shake off the taxation imposed upon their parishioners by improvidence and vice. However, all their ingenuity could not prevent the growth of Ned Cleaver, who attained the age of seven, illustrating the fact, that vital air can support the functions of life with the aid of but little sustenance: and the imp was so hale and hearty, that they thought him "ragged and tough" enough for anything, and sent him to sea.

To relate his mishaps as a cabin-boy on board a collier would fill a volume; suffice it to say, the lad was naturally stubborn, and would not be persuaded that he was created to work without sufficient food, and get thrashed in lieu of wages; and finding, to use the old joke, that, although he was *bred* to the sea, the sea was not *bread* to him, he decamped at Plymouth, and joined a company of strolling tumblers, hurdy-gurdy players, and mountebanks, that were travelling about the country.

Ned had now attained his sixteenth year, and had perfected himself; in fore-castle and caboose, in various accomplishments; he could sing a slang-song, chop his jaws in various modulations, was a very *Moscheles* on the salt-box, danced a hornpipe, mimicked all sorts of infirmities, and could make the most horrible faces, that would so disfigure him that no one could recognise his natural features, which were uncommonly handsome; so much so indeed, that he became a great favourite of the ladies of the company: but, although he *ruled the roost* with the fair sex, he was scurvily *basted* upon every trivial occasion by the gentlemen performers, and was therefore not much better off on land, than when at sea he was flogged up aloft to reef, or flogged down to the salutary exercise of the *holy stone*, which would teach the most impious chap to pray. Cleaver, therefore, betook himself to his *lower extremities* in the neighbourhood of London; and, once more a *filius populi*, threw himself in the tide of our population in search of work and food. For several days he strayed about this wealthy metropolis, and was well-nigh proving the veracity of those sapient legislators, who maintain that such vagabonds have *no business to live*,—which is indeed a truism. Happily for our young vagrant, he one night fell in with a drunken old man who was endeavouring to chalk upon the walls, in gigantic letters, the name of a celebrated physician. It immediately occurred to Master Ned that, if he could afford assistance to the staggering artist, he, in return, might afford him some relief. It was a providential inspiration. Ned helped his new-made acquaintance to what he politely termed his *boozing ken*,^[89] where he was feasted with a *blow-out* of what his patron called *grub and bub* (*Anglicè*, victuals and drink); and, after enjoying a delicious night's rest in an Irish *dry lodging* upon wet straw, he was admitted as an assistant in the chalking line, at sixpence per diem. His master, who when sober could not read, would oftentimes make sad mistakes when he was, in every sense of the denomination, a "*knight of the brush and moon*,"—which, in the language of the holy land, meaneth "*in the wind*,"—and our apprentice soon became an indispensable assistant, since his master could earn six shillings a day, and get as drunk as a lord, by paying him sixpence out of his salary. Now, although our youth was not ungrateful, yet he was ambitious, and he could not see the reason why such a disproportion in the wages of labour should exist; he one morning took it into his head to work on his own bottom, and therefore presented himself to his chief employer, a Dr. Doall, with the abominable intention of basely undermining his benefactor at half-price.

Doall was much pleased with his appearance and his candour, but still more with his proposal; and Ned was forthwith taken into his service. His occupation *merely* consisted in cleaning the whole house, answering the door, running errands, helping to cook the dinner, serving at table, pounding medicines, washing dishes, scouring knives and forks, and blacking shoes, *mooning* about the streets at night chalking his master's name, and during his leisure moments he was advised to study physic, and wash out phials and gallipots; for which services he was put upon board wages, at the rate of ninepence per diem. All these duties he fulfilled most cheerfully, for

he had an incentive to his labours. Next to good living—when he could get it—Clever was a warm admirer of the fair sex, even when hungry; and, when beauty drank to him with her eyes, he would have pledged her in small-beer as rapturously as in half-and-half. Doall had a daughter, an only child; she was remarkable for her beauty, and no less recommendable by her accomplishments. She was ever engaged in reading novels and plays, could strum upon the guitar, and all day long, was either singing or spouting: our apprentice looked upon her as the paragon all loveliness. If he admired her, he soon perceived that his youth, his innocence, and perhaps his good figure, had produced a favourable impression upon the maiden. A conversation with her father confirmed the surmises of vanity, when he overheard her sweet voice admitting that he was a *monstrous nice* young fellow, and impressing upon her father the propriety of giving him decent clothes, and making him look like a gentleman.

This conversation had the "desired effect." Ned was sent to suit himself in Monmouth-street, cooky allowed him to dip his crust in the dripping-pan on roasting-days; and, although on board wages, Emmelina, the doctor's lovely daughter, permitted him a fair run of his teeth when her father was out. As the cook was often junketing with her lover, the sexton of the parish, she did not grudge him these little advantages.

One morning, just as he had come home from chalking, the doctor called him, and bidding him be seated, (a most unexpected honour, which nearly drove the lad out of his senses,) he informed him that he was highly satisfied with his conduct, would henceforth allow him four pounds a year wages, and pay him by the job for other services, which were to commence by his *doing fits*; so saying, he gave him a treatise on epilepsy, and bidding him study the symptoms, he left him, slipping half-a-crown into his hand.

The enchanted Cleaver was not long in understanding the doctor's intentions, and sedulously applied himself to acquire the means of qualifying himself for his novel occupation; although he was rather staggered when he read the following: "The patient falls down without any previous notice, his eyes are so distorted that only the whites of them are to be seen, his fists are clenched, he foams at the mouth, thrusts out his tongue, and his body and limbs are agitated and convulsed. After a continuance of this terrific state, the symptoms gradually abate; but the patient continues looking wildly and vacantly around him, perfectly unconscious of what has passed." Cleaver immediately proceeded to make the most awful faces in his looking-glass, till he actually frightened himself into the belief that a real fit was coming on. Delighted with his attempt, no sooner had Doall returned, than Cleaver fell down in the hall, in all the fearful distortions of an epileptic.

"Bravo!—bravo!" exclaimed the doctor;—"admirable!—excellent!"

"Delicious!—wonderful!—he's a very artist. Oh, what a tragedian he would make!" exclaimed the daughter; "how charmingly he would die!"

"Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,—
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes!"

"I'll be d—d if he hasn't, though!" replied Doall; "and if this chap does not make his way in the world, I'll swallow a peck of my own *anti-omnibus pills*. Now mutter away, my boy—more foam—more foam—that's it!—now for a kick—that's your sort!—clench your fist—capital! capital! Now, my fine fellow, get up, and I'll renovate you with some of my *cardiac anti-nervous balm*;" and, so saying, he took out of his closet a small bottle which contained the aforesaid liquor, which was neither more nor less than a dram for ladies, who dared not indulge in more vulgar potations, and which I afterwards found was composed of cherry-bounce, Curaçoa, Cayenne pepper, ginger, and some other drug of a most stimulating nature, which once recommended a certain holy man to a certain great personage;—a fact which may be now noticed, since both parties are in the *Elysian Fields*.

It was now settled that the following day at four o'clock, Cleaver was to fall down in a fit in Albemarle-street, at the door of a fashionable family-hotel, the doctor driving past at the very time. In a moment he had collected a crowd around him. One exclaimed, "The fellow's drunk!"—another bystander maintained it was apoplexy; a second, epilepsy; and an old woman assured the group that it was catalepsy. The lad's face was sprinkled with kennel water, hartshorn charitably applied to his nostrils, and a stick humanely crammed between his teeth for fear he should bite his tongue. On a sudden, and to his infinite satisfaction, Doall jumped out of his job-fly, and, after looking at the patient for a moment, observed that it was an *attack of idiopathic epilepsy, arising from a determination of the sanguineous system to the encephalon*. This learned illustration proclaimed the man of science, and every one made way for him with becoming respect. Our Esculapius then took out a small phial from his pocket, and, pouring two or three drops into Ned's foaming mouth, he added, "These drops are infallible in recovering people from all sorts of sympathetic, symptomatic, and idiopathic attacks;" when Cleaver immediately opened his eyes, looked around him with a vacant stare, to the great amazement of every one present, and in a stuttering voice asked where he was. The doctor generously told him where he lived in a loud and audible manner, gave him half-a-crown, and was about ascending his pill-box, after bidding him call upon him in a day or two, when a servant in a splendid livery stepped forward from the hotel, and informed him that Lady Coverley wished to see him. He was immediately ushered into the presence of a superannuated countess, just arrived from the country.

"My dear sir!" she exclaimed, "I am positively the most fortunate woman in the world, to have thus accidentally met with such a prodigy. I witnessed your wonderful cure upon that poor creature, and I must absolutely get you to see my daughter Virgy. All the physicians in town have

attended her, and I do declare I think they have done her more harm than good. When Lord Coverley arrives with Lady Virginia, Virgy shall see you immediately; I declare she must."

Doall bowed obsequiously, tendered his address, and, slipping half-a-guinea into the footman's hand, drove off, not without having heard the servant proclaim to all around, "that he was the cleverest man in *Lunnun*, and beat out all other doctors by *chalks*;" the fellow being little aware at the time that his vulgar expression was so applicable.

[Pg
446]

The doctor was fortunate. Lady Virginia, a nervous, romantic fidget, had been reduced by bleeding, starving, and other expedients, to *linger long*; and in a short time Doall, having discovered that she was in love, recommended marriage, with repeated doses of his "*cardiac anti-nervous balm*;" his prescription effected a perfect cure.

Cleaver was now in great favour, and every day proved to him that the doctor's daughter's partiality was assuming a more affectionate character. One morning he was pounding some combustible drugs in a mortar, when Emmelina familiarly entered into conversation with him. After having asked him various questions about his parentage,—when she heard that he was an orphan, she expressed great sympathy. She then reverted to her favourite topic, the drama; and asked him if he often went to the play.

"Only once, miss," he replied.

"And what was the performance?"

"Romeo and Juliet."

"Delightful piece! How did you like the garden scene, Edward?"

'See how she leans her cheek upon that hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!'

And tell me, Edward," she continued with great emotion, "did you not weep?"

"Oh, bitterly!" he sighed; "bitterly!"

"I'm sure you did. When he takes the deadly draught, and says,

'Here's to my love! Oh, true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.'"

Unfortunately the enraptured girl suited her action to the words, and imitating Romeo casting from him the fatal phial, she seized a bottle of some diabolical ingredient, and threw it into the mortar. A tremendous detonation followed, blowing up the stuff Cleaver was pounding, singeing all his hair and burning his face.

Emmelina's terror at this accident was as great as the pain it had inflicted; and Cleaver was bellowing, and stamping, and kicking, when fortunately Doall came in. The poor sufferer expected some immediate relief from his skill, but was amazed to see him draw back with looks of admiration, and exclaim, "Beautiful, by Jupiter!—beautiful!—Oh, what a thought!—what a grand idea!—beautiful!"

Emmelina entreated him to dress Ned's scalds, which he set about doing with hesitation, ever and anon stepping back to gaze upon him with delight; and, having applied some ointment to his face, he thus proceeded:

"Edward, my boy, I love you, I admire you; your fits have worked wonders, and I have now to put your skill to another trial. The accident that has just blown you up, has admirably suited you for my purpose. I shall—what do I say?—*we* shall make a fortune. I must send you on an important mission: you must know that the very ingredients you were pulverising were for the preparation of a remedy of my invention, which infallibly cures carbuncly noses; when I say cures, I mean white-washing them, that they may break out again as extravagantly as they chuse in other hands. Now, the eldest son of Lord Doodly has a nose—that I must have hold of: oh, such a nose! like—like——"

[Pg
447]

"A will-o'-the-wisp," exclaimed his daughter.

"A most appropriate simile," rejoined the doctor. "Well, Edward, see here; his conk is nothing to the one you shall wear:" and, so saying, he drew forth from a drawer a most horrible snout of wax, ingeniously fixed upon leather; and, applying it to the youth's face, he was actually struck with horror when he beheld himself in the glass. Emmelina shrieked, and her father roared out in raptures, "Admirable! the scalds on your face will add to the beauty of your countenance."

It was arranged that, on the following day Cleaver was to start by the stage for Southampton, where Lord Doodly and his son resided. He was there to sport his awful nose in churches, theatres, public walks, until the whole town should call him "the wretch with the horrible nose!" According to agreement, after a tender farewell scene with Emmelina, he proceeded on his journey; but as he was stepping into the coach at the Golden Cross, a lady with a child upon her lap shrieked out most vehemently, exclaiming, "Coach! guard! coach! let me out—let me out! I will not travel if that there gentleman comes in, with his nose."

"What! ma'am," replied the coachman: "would you have the gemman travel without his snorter to accommodate you?"

"Oh! I shall faint; I will faint! Oh! sir, take that nose away!"

Cleaver began to wink and blink most awfully.

"Let me out! let me out! Oh Lord! where could a man get such a nose!"

Cleaver pretended to suffer most cruelly, and clapped his handkerchief to his face in apparent agony.

"It's not a nose," exclaimed a gaunt East Indian in a corner, just awaking from a doze: "it's more like the proboscis of a rhinoceros: it is a disease which we call in Bengal an elephantiasis; and, egad! I'll get out of the coach also, for it's the most d—nable infectious disorder next to leprosy."

"Oh, Gracious!" shrieked the lady, rushing out; "my darling infant has caught it; my Tommy, my jewel, will have an elephant's nose!"

"It's a shame," exclaimed the nabob. "I'll complain to the proprietors. One might as well travel with the plague, and go to bed to the cholera morbus. Let me out, coachy! let me out this instant!"

Coachy now began to apprehend the consequences of a complaint from a person of much weight in Southampton, and politely begged of Cleaver to take an outside seat. The travellers on the top of the coach were as much terrified as the inside ones; and Cleaver was forced to sit on the box next to the driver, who sported an enormous mangel-wurzel smeller of his own, and seemed much amused with the terrors of his passengers.

Cleaver's expedition was most prosperous. He terrified gipsy parties at Netly, shocked the members of the Yacht Club, interrupted the sketches of tourists, and kept High-street, above and below bar, in a state of constant consternation, after having been refused admittance into half of the hotels. The very parish beadies seemed to have an eye to his nose. In short, the Strasburg burghers had not been more terrified with the sneezer of Han Kenbergins's traveller, than were the good people of Southampton with that of their visitor. Having thus brought his snout into notoriety, he returned to town on a day when he had discovered that Lord Doodly's butler was going up. The conversation naturally fell upon noses, as the butler declared that he never in all his born days had seen such a pair of nozzles as Cleaver's and his young master's. Our adventurer then informed him that there was only *one doctor upon earth* who could cure such terrific diseases, and him he was going up to consult. His fellow traveller of course observed, that if he could cure *his* scent-box he could cure anything; and Cleaver promised him, over a tankard of ale, to let him hear from him if he was so fortunate as to get rid of his distressing disorder.

Two months after, a loud ringing announced a stranger at the gate of Doodly Hall. It was Cleaver, with his natural facial handle, asking for the butler. Overjoyed at a discovery so acceptable to his master, who, in return for his services, might be disposed to overlook his spoliations with more indulgence, Cleaver was introduced by him to the family, who all recollected his former frightful appearance. Lord Impy, the heir of the title and estate, was forthwith sent to London to be placed under Doall's care. Again he had the good fortune to relieve him, and his fame had spread far and near, ere the nasal conflagration broke out again with redoubled virulence.

Cleaver's services were soon requited by the hand of Emmelina, and a partnership in *the board*. He gradually acquired a smattering of medical knowledge; and, being well aware that affable manners bring on conversation, and conversation tends to draw out ignorance, he very wisely assumed a haughty, and at times a brutal manner; making it a rule never to answer a question, and requesting his patients to hold their tongues when they presumed to trespass on their ailments. His unmannerly behaviour was called *frankness*, his silence *erudition*, and his insolence *independence*. He thus became one of the wealthiest quacks in London. His romantic Emmelina for some time rendered him most miserable; but, fortunately for him, she one night set fire to the house while performing "*The Devil to pay*" in her private theatricals, and was duly consumed with the premises. With his usual good luck, they had been insured for three times their value; and the doctor was enabled to move to a more fashionable part of the West End, with the additional *puff of a fire, a burnt wife, and a disconsolate husband!*

The librarian proceeded to relate the adventures of various other medical men; and we then entered an adjoining room, hung round with portraits of distinguished characters, amongst whom I was particularly anxious to learn the history of the once popular patriot, SIR RUBY RATBOROUGH.

PETER PLUMBAGO'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Tom,—I'm aware you will need no apology
For a nice short epistle concerning geology;
The subject perhaps has been worn to a thread,—
But I can't drive *Philosophy* out of my head!
Before the great meeting in Bristol, no doubt
It was harder to drive such a thing in than out;
But a one-pound subscription once placing it there,
It takes root in the brain, and sprouts faster than hair:
So that, though I get lectures at night from the wife of me,
I can't pluck Philosophy out for the life of me.

Well, Tom,—a prime fellow, brimfull of divinity,
Told jokes about chaos and bones to infinity;
And proved that the world (this he firmly believes)
Long before Adam's day had seen thousands of EVES!
Now, Tom, do you know in this earth that so great a
Proportion of hard rocks inclining in strata
Is caked with dead lizards and crocodiles' bone,
That a singular fact's incontestably shown—
Viz. ALL FLESH (WHICH IS GRASS) MUST IN TIME BECOME STONE!
Either limestone, or crystal, or mineral salt,
(Vide specim.) Lot's wife—crystallized "in a *fault*."
Fancy, Tom, that your skull may come under the chisel,
And turn out a filter for water to drizzle!
Or imagine the rubicund nose of our uncle,
In some fair lady's brooch, blazing forth a carbuncle!
Though learning is grand, and one labours to win it,
There perhaps lurks a something distressing, Tom, in it.
Thus, whate'er our good character while our life lasted,
When turned into rocks, may we not, Tom, be blasted?
However refined were our tastes and behaviour,
When slabs, to be thumped by the vulgarest pavior!
Who knows but that Newton's immortalised pate
May not some day become a dull schoolboy's old slate;
That head, which threw such astonishing light upon
The secrets of nature—a ninny to write upon!
Man's knowledge is ignorance, wisdom is folly;
The more philosophic, the more melancholy.

But, Tom, I've a theory,—my own, Tom,—my pet,
Though not quite mature to be published as yet,
Next year I expect 'twill be brought to perfection,
And be read at the great Geological Section.
The subject of FROGS having pleased the community,
(A subject on which none may gibe with impunity,)
It struck me the cold-blooded matter they own
Must be midway 'twixt animal substance and stone.
They have heads, so have we!—and no tails, so have rocks!—
They've no red blood, like pebbles! but two eyes, like cocks!
Then again,—unlike Christians, with warm, "vital spark,"—
They are cold, so are flints! a strong circumstance—mark!
An argument *some* use—there is not much in 't,
That stones have no skins—Hah! then what's a *skin flint*?
Every day, Tom, I feel more secure my position,
Frogs are ANIMAL ROCKS *in a state of transition*!
If I prove this,—and savans but act with propriety,—
I'm sure to preside at the Royal Society!
Then think, Tom, the glory of Bristol! a resident
Elected in London, to sit as the President!
Hark! I hear, Tom, my unphilosophic virago
Of a wife! I must finish—
Yours, PETER PLUMBAGO.

October 14th, 1836.

[Pg 450]

THE BLUE WONDER. [90]

A MARRIAGE ON CREDIT.

Doctor Falcon looked one way, and pretty Susan looked another, as it has been customary for young people to do, from the remotest antiquity. The doctor was a very pretty fellow, had been to two universities, had walked the hospitals of Vienna, Milan, and Pavia, and had learned so much that there was not one of his craft better able than himself to post his patients to a better world according to the most legitimate principles of the most modern systems of the medical art. But science such as this, is not to be acquired for nothing; it had cost our worthy doctor nearly every penny of his modest patrimony. "Never mind!" thought he to himself; "when I get home, I'll marry some rich girl or other, who may take a fancy to become the doctor's lady; and so both our turns will be served."

But what are the wisest resolutions against the eloquence of a pretty face? Susan was as pretty as a lover could wish her; she felt the best disposition in the world to become a doctor's lady, but then she had no money.

"Never mind, my dear Susan!" said the doctor, as he impressed a kiss on the lips of the

weeping maid; "you see, a doctor must marry, else people have no confidence in him. You will bring me *credit*, credit will bring me *patients*, the patients money, and, if they should fail, we have good expectations. Your aunt, Miss Sarah Bugle, is forty odd, not far from fifty, and rich enough for the seventh part of her fortune to help us out of all our trouble. We may venture something upon that!"

Heavens! what will a young girl not venture for her lover! Susan's mother had nothing to object, nor her father either, for they were both in heaven; and her guardian was well pleased to see his ward form a respectable connexion. Her aunt, Sarah, was also well-pleased, though, in general, she was little friendly to wedding of any kind: but, as long as Susan remained unmarried, she saw very clearly that she would every year be obliged to make some pecuniary advances to the worthy guardian; and Miss Sarah Bugle was rather stingy, or, as she was herself wont to say, "she had not a penny more than she wanted."

Well: Susan became Mrs. Falcon, and the doctor looked most industriously out of his windows to see the customers pour into his house, on the strength of his increased claims to credit. They came very sparingly; but in their stead there appeared every year, a little merry face that had never been seen in the house before, to augment the parental joys of Doctor Falcon and his lady. Sometimes the doctor would pass his finger, cogitatingly, behind his left ear; but what could that avail him? There was no driving the little Falcons out of the nest. They could not cut their bread into thinner slices, for the children must live; but the doctress made her soups thinner. However, they all seemed to thrive,—father, mother, and the four little ones. They sat on wooden benches and straw chairs as comfortably as they could have done on quilted cushions; they slept soundly on hard mattresses, and wore no costly garments, being well contented if they could keep themselves neatly and respectably clad. And this was an art in which Susan was a perfect adept; everything in her house looked so pretty and neat, that you would have sworn the doctor must have been extremely well off. "How they manage to do it, I can't think!" Aunt Sarah would often exclaim. "It's a blue wonder to me!"

Not that it was always sunshine: there were days when the exchequer was quite exhausted; and sometimes whole weeks would elapse without a single dollar finding its way into the house. But then it was always some consolation to know that Aunt Sarah was rich, and sickly, and growing old; and, the worse matters looked at home, the more hopeful they always became at the maiden's mansion.

EXPECTING HEIRS.

The doctor and Susan reckoned rather too confidently on the inheritance of the aunt; for, even supposing that the dear old lady had been so near to her beatification as her loving friends imagined, still it was matter of speculation whether her dear niece would or would not be her heir. The sighing pair of wedded lovers stood indeed most in need of the inheritance: but it so happened that there was another niece, married to one Lawyer Tweezer; not to speak of two nephews, the Reverend Primarius Bugle, and a certain doctor of philosophy of the same name. Their claims were all as strong as those of Susan and her husband, and all looked forward with equal longing to the ascension of the blessed virgin.

Bugle, the philosopher, had perhaps least cause of all. He was rich enough; and, while enjoying the delicacies of his table, and smacking his lips after his Burgundy, his philosophy was perfectly edifying to his guests. We have a proof of his acuteness in a work of his, in five volumes, now forgotten, but once immortal, entitled "*The Wise Man surrounded by the Evils of Life*;" in which he proved that there was no such thing as suffering in the world; that pain of every kind was the mere creature of imagination; and that all a man had to do, was to contemplate every object on the agreeable side.

Accordingly, he always contemplated his aunt on the *agreeable*, namely, on her *money* side. He visited her assiduously, often invited her to dinner, sent her all sorts of tit-bits from his kitchen, and was accordingly honoured with the appellation of her "own darling nephew."

He would have succeeded well enough with his philosophy, had not his cousin, the Reverend Primarius Bugle, by means of his theology, exercised great influence over the aunt. She was very pious and devout, condemned the vanities of the world, visited the congregations of the godly, in which the spiritual bugle at times was heard to utter a loud strain, and was mightily comforted by the visits of her reverend nephew, who joined her frequently in her devotions, and gave her pretty clearly to understand, that, without his assistance, she would find it difficult to prepare her soul for its future blissful abode. When, sighing and with weeping eyes, she would come from the edifying discourses of her godly nephew, she would call him the saviour of her soul, her greatest of benefactors, and promise to think of him in her last hour. This was music to the ears of the theologian. "I can scarcely fail to be the sole legatee," he would think to himself; "or, as our pious aunt is wont to say, it would be a blue wonder indeed."

Nor would his calculation have been a bad one, but for his cousin Lawyer Tweezer; whose legal ability made him a man of great importance to the aunt. The chaste Sarah did indeed despise the Mammon of unrighteousness, and sincerely pitied the grovelling children of the world; but on that very account she did her best to detach them from their Mammon, or at least their Mammon from them, which is all the same. She lent money on high interest and good security, and worked so diligently for the salvation of those who borrowed from her, that they were always sure to become poorer and poorer under her ministration. "Blessed are the poor!" she would exclaim when they were paying her interest on interest; "if I could have my way, I

would have the whole town poor, that they might all inherit the kingdom of heaven. The less people have in this world, the more they will long for the world to come."

It would sometimes happen, however, that the pious maid was carried too far by her virtuous zeal for the future welfare of her neighbours; so that, what with her securities, and her compound interest, and the wickedness of her debtors, she would occasionally find herself involved in disputes and litigation. Without the aid of Lawyer Tweezer, who was universally looked on as the most cunning pettifogger in the whole town, she would frequently have seen interest and principal slipping through her fingers. But, between her piety, and his cunning and obduracy, a poor debtor was fain to bundle with bag and baggage out of his house, rather than a single guilder she had lent out, should miss its way back to her strong-box.

"I should be a poor, forsaken, lost woman, my dearest nephew," she would often say to Tweezer, "if you were not there, to take my part. I may thank you for nearly all I have; but the time may come when I shall be able to repay you." This was music to the ears of the jurist. He hoped one day to find himself sole heir, and fancied he should be able to touch the right note when it came to the drawing out of the will.

THE PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN.

Miss Sarah Bugle, in her fits of devotion, talked much of death, and of her longings after the heavenly Jerusalem and her spiritual bridegroom; yet this did not prevent her from thinking, even more frequently still, of an earthly bridegroom. Since her five-and-fortieth year she indeed solemnly declared that she never would marry; nevertheless, she had her fits of maiden weakness, particularly when some stately widower would banter her, or some gay bachelor look up to her window as he went by. "I dare say he has some designs," she would then say. "Well, time will show; it's wrong to swear anything rashly! If it is to be,—well; the Lord's will be done! I'm in my best years. My namesake in the Old Testament was eighty when she christened her first child. It would be no blue wonder if it did turn out so!"

Thus she would soliloquize, particularly when some single man had been looking kindly at her; and, as this seemed to her to be frequently the case, she at last came to suspect every man in the place, of "evil designs," as she called it, on her chaste person. At length,—for her imagination had been wanton with her for more than twenty years,—she came to look upon every single man as her silent adorer, and every married man as her faithless one.

It may easily be conceived with what inveteracy she declaimed against weddings of every kind, and how bitterly she abused the whole godless, light-minded male sex, (for her quarrel was with the whole sex,) and with what transcendent venom she inveighed against the coquettish minxes who had the impudence to think of a man before they were out of their leading-strings; though these same minxes in leading-strings were all the while walking about in shoes such as are generally manufactured for damsels about to bid adieu to their teens.

Some elderly maidens, pure and pious like herself, assisted her in the laudable occupation of prying into the domestic occurrences of the town, and moralising over them while sipping their coffee. In this conclave, every new gown, every wedding, every christening, was conscientiously discussed; and no time was lost in dispersing the result of their amiable confabulations through every corner of the town. A saucy sign-painter being once called on to paint a picture of the goddess of Fame, armed her with a bugle instead of a trumpet; and, when some pre-eminent piece of scandal became current, it was customary to say "the bugle has been sounded,"—by which it was intended to indicate the quarter where the report originated.

If to these amiable qualities we add the extreme godliness of the chaste Sarah, and her invincible partiality for compound interest, it is not difficult to understand why, with the exception of the said ancient maidens and the four expecting nephews, every creature was careful to remain at a most respectful distance from her.

THE CARES OF LIFE.

She had not the least inclination to die. She was, therefore, by no means displeased with the competition of the four faculties, for her inheritance. Nobody gained by it more than herself. It brought her the dainties of philosophy, the consolations of religion, the protection of the law, and moderate doctor's bills. Doctor Falcon was as dear to her as the others, but not a bit more so: only when some transitory indisposition seemed to hint at the instability of everything human, the doctor never failed to become, for the time, the dearest of all her nephews.

"Quick doctor! Pray come immediately! Miss Sarah is dying!" exclaimed one morning, the antiquated maid-servant of the aunt, as she popped her head in at the door. "My lady has been looking most wretchedly for some days."

Falcon was sitting, when this news came, upon his unpretending sofa; and, with his arm round her waist, was endeavouring to console his weeping Susan. He knew that Miss Sarah was not likely to be very serious in her intentions of dying; so he promised the maid he would come immediately, but remained nevertheless with his wife, to console her.

But he had little success this time in his attempts at consolation. Poor Susan wept more bitterly than ever; and the poor doctor sat beside her, unconscious of the cause of her tears.

"Come, be open-hearted to your husband, my dearest love," he said; "you torture me,—you kill me,—to see you thus, while you conceal from me the cause."

"Well, then listen to me. Oh!"

"What further, my dear Susan? you said that before."

"We have four children."

"Ay, and the finest in the town, if I am not mistaken! They are all so gentle, so amiable, so——"

"Oh! they are little angels."

"You are right; they *are* angels, all of them. You do not, I hope, grieve over the presence of the little angelic circle?"

"No, my dear husband; but what is to become of the future?"

"Oh, thou unbelieving Susan! Let us rely on Providence."

"It is difficult for us to bring them up decently. The older they grow, the more they want."

"They have been growing older all this while, and they have wanted for nothing as yet."

"Ay; but, if——"

"What then?"

"Alas!" she sighed, and sobbed more bitterly than before.

"What then?" exclaimed the doctor, with undissembled anxiety.

She concealed her face in his bosom, clung to him with both her arms, and, in a scarcely audible whisper, said: "I am to be a mother for the fifth time."

The papa was half inclined to cry himself at this un hoped-for announcement; however, he concealed his consternation as well as he could. "Nay, sweetheart, is that all?" he exclaimed. "Come, Susan, we shall have five little angels instead of four. We cannot fail to be happy!"

"But, my dear husband, we are so very, very poor!"

"The little angels will bring a blessing upon us. He who feeds the young ravens will also show me where to find a crumb for my little ones. Come, tranquillise yourself."

Susan had had her cry out, and so became more tranquil, as a matter of course; but the doctor had found no such vent for his uneasiness. He walked up and down the room, looked out of the window; nothing could divert his thoughts.

"Every year more children and less bread! Every year bigger boarders and thinner slices!" sighed he to himself. He would have forgotten the dying Miss Bugle, had not Susan reminded him that it was time to hasten to her death-bed.

THE BLUE WONDER.

He took up his hat, but he did not run. The little domestic dialogue still weighed on his spirits. He thought only of the small number of his patients, and the exhausted state of his exchequer. He drew his hat over his brow, and looked straight before him like a rhymester: on his way he saluted neither right nor left, and had nearly run down the superintendent-general,—a man looked upon by most people as one of the brightest shining lights in the church.

When he arrived at his dearly-beloved aunt's, he did not, indeed, find her on her death-bed; but she had mounted her spectacles, and was seated before a large book, from which she had opened at Reflections on Death, and from which she was devoutly reading sundry Prayers for the Dying. She looked wretchedly; but it would have been difficult to say when her face looked anything else. Round her head she had tied one handkerchief; and another, which passed over her head, was fastened under her chin.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the learned Doctor Falcon, as he laid his hat and stick aside.

"The Lord knows," sighed Miss Bugle in a soft and plaintive tone; "I have suffered much for several days. I feel as if my hour were come; and that would be terrible."

The doctor thoughtfully felt her pulse, and said unconsciously, half to himself, "It fills, with a vengeance!" All the good man's thoughts were at home with Susan.

"I thought as much," sighed the terrified virgin. "Do you think there is danger, my dear Falcon?"

"Not at your years," replied the doctor, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Well, that is some consolation," replied the lady in a more cheerful tone; "in fact, I am in my best years; my strength unbroken. My constitution must bring me through. Don't you think so, dear Falcon? Only, no expensive medicines, if they can be done without. Since bark, rhubarb, and mixtures have been turned into colonial produce, there's no enduring them. The Lord be merciful to us! but really, my dear Falcon, I am not at all well."

Our worthy aunt now gave the reins to her tongue; spoke, as she was wont to do, of a thousand different things, none of them in any way connected with her indisposition. The doctor, meanwhile, hummed a tune, and beat the devil's tattoo upon the table, without listening to a word of what the good lady was saying. At length he was beginning to lose patience.

"What then *is* the matter with you?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, my appetite! I have not relished a spoonful of soup these two days. And then my head aches as if it would burst."

"Something you have eaten has, perhaps, disagreed with you, aunt; some philosophical *pâté de foie gras* may be in fault."

"Gracious Heaven! no, Falcon, the stomach cannot be in fault. I live so simply, so frugally. Seriously, I don't think I have for several weeks eaten anything likely to disagree with me. But sometimes I have a tooth-ache, sometimes qualms, heartburn, vomitings—Good Heavens! do look at me, Falcon, and don't keep drumming upon the table so; look how pale I am,—how my eyes are sunk in my head: oh dear! I am certainly very unwell."

"Well, what do I care?" said the doctor in a peevish tone: his mind entirely occupied by the condition of his Susan: "you're in the family way, that's all."

"Merciful Heaven!" screamed the chaste virgin, in a voice that might have been heard three streets off. Merciful Heaven! that would be a blue wonder indeed!"

A cold sweat came over the doctor as he heard these animated tones from the maiden lips of Miss Sarah Bugle. He immediately recollected that, what with ill-humour, and what with absence of mind, he had been betrayed into a superlatively foolish speech, and one that no chaste virgin was ever likely to forgive; particularly a maid who had triumphantly preserved her painful dignity unimpaired to her fiftieth year; one who never pardoned in another damsel even a gentle pressure of the hand; one who was neither more nor less than an immaculate personification of purity and sanctity; one who was, in short, that virgin of virgins, Miss Sarah Bugle!

[Pg
456]

"I will let the storm vent itself, and seek safety in flight, before the neighbours come pouring in, to see what's the matter," thought the terrified doctor, as he opened the door and rushed into the street.

ANOTHER BLUE WONDER.

The other three faculties had by this time, by their jealousy, rapacity, and endless misrepresentations concerning each other, utterly ruined themselves in the good opinion of the virgin. Doctor Falcon was the only one who at all bore up against the sudden storm. He could not, for the soul of him, help laughing at his own blunder. Susan, however, on the following day began to reprove her husband's levity, though she had at first joined in the laugh at his thoughtlessness. He caught her in his arms, stopped her mouth with his kisses, and said, "You are right: I ought not to have so rudely assaulted the maiden purity of the heaven-devoted vestal. But, faith! when I left you yesterday, I scarcely knew myself which way my head was turned."

"I would not say another word, my dear, if I were not convinced that you have offended my aunt for ever. Such affront can never be forgiven by so pious a maiden lady. It is ill for us, and particularly now. We have a long winter before us. I heat the stove so sparingly that the windows scarcely thaw the whole day, and yet our stock of wood is going fast, as you know yourself. And for our exchequer, look here!" So saying, she jingled a few small pieces of silver in a large purse close to his ears.

A slight tap at the door, and Sarah's aged attendant entered with a sealed note, and an urgent request from his aunt that the doctor would without fail, immediately after dinner, precisely at one o'clock, favour her with a visit.

"I shall be sure to come," said Falcon; he took the note, and dismissed the maid.

He weighed the note in his hand, and turned jestingly to his wife. "Feel, Susan; it is as heavy as lead." He opened it, and, lo! in a Queen of Hearts sundry delicate incisions had been made, into which had been slipped ten new full-weighted Dutch ducats. He looked at the envelope; it was addressed to Dr. Falcon: there could be no mistake. Such unheard-of liberality on the part of the immaculate Sarah justly excited the amazement of the wedded pair.

"Well, this is the bluest of all my aunt's blue wonders!" exclaimed Falcon. "Come, my pretty one; how long is it since we had such a treasure as this, in our house? Look! Providence watches over us and our children. The winter is provided for; so we'll have no more croaking. What! are you crying still?"

"Oh!" sobbed Susan, as she threw her arms round his neck; "it's for joy I am crying now. But," added she in a lower tone, "I was praying fervently, nearly the whole night, for it was little I could sleep."

Falcon clasped his wife in his arms. He said not another word for several minutes, but he wept inwardly; for he was unwilling that she should see how deeply he was affected.

[Pg
457]

BLUER AND BLUER.

As the clock struck one, he stood by the bedside of the aunt. With real emotion, with sincere gratitude, he approached her; and—he had vowed to Susan he would do it—impressed a fervent kiss on the benevolent hand that had just diffused so much joy through his little family circle.

"Best of aunts!" he said, "your present of to-day has made Susan and me very happy."

"Dear nephew," said the sick lady, in the gentlest tone of which her voice was capable, for it was long since her hand had been kissed so warmly, "I have long, very long, been your debtor."

"And forgive me my rudeness of yesterday," continued the doctor.

Aunt Sarah modestly covered her face with her handkerchief. After a while she said, but without looking at him, "Nephew, I am about to repose unlimited confidence in you:—my life depends on you. Can you be secret? Will you?"

Falcon was ready to promise everything. Still the lady was not satisfied; she promised him her whole fortune if he would be faithful to her. He made the most solemn oath.

"I know," said she, "that you young people are often badly enough off. Well, I will come and board with you; for my old maid, who has served me so long and so faithfully,"—here she sobbed bitterly,—"I must turn her away. But as long as you keep my secret, I will give you a thousand guilders every year for my board; and, when I die, you shall have all I leave behind me."

The doctor fell on his knee by her bedside, and renewed his oath with increased solemnity.

"But you must live outside the town; for I will not remain here. I will make you a free gift of my large house outside the gate, with the garden and all the grounds belonging to it. You know my house close to the large inn—the Battle of Aboukir; the house was left me six months ago, by my mother's brother, the Director of Excise."

The doctor vowed with extended hand he would move into it the very next day, in spite of wind, frost, and snow.

"As long as you keep my secret, nephew, I will pay you my board half-yearly in advance; and for the little expenses you will be at, in arranging your house for your own family and for me, you will find four rouleaux of dollars in the little cupboard yonder behind the door."

The doctor swore all his vows of secrecy over again. She must imagine the day of judgment or the millennium at hand, he thought. Nothing less can possibly account for so sudden and miraculous a conversion.

But, with all this, Sarah came no nearer than before to the confession of the great secret. As often as she attempted to begin, the words died upon her lips, and she covered her face and sobbed. These beginnings, and breakings off, and lamentations endured for a long time. The doctor rose, seated himself by the side of the bed, wiped his knees with the sleeve of his coat, took a pinch of snuff, and said to himself, "We may pump a well dry in time!; it would be hard if the lachrymal glands of an afflicted virgin could boast of an inexhaustible store of water."

[Pg
458]

THE BLUEST OF ALL.

He was in the right: when she could cry no longer, she believed she was recovering her Christian resolution, and said with a trembling voice, "Nephew, when you left me yesterday after that dreadful expression——"

The doctor was about to fall once more on his knees: "Pardon the expression, my angelic aunt! It was——"

"No, nephew; perhaps you were right."

"It was an unpardonable stupidity on my part."

"No, nephew; I believe you are not wrong."

"Impossible, my angelic aunt!"

"Alas! only too true, nephew."

"Impossible, aunt! And even if—even supposing—no, aunt, you are certainly——"

"Nephew, you are right. I ought to have been wiser at my time of life, you mean. You are right; but now you know all. The misfortune has happened. I was married,—secretly, very secretly indeed,—but all in an honourable way, all quite orderly. Now who'll believe me? There he lies dead in the Tyrol, killed by a bullet;—here are letters and vouchers. He is dead, and——"

"Who, aunt?" exclaimed Falcon in utter amazement.

"Alas! the trumpeter of the French regiment of hussars, that was quartered here during the summer and autumn,—God be merciful to his soul! He was no common trumpeter, but trumpeter to the regiment; his father and grandfather beat the kettledrums for many years with great applause. But, gracious Heaven! I could not bear to be called a hussar's wife; and, before he could buy his discharge, the regiment was ordered to march. Here I am now, a young widow, not a soul knows it, not a soul would believe it. It will kill me if it become known: it would be a blue wonder to the town. I care little for the trumpeter; but my good name is all in all to me."

The doctor shook his head; he could scarcely recover from his surprise. The trumpeter had indeed been frequently seen in Miss Bugle's apartments; but Falcon, who had always laughed at Goethe's idea of a chemical elective affinity, had never dreamt of such a powerful elective affinity between a trumpeter and a Bugle. As to the immediate uneasiness of the disconsolate maid, for such the widow chose to be still called, he considered it groundless; but she returned such strange replies to his questions as to her sensations, that he began himself to have some suspicions. He had no difficulty now in accounting for the munificence of the anxious lady, who would rather have lost her life than that the whole town should have known that the brightest mirror of all maiden virtue had been dimmed and breathed upon.

He now pledged his word of honour that he would keep her secret, and conceal her from all

the world till she was able to appear again with safety. Till then it was to be reported that she was ill; and, under the plea of receiving more careful attendance, she was to live at the doctor's house, and break off every other intercourse.

[Pg
459]

The gift of the country-house near the large hotel of the Battle of Aboukir was duly and legally executed; the country-house was entered upon in the middle of winter; the maiden matron became invisible there; and no one was allowed to wait on her, but Susan, whom she had herself initiated into her mystery.

GOOD RESULTS.

"Well, to be sure," she would say to Susan in her cheerful hours,—for it was impossible to be always in despair; and, as her niece anticipated all her wishes, she had never felt herself half so comfortable as in the bosom of this happy family,—"Well, to be sure, it is a blue wonder, indeed, to think that I should come to this! Who would have thought it! Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. I believed myself too secure, and now I am chastened for my pride. Oh, trumpeter! trumpeter!"

The event, meanwhile, had exercised a very salutary influence on the maiden lady. Through very fear of betraying herself to the curious eyes of her former companions and gossips, she weaned herself from all intercourse with them, and acquired a taste for more refined pleasures in the circle of Dr. Falcon's family. She continued, indeed, rather too fond of all the tittle-tattle of the town; but then she thought of her own weakness, and judged more charitably that of others. She became so indulgent, so modest, nay, so humble, that the doctor and his wife were completely amazed. The change of circumstances and society,—the heroic resolution by which she had divested herself of a part of her property,—the assurance of the doctor that she was still rich enough to live at her ease,—all this had effected so singular a change in her character, that she seemed to live quite in a new world. She even abandoned all her usurious dealings, which, to be sure, she would have found it difficult to continue in her present seclusion.

The three faculties, meanwhile, were vomiting fire and flame. The two Bugles were apparently reconciled, but only that they might unite more vigorously in their hostility against the pettifogger, who watched their every step for a plausible ground of action against them. The philosopher wrote an excellent book against the human passions; and the worthy ecclesiastic delivered every Sunday most edifying discourses on the abomination of ingratitude, calumny, envy, evil-speaking, and malignity. Both did much good by their arguments, but their own gall became more and more bitter, every day.

THE PIOUS FRAUD.

The winter passed away, and was succeeded by spring. The warm days of summer were approaching. Dr. Falcon had very soon obtained the conviction that his aunt had little cause for her uneasiness. He had told her so, and had explained to her the real nature of her indisposition. In vain: the erring vestal would on no account be undeceived. Susan and her husband were at length obliged to desist from every attempt to dispel the ridiculous illusion of Aunt Sarah, who threatened that she should begin to doubt the doctor's friendship. She seldom left her bed.

"She makes me uneasy," said Susan to her husband; "at times I almost fancy her cracked."

[Pg
460]

"And she is so, in every sense of the word," said the doctor. "It is hypochondria,—a fixed idea. My physic is of no avail against the extravagancies of her imagination. I know of nothing I can do, unless it be to drive away one fancy by substituting another. Suppose we pass our child off upon her for her own."

"But will she believe it?"

"If she does not, it is of little consequence."

After a few weeks Susan appeared no longer in Sarah's room—it had been so arranged by the doctor; and our aunt was informed that Susan had had a misfortune.

"Is the child dead?" inquired Sarah.

"Alas!" replied the doctor.

"Alas!" rejoined the aunt.

One day before daybreak, Aunt Sarah was awakened in an unusual manner. Her face was sprinkled with water, and strong scents were held to her nose, till it seemed they were going to send her out of the world by the very means apparently employed to bring her to life again.

She opened her eyes, and saw the doctor busy with her nose.

"Righteous Heaven! I am dying!—You are killing me! Nephew, nephew, what are you doing to my nose?"

"Hush, aunt!—don't speak a word!" said the doctor with a mysterious look; "only tell me how you feel yourself."

"Tolerably well, nephew."

"You have been insensible for four hours, aunt. I was uneasy for your life; but it's all right now,—you are saved. A lovely child—"

"How!" exclaimed Sarah, almost rubbing her nose from her face.

"A sweet little boy. Do you wish to see the pretty fellow? If you will keep yourself tranquil, and not stir a limb, why——"

"But nephew——"

"I have passed it off upon every one in the house for my wife's child."

"Oh, nephew! your prudence, your assistance, your counsel! Oh, you are an angel!"

Falcon went away. Aunt Sarah trembled all over with terror and joy. She looked round her:—on the table were burning lights and countless phials of medicine were strewn around. A woman brought in the baby: it was in a gentle sleep. Sarah spoke not a word, but looked at it long, wept bitterly, kissed the little creature again and again; and, when it had been carried away, she said to the doctor, "It is the living picture of the trumpeter to the French regiment—God be merciful to him! It is his living picture—I say, his living picture!"

CONSEQUENCES.

After the prescribed number of weeks had been punctually expended in the consumption of gruels and broths, the chaste Sarah perfectly recovered her spirits, and tripped about the house more cheerful and active than she had been for many years before. She dandled the baby, would scarcely allow it out of her sight, and evidently doted on it with unbounded tenderness. She had been successfully cured of one ridiculous illusion, by one yet more ridiculous. Overflowing with gratitude, her first visit out of the house was to the church, and thence she proceeded to a lawyer to execute a deed of gift of her whole fortune to Dr. Falcon; renewing for herself only a large annuity by way of pocket-money. Between herself and the doctor, to be sure, a secret article was drawn up, by which he bound himself in due time to transfer half of her bounty to the little living picture of the regimental trumpeter.

[Pg
461]

In this way, the blue wonders of Miss Sarah Bugle suddenly converted our Dr. Falcon into a rich man. The triumph of the medical faculty was irrevocably confirmed; the more furiously did law, theology, and philosophy rage against each other. They could not forgive one another the loss of the expected legacy. Dr. Falcon was readily excused, for he was innocent. With him, all parties were ready to renew a friendly intercourse, for he was now one of the wealthiest men in the town; and a wealthy man, or rather his money, may at times be useful to the philosopher as well as to the jurist: and to the theologian as much as to either.

THE YOUTH'S NEW VADE-MECUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF **BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.**

SIR,—In submitting for your inspection, the poem which I now do myself the honour of forwarding to you, permit me to intimate to you the origin of its composition, and to indulge in one or two remarks.

The author is a particular friend of my own; a gentleman who, marrying at a rather advanced stage in the journey of life, was unexpectedly and agreeably presented with a small earnest of posterity in the shape of a son. Parental feelings, like many other good things, are better late than never; and it has often struck me that such feelings are much stronger, considerably more fervent, and, indeed, a great deal better when they do come late. Methinks the love of grandfather, grandmother, uncle, great-aunt, and a whole *kit* of cousins, is blended in the sexagenarian sire. It will be perceived, from the affecting apostrophe or invocation, that my friend commenced his poem with praiseworthy promptitude; and I do hope that its success will be more than commensurate with his expectations. The youth is now half-past six, in the morning of existence. I have, once only, had the pleasure of meeting him. He entered his father's study somewhat abruptly, mounted on a timber steed, which, I am advised, he is already perfectly able to manage; and, immediately he opened his mouth, with a raspberry-jam border to it, I perceived that he would, at no distant day, become not only a worthy member, but an undoubted ornament, of society. But this is from my present purpose.

Your Miscellany, sir, professes to furnish materials for the amusement and delight of the community; and hitherto you have acted up to your professions. But were it not as well, allow me to suggest, that you should combine instruction with amusement,—that you should clear the heart as well as purify the liver—that you should attend to the mind at the same time that you tickle the midriff? You must confess, when I remind you of it, that the rising generation has strong claims upon you, which I am sure you will be anxious, and indeed most happy, to allow. The Youth's New Vade-Mecum, then, is a compendious manual of instruction, which cannot fail of becoming permanently serviceable and efficient. Similar although I allow it to be, in many respects, to certain "Guides to Youth" and "Young Man's Best Companions" which have been published, yet I cannot but think that the precision with which the precepts are laid down in it, and the judicious manner in which they are conveyed, must cause it very shortly to supersede all other works of the same nature.

[Pg
462]

I enclose for your gratification the real name of the author, and I grant you the discretionary power of whispering it to any grateful parent (there may be many such) who would fain make the acquaintance and cultivate the friendship of their benefactor: and I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient, humble servant,

CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

THE YOUTH'S NEW VADE-MECUM.

My son, whose infant head I now survey,
Guiltless of hair, whilst mine, alas! is grey,—
Whose feeble wailings through my bosom thrill,
And cause my heart to shake my very frill,—
Incline thine ear, quick summon all thy thought,
And take this wisdom which my love has brought:
Perpend these precepts; sift, compare, combine;
And be my brain's results transferr'd to thine.

Soon as thy judgment shall grow ripe and strong,
Learn to distinguish between right and wrong:
Yet ponder with deliberation slow,
Whether thy judgment be yet ripe or no;
For wrong, when look'd at in a different light,
Behold! is oft discovered to be right,
And *vice versâ*—(such the schoolmen's phrase)—
Right becomes wrong, so devious Reason's maze!

Take only the best authors' mental food,
For too much reading is by no means good;
And, since opinions are not all correct,
Thy books thyself must for thyself select.

Accumulate ideas: yet despise
Reputed wisdom,—folly oft is wise;
And wisdom, if the mass be not kept cool,
Mothers, and is the father of, a fool.

Be virtuous and be happy: good! but, stop,—
They sow the seed who never reap the crop;
For virtue oft, which men so much exact,
Like ancient china, is more precious crack'd;
And happiness, forsooth, not over-nice,
Sometimes enjoys a pot and pipe with vice.

Get rich; 'tis well for mind and body's health:
But never, never be the slave of wealth.
The gain of riches is the spirit's loss;
And, oh! my son, remember gold is dross.

Be honest,—not as fools or bigots rave;
Your honest man is often half a knave.
Let Justice guide you; but still bear in mind
The goddess may mislead,—for she is blind.

Hygeia's dictates let me now declare,
For health must be your most especial care.
Rise early, but beware the matin chill;
'Tis fresh, but fatal,—healthy, but may kill:
Nor leave thy couch, nor break the bonds of sleep,
Till morning's beams from out the ocean leap;
Lest, crawling, groping, stumbling on the stair,
Your head descend, your heels aspire in air;
As down the flight your body swiftly steals,
Useless to know your head has sav'd your heels,
Prone on your face with dislocated neck,
You find that slumber which you sought to check.

Early to bed, but not till nature call.
Be moderate at meals, nor drink at all,
Save when with friends you toast the faithful lass,
And raise the sparkling, oft-repeated glass;
Then, graver cares and worthless scruples sunk,
Drink with the best, my son,—but ne'er get drunk.

Bathe in cold water: cautious, and yet bold,
Dive,—but the water must not be *too* cold:
And still take care lest, as you gaily swim,
Cramp should distort and dislocate each limb.
When such the case, howe'er thy fancy urge,
Postpone the bracing pastime, and emerge.
Dangers on land as well as water teem,
But now the bank is safer than the stream.

Say you should chance be ill (for, after all,
Men are but men on this terrestrial ball);
Should sickness with her frightful train invade,
Lose not a moment, but apply for aid.—
Yet fancy oft, imagined symptoms sees,
And nervous megrim simulates disease.—
Lo! at our call—the cry of coward fear—
A chemist and a cane-sucker appear:
The one, tough roots from earth's intestines dug,
Pounds with strong arm, dissolves the nauseous drug;
The other, gazing with a portentous air,
Surveys the foolish tongue that call'd him there;
To dulcet tones that breath deceptive calm,
Your cash expires in his diurnal palm,
And, sick of physic you were forced to swill,
Long-labell'd phials indicate the bill.

As learning's bridge progresses arch by arch,
So men, by gradual intellectual march,
From savages to citizens advance.—
Then gentlemen are taught to fence and dance;
Whilst gay professors, with imposing show,
Present the violin, and hand the bow.

Dance gracefully, and move with perfect ease,
Nor bend, nor keep inflexible, the knees;
Crawl not, nor with your head the ceiling touch—
That were to move too little; this too much.

When first to Music's study you would come,
In, and like charity, begin at home:
For links of harmony you weave in vain,
Whene'er you outrage ears you should enchain.
Some have I known, with their vile sharps and flats,
Whose fatal cat-gut wrought the death of cats;
Yea, a swift doom the very strings provide,
Their disembowell'd feline sires supplied!

Fencing's a noble exercise; but thence
Flow dangers, may be told without offence.
Still scrutinize, at your gymnastic toil,
The button of your adversary's foil,
Lest you strike off, at active *carte* and *tierce*,
That useful stay to tools which else will pierce;
And all too late you feel, consign'd to Styx,
Your life not worth the button you unfix.

Swift let me call you to the sylvan grove,
Where nightingales and blackbirds sing of love.
Should love assail you, as it will, no doubt,
Nor rudely fan the flame, nor blow it out:
Sometimes, when smother'd, it the stronger grows;
And sometimes, when you stir it, out it goes.
Close in your breast a heart for beauty keep,
Yet ne'er imagine beauty but skin-deep:
Beauty is oft—a fact we must deplore—
As deep as Garrick, and a great deal more.

Let not your choice too short or tall appear,
No hole her mouth, or slit from ear to ear;
And, though 'tis well in daily life to greet
The man who struggles to make both ends meet,
Yet sure the task can no great triumph win,
Accomplish'd by a lady's nose and chin.
Yet I, perchance, my pen and paper waste;
These the exactions of an erring taste.

But let your wife be modest, and yet free;
Coy, but not bashful; active as the bee;
And yet unlike that bee of busy wing,
That "proffers honey, and yet bears a sting;"
Not sad, but thoughtful; pensive, but not glum;
Grave without gloom; and silent, but not dumb;
Merry when mirth's in season, and yet sad
When nought akin to pleasure's to be had.
In all that you possess still let her share,
Yet wear no vestments you yourself should wear.

And for yourself,—since now must I conclude,—
Be courteous, yet close; and plain, not rude;
Open, but strict; and though reserv'd, yet frank;
Treat all alike, yet pay respect to rank;
Be dubious, e'en when reason would entice,
And ne'er take unsolicited advice.
So may my precepts sink into thy mind,
And make the wisdom which thou canst not find;
Until at length, so vast thy mental height,
The world, beholding thee, shall take a sight;
And men, in want of words to set thee higher,
Shall with one voice cry "Walker!" and retire.

[Pg 465]

A VISIT TO THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

Everybody has heard of madrigals, and almost everybody has heard of the Madrigal Society; but everybody does not know what madrigals are, and almost everybody has *not* dined with the Madrigal Society. Not that that ancient and respectable body is an exclusive one,—keeping its good dinners for its own private eating, and its good music for its own private hearing: its freemasonry is extemporaneous, and a visitor is as welcome to the whole fraternity as to the individual who may introduce him.

The Madrigal Society is the very Royal Exchange of musical enthusiasm and good-fellowship, and certainly bears the palm away from its "*fratelli rivali*." Its component parts are better amalgamated, and the individuals composing them, appear to derive more thorough enjoyment from their attendance, than in any other unions we have seen of the same genus.

For example, at one (which shall be nameless) there is a line of demarcation between the professional and non-professional members; another is so numerous, that it is broken into fifty coteries, as in the boxes of a chop-house; and another enthusiastic little knot of vocal harmonists is so strongly impressed with the sense of one another's capabilities, that the speechifying, and toasting, and returning thanks take up a vast deal more time than the music.

Which of the thousand and one suggested *derivations* of the *name* madrigal is the right one, is a question upon which we most humbly beg to decline entering. Whether it owe its origin to some particular feature in the words to which all secular *part music* was set at an early period; or whether, as some impertinent commentator has suggested, it be a compound of two English words, "*mad*" and "*wriggle*,"—the one having reference to the ecstatic state into which the listeners were thrown by their first performance, the other to — But we dismiss this as unworthy our consideration, and cut the question altogether.

A madrigal may, we think, be best defined as a composition in general set to a quaint little poem on some amatory or pastoral subject, with parts for a number of voices; the majority being for four or five. An unceasing flow of these parts, a kind of "push-on-keep-moving" principle, appears one of its strongest characteristics; one voice taking up the strain ere another lays it down,—seldom moving in *masses* or "*plain-song*" and with perhaps only one or two "*closes*" (sometimes none) until the end. In the conduct of all this, a very peculiar style of harmony is used. They are one and all imbued with a quaintness, which all who have heard madrigals must have felt, and could at once recognise; but which it is quite impossible to define in anything less than a treatise, six volumes quarto at the least,—a task upon which at present we have not the smallest intention of setting to work.

So much for a definition: now for a test. The best confirmation of the genuineness of a madrigal is, the fact of its *bearing the weight of a great body of voices*; that is to say, instead of its producing its proper effect, each part being sung (as in a glee) by one voice, the number of singers may be increased to any extent. And this, after all, is the true touchstone of first-rate choral writing. The "Creation" of Haydn, and "The Last Judgment" of Spohr, unquestionably produce their best effect in an orchestra of moderate proportions; but to a chorus of Handel, or a madrigal of Gibbons, perfect justice could only be done by a body of singers that would fill St. Paul's, or cover Salisbury Plain.

We have dined. The cloth vanishes,—there is a pause,—the party simultaneously rise from their chairs,—the waiters at last (thanks to a long course of training, mental and bodily,) show signs of standing still for the next five minutes,—perfect silence pervades the room,—when lo! a gentle murmur of high voices steals upon the ear,—the strain is quickly imitated a few notes lower,—the basses massively close up the harmonious phalanx, and we recognise the

[Pg
466]

imperishable "Non nobis, Domine."

Sobered, not saddened, by the noblest of canons,—the most melodious of those ingenious complexities,—a movement takes place among the party. Do not suppose that the *singers* are going to the bottom of the table, for in that case *nobody* would be left at the top; or, *vice versâ*, to the top, for then the bottom would be deserted. You find your neighbour to the right, has migrated to the other end of the room, and your *vis-à-vis* has established himself in his place. After being duly puzzled by so unexpected a move, it appears that, unlike other convivial assemblages, the order of precedency is observed here *after*, instead of *before* dinner; and that you must shift your position according to your register, not of birth or baptism, but voice. "Order is Heaven's first law," and the high and low characters around you, class themselves accordingly, into altos, tenors, and basses.

This little preparatory bustle over, and everybody again seated, there is a brief pause, which we devote to speculations,—not on the character of our new right-hand man (above mentioned),—not on the contents of the minute-book which the president spreads open before him,—nor on the pile of tomes which almost exclude the bodily presence of the vice,—nor on the gentleman who is going to propose a new member,—but on the "*dints*" in the table before us. The tops of all tables at all taverns are, and have been from time immemorial, remarkable for an infinite number of indentations varying in size and conformation. This peculiarity is not indigenous to the aforesaid tables; they are supposed, at some distant period of their existence, to have had faces as unruffled as others of their kind; but the eternal succession of thumps from glasses, plates, knives and forks, approbatory of speech, sentiment, or song, furrows their physiognomy with deep, ineffaceable lines,—albeit neither of study, thought, nor sorrow.

The time has gone by for the autobiography of guineas, lap-dogs, sofas, and sedan-chairs; birds and beasts no longer sport their apophthegms to human ears; even the pot and kettle have done calling one another names; "The Confessions of a Dinner-table, written by himself," would stand no chance now; a second edition of the life of Mendoza would be as little likely to take the town. Dinner-tables, like boxers, must count their bruises in silence. Yon deeply-indented furrow, over which our wine is absolutely tottering, is evidently a *memento* of the days when the feet were regularly knocked off the wine-glasses, and they, like their holders later in the evening, lost their power of standing alone; when *daylight* unendurable and *heel-taps* impossible. No hand lacking the zeal of political excitement could have inflicted so uncompromising a gash as the one near it. Bees'-wax and turpentine have somewhat softened the sharpness of its outline; but its existence is identified with that of the table itself. And that succession of little "*dibbs*," evidently by the same hand,—what are they, but an unceasing monument to some by-gone beau, who thus tattooed his approval of the best of all possible toasts,—"The Ladies!"

[Pg
467]

But our speculations are leading us astray; more especially as the music-desks are before us, the books upon them, and "the boys" arrived. And hark! the pitch-pipe—none of your whipper-snapper German Æolians or waistcoat-pocket tuning-forks, but the veritable pitch-pipe which has been in use since the year 1740—sounds the note of preparation, and the order of the day begins in real earnest.

The Madrigal Society does not, as its name would seem to imply, confine itself exclusively to compositions which come under the designation of madrigal. The motett and the ballet, which are variations of the same genus, come in for a share of its notice.

On referring to the book before us, for the number just given out by the conductor, we find—a motett, Dr. Christopher Tye. The baton falls, and we launch into the unexplored ocean of song before us. What breadth in the harmonies! What stateliness in the progression of the parts!—and what a depth of feeling under the incrustation of these crabbed old modulations!

And now for a madrigal. Will it be "Lady, thine eye," or "Cynthia, thy song," or "Sweet honey-sucking bees?"—No: as we live, it is "Die not, fond man!"—the noblest of them all.

And now, another motett; and now—but stay! here is something unusual. The vice looks to the chair—the chair looks to the vice. The vice, like the sun over a mountain, shows his head above the wall of books before him, and prepares to make a speech. "Gentlemen, I beg to call your attention—" But we have forgotten the form, so we'll give the substance of his observations, which go to prove that he has received a madrigal, according to the rules of the society,—that is, anonymously,—which he has looked over, and deems worthy of a trial. The parts, which are of course not in the book, are distributed, and much good-natured speculation is afloat; for the madrigalians, though conservatives, are not exclusives. We begin:—there is a stoppage at the onset,—something was wrong in the parts,—it is corrected, and we start once more;—the precipice is passed in safety. Still it does not "go." There is no good reason why it should not; and so it is tried again; is better understood, and "goes" accordingly. A sealed paper is delivered to the chairman, who opens it with much solemnity, and announces the name of the composer, casting a most significant glance on an individual at one corner of the table, who, for the last quarter of an hour, has been engaged in the most unpleasing of all sedentary pursuits,—sitting upon thorns. We drink his health; the individual rises, and for upwards of a minute and some seconds, is supposed to occupy himself in making some observations germane to the present subject, but which, from his state of nervous trepidation, are quite inaudible.

The books are again in requisition. We draw on firms of centuries' standing, and our checks are duly honoured. The stately motett, the graceful madrigal, and the sprightly ballet alternate in rapid succession. What a contrast does this enthusiastic coterie present to the listless audience of the concert-room or opera! No mob of apathetical time-killers is here; but true and constant lovers of the divine art, joining "with heart and voice" in strains to them as fresh and beautiful as

[Pg
468]

they were two hundred years ago!

Oh! how we might gossip about and speculate upon the old fellows who treasured up for us this legacy of fine things. Talk of love for their art!—!—think of Luca Marenjio, who wrote a thousand madrigals; and Dr. Tye, who set to music the whole of "The Acts of the Apostles!"

The human voice is the noblest of all instruments. In the madrigal it finds an exercise worthy of its powers. Music, as developed through the medium of the voice, assumes a far more elevated and poetical form than it ever presents through instrumental performance even of the very highest character. Music is less essentially *music*, coming through throats of flesh and blood than throats of wood or metal; but it is something infinitely finer,—the unchecked emanation of the human heart,—the current fresh from the well-springs of all that is good and beautiful in man's nature.

The changeableness of fashion, the perishability of all instrumental music, is of itself sufficient evidence of this. Five-and-twenty years ago, the works of Pleyel were the delight of every musical coterie in Europe; now, there is not one amateur in fifty who ever heard a bar of his music. And as for the cart-loads of sonatas, giges, pasacailles, serenatas, follias, fugues, concertantes, and "jewells" of Dr. Bull, Paradies, Scarlatti, Geminiani,—yes, even Handel and Mozart themselves!—they are regarded in about the same light as an Egyptian papyrus, or a loaf of bread from Herculaneum.

It is difficult indeed to conceive "The Jupiter Symphony," or the "Sonate Pathétique," food for the virtuoso; but assuredly "Dove sono," "The Hallelujah Chorus," and "St. Patrick's Day," are as imperishable as expression, grandeur, and sunshine themselves.

Sounds are the *body* of music, to which the voice gives immortality and a *soul*. To put the voice on the same level as an instrument, is to pit matter against mind,—"man against cat-gut."

There is a sense of personal enjoyment connected, too, with pure vocal music performed in this manner, which it is quite impossible to find in the theatre or concert-room. Our thoughts there, are perpetually brought back to some technical matter, and our imagination curbed by the audience, some individual association with the singers, or the "mise de théâtre;" but here, sitting at our ease around the table, with our "*part*" before us, joining in the harmony or not, as we please,—our only care that the madrigal shall *go* well, our only interruption a glance now and then at the enthusiastic faces around us,—we feel truly "the power of sound," and that our pleasure is without alloy.

Hold! there is a slight drawback on our pleasure,—perfection is not to be found even in the Madrigal Society. Where are the ladies? Oh, Madrigalians! with what countenance can ye, month after month, and year after year, continue singing Fair Oriana's praise, and bewailing the cruelty of your Phillises, and Cynthias, and "Nymph of Diana," when you thus close up the fountain of all your inspirations? Is your by-law, forbidding all speechifying, a tacit confession of fear lest some gallant visitor, fired with your own sweet songs, should spring on his legs and propose "The Ladies"? Is this the reason why ye only drink "The King," "The Queen," and—your noble selves? Shame on ye!—where are the ladies?

The truth must be spoken at all times. Old as the world is, it is not yet quite steady enough to "chaperon" the fair sex to meetings like those of the Madrigal Society. True; we have pretty well got rid of the six-bottle men, and gentlemen have ceased to return home in wheel-barrows: still something more must be done ere the most courteous of chairmen can with propriety propose a new member with a soprano voice, or the most zealous of secretaries second him.

To do our friends justice, they have made a step in this matter. At the annual festival, where the madrigals put on all their splendour, the ladies *are* admitted; but, alas! they are perched up in a gallery "all by themselves." And even this bird's-eye view of gentlemen eating and drinking, comes, like "the grotto," only once a-year.

But these knotty points should be agitated before dinner. Let us turn to our books once again, —sing "The Waits,"—"One fa la more,"—and then "Good-night!"

LOVE AND POVERTY.

Little Cupid, one day, being wearied with play,
Or weary of nothing to do,
Exclaimed with a sigh, "Now why should not I
Go shoot for a minute or two?"
Then snatching his bow, tho' Venus cried "No,"
(Oh! Love is a mischievous boy!)
He set up a mark, in the midst of a park,
And began his nice sport to enjoy.
Each arrow he shot—I cannot tell what
Was the reason—fell short by a yard,
Save one with gold head, which far better sped,
And pierced thro' the heart of the card.

MORAL.

My story discovers this lesson to lovers:
They will meet a reception but cold,

REFLECTIONS IN A HORSE-POND.

TIME—NIGHT.

Let me consider a little where I am! My senses are beginning to clear at present, albeit my body is sticking in the mud, and seems to think of nothing less. This plunge, disagreeable as it is, has been of service to me: we should be thankful for everything, for they say "everything is for the best;" and, upon this principle, a tumble into a horse-pond may be a good. I shall, however, ascertain this better to-morrow (that is, if I ever get out of the mud,—of which I am doubtful). In the mean time I will, by way of passing the time, acknowledge my obligation. I am a regenerated creature! Thanks be to Heaven! I can see: before my tumble into these revivifying waters, my thoughts were wandering, and my sight was dazzled; now they are fixed, immoveably fixed,—to this horse-pond; and I only behold one moon instead of two.

I do not exactly know how I came hither. I spent last evening with Tom Rattlebrain, Ned Flighty, and Will Scamper; we had a famous supper, and resolved to make a night of it. The weather was hot, stormy, and goblinish; it led us to tell ghost-stories, which we did till our marrow froze, and our parched throats cried out, like the horse-leech's two daughters, "Give! give!" Purely to raise our courage and moisten our palates, we had a couple of bottles additionally. I recollect that after this we told some stories partaking more of the flesh than the spirit, and that at two o'clock in the morning I agreed to ride home on Daylight, hand in hand, like the fire-office insignia, with Scamper, who was mounted on Wildfire. I remember something of trying to force Daylight to cross that which I took to be a ferry. I recollect something of our dispute upon this subject, but faintly; I can only guess how the matter ended by the result,—for he is gone, and I am *here!*

I suppose I must have struggled, flopped, and floundered about a good deal before I could have been so firmly wedged in the mud as I am at this moment. The water all around me is up to my chin, and the mud beneath me is up to my knees; I have sunk considerably above my calves. I really cut a very ridiculous figure!

The first thing I remember distinctly was seeing my lighted cigar floating, fizzing, and spitting peevishly upon the water. Poor thing! it did not relish regeneration. I put out my hand to catch it; but it fizzed angrily, and floated away from me. This "was the unkindest cut of all;" and when I saw its light go out, I felt as if abandoned by all the world.

It just occurs to me that I have another cause of thanksgiving: since one must sometimes fall into a horse-pond, I am grateful that it is an English one. In some countries, now, those devils of the air—the birds of prey—would keep wheeling, whirling, and shrieking above my head, complimenting each other upon the good supper prepared for them, and then coolly peck out my two eyes before my face!

This idea is suggested by a somewhat uncomfortable circumstance, which, notwithstanding my patience, I cannot but be sensible of. Something—I conjecture either an eel or a rat—is gnawing at the boot on my right leg; no other animals venture so deeply into the mud. I wish I could raise my foot.

If it be a rat, he will content himself with the leather, and gnaw away till it be gone; but the eel prefers a bit of meat, and in that case he is only busying himself to open his "pantry-door." Pray Heavens it be a rat!

I am a most enduring man. I remember suffering infinite misery a whole season at the house of a particular friend; I was lodged in the best bedroom, and a superb apartment it was. The bed was a magnificent one; but, to my cost, there was a flea in it,—"the last flea of summer!" Never shall I forget what I suffered from that single tormentor. I should have known it was only one, from the peculiar pungency of his bite, even if the invariable character of the mark had not also been a witness. The room had been for a long period unoccupied, save by this flea, the survivor of all his family and friends, who had died of starvation in the course of the summer. I bore it patiently enough for several nights, thinking that it was a tax to flea-manity which must be paid; but when, night after night, week after week, the same torture continued, I began to grow nervous and irritable. I sought after him diligently in the morning, but never found anything save his trail. Like Destiny, he was always to be felt, but never seen. In the night, scarcely had I torn the skin off my shoulder, ere I was imperiously called upon to apply the same remedy to my leg. I felt him hop across my hand as I raised it up; and so rapid were his movements, that he seemed to be jumping in every part of my body at once: like the Indian Apollo, he appeared to have the power of multiplying his person, and of being in fifty places at the same time. He was a single fiend "whose name was Legion." I started in anguish; shook my sheets and my shirt; called upon God, upon the devil; apostrophised the mistress of the house, and mentally sent the housemaid to the hottest place I could think of. It was all to no purpose; he seemed to have some extraordinary power of disgorging his prey and clearing his stomach, which, like Time, was always devouring,—never full. So rapidly did his constant consecutive meals of breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and supper tread upon each other's heels, that I seemed to live twenty days in one tortured night. I longed to complain to the master of the house; but how tell him there was a flea in his best bed,—that bed in which he took such pride, and beheld with so much admiration? At length I met the housemaid on the stairs. She was as ugly as Repentance, crabbed as Chastity, and old as Mother

Shipton: nevertheless I addressed her as "My dear little girl!" gave her a kiss and a piece of money, and entreated her to kill the fleas in my bed. The next day I met her, and she said, "There bean't no fleas in your bed as now, sir." Alas! I knew that,—there was but one; and he was a flea of Fate, beyond her power to destroy. Still the torture went on; still did I lie, night after night, miserable, feverish, sleepless, pinched, torn, and tortured in every part of my burning skin. At length, considering the enormous power possessed by my tormentor, his divisibility, his invisibility, his infallibility, I came at last to the conclusion, that it was no living flea that thus distracted and disturbed me, but the ghost of some starved tenant of former times, who was allowed this recreation to make amends for past sufferings. This idea once established, I knew that I had no hope; I had nothing for it but to fly: so I went to my friend, declared (to his astonishment) my intention, and, when hard pressed for my reason, painfully and reluctantly gave it. "A flea!" shouted he in a voice between displeasure and mirth, "a flea—and in that bed!—*then you must have brought it!*" Now was not this too much? I thought my heart would have broken. I, who had endured so much—I, who had suffered torture in silence for six long weeks, to be accused of having brought that alderman of fleas with me! It was beyond human nature to bear. I burst from his presence, packed up my clothes, and, though I am a very good-tempered man, have not seen that friend since. I can never forgive his accusation—I can never forget what I suffered! As I call to mind that burning sorrow, I take comfort in the knowledge that I am standing up to my neck in a horse-pond!

[Pg
472]

Thank you, gentle lady moon! I am grateful for any kind of attention, even though it should be of no use to me; but yours is. I wish I was a poet now!—I could make something of this scenery. I have read a good deal about "moonlight on the waters;" but I never was so near its dancing beams before. The devil take this rat—how he nibbles! My boots are new—a hole in them at least! There's a villanous odour that comes over me from some part of the horse-pond, "at which my nose is in great indignation." It strikes me also, from something uncomfortable in my stomach, that in my plunge I must have swallowed a good allowance of Mark Anthony's liquor. (See SHAKESPEARE'S *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act 1, scene 4.) The bare idea is enough to make me faint;—only who would be fool enough to faint in a horse-pond?

I have been in my life several times taken in, besides to-night, by these waters.

Thank you again, dear gracious moon! She's very bright just now. There is a large tract of blue in the heavens over which, for at least the next twenty minutes, she may travel without being "capped by a cloud;" so I shall have time to look around me. I am nearly in the centre of the pond; the water is perfectly tranquil, except when it bobs against my chin, disturbed by the movement of my head. Lord help me! suppose I should die here!—as, if nobody come to my assistance, I certainly shall.

On my first ascertaining the character of my position, recollecting that horse-ponds are generally in the neighbourhood of towns or farms, I hallooed so lustily that I found my voice grow husky; so I determined to reserve it for a better occasion—I mean in case any persons should approach—Heaven send them! This would be a comfortless bed to die in!

A huge frog has just discovered me; and he sits amongst the weeds below the opposite bank, croaking out his speculations as to what I can be. He stares earnestly; so do I. He takes my eye for a challenge—he is a frog of courage, however, for he plunges into the water, swims towards me, and plants himself directly opposite to my face. He croaks; I answer very naturally, for the water has qualified my voice. The frog stares again: "The voice is the voice of Esau, but the form is Jacob's." Now he very gravely swims entirely round my head, and then again plants himself in front. I laugh aloud; he backs a little. I open my eyes very wide at him; he returns the compliment. My chin splashes the water about him; he takes fright and disappears.

[Pg
473]

Hark! there are certainly footsteps in the neighbourhood. Halloo!—ough!—ah!—mercy upon me! my voice is quite gone, and I shall be compelled to live in this horse-pond the remainder of my days. Who will feed me, I wonder: the rat will not be so civil to me as the ravens were to Elijah; and I have affronted the frog. Ha! the footsteps come nearer—and nearer. 'Tis a man—I see him—a groom—I'll call. Hallook!—ouk!—cro-ak!

"D—n your croaking soul!" quoth the vagabond; and he flings a huge stone at my head.

Despair and distraction! what shall I do? Die! No, that's cowardly: I'll live bravely; that is, if I can. The fellow is gone, and "I am all alone!" Alone! What do I hear? Voices—yes; they come—most sweet voices. A gentleman and the rascally groom aforesaid.

"You have not dragged this pond to-night," says the master.

"Indeed, sir, we did,—from one end of it to the other," replies the fellow: "see how the weeds are disturbed."

"You lie, you rascal! you did not, or you would have found me there," said I.

"Heighday!" cried the master; "what have we here?"

"A gentleman in distress."

"I should think so: but how came you in this pond?"

"I'll tell you when I am out."

"Help, all of you, fellows!" says the gentleman. "Now, sir, hold fast: I was in search of a drunken uncle who has escaped from his servants. Pull away, boys!—I expected to find him in this horse-pond, and I discover a sober gentleman in his place."

INSCRIPTION FOR A CEMETERY.

The grave must be the resting-place
Of all who come of Adam's race.
What matters it, if few or more
The years which our frail nature bore?
If we upon the roll of Fame
Left an imperishable name;
Or, safe within some calm retreat,
Escaped the turmoil and the heat,
The stir, the struggle, and the strife,
That make the sum of human life?
Of all the family of man,
Since first yon rolling spheres began
Amid the boundless realms of space
Their silent, dread, eternal race,
There's little to be said beside,
But that they lived, and that they died.
Sooner or later, 'tis the doom }
Of all, within the quiet tomb }
To find a refuge, and a home. }

[Pg 474]

NIGHTS AT SEA:

Or, Sketches of Naval Life during the War.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

No. II.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

I was born in a cloud of sulphureous hue—
Darkness my mother, and Flame my sire;
The earth shook in terror, as forth to its view
I sprang from my throne like a monarch of fire!
My brother, bold Thunder, hurraed as I sped!
My subjects laugh'd wild, till the rain from their eyes
Roll'd fast, as though torrents were dash'd overhead,
Or an ocean had burst through the bounds of the skies!

CHARLES SWAIN.

My last, left the gallant Spankaway with her three topmasts over the side; and a very natural question arises, "How did it happen?" Her commander was as smart an officer as ever lived; an excellent disciplinarian when on duty, a thoroughly brave man, but not much of a seaman;—he was of a happy turn of mind himself, and nothing afforded him greater pleasure than to see everybody else, happy around him. On service no one could be more strict; but he loved to see his officers surround his mahogany; and not one amongst them was more jovial than Lord Eustace Dash.

On the evening in question, Old Parallel had glanced at the glowing clouds in the west; but the invitation to the captain's cabin had driven the circumstances from his remembrance, and, whilst clinging to *port*, he thought but little of a storm at sea. Mr. Sinnitt was the lieutenant of the watch; but on such occasions, when there was no apprehension of danger, the mate was allowed to assume the command of the deck, and his superior joined his messmates over the flowing bowl.

The evening was delightfully serene, and groups of seamen clustered together; spinning yarns, conversing on things in general, or singing songs in a low tone, so as not to disturb the sacred character of the quarter-deck; where, however, the young gentleman left in charge was drawing round him a little knot of favourite youngsters, eager to take advantage of the relaxation of discipline. Some were attentively listening to the hilarity going on in the captain's cabin,—for the heat had rendered it necessary to open the skylights; others were paying equal attention to the vocal talents of honest Jack, who, if he did not possess quite so much grace or talent as his superiors, made ample atonement for the deficiency by his peculiar and characteristic humour. Here and there, the treasured grog was served out with scrupulous exactness, exciting many a longing and envious eye. As in communities on shore, every ship had its choice spirits,—its particular and especial jokers, songsters, and tale-tellers—and, not unfrequently, that pest to society, the plausible pettifogger, whose head, like that of a Philadelphia lawyer, was constantly filled with proclamations.



Jack detected sailing under false Colors

The moon shone with a crystalline clearness, and the gentle motion of the frigate threw the shadows of the people in corresponding movements on the deck, resembling the *ombres Chinois* that delighted us so much in boyhood. The look-outs were posted at their appointed stations; some with a shipmate to bear them company—others alone, and thinking upon merry England.

[Pg 475]

"I say, Bill!" uttered the captain of the forecastle, addressing one of the men, as he was looking to windward from the cat-head—or, as it was more generally termed, 'Old Savage's picture-gallery,'—"I say, Bill! somehow or another I don't much like the looks o' the sky thereaway; to my thinking it's some'at fiery-eyed."

"Gammon!" returned the man without moving from his position, "I'd ha' thought you would have known better, Jem! Well, I'm blowed if we mayn't live and larn as long as there's a flurry o' breath in the windsel! Why, that's ounly the pride o' the sun, to show his glory to the last; would you have him go out like a purser's dip,—a spark and away?"

"No, Bill, I loves to see a good sunset," rejoined the other; "and I never see'd finer then what I've see'd in these here seas. It's some'at strange to my thinking, though, messmate, that God A'mighty should have made this part o' the world so beautiful, and yet have put such d— lousy, beggarly rascals to live in it! Look at them there Italians, with no more pluck about 'em than this here cat-head!"

"Nay, shipmates," said the serjeant of marines, who had just joined them, "you do yourselves injustice. I hope there is some pluck *about* the cat-head, though there may be none in it. But you say right—perfectly right, as it regards those lazy-roany; they are a d— set, to be sure! But, their women, Jem—their women! Oh! they're dear, delicious, lovely creaturs!"

"Mayhap they may be to your thinking," responded the captain of the forecastle rather contemptuously: "but give me a good, hearty, right-arnest, full-plump, flesh-and-blood Englishwoman; and none o' your skinny, half-starved, sliding-gunter-legged, spindle-shank sinoreas for me!"

"You manifest a shocking want of taste, shipmate," returned the serjeant, proudly, and bringing himself to a perpendicular. "The Italian women are considered the most lovely in women the world."

"Tell that to the marines, ould chap!" chimed in a boatswain's mate, who now made a fourth in the party. "The most lovely women in the world, eh? Why, Lord love your foolish heart! I wouldn't give my Mrs. Sheavehole for all that Italy could stow, take it from stem to stern."

"She's your wife, Jack, and the mother of your children," argued the serjeant; "but that cannot make her a bit the more of a beauty."

"Can't it, though!" exclaimed the boatswain's mate, sharply, and at the same time giving the mountain of tobacco in his cheek a thorough twist. "If it don't, then I'm d—! and, setting a case,

it's just this here: when we first came within hail of each other, she was as handsome a craft as ever had God A'mighty for a builder; every timber in her hull was fashioned in Natur's own mould-loft, and she was so pinned and bolted together that each plank did its own proper duty."

"But she's declining in years, you know, Jack," urged the serjeant, provokingly; "and though she might have been once handsome, yet age is a sad defacer of beauty."

[Pg
476]

"And suppose it is a *facer* of beauty, it can't change the fashion of the heart!" uttered the boatswain's mate. "But, that's just like you jollies!—all for paint and pipe-clay. Now, Suke's as handsome to me as ever she was; and when I sees her like an ould hen clucking over the young uns, I'm blessed if I don't love her more than when she saved me from having my back scratched by the tails o' the cat! I know, when a craft is obliged to be unrigged and laid up in ordinary, she don't look not by no manner o' means so well as when she was all a-taunto, and painted as fine as a fiddle: but still, shipmates, she's the same craft; and as for beauty, why, setting a case, it's just this here: there's ould beauty, as well as young beauty; and it a'nt so much in the figure-head, or the plank-shear, as having done your duty once, and ready to do it again."

"All that *may* be very true, Jack," persevered the serjeant; "but then, you must allow there is as great a difference in the appearance of some women when compared to others, as there is in the build or rig of a vessel."

"Hearken to that, now!" responded the boatswain's mate. "Do you think Jack Sheavehole wants to be told that a billy-boy arn't a ninety-eight, or a Dutch schuyt a dashing frigate? But, look at this here craft that now rolls us so sweetly over the ocean: arn't she as lovely now as when she first buttered her bottom on the slips, and made a bed for herself in the water? and won't she be the same beauty when she's put out of commission, and mayhap be moored in Rotten-row? Well, she's stood under us in many a heavy gale, and never yet showed her stern to an enemy,—that's why I love her; not for what she may do, but for what she has done."

"But, I say, Jack! it's just the time for a yarn," said the captain of the forecastle. "Tell us how Suke saved you from the gangway."

"I wull, messmate—I wull," returned the other; "and then this lubberly jolly shall see if I arn't got a good right to call her a beauty. I belonged to the Tapsickoree, two-and-thirty; and, though I says it myself, there warn't many more sich tight-looking, clean-going lads as ould Jack Sheavehole—though I warn't *ould* Jack then, but a reg'lar smart, active, young blowhard of a maintopman. Well, we'd just come home from foreign, and got three years' pay and a power o' prize-money; and so most o' the boys goes ashore on liberty, and carries on till all's blue. This was at Plymouth, shipmates; but, as we wur expecting to go round to Spithead, I saves my cash—'cause why? I'd an ould father and mother, from whom I'd parted company when a boy, and I thought, if I could get long leave—thinks I, mayhap I can heave alongside of 'em, with a cargo o' shiners, and it'll cheer the cockles o' their ould hearts to see their son Jack togg'd off like a jolly tar, and captain of a frigate's maintop; and, setting a case, why it's just this here: I didn't want anything on 'em, but meant to give 'em better ground-tackle to hould on to life by."

"That was very kind of you, shipmate," said the serjeant.

"Well," continued the boatswain's mate, without heeding the serjeant's observation, "I has a bit of a spree ashore at Dock, in course; but soon arter we goes round to Portsmouth. I axes for long leave; and, as I'd al'ays done my duty to Muster Gilmour's—he was first leeftenant—to Muster Gilmour's satisfaction, I gets my fortnight and my liberty-ticket, and the large cutter lands me at Sallyport; so I hauls my wind for the Blue Postes on the Pint, and enters myself on the books of a snug-looking craft, as was bound through my native village.—Well, shipmates, in regard o' my being on liberty, why, I was a gemman at large; so I buys a few duds for ould dad, and a suit of new sails, and some head-gear for the ould woman: for, thinks I to myself, mayhap we shall cruise about a bit among the neighbours, and I'll let 'em see we arn't been sarving the king or hammering the French for nothin'. And, mayhap, thinks I, they arn't never got too much to grub; so I gets a bag, and shoves in a couple of legs o' mutton and a whole shole of turnips, a full bladder of rum, and, as I knew the old uns loved cat-lap, there was a stowage of sugar and tea, with a bottle o' milk; and, having plenty of the ready, I buys a little of everything useful in the small way, that the ould chap at the shop showed me: and, my eyes! but there was thousands of packages twisted and twined in true-blue paper;—there was 'bacca, mustard, snuff, salt, soft tommy, pepper, lickrice, matches, gingerbread, herrings, soap, pease, butter, candles, cheese,—in short, something of everything, not forgetting a Welsh wig and a mousetrap; and I'm blowed if I warn't regularly fitted out for a three months' cruise! Well, by the time I'd got all my consarns ship-shape, I twigs the signal for sailing, and so I gets aboard; and in course, in regard o' my station in the maintop, I goes aloft, as high as possible upon the upper-deck, and claps myself upon the luggage; but when the governor as had charge comes to take the twiddling-lines, he axes me to berth myself on the fokstle, and so, not to be outdone in civility, or to make 'em think I'd let slip my edication, I comes down, and goes forud, and stows myself away just abaft the pilot; when we made sail, there was a party o' liberty boys from the ould Hibernia gives me three cheers, and I waves my bit o' tarpaulin, sports a fresh morsel o' 'bacca, and wondered what made the houses and everything run past us so quick; but I soon found out it was the craft—for I remembered the comb of the sea did just the same when the frigate was walking along at a spanking rate. So, for the first hour, I sits quiet and alone, keeping a sharp look-out on the pilot, to see how he handled the braces, rounding 'em in to starboard, or to port—for, thinks I to myself, it's best to larn everything—'cause why? who can tell but Jack Sheavehole mayn't some day or another command just sich a consarn of his own! and how foolish he'll look not to know which way to shape his course, or how to steer his craft! But, I'm blowed! shipmates, if the

[Pg
477]

horses didn't seem to savvy the thing just as well as the man at the helm; for the moment he tauten'd the gear, the hanemals slued round o' themselves all ship-shape, and Bristor-fashion."

"Why, it was the *reins* that guided them," said the serjeant, laughing.

"Then I'm blessed if it was!" returned old Jack; "for there warn't a drop o' *rain* fell that arternoon—it was a bright, sun-shiny day."

"What you call twiddling-lines, they call reins," explained the serjeant; "and the horses are steered by them."

"Mayhap so, brother,—mayhap so," responded the boatswain's mate; "for I arn't much skilled in them matters—'cause why? I never sail'd in one on 'em afore, and ounly once since;—the first was a happy trip, the last was melancholy; and Jack sighed like an eddy wind in the galley funnel. "But, to heave a-head—"

"A good look-out before, there!" shouted the mate of the watch, from the quarter-deck, where he was showing his authority by thrashing the youngsters.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the man at the cat-head; and then added, in a lower tone, "They're having a jolly sheave-o in the cabin!"

"It's a sad heart as never rejoices!" said the captain of the forecastle. "But, I say, Jack! I don't like the look o' that sky to windard."

"It's one of two things—a parting blush o' the sun, or a gathering squall o' the night," returned the boatswain's mate; "but we've no reason to care about it—'cause, why? we're all as snug as possible. Well, shipmates, to get on with my yarn:—when we'd run a league or two, out of Portsmouth, we hove to at a victualling port, and I spied a signal for good cheer hanging out aloft; and so, without any bother, I boards 'em for a reg'lar stiff Nor'-wester, more nor half-and-half, and says I to the pilot, 'Yo-hoy, shipmate!' says I, 'come, and set up the standing backstays o' your heart a bit; and here, ould chap, is someut to render the laneard;' and so I gives him a share out o' the grog-tub, that set his eyes a-twinkling like the Lizard lights on a frosty night. Well, just as we were going to trip the anchor again, a pretty, smart-looking young woman rounds to under our stern and ranges up alongside; and she says to the pilot, says she, 'Coachman, what'll you charge to take me to —?' and I'm blessed if she didn't name the very port I was bound to!"

"Why, 'tis quite romantic, Jack!" said the serjeant; "we shall, no doubt, have a love-story presently: but, I'll wager you my grog to-morrow, I can tell you who the female was."

"Then, I'm blowed if you can!" retorted the boatswain's mate. "Now, who was she, pray?"

"Is it a fair bet?" inquired the serjeant with a look of conceited knowledge.

"No, she warn't a fair Bet, nor a fair Moll either," returned old Jack surlily. "I thought you'd know nothing whatsoever about it! for that's always the case when a jolly tries to shove his oar into a seaman's rullock—'cause why? he don't savvy the loom from the blade."

The serjeant laughed. "I meant a fair wager—that is, my allowance against yours to-morrow that I name the female."

"Done!" exclaimed the boatswain's mate; "and, shipmates, I call you all to witness that everything's square and above-board."

"Why, it was your Sukey, to be sure—Mrs. Sheavehole—anybody could tell that," replied the serjeant.

"There—you're out in your chrissening, ould chap, as you'll find presently," asserted the veteran; "and so you've lost your grog. But, d—it! I'd scorn to take a marine's allowance from him, though you richly desarves it."

"Come, heave ahead, Jack!" said the captain of the forecastle; "make a clear run of it, and don't be backing and filling this fashion."

"Ay, ay, Jem, I wull, I wull," answered old Jack. "But, I say, shipmate! just clap a stopper on the marine's chattering-gear whilst I overhaul my log.—Oh, now I have it! Up comes the young woman, and 'Coachman, what'll you charge no take me to —?'—'Seven shillings, ma'am,' says he.—'Carn't you take me for less?' axes she; 'I've ounly got five, and I am very tired with walking.'—'Not a ha'penny less, ma'am,' says he, just as cool as an iceberg in Hudson's Bay; 'carn't do it, ma'am.'—'Oh, do try!' says she, and I could see sorrow was pumping the tears into her eyes; 'I would give you more if I had it,' says she.—'Carn't help it, ma'am,' says ould surly-chops, 'carn't help it; grub for the hanemals is very dear.'—'Oh, what shall I do!' says she so piteously; 'night is coming on, and it's a long way to travel on foot; I shall sink under it: do take the money!'—'Werry sorry, my dear,' says he, shaking his blubber head like a booby, perched on a ratlin, 'werry sorry, but never takes under price. You must use your trotters if you arn't never got seven bob.'—'Then I'm d—if she does!' says I, 'for you shall carry her.'—'Gammon!' says he, as spiteful as a pet monkey; 'who's to tip the *fare*?'—So I ups and tells him a piece o' my mind, and axes him if he ever know'd anything *unfair* by Jack Sheavehole, or if he thought I wanted to bilk him out o' the passage-money.—'Will you stand the two odd bob?' axes he.—'And d' ye think I won't stand as much as Bob or Dick, or any one else?' says I in a bit of a passion. 'Avast, ould chap!' says I; 'humanity arn't cast off the mooring lashings from my heart yet awhile, and I hopes never will;' and so I gives him a seven-shilling bit without any more palaver, and 'Come, my precious,' says I, houlding out my fin, 'mount areevo;' but I'm blessed if she didn't hang back till the pilot rung out for us to come aboard! And 'Lord love you!' says I, 'you arn't afeard of a man-o'-war's-man, are you?'—Oh no,' says she, brightening up for all the world like the sun coming out of

a fog-bank,—'Oh no; you have been my friend this night, and God reward you for it!' So we soon clapped one another alongside upon the break of the fokstle, and got to overhauling a little smattering o' larning, by way of being civil, seeing as we'd ounly just joined company. 'I'm thinking that's a pretty village you're bound to,' says I in a dubersome way; 'I was there once,' says I, 'when I was a boy about the height of a tin pannikin;' for, shipmates, I didn't like to overhaul how I'd run away from home. 'Pray, is ould Martin Joyce alive?' says I.—'He was when I left yesterday morning,' says she; 'but he is confined to his bed through illness.'—'And the ould woman,' says I, 'does she still hould on?'—'Yes,' says my companion; 'but she's lame, and almost blind! Well, I'm blow'd, shipmates, if I didn't feel my daylight's a-smarting with pain with the briny water that overflowed the scuppers—'cause why? them there wur my own father and mother, in the regard of my having been entered on the muster-books in a purser's name, my reg'lar right-arnest one being Jack Joyce. 'And what makes you cruising so far away from port?' says I, all kindly and messmate-like.—'It's rather a long story,' says she; 'but as you have been so good to me, why, I must tell you, that you mayn't think ill of me. You shall have it as short as possible.'—'The shorter the sweeter, my precious,' says I, seeing as I oughtn't to be silent. Well, she begins—'Sister Susan and I are orphans; and when our parents died, ould Martin and his dame, having no children, took us under their roof.'—'No children!' says I. 'Why, I thought they had a young scamp of a son.' I said this, shipmates, just to hear what she would log again me. —'Oh yes,' says she; 'but he ran away to sea when a boy, and they never heard from him for many years, till the other day they received a letter from Plymouth to say he was in the Tapsickoree frigate, and expected to be round at Spithead before long. So, the day before yesterday, a sailor passing through the village told us she had arrived; and so his parents getting poorer and poorer, with his father sick and his mother lame, I thought it would be best to go to him and tell him of their situation, that if he pleased he might come and see them once more before they died.'—I was going to say, 'God A'mighty bless you for it!' but I couldn't, shipmates; she spoke it so plaintively, that I felt sumeut rise in my throat as if I was choking, and I gulped and gulped to keep it down till I was almost strangled, and she went on:—'So yesterday I walked all the way to Portsmouth, and went aboard the frigate; but the officer told me there was no man of the name of Joyce borne upon the books.'—'It was a d—lubberly thing!' says I, 'and now I remembers it.'—'What,' says she, 'what do you mean?'—'Oh, nothing, my precious,' says I, 'nothing in the world;' for I thought the time warn't come for me to own who I was, and it fell slap across my mind that the doctor's boy who writ the letter for me, had signalised my right-arnest name at the bottom, without saying one word about the purser's consarn of Sheavehole. 'And so you've had your voyage for nothing,' says I, 'and now you're homeward-bound; and that's the long and the short on it. Well, my precious, I'm on liberty; and as ould Martin did me a kindness when I was a boy, why, I'll bring up for a few hours at his cottage, and have a bit of a confab consarning ould times.' And the young woman seemed mightily pleased about it; so that by the time we got to —, I'm blessed if, in all due civility, we warn't as thick as two Jews on a payday. Well, we landed from the craft, and away we made sail in consort for ould dad's cottage; and I'm blessed if everything didn't look as familiar to me as when I was a young scamp of a boy! but I never said not nothing; and so she knocks at the door, and my heart went thump, thump,—by the hookey! shipmates, but it was just as I've seen a bird try to burst out of its cage. Presently a voice sings out, 'Who's there?'—and such a voice!—I never heard a fiddle more sweeterer in the whole course of my life—'Who's there?' says the voice, in regard of its being night, about four bells in the first watch.—'It's Maria,' says my convoy,—'And Jack Sheavehole,' says I. 'Heave ahead, my cherub! give us a clear gangway and no favour.'—'Oh, Maria, have you brought him with you?' said a young woman, opening the door; and by the light she carried in her hand, she showed a face as beautiful—I'm d—if ever they carried such a figure-head as that, in any dock-yard in the world! —'Have you brought him with you?' says she, looking at me, and smiling so sweetly, that it took me all aback, with a bobble of a sea running on my mind that made my ideas heave and set like Dutch fisherman on the Dogger-bank.—'No,' says Maria, with a mournful sough, just as the wind dies away arter a gale—'No; there was no such person on board the frigate, and I have had my journey for nothing.'—'Nonsense!' says the other; 'you want to play us some trick. I know this is he;' and she pointed to me.—'Lord love your heart!' says I, plucking up courage, for I'd flattened in forud, and fallen off so as to fill again,—'Lord love your heart! I'd be anything or anybody to please you,' says I; 'but my name, d' ye mind, is Jack Sheavehole, at your sarvice in all due civility. But let us come to an anchor, and then we can overhaul the consarn according to Hamilton Moore.' So we goes in; and there sat my poor ould mother by the remains of a fire, moored in the same arm-chair I had seen her in ten years afore, and by her side was an ould wheezing cat that I had left a kitten; and, though the cabin-gear warn't any very great shakes, everything was as clean as if they'd just washed the decks. 'Yo-hoy, dame!' says I, 'how do you weather the breeze?'—'Is that my John?' says she, shipping her barnacles on her nose, like the jaws of a spanker-boom on the saddle; and then Maria brings up alongside of her, and spins the yarn about her passage to Portsmouth, boarding the frigate, finding that she was out in her reckoning, and her return with me; and ould dad, who was in his hammock in the next berth, would have the door open to hear it all. And I felt so happy, and they looked so downcast and sorrowful, that I'm blessed if I could stand it any longer: so I seizes Susan round the neck, and I pays out a kiss as long as the main-t'-bowline, till she hadn't breath to say 'Don't;' and then I grapples 'em all round, sarving out hugs and kisses to all hands, even to the ould cat; and I danced round the chairs and tables so, that some o' the neighbours came running in; and 'Blow me tight!' says I, 'side out for a bend; here I am again, all square by the lifts and braces!'—and then I sings,

'Here I am, poor Jack,
Just come home from sea,

and I whips out a handful of guineas from my jacket pocket, and shows 'em,—

'Pray what do you think of me?'

'What! mother,' says I, 'don't you know me? Why, I'm your true and lawful son Jack Joyce; though, arter I run away, the purser made twice-laid of it, and chrissened me Sheavehole, in regard of his Majesty liking to name his own children. Never say die, ould woman! there's plenty o' shot in the locker. And come, lasses,' says I to the young uns, 'one on you stand cook o' the mess;' and I empties my bag on the floor, and away rolled the combustibles, matches, and mutton, and mousetraps, and all, scampering about like liberty boys arter a six months' cruise; and I picks up the bladder o' rum, and squeezes a good drain into a tea-cup, and hands it to the ould woman, topping up her lame leg while she drinks. And, my eyes! there was a precious shindy that night: the ould uns were almost dying with joy, and the young uns had a fit o' the doldrums with pleasure. So I gets the big pot under weigh, and shoves in both legs o' mutton and a full allowance o' turnips, and I sarves out the grog between the squalls; and ould dad blowed a whiff o' 'bacca, and mother payed away at the snuff; and nobody warn't never happy if we warn't happy that night. Well, we'd a glorious tuck-out o' mutton, wi' plenty o' capers; and arter that I stows the ould woman in alongside o' dad, kisses the girls in course, and then takes possession o' the arm-chair, where I slept as sound as a jolly on sentry."

"That's libellous!" exclaimed the serjeant somewhat roughly, as if offended; "it is an unjust reflection, and is clearly libellous."

"It's all the same to ould Jack whose *bellows* it is," returned the boatswain's mate carelessly; "it's no lie, howsomever, for none sleeps so soundly as a marine on duty. But I arn't got time to overhaul that consarn now; I know I laid in a stock of 'hard-and-fast' enough to last for a three weeks' cruise. Well, shipmates, we keeps the game alive all hot and warm, and we sported our best duds, and I makes love to Susan, and we'd a regular new fit-out at the cottage, and I leaves fifty pounds in the hands of the parson o' the parish for the ould folks, and everything went on, in prime style, when one day the landlord of the public comes in, and says he, 'Jack, the lobsters are arter you.'—'Gammon!' says I; 'what can them fellows want with me?'—'Arn't your liberty out?' says he.—'I never give it a thought,' says I.—'Where's your ticket?' says he. So I showed him the chit; and I'm blessed, shipmates, but it had been out two days! Well, there I was in a pretty perdiklement; and the landlord, says he, 'Jack,' says he, 'I respect you for your goodness to the ould uns; though I suspects they arn't altogether the cause of your losing your memory:' and he looks and smiles at Suke. 'Howsomever, the lobsters are at my house axing about you; and I thought I'd slip out and let you know, so that you might have time to stow away.'—'Thanky, my hearty,' says I; 'but I'm blessed, shipmates, if I warn't dead flabbergasted where to find a stow-hole, till at last I hits upon a scheme to which Susan consented! And what do you think it was, shipmates?—but you'd never guess! Why, Suke slips on a pair o' my canvass trousers and comes to an anchor in the arm-chair with a blanket round her, below, and I stows myself under her duds, coiling away my lower stanchions tailor-fashion; and the doctor coming in to see the ould folks, they puts him up to the trick, and so he brings up alongside of her, and they whitens her face, to make her look pale, as if she was nigh-hand kicking the bucket; and there I lay, as snug as a cockroach in a chafing-mat, and in all due decency, seeing as Suke had bent my lower casings hind part afore, and there warn't a crack nor a brack in 'em. Presently in marches the swaddies, and 'Pray whose cottage is this?' axed the serjeant as stiff as a crutch.—'It is Martin Joyce's,' said Maria.—'Ay, I thought as much,' says he: 'pray where is his son, Jack Joyce, or Jack Sheavehole?' says he.—'He left us three days ago,' answered Maria, 'to join his ship: I hope nothing has happened to him?'—'Indeed!' says the serjeant. 'Now, pretty as you are, I know that you are telling me what I should call a very considerable ——' Suke shrieked out, and stopped what he was going to say: for, shipmates, she sat so quiet, that, thinks I to myself, they'll find out that she's shamming; so I gives her a smart pinch in an inexpressible part, that made her sing out. Well, the long and the short on it, is, that the party, who were looking out sharp for 'stragglng money,' had a grand overhaul; but the doctor would not let them interfere with Susan, who, he declared, was near her cushionmong; and at last, being unable to find me, they hauls their wind for another port.—Well, shipmates, as soon as possible arter they were gone, why, Suke got rid of her trouble, and forth I came, as full-grown and handsome a babby as ever cut a tooth. But I warnt safe yet; and so I claps a suit of Suke's duds over my own gear, and, being but a little chap, with some slutching, and letting out a reef or two here and there, I got my sails all snugly bent, and clapped a cap with a thousand little frills round my face, and a straw hurricane-house of a bonnet as big as a Guineaman's caboose over all, with a black wail hanging in the brails down afore, and my shoes scandaled up my legs, that I made a good-looking wench. Well, I bid all hands good-bye. Suke piped her eye a bit; but, Lord love you! we'd made our calculations o' matrimony, and got the right bearings and distance, (else, mayhap, I should never have got stowed away under her hatches,) and she was to join me at Portsmouth, and we were to make a long splice of it off-hand; but then, poor thing! she thought, mayhap, I might get grabbed and punished. Up comes the coach; but the fellow wouldn't heave to directly, and 'Yo-hoy!' says I, giving him a hail.—'Going to Portsmouth, ma'am?' says he, throwing all aback, and coming ashore from his craft.—'To be sure I am,' says I. 'What made you carry on in that fashion, and be d—to you!—is that all the regard you have for the sex?' says I.—'Would you like to go inside, ma'am?' says he, opening the gangway port.—'Not a bit of it,' says I: 'stow your damaged slops below, but give me a berth 'pon deck.'—'Werry good, ma'am,' says he, shutting the gangway port again; 'will you allow me to assist you up?'—'Not by no manner o' means,' says I. 'Why, what the devil do you

take me for! to think the captain of a frigate's maintop can't find his way aloft!"—"You mean the captain of the maintop's wife," says Susan, paying me back the pinch I gave her.—"Ay, ay, my precious," says I; 'so I do, to be sure. God bless you! good-b'ye! Here I go like seven bells half struck!—carry on, my boy, and I'm blessed if it shan't be a shiner in your way!' And so we takes our berths, and away we made sail, happy-go-lucky, heaving-to now and then just to take in a sea-stock; and the governor had two eyes in his head, and so he finds out the latitude of the thing, but he says nothing; and we got safe through the barrier and into Portsmouth, and I lands in the street afore they reached the inn,—for, thinks I to myself, I'd better get berthed for the night and go aboard in the morning. Well, shipmates, I parts company with the craft, and shapes my course for Pint,—'cause I knew a snug corner in Capstan-square, and I was determined to cut with all skylarks, in regard o' Suke. Well, just as I was getting to steer with a small helm, up ranges a tall man who had seen me come ashore from the coach, and 'My dear,' says he, 'what! just fresh from the country?' But I houlds my tongue, shipmates, and he pulls up alongside and grabs my arm. 'Come, don't be cross,' says he; 'let me take you in tow; I want to talk with you, my love.' I knew the voice well; and though he had a pea jacket over his uniform-coat, and, take him 'half way up a hatchway,' he was a d— good-looking fellow, yet nobody as ever had seen him could forget them 'trap-stick legs;' and so, thinks I to myself, Jack, you'd better shove your boat off without delay: for, d'ye see, shipmates, I'd sailed with him when I was a mizen-top-mun in the ould Stag, and I well remembered Sir Joseph Y—ke. But I'm blessed if he didn't stretch out arter me, and sailed two foot to my one; and 'Come, come, my darling,' says he, 'take an honest tar for your sweetheart. Let's look at that beautiful face;' and he catches hould o' the wail and hauls it up chock ablock; but I pulls down my bonnet so as he couldn't see my figure-head, and I carries on a taut press to part company. But, Lord love yer hearts! it warn't no manner o' use whatsoever—he more than held his own; and 'A pretty innocent country wench indeed!' says he. 'What! have you lost your tongue?'—"No, I'm d— if I have!" says I: for I forgot myself, shipmates, through vexation at not being able to get away. 'Hallo!' says he, gripping me tight by the shoulder; 'who have we here?' I'm blessed, shipmates, if, what with his pulling at my shawl, and my struggling to sheer off, my spanker boom didn't at that very moment get adrift, and he caught sight of it in a jiffy. 'Hallo!' says he, catching tight hold of the pig-tail, and slueing me right round by it. 'Hallo!' says he, 'I never see an innocent country wench dress her hair in this way afore,—rather a masc'line sort o' female,' he says. 'Who the devil are you?' 'It's Jack Sheavehole, your honour,' says I, bringing up all standing; and, knowing his generous heart, thinks I, Now's your time, Jack; overhaul the whole consarn to him, and ten to one but he pulls you through the scrape somehow or other. So I ups and tells him the long and the short on it, and he laughs one minute, and d—ns me for a desarting willun the next; and 'Come along!' says he 'I must see what Captain B—n will think of all this.' So he takes me in tow, and we went into one of the grand houses in High-street; and 'Follow me,' says he, as he walked up stairs into a large room all lighted up for a sheave-o; and there wur ladies all togged out in white, and silver and gold, and feathers, and navy officers and sodger officers,—a grand dinner-party. 'B—n,' hails Sir Joseph, 'here's a lady wants you;' and he takes me by the hand, all complimentary like, and the captain of the frigate comes towards us, and I'm blessed if every soul fore and aft didn't fix their eyes on me like a marine looking out for a squall. 'I've not the pleasure of knowing the lady,' says the skipper; 'I fear, Sir Joseph, you're coming York over me. Pray, ma'am, may I be allowed the happiness of seeing your countenance and hearing your name?'—"I'm Jack Sheavehole, yer honour," says I, 'captain o' the Tapsickorees maintop, as yer honour well knows.'—"I do, my man," says he with a gravedigger's grin on his countenance: 'and so you want to desert?'—"Never, yer honour," says I, 'in the regard o' my liking my ship and my captain too well.'—"No, no, B—n," says Sir Joseph, 'I must do him justice. It appears that he had long leave, and onknowingly overstayed his time; so he rigged himself out in angel's gear to cheat them devils of sodgers. I'll vouch for the fact, B—n,' says he, 'for I saw him myself get down from the coach.'—"All fresh from the country, yer honour," says I.—"Ay, all fresh from the country," chimes in Sir Joseph. 'He's an ould shipmate o' mine, B—n, and I want you, as a personal favour to myself to back his liberty-ticket for to-morrow. Such a lad as this, would never desart the sarvice.'—"If I would, then I'm d—! saving yer honour's presence," says I. Well, shipmates, there I stood in the broad light, and all the ladies and gemmen staring at me like fun; and 'Come, B—n,' says Sir Joseph, 'extend his liberty till to-morrow'—"Where's your ticket?" axes the skipper: and so, in regard of its being in my trousers pocket, I hauls up my petticoats to get at it; and, my eyes! but the women set up a screeching, and the officers burst out in a broadside o' laughing, and you never heard such a bobbery as they kicked up,—it was a downright reg'lar squall."

[Pg
484]

"Ay, squall indeed," said the captain of the forecastle: "here it comes with a vengeance!" he bellowed out with stentorian lungs. "Hard up with the helm—hard a-weather." In an instant the sea was one sheet of foam; the wind came whistling like the rustling of ten thousand arrows in their swiftest flight; a report like the discharge of a heavy piece of artillery was heard forward, and away flew the jib like a fleecy cloud to leeward. The frigate heeled over, carrying everybody and everything into the lee scuppers; the lightning hissed and cracked as it exploded between the masts, making everything tremble from the keel to the truck; broad sheets of water were lifted up and dashed over the decks fore and aft: indeed, it seemed as if the gale were striving to raise the ponderous vessel from the ocean for the purpose of plunging it into the dark abyss; a thick mist-like shroud hung round her, alow and aloft, as she struggled to lift herself against the tempest. The topsail halliards were let go; but the nearly horizontal position of the masts prevented the sails from running down. Inevitable destruction for the moment threatened to engulf them all, when "crack, crack, crack!" away went the topmasts over the side; the spanker sheet had been cut away, and off bounced the spanker after the jib. The frigate partially righted, and Lord Eustace and his officers rushed to the deck. But the squall had passed: the moon again

[Pg
485]

shone beautifully clear; the deceitful sky and still more deceitful ocean were all smiles, as if nothing had happened,—though the evidences of their wrath were but too apparent in the dismantled state of his Majesty's ship. But we must again leave them, as we did before, to

"Call all hands to clear the wreck."

THE USEFUL YOUNG MAN.

A SECOND SERIES. BY WILLIAM COLLIER.

"There's one of us in every family."

To make ourselves useful's a duty we owe
To mankind and ourselves in our sojourn below;
To return good for evil, and always "to do
Unto others as you'd have them do unto you:"
So I bear all with patience, resolved, if I can,
To act well my part as a Useful Young Man!

But, alas! *entre nous*, 'tis a difficult task,
As seldom I'm left in life's sunshine to bask;
For I'm hurried, and worried, imposed on by all,
Who think I should run at their beck or their call:
"So obliging," folks say, "is their favourite Sam,
That he well earns the name of the Useful Young Man!"

Each morning at breakfast I'm doomed to peruse
"The Herald," and "Post," for "the family news,"
While the toast, eggs, and coffee, which fall to my lot,
Get a pretty considerable distance from hot:
Yes, such are the COMFORTS—deny it who can?—
That fall to the share of each Useful Young Man!

[Pg 486]

If Jane, or Maria, for work should agree,
The dear creatures invariably send down for me
To make myself useful, and read while they knit,
Paint, draw, or do anything they may think fit.
Thus, Sam—poor pill-garlic!—they safely trepan:
Alack! what a life leads a Useful Young Man!

If the day's rather wet, and they can't gad about,
They think nothing whatever, of sending me out:—
"Now, Sam, my good fellow, just pop on your hat;
Run to *Howell's* for this thing, and *Holmes's* for that;
You'll make yourself pleasant we know, if you can,—
What a comfort to have such a Useful Young Man!"

When John, our fat butler, or Bridget, the cook,
Have leisure for reading "some novelty book,"
They ne'er think of asking my leave to peruse,
But help themselves freely to just what they choose:
Making free with my novels is no novel plan,
For THEY own Master Sam's such a useful Young Man!

Once Thomas, the footman, kissed Anne on the stairs,
Who loudly squalled out, just to give herself airs;
When my father ran down, in great anger, to see
What the cause of the squeaking and squalling could be.
Tom had bolted; but not till they'd settled a plan
To throw all the blame on *the Useful* Young Man!

When the Opera we visit, I'm kept in the rear
Of our box, and can scarce get a glimpse, I declare,
Of the stage, or the audience;—so only remain,
To trot up to *Dubourg* for *punch à la Romaine*,
To run out for a book, or to pick up a fan:—
Alas! what a drudge is a Useful Young Man!

But sad is my fate when I go to a rout.
If a toothless old maid sits a partner without,
The beaux are looked o'er, but they always agree
To fix the *agreeable* task upon me;
For to dance with all *bores*, 'tis the province of Sam,
'Deed the file of each victimised Useful Young Man!

If we're late at the dance, and no coach to be had,

There's Sam! the dear fellow! the exquisite lad!
He'll search all the stands in the town, but he'll gain
A coach for his friends—though it's pelting with rain
Oh! such are the *pleasures*—deny it who can—
That fall to the lot of a Useful Young Man!

To be nice about trifles is not over wise;
Where's the churl that finds favour in woman's bright eyes?
To be nice about trifles, is trifling with folly,
For the right end of life is but left to be jolly;
So I'll make up my mind just to stick to this plan,
And PAG *out* my *terms* as a Useful Young Man.

[Pg 487]

REMAINS OF HAJJI BABA.

CHAPTER V.

Having bought some spangled stuffs for the trousers of the harem of our exalted grand vizier, (upon whom be blessings!) and despatched them, with letters, to the foot of the Shah's throne by an express Tatar, I joined my Greek companions at the Adrianople Gate, and left Constantinople for the country of the Franks.

I found my new friends were raving with the new malady. It seems that they now called themselves free,—a blessing which they endeavoured to persuade me was beyond all price; for, as far as I could learn from their definition of it, I found that now they could wear yellow slippers, put on a green coat, and wrap white muslin round their heads, without being called to account. However, in order to secure these advantages, it appeared that they were making no small sacrifices, for they were quarrelling amongst themselves to their hearts' content; and that more fell by the knives and stabs of their neighbours and countrymen than ever in former times fell even by the despotism of their Turkish rulers. Although I frequently asserted that quiet, peace, and security from danger were great objects in life; yet I found that I had a great deal to undergo before I could make them agree to that plain fact; and at length, seeing that they had made out a certain scheme of happiness of their own, the principal ingredient of which, was the endurance of every thing rather than to give power to the true believers, I allowed them to enjoy it without further molestation.

After many adventures,—such as robberies by Bulgars, an escape from shipwreck on the Danube, dislocation of bones in little carts in Wallachia, incarceration within four bare walls at the Austrian frontier on pretence of our being unclean men, contamination from pork and wine among the Majars, and disordered patience brought about by phlegmatic, smoking, slow-driving, ya! ya! post-boys in Germany,—we reached Vienna. It was a day upon which I frequently exclaimed "*Ilham dulillah!*" the day when I first saw the lofty spire of the great infidel church of that city; for I was tired of everything: tired of my companions, tired of my eternal hot seat in the corner of a coach, and longed to have a place to myself where I might bless and curse at my pleasure whomsoever I should like so to do.

My first care upon arriving here, was to inquire about the object of my mission,—the state of England. Wherever I went, I heard with a chuckle that she had had her day, that she was going down fast, that too much prosperity was daily destroying her; and every one added, with a sneer, "Ah, they thought themselves the wisest of the sons of the earth; but see! they are its greatest fools, for they do not know how to keep what they have got." One of the great proofs which I continually heard brought forward of the decay of her power and wealth, was the failure of an enterprise which to me was inexplicable, but which, every one said, in her better days would never have been abandoned. What I could make out of the story was this:—It seems the Ingliz, in their madness, were tired of going over their river in the common way,—that is, by bridges; and so they determined to try a new way,—that is, to go under it. Madness seized them; money poured in; they dug into the bowels of the earth like moles; the workmen heard the river flowing over them,—still they feared not, but dug on; at length it broke in upon them,—still they cared not; they were drowned,—still they dug. All the world was alive about it; everybody thought of the pleasure of cheating the old bridges, and the nation seemed charmed that they had found a totally novel mode of getting from one side of a river to another, without going over it, when, all at once, symptoms of decay broke out. They had got halfway when the work stopped; and the whole population, putting the finger of astonishment into the mouth of disappointment, went home, and, stepping over their thresholds with their right legs instead of their left, waited for a return of good-luck—but it came not; their luck evidently has turned, and there is the half-finished hole to attest it. "Poor Ingliz!" thought I, when I heard this; "where are now my old friends the Hogs, my moon-faced Bessy, and her infidel Figsby? Shall I find them again? perhaps they may have been lost, with many others, in the mad enterprise of digging this great hole under their river!"

I left my Greeks at Vienna, and, taking a place in a moving caravan on wheels, called a diligence, but which went slower than one of our strings of camels, I travelled onwards through towns, cities, hamlets,—through forests, over rivers, over mountains peopled by various tribes of Franks, all indifferent about showing their women's faces, eating the unclean beast, drinking wine, shaving and washing just as they pleased: ignorant of the blessed Koran, and staring wide

[Pg
488]

when such a country as Iran was mentioned to them. They all agreed in sneering at the Ingliz, and assuring me that I should find that nation upon their last legs, and their king with scarcely any power left him.

At length we reached the country of the French Franks. Here I heard that they had got rid of two or three kings since those days when I was last near them; and that, after having sworn to maintain new governments as fast as they were made, were now tired of the last king they had created, and were in the full enjoyment of all the wretchedness naturally flowing from change. I was told that they had been increasing in wealth and respectability, until they lost their last king, when their prosperity fell, as if by magic. Now, no man was certain of the possession of his property even for a day; and every one was obliged by turns to arm himself cap-a-pie, to do his duty as a soldier, in order to secure public happiness at the point of the bayonet.

[Pg
489]

We entered the happy city of Paris just at the moment when a large band of well-dressed soldiers were firing upon a mob, who were throwing large stones at them, and crying out, as the words were interpreted to us, "Liberty for ever!" "Down with the king!" This ceremony, we were assured, was performed about once a month. I asked my companions in the coach what they meant by liberty, but I found no one could give me any intelligible explanation; for it seems the French had all that they could possibly require, and that, if they wanted more, it must be to live without laws, without a king, without religion, and with a right to appropriate their neighbour's goods, or cut their neighbour's throat.

I trembled from head to foot all the time that I lived in this happy city, fearful of never being able to get out of it with a whole skin; at length I made an effort, and, accompanied by Mahboob, I took places in a travelling coach, and reached the sea-side opposite to the coast of England. I was lucky to see with my own eyes that this country was yet in existence after the many accounts I had heard of its total destruction.

CHAPTER VI.

I crossed over from France to England, mounted upon a species of dragon spouting smoke and exhaling fire, to which the famous monster of Mazanderan, slain by Rostam the Valiant, was a mere plaything. But—shall I say it?—the awful sickness which seized me whilst performing this feat, so overpowered me, that it was impossible for me, the slave of the asylum of the universe, to put my instructions into execution, and to write down in a book all the wonders which in part came to my understanding on that auspicious day. I may confidently assert that no follower of the blessed Ali ever suffered so much in so short a time as I then did. I was first taken from my French bed before the day began to dawn, and put upon this English monster. As soon as its wings began to expand, and to move through the waters, an universal tremor assailed it, which communicated itself to me and all with me; and I continued to be well shaken until I reached the shores of England. Then I felt so giddy that I thought my head had got into the infernal regions, until I soon became certain that my stomach had followed it there also. There I lay groaning, making noises,—oh, such noises!—that if they could have been wafted to the ear of the king of kings, his heart would have smote him for having placed his slave in this predicament! When I was told that we were arrived, I soon was restored to myself, and hastened from the bowels of the monster to the light of heaven; and there, indeed, I saw a town, and a castle, and living men and women, and, truly, nothing indicating a ruined country and a desponding people. We landed at this place. It was called Dover; and as I was told, is famous for a recent controversy whether it should be spelt with an *o* or an *e* in the last syllable. From time immemorial it had possessed the *e*; but such was the spirit of change that they had now transformed it into the *o*, although the lovers of old customs and good order kept to the old sacred *e*. "When that spirit seizes a nation, who knows," thought I, "when changes begin, where they may end?" If we were to hearken to all our enlightened sofis in Persia, they would expunge many sayings in our blessed Koran; and, as we have not a second prophet to direct us, one man's change would be as good as another's. Bit by bit all would be upset; we should not have a law left for our direction, and we should finish by cutting each other's throats in order to settle which was the best way to live.

[Pg
490]

I thought, however, that I could discover some symptoms of beggary in the state of the country, by what happened when I was first setting foot on the infidel shore. Two scrutinising-looking Franks stood on each side of a board over which I was to walk on stepping from the boat to land; and when I ventured to do so, they stopped me, passed their hands over the protuberances of my person, and were about to seize a cashmere shawl which I wore round my waist, when I exclaimed, "The dogs are eating dirt!" which brought some of my friends on board the packet to my help. Explanations were made, and I was let pass. These were officers of customs. "But," thought I, "is it possible that this great nation can be brought to such a state of want that it permits its officers to rob a poor stranger!" I was told of odd things. It was hinted to me, that the burnt father's whelps looked mightily hard at my beard, and that they had hinted that, by rights, I ought to pay duty for it, as foreign hair.

Having landed, with Mahboob close at my heels, we were almost crushed to death by a mob of ruffians, who took violent possession of our persons, one pulling us one way, the other the other, roaring the oddest words by way of congratulations on first landing, which to this day I have not made out. "The Ship!" bawled one; "York!" cried another; "Red Lion!" said the next; "Blue Posts!" said the next. "*Be Jehanum!*" roared I; and, at length, by dint of main force, I was rescued by my friend in the packet, and taken safe into a caravanserai that stood by the sea-shore. Here, indeed, the kindness shown me by many men and women,—the bows, the dips, the smiles, the sugared words which were lavished upon me, made up in part for the rude sort of reception which I had

hitherto experienced, and the sunshine of satisfaction dawned over my heart. But still a doubt hung about my mind; and I asked myself how it was possible that I should all at once have become such an object of tender interest and affection to a set of infidels who had never seen me before,—who probably did not know whether Iran was situated above the surface of the heavens, or within the bowels of the earth,—who perhaps had never heard of the name of our asylum of the universe, nor even of our blessed prophet? I then reflected upon what had happened to us when we had landed before, in England, and recollected that, at the end of all things, there came a certain little odd-looking bit of paper which the infidels called "bill," by virtue of which all their civilities, all their kindness, all their apparent hospitality were condensed into two or three crooked cyphers, and then converted into sums of gold, whether the stranger was agreeable, or not agreeable, to the transformation. I quite streamed from every pore as I thought upon that moment of my retribution, for my wits were my principal stock in hand; money being little, and, I feared, credit less. However, as long as the civility lasted, I was delighted, and I made as free a use of the caravanserai as if it had been the Shah's Gate.

I never lost sight of the object of my mission. I was delighted to have landed without having excited a suspicion of the nature of my character; and, as England is the head-quarters for curious men,—for, owing to her vast foreign possessions, she imports them from all parts,—no one thought it strange that two men with beards, with sheep-skin caps on, and mounted on high-heeled green slippers, should arrive amongst them to take a walk through their country. I was charmed, too, to have created an interest in the breast of an infidel Englishman who had been my fellow-passenger on board the packet. He was a low, rotund man, of evident discretion in speech, the master of moderation, and the lord of few words. There was no display in his dress, for he buttoned himself up tight in his broadcloth coat, exhibited no chains, and contented himself with a rough stick with a hook to it. I found that he had been in India,—where many English have been; and, when I could not understand all he said to me in his own language, I was glad to find he could explain himself fully by the help of some score of indifferent Persian words. He had helped me out of the dilemma with the custom-house officers, had rescued me out of the fangs of the complimentary harpies, had installed me in the caravanserai; and had thus gained a claim upon my gratitude.

I had occasionally asked him about the state of his country, but I had never been able to get more out of him than a shake of his head. From what I could discover from the exterior of things, certainly there was no indication of decay; and indeed, compared with what I had observed in the other countries of Europe, there seemed here to be an increased state of prosperity. It was evident that I had been everywhere hoaxed upon the declining state of England, and that envy alone had excited the report spread to her disadvantage. When we talk of ruin in Persia, we see it at once: villages without inhabitants, dry water-courses, abandoned caravanserais, ragged and wan-looking peasants, and tyrannical governors. But here I saw a flourishing town, happy people, new buildings, busy faces, and no appearance at all of governors. I remarked this to my infidel friend: still he wagged his head, and talked of things unknown to my understanding. The utmost I could draw from him was, that he did not like *chopping and changing*. When I had discovered the true meaning of these words I could not help saying to myself, "Our Shah has long enough tried '*chopping*,' without gaining prosperity, I wish he too would try *changing*; he might perhaps succeed better." I, however, for the present determined to keep my own counsel, and apply the opening draught of inquiry to the malady of ignorance as often as such relief came within my power.

Σχολαζουτος ασχολια

A LONDON FOG.

Who has not seen a London fog? I ween
 All those who live there, often must have seen
 This "darkness visible:"
 For much I write not; but, for those who dwell
 Where 'tis not known, an anecdote I'll tell
 Both droll and risible.

'Twas on a day,—I'm not quite certain when,
 For many such have been, and will again
 Occur, I'll stake my life,—
 A heavy fog took daylight out of sight;^[91]
 So thick it was, that I am sure you might
 Have cut it with a knife.

You could not see your hand before your face.
 E'en cabs and coaches knew not how to trace
 Their way along the town;
 But, on that day, through many a window flew,
 To shopmen's horror! On the pavements, too,
 Folks ran each other down.

Imagine, now, a pork-shop—I don't know
Quite *where*; but *there*, in many a tempting row,
 Most pleasing to the sight,
Hung pork and hams, inside, and at the door
Outside; "'twas *grease*, but living *grease* no more."
 (Byron is my delight.)

[Pg 493]

Behind the counter, mute and anxious, sat
The owner of these goodly things; and at
 Them first, and then the door,
He look'd alternate, for no one that day
Had call'd to buy; the fog kept folks away.
 He thought the fog a bore!

Long had he sat in expectation vain;
"He sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd again,"
 Yet no one came to buy!
The day was spent, he rose to shut his shop:
Just at that moment he was led to stop,—
 A person caught his eye.

"A customer at last!" the porkman thought;
Fancied some pork or hams already bought,
 And bow'd, "Your servant, ma'am!
"Bad walking out o' doors to-day," quoth he.
(This could not be gainsaid at all.) Said she,
 "Do you see there here ham?"

Now, though the fog as dark enough *without*,
Inside 'twas clear: the porkman had no doubt,
 His ham he saw and knew:
He could not make the question out; no more
Could fancy why she kept so near the door,
 But said, "Of *course* I do."

She, with a grin facetious, said, "Well, then,
I'm blow'd if you will ever see't again;"
 And ran away outright.
The porkman hurried quickly to the door,
Too late, alas! to see; for, long before,
 His ham was out of sight!
 T. G. G.

EPIGRAM.

You ask me, Roger, what I gain
By living on a barren plain:—
This credit to the spot is due,
I live there without seeing you.

[Pg 494]

SHAKSPEARE PAPERS.—No. I.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

"For those who read aright are well aware
That Jaques, sighing in the forest green,
Oft on his heart felt less the load of care
Than Falstaff, revelling his rough mates between."
 MS. penes me.

"JACK FALSTAFF to my familiars!"—By that name, therefore, must he be known by all persons, for all are now the familiars of Falstaff. The title of "Sir John Falstaff to all Europe" is but secondary and parochial. He has long since far exceeded the limit by which he bounded the knowledge of his knighthood; and in wide-spreading territories, which in the day of his creation were untrodden by human foot, and in teeming realms where the very name of England was then unheard of, Jack Falstaff is known as familiarly as he was to the wonderful court of princes, beggars, judges, swindlers, heroes, bullies, gentlemen, scoundrels, justices, thieves, knights, tapsters, and the rest whom he drew about him.

It is indeed *his* court. He is lord paramount, the *suzerain* to whom all pay homage. Prince Hal may delude himself into the notion that he, the heir of England, with all the swelling emotions of soul that rendered him afterwards the conqueror of France, makes a butt of the ton of man that is his companion. The parts are exactly reversed. In the peculiar circle in which they live, the

prince is the butt of the knight. He knows it not,—he would repel it with scorn if it were asserted; but it is nevertheless the fact that he is subdued. He calls the course of life which he leads, the unyoked humour of his idleness; but he mistakes. In all the paths where his journey lies with Falstaff, it is the hard-yoked servitude of his obedience. In the soliloquies put into his mouth he continually pleads that his present conduct is but that of the moment, that he is ashamed of his daily career, and that the time is ere long to come which will show him different from what he seems. As the dramatic character of Henry V. was conceived and executed by a man who knew how genius in any department of human intellect would work,—to say nothing of the fact that Shakspeare wrote with the whole of the prince's career before him,—we may consider this subjugation to Falstaff as intended to represent the transition state from spoiled youth to energetic manhood. It is useless to look for minute traces of the historical Henry in these dramas. Tradition and the chronicles had handed him down to Shakspeare's time as a prince dissipated in youth, and freely sharing in the rough debaucheries of the metropolis. The same vigour "that did affright the air at Agincourt" must have marked his conduct and bearing in any tumult in which he happened to be engaged. I do not know on what credible authority the story of his having given Gascoigne a box on the ear for committing one of his friends to prison may rest, and shall not at present take the trouble of inquiring. It is highly probable that the chief justice amply deserved the cuffing, and I shall always assume the liberty of doubting that he committed the prince. That, like a "sensible lord," he should have hastened to accept any apology which should have relieved him from a collision with the ruling powers at court, I have no doubt at all, from a long consideration of the conduct and history of chief justices in general.

[Pg
495]

More diligent searchers into the facts of that obscure time have seen reason to disbelieve the stories of any serious dissipations of Henry. Engaged as he was from his earliest youth in affairs of great importance, and with a mind trained to the prospect of powerfully acting in the most serious questions that could agitate his time,—a disputed succession, a rising hostility to the church, divided nobility, turbulent commons, an internecine war with France impossible of avoidance, a web of European diplomacy just then beginning to develop itself, in consequence of the spreading use of the pen and inkhorn so pathetically deplored by Jack Cade, and forerunning the felonious invention, "contrary to the king's crown and dignity," of the printing-press, denounced with no regard to chronology by that illustrious agitator;—in these circumstances, the heir of the house of Lancaster, the antagonist of the Lollards,—a matter of accident in his case, though contrary to the general principles of his family,—and at the same time suspected by the churchmen of dangerous designs against their property,—the pretender on dubious title, but not at the period appearing so decidedly defective as it seems in ours, to the throne of France,—the aspirant to be arbiter or master of all that he knew of Europe,—could not have wasted all his youth in riotous living. In fact, his historical character is stern and severe; but with that we have here nothing to do. It is not the Henry of battles, and treaties, and charters, and commissions, and parliaments, we are now dealing with;—we look to the Henry of Shakespeare.

That Henry, I repeat, is subject and vassal of Falstaff. He is bound by the necromancy of genius to the "white-bearded Satan," who he feels is leading him to perdition. It is in vain that he thinks it utterly unfitting that he should engage in such an enterprise as the robbery at Gadshill; for, in spite of all protestations to the contrary, he joins the expedition merely to see how his master will get through his difficulty. He struggles hard, but to no purpose. Go he must, and he goes accordingly. A sense of decorum keeps him from participating in the actual robbery; but he stands close by, that his resistless sword may aid the dubious valour of his master's associates. Joining with Poins in the jest of scattering them and seizing their booty, not only is no harm done to Falstaff, but a sense of remorse seizes on the prince for the almost treasonable deed—

"Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along;
Wer't not for laughing, *I should pity him.*"

At their next meeting, after detecting and exposing the stories related by the knight, how different is the result from what had been predicted by Poins when laying the plot! "The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest." Reproof indeed! All is detected and confessed. Does Poins *reprove* him, interpret the word as we will? Poins indeed! That were *lèze majesté*. Does the prince? Why, he tries a jest, but it breaks down; and Falstaff victoriously orders sack and merriment with an accent of command not to be disputed. In a moment after he is selected to meet Sir John Bracy, sent special with the villainous news of the insurrection of the Percies; and in another moment he is seated on his joint-stool, the mimic King of England, lecturing with a mixture of jest and earnest the real Prince of Wales.

[Pg
496]

Equally inevitable is the necessity of screening the master from the consequence of his delinquencies, even at the expense of a very close approximation to saying the thing that is not; and impossible does Hal find it not to stand rebuked when the conclusion of his joke of taking the tavern-bills from the sleeper behind the arras is the enforced confession of being a pickpocket. Before the austere king his father, John his sober-blooded brother, and other persons of gravity or consideration, if Falstaff be in presence, the prince is constrained by his star to act in defence and protection of the knight. Conscious of the carelessness and corruption which mark all the acts of his guide, philosopher, and friend, it is yet impossible that he should not recommend him to a command in a civil war which jeopardied the very existence of his dynasty. In the heat of the battle and the exultation of victory he is obliged to yield to the fraud that represents Falstaff as the actual slayer of Hotspur. Prince John quietly remarks, that the tale of Falstaff is the strangest

that he ever heard: his brother, who has won the victory, is content with saying that he who has told it is the strangest of fellows. Does he betray the cheat? Certainly not,—it would have been an act of disobedience; but in privy council he suggests to *his* prince in a whisper,

"Come, bring your luggage [the body of Hotspur] *nobly*—"

nobly—as becomes your rank in *our* court, so as to do the whole of your followers, myself included, honour by the appearance of their master—

"Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have."

Tribute, this, from the future Henry V.! Deeper tribute, however, is paid in the scene in which state necessity induces the renunciation of the fellow with the great belly who had misled him. Poins had prepared us for the issue. The prince had been grossly abused in the reputable hostelrie of the Boar's Head while he was thought to be out of hearing. When he comes forward with the intention of rebuking the impertinence, Poins, well knowing the command to which he was destined to submit, exclaims, "My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to merriment, if you take not the heat." Vain caution! The scene, again, ends by the total forgetfulness of Falstaff's offence, and his being sent for to court. When, therefore, the time had come that considerations of the highest importance required that Henry should assume a more dignified character, and shake off his dissolute companions, his own experience and the caution of Poins instruct him that if the thing be not done on the heat,—if the old master-spirit be allowed one moment's ground of vantage,—the game is up, the good resolutions dissipated into thin air, the grave rebuke turned all into laughter, and thoughts of anger or prudence put to flight by the restored supremacy of Falstaff. Unabashed and unterrified he has heard the severe rebuke of the king—"I know thee not, old man," &c. until an opportunity offers for a repartee:

"Know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men."

Some joke on the oft-repeated theme of his unwieldy figure was twinkling in Falstaff's eye, and ready to leap from his tongue. The king saw his danger: had he allowed a word, he was undone. Hastily, therefore, does he check that word;

"Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;"

forbidding, by an act of eager authority,—what he must also have felt to be an act of self-control,—the outpouring of those magic sounds which, if uttered, would, instead of a prison becoming the lot of Falstaff, have conducted him to the coronation dinner, and established him as chief depositary of what in after days was known by the name of backstairs influence.

In this we find the real justification of what has generally been stigmatized as the harshness of Henry. Dr. Johnson, with some indignation, asks why should Falstaff be sent to the Fleet?—he had done nothing since the king's accession to deserve it. I answer, he was sent to the Fleet for the same reason that he was banished ten miles from court, on pain of death. Henry thought it necessary that the walls of a prison should separate him from the seducing influence of one than whom he knew many a better man, but none whom it was so hard to miss. He felt that he could not, in his speech of predetermined severity, pursue to the end the tone of harshness towards his old companion. He had the nerve to begin by rebuking him in angry terms as a surfeit-swelled, profane old man,—as one who, instead of employing in prayer the time which his hoary head indicated was not to be of long duration in this world, disgraced his declining years by assuming the unseemly occupations of fool and jester,—as one whom he had known in a dream, but had awakened to despise,—as one who, on the verge of the gaping grave, occupied himself in the pursuits of such low debauchery as excluded him from the society of those who had respect for themselves or their character. But he cannot so continue; and the last words he addresses to him whom he had intended to have cursed altogether, hold forth a promise of advancement, with an affectionate assurance that it will be such as is suitable to his "strength and qualities." If in public he could scarce master his speech, how could he hope in private to master his feelings? No. His only safety was in utter separation: it should be done, and he did it. He was emancipated by violent effort; did he never regret the ancient thralldom? Shakspeare is silent: but may we not imagine that he who sate crowned with the golden rigol of England, cast, amid all his splendours, many a sorrowful thought upon that old familiar face which he had sent to gaze upon the iron bars of the Fleet?

As for the chief justice, he never appears in Falstaff's presence, save as a butt. His grave lordship has many solemn admonitions, nay, serious threats to deliver; but he departs laughed at and baffled. Coming to demand explanation of the affair at Gadshill, the conversation ends with his being asked for the loan of a thousand pounds. Interposing to procure payment of the debt to Dame Quickly, he is told that she goes about the town saying that her eldest son resembles him. Fang and Snare, his lordship's officers, are not treated with less respect, or shaken off with less ceremony. As for the other followers of the knight,—Pistol, Nym, Bardolph,—they are, by office, his obsequious dependents. But it is impossible that they could long hang about him without contracting, unknown even to themselves, other feelings than those arising from the mere advantages they derived from his service. Death is the test of all; and when that of Falstaff approaches, the dogged Nym reproaches the king for having run bad humours on the knight; and

Pistol in swelling tone, breathing a sigh over his heart "fracted and corroborate," hastens to condole with him. Bardolph wishes that he was with him wheresoever he has gone, whether to heaven or hell: he has followed him all his life,—why not follow him in death? The last jest has been at his own expense; but what matters it now? In other times Bardolph could resent the everlasting merriment at the expense of his nose—he might wish it in the belly of the jester; but that's past. The dying knight compares a flea upon his follower's nose to a black soul burning in hell-fire; and no remonstrance is now made. "Let him joke as he likes," says and thinks Bardolph with a sigh, "the fuel is gone that maintained that fire. He never will supply it more; nor will it, in return, supply fuel for his wit. I wish that it could." And Quickly, whom he had for nine and twenty years robbed and cheated,—pardon me, I must retract the words,—from whom he had, for the space of a generation, levied tax and tribute as matter of right and due,—she hovers anxiously over his dying bed, and, with a pathos and a piety well befitting her calling, soothes his departing moments by the consolatory assurance, when she hears him uttering the unaccustomed appeal to God, that he had no necessity for yet troubling himself with thoughts to which he had been unused during the whole length of their acquaintance. Blame her not for leaving unperformed the duty of a chaplain: it was not her vocation. She consoled him as she could,—and the kindest of us can do no more.

Of himself, the centre of the circle, I have, perhaps, delayed too long to speak; but the effect which he impresses upon all the visionary characters around, marks Shakspeare's idea that he was to make a similar impression on the real men to whom he was transmitting him. The temptation to represent the gross fat man upon the stage as a mere buffoon, and to turn the attention of the spectators to the corporal qualities and the practical jests of which he is the object, could hardly be resisted by the players; and the popular notion of the Falstaff of the stage is, that he is no better than an upper-class Scapin. A proper consideration, not merely of the character of his mind as displayed in the lavish abundance of ever ready wit, and the sound good sense of his searching observation, but of the position which he always held in society, should have freed the Falstaff of the cabinet from such an imputation. It has not generally done so. Nothing can be more false, nor, *pace tanti viri*, more unphilosophical, than Dr. Johnson's critique upon his character. According to him,

"Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the Duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety; by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

"The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff."

What can be cheaper than the venting of moral apophthegms such as that which concludes the critique? Shakspeare, who had no notion of copybook ethics, well knew that Falstaffs are not as plenty as blackberries, and that the moral to be drawn from the representation is no more than that great powers of wit will fascinate, whether they be joined or not to qualities commanding grave esteem. In the commentary I have just quoted, the Doctor was thinking of such companions as Savage; but the interval is wide and deep.

How idle is the question as to the cowardice of Falstaff. Maurice Morgann wrote an essay to free his character from the allegation; and it became the subject of keen controversy. Deeply would the knight have derided the discussion. His retreat from before Prince Henry and Poins, and his imitating death when attacked by Douglas, are the points mainly dwelt upon by those who make him a coward. I shall not minutely go over what I conceive to be a silly dispute on both sides: but in the former case Shakspeare saves his honour by making him offer at least some resistance to two bold and vigorous men when abandoned by his companions; and, in the latter, what fitting antagonist was the fat and blown soldier of three-score for

"That furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king?"

He did no more than what Douglas himself did in the conclusion of the fight: overmatched, the renowned warrior

"Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turned their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took."

Why press cowardice on Falstaff more than upon Douglas? In an age when men of all ranks engaged in personal conflict, we find him chosen to a command in a slaughterous battle; he leads his men to posts of imminent peril; it is his sword which Henry wishes to borrow when about to engage Percy, and he refuses to lend it from its necessity to himself; he can jest coolly in the midst of danger; he is deemed worthy of employing the arm of Douglas at the time that Hotspur engages the prince; Sir John Coleville yields himself his prisoner; and, except in the jocular conversations among his own circle, no word is breathed that he has not performed, and is not ready to perform, the duties of a soldier. Even the attendant of the chief justice, with the assent of his hostile lordship, admits that he has done good service at Shrewsbury. All this, and much more, is urged in his behalf by Maurice Morgann; but it is far indeed from the root of the matter.

[Pg
500]

Of his being a thief and a glutton I shall say a few words anon; but where does he cheat the weak or prey upon the poor,—where terrify the timorous or insult the defenceless,—where is he obsequious; where malignant,—where is he supercilious and haughty with common men,—where does he think his interest of importance to the Duke of Lancaster? Of this last charge I see nothing whatever in the play. The "Duke" of Lancaster^[92] is a slip of the Doctor's pen. But Falstaff nowhere extends his patronage to Prince John; on the contrary, he asks from the prince the favour of his good report to the king, adding, when he is alone, that the sober-blooded boy did not love him. He is courteous of manner; but, so far from being obsequious, he assumes the command wherever he goes. He is jocularly satirical of speech; but he who has attached to him so many jesting companions for such a series of years, never could have been open to the reproach of malignity. If the sayings of Johnson himself about Goldsmith and Garrick, for example, were gathered, must he not have allowed them to be far more calculated to hurt their feelings than anything Falstaff ever said of Poins or Hal? and yet would he not recoil from the accusation of being actuated by malignant feelings towards men whom, in spite of wayward conversations, he honoured, admired, and loved?

Let us consider for a moment who and what Falstaff was. If you put him back to the actual era in which his date is fixed, and judge him by the manners of that time; a knight of the days perhaps of Edward III.—at all events of Henry IV.—was a man not to be confounded with the knights spawned in our times. A knight then was not far from the rank of peer; and with peers, merely by the virtue of his knighthood, he habitually associated as their equal. Even if we judge of him by the repute of knights in the days when his character was written,—and in dealing with Shakspeare it is always safe to consider him as giving himself small trouble to depart from the manners which he saw around him,—the knights of Elizabeth were men of the highest class. The queen conferred the honour with much difficulty, and insisted that it should not be disgraced. Sir John Falstaff, if his mirth and wit inclined him to lead a reckless life, held no less rank in the society of the day than the Earl of Rochester in the time of Charles II. Henry IV. disapproves of his son's mixing with the loose revellers of the town; but admits Falstaff unreprieved to his presence. When he is anxious to break the acquaintance, he makes no objection to the station of Sir John, but sends him with Prince John of Lancaster against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland. His objection is not that the knight, by his rank, is no fitting companion for a son of his own, but that he can better trust him with the steadier than the more mercurial of the brothers.

[Pg
501]

We find by incidental notices that he was reared, when a boy, page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, head of one of the greatest houses that ever was in England, and the personal antagonist of him who was afterwards Henry IV; that he was in his youth on familiar terms with John of Gaunt, the first man of the land after the death of his father and brother; and that, through all his life, he had been familiar with the lofty and distinguished. We can, therefore, conjecture what had been his youth and his manhood; we see what he actually is in declining age. In this, if I mistake not, will be found the true solution of the character; here is what the French call the *mot d'énigme*. Conscious of powers and talents far surpassing those of the ordinary run of men, he finds himself outstripped in the race. He must have seen many a man whom he utterly despised rising over his head to honours and emoluments. The very persons upon whom, it would appear to Doctor Johnson, he was intruding, were many of them his early companions,—many more his juniors at court. He might have attended his old patron, the duke, at Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day, when Richard II. flung down the warder amidst the greatest men of England. If he jested in the tilt-yard with John of Gaunt, could he feel that any material obstacle prevented him from mixing with those who composed the court of John of Gaunt's son?

In fact, he is a dissipated man of rank, with a thousand times more wit than ever fell to the lot of all the men of rank in the world. But he has ill played his cards in life. He grumbles not at the advancement of men of his own order; but the bitter drop of his soul overflows when he remembers how he and that cheeseparing Shallow began the world, and reflects that the starveling justice has land and beeves, while he, the wit and the gentleman, is penniless, and living from hand to mouth by the casual shifts of the day. He looks at the goodly dwelling and the riches of him whom he had once so thoroughly contemned, with an inward pang that he has scarcely a roof under which he can lay his head. The tragic Macbeth, in the agony of his last struggle, acknowledges with a deep despair that the things that should accompany old age,—as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,—he must not look to have. The comic Falstaff says nothing on the subject; but, by the choice of such associates as Bardolph, Pistol, and the rest of that following, he tacitly declares that he too has lost the advantages which should be attendant on years. No curses loud or deep have accompanied his festive career,—its conclusion is not the less sad on that account: neglect, forgotten friendships, services overlooked, shared pleasures unremembered, and fair occasions gone for ever by, haunt him, no doubt, as sharply as the consciousness of deserving universal hatred galls the soul of Macbeth.

[Pg

And we may pursue the analogy farther without any undue straining. All other hope lost, the confident tyrant shuts himself up in what he deems an impregnable fortress, and relies for very safety upon his interpretation of the dark sayings of riddling witches. Divested of the picturesque and supernatural horror of the tragedy, Macbeth is here represented as driven to his last resource, and dependent for life only upon chances, the dubiousness of which he can hardly conceal from himself. The Boar's Head in Eastcheap is not the castle of Dunsinane, any more than the conversation of Dame Quickly and Doll Tearsheet is that of the Weird Sisters; but in the comedy, too, we have the man, powerful in his own way, driven to his last "frank," and looking to the chance of the hour for the living of the hour. Hope after hope has broken down, as prophecy after prophecy has been discovered to be juggling and fallacious. He has trusted that *his* Birnam Wood would not come to Dunsinane, and yet it comes;—that no man not of woman born is to cross his path, and lo! the man is here. What then remains for wit or warrior when all is lost—when the last stake is gone—when no chance of another can be dreamt of—when the gleaming visions that danced before their eyes are found to be nothing but mist and mirage? What remains for them but to die?—And so they do.

With such feelings, what can Falstaff, after having gone through a life of adventure, care about the repute of courage or cowardice? To divert the prince, he engages in a wild enterprise,—nothing more than what would be called a "lark" now. When deer-stealing ranked as no higher offence than robbing orchards,—not indeed so high as the taking a slice off a loaf by a wandering beggar, which some weeks ago has sent the vagrant who committed the "crime" to seven years' transportation,—such robberies as those at Gadshill, especially as all parties well knew that the money taken there was surely to be repaid, as we find it is in the end,^[93] were of a comparatively venial nature. Old father antic, the Law, had not yet established his undoubted supremacy; and taking purses, even in the days of Queen Elizabeth, was not absolutely incompatible with gentility. The breaking up of the great households and families by the wars of the Roses, the suppression of the monasteries and the confiscation of church property by Henry VIII, added to are adventurous spirit generated throughout all Europe by the discovery of America, had thrown upon the world "men of action," as they called themselves, without any resources but what lay in their right hands. Younger members of broken houses, or aspirants for the newly lost honours or the ease of the cloister, did not well know what to do with themselves. They were too idle to dig; they were ashamed to beg;—and why not apply at home the admirable maxim,

[Pg
503]

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,"

which was acted upon with so much success beyond the sea. The same causes which broke down the nobility, and crippled the resources of the church, deprived the retainers of the great baron, and the sharers of the dole of the monastery, of their accustomed mode of living; and robbery in these classes was considered the most venial of offences. To the system of poor laws,—a system worthy of being projected "in great Eliza's golden time" by the greatest philosopher of that day, or, with one exception, of any other day,—are we indebted for that general respect for property which renders the profession of a thief infamous, and consigns him to the hulks, or the tread-mill, without compassion. But I must not wander into historical disquisitions; though no subject would, in its proper place, be more interesting than a minute speculation upon the gradual working of the poor-law system on English society. It would form one of the most remarkable chapters in that great work yet to be written, "The History of the *Lowest* Order from the earliest times,"—a work of far more importance, of deeper philosophy, and more picturesque romance, than all the chronicles of what are called the great events of the earth. Elsewhere let me talk of this. I must now get back again to Falstaff.

His Gadshill adventure was a jest,—a jest, perhaps, repeated after too many precedents; but still, according to the fashion and the humour of the time, nothing more than a jest. His own view of such transactions is recorded; he considers Shallow as a fund of jesting to amuse the prince, remarking that it is easy to amuse "with a sad brow" (with a solemnity of appearance) "a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders." What was to be accomplished by turning the foolish justice into ridicule, was also to be done by inducing the true prince to become for a moment a false thief. The serious face of robbery was assumed "to keep Prince Harry in perpetual laughter." That, in Falstaff's circumstances, the money obtained by the night's exploit would be highly acceptable, cannot be doubted; but the real object was to amuse the prince. He had no idea of making an exhibition of bravery on such an occasion; Poins well knew his man when he said beforehand, "As for the third, if he fight longer than he see reason, I'll forswear arms:" his end was as much obtained by the prince's jokes upon his cowardice. It was no matter whether he invented what tended to laughter, or whether it was invented upon him. The object was won so the laughter was in any manner excited. The exaggerated tale of the misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green, and his other lies, gross and mountainous, are told with no other purpose; and one is almost tempted to believe him when he says that he knew who were his assailants, and ran for their greater amusement. At all events, it is evident that he cares nothing on the subject. He offers a jocular defence; but immediately passes to matter of more importance than the question of his standing or running:

[Pg
504]

But, lads, I'm glad you have the money. Hostess!
Clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.
Gallants, lads, boys, hearts-o'-gold! All the titles of
Good fellowship come to you!"^[94]

The money is had; the means of enjoying it are at hand. Why waste our time in inquiring how it has been brought here, or permit nonsensical discussions on my valour or cowardice to delay for a moment the jovial appearance of the bottle?

I see no traces of his being a glutton. His roundness of paunch is no proof of gormandising propensities; in fact, the greatest eaters are generally thin and spare. When Henry is running over the bead-roll of his vices, we meet no charge of gluttony urged against him.

"There is a devil
Haunts thee i' the likeness of a fat old man;
A ton of man is thy companion.
Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours,
That bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of
Dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed
Cloakbag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox
With the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice,
That grey iniquity, that father ruffian,
That vanity in years? Wherein is he good
But to taste sack, and drink it? Wherein neat
And cleanly, but to carve a capon, and eat it?"^[95]

The sack and sugar Falstaff admits readily; of addiction to the grosser pleasures of the table neither he nor his accuser says a word. Capon is light eating; and his neatness in carving gives an impression of delicacy in the observances of the board. He appears to have been fond of capon; for it figures in the tavern-bill found in his pockets as the only eatable beside the stimulant anchovy for supper, and the halfpenny-worth of bread. Nor does his conversation ever turn upon gastronomical topics. The bottle supplies an endless succession of jests; the dish scarcely contributes one.

We must observe that Falstaff is never represented as drunk, or even affected by wine. The copious potations of sack do not cloud his intellect, or embarrass his tongue. He is always self-possessed, and ready to pour forth his floods of acute wit. In this he forms a contrast to Sir Toby Belch. The discrimination between these two characters is very masterly. Both are knights, both convivial, both fond of loose or jocular society, both somewhat in advance of their youth—there are many outward points of similitude, and yet they are as distinct as Prospero and Polonius. The Illyrian knight is of a lower class of mind. His jests are mischievous; Falstaff never commits a practical joke. Sir Toby delights in brawling and tumult; Sir John prefers the ease of his own inn. Sir Toby sings songs, joins in catches, and rejoices in making a noise; Sir John knows too well his powers of wit and conversation to think it necessary to make any display, and he hates disturbance. Sir Toby is easily affected by liquor and roystering; Sir John rises from the board as cool as when he sate down. The knight of Illyria had nothing to cloud his mind; he never aspired to higher things than he has attained; he lives a jolly life in the household of his niece, feasting, drinking, singing, rioting, playing tricks from one end of the year to the other: his wishes are gratified, his hopes unblighted. I have endeavoured to show that Falstaff was the contrary of all this. And we must remark that the tumultuous Toby has some dash of romance in him, of which no trace can be found in the English knight. The wit and grace, the good-humour and good looks of Maria, conquer Toby's heart, and he is in love with her—love expressed in rough fashion, but love sincere. Could we see him some dozen years after his marriage, we should find him sobered down into a respectable, hospitable, and domestic country gentleman, surrounded by a happy family of curly-headed Illyrians, and much fonder of his wife than of his bottle. We can never so consider of Falstaff; he must always be a dweller in clubs and taverns, a perpetual diner-out at gentlemen's parties, or a frequenter of haunts where he will not be disturbed by the presence of ladies of condition or character. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor,"—I may remark, in passing, that the Falstaff of that play is a different conception from the Falstaff of Henry IV, and an inferior one,—his love is of a very practical and unromantic nature. The ladies whom he addresses are beyond a certain age; and his passion is inspired by his hopes of making them his East and West Indies,—by their tables and their purses. No; Falstaff never could have married,—he was better "accommodated than with a wife." He might have paid his court to old Mistress Ursula, and sworn to marry her weekly from the time when he perceived the first white hair on his chin; but the oath was never kept, and we see what was the motive of his love, when we find him sending her a letter by his page after he has been refused credit by Master Dombledon, unless he can offer something better than the rather unmarketable security of himself and Bardolph.

We must also observe that he never laughs. Others laugh with him, or at him; but no laughter from him who occasions or permits it. He jests with a sad brow. The wit which he profusely scatters about is from the head, not the heart. Its satire is slight, and never malignant or affronting; but still it is satirical, and seldom joyous. It is anything but *fun*. Original genius and long practice have rendered it easy and familiar to him, and he uses it as a matter of business. He has too much philosophy to show that he feels himself misplaced; we discover his feelings by slight indications, which are, however, quite sufficient. I fear that this conception of the character could never be rendered popular on the stage; but I have heard in private the part of Falstaff read with a perfectly grave, solemn, slow, deep, and sonorous voice, touched occasionally somewhat with the broken tone of age, from beginning to end, with admirable effect. But I can imagine him painted according to my idea. He is always caricatured. Not to refer to ordinary drawings, I remember one executed by the reverend and very clever author of the "Miseries of Human Life," (an engraving of which, if I do not mistake, used to hang in Ambrose's parlour in

Edinburgh, in the actual room which was the primary seat of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ,") and the painter had exerted all his art in making the face seamed with the deep-drawn wrinkles and lines of a hard drinker and a constant laugher. Now, had jolly Bacchus

"Set the trace in his face that a toper will tell,"

should we not have it carefully noted by those who everlastingly joked upon his appearance? should we not have found his Malmsey nose, his whelks and bubukles, his exhalations and meteors, as duly described as those of Bardolph? A laughing countenance he certainly had not. Jests such as his are not, like Ralph's, "lost, unless you print the face." The leering wink in the eye introduced into this portraiture is also wrong, if intended to represent the habitual look of the man. The chief justice assures us that his eyes were moist like those of other men of his time of life; and, without his lordship's assurance, we may be certain that Falstaff seldom played tricks with them. He rises before me as an elderly and very corpulent gentleman, dressed like other military men of the time, [of Elizabeth, observe, not Henry,] yellow-cheeked, white-bearded, double-chinned, with a good-humoured but grave expression of countenance, sensuality in the lower features of his face, high intellect in the upper.

Such is the idea I have formed of Falstaff and perhaps some may think I am right. It required no ordinary genius to carry such a character through so great a variety of incidents with so perfect a consistency. It is not a difficult thing to depict a man corroded by care within, yet appearing gay and at ease without, if you every moment pull the machinery to pieces, as children do their toys, to show what is inside. But the true art is to let the attendant circumstances bespeak the character, without being obliged to label him: "*Here you may see the tyrant;*" or, "*Here is the man heavy of heart, light of manner.*" Your ever-melancholy and ostentatiously broken-hearted heroes are felt to be bores, endurable only on account of the occasional beauty of the poetry in which they figure. We grow tired of "the gloom the fabled Hebrew wanderer wore," &c. and sympathise as little with perpetual lamentations over mental sufferings endured, or said to be endured, by active youth and manhood, as we should be with its ceaseless complaints of the physical pain of corns or toothache. The death-bed of Falstaff, told in the *patois* of Dame Quickly to her debauched and profligate auditory, is a thousand times more pathetic to those who have looked upon the world with reflective eye, than all the morbid mournings of Childe Harold and his poetical progeny.

At the table of Shallow, laid in his arbour, Falstaff is compelled by the eager hospitality of his host to sit, much against his will. The wit of the court endures the tipsy garrulity of the prattling justice, the drunken harmonies of Silence, whose tongue is loosed by the sack to chaunt but-ends of old-fashioned ballads, the bustling awkwardness of Davy, and the long-known alehouse style of conversation of Bardolph, without uttering a word except some few phrases of common-place courtesy. He feels that he is in mind and thought far above his company. Was that the only company in which the same accident had befallen him? Certainly not; it had befallen him in many a mansion more honoured than that of Shallow, and amid society loftier in name and prouder in place. His talent, and the use to which he had turned it, had as completely disjoined him in heart from those among whom he mixed, or might have mixed, as it did from the pippin-and-caraway-eating party in Gloucestershire. The members of his court are about him, but not of him; they are all intended for use. From Shallow he borrows a thousand pounds; and, as the justice cannot appreciate his wit, he wastes it not upon him, but uses other methods of ingratiating himself. Henry delights in his conversation and manner, and therefore all his fascinations are exerted to win the favour of one from whom so many advantages might be expected. He lives in the world alone and apart, so far as true community of thought with others is concerned; and his main business in life is to get through the day. That—the day—is his real enemy; he rises to fight it in the morning; he gets through its various dangers as well as he can; some difficulties he meets, some he avoids; he shuns those who ask him for money, seeks those from whom he may obtain it; lounges here, bustles there; talks, drinks, jokes, schemes; and at last his foe is slain, when light and its troubles depart. "The day is gone—the night's our own." Courageously has he put an end to one of the three hundred and sixty-five tormentors which he has yearly to endure; and to-morrow—why—as was to-day, so to-morrow shall be. At all events I shall not leave the sweet of the night unpicked, to think anything more about it. Bring me a cup of sack! Let us be merry! Does he ever think of what were his hopes and prospects at the time, when was

"Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy,
And page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk?"

Perhaps!— but he chases away the intrusive reflection by another cup of sack and a fresh sally of humour.

Dryden maintained that Shakspeare killed Mercutio, because, if he had not, Mercutio would have killed him. In spite of the authority of

"All those prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,"

Glorious John is here mistaken. Mercutio is killed precisely in the part of the drama where his death is requisite. Not an incident, scarcely a sentence, in this most skilfully managed play of Romeo and Juliet, can be omitted or misplaced. But I do think that Shakspeare was unwilling to hazard the reputation of Falstaff by producing him again in connexion with his old companion, Hal, on the stage. The dancer in the epilogue of the Second Part of Henry IV. promises the

audience, that "if you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions."^[96] The audience was not cloyed with fat meat, Sir John was not killed with their hard opinions; he was popular from the first hour of his appearance: but Shakspeare never kept his word. It was the dramatist, not the public, who killed his hero in the opening scenes of Henry V; for he knew not how to interlace him with the story of Agincourt. There Henry was to be lord of all; and it was matter of necessity that his old master should disappear from the scene. He parted therefore even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning of the tide, and we shall never see him again until the waters of some Avon, here or elsewhere,—it is a good Celtic name for rivers in general,—shall once more bathe the limbs of the like of him who was laid for his last earthly sleep under a gravestone bearing a disregarded inscription, on the north side of the chancel in the great church at Stratford.

W. M.

EPIGRAM

"Twas thought that all who dined on hare,
For seven days after, grew most fair:
Fanny, it seems, this tale believed,
When I from her a hare received:
But if the tale be true, odsfish!
Fanny has never tried the dish.

[Pg 509]

A STEAM TRIP TO HAMBURG.

The world is about equally divided into two parts; viz. the first and most unfortunate part, who have made trips by steam; and the other, whose ill-luck is to come, and who have not yet been subject to the "vapours." Both of these divisions of society will be equally interested in my narration; one will see a faithful delineation of what they have already suffered, and the other will be enabled clearly to apprehend what, when their time comes, they will have to undergo. Not that I wish to deter anybody from such undertakings, inasmuch as there will be a degree of naval heroism in anybody who ventures his person after he has become fully aware of his necessary calamities. I need not say that this will give him a high station in society, and that, if he announces in a tolerably loud voice at a dinner-table that he has made a long trip by steam, more than one eye-glass will be devoted to a survey of him. This is no mean advantage, and not to be lightly lost.

Before I state what happened to me in particular, I just wish to say half-a-dozen words about the sea in general. The sea has been described by a great natural historian as

"The sea! the sea!
The bright and open sea!"

Now, I differ from this description altogether. The sea is undoubtedly "*the* sea,"—there's no denying that; but that it at all comes up to the jaunty *débonnaire* character indicated by the rest of the description, I absolutely traverse. In my mind it is a boisterous "dissolute companion," whose bad example corrupts the most respectable characters. Only see how our gentlemanlike, quiet old friend, Father Thames, forgets himself when he falls into bad company. Gentlemen from Shad Thames and the Barbican, who have been to Margate, know very well what his conduct is. Instead of moving quietly along, as he has done all the way from Lechlade in Gloucestershire, no sooner does he get within hearing of the noise his bad acquaintance is making, than it seems as if Old Nick possessed him. He begins splashing, and dashing, and foaming about, just as if he had never seen a weeping willow or the Monument in his life; and exchanges his white-bait for porpoises, and his stately swans for cantankerous sea-gulls, whose pleasure seems to increase in proportion to the tumult. And, not contented with his own misconduct, he involves all the gentle company he has brought with him in the common disorder: there is the Loddon tossing about as if it had been a cataract all its life; the Mole seems to forget all about Mickleham Valley, and how quietly it has been accustomed to behave there; and the Kennet and Avon, which have come all the way from the Wiltshire Downs, where they were born in stillness among the Druids, take just as much upon them, and are as noisy, as if they had derived their parentage from a well-frequented metropolitan pump. No more need be said to prove the audacious character of this "agitator," whose inflammatory conduct makes everybody that comes in contact with him, as bad as himself. I should not have said so much about it, but I want to put down the sea, which, owing to gross misstatements and vile flattery, has acquired a credit and notoriety which it does not deserve; and this ought to be stopped, as it misleads people.

[Pg 510]

Having made up my mind to go to Hamburg, I bade adieu to my fond friends; and, having settled my London affairs, I prepared to go, and went.

At twelve P.M. on the night of Tuesday, August 13, 1836, it was my unhappy lot to emerge from hackney-coach No. 369, the number of which I had taken, knowing the state of my mind, for the

better preservation of my valuables; fearing that, in my dread of approaching evils, I might forget either my valued trunk or my respected hat-box. Having emerged, my next act was, to ejaculate in as sonorous a voice as my flabby energies permitted, "Boat a-hoy!"

This cry brought to me a waterman of an "ancient and fish-like" appearance, who, for the filthy lucre of gain, agreed to transport my person and packages on board the Steam Navigation Company's steam ship, *Britannia*, carrying his majesty's mails, "warranted to perform the journey in fifty hours;" with a steward on board, and numerous other enticing particulars duly set forth in the bill of her performances. For all these advantages, the Steam Navigation Company expected no greater return than five pounds lawful money of Great Britain,—an expectation which I satisfied to the proper extent, and considered myself very fortunate.

Probably feeling much embarrassed by my gratitude on this occasion, I must have betrayed some little passing emotion on ascending the side of the vessel; as the naval person who offered me his hand as an assistance, took occasion to observe, "Never mind, sir; you'll soon be all right." Scarcely feeling entire confidence in this gentleman's statement, I entered the "splendid saloon," on the tables of which were the remains of certain spirituous liquors; faint and distant traces of which, ascending from below, enabled me to attribute their consumption to the various gentlemen there deposited, who were to be my fellow-passengers. "Below" is a very nasty, unpleasant, underground word of itself; but when it is coupled with the vile concomitants which a sea "below" embraces, it is still more distasteful.

Diving down the stairs with the sad impression that I had taken my last farewell of the upper world, I found my way to No. 14, which was the number of the "berth" in which I was to bestow, and did bestow accordingly, myself and luggage.

Before getting into bed, I thought I would see who and what the victims were, who were to be offered up on a common altar with myself.

I could, however, see nobody, as the curtains were all closed; and, therefore, trusting to the chance of finding somebody awake, I hazarded the general inquiry of "I beg your pardon, sir; did you speak?" There was, however, no reply; but certain of them snored lustily, and one, more portly than his fellows, puffed withal as though he were a grampus. Feeling I had made a vain attempt at opening a communication with my neighbours, I was obliged to undress myself, and get into bed with the unsatisfactory feeling that I might be drowned in company with twelve or fourteen individuals without even knowing their names.

And here allow me to observe that different people appear to have taken various views of the meaning of the term "bed," taken as a simple term. One gentleman apprehends it to mean a four-posted, ample convenience, provided with downy cushions and suitable appurtenances, wherein he may roll himself about, at pleasure, and enjoy all recumbent attitudes with freedom. Another, with less luxurious views, erects a dormitory with a circular roof, of smaller size, and less accommodations and comforts; and this, under the Christian name of "tent," is his "bed." There are also other sorts of beds, each differing from the others in comfort and appearance, in various degrees.

Most of these are extremely consistent with the personal comfort of the individual adopting them; but the "bed-maker" of the crib which I now occupied, had departed widely from all these well-approved and convenient plans, and conceived the comforts of a bed to consist in the following items:—one narrow, short trough of deal or oak plank, as may be; one mattress of half the same size, stuffed tightly with an unelastic, unyielding substance called "flock;" one oblong pillow of the same material and consistency; two blankets rather shorter than the mattress; two sheets rather shorter than the blankets; one counterpane rather shorter than the sheets; each declining in a sort of gradual progression, so that, if there had been fifty of them the last would have ended in a piece of tape, or a penny riband.

Making myself into as small, and the clothes into as large a heap as I could, just as one does with one's foot in a tight boot, I tranquilly awaited our departure, which was announced as punctually at two A.M.

I must do them the justice to say that there never was an execution conducted more punctually to the moment for which it had been promised. As the clock struck two, a clanking of chains, which sounded just as if they were knocking off my fetters in another prison for the last time, and a continued shouting and tramping overhead, announced that they were weighing "the anchor." If it were half as heavy as my heart, how it must have fatigued them! We could hear—or rather I could hear (for it did not seem to wake the snorers or him who puffed)—all the din and hallooing above, just as well as if we had been on deck. Somebody kept swearing at somebody else, which somebody else seemed to take in very bad part, as I heard him say, "I arn't a going to put up with no gammon from a feller like you, as doesn't know an umbreller from a spring ini'n."

I didn't exactly believe that there could be anybody in these march-of-intellect days, incapable of distinguishing an umbrella from a spring onion, and therefore I felt this to be most unjustifiable abuse, whomsoever it was addressed to; but it was no business of mine, and I didn't care how much they abused each other, if they had only done it in a lower tone of voice, so as not to disturb me.

When the "tumult dwindled to a calm," a splash and a hiss, accompanied by the moving of the vessel, gave me intelligence that we were "off." As we dropped down the river, memory recalled the peaceful recreation of dining at Blackwall on white-bait; while certain matters which occurred at a Greenwich fair, stared me accusingly in the face.

Amid these reflections I fell into an uneasy slumber, which lasted till six, broken at intervals by various thumps on the deck, which seemed directed immediately at my head below. In the morning "the pie was opened, and the birds began to sing;" that is to say, my companions began to draw their dingy little curtains back, and gradually to unfold themselves. I found we consisted of fourteen souls and bodies,—ten Germans, and four of the same free and enlightened nation of which I have the honour to be a component part.

We chatted till about seven; and then one got up, and another got up, and, lastly, I myself got up and dressed; not, however, without a feeling that I had better have left well alone. When I got up on deck, I asked a sailor, "How's the wind?"—"Dead agin yer," was the satisfactory reply. I wasn't surprised.

While I dressed, I paid due attention to a request posted up over the washing-stands, "That gentlemen should refrain from throwing their shaving-paper into their basins, as it stopped up the pipes, and *increased* the smell of the cabins." This of itself seemed a tacit acknowledgement of the existence of a very agreeable concomitant to our comforts,—as you can hardly *increase* a thing which did not previously exist; indeed there was no doubt about that, without any notice.

When we had all got up stairs by different instalments, after pacing the decks a little, we received a summons to breakfast. I endeavoured to sham an appetite, but it was no go; so I ate sparingly, being most distrustful of the future.

"Waiter!" cried one of the English,—a short, stout gentleman, in a dressing-gown,—"bring up the parcel in front of my berth."

"Sart'nly, sir!" replied the smart handman.

Up came the parcel; and, as I had heard the demand, I had the curiosity to see what came of it. The parcel turned out to be a nice brown-bread loaf, off which the owner cut a small slice, and carefully put it on a plate by his side. His neighbour on the other side then began talking to him, which diverted his attention from the loaf. His other neighbour, who had not seen where it came from, wanting some bread, and finding it at his elbow, helped himself; and a man, a little lower down, said,

"May I trouble you for the bread?"

"With pleasure, sir;" and another slice went, and so on, till the last remnant came round to the man who sat opposite the rightful owner, who was talking away still, with his friend, as if they had been settling the tithe question. He took the bit left, and began devouring it; and a pause having taken place in the conversation opposite, he said to the loaf-proprietor,

"For myself, I like brown bread just as well as white; what do you say?"

"Why, *I* prefer it; and, not knowing that we should get it on board, I took the precaution of bringing a loaf with me, big enough to last me all the——"

As he spoke, he turned to illustrate his remark by showing the size of his loaf, when, to his dismay, he found nothing but the empty plate. I never shall forget his face. He first of all turned to the man who had addressed him, and into whose capacious mouth the last morsel was vanishing:

"Confound it, sir! that's my bread you're eating!"

Then to his next neighbour on his right:

"Was it you who took my loaf, sir?"

"Your loaf, sir? Who are you?"

"Yes, sir! I repeat, my loaf; my brown loaf."

"I certainly took a loaf, sir, and a brown loaf, which stood next to me; but whether it was yours or not I can't say; and I believe everybody else took it too!"

"Why, then it's gone!" It was.

Breakfast being over, we had but little to do, and nothing to divert our thoughts from our mournful position. I went fidgeting about, asking how the weather was. The answers were delightful. The wind was so violent and adverse that the captain thought it useless to go out to sea, and therefore intended to "bring up"—ominous term!—in Owesly Bay, near Harwich. The rain drove me into the "splendid saloon," which I would have bartered for a cellar in Fetterlane; and, after half an hour's doubt and wonder whether I was going round the world, or the world round me, I felt it not only prudent, but necessary, to seek greater privacy; and, after much sorrow and tempest of spirit, I got into my comfortable bed.

The captain was as good, or rather as bad, as his word. He "brought up" in Owesly Bay, and I will say no more than that the force of example was astonishing. How long we waited about in that sad bay, I cannot exactly say, as I had become insensible to the nice distinction between tossing up and down, and pitching and rolling at anchor, or going on. It was enough, and too much for me, that we *did* toss up and down, and pitch and roll.

So ended Wednesday the 14th. We were intended to arrive at Hamburg at two o'clock on Friday morning; but the adverse wind, and bringing up, seemed to throw a doubt over this.

Still it was not impossible, if the wind abated. Thursday morning was ushered in by numerous inquiries as to where we were. We were more than gratified by being told "Much where we were last night." This was told to me, who felt that I had signed a lease for my life, extending only to

Friday, at two A.M., as the longest possible time I could hold out; and that after that time the lease would be up, and I should be ejected from my mortal tenement.

The Germans who were on board ate and drank heartily, and wanted me to get up and shave. I thought that the chance of being drowned was enough, without the certainty of cutting my throat from ear to ear, which I should inevitably have done if I had attempted to use a razor in the state of the vessel's movements. They endeavoured to get me up, by touching my national pride.

"What! an Englishman afraid?" said they.

"No," answered I; "but very sick."

Thursday heard many groans, and, if it had eyes, might have seen many strange sights.

Friday morning, two A.M.—the promised period of our arrival at the haven of our hopes—found us still wide at sea; and it was not till Friday evening that we heard the news that we were off the mouth of the Texel, one hundred miles from the Elbe, which was our destination. We were then in that sort of reckless state that we regarded distance as nothing,—one hundred miles seemed to me, much the same as one thousand; and I opened and shut my mouth in the agonies of despair, and something worse.

All this time I had continued in bed, eating what they brought me, not from any relish or appetite, but on the principle that if you are in a den with a roaring lion, and have a leg of mutton to give him, it is prudent to do so; and there was in my den with me an intolerant and savage spirit, which treated me exceedingly ill when I gave it nothing to wreak its fury upon, and showed but little gratitude when I did, either declining the proffered gifts, or only receiving them to render me more dejected by a speedy and contemptuous return.

Saturday morning early, we heard, with as much joy, and with as much interest as we could feel in anything, that we should soon be in the Elbe, and in tolerably smooth water. What ideas these sailors have of smooth water! I wonder if they ever look in a washing-basin?

As I lay waiting for the smooth water, I could not help anathematising those deceitful vagabonds, the poets, who write very pretty and pleasing lines about a tender affair they call a zephyr, and describe it as "softly sighing on a summer's eve," "lightly dancing on the moonlit lake," "mildly breaking over the bending corn," and a variety of agreeable and amiable habits. But these worthy gentlemen, who write in a comfortable arm-chair, little know the change which takes place in their sighing friend when a dozen or two of them club together to make a gale of wind for an afternoon's amusement. I wish I had had a score of these same poets on board,—the world would never have heard anything from them again about "bending corn!" A zephyr bears about the some proportion to a gale of wind as a Vauxhall slice of ham does to the "whole hog." However, all evils have an end, and ours began to conclude a little; for certainly I seemed to get a little better, and was well enough when we passed Heligoland—which is an island in the possession of his most gracious majesty, whom Heaven long preserve!—to sing lustily, and like a true Briton as I am,

"Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king!"

I then dressed myself, the water being still too rough to allow me to do anything but cut my throat with my razor; and went on deck, where I soon afterwards enjoyed the sight of green fields, and the villas which ornament the banks of the Elbe, with a most satisfactory view of Hamburg at no great distance.

And, now that I have brought myself to dry land, do I make a vow never again to make a long sea-voyage,—always excepting "leaving my country for my country's good," which may happen; but the Britannia, if she chooses "to rule the waves," never shall have me as an accomplice again, though

"The bark be stoutly timber'd, and the pilot
Of very perfect and approv'd allowance."

[Pg
514]

[Pg 515]

STRAY CHAPTERS.

BY BOZ.

CHAPTER II.

SOME PARTICULARS CONCERNING A LION.

We have a great respect for lions in the abstract. In common with most other people, we have heard and read of many instances of their bravery and generosity. We have duly admired that heroic self-denial and charming philanthropy, which prompts them never to eat people except when they are hungry, and we have been deeply impressed with a becoming sense of the politeness they are said to display towards unmarried ladies of a certain state. All natural histories teem with anecdotes illustrative of their excellent qualities; and one old spelling-book in

particular recounts a touching instance of an old lion of high moral dignity and stern principle, who felt it his imperative duty to devour a young man who had contracted a habit of swearing, as a striking example to the rising generation.

All this is extremely pleasant to reflect upon, and indeed says a very great deal in favour of lions as a mass. We are bound to state, however, that such individual lions as we have happened to fall in with, have not put forth any very striking characteristics, and have not acted up to the chivalrous character assigned them by their chroniclers. We never saw a lion in what is called his natural state, certainly; that is to say, we have never met a lion out walking in a forest, or crouching in his lair under a tropical sun waiting till his dinner should happen to come by, hot from the baker's. But we have seen some under the influence of captivity and the pressure of misfortune; and we must say that they appeared to us very apathetic, heavy-headed fellows.

The lion at the Zoological Gardens, for instance. He is all very well; he has an undeniable mane, and looks very fierce; but, Lord bless us! what of that? The lions of the fashionable world look just as ferocious, and are the most harmless creatures breathing. A box-lobby lion or a Regent-street animal will put on a most terrible aspect, and roar fearfully, if you affront him; but he will never bite, and, if you offer to attack him manfully, will fairly turn tail and sneak off. Doubtless these creatures roam about sometimes in herds, and, if they meet any especially meek-looking and peaceably-disposed fellow, will endeavour to frighten him; but the faintest show of a vigorous resistance is sufficient to scare them even then. These are pleasant characteristics, whereas we make it matter of distinct charge against the Zoological lion and his brethren at the fairs, that they are sleepy, dreamy, sluggish quadrupeds.

We do not remember to have ever seen one of them perfectly awake, except at feeding-time. In every respect we uphold the biped lions against their four-footed namesakes, and we boldly challenge controversy upon the subject.

[Pg
516]

With these opinions it may be easily imagined that our curiosity and interest were very much excited the other day, when a lady of our acquaintance called on us and resolutely declined to accept our refusal of her invitation to an evening party; "for," said she, "I have got a lion coming." We at once retracted our plea of a prior engagement, and became as anxious to go, as we had previously been to stay away.

We went early and posted ourself in an eligible part of the drawing-room, from whence we could hope to obtain a full view of the interesting animal. Two or three hours passed, the quadrilles began, the room filled; but no lion appeared. The lady of the house became inconsolable,—for it is one of the peculiar privileges of these lions to make solemn appointments and never keep them,—when all of a sudden there came a tremendous double rap at the street-door, and the master of the house, after gliding out (unobserved as he flattered himself) to peep over the banisters, came into the room, rubbing his hands together with great glee, and cried out in a very important voice, "My dear, Mr. — (naming the lion) has this moment arrived."

Upon this, all eyes were turned towards the door, and we observed several young ladies, who had been laughing and conversing previously with great gaiety and good-humour, grow extremely quiet and sentimental; while some young gentlemen, who had been cutting great figures in the facetious and smalltalk way, suddenly sank very obviously in the estimation of the company, and were looked upon with great coldness and indifference. Even the young man who had been ordered from the music-shop to play the pianoforte, was visibly affected, and struck several false notes in the excess of his excitement.

All this time there was a great talking outside, more than once accompanied by a loud laugh, and a cry of "Oh, capital! excellent!" from which we inferred that the lion was jocose, and that these exclamations were occasioned by the transports of his keeper and our host. Nor were we deceived; for when the lion at last appeared, we overheard his keeper, who was a little prim man, whisper to several gentlemen of his acquaintance, with uplifted hands and every expression of half-suppressed admiration, that — (naming the lion again) was in *such* cue to-night!

The lion was a literary one: of course there were a vast number of people present, who had admired his roarings, and were anxious to be introduced to him; and very pleasant it was to see them brought up for the purpose, and to observe the patient dignity with which he received all their patting and caressing. This brought forcibly to our mind what we had so often witnessed at country fairs, where the other lions are compelled to go through as many forms of courtesy as they chance to be acquainted with, just as often as admiring parties happen to drop in upon them.

[Pg
517]

While the lion was exhibiting in this way, his keeper was not idle, for he mingled among the crowd, and spread his praises most industriously. To one gentleman he whispered some very choice thing that the noble animal had said in the very act of coming up stairs, which, of course, rendered the mental effort still more astonishing; to another he murmured a hasty account of a grand dinner that had taken place the day before, where twenty-seven gentlemen had got up all at once to demand an extra cheer for the lion; and to the ladies he made sundry promises of interceding to procure the majestic brute's sign-manual for their albums. Then, there were little private consultations in different corners, relative to the personal appearance and stature of the lion; whether he was shorter than they had expected to see him, or taller, or thinner, or fatter, or younger, or older; whether he was like his portrait or unlike it; and whether the particular shade of his eyes was black, or blue, or hazel, or green, or yellow, or mixture. At all these consultations the keeper assisted; and, in short, the lion was the sole and single subject of discussion till they sat him down to whist, and then the people relapsed into their old topics of conversation—themselves and each other.

We must confess that we looked forward with no slight impatience to the announcement of supper; for if you wish to see a tame lion under particularly favourable circumstances, feeding-time is the period of all others to pitch upon. We were therefore very much delighted to observe a sensation among the guests, which we well knew how to interpret, and immediately afterwards to behold the lion escorting the lady of the house down stairs. We offered our arm to an elderly female of our acquaintance, who—dear old soul!—is the very best person that ever lived, to lead down to any meal; for, be the room ever so small or the party ever so large, she is sure, by some intuitive perception of the eligible, to push and pull herself and conductor close to the best dishes on the table;—we say we offered our arm to this elderly female, and, descending the stairs shortly after the lion, were fortunate enough to obtain a seat nearly opposite him.

Of course the keeper was there already. He had planted himself at precisely that distance from his charge which afforded him a decent pretext for raising his voice, when he addressed him, to so loud a key as could not fail to attract the attention of the whole company, and immediately began to apply himself seriously to the task of bringing the lion out, and putting him through the whole of his manœuvres. Such flashes of wit as he elicited from the lion! First of all they began to make puns upon a salt-cellar, and then upon the breast of a fowl, and then upon the trifle; but the best jokes of all were decidedly on the lobster-salad, upon which latter subject the lion came out most vigorously, and, in the opinion of the most competent authorities, quite outshone himself. This is a very excellent mode of shining in society, and is founded, we humbly conceive, upon the classic model of the dialogues between Mr. Punch and his friend the proprietor, wherein the latter takes all the up-hill work, and is content to pioneer to the jokes and repartees of Mr. P. himself, who never fails to gain great credit and excite much laughter thereby. Whatever it be founded on, however, we recommend it to all lions, present and to come; for in this instance it succeeded to admiration, and perfectly dazzled the whole body of hearers.

[Pg
518]

When the salt-cellar, and the fowl's breast, and the trifle, and the lobster-salad were all exhausted, and could not afford standing-room for another solitary witticism, the keeper performed that very dangerous feat which is still done with some of the caravan lions, although in one instance it terminated fatally, of putting his head in the animal's mouth, and placing himself entirely at its mercy. Boswell frequently presents a melancholy instance of the lamentable results of this achievement, and other keepers and jackals have been terribly lacerated for their daring. It is due to our lion to state, that he condescended to be trifled with, in the most gentle manner, and finally went home with the showman in a hack cab: perfectly peaceable, but slightly fuddled.

Being in a contemplative mood, we were led to make some reflections upon the character and conduct of this genus of lions as we walked homewards, and we were not long in arriving at the conclusion that our former impression in their favour was very much strengthened and confirmed by what we had recently seen. While the other lions receive company and compliments in a sullen, moody, not to say snarling manner, these appear flattered by the attentions that are paid them; while those conceal themselves to the utmost of their power from the vulgar gaze, these court the popular eye, and, unlike their brethren, whom nothing short of compulsion will move to exertion, are ever ready to display their acquirements to the wondering throng. We have known bears of undoubted ability who, when the expectations of a large audience have been wound up to the utmost pitch, have peremptorily refused to dance; well-taught monkeys, who have unaccountably objected to exhibit on the slack-wire; and elephants of unquestioned genius, who have suddenly declined to turn the barrel-organ: but we never once knew or heard of a biped lion, literary or otherwise,—and we state it as a fact which is highly creditable to the whole species,—who, occasion offering, did not seize with avidity on any opportunity which was afforded him, of performing to his heart's content on the first violin.

[Pg
519]

THE LEGEND OF BOHIS HEAD.

One of the most south-western points of Ireland is the promontory of Bohis, which forms the northern shore of the bay of Balinskelligs. A singular conformation of rock is observable upon the extremity of the wild cape, it being worn by the incessant beating of the billows into a grotesque resemblance of the human profile. The waves, however, are not suffered to claim undisputed this rude sculpture as their own; a far different origin being attributed to it by the legends of the country around. The following is the legend, as told to us.

In times long, very long ago,—prior even to that early age when Milesius came over from Spain, to plant in Ireland the prolific tribes of the *O's* and the *Mac's*,—Bohis Head, instead of the abrupt, broken cliffs that now terminate it, presented a lofty and uniform wall of rock to the assaults of the Atlantic. Upon the topmost summit (much about where now stand the unfinished walls of one of those desirable winter-residences, the coast watch-towers, built at *the end* of the last war,) there stood, at the period of our tale, the castle of a very celebrated personage, generally known in those parts as the Baon Ri Dhuv,—in plain English, "The Black Lady,"—a title partly bestowed on her, on account of her dark hair and face, and partly on account of the cruelty and tyranny which she exercised upon all those who were subject to her dominion. She must have been redoubtable in no small degree, as, besides the possession of a large army, which she could at any time collect from her numerous array of vassals, she was a deep proficient in the art of magic, and was even said to have once, by the potency of her spells, prevented a drop of rain from falling upon her territories (which included the whole of Munster) for a week together. But as the south of Ireland at least has never since been known to be so long without showers, this feat is not so implicitly believed as other of the traditions about her. However that may be, this at

least is certain, that she wanted for nothing that force or fraud, fair means or means the most unholy, could give her; and she was deemed the happiest as well as the most powerful being in the world.

Those who said this, did not judge truly. In the midst of all her splendour and state, caressed, feared, flattered, obeyed as she was by all, she was not happy; and it is strange that her tenants and servants did not find this out, as her usual method of easing her feelings was by ill-treating and abusing them. But they were, in all probability, too much afraid of her to call even their thoughts their own, for fear of being metamorphosed into goats, or cows, or some other species of beasts; a change of life which, from the scanty grazing of the neighbouring mountain pastures, they did not deem very inviting. She was *not* happy; and simply because, among her myriad of vassals, flatterers, and slaves, she had not one *friend*. There was the whole secret. In her inmost soul she—that proud, tyrannical, haughty, hard-hearted woman—felt that, all feared and all potent as she was, she still was no more than mortal; and that within her own breast there was that which tyrannised over herself,—the innate longings of our nature for sympathy, for companionship, for affection. The humblest hind that served her, had a comrade,—a friend; while she, the queen and mistress of all, was the object of detestation as universal as the slavish obedience that met her at every step. At first she scoffed and spurned at the dull internal aching; it was a weakness, she thought, that needed but to be fought against, to be for ever quelled. She sought wars and conflicts; she dived deeper than ever before into the unholy mysteries of the "Black Art;" she revelled, she feasted, and she succeeded in quelling the rebel feeling for a time, —but only for a time. There came a reaction to her excitement; and, while her spirits and all else seemed exhausted and worn out, this dull yearning was stronger and more aching than ever. At length, one day, after a long and painful reverie, she started up, striking her forehead violently, and vowed that she would have a friend,—a companion,—nay, even (as her sentimentality increased with indulgence) a *husband*,—or perish in the attempt! As the oath passed her lips, a tremendous peal of thunder rolled over the castle towers and passed off to seaward, dying away in the distance with a sound not unlike a wild and prolonged shout of laughter.

[Pg
520]

She had not much time to lose, if she intended to marry. The little servant-boy, who had been allowed to get drunk on the night of rejoicings for her birth, was now a grave and sedate major-domo of most venerable age. She herself, but some fifteen or sixteen years his junior, was long past the time when the grossest flattery could make her believe that she was young; and her years had not passed over her head without leaving their traces behind. She had been in her best days what is called by friends "rather plain," which generally means "very ugly." Her forehead bowed out and overhung her nose, which endeavoured to stretch out to some decent length, but was unfortunately foiled by the want of a bridge. The mouth, as if it perceived this failure on the part of the feature immediately above it, modestly declined the contest, and retreated far inward. The chin, however, amply made up for all intermediate deficiencies, and even surpassed the forehead in the hugeness of its proportions, or *disproportions*. Her hair was black, as has been said, and hung in long, lanky clusters about her face. Time seldom improves the human countenance, and certainly made no exception in favour of the Baon Ri Dhuv. At the time of her vow many wrinkles had made their appearance, and unequivocal grey hairs chequered the once uniform sable that covered her head. Magic had not then arrived at the pitch of perfection to which it afterwards attained in the times of Virgilius and Apollonius Rhodius; and, among the inventions yet in the womb of time, were the charms for restoring youth and imparting beauty.

The lady of the castle set off, one fine morning, on the back of a cloud which she had hailed as it was drifting over her chimney-tops, driven inland by the fresh breeze from the ocean. As she was borne along, she looked anxiously right and left down upon the earth, to spy out, if possible, the desired companion. But she found she had grown very fastidious, now that the means of ridding herself of her troublesome desires appeared open to her. She looked at no women; she felt instinctively that none of her own sex could be the friend that would satisfy her heart: but all the young men that she passed over, she scrutinized, as if her life depended upon it. They in their turn stared a good deal at her, as well they might; for it was no common thing, even in those days, to see a woman perched up on a cloud, sailing over your head before a rattling breeze of wind. Perhaps it was their staring at her, so different from the downcast eyes and humble mien of her slaves at home,—perhaps it was their rude remarks that displeased her; whatever it was, on she went without making her choice, until towards the close of the day she found she had nearly crossed Ireland in a diagonal line from south-west to north-east, the wind blowing in that direction. As it still blew merrily, and it was full-moon night, she determined to go on to Scotland, and try whether Sawnie could please her, better than Paddy. With this resolve she had not proceeded more than half a league from the shore of Ireland, when she perceived she was going over a mountain-islet some five or six miles in girth, and apparently very fertile in its soil, for large herds of cattle were grazing upon its sides. It is a trite and true saying, that those who possess much, are often covetous of more; and in her case it was especially true. With a word she stayed the cloud over the island; the wind falling all at once, in obedience to her will. If there were any of the old Vikingir, those daring privateersmen of ancient times, that night upon the waters, how they and their fierce crews must have heaped maledictions on the unseen power that quelled the merry breeze before which they were late careering gaily with bended mast and bellying sail, and summoned them to ply the labouring oar throughout the hours they had vainly hoped to give to slumber! But the Black Lady was not a person to care much for such trifles as curses. If she had been so, she would have led an extremely uncomfortable life, for she had merited a good many of them in her time. Over the island she hung, gazing down upon it, and gloating on its richness and fertility, while she inwardly resolved to strain her magical powers to the utmost, to transfer it from its present position to the neighbourhood of her own coast. Her

[Pg
521]

attention, however, was soon withdrawn from all other objects, and concentrated on one that had just caught her eye: it was a young man, the only one she had as yet seen who did not stare up at her, rudely and impertinently. Indeed he did not look up at all. He seemed to have no eyes, no soul, for any one but a young girl who was by his side. The lady on the cloud could see by the moonlight that the girl's face was exceedingly beautiful; that is to say, as much as could be perceived of it when she occasionally, and but for a moment, raised her eyes from the ground, on which they were riveted.

"Speak! will you not speak to me?" were the words of the young man: "but one word, Eva,—dearest Eva,—to tell me have I offended by my boldness?"

The girl blushed ten times deeper than before, and her lips quivered as at length she slowly murmured out, "No, Conla!"

"Thanks! thanks!" was his rapturous exclamation; "a thousand times thanks, my own, my ... Hallo! what is this? Whence come you?" These latter words were addressed to the Black Lady, as, to his utter astonishment, she alighted from the cloud right in his path. Eva shrieked, and hid her face in his bosom.

"I am the Baon Ri Dhuv," said the enchantress, trying to look dignified, and to smooth away the scowl that had darkened her visage since she perceived his companion,— "the Queen of the South!"

"And what can the Baon Ri Dhuv, the Queen of the South, want with Conla, a shepherd of the north?"

"Young man, mock me not," replied she, frowning most awfully: "you know not, but you may be made to *feel*, my power. Listen to me," continued she in a milder tone, and putting on what she intended to be a most amiable and engaging look; but which gave her coarse lineaments a still more grotesque hideousness, that almost made the young shepherd laugh in her face, despite the secret dread he felt creeping on his heart. "I am the ruler of a vast tract of country; I have a vast army to do my will; nay, more, I have dominion over the elements in their fiercest rage, and spirits obey my bidding. I am rich beyond counting. You smile, and believe not. Look here!"

As she spoke, she struck the ground three times with her foot, muttering rapidly to herself, when up sprang close to her, a tall tree of the purest gold, the glittering branches laden with jewels beyond all price. Seizing one of these, a magnificent emerald, and pulling it off the branch, again she stamped her foot, and the tree disappeared, leaving the jewel in her hands.

"Here," continued she, putting it into Conla's passive hand, "here is earnest of my wealth; leave that weak girl, and come with me to wealth and happiness!"

Conla had hitherto been kept dumb by the strange scene before him; but now, rousing himself, he looked at his Eva, and meeting her gaze of deep, whole-hearted, confiding affection, he dashed the glittering jewel on the ground, and cried,

"Away, sorceress! I spurn your gifts, your accursed power, yourself! With Eva will I live or die!"

The face of the Black Lady showed horrible in the pale moonlight, as, with a withering scowl of hatred and vengeance, she again spoke:

"You shall not die, insolent wretch! You shall live in agonies to which death were mercy; ay, and she, too,—that worthless thing you prefer to me,—she, too, shall suffer!"

As she spoke, she described a circle in the air with her hand round the island. At once the moon became obscured, and a terrible darkness fell upon all, while a sudden storm swept over the island. Conla and his Eva tried to fly to some cave for refuge, but were arrested by the sight that met their eyes when the transitory darkness cleared away. The moon again shone out brilliantly, and by its light the lovers perceived, to their great horror, that the island itself was in motion! A little ahead of its southernmost point their persecutor was scudding over the waters in a bark, the traditional accounts of which, represent it as a good deal resembling the steam-boats of modern days, for there was smoke issuing out of it; and two or three respectable individuals, with black faces, fiery eyes, horns on their heads, and tails twirled in graceful folds, might be seen through an open hatchway, employed in much the same manner as the hard-working, hard-drinking steam-packet engineers of our own times, while a clacking and clanging of iron was continually heard, similar to the sounds that annoy sea-sick passengers at present. From the taffrail of this inviting-looking vessel, three or four strong cables stretched to the island, and were rove through an immense hole in a huge projecting rock, that seemed as if it had been bored for this especial purpose. The steamer tugged gallantly, and the island plashed and splashed heavily along, at the rate of twenty or thirty knots an hour: the cows and sheep upon the latter, not having their sea-legs aboard, tumbled and rolled about in fine style. Eva got exceedingly sea-sick, and Conla exceedingly indignant: but there was no use in his anger. On the island went.

On and on,—past Belfast, Drogheda, Dublin,—rattling and splashing along, greatly to the astonishment of the fishes, who, besides being then quite unaccustomed to public steaming, had never before seen an island on the move. Between Dublin and Holyhead there was a little difficulty; for the island, which was exceedingly unmanageable, fetched away to starboard, and took the ground a little outside of Howth. This was a cause of great delight to the lovers, who thought their voyage was now at an end; but they were much mistaken; two of the amiable gentry who manned the tug-boat jumped lightly on the island, and cut away with a couple of strokes of an axe the part that was aground, it breaking into two pieces, which remain to this day, proof of

the truth of this tale, under the names of Lambay and Ireland's Eye. On went the steamer again, and on went the island merrily and clumsily as ever, and the Black Lady looked back and laughed at the disappointed lovers.

Wicklow went by,—Wexford,—and now the shores of the county Waterford hove in sight; and the vessel and island, rounding Point Carnsore in gallant style, issued out from the Irish Channel into the waters of the Atlantic.

Morning had broken by this time, and a bright and beautiful morning it was. Eva, overpowered by fatigue, had sunk to sleep; Conla sate beside her, deep anxiety lowering on his brow, and his soul rent with the most agonizing emotions. Meantime his body was just as much disturbed, for the island was now heaving and pitching worse than before, upon the longer billows of the ocean; and he occasionally had to hold on with both his hands to the stones and shrubs near him, to prevent himself from being what sailors would call "hove overboard" by the violent motion of the strange craft in, or rather *on*, which he was embarked. Disliking his situation exceedingly, and greatly fearing that he would have still more reason to do so, he saw that there was no chance of his delivery from it, if he could not succeed in mollifying the enraged enchantress. Espying her again seated upon the steamer's taffrail, he therefore hailed her, and sought by humble prayers and entreaties to induce her to release him and his Eva; or, if one should suffer, to set her free, and vent the heaviest vengeance upon his head. But the Black Lady let him talk on. He had a very sweet voice, and she liked to hear that; and, when he had done, she contented herself with simply shaking her head in token of refusal: then, as he again stooped his proud spirit to still more vehement entreaties and supplications, and raved in the intensity of his anguish, she mocked at him, and laughed loud and long in scorn, till at length, wearied out and despairing, he sunk his head upon his bosom, and was silent. Slowly the day wore on, but quickly the headlands and bays of the southern shore of Ireland glided by; and great was the wonder and amaze of those who looked to seaward from that shore. Many were the noble fishes left that day in the depths of the ocean with the barbed hook fast in their jaws, as the wild natives of the coast, in terror at the sight of the demon vessel and her charge, hove overboard their rude fishing-gear to lighten their frail coracles, and plied sail and oar to seek refuge on the land. It has been even surmised that it was some such sight as this, that scared that first great geographer, Ptolemy, and made him fly the Irish coast ere he had completed his survey. However, this is a point that has never been fully ascertained.

The sun was sinking gloriously into the bosom of the slow-heaving main as the steamer, with the island in tow, rounded Dursey Head, and hove in sight of their destination, the promontory of Bohis. With exultation in her eyes, the Baon Ri Dhuv pointed out her lofty castle, shining in the distance with the last rays of the departing orb of day. Eva was now awake, and her and Conla's supplications were poured out for mercy and for pity; but they might as well have been uttered to Bohis Head itself. The leagues between the latter place and Dursey Head were rapidly traversed, and now the island had been towed within a mile of its final destination, which was the promontory on which the castle stood. At this moment another sudden storm, such as that of the preceding night, passed athwart the scene; and, when it cleared away, the steamer had disappeared, and the Black Lady was to be seen, upon the headland tugging at the island to bring it closer.

"Is there no help in Heaven!" cried Conla, as, after another appeal in vain to their persecutor, he threw his eyes up with a reproachful glance.

"Hush, Conla! reproach not the powers above; they are most merciful, and will protect us. Hark! they answer!"

At this moment a heavy peal of thunder crashed over head, and, rolling towards the castle, seemed to expend itself over its summit.

"Dread lady," cried Eva, animated to unusual courage by the omen, "hearken to that, and yield to the powers of Heaven!—they declare against thy tyranny!"

"Never!" roared the tyrant, her eyes flashing baleful fire. "Sooner will I become part of this mountain on which I stand mistress, than ye shall escape me!"

As she spoke, she gave a pull with her utmost strength to the chains. At the moment a vivid flash of lightning darted from the clouds, and the chains snapped right asunder. With the force of the shock the Black Lady was precipitated into the sea, the island at the same time rebounding back and becoming fixed for ever about halfway between Dursey and Bohis Head.

The Baon Ri Dhuv's tenants and servants spent the night in vainly searching for her. The morning revealed to them a terrible sight. Upon the extremity of the cape her well-known visage appeared, but transformed to stone, and doomed for ages to remain there, lashed by the raging billows of the ocean. Thus was her fatal wish accomplished!

The island so strangely brought round, remains where it recoiled to, and is now known by the name of Scariff. It is still rich land, and feeds many herds; a strong proof of the authenticity of this tale, and which is farther borne out by the fact, that the hole through which the towing-chains were rove remains to this hour. Conla and Eva lived happily for the rest of their days where they were, and left a numerous progeny. It is said that the little old man who, with his strapping offspring, fourteen in number, now tenants the island, is their lineal descendant. The emerald that Conla threw away was afterwards found, and preserved as a memorial of the events narrated until the times of Cromwell; when some of his soldiers, having visited the island for the laudable purpose of killing a friar who lived there as a hermit, indulged another of their virtuous propensities by carrying the jewel away with them.

BOB BURNS AND BERANGER.

SAM LOVER AND OVIDIUS NASO.

BY FATHER PROUT.

TO THE EDITOR OF **BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY**.

SIR,—Under the above title I forward you two more scraps from *Water-grass-hill*.

The first is a glee in praise of poverty, a subject on which poets of every country have a common understanding. The Italian BERNI, indeed, went a step farther when he sang the "comforts of being in debt,"—*La laude del debito*; but your enthusiast never knows where to stop. This MS. may suit in the present state of the money market,—a bill drawn by Burns and endorsed by Beranger. You can rely on the Scotchman's signature, *experto crede Roberto*; while there can be no doubt that the French songster's financial condition fully entitles him to join Burns in an attempt of this kind. Since, however, much spurious paper appears to be afloat, you will use your own discretion as to the foreign acceptance.

Of Scrap No. VI. I say nothing, Doctor Prout having left a note on the subject prefixed to the same. Yours, &c.

RORY O'DRYSKULL.

Water-grass-hill, April 20.

SCRAP No. V.

I.

Is there,
For honest poverty,
That hangs his head
And a' that?
The coward slave
We pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure,
And a' that;
The rank is but
The guinea's stamp,
The MAN's the gowd for a' that.

II.

What! though
On homely fare we dine,
Wear hidden grey,
And a' that;
Give fools their silks,
And knaves their wine,
A man's a MAN for a' that:
For a' that, for a' that,
Their tinsel show,
And a' that;
The honest man,
Though e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

III.

Ye see
Yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares,
And a' that;
Though hundreds worship
At his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:

1.

Quoi! Pauvre honnête
Baisser la tête?
Quoi! rougir de la sorte?
Que l'âme basse
S'éloigne et passe
Nous—soyons gueux! n'importe!
Travail obscur—
N'importe!
Quand l'or est pur
N'importe!
Qu'il ne soit point
Marqué au coin
D'un noble rang—qu'importe!

2.

Quoiqu'on dût faire
Bien maigre chère
Et vêtir pauvre vêtement;
Aux sots leur soie,
Leur vin, leur joie;
Ca fait'il L'HOMME? eh, nullement!
'Luxe et grandeur—
Qu'importe!
Train et splendeur—
Qu'importe!
Cœurs vils et creux!
Un noble gueux
Vaut toute la cohorte!

3.

Voyez ce fat—
Un vain éclat
L'entoure, et on l'encense,
Mais après tout
Ce n'est qu'un fou,—
Un sot, quoiqu'il en pense;
Terre et maison,

For a' that, for a' that,	Qu'il pense—
His riband, star,	Titre et blazon,
And a' that;	Qu'il pense—
The man of	Or et ducats,
Independent mind	Non! ne font pas
Can look and laugh at a' that.	La vraie indépendence!

IV.

A king
 Can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke,
 And a' that;
 But an HONEST MAN
 's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he manna fa' that.
 For a' that, for a' that,
 Their dignities,
 And a' that;
 The pith o' sense
 And pride o' warth
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

4.

Un roi peut faire
 Duc, dignitaire,
 Comte et marquis, journellement;
 Mais ce qu'on nomme
 Un HONNÊTE HOMME,
 Le peut-il faire? eh, nullement!
 Tristes faveurs!
 Réellement;
 Pauvres honneurs!
 Réellement;
 Le fier maintien
 Des gens de bien
 Leur manque essentiellement.

V.

Then let us pray
 That come it may—
 As come it will
 For a' that—
 That sense and warth,
 O'er all the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet,
 For a' that,
 That man to man,
 The warld a' o'er,
 Shall brothers be, for a' that.

5.

Or faisons vœu
 Qu'à tous, sous peu,
 Arrive un jour de jugement;—
 Amis, ce jour
 Aura son tour,
 J'en prends, j'en prends, l'engagement.
 Espoir et en-
 couragement,
 Aux pauvres gens
 Soulagement;
 'Lors sure la terre
 Vivrons en frères,
 Et librement, et sagement!

SCRAP No. VI.

Possevino, in his *History of the Gonzagas*, (fol. Mantua, 1620,) tells us, at page 781, that a Polish army, having penetrated to the Euxine, found the ashes, with many MSS. of Ovid under a marble monument, which they transferred in pomp to Cracow, A.D. 1581. It is well known that the exiled Roman had written sundry poems in barbaric metre to gratify the Scythian and Getic literati with whom he was surrounded. We have his own words for it:

"*Cæpique poetæ
 Inter inhumanos nomen habere Getas.*"

[Pg 527]

The following is a fair specimen, procured by the kindness of the late erudite Quaff-y-punchovitz, Keeper of the Archives of the Cracovian University. The rhythmic termination, called by the Greeks **ομοιοτελευτον** is here clearly traceable to a Northern origin. It would appear that the Scandinavian poets took great pride in the nicety and richness of these rhymes, by which they beguiled the tediousness of their winter nights:

"*Accipiunt inimicam hyemem RIMISque, fatiscunt.*"

Ovid first tried thus an experiment on his native tongue, which was duly followed up by the CHURCH, not unwilling to indulge by any reasonable concession her barbarous converts in the sixth century. Of Mr. Lover's translation it were superfluous to point out the miraculous fidelity; delicate gallantry and well-sustained humour distinguish every line of his vernacular version, hardly to be surpassed by the *Ars amandi* of his Latin competitor.

TO THE HARD-HEARTED MOLLY
 CAREW, THE LAMENT OF HER
 IRISH LOVER.

AD MOLLISSIMAM PUELLAM, È GETICÂ
 CARUARUM FAMILIÂ OVIDIUS
 NASO LAMENTATUR.

Och hone!
 Oh! what will I do?
 Sure my love is all crost,
 Like a bud in the frost ...
 And there's no use at all
 In my going to bed;
 For 'tis dhrames, and not sleep,
 That comes into my head ...
 And 'tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew,
 And indeed 'tis a sin
 And a shame.—
 You're complater than nature
 In every feature;
 The snow can't compare
 To your forehead so fair:
 And I rather would spy
 Just one blink of your eye
 Than the purtiest star
 That shines out of the sky;
 Tho'—by this and by that!
 For the matter o' that—
 You're more distant by far
 Than that same.
 Och hone, wierasthrew!
 I am alone
 In this world without you!

2.

Och hone!
 But why should I speak
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies
 Paddy Blake the schoolmaster
 To put it in rhyme?—
 Though there's one BURKE,
 He says,
 Who would call it *Snublime* ...
 And then for your cheek,
 Throth 'twould take him a week
 Its beauties to tell
 As he'd rather:—
 Then your lips, O machree!
 In their beautiful glow
 They a pattern might be
 For the cherries to grow.—
 'Twas an apple that tempted
 Our mother, we know;
 For apples were scarce
 I suppose long ago:
 But at this time o' day,
 'Pon my conscience I'll say,
 Such cherries might tempt
 A man's father!
 Och hone, wierasthrew!
 I'm alone
 In this world without you!

3.

Och hone!
 By the man in the moon!
 You teaze me all ways

Heu! heu!
 Me tædet, me piget o!
 Cor mihi riget o!
 Ut flos sub frigido ...
 Et nox ipsa mî, tum
 Cum vado dormitùm,
 Infausta, insomnis,
 Transcurritur omnis ...
 Hoc culpâ fit tuâ
 Mî, mollis Carûa,
 Sic mihi illudens,
 Nec pudens.—
 Prodigum tu, re
 Es, verâ, naturæ,
 Candidor lacte;—
 Plus fronte cum hâc te,
 Cum istis ocellis,
 Plus omnibus stellis
 Mehercule vellem.—
 Sed heu, me imbellem!
 A me, qui sum fidus,
 Vel ultimum sidus
 Non distat te magis ...
 Quid agis!
 Heu! heu! nisi tu
 Me ames,
 Pero! pillaleu!

II.

Heu! heu!
 Sed cur sequar laude
 Ocellos aut frontem
 Si NASI, cum fraude,
 Prætereo pontem?...
 Ast hic ego minùs
 Quàm ipse LONGINUS
 In verbis exprimem
 Hunc nasum sublimem ...
 De floridâ genâ
 Vulgaris camœna
 Cantaret in vanum
 Per annum.—
 Tum, tibi puella!
 Sic tument labella
 Ut nil plus jucundum
 Sit, aut ribicundum;
 Si primitus homo
 Collapsus est pomo,
 Si dolor et luctus
 Venerunt per fructus,
 Proh! ætas nunc serior
 Ne cadat, vereor,
 Icta tam bello
 Labello:
 Heu! heu! nisi tu
 Me ames,
 Pereo! pillaleu!

III.

Heu! heu!
 Per cornua lunæ
 Perpetuò tu ne

That a woman can plaze;
For you dance twice as high
With that thief Pat Macghee
As when you take share
Of a jig, dear, with me;
Though the piper I bate,
For fear the ould chate
Wouldn't play you your
Favourite tune.

And when you're at Mass
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew;
While you wear on purpose
A bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet
Pretty face get a peep.
Oh! lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering
Sowl!

Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night,
Dear, to me without you!

4.

Och hone!

Don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me, and more.

And you'd look very queer,
If some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching
In pride down the street.

Throth you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die of surprise
To think 'twasn't you
Was come to it.

And 'faith! Katty Naile
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say,
"Katty Naile, name the day."
And though you're fair and fresh
As the blossoms in May,
And she's short and dark
Like a cowl'd winter's day,
Yet, if *you* don't repent
Before Easter,—when Lent
Is over—I'll marry
For spite.

Och hone! and when I
Die for you,
'Tis my ghost that you'll see every night! Verebere tu ... eleleu!

Me vexes impunè?...
I nunc choro salta
(Mac-ghìus nam tecùm)
Plantâ magis altâ
Quàm sueveris mecùm!...
Tibicinem quando
Cogo fustigando
Ne falsum det melus,
Anhelus.—

A te in sacello
Vix mentem revello,
Heu! miserè scissam
Te inter et Missam;
Tu latitas vero
Tam stricto galero
Ut cernere vultum
Desiderem multùm.
Et dubites jam, nùm
(Ob animæ damnum)
Sit fas hunc deberi
Auferrì!

Heu! heu! nisi tu
Coràm sis,
Cæcus sim: eleleu!

IV.

Heu! heu!

Non me provocato,
Nam virginum sat, o!
Stant mihi amato ...

Et stuperes planè,
Si aliquo manè
Me sponsum videres;
Hoc quomodo ferres?

Quid diceres, si cum
Triumpho per vicum,
Maritus it ibi,
Non tibi!

Et pol! Catherinæ
Cui vacca, (tu, sine)
Si proferem hymen
Grande esset discrimen;
Tu quamvis, hìc aio
Sis blandior Maio,
Et hæc calet rariùs
Quàm Januarius;
Si non mutas brevi,
Hanc mihi decrevi
(Ut sic ultus forem)
Uxorem;

Tum posthâc diù
Me spectrum

[Pg 529]

FAMILY STORIES. No. IV.—THE SQUIRE'S STORY.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

A GOLDEN LEGEND.

"Tunc miser Corvus adeo conscientiæ stimulis compunctus fuit, et execratio eum tantopere excarnificavit, ut exinde tabescere inciperet, maciem contraheret, omnem

cibum aversaretur, nec ampliùs crocitaret: pennæ præterea ei defluebant, et alis pendulis omnes facetias intermisit, et tam macer apparuit ut omnes ejus miserescerent."

"Tunc abbas sacerdotibus mandavit ut rursus furem absolverent; quo facto, Corvus, omnibus mirantibus, propediem convaluit, et pristinam santitatem recuperavit."

De Illust. Ord. Cisterc.

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth, a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never, I ween,
 Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out,
Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all!
With a saucy air,
He perch'd on the chair
Where in state the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flaws and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls
In nice clean faces and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed, and filled with water as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender water and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
 One little boy more
 A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fring'd with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in permanent ink.

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

[Pg 530]

[Pg 531]

There's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-coloured shoe,
And left his red stockings expos'd to the view;
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels.
They turn up the dishes, they turn up the plates,
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs:—
But no! no such thing;
They can't find the ring;
And the abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popped in, and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He curs'd him at board, he curs'd him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He curs'd him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He curs'd him in eating, he curs'd him in drinking,
He curs'd him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He curs'd him in sitting, in standing, in lying,
He curs'd him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He curs'd him living, he curs'd him dying!
Never was heard such a terrible curse;
But, what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they search'd till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay,
As on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;
His pinions droop'd, he could hardly stand,
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That heedless of grammar, they all cried, "That's him!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower
He limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,
Where the first thing they saw,
'Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the ring, in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression
Serv'd in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,

The Jackdaw got plenary absolution.
 When those words were heard,
 That poor little bird
 Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd:
 He grew sleek and fat;
 In addition to that,
 A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
 His tail wagged more
 Even than before;
 But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
 No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
 He hopped now about
 With a gait devout;
 At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
 And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
 He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
 If any one lied, or if any one swore,
 Or slumber'd in pray'r time and happened to snore,
 That good Jackdaw
 Would give a great "caw,"
 As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
 While many remarked, as his manner they saw,
 That they never had known such a pious Jackdaw!
 He long lived the pride
 Of that country side,
 And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
 When, as words were too faint
 His merits to paint,
 The conclave determined to make him a Saint;
 And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
 It's the custom at Rome new names to bestow,
 So they canoniz'd him by the name of Jem Crow!

[Pg 533]

OUR SONG OF THE MONTH.

No. VI. June, 1837.

I.

Mother of summer roses!
 Winter's ling'ring closes
 Made us fear for thee:—
 Many a hope was wailing,
 Thinking thou wert sailing,
 With thy smile,
 To some false isle,
 Upon our tribute sea!

II.

Mother of summer roses!
 Nought on earth opposes
 Our fond claim to thee!
 Find'st thou welcome dearer?
 Beauty or minstrels nearer?
 In the arch
 Of thy round march
 Can gentler rest-place be?

III.

Mother of summer roses,
 June! thy month discloses
 All that is sweet and fair:
 Birds and flower wreathing
 Minstrel garlands, breathing
 Song and bloom
 In one perfume,
 Reviving the faint air!

IV.

Mother of summer roses!
 On thy breast reposes
 The flush'd cheek of the year:
 Break not his soft slumbers
 With rude music-numbers:

Mingled gush
Of stream and thrush
Be all that may come near!

W.

[Pg 534]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

It is an astounding but gratifying proof of the rapid march of civilization, that periodical literature springs up and flourishes among tribes and nations which, but twenty or thirty years ago, had hardly advanced a few steps beyond barbarism. A Cherokee newspaper has for some time been published, and in the Sandwich Islands a gazette has recently been established; and a file of a paper called "the Indian Phœnix," published in the United States, under the superintendence of an Indian editor, and addressed exclusively to his countrymen, has just fallen under our notice. These are pleasing facts for the consideration of every true philanthropist, and stable data on which the philosopher may argue that the day is not far distant when the rays of knowledge shall illumine every nation of the earth. Wherever a newspaper is established, ignorance must diminish; for the newspaper is not only the effect, but the cause of civilization,—not only the work itself, but the means by which the work is performed. The Indian Phœnix is published in the English language at Washington, and is from thence distributed among these roving aborigines, not only in every part of the United States, but throughout the vast territories of Mexico and Texas. The paper is not only edited, but printed by Indians; and, whatever may be said of the intellectual portions of it, the mechanical parts will certainly bear comparison with the provincial journals of England, and are much before the newspapers of several of the nations of Europe, those of Germany and Portugal for instance, which are as wretched specimens of typography as it is now possible to meet with.

For the amusement of our readers we shall proceed to make a few extracts from these very curious journals. The principles which are advocated therein will, no doubt, appear startling at first sight; but a little reflection will show, that, although strange, they are not altogether unfounded. These men have, by the strong arms of European civilization, been driven from the wild forests inherited by their forefathers, the woods they hunted in have been converted into corn-fields, and the clear waters of the lonely rivers beside which they dwelt have been contaminated by the refuse of smoky manufactories, and rendered busy with the sails and paddle-wheels of enterprising commerce. The civilization which thus came upon the land from afar has now reached its original inhabitants; and the Indians, savages no more, have begun to employ the arts of peace and the powerful weapons of opinion to reconquer a portion of the broad lands of which they have been despoiled. The struggles in Texas, and the unsettled state of Mexico, have caused them to turn their eyes in that direction; and they have been inspired by the hope that Mexico is to be the region in which all the scattered tribes will be collected together to form one great independent nation. It is not intended in this brief notice to speculate upon the probability or improbability of such a scheme, or to say whether or not these dispersed and dismembered clans, without leader or bond of union, will ever be able to accomplish so gigantic a project. It is sufficient to state that such is their object, in order that the reader may understand the allusions in the extracts which we shall place before him. The following will show the prose these Indians are capable of writing (we shall come to their poetry by and by), and will also give an idea of their political creed. In the leading article of the first number, the editor says,

[Pg
535]

"Our creed may be met with in these words. We render unto the self-esteemed civilized world the things which are the self-esteemed civilized world's, and unto the long-oppressed, yet noble, elevated, and dignified Indian the things which once belonged and shall again belong to him."

These sentiments, and their open avowal, although they may not cause the settler to tremble for the safety of his homestead, ought nevertheless to make the statesman ponder well on the condition and aspirations of this ill-used race. The editor continues:

"In the deep gloom of the future position of these countries we see no evidence of a single periodical grasping with energetic vision the coming time. Alone, therefore, do we step on the arena of public opinion. With nerved heart and nerved hand shall we advance: the curiosity of the many, the surprise of others, the encouragement of the few, the denunciations of the National Gazette, or New York American, or all who may follow in their fetid and nauseous trail, shall not turn wide one of the barbed arrows which shall now and henceforth be launched unsparingly at all who cross our path."—"We are not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness."

The following little bit of Scriptural exposition will, no doubt, cause a smile even on the grave faces of the learned doctors who are versed in Biblical knowledge. The Indians, stigmatized by the civilized nations of the earth for the cruel practice of scalping their fallen enemies, bring forward the authority of our sacred book in their justification. Even David, the man after God's own heart, and one of the finest poets the world ever produced, went out on the war-path like a Mohican or a Cherokee, and bore away the scalps of his enemies! The editor hints that this alone would warrant the assertion which has been so often put forth, that America was peopled by the lost ten tribes of Israel. He says,

"We invite the attention—we throw down the gauntlet of defiance to all and every civilized Christian in Europe or America to gainsay or dispute the correctness or validity of the inferences

and facts stated below. The Scriptures say,

"And Michal, Saul's daughter, loved David; and they told Saul, and the thing pleased him.

"And Saul said, I will give him her that she may be a snare to him, and that the hand of the Philistines may be against him.

"And Saul said, Thus shall ye say to David: the king desireth not any dowry, but a hundred foreskins of the Philistines, to be avenged on the king's enemies. But Saul thought to make David fall by the hand of the Philistines.

"Wherefore David arose, he and his men, and slew of the Philistines two hundred men, and David brought their foreskins, and they gave them in full toll to the king, that he might be the king's son-in-law.'

"We see from this," (continues the editor of the Phoenix,) "that David, who was a great Jewish warrior, went out on the war-path not from any motive of war, or to revenge the death of his fallen comrades; but for what? Why, to get a marriage portion to lay before the king of the Jewish nation. And what was this marriage portion? Lo! it was one hundred *scalps* of the Philistines. *

At the conclusion we are told that Michal, Saul's daughter, loved him. Why? *Because he was a great warrior, who had taken many scalps, and, moreover, David behaved himself wisely, that is, cunning, in taking of scalps from the Philistines, so that his name was much set by.* As the Jews were in the time of Saul and David, so are the Indian tribes of the West and of North America. They go out on the war-path, they return with scalps; and the daughters of the tribe sing, as in the days of David, 'The warrior Dutch hath slain his tens, but the warrior Smith hath slain his fifties in the villages of the Tarwargans.'

The following is a specimen of the poetry,—one of the war-songs of these regenerated Indians. We cannot say it is quite equal to the prose, but it is certainly more curious.

"Indian chiefs, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And in the world's eyes
Display who gave you birth!
Indian chiefs, let us go
In arms to Mexico;
Till the Spanish blood shall flow
In a river at our feet.

Then, manfully despising
The pale faces' yoke,
Let your tribes see you rising
Till your chains is broke!"

Fastidious readers may object both to the vigour and the grammar of the above; but we have still richer specimens in store for them.

The song continues:

"As rose the tribes of *Judah*
In days long past and gone,
I'll lead you to as *good a*
Land to be your own.

Cherokee! in slumbers
Why lethargic wilt thou lie?
Arise, and bring thy numbers
Us to ally.

Arouse! Oh, then, awake thee!
And hasten to my standard;
For I will ne'er forsake thee,
But ever lead the vanguard!

Come on, the brave Oneida,
Seneca, Delaware,
The promised land divide a-
-Mong you when you're there."

The rhymes of "Judah" and "good a" and "standard" and "vanguard," are tolerably original; but they are beaten hollow by that of the last verse, "Oneida" and "divide a-!"—"Mong you when you're there," is a sequel which has much more truth than elegance in it. "-Mong you (*when you're there?*)" we would suggest as a new and improved reading of the passage. The following is in a much more elevated style; there is a rough vigour about it which many of our own namby-pamby poetasters would do well to imitate. The rhymes are also more felicitous, and the measure and grammar less objectionable.

"The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;

We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We planned an expedition:
We met a host, and quelled it;
We took a strong position,
And killed the men who held it!"

The above stanza is unique. Every line tells; and there is a raciness, a tartness about it, if we may so express it, which is quite delightful.

*"The valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter."*

Many ballads have been written about Rob Roy, who also had a sneaking inclination for the "fat sheep" of other people: but the daring simplicity of these lines has never been surpassed.

The song continues:

"On Norte's richest valley,
There herds of kine were browsing;
We made a nightly sally
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce soldiers rushed to meet us,
We met them, and o'erthrew them;
They struggled hard to beat us,
But we conquered them, and slew them!

As we drove our prize at leisure,
Santa Anna marched to catch us;
His rage surpassed all measure,
Because he could not match us.
He fled to his hall pillars;
But, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off."

Poetry has always been allowed some licence, and we suppose we must pass over the assertion in the last line, by merely observing by the way that Santa Anna is, in vulgar phrase, still "alive and kicking."

The song ends thus:

"We then, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in;
We orphaned many children, (*childering*)
And widowed many women.

The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with the foemen;
Their heroes and their cravens,
Their lancers and their bowmen.

As for Santa Anna, their blood-red chief,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow our chorus."

The foregoing extracts are all in a warlike strain. We will now give a few specimens of the softer lyrics in which these *scalpers* indulge. The Irish melodies of Moore are, it appears, not unknown even amongst them; and that they are admired, the following imitation, or rather parody, of one of the most beautiful of them will sufficiently show.

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that Mexican vale in whose bosom "lakes" meet.
Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill:
Oh, no, it was something more heart-touching still!

'Twas remembrance of all,—Montezuma—his throne—
The power and the glory of Aztek all gone!
Like the leaves of the forest in autumn are strewn,
Were the splendour and hope of that race overthrown.

But the day-star is rising unclouded and bright,
That shall clear and illumine long ages of night,
And restore to that valley the Indian race,
And leave of their white lords no longer a trace.

Sweet "Mexican valley," how calm shall we rest
In thy bosom of shade, when thy sons are all blest!
When 'neath the fig-tree and the vine of each man
They shall sing to the praise of the Almighty one!
When the storm of the war, and its bloodshed, shall cease,
And our hearts, like her lakes, be mingled in peace!"

Interspersed through the papers are various imitations of our poets, especially of Scott, Byron, and Mrs. Hemans. As an apology for the plagiarisms, the editor places over the poet's corner the following motto:

"To the living poets we beg to say, that it not being fair for them to monopolize the best words in the language we write in, to say nothing of the ideas, we take free liberty with them when need is. We will make them amends two years hence when they come to see us in the valleys of Mexico. To the illustrious dead we shall fully explain our reasons when we may chance to meet them in the 'great elsewhere.'"

The next specimen is an imitation of Ossian, a bard whose poetry must necessarily possess many charms for them.

"Come, all ye warriors! come with your chief—come! The song rises like the sun in my soul! I feel the joys of other times. The Cherokee was on the land of Arkansas. The strange warriors of the prairie were rich in horses. We said in our souls, why not give the Tarwargans of their abundance? Six of our warriors were found on the great prairie, advancing like the moon among clouds, concealed from the view. Days had passed when they approached the wigwams of the Tarwargans. A narrow plain spreads beneath, covered with grass and aged trees. The blue course of a stream is there. The horses were secured. Their feet were slowly advancing towards the wigwams. Not without eyes were the Tarwargans. The warriors had not been invisible. High hopes of prairie horses and the scalps of the enemy fill their souls. A blast came upon them. The sound of rifles was heard in the air. Three of the warriors fell! The tomahawk descended, and they were left in their shame without scalps. Two warriors fled together. SMOKE (a warrior) fled not: he rushed for safety, and laid himself low with his rifle among the briers. Shouts of triumph are heard. The Tarwargans return. The slain are dragged to the dancing-ground—oh, grief! oh, revenge! Did you not know the heart of *Smoke*? Placed in the ground are three stakes; tied are the scalplless dead! Upright they sit. Oh, grief! the derision of the Tarwargans! 'Cunning warriors are ye, oh, Cherokees! but your scalps are at our feet.'"

[Pg
539]

The following, which the editor assures us is a literal translation from an old song highly popular among the aboriginal tribes of Mexico, is interesting. The poetry of the original is so sublime that the translator, in despair of equalling it in rhyme, has given it us in plain prose.

"Mexitli Tetzauhteotl (the Terrible God) o-ah! o-ah! o-ah! The son of the woman of Tula. The green plume is on his head, the wing of the eagle is on his leg; his forehead is blue, like the firmament. He carries a spear and buckler, and with the fir-tree of Colhuacan he crushes the mountains! O-ah! o-ah! o-ah! Mexitli Tetzauhteotl!"

"Mexitli Tetzauhteotl! o-ah! o-ah! o-ah! my father ate the heart of Xochimilco! Where was Painalton, the god of the swift foot, when the Miztecas ran to the mountains? 'Fast, warrior, fast!' said Painalton, the brother of Mexitli. His foot-print is on the snows of Istaccihuatl, and on the tops of the mountains of Orizaba. Toktepec, and Chinantla, and Matlalzinco were strong warriors, but they shook under his feet as the hills shake when the king of hell groans in the caverns. So my father killed the men of the south, the men of the east, and the men of the west, and Mexitli shook the fir-tree with joy, and Painalton danced by night among the stars! O-ah! o-ah! Mexitli Tetzauhteotl!"

"Mexitli Tetzauhteotl! o-ah! o-ah! Where is the end of Mexico? It begins in Huehuetapallan in the north, and who knows the end of Huehuetapallan? In the south it sees the land of crocodiles and vultures,—the bog and the rock where man cannot live. The sea washes it on the east, the sea washes it on the west, and that is the end: who has looked to the end of the waters? Mexico is the land of blossoms,—the land of the tiger-flower, and the cactus-bud that opens at night like a star,—the land of the dahlia, that ghosts come to snuff at. It is a land dear to Mexitli! O-ah! o-ah! Mexitli Tetzauhteotl!"

[Pg
540]

"Mexitli Tetzauhteotl! o-ah! o-ah! o-ah! Who were the enemies of Mexico? Their heads are in the wall of the house of skulls, and the little child strikes them as he goes by with a twig. Once Mexico was a bog of reeds, and Mexitli slept on a couch of bulrushes. Our god now sits on a world of gold, and the world is Mexico. Will any one fight me? I am a Mexican. Mexitli is the god of the brave. Our city is fair on the island, and Mexitli sleeps with us. When he calls me in the morning, I grasp the quiver,—the quiver and the axe,—and I am not afraid. When he winds his horn from the woods, I know that he is my father, and that he will look at me while I fight. Sound

the horn of battle; I see the spear of a foe. Mexitli Tetzauhteotl, we are the men of Mexico! O-ah! o-ah! Mexitli Tetzauhteotl!

With this extract we shall conclude our notice of this very curious subject, promising, however, to return to it at a future period.

EPITAPH.

When London, of a rogue bereft,
Saw Tompkins, the *distiller*, die;
It seems some twenty pounds he left,
To pay a poet for a lie.
Thus wrote the bard, who, lacking gold,
Was yet to tell a fib unwilling:
"This stone need not *his* worth disclose,
Who half his life was good *in-stilling*."

R. J.

A GEOGRAPHICAL EPIGRAM.

"Oh, dear! such a climate 'tis death to be in—
I surely shall die in the 'Bights of Benin'!"

"All look for your death, and the more shall we rue it,
Since the *sups*, not the 'Bights,' will, alas! bring you to it."

R. J.

[Pg 541]

DARBY THE SWIFT;

OR,

THE LONGEST WAY ROUND IS THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

"He who runs may read."

CHAPTER 1.

"A century or two ago, there was a class of dependents or hangers-on to the great families in Ireland, denominated 'running-footmen,' who may truly be looked upon as originals in their singular, laborious, and sometimes even dangerous calling. Though ostensibly mere letter-carriers, or light-parcel bearers, across the difficult parts of the country, as yet inaccessible to carriages, or even quadrupeds, (or rendered passable by that style of road-making which the *Colossus of Roads*, Macadam, pretended was *his* discovery,) the running-footmen had occasionally charges of more serious import. They were often suspected of being the agents by whom political measures of local warfare were transmitted from baronial sovereigns to their distant clanships or allies,—of being walking, or rather running, telegraphs (for their speed was prodigious) of some plot of treason against the rights of the invader, and often cruelly and unjustly sacrificed to his fury, when intercepted on their secret but seldom hostile missions. They carried their notions of honour on the point of their trust, whatever it might be, to a romantic scrupulosity. No matter whether it was a love-letter or a challenge, a purse or a process, a curse or a blessing, the faithful runner never revealed it to any one but the person for whom it was intended. Though journeying by the most difficult passes, and undergoing the most severe privations, those extraordinary fellows seldom failed in their undertakings. This may be partially accounted for by the reverence they were held in by their own people; for as the lower Irish still continue to believe in the strange notion of their Oriental ancestors, that the souls of 'innocents' (in plainer English, 'fools,') are in heaven, and that their 'muddy vesture of decay' on earth is entitled to superstitious respect, these motleys, in either their real or assumed garb of folly, were treated with a kind of familiar or affectionate reverence wherever they went amongst their own countrymen. On the other hand, the paths of their treading, when they went out upon distant journeys, were so little known to the hostile strangers, that they ran but little chance of receiving injury at their hands, or even meeting with them. Such were the running-footmen of other days; but they are gone,—their *race* is ended,—and those who pride themselves upon their descent from the stock seem to have retained but few of the qualifications of their ancestors. Everything romantic and happy in Ireland seems to be dwindling away. No longer do we hear the pleasant announcements of 'Blind Connal the harper, sir,' and 'Miss Biddy Maquillian the fiddler, my lady,' and 'Dermot O'Dowd the piper, boys,' and—"

I had just read so far in some work or other which I had carelessly taken up for a peep after dinner one day, when a loud knock at the door of my apartment made me close the book, and say "Come in!" The door slowly opened; but, as nobody entered, I demanded "Who's there?"

"It's me, mather; Darby, yir honor."—"What do you want?" inquired I.—"Nothing, sir," said he,

[Pg
542]

"but I've got a letter for ye, sir."—"From whom?" said I.—"Faix, I don't know, sir," replied he archly; "for I haven't read it yet; but here it is."—"Why don't you come in and give it to me?" demanded I.—"I'm afraid, sir," said he, "that my brogues would dirty the carpet, and set all the girls in the kitchen a-laughing at me for comin' into the drawin'-room; and sure a purtier room a man need never wish to come into."—"Oh! very well," said I, rising; "you shall have your way, Darby."—"Am I to wait for an answer, sir?" said he, giving me the letter.—"No," replied I; "I'll ring if it be necessary."—"Thank yir honor," said Darby, and turned to descend the stairs with the furtive caution of a cat when stealing upon its prey, lest he should make his brogues audible. A loud crash, succeeded by a louder laugh, through which I distinctly heard, "*Merry bad look to yiz all!*" convinced me that Darby's coming up stairs with the letter was a contrivance of the other servants to play some trick upon him, which their merriment seemed to show had succeeded; but into which as I did not care to inquire, I sate down, opened my letter, and began to read. I had not proceeded far before I found it related to business of the most serious consequence, and required that I should write *instanter* to a friend, who was on a visit at Bally—, (nearly forty miles distant across the country,) and have an answer by immediate return of post. There was no time to be lost; so I wrote my letter as speedily as possible, folded, sealed, and directed it, then rang the bell with unusual impatience. It was promptly answered; but this time there was no knock at the door before it opened, for it was Eileen, my usual attendant, that presented herself, with a face whose natural health, cheerfulness, and rustic beauty were considerably heightened by the flush of recent merriment.

"What have you been doing with Darby, Eileen?" said I.—"*Oh, widdy-eelish!*" (her constant ejaculation) said she laughing, "nothing at all, sir; only he said he wanted to see the drawin'-room, so we sent him up with the letter, and he slipped his foot as he came down, sir; that's all."—"You know I don't like those tricks, Eileen," said I, with all the severity I could muster against her smothered laughter.—"No, sir; I know, sir; but when an *omadhaun* like that—"—"Silence!" said I. "I want to send a letter by the post: what o'clock is it?"—"Half an hour too late, sir," said Eileen, resuming her gravity; "and there'll be no post to-morrow."—"No post to-morrow!" echoed I.—"No sir; to-morrow's Saturday, you know."—"Confusion!" said I, "it will be so indeed. What's to be done?"—"I don't know, sir," replied Eileen despondingly; "how far is it?"—"Oh! nearly forty miles across the country," cried I; "and I want an answer immediately."—"Can't Darby *run* across with it?" said Eileen.—"*Run* across with it!" cried I; "is the girl out of her senses? Run across forty miles, as if it were nothing more than a hop-step-and-jump!"—"He'll do it in that same, sir," said Eileen seriously, "if ye'll only tell him what it is."—"Who'll do it?" cried I impatiently.—"Why, Darby, sir," said she; "Darby in the kitchen, that's known all the country round for Darby the Swift."—"What!" cried I, "that fellow that brought me the letter just now? Impossible!"—"There's nothing impossible to God, sir, you know,—glory be to his name!" said Eileen, "and so the *crathur* has the gift of it: he'll do it, I warrant ye." I looked up in Eileen's face, and saw there was something beyond common opinion pleading for Darby; so, waiving all farther parley, I desired her to go down stairs and send him to me instantly. Eileen curtsied, and, retiring, shut the door; but immediately opened it again, saying "You don't want him the night, sir, do ye? for," added she with a loud laugh, "I think he has broken his shin-bone."—"Send him to me immediately," said I peremptorily; upon which Eileen, exclaiming "*Oh, widdy-eelish!*" made her exit.

Now it was evident from her last words that Eileen, in conjunction with others, had done some injury to poor Darby in their gambols; but as he is just coming up stairs, and will make a long pause before he presumes to knock at the door a second time, allow me, gentle reader, *ad interim*, to present you with a portrait of my servant, or follower, "DARBY RYAN," nick-named "*The Swift*."

Darby Ryan was about thirty years of age, middle-sized, not over stout, and tolerably well made. His hair, both in texture and tint, resembled the *raddled* back of a fawn-coloured goat, and waved in shaggy luxuriance everywhere save on his forehead, in the middle of which it timidly descended in a close-cropped peak, till it nearly united itself with two enormous dark-coloured eyebrows. His eyes were small, and the blackest I have ever seen; with a gleam of fire occasionally, that lent them more archness than ferocity. Some thought he squinted, and said that, though under *one* master's direction, his *two pupils* went contrary ways; but I believe this was all slander, and only set forth by jealous people, who themselves, it is said, are rather queer in their optics. A *fracas* in a hurling-match had left his nose little more than a one-arched bridge, by which, if you please, we will pass along to his mouth, where, if I had the time, I could find ample *room* for *rumination*, &c. But Darby has knocked at my door, and I am forced to say "Come in!"—"Did yir honor want me, sir? or is it only the *caileen's* fun, and the rest of them, in the kitchen?" said Darby, opening the door, but remaining outside as before. "Come in," said I encouragingly, "and take a seat for a moment; I'll tell you what I want with you." The girl's fears for the carpet were quite right; for Darby, making a bow to me on his entrance, scraped about a pound of mud off his brogues, which would have discomfited him quite if I had not proceeded with "Do you know the road to Bally—? Can you find your way to it safely, Darby?"

"Can a duck swim, yir honor?" said Darby, emboldened by degrees.

"Oh! very well, I understand you," said I. "Now, mark me: I want you to take this letter to a friend of mine, who is on a visit with the clergyman there, and bring me an answer as speedily as possible. Are you so quick-footed as they say?"

"Quick-*futed!*" said Darby, seating himself on the very corner of the nearest chair; "where there's a will there's a way, as the sayin' is: but I was never counted slow anyhow but oncet, and that was when I made the clock stop of its own accord on a Patrick's Day, and sure, when we

broke up our party, we found it was two days afterwards."

"Well, take care and be more sparing of your time for the present," said I, anxious to despatch him.

"You may rely on it, sir," said he; "I'll spare *nather* time nor trouble in the doin' of it, although it is letter-carryin'."

"Letter-carrying!" said I; "and pray what is there disgraceful in the calling?"

"Oh! nothing at all disgraceful in the *calling*, sir," said Darby, "as yir honor says, but quite the reverse, if the letters are not paid aforehand."

"You would not surely appropriate the postage to yourself?" said I, looking severely, though I did not exactly comprehend him.

"Is it me, sir?—*Poperiate* the king's pocket money in that way, poor ould gentleman! I'm not in parliament yet, nor ever had a fine situation under government, like yir honor."

"Be not impertinent, sir," said I sharply; "I'd have you know and keep your distance." Darby rose immediately from the chair, of which about this time he had occupied nearly one half, saying,

"Any distance you like for a short time, sir; for it's myself would grieve to part you for ever. What's the word of command, sir, and I'm off?—Right or left, north or south, Darby Ryan's yir man 'gainst wind or tide, as was said of one of my posteriors——"

"Your ancestors you mean," said I smiling.

"My *aunt's sisters*, yir honor! Faith and he wasn't one of her *sisters*, nor one of my *four* fathers either,—for he was neither my godfather, nor my own father, nor my grandfather, nor my great-grandfather; but, as I said afore, one of my pos—pos—pos—*terity*, (I have the word now, divil take it!) that was christened RYAN THE RACER, for bein' runnin' futtman ages ago to the first quality in the country."

By this time I began to perceive that, however quick Darby's heels might be, they had a formidable rival in his tongue; so I endeavoured to check *it* at once by saying, "I have no time now to attend to any stories about your ancestry or relations; I merely wish to know can you take this letter to its direction, and speedily bring me an answer to it: in a word, can you set our immediately, and travel all night?"—"All night, yir honor! is it all night that's in yir mind?" said Darby, evidently hurt at my inquiry: "Gog's blud!" he continued half apart, "I was never taken for a turkey afore."—"A turkey!" said I, quite at a loss to understand him.—"Yes, yir honor," said Darby, "a turkey—the very worst *baste* on the road for a long stretch (barrin' his neck) that ever was christened! Did yir honor ever hear of the wager 'tween the goose and him?"—"Never," said I sullenly.—"Then I'm glad of it, masther," said Darby rejoicingly, "for it gives me the pleasure of tellin' it to yir honor. You see, sir, that oncet upon a time there was an ould cock-turkey ———"Cock and a bull!" said I, losing all patience; "go down stairs! I don't want you at all."—"No sir; I know you don't, sir," said Darby with most provoking perseverance; "but I thought ye'd like to hear how an ould gander sarved the bull-turkey, big as he was."—"Well, then," said I in despair, "go on."—"Thank ye, sir," said Darby, and then continued, while I from time to time anxiously looked at my watch, stirred the fire, or fidgeted myself in twenty different ways, in the hope of interrupting him; but all to no purpose. "Then you see, sir, oncet upon a time an ould cock-turkey lived in the barony of Brawny, or, let me see, was it in Inchebofin, or Tubbercleer?—faix! an' it's myself forgets that same at the present writin',—but Jim Gurn—you know Jim Gurn, yir honor, Jim Gurn the nailor that lives hard by,—him that fought his black and tan t'other day 'gainst Tim Fagan's silver-hackle,—oh! Jim is the boy that'll tell ye the *ins* and *outs* of it any day yir honor wud pay him a visit, 'caze Jim's in the way of it. Well, as I was relatin', the turkey was a parson's bird, and as proud as Lucifer, bein' used to the best of livin'; while the gander was only a poor *commoner*, for he was a *Roman*, and *oblidged* to live upon what he could get by the roadside. These two fowls, yir honor, never could agree any how,—never could put up their horses together on any blessed pint,—till one day a big row happened betwune them, when the gander challenged the turkey to a steeple-chase across the country, day and dark, for twenty-four hours. Well, to my surprise,—tho' I wasn't there at the time, but Jim Gurn was, who gave me the whole history,—to my surprise, the turkey didn't say *no* to it, but was quite agreeable all of a sudden; so away they started from Jim Gurn's dunghill one Sunday after mass, for the gander wouldn't stir a step afore prayers. Well, to be sure, to give the divil his due, the turkey took the lead in fine style, and was soon clane out of sight; but the gander kept movin' on, no ways downhearted, after him. About night-fall it was his business to pass through an ould archway across the road; and as he was stoopin' his head to get under it,—for yir honor knows a gander will stoop his head under a doorway if it was only as high as the moon,—who should he see comfortably sated in an ivy bush but the turkey himself, tucked in for the night. The gander, winkin' to himself, says, 'Is it there ye are, honey?'—but he kept never mindin' him for all that, but only walked bouldly on to his journey's end, where he arrived safe and sound next day, afore the turkey was out of his first sleep: 'caze why, ye see, sir, a goose or a gander will travel all night; but in respect of a turkey, once the day falls in, divil another inch of ground he'll put his futt to, barrin' it's to roost in a tree or the rafters of a cow-house! Oh! maybe the parson's bird wasn't ashamed of himself! Jim Gurn says he never held his head up afterward, tho' to be sure he hadn't long to fret, for Christmas was nigh at hand, and he had to stand sentry by the kitchen fire one day without his body-clothes 'till he could bear it no longer; so they *dished* him *intirely*. *Them* that *ett* him said he was as tough as leather, no doubt from the grief: but, divil's cure to him! what bisness had he to be so proud of himself, the spalpeen!"

Darby *at length* came to a pause. I paused also for a minute to understand the application of his anecdote; but it was evident: he wished to impress me by his parable that he was fitted for the task I had allotted him; so I inquired what money he would want on the road.

"Maybe yir honor wouldn't think half-a-crown too much? said he diffidently.

"Half-a-crown!" exclaimed I, amazed at the modesty of his demand: "here are ten shillings; and, if you be quick in your errand, I will give you something extra on your return."

"Musha, an' long life to yir honor!" said Darby, scraping the carpet again; "may the grass never grow on the pathway to yir dwellin', nor a baste or Christian ever die belongin' t' ye, barrin' it's for the use of the kitchen!"

"Well, now prepare for the road," said I impatiently, "and be off at once."

"An' that I will, sir, in the twinklin' of a bedstead; only, you see, I've just got to run up to Tim Fallon the barber's to take the stubble off of my chin. Tim—(you know Tim Fallon, yir honor.)—Tim won't keep me long, anyhow, for it's late in the day, and his tongue must be dry by this; but if ye wud hear him of a mornin, oh! it's a *trate*, for Tim was once a play-acthur afore he grew a barber, an' by that same a good barber he is. Did he ever *lather* yir honor?"—I made no reply. "After that," continued Darby, "I'll just step home and put on my Sunday clothes, and then won't I be as fresh as a two-year ould to do yir honor's biddin'!"

"Well, well, lose no time," said I impatiently.

"Sorrow a minute," said Darby: "I'll be there and back agin in the shoot of a wishin' star. Maybe yir honor knows what a wishin' star is?"—I shook my head. "Well, then," continued Darby, "yir honor, no doubt, has been out o'doors of a fine starlight night?"—I nodded assent. "Well then, agin, I'll tell ye what a wishin' star is. Did ye ever sit yir heart upon havin' of anything sir?" "Yes," said I morosely.—"Might I be so bould as to ax in regard to what, sir?" inquired Darby.—"Why, in regard, as you call it, to the letter I have given you just now," replied I; "I wish to have it delivered as quickly as possible."

"Oh! that bein' the case, sir," said Darby somewhat disconcerted, "I'm off at once."—"At once be it, then," said I, opening the door for him.—"I've only, then, to give the letther, sir," said he lingeringly, "to the gentleman at the clargy's? But ye didn't tell me whether it was the priest or the parson he's stoppin' with."—"The parson," said I, with all the patience I could command.—"Oh, very well, sir. God take care of ye till I come back!" So saying, he shut the door after him; but, before I could seat myself in my chair, he opened it again, inquiring "If he left his hat in the drawin'-room?" The only answer I made was by taking up the *caubeen*, which lay on the carpet, and flinging it in his face, out of all patience. "Thank yir honor," said Darby, and retired again, as I hoped, to proceed on his journey. But, alas! I was mistaken. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed when he presented himself once more, with a request that I might allow him to take *Squib*, my pointer dog, with him as a companion. "The road's so drary," said he, "by one's self, you know, yir honour."—"Well, take him, in God's name," said I, hastily shutting the door after him, and glad to be rid of him at any concession.

I again resumed my seat, and opened the volume I had been reading; but I had not got through more than twenty or thirty pages of marvellous matter, when I thought I heard Darby's voice in the yard. On going to the window, I found that it was indeed *he*, and "*as spruce as a Scotch fir*," to use one of his own expressions.

"Not gone yet!" exclaimed I, furiously throwing up the sash. But it was of no use, for he replied with the most perfect coolness, "Oh, yes, sir, I *was* gone half an hour ago; only, you see, I've come back for the *clieve* that's to carry *Squib* to the place where he'll find divarsion in runnin' about in the pleasure-grounds hard by Squire Markhim's inclosure; 'twould kill the baste (God pard'n me for callin' him so, for he's more like a Christian,) to walk him so far; and maybe I'll not bring ye home a brace or two of birds that he'll point at without seein', and a *blue peter* or so, if yir honor wud only just give me a charge or two of powder and shot."

"Do you wish to get into the hands of the police?" said I.

"Ah! then, is it the Peelers," said Darby contemptuously, "that yir honor manes? Divil a one o' them will be out of his *flay*-park by the time I'm crossing the *Callas* with Squib and Pat Fagan's ould carbine, that he'll lend me out o' the bog-hole, where he keeps it from the rust and the guagers: and sure, while we're oilin' it with a bit of goose-grace, that it mayn't burst intirely the first goin' off, I can have a bit of gossip with the ould woman in the chimly corner over the *greeshah*, and find out everything about the gintleman in the neighb'rhood that I'm takin' the letther to; for poor Katty Fagan, ever since she lost the brindled heifer, and young Jemmeen her grandson, that they cut out for a priest, and another calf that she won at a weddin' raffle, all in the typhus sason,—you recollect the typhus, yir honor?"

"Oh, curse you and the typhus together!" said I.—"Well, an' it's myself that never could spake a good word for it either, masther, bad look to 't!" said Darby: "but, be that as it may, ever since that time Katty knows more of every other body's bisness nor her own; so I'll lose nothin' by callin' to ax her how she is at laste, thov' it is a mile or two out o' my way."

By this time, reader, you may conclude my power of endurance was pretty nigh exhausted; so, raking down a pair of pistols that hung over the fire-place, I said, "The only powder and shot, my good fellow, that I can spare you at present, are contained in these two barrels; you are welcome to them, and shall have them on the spot, if you do not depart immediately!"—"Ah! then it's myself that wud *depart* immadiately, sure enough, sir," said Darby, "if yir honor wud only pull the trigger; but keep yir hands off o' them, masther avick, for, charge or no charge, they might go aff

and spile my beauty for ever: the divil, they say, can fire an empty charge as well as a full one!"—"Well, then," said I, "take your choice: *go off* this moment, or one of these shall!"—"Oh, then, sure that's no choice at all, at all, sir," replied Darby; "so I suppose I must go my ways. Well, then, wid ye be wid ye, for I can't always be wid ye. Is there anything else I can do for ye, sir, on the road?"—"Nothing," said I: "begone!"—"Thank ye, sir," said he, and retired.

"Thank Heaven!" said I, "the fellow has at last set out on his journey." So I again turned to the marvellous volume, and was about halfway through the pedestrian exploits of Collier and his sister, who, to use the words of the writer, "thought nothing of putting a pot of *pink-eyes* down to boil, and *stepping* to the next market-town (about nine miles distant) for a halfpenny-worth of salt (returning, too, again) before the white horses were on the praties," when Eileen presented herself in such a convulsion of laughter that it was some moments before she could reply to my question of "What's the matter?" At length, terminating with a long-drawn sigh, and her usual "*widdy-eelish*," she replied, "Nothing's the matter, sir; only—only—" (laughing again) "only Darby, sir."—"Darby!" exclaimed I, "what of *him*?"—"He wants to know, sir," said she, "if you will allow him to take a *horse* with him."—"A *horse*!" exclaimed I; "devil take the fellow! what does he mean?"—"Why, I mane, to be sure," said Darby from the bottom of the stairs, at the same time at the top of his voice, "a *horse* from the young ash-plants in the ould garden. I'll cut the crookedest I can find, though a straight one would do me betther."—"What is it he wants?" said I, turning to Eileen, who was in a perfect *kink* of laughter.—"Oh! widdy-eelish," replied she, "I suppose the crather means a pole to help him over the bogs."—"Let me talk to the rascal myself," said I, going to the door in a deuce of a rage.

[Pg
548]

"Yir sarvant, sir," said Darby, taking his hat off and making a scrape that cost *him* his equilibrium, and *me* my gravity, for I could not but sympathise with Eileen's outrageous laughter. "Is it possible that you are here yet?" inquired I, endeavouring to be as severe as possible.

"Oh, never fear, sir, but I'll be off presently," said he: "my walk's waitin' for me on the road; I'll overtake it immadiately."

"I'm sorry that you have undertaken it at all," said I in a tone of unusual displeasure.

"Undertaken, sir! undertake—undertaker!" said Darby rather indignantly; "I never was an undertaker but oncet, and that was at my ould father's funeral, when I was one of the nine bearers. That was a beautiful sight, to be sure," said he, kindling into rapture as he proceeded; "Ah! that was the beautiful sight, agrah! I seen many a lord's berrin', but none to come up to that. Oh! it would do any one's heart good to see us walkin' in *possession* to the Abbey,—it was so dacent, and all of a piece, like a magpie, white and black from beginnin' to end! Oh! it was a beautiful sight, anyhow," added he with a deep sigh.

"Did you, then, rejoice in your father's death?" said I harshly.

"Why, not exactly rejoice in his death," replied Darby, wiping away a tear from his already suffused eye, "for he was a kind ould body to them he liked, though he didn't spake to me good or bad for three years afore he died: but never mind; maybe I wasn't hearty at his wake!"

"At his wake!" said I, with a look of disgust.

"Yes, yir honor!" replied he after a pause of surprise,—"at his wake, to be sure; and where can a body be so alive to fun of all sorts as at a well-conducted dead body's wake? Isn't there smokin', and drinkin', and story-tellin', and now and then a bit of dancin' in the other room with the young ones, to shake off the grief, eh? And didn't I get seven goold guineas from 'Turney Gubbins, that was one of his executors, and the ould mare that used to take him from town to town when he took to *fair* bisness, and the bracket hen that lays yir honor's eggs now, that was the mother of all the *paceable* fightin' cocks in the county; and, moreover, his white waistcoat and breeches when he was in the Yeomen, that Ned Fallon the tailor says he'll die any day for me into a second mournin'?"

"And what did you with the seven guineas?" said I: "did you turn them to any account?"

"Oh, the Lord bless yir honor!" said Darby sheepishly; "it's very hard to know what to do with a large sum of money now-a-days: it's dangerous keepin' by you, you know, sir; so *I put it out to interest!*"

[Pg
549]

"And pray what security did you get?" said I, suspecting something, from the fellow's roguish leer.

"Security, sir?" said Darby; "they tould me it was *collatheral*, I think, yir honor; *collatheral* was the word."

"*Collateral!*" said I, somewhat surprised at his knowledge of the term.

"Yes, sir," replied he, scratching his head with one hand, and thrusting the other into his breeches pocket, "*I laid it out in HOUSES*. But, for all that, half an hour afore I die I'll have as much money as'll do me all the days o' my life!"

I could not but smile at the fellow's satirical humour upon his own folly; and, as it was the first time I had ever admitted him to such familiar converse, I patiently listened while he continued to tell me how he "ran through his fortune" in less than three weeks; hoping, however, that he would soon make an end of his recital, and set out with my letter, for the day now began to decline.

"You see, yir honor, this was the way it happened," said Darby. "*Nawthin'* would save me but I should give a TAY-PARTY at the Three Blacks one evenin' after a hurlin'-match—Did yir honor ever

hurl a bit? Oh! then sure it's the finest divarsion that any one cud sit his mind upon, barrin' it doesn't ind in a row, as mostly for the best part it does. But never mind that,—it's fine fun, anyhow; though by it I *did* get this *clink* on the nose, that made me lave off snuff-takin' ever since as a dirty habit! Oh! a hurlin'-match is a grate sight, and many a good clergy I've seen strip to the work. There was Father M'Gauvran—yir honor has heard of Father M'Gauvran, that got a son an' heir for Pat Mac Gavany, by givin' his wife an ould *surplus* that he had by him for some time? Oh! it would raise the cockles of yir heart to see how he *wud* whip a ball along. He was a *grate* hurler, anyhow; *he* was the boy at the *bawke*!"

Conceiving that Darby would not terminate before midnight (if he ever would at all), I interrupted him, saying, "When you return, I shall be very happy to hear the particulars of your TAY-PARTY, but for the present I must decline the narrative. Set out, if you mean to go: when you come back, I will listen vary attentively to the whole recital."

"Oh, then I suppose I'm tiring yir honor! But stop a bit,—I'll be here in the turn of a snipe;" saying which, he disappeared. I had not been long left to my own reflections before he came up stairs, and, without any of his previous knocks and delays, he entered my room hurriedly, and, throwing down a small book on the table before me, said, "There, sir; I hope *that* will amuse you while I am away: it's an account of my *tay-party*, by *Lame* Kelly the poet, that wudn't get drunk that night *acause* he sed he wud write it afore his next sleep. Read it, masther," said Darby; "and never mind the jokes upon me."—"Go your ways," said I.—"I've only *one* way to go, sir," said Darby.—"Well, then," said I, "in God's name take *that*."—"In God's name be it, then," replied Darby, and ultimately left me.

[Pg
550]

SHAKSPEARE PAPERS.—No. II.

JAQUES.

"As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him,—'Ye,' said he, 'are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you burthened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity, for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated. Surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments.'

"With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them."

—RASSELAS, chap. ii.

This remark of Dr. Johnson on the consolation derived by his hero from the eloquence with which he gave vent to his complaints is perfectly just, but just only in such cases as those of Rasselas. The misery that can be expressed in flowing periods cannot be of more importance than that experienced by the Abyssinian prince enclosed in the Happy Valley. His greatest calamity was no more than that he could not leave a place in which all the luxuries of life were at his command. But, as old Chremes says in the Heautontimorumenos,

"Miserum? quem minus credere 'st?
Quid reliqui 'st, quin habeat, quæ quidem in homine dicuntur bona?
Parentes, patriam incolumem, amicos, genu', cognatos, divitias:
Atque hæc perinde sunt ut illius animus qui ea possidet;
Qui uti scit, ei bona; illi, qui non utitur rectè, mala."^[97]

On which, as

"Plain truth, dear Bentley, needs no arts of speech,"

I cannot do better than transcribe the commentary of Hickie, or some other grave expositor from whose pages he has transferred it to his own. "'Tis certain that the real enjoyment arising from external advantages depends wholly upon the situation of the mind of him who possesses them; for if he chance to labour under any secret anguish, this destroys all relish; or, if he know not how to use them for valuable purposes, they are so far from being of any service to him, that they often turn to real misfortunes." It is of no consequence that this profound reflection is nothing to the purpose in the place where it appears, because Chremes is not talking of any secret anguish, but of the use or abuse made of advantages according to the disposition of the individual to whom they have been accorded; and the anguish of Clinia was by no means secret. He feared the perpetual displeasure of his father, and knew not whether absence might not have diminished or alienated the affections of the lady on whose account he had abandoned home and country; but the general proposition of the sentence cannot be denied. A "fatal remembrance"—to borrow a phrase from one of the most beautiful of Moore's melodies—may render a life, apparently abounding in prosperity, wretched and unhappy, as the vitiation of a single humour of the eye casts a sickly and unnatural hue over the gladsome meadow, or turns to a lurid light the

[Pg 551]

brilliance of the sunniest skies.

Rasselas and Jaques have no secret anguish to torment them, no real cares to disturb the even current of their tempers. To get rid of the prince first:—His sorrow is no more than that of the starling in the Sentimental Journey. He cannot get out. He is discontented, because he has not the patience of Wordsworth's nuns, who fret not in their narrow cells; or of Wordsworth's muse, which murmurs not at being cribbed and confined to a sonnet. He wants the philosophy of that most admirable of all jail-ditties,—and will not reflect that

"Every island is a prison,
Close surrounded by the sea;
Kings and princes, for that reason,
Prisoners are as well as we."

And as his calamity is, after all, very tolerable,—as many a sore heart or a wearied mind, buffeting about amid the billows and breakers of the external world, would feel but too happy to exchange conditions with him in his safe haven of rest,—it is no wonder that the weaving of sonorous sentences of easily soothed sorrow should be the extent of the mental afflictions of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Who or what Jaques was before he makes his appearance in the forest, Shakspeare does not inform us,—any farther than that he had been a *roué* of considerable note, as the Duke tells him, when he proposes to

"Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
Duke. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world."

This, and that he was one of the three or four loving lords who put themselves into voluntary exile with the old Duke, leaving their lands and revenues to enrich the new one, who therefore gave them good leave to wander, is all we know about him, until he is formally announced to us as the melancholy Jaques. The very announcement is a tolerable proof that he is not soul-stricken in any material degree. When Rosalind tells him that he is considered to be a melancholy fellow, he is hard put to it to describe in what his melancholy consists. "I have," he says,

"Neither the scholar's melancholy, which
Is emulation; nor the musician's, which is
Fantastical; nor the courtier's which is proud;
Nor the soldier's,
Which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which
Is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;
Nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is
A melancholy of mine own, compounded
Of many simples, extracted from many objects,
And indeed
The sundry contemplation of my travels,
In which my often rumination wraps me
In a most humorous sadness."^[98]

He is nothing more than an idle gentleman given to musing, and making invectives against the affairs of the world, which are more remarkable for the poetry of their style and expression than the pungency of their satire. His famous description of the seven ages of man is that of a man who has seen but little to complain of in his career through life. The sorrows of his infant are of the slightest kind, and he notes that it is taken care of in a nurse's lap. The griefs of his schoolboy are confined to the necessity of going to school; and he, too, has had an anxious hand to attend to him. His shining morning face reflects the superintendence of one—probably a mother—interested in his welfare. The lover is tortured by no piercing pangs of love, his woes evaporating themselves musically in a ballad of his own composition, written not to his mistress, but fantastically addressed to her eyebrow. The soldier appears in all the pride and the swelling hopes of his spirit-stirring trade,

"Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."

The fair round belly of the justice lined with good capon lets us know how he has passed his life. He is full of ease, magisterial authority, and squirely dignity. The lean and slippered pantaloons, and the dotard sunk into second childishness, have suffered only the common lot of humanity, without any of the calamities that embitter the unavoidable malady of old age.^[99] All the characters in Jaques's sketch are well taken care of. The infant is nursed; the boy educated;

the youth tormented with no greater cares than the necessity of hunting after rhymes to please the ear of a lady, whose love sits so lightly upon him as to set him upon nothing more serious than such a self-amusing task; the man in prime of life is engaged in gallant deeds, brave in action, anxious for character, and ambitious of fame; the man in declining years has won the due honours of his rank, he enjoys the luxuries of the table and dispenses the terrors of the bench; the man of age still more advanced is well to do in the world. If his shank be shrunk, it is not without hose and slipper,—if his eyes be dim, they are spectacled,—if his years have made him lean, they have gathered for him wherewithal to fatten the pouch by his side. And when this strange eventful history is closed by the penalties paid by men who live too long, Jaques does not tell us that the helpless being,

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,"

is left unprotected in his helplessness.

Such pictures of life do not proceed from a man very heavy at heart. Nor can it be without design that they are introduced into this especial place. The moment before, the famished Orlando has burst in upon the sylvan meal of the Duke, brandishing a naked sword, demanding with furious threat food for himself and his helpless companion,

"Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger."

The Duke, struck with his earnest appeal, cannot refrain from comparing the real suffering which he witnesses in Orlando with that which is endured by himself and his "co-mates, and partners in exile." Addressing Jaques, he says,

"Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in."^[100]

But the spectacle and the comment upon it lightly touch Jaques, and he starts off at once into a witty and poetic comparison of the real drama of the world with the mimic drama of the stage, in which, with the sight of well-nurtured youth driven to the savage desperation of periling his own life, and assailing that of others,—and of weakly old age lying down in the feeble but equally resolved desperation of dying by the wayside, driven to this extremity by sore fatigue and hunger,—he diverts himself and his audience, whether in the forest or theatre, on the stage or in the closet, with graphic descriptions of human life; not one of them, proceeding as they do from the lips of the *melancholy* Jaques, presenting a single point on which true melancholy can dwell. Mourning over what cannot be avoided must be in its essence common-place: and nothing has been added to the lamentations over the ills brought by the flight of years since Moses, the man of God,^[101] declared the concluding period of protracted life to be a period of labour and sorrow;—since Solomon, or whoever else writes under the name of the Preacher, in a passage which, whether it is inspired or not, is a passage of exquisite beauty, warned us to provide in youth, "while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burthen, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern;"—or, to make a shorter quotation, since Homer summed up all these ills by applying to old age the epithet of *λυγροσ*,—a word which cannot be translated, but the force of which must be felt. Abate these unavoidable misfortunes, and the catalogue of Jaques is that of happy conditions. In his visions there is no trace of the child doomed to wretchedness before its very birth; no hint that such a thing could occur as its being made an object of calculation, one part medical, three parts financial, to the starveling surgeon, whether by the floating of the lungs, or other test equally fallacious and fee-producing, the miserable mother may be convicted of doing that which, before she had attempted, all that is her soul of woman must have been torn from its uttermost roots, when in an agony of shame and dread the child that was to have made her forget her labour was committed to the cesspool. No hint that the days of infancy should be devoted to the damnation of a factory, or to the tender mercies of a parish beadle. No hint that philosophy should come forward armed with the panoply offensive and defensive of logic and eloquence, to prove that the inversion of all natural relations was just and wise,—that the toil of childhood was due to the support of manhood,—that those hours, the very labours of which even the etymologists give to recreation, should be devoted to those wretched drudgeries which seem to split the heart of all but those who derive from them blood-stained money, or blood-bedabbled applause. Jaques sees not Greensmith squeezing his children by the throat until they die. He hears not the supplication of the hapless boy begging his still more hapless father for a moment's respite, ere the fatal handkerchief is twisted round his throat by the hand of him to whom he owed his being. Jaques thinks not of the baby deserted on the step of the inhospitable door, of the shame of the mother, of the disgrace of the parents, of the misery of the forsaken infant. His boy is at school, his soldier in the breach, his elder on the justice-seat. Are these the woes of life? Is there no neglected creature left to himself or to the worse nurture

of others, whose trade it is to corrupt,—who will teach him what was taught to swaggering Jack Chance, found on Newgate steps, and educated at the venerable seminary of St. Giles's Pound, where

"They taught him to drink, and to thieve, and fight,
And everything else but to read and write."

Is there no stripling short of commons, but abundant in the supply of the strap or the cudgel?—no man fighting through the world in fortuneless struggles, and occupied by cares or oppressed by wants more stringent than those of love?—or in love itself does the current of that bitter passion never run less smooth than when sonnets to a lady's eyebrow are the prime objects of solicitude?—or may not even he who began with such sonneteering have found something more serious and sad, something more heart-throbbing and soul-rending, in the progress of his passion? Is the soldier melancholy in the storm and whirlwind of war? Is the gallant confronting of the cannon a matter to be complained of? The dolorous flight, the trampled battalion, the broken squadron, the lost battle, the lingering wound, the ill-furnished hospital, the unfed blockade, hunger and thirst, and pain, and fatigue, and mutilation, and cold, and rout, and scorn, and slight,—services neglected, unworthy claims preferred, life wasted, or honour tarnished,—are all passed by! In peaceful life we have no deeper misfortune placed before us than that it is not unusual that a justice of peace may be prosy in remark and trite in illustration. Are there no other evils to assail us through the agony of life? And when the conclusion comes, how far less tragic is the portraiture of mental imbecility, if considered as a state of misery than as one of comparative happiness, as escaping a still worse lot! Crabbe is sadder far than Jaques, when, after his appalling description of the inmates of a workhouse,—(what would Crabbe have written *now*?)—he winds up by showing to us amid its victims two persons as being

[Pg 555]

"*happier* far than they,
The moping idiot, and the madman gay."

If what he here sums up as the result of his life's observations on mankind be all that calls forth the melancholy of the witty and eloquent speaker, he had not much to complain of. Mr. Shandy lamenting in sweetly modulated periods, because his son has been christened Tristram instead of Trismegistus, is as much an object of condolence. Jaques has just seen the aspect of famine, and heard the words of despair; the Duke has pointed out to him the consideration that more woful and practical calamities exist than even the exile of princes and the downfall of lords; and he breaks off into a light strain of satire, fit only for jesting comedy. Trim might have rebuked him as he rebuked the prostrate Mr. Shandy, by reminding him that there are other things to make us melancholy in the world: and nobody knew it better, or could say it better, than he in whose brain was minted the hysteric passion of Lear choked by his button,—the farewell of victorious Othello to all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war,—the tears of Richard over the submission of roan Barbary to Bolingbroke,—the demand of Romeo that the Mantuan druggist should supply him with such soon-speeding gear that will rid him of hated life

"As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb,"—

the desolation of Antony,—the mourning of Henry over sire slain by son, and son by sire,—or the despair of Macbeth. I say nothing of the griefs of Constance, or Isabel, or Desdemona, or Juliet, or Ophelia, because in the sketches of Jaques he passes by all allusion to women; a fact which of itself is sufficient to prove that his melancholy was but in play,—was nothing more than what Arthur remembered when he was in France, where

"Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness."

Shakespeare well knew that there is no true pathetic, nothing that can permanently lacerate the heart, and embitter the speech, unless a woman be concerned. It is the legacy left us by Eve. The tenor of man's woe, says Milton, with a most un gallant and grisly pun, is still from *wo*-man to begin; and he who will give himself a few moments to reflect will find that the stern trigamist is right. On this, however, I shall not dilate. I may perhaps have something to say, as we go on, of the ladies of Shakspeare. For the present purpose, it is enough to remark with Trim, that there are many real griefs to make a man lie down and cry, without troubling ourselves with those which are put forward by the poetic mourner in the forest of Arden.

[Pg
556]

Different indeed is the sight set before the eyes of Adam in the great poem just referred to, when he is told to look upon the miseries which the fall of man has entailed upon his descendants. Far other than the scenes that flit across this melancholy man by profession are those evoked by Michael in the visionary lazar-house. It would be ill-befitting, indeed, that the merry note of the sweet bird warbling freely in the glade should be marred by discordant sounds of woe, cataloguing the dreary list of disease,

"All maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heartsick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demonic frenzy, moping melancholy,

Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums;"

while, amid the dire tossing and deep groans of the sufferers,

"—— Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike."

And equally ill-befitting would be any serious allusion to those passions and feelings which in their violence or their anguish render the human bosom a lazar-house filled with maladies of the mind as racking and as wasting as those of the body, and call forth a supplication for the releasing blow of Death as the final hope, with an earnestness as desperate, and cry as loud as ever arose from the tenement, sad, noisome, and dark, which holds the joint-racked victims of physical disease. Such themes should not sadden the festive banquet in the forest. The Duke and his co-mates and partners in exile, reconciled to their present mode of life, ["I would not change it," says Amiens, speaking, we may suppose, the sentiments of all,] and successful in having plucked the precious jewel, content, from the head of ugly and venomous Adversity, are ready to bestow their woodland fare upon real suffering, but in no mood to listen to the heart-rending descriptions of sorrows graver than those which form a theme for the discourses which Jaques in mimic melancholy contributes to their amusement.

Shakspeare designed him to be a maker of fine sentences,—a dresser forth in sweet language of the ordinary common-places or the common-place mishaps of mankind, and he takes care to show us that he did not intend him for anything beside. With what admirable art he is confronted with Touchstone. He enters merrily laughing at the pointless philosophising of the fool in the forest. His lungs crow like chanticleer when he hears him moralizing over his dial, and making the deep discovery that ten o'clock has succeeded nine, and will be followed by eleven. When Touchstone himself appears, we do not find in his own discourse any touches of such deep contemplation. He is shrewd, sharp, worldly, witty, keen, gibing, observant. It is plain that he has been mocking Jaques; and, as is usual, the mocked thinks himself the mocker. If one has moralized the spectacle of a wounded deer into a thousand similes, comparing his weeping into the stream to the conduct of worldlings in giving in their testaments the sum of more to that which had too much,—his abandonment, to the parting of the flux of companions from misery,—the sweeping by of the careless herd full of the pasture, to the desertion of the poor and broken bankrupt by the fat and greasy citizens,—and so forth; if such have been the common-places of Jaques, are they not fitly matched by the common-places of Touchstone upon his watch? It is as high a stretch of fancy that brings the reflection how

"—— from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale,"

which is scoffed at by Jaques, as that which dictates his own moralizings on the death of the deer. The motley fool is as wise as the melancholy lord whom he is parodying. The shepherd Corin, who replies to the courtly quizzing of Touchstone by such apophthegms as that "it is the property of rain to wet, and of fire to burn," is unconsciously performing the same part to the clown, as *he* had been designedly performing to Jaques. Witty nonsense is answered by dull nonsense, as the emptiness of poetry had been answered by the emptiness of prose. There was nothing sincere in the lamentation over the wounded stag. It was only used as a peg on which to hang fine concepts. Had Falstaff seen the deer, his imagination would have called up visions of haunches and pasties, prelude to an everlasting series of cups of sack among the revel riot of boon companions, and he would have instantly ordered its throat to be cut. If it had fallen in the way of Friar Lawrence, the mild-hearted man of herbs would have endeavoured to extract the arrow, heal the wound, and let the hart ungalled go free. Neither would have thought the hairy fool a subject for reflections, which neither relieved the wants of man nor the pains of beast. Jaques complains of the injustice and cruelty of killing deer, but unscrupulously sits down to dine upon venison, and sorrows over the sufferings of the native burghers of the forest city, without doing anything further than amusing himself with rhetorical flourishes drawn from the contemplation of the pain which he witnesses with professional coolness and unconcern.

It is evident, in short, that the happiest days of his life are those which he is spending in the forest. His raking days are over, and he is tired of city dissipation. He has shaken hands with the world, finding, with Cowley, that "he and it would never agree." To use an expression somewhat vulgar, he has had his fun for his money; and he thinks the bargain so fair and conclusive on both sides, that he has no notion of opening another. His mind is relieved of a thousand anxieties which beset him in the court, and he breathes freely in the forest. The iron has not entered into his soul; nothing has occurred to chase sleep from his eyelids; and his fantastic reflections are, as he himself takes care to tell us, but general observations on the ordinary and outward manners and feelings of mankind,—a species of taxing which

"—— like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man."

Above all, in having abandoned station, and wealth, and country, to join the faithful few who have in evil report clung manfully to their prince, he knows that he has played a noble and an

honourable part; and they to whose lot it may have fallen to experience the happiness of having done a generous, disinterested, or self-denying action,—or sacrificed temporary interests to undying principle,—or shown to the world without, that what are thought to be its great advantages can be flung aside, or laid aside, when they come in collision with the feelings and passions of the world within,—will be perfectly sure that Jaques, reft of land, and banished from court, felt himself exalted in his own eyes, and therefore easy of mind, whether he was mourning in melodious blank verse, or weaving jocular parodies on the canzonets of the good-humoured Amiens.

He was happy "under the greenwood tree." Addison I believe it is who says, that all mankind have an instinctive love of country and woodland scenery, and he traces it to a sort of dim recollection imprinted upon us of our original haunt, the garden of Eden. It is at all events certain, that, from the days when the cedars of Lebanon supplied images to the great poets of Jerusalem, to that in which the tall tree haunted Wordsworth "as a passion," the forest has caught a strong hold of the poetic mind. It is with reluctance that I refrain from quoting; but the passages of surpassing beauty which crowd upon me from all times and languages are too numerous. I know not which to exclude, and I have not room for all; let me then take a bit of prose from one who never indulged in poetry, and I think I shall make it a case in point. In a little book called "Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada, for the use of Emigrants, by a Backwoodsman," now lying before me, the author, after describing the field-sports in Canada with a precision and a *goût* to be derived only from practice and zeal, concludes a chapter, most appropriately introduced by a motto from the Lady of the Lake,

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweep by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing,"

by saying,

"It is only since writing the above that I fell in with the first volume of Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and I cannot describe the pleasure I received from reading his vivid, spirited, and accurate description of the feelings he experienced on first taking on him the life of a hunter. At an earlier period of life than Lord Edward had then attained, I made my debut in the forest, and first assumed the blanket-cloak and the rifle, the moccasin and the snowshoe; and the ecstatic feeling of Arab-like independence, and the utter contempt for the advantage and restrictions of civilization, which he describes, I then felt in its fullest power. And even now, when my way off life, like Macbeth's, is falling 'into the sere, the yellow leaf,' and when a tropical climate, privation, disease, and thankless toil are combining with advancing years to unstring a frame the strength of which once set hunger, cold, and fatigue at defiance, and to undermine a constitution that once appeared iron-bound, still I cannot lie down by a fire in the woods without the elevating feeling which I experienced formerly returning, though in a diminished degree. This must be human nature;—for it is an undoubted fact, that no man who associates with and follows the pursuits of the Indian, for any length of time, ever voluntarily returns to civilized society.

[Pg
559]

"What a companion in the woods Lord Edward must have been! and how shocking to think that, with talents which would have made him at once the idol and the ornament of his profession, and affections which must have rendered him an object of adoration in all the relations of private life,—with honour, with courage, with generosity, with every unit that can at once ennoble and endear,—he should never have been taught that there is a higher principle of action than the mere impulse of the passions,—that he should never have learned, before plunging his country into blood and disorder, to have weighed the means he possessed with the end he proposed, or the problematical good with the certain evil!—that he should have had Tom Paine for a tutor in religion and politics, and Tom Moore for a biographer, to hold up as a pattern, instead of warning, the errors and misfortunes of a being so noble,—to subserve the revolutionary purposes of a faction, who, like Samson, are pulling down a fabric which will bury both them and their enemies under it."

Never mind the aberrations of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the religion or the politics of Tom Paine, or the biography of Tom Moore. On all these matters I may hold my own opinions, but they are not wanted now; but have we not here the feelings of Jaques? Here are the gloomy expressions of general sorrow over climate, privation, disease, thankless toil, advancing years, unstrung frame. But here also we have ecstatic emotions of Arab-like independence, generous reflections upon political adversaries, and high-minded adherence to the views and principles which in his honour and conscience he believed to be in all circumstances inflexibly right, coming from the heart of a forest. The Backwoodsman is Dunlop; and is he, in spite of this sad-sounding passage, melancholy? Not he, in good sooth. The very next page to that which I have quoted is a description of the pleasant mode of travelling in Canada, before the march of improvement had made it comfortable and convenient.^[102]

[Pg
560]

Jaques was just as woe-begone as the Tyger, and no more. I remember when he—Dunlop I mean, not Jaques—used to laugh at the phrenologists of Edinburgh for saying, after a careful admeasurement, that his skull in all points was exactly that of Shakspeare,—I suppose he will be equally inclined to laugh when he finds who is the double an old companion has selected for him. But no matter. His melancholy passes away not more rapidly than that of Jaques; and I venture to say that the latter, if he were existing in flesh and blood, would have no scruple in joining the doctor this moment over the bowl of punch which I am sure he is brewing, has brewed, or is about to brew, on the banks of Huron or Ontario.

Whether he would or not, he departs from the stage with the grace and easy elegance of a gentleman in heart and manners. He joins his old antagonist the usurping Duke in his fallen fortunes; he had spurned him in his prosperity: his restored friend he bequeaths to his former honour, deserved by his patience and his virtue,—he compliments Oliver on his restoration to his land, and love, and great allies,—wishes Silvius joy of his long-sought and well-earned marriage,—cracks upon Touchstone one of those good-humoured jests to which men of the world on the eve of marriage must laughingly submit,—and makes his bow. Some sage critics have discovered as a great geographical fault in Shakspeare, that he introduces the tropical lion and serpent into Arden, which, it appears, they have ascertained to lie in some temperate zone. I wish them joy of their sagacity. Monsters more wonderful are to be found in that forest; for never yet, since water ran and tall tree bloomed, were there gathered together such a company as those who compose the *dramatis personæ* of "As You Like It." All the prodigies spawned by Africa, "*leonum arida nutrix*," might well have teemed in a forest, wherever situate, that was inhabited by such creatures as Rosalind, Touchstone, and Jaques.

✱ As to the question which opened these Papers,—why, I must leave it to the jury. Is the jesting, revelling, rioting Falstaff, broken of fortunes, luckless in life, sunk in habits, buffeting with the discreditable part of the world, or the melancholy, mourning, complaining Jaques, honourable of conduct, high in moral position, fearless of the future, and lying in the forest away from trouble,—which of them, I say, feels more the load of care? I think Shakspeare well knew, and depicted them accordingly. But I must leave it to my readers, *si qui sunt*.

W. M.

[Pg 561]

FAMILY STORIES.—No. V.

HON. MR. SUCKLE-THUMBKIN'S STORY.

THE EXECUTION.

A SPORTING ANECDOTE.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim
Was clean of limb,
His boots were polished, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead,
Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arriv'd in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a nobleman find to do?"

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
He paus'd, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and peep'd in the crown,
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, releas'd, behind him bang'd,
"An't please you, my lord, there's a man to be hang'd!"

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Rope-dancers a score
I've seen before—
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Blackmore;
But to see a man swing
At the end of a string,

With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stepped into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
 Through street, and through square,
 His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a deuce of a pace;
 She produc'd some alarm,
 But did no great harm,
Save fright'ning a nurse with a child on her arm,
 Spattering with clay
 Two urchins at play,
Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
 And upsetting a stall
 Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.
 But eastward afar,
 Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
 Never heeding their squalls,
 Or their calls, or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
 Turns down the Old Bailey,
 Where, in front of the jail, he
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

[Pg 562]

The clock strikes Twelve—it is dark midnight—
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
 The parties are met;
 The tables are set;
There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," "heavy wet,"
 Ale-glasses and jugs,
 And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
 Cold fowl and cigars,
 Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits, and kidneys—rare work for the jaws!—
And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
 And there is M'Fuze,
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
 All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

 The clock strikes One!
 Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
 My Lord Tomnoddy
 Is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.
The clock strikes Two!—and the clock strikes Three!
—"Who so merry, so merry as we?"
 Save Captain M'Fuze,
 Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

[Pg 563]

 The clock strikes Four!
 Round the debtors' door
Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more;
 As many await
 At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

 The clock strikes Five!
 The sheriffs arrive,

And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
 But Sir Carnaby Jenks
 Blinks, and winks,
 A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.
 Lieutenant Tregooze
 Is dreaming of Jews,
 And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;
 My Lord Tomnoddy
 Has drunk all his toddy,
 And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
 The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
 With roseate streaks,
 Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
 Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
 Smil'd upon all things far and nigh,
 All—save the wretch condemn'd to die!
 Alack! that ever so fair a Sun
 As that which its course has now begun,
 Should rise on such scene of misery!
 Should gild with rays so light and free
 That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows tree!

And hark!—a sound comes big with fate,
 The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!—
 List to that low funereal bell:
 It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!
 And see!—from forth that opening door
 They come—He steps that threshold o'er
 Who never shall tread upon threshold more.
 —God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
 That pale wan man's mute agony,
 The glare of that wild despairing eye,
 Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,
 As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
 The path of the Spirit's unknown career;

Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
 Shall be lifted again,—not ev'n in prayer;
 That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!
 The bolt has fallen!—the Spirit is gone—
 For weal or for woe is known to but One!
 Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight! Ah me!
 A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock!—'tis time, 'tis time!
 The hour is past:—with its earliest chime
 The cord is sever'd, the lifeless clay
 By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
 Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!
 And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
 And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
 And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose;
 And they stared at each other, as much as to say
 "Hollo! Hollo!
 Here's a Rum Go!
 Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the Devil to pay!
 The fellow's been cut down and taken away!
 What's to be done?
 We've miss'd all the fun!
 Why, they'll laugh at, and quiz us all over the town,
 We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
 That they could not well hang the man over again:—
 What *was* to be done?—The man was dead!—
 Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;
 So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

[Pg 564]

EPIGRAM.

'Tis strange, amid the many trades
 By which men gather riches,

That ridicule should most attach
To those who make our breeches!
But so it is; yet, as they sew,
Rich is the harvest made:
Then call not theirs, unseemly wags!
A *so-so* sort of trade.

R. J.



The Romance of a Day

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN ADVENTURER.
WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

[Pg 565]

When things are at the worst, they are sure to mend, says the old adage; and the hero of the following narrative is a case in point. Dick Diddler was a distant connexion, by the mother's side, of the famous Jeremy, immortalized by Kenny. He was a shrewd, reckless adventurer, gifted with an elastic conscience that would stretch like Indian-rubber, and a genius for raising the wind unsurpassed by Æolus himself. At the period to which this tale refers, he had dissipated at the minor West-end hells, and elsewhere, the last farthing of a pittance which he inherited from his father; and was considerably in arrears with his landlady, a waspish gentlewoman who rented what she complacently termed "an airy house" in the windiest quarter of Camden Town. This was embarrassing; but Dick was not one to despair. He had high animal spirits, knowledge of the world, imperturbable self-possession, good exterior, plausible address, and a modesty which he felt persuaded would never stand in the way of his advancement.

Thousands of London adventurers, it has been observed, rise in the morning without knowing how they shall provide a meal for the day. Our hero was just now in this predicament, for he had not even the means of procuring a breakfast. Something, however, must be done, and that immediately, so he applied himself to a cracked bell which stood on his ill-conditioned table; and, while waiting his landlady's answer to the tintinnabulary summons, occupied himself by casting a scrutinizing glance at his outer Adam. Alas! there was little here to gratify the eye of taste and gentility! His coat was in that peculiar state denominated "seedy," his linen was as yellow as a sea-sick cockney, and his trousers evinced tokens of an antiquity better qualified to inspire reverence than admiration.

Just as he had completed his survey, his landlady entered the room, accompanied by her first-born,—a hopeful youth, with a fine expanse of mouth calculated seriously to perplex a quatern

loaf. Dick perused her features attentively, and thought he had never before seen her look so ugly. But this of course: Venus herself would look a fright, if she came to dun for money.

"Ah, poppet, is that you?" exclaimed Dick, affectionately patting the urchin's head, by way of an agreeable commencement to the conversation; "Why, how the dear boy grows! Blessings on his pretty face: he's the very image of his Ma!"

"Come, come, Mr. Diddler," replied Mrs. Dibbs, "that language won't do no longer. You've been blessing little Tom twice a day ever since you got into my books, but I'm not going to take out my account in blessings. Blessings won't pay my milk-score, so I must have my money,—and this very day too, for I've got a bill to make up to-morrow."

"Have patience, my good lady, and all will be right."

"Ay, so you've said for the last month; but saying's one thing, and doing's another."

"Very good."

"But it ain't very good; it's very bad."

"Well, well, no matter, Mrs. D——"

"No matter! But I say it is a great matter,—a matter of ten pounds fifteen shillings, to say nothing of them oysters what you did me out on last night."

"Exactly so; and you shall have it all this very day, for it so happens that I'm going into the City to receive payment of a debt that has been owing me since November last. And this reminds me that I have not yet breakfasted; so pray send up—now don't apologise, for you could not possibly have known that I had an appointment in Fenchurch-street at ten o'clock."

"Breakfast!" exclaimed Mrs. Dibbs with a disdainful toss of her head; "no, no; not a mouthful shall you have till I get my money: I'm quite sick of your promises."

"Nay, but my dear Mrs. D——"

"It's no use argufying the pint; what I've said, I'll stand to. Come, Tom—drat the boy! why don't you come?" and so saying, the choleric dame, catching fast hold of her son by the pinafore, flounced out of the room, banging the door after her with the emphasis of a hurricane.

Dick remained a few minutes behind, in the hope that breakfast might yet be forthcoming: but finding that there was not the slightest prospect of his landlady's relenting, he, in the true spirit of an indignant Briton, consigned her "eyes" to perdition; and, having thus expectorated his wrath, began to furbish up his faded apparel. He tucked in his saffron shirt-collar; buttoned up his coat to the chin, refreshing the white seams with the "Patent Reviver;" smoothed round his silk hat, which luckily was in good preservation; and then rushed out of the house with the desperate determination of breakfasting at some one's expense. There is nothing like the gastric juice to stimulate a man's ingenuity. It is the secret of half the poetic inspiration in our literature.

Chance—or perhaps that ruling destiny which, do what we will, still sways all our actions—led Dick's steps in the direction of the Hampstead Road. It was a bright, cool, summer morning; the housemaids were at work with their brooms outside the cottages; the milkman was going his rounds with his "sky-blue;" and the shiny porter-pots yet hung upon the garden rails. As our hero moved onward, keeping his mouth close shut, lest the lively wind might act too excitingly on his unfurnished epigastrium, his attentive optics chanced to fall on a cottage, in the front parlour of which, the window being open, he beheld a sight that roused all the shark or alderman within him,—to wit, a breakfast set forth in a style that might have created an appetite "under the ribs of death." Dick stopped: the case was desperate; but his self-possession was equal to the emergency. "A Mr. Smith lives here," said he, running his eye hastily over the premises: "the bower, and the wooden god, those trees so neatly clipped, and that commonplace-looking terrier sleeping at the gate, with his nose poked through the rails, all betoken the habits and fancies of a Smith. Good! I will favour the gentleman with a call;" and with these words Dick gave a vehement pull at the garden-bell.

"Is Mr. Smith at home?" he inquired with an air of easy assurance that produced an instant effect on the girl who answered the bell.

"No, sir."

"Upon my life, that's very awkward; particularly so as he requested me to be——"

"Oh! I suppose, then, you're the gentleman that was expected here to breakfast this morning?"

"The very same, my dear."

"Well," continued the girl, unlocking the gate, "master desired me to say that you were to walk in, and not wait for him, for he had to go into Tottenham-court Road on business, and should not be back for an hour."

Dick took the hint, walked in, and in an instant was hard at work.

How he punished the invigorating coffee! What havoc he wrought among the eggs and French rolls! Never was seen such voracity since the days of the ventripotent Heliogabalus. His expedition was on a par with his prowess, for Mr. Smith's guest being momentarily expected, he felt that he had not a moment to lose. Accordingly, after doing prompt, impartial justice to every article on table, he coolly rang the bell, and, without noticing the muttered "My stars!" of the servant as she glanced at the wreck before her, he desired her to tell Mr. Smith that, as he had a visit to pay in the neighbourhood, he could not wait longer for him, but would call again in the

course of the day; and then, putting on his hat with an air, he quitted the cottage on the best possible terms with himself and all the world. There is nothing like good eating and drinking to bring out the humanities.

Having no professional duties to attend to, Dick strolled on to Hampstead Heath, where he seated himself on a bench that commands an extensive view towards the west and north. Here he continued musing upwards of an hour, in that buoyant mood which a good breakfast never fails to call forth. It was early yet to trouble himself about dinner or his landlady's bill; and Dick was not the man to recognise a grievance till it stared him in the face, when, if he could not give it the cut direct, he would boldly confront and grapple with it: so he occupied himself with whistling one of Macheath's songs in the Beggar's Opera.

While thus idling away his time, and picturing in his mind's eye the perplexed visages of Mr. Smith and his guest when they should become acquainted with the extent of their calamity, Dick's attention was suddenly directed to the sound of voices near him. He listened; and, from the dulcet accents in which the conversation was carried on, felt persuaded that the parties were making love. Curious to ascertain who they were, he retreated behind one of the broadest elms on the terrace, and there beheld a dry old maid, thin as a thread-paper, and straight as a stick of sealing-wax, smirking and affecting to blush at something that was whispered in her ear by a young man. Our adventurer fancied that the latter's person was familiar to him; so, the instant the enamoured turtles separated, he emerged from his hiding-place, and saw, advancing towards the bench he had just quitted, an old com-rogue, to whom in his better days he had lost many a sum at the gaming-table.

The recognition was mutual.

"What! Dick Diddler?"

"What! Sam Spragge?"

"Why, Sam, what has brought you here at this hour?" quoth our hero.

Samuel smiled, and pointed significantly towards the ancient virgin, who was just then crossing the Heath, near the donkey-stand.

"Hem! I understand. Much property?"

"Eight hundred a year at her own disposal, and two thousand *three per cents* at the death of a crusty, invalid brother-in-law, who lives with her in that old-fashioned house she is now entering."

"Eight hundred a year!" said Dick musing; "lucky dog! And how long have you known her?"

"Oh! an eternity. Three days."

"And where did you pick her up?"

"Under a gateway in Camden Town, where we were both standing up from the rain."

"You seem to have made excellent use of your time."

"Nothing easier. I could see at a glance that she was quite as anxious for a husband as I am for a rich wife; so, after some indifferent chat about the weather, &c. I prevailed on her to accept of my escort home; talked lots of sentiment as we jogged along under my umbrella; praised her beauty to the skies,—for she is inordinately vain, though ugly enough, as you must have seen, to scare a ghost—and, in short, did not quit her till she had promised to meet me on the following day."

"And she kept her word, no doubt?"

"Yes, I have now seen her four times, and am sure that if I could but muster up funds enough for a Gretna-green trip,—for she has all the romance of a boarding-school girl,—I could carry her off this very night. But I cannot, Dick, I cannot;" and Sam heaved a sigh that was quite pathetic.

"Can you not borrow of her?—'tis for her own good, you know."

"Impossible! I have represented myself as a man of substance; and, were she once to suppose me otherwise, so quick-witted is she on money matters, that she would instantly give me my dismissal."

"And what is your angel's name?"

"Priscilla Spriggins."

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Dick with a sudden burst of emotion, "from my soul I pity you; but, alas! sympathy is all I have to offer:—look here!" and, turning his empty pockets inside out, he displayed two holes therein, about as big as the aperture of a mousetrap.

An expressive pause followed this touching exhibition; shortly after which the two adventurers parted,—Sam returning towards London, with a view, no doubt, of seeking, like Apollyon, "whom he might devour;" and Dick remaining where he was, casting ever and anon a glance towards the house where the fair Priscilla vegetated, and meditating, the while, on the revelation that had just been made to him.

Tired at length of reverie, he rose from the bench, and made his way back into Hampstead,—slowly, for every step was bringing him nearer the residence of his unreasonable landlady. On passing down by Mount Vernon, he beheld the walls on either side of him placarded with hand-bills announcing that an auction was to take place that day at a large old family mansion (the by-streets of Hampstead abound in such) close by: and, on moving towards the spot, he saw, by the

groups of people who were lounging at the open door, that the sale had already begun. By way of killing an idle half-hour or so, Dick entered; and, elbowing his way up stairs, soon found himself in a spacious drawing-room, crowded with pictures, vases, old porcelain, and other articles of *virtù*.

Just at that moment the auctioneer put up a landscape painting by one of the old masters, on which he expatiated with the customary professional eloquence. "Going, ladies and gentlemen, going for two hundred pounds—undoubted Paul Potter—highly admired by the late lamented Lawrence—sheep so naturally coloured, you'd swear you could hear 'em bleat—frame, too, in excellent condition—going—going——"

"Two hundred and thirty!" said a small gentleman in spectacles, raising himself on tip-toe to catch the auctioneer's eye.

"Two hundred and fifty" shouted another.

"Going for two hundred and fifty," said the man in the rostrum; after a pause, "upon my word, ladies and gentlemen, this is giving away the picture. Pray look at that fore-shortened old ram in the background; why, his two horns alone are worth the money. Let me beg, for the honour of art, that——"

"Three hundred!" roared Dick, with an intrepid effrontery that extorted universal respect,—for to his other amiable qualities he added that of being a "brag" of the first water, and was proud, even though it were but for a moment, of displaying his consequence among strangers.

As this was the highest bidding, the picture was knocked down to our hero, who, having cracked his joke, and gratified his swaggering propensities, was about to beat a retreat, when he found his elbow twitched by a nervous, eager little man,—a duodecimo edition of a virtuoso,—who had only that moment entered the room.

"So you have purchased that Paul Potter, sir, I understand," said the stranger, wiping the perspiration from his bald head, and evidently struggling with his vexation.

Dick nodded an affirmative, not a little curious to know what would come next.

"Bless my soul, how unlucky! To think that I should have been only five minutes too late, and such a run as I had for it! Excuse the liberty I am taking, but have you any wish to be off your bargain, sir?—not that I am particularly anxious about the picture—I merely ask for information; that's all, sir, I assure you," added the virtuoso, aware that he had committed himself, and endeavouring to retrieve his blunder.

Dick cast one of his most searching glances at the stranger; and, reading in his countenance the anxiety he would fain have concealed under a show of indifference, said in his slyest and most composed manner, "May I beg to be favoured with your name, sir?"

"Smithson, sir,—Richard Smithson, agent to Lord Theodore Thickskull, whose picture-gallery I have the honour of a commission to furnish; and happening to read a day or two ago in the "Times" that a few old paintings were to be disposed of by auction here on the premises, I thought, perhaps——"

"Indeed! That alters the case," replied our hero with an air of dignified courtesy, "for I have some slight acquaintance with his lordship myself."

"Bless my soul, how odd!—how uncommon odd! Possibly, then, for my lord's sake, you will not object to——"

"No," replied Dick smiling, "I did not say that."

"Rely on it, sir," continued the fidgety little virtuoso, "you are mistaken in your estimate of that painting. They say it is a Paul Potter; but it's no such thing—no such thing, sir."

"Then why are you so anxious to get possession of it?"

"Who? I, sir? Bless my soul, I'm not anxious. I merely thought that as his lordship was particularly partial to landscapes, he might be tempted, perhaps, to give more——"

"Well," said Dick, eager to bring the matter to a conclusion, "as I have no very pressing desire to retain the picture, though it is the very thing for my library in Mount-street, you shall have it; but on certain conditions."

"Name them, my dear sir, name them," said the virtuoso, his eyes sparkling with animation.

"I have bought the painting," resumed Dick, "for three hundred guineas; now, you shall have it for six hundred. You see I put the matter quite on a footing of business, without the slightest reference to his lordship."

"Six hundred guineas! Bless my soul, impossible!"

"As you please," replied our hero with exquisite nonchalance; "I am indifferent about the matter."

"Say four hundred, sir."

"Not a farthing less. The pictures in this house, as the advertisement which brought me up here at this unseasonable hour, before I had even time to complete my toilette, justly observes, have been long celebrated, and——"

"I'll give you five hundred," replied Smithson, cutting short Dick's remarks.

"Well, well, for his lordship's sake——"

"Good!" exclaimed the virtuoso; and hurrying Dick to a more quiet corner of the room, he took out pen and inkhorn, wrote a check on a West-end banker for the amount of the balance, thrust it into his hand, and then, after assuring him that he would arrange everything with the auctioneer, and would not trouble him to stay longer, hurried away towards the rostrum, as though he feared our hero would repent the transfer of a painting for which he himself imagined he should be able to screw about eight hundred pounds out of his lordship, who was remarkable for the readiness with which he paid through the nose.

No sooner had Dick lost sight of Mr. Smithson, than away he flew from the house, bounding and taking big leaps like a ram, till he reached the main street, when, changing his exultant pace for a more sober and gentlemanlike one, he hailed the Hampstead coach, which was about leaving the office, snugly ensconced himself inside, and within the hour was deposited at Charing-cross.

"Coachman," quoth our hero, as the Jehu, having descended from his box, held out his hand to receive the usual fare, "I am rather delicately situated."

"Humph!" replied the man, who seemed perfectly to comprehend, though not to sympathise with, the delicacy of the case, "sorry for it; but master always says, says he——"

"The fact is," continued Dick, interrupting what bade fair to become a prolix Philippic, "though I have not a farthing in my pocket, having forgotten to take out my purse this morning, yet as I am just going to receive cash for a two hundred pound cheque, and shall return with you to Hampstead, I presume the delay of an hour will make no great difference."

The coachman, whose white round face usually beamed with all the bland expression of a turnip, evinced symptoms of an uneasy distrust at this speech; but when Dick exhibited the cheque—not relishing the idea of a "bolt," long experience having no doubt taught him that coachmen running after a fare are apt to run with most inconvenient velocity—when, I say, Dick exhibited this convincing scrap of paper, all Jehu's suspicions vanished, and, touching the shining edge of his hat, he absolved our hero from extempore payment, with a bow that might have done honour to a Margate dancing-master.

This knotty point settled, the ingenious Richard next posted off in a cab to the banker's,—for it was beneath his dignity to walk,—presented his cheque, received the amount, placed it securely in his waistcoat pocket, and then made all possible haste to a well-known shop in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, where every item necessary to perfect the man of fashion may be procured at a minute's notice.

Our hero entered the shop in a condition bordering upon the shabby genteel, though his person and address were a handsome set-off against the infirmities of his apparel: he came out dressed in the very height of ton. The hue of his linen was unimpeachable; his pantaloons fitted to a miracle; his coat was guiltless of a wrinkle. Then his gay, glossy silk waistcoat, to say nothing of—but enough; the metamorphosis was complete—the snake had cast its skin—the grub was transformed into the butterfly.

But, startling as was the change which his Hampstead speculation had wrought in his person, still more so was its effect on his mind. Here an entire revolution was already in full activity. Vast ideas fermented in his brain. He no longer crept along with the downcast look of an adventurer, but stared boldly about him, as one conscious that he was somebody. And so he was. It is not every one who cuts a figure at the West-end that can boast of the possession of two hundred pounds!

On his road back to Charing-cross, the first object which caught our hero's eye was the Hampstead coach preparing to set out on its return. The sight brought to his recollection the fair Priscilla Spriggins; and in an instant, with the decision of a Napoleon, he resolved to make a "Bold Stroke for a Wife," and carry her off to Gretna that very night. The scheme was hopeless, you will say: granted; but Dick was formed to vanquish, not be vanquished by, circumstances. "Faint heart never won fair lady," said he; "so here goes;" and in he popped.

It was now about two o'clock, the hour when the fair inhabitants of our cockney Arcadia are in the habit of taking the air on the Heath, some with work-bags, some with the "last new novel," but the majority with "Bentley's Miscellany" in their hands. Dick no sooner reached the donkey-stand, than he seated himself on a bench close by,—where two young ladies were standing, fondly imagining that they beheld Windsor Castle through a spyglass,—and looked anxiously about him, to see if he could detect Miss Spriggins among the peripatetics. But no Priscilla was visible. How, therefore, should he act? "Wait," said common sense; so Dick waited.

Half an hour had elapsed, and he was beginning to get impatient, when suddenly, on casting his eyes towards the lady's house, he saw the door open, and Miss Spriggins herself stepped forth, with a novel in one hand, and a pea-green parasol in the other. Dick watched her motions as a cat watches a mouse: saw her steal away towards a retired quarter of the Heath, and, having made up his mind as to the line of conduct he should pursue, started from his seat and followed quickly in her wake.

On reaching her side, "Miss Spriggins, I presume?" said he with a profound obeisance.

"The same, sir," replied the surprised Priscilla.

"Ah! madam," resumed Dick, bursting at once into a sentimental vein, for he felt that every minute was precious, "happy am I to see that enchanting face once more."

"Excuse me, sir," said Miss Spriggins, affecting to bridle up; "but really I do not comprehend ___"

"Comprehend, madam!—and how should you? I scarcely comprehend myself. But how should it be otherwise, when for weeks past I have daily wandered over this romantic heath, hoping, but, alas! in vain, to catch one stray gleam of that sunny beauty which last April—how well I remember the date!—so riveted my fancy as it flashed on me from the front drawing-room of yonder house;" and Dick pointed towards Priscilla's dwelling.

"Really, sir, this language—"

"Is the language of frenzy, maybe; but it is the language also of passion. Ah! madam, if you but knew the flame that that one casual glimpse of your bewitching countenance lit up in my unhappy heart, you would pity what I now feel. Would to God that you were as much a stranger to me as I am to you, for then I should cease to be the wretch I am;" and Dick, having no onion ready, turned away his head, and covered his face with his handkerchief.

"Sir," replied Miss Spriggins, startled, yet far from displeased, "I really know not what answer to make to this most extraordinary—"

"Extraordinary, madam? Is it extraordinary to admire beauty—to reverence perfection—to live but in the hope of again seeing her who, once seen, can never be forgotten—is this extraordinary? If so, then am I the most extraordinary of men. Revered Priscilla,—Miss Spriggins, I should say,—your beauty has undone me. I should have joined my regiment at Carlisle ere now; but you, and you only, have kept me lingering in this sylvan district. Ah, lady! Captain Felix O'Flam was happy till he saw you,—happy, even though deceived by one whom he once thought his friend."

The fair Priscilla, whose predominant infirmity, as has been before observed, was an indigestion of celibacy, could not witness the affliction of the dashing young man before her, without sympathising with him; perceiving which, Dick continued, "I see you pity me, lady, and your pity would be still more profound did you know all. It is no later than last week that I became acquainted with the arts of an adventurer named Spragge, who, for months previously, having wormed himself into my confidence, had led me to believe that—"

"Spragge!" interrupted Miss Spriggins with a look of huge dismay; "and pray what sort of a person may he have been?"

In reply, Dick described Sam to the life; whereupon his companion, no longer able to conceal her rage, exclaimed abruptly, "The wretch!—what an escape have I had!"

"Escape, madam! How so? Has the villain dared to deceive you, as he has me? I know that he is one of those plausible, unprincipled adventurers about town, who make a point of preying on the unwary—and such he must have considered me, when he introduced himself one morning as a relation of the commanding officer of my regiment;—but that he should have presumed to—"

"Oh no, captain," replied Miss Spriggins with evident embarrassment; "I was never his dupe. He merely called,—if indeed it be the same person, as I feel convinced it is,—one day last week at my brother's, on some pretence or other, which—which—But I have done with him, the monster!"

"Call on you, madam!" replied Dick, adroitly giving in to the lady's little deviation from fact, "call on you, when I dared not approach your threshold! But enough—I'll cut his throat!"

"No, no, captain; believe me, he is unworthy of your revenge."

"You say right, madam; for, since I have found reason to suspect him, I have instituted inquiries into his character, and am told that he is beneath contempt. Why—would you believe it?—the fellow has been twice ducked in a horse-pond, for thimble-rigging, at Epsom,—flogged at the cart's tail for petty larceny, rubbed down with vinegar and set in the black-hole to dry."

"Mercy on us! you don't say so?"

"Fact. But to quit this unworthy theme, and revert to a more pleasing one:—May I, lady,"—and Dick here put on his most wheedling air,—"*may*, I, having at length been honoured with one interview with you, presume to hope for a second? Say only that we may again meet,—nay, that this very evening we may take a stroll together through these sequestered shades,—and make me the happiest of men. Alas! I once thought that fortune alone was necessary to constitute felicity; but, now that I have *that*, I feel 'tis as nothing; and that love,—disinterested, impassioned love,—is the main ingredient in the cup of human bliss. Give me but the woman I adore, and I ask—I expect nothing further; but wealth without her is a mere mockery."

This rhapsody had more effect on his companion than anything Dick had yet said. It was a shot between wind and water.

"Oh, captain!" replied Priscilla, "I appreciate your generous sentiments; and, to convince you that I am not unworthy to share them, will—however strange it may appear in a young and timid female—consent to see you once more. But, remember, it must be our last interview;" and she sighed,—and so did Dick.

"Adieu, then, idol of my soul! if so I may presume to call you," exclaimed this ingenuous young man; "adieu, till the shades of twilight lengthen along the horse-pond hard by the donkey-stand, when we will meet again, and the thrice-blessed Felix—" Dick stopped: seized the lady's hand, which she faintly struggled to withdraw; imprinted on it a kiss that "came twanging off," as Massinger would say; and then tore himself away, as if fearful of trusting himself with farther speech.

On quitting Priscilla's side, Dick rattled across the fields to Highgate, wondering at the success that had thus far crowned his efforts. "Will she keep her appointment?" said he. "Yes, yes; I see it in her eye. The 'captain' has done the business; never was there so conceited an old lass!" and, thus soliloquizing, he found himself at the door of the best hotel in Highgate, strutted into the coffee-room, and rang the bell for the waiter.

The man answered his summons, cast a shrewd glance at his exterior, and, satisfied with the scrutiny, made a low bow, prefaced by a semicircular flourish of his napkin.

"Waiter," said Dick, with the air of a prince, "show me into a private room, and let it be your best."

"Please to follow me, sir," replied the man; and, so saying, he ushered our hero into a spacious apartment, which commanded a picturesque view of a brick-field, with a pig-sty in the background.

"Good!" said Dick, and throwing himself full-length on a sofa, he ordered an early dinner, cold, but of the best quality, together with one bottle of madeira, and another of port, by way of appendix.

Well; the dinner came, wine ditto, and both were excellent. Glass after glass was filled and emptied, and Dick felt his spirits mounting into the seventh heaven of enjoyment. His thoughts were winged; his prospects radiant with the sunny hues of hope. The fair Priscilla was his own,—his grievances were at an end,—and he henceforth could snap his fingers at fate. Happy man!

Having despatched his madeira, and two or three supplementary glasses of port, so that one bottle might not be jealous of the attentions paid to the other, Dick summoned the waiter into his presence, paid his bill like a lord, and concluded by ordering a post-chaise and four to be ready for him within two hours in a certain lane which he specified, and which led off the high-road a few yards beyond the turnpike. Of course the man understood the drift of this order. Dick, however, took no notice of his knowing simper; but, telling him that he should return in a short time, stalked from the hotel as if the majesty of England were centred in his person.

On returning to the Heath, he found, as he had expected, the fair Priscilla awaiting his advent by the horse-pond. She received him with a blush, to which he replied by a squeeze; and then, emboldened by the wine he had drunk, went on in a strain of high-flown panegyric which rapidly thawed the heart of the too susceptible Miss Spriggins. Dick was not the lad to do things by halves. Neck or nothing was his motto; and accordingly, before he had been ten minutes in company with his fair one, he had succeeded in drawing from her a confession that she preferred him to all the suitors she had ever had. This point gained, our hero adroitly changed the conversation; talked of his prospects when his father's estates in the North should come into his possession; of his friend Lord Theodore Thickskull, to whom he should be so proud to introduce his Priscilla; and of his intention to sell out of the army the instant she consented to be his.

Thus chatting, Dick—accidentally, to all appearance—drew his companion on towards Highgate, when, suddenly putting on a look of extreme wonder, he exclaimed, "Who'd have thought it! We are close by the Tunnel. Ah! dearest Priscilla, you see how time flies when we are with those we love! And, now that you are here, my angel, you cannot surely refuse to honour my hotel with your presence. Nay, not a word; it is hard by, and I am sure you must be fatigued after your walk."

The lady protested that she could not think of entering an hotel with a single man. She did, however; and was so favourably impressed with the respect shown to Dick by the waiter, who with his finger beside his nose implied that all was ready, that had she ever harboured distrust, this circumstance alone would have effectually banished it from her mind.

No sooner had the parties entered Dick's private apartment, than, strange to tell, they beheld a bottle of port wine standing on the table. And, lo! there also were two glasses! Of course our hero could not but present one to Priscilla, who received it, nothing loth, though affecting extreme coyness. Its effects were soon visible. Her bleak blue nose assumed a faint mulberry tinge, her eyes sparkled, and she simpered, languished, and ogled Dick, sighing the while, with a sort of die-away sensibility, intended to show the extreme tenderness of her nature. These blandishments, which our hero returned with compound interest, were, however, soon put an end to, by the lady's suddenly rising, and requesting him to *chaperon* her home, as it was getting late, and her brother would be uneasy at her absence. Dick complied, though with apparent reluctance, and, as he passed through the hall with Priscilla hanging on his arm, he could see the landlady peeping at him through the yellow gauze blinds of the tap-room window.

It was now confirmed twilight; the dicky-birds were asleep in their nests; the Highgate toll-bar looked vague and spectral in the gloom; and nought disturbed the solemn silence of the hour, save the pot-boys calling "Beer!" at the cottages by the road-side. As Dick rambled on, under the pretence of leading Miss Spriggins by a short cut home, his thoughts took the hue of the season, and he became pensive and abstracted. He looked at Priscilla, and sighed; while she reciprocated the respiration, heaving up from the depths of her œsophagus a sigh that might have upset a schooner. And thus the enamoured pair pursued their walk, Dick every now and then squeezing his companion's hand with the gentle compression of a blacksmith's vice. 'Twas a spectacle gratifying to a benevolent heart, the sight of those devoted lovers, so wrapt up in each other as to be regardless of the extraordinary beauties of the picturesque scenery about them. The dog-rose bloomed in the hedge, but they inhaled not its fragrance. The ducks quacked in the verdant ditch beside their path, but they heeded not their euphonious ejaculations. Their own sweet thoughts were enough for them. Surrounding nature was as nought,—they seemed alone in creation,—the

By this time the moon had climbed the azure vault of heaven; the last Omnibus had set down the last man; when lo! before he was aware of his contiguity, Dick found himself close by the turnpike. 'Twas a critical moment; but the young man was desperate, and desperation knows no impossibilities. Changing the sentimental tone he had hitherto adopted, he burst into the most frenzied exclamations of grief; stated the necessity he was under of immediately joining his regiment at Carlisle, which he should have done long before had not his love for Priscilla kept him lingering in the vicinity of Hampstead; that he had not the heart to state this before; but, now that he had explained his situation, he felt that he should not survive the shock of a separation. "There," said he, pointing to the carriage, which was but a few yards off, "there is the detested vehicle destined to bear me far from thee! Why had I not the candour to explain my position till this moment? Alas! who, situated as I am, could have acted otherwise? Lady, I love—adore—doat—on you to distraction! Let us fly, then, and link our fates together. You speak not, alas!"

"Good Heavens!" replied the bewildered Miss Spriggins, "impossible! What would the world say? Oh fie, Captain Felix!—to think that I should have been exposed to——"

"Come, Priscilla,—my Priscilla,—and let us hasten to be happy. The respected clergyman at Gretna——"

"An elopement!—Monstrous!—Oh! that I should have lived to hear such a proposition!"

Need the sequel be insisted on? Dick wept, prayed, capered, tore his hair, and acted a thousand shrewd extravagances; swore he would hang himself to the toll-bar, or cut his throat with an oyster-knife, if his own dear Priscilla did not consent to unite her destiny with his; and, in fact, so worked upon the damsel's sensibilities, that she had no help for it but to gasp forth a reluctant consent. An instant, and all was ready for departure. Crack went the whip, round went the wheels, and away went the fond couple to Gretna-green, rattling along the high north road at the rate of fourteen miles an hour!

Thus he who at nine o'clock in the morning was an adventurer without a sixpence in his pocket, by the same hour in the evening was a gentleman in possession of a woman worth eight hundred pounds *per annum!*—Gentle reader, truth is strange,—stranger than fiction.

THE MAN WITH THE TUFT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I.

I ever at college
From commoners shrank,
Still craving the knowledge
Of people of rank:
In my glass, my lord's ticket
I eagerly stuffed;
And all call'd me "Riquet,"
The man with the Tuft.

II.

My patron! most noble!
Of highest degree!
Thou never canst probe all
My homage for thee!
Thy hand—oh! I'd lick it,
Though often rebuff'd;
And still I am "Riquet,"
The man with the Tuft!

III.

Too oft the great, shutting
Their doors on the bold,
Do deeds that are cutting,
Say words that are cold!
Through flattery's wicket
My body I've stuff'd,
And *so* I am "Riquet,"
The man with the Tuft!

IV.

His lordship's a poet,
Enraptured I sit;
He's dull—(and I know it)—
I call him a wit!
His fancy, I nick it,
By me he is puff'd.

THE MINISTER'S FATE.

A SKETCH OF THE PAST.

Now that the session of parliament is fairly set in, and occupying public attention, sketches and recollections of public orators, with touches at the gallery M.P.'s, or "gentlemen of the fourth estate," as the reporters have been termed, will of course become redundant; but for scribblers who have known St. Stephen's only a session or two to attempt a thing of this sort, so as to satisfy those who take a real interest in the doings of the senate, is out of the question. To deal with such matters properly, a man, as Pierce Egan says of the important mysteries of boxing and slang, "must be brought up to the business from a *young 'un*."

It is not my purpose to deal with matters of the day. My sketches might go a quarter, or probably half a century back: Graham's celestial bed, Mr. Dodd's execution, and Lord George Gordon's riots, will scarcely be out of my reach. Though I set off with what relates to the House of Commons, from having known many of the distinguished writers who have at various periods laboured there, other scenes will occasionally recur to me, which it may be worth while to bring, with the details none but an eyewitness can give, before the reader.

I did not, however, know, but from reading of them in the newspapers, the parliamentary orators of my time, till after the opening of the present century. The last stars of a galaxy admitted to be of more than ordinary splendour, had not yet faded when I made my debut in the gallery of St. Stephen's Chapel: Pitt and Fox, Lord North and Burke, had "shuffled off this mortal coil;" but Wyndham, and Sheridan, and Tierney remained. Of them and of their latter contemporaries I have many recollections; some of which, as they are connected with matters of historical interest, it may be entertaining at least, to recall. It will not be important to observe strict chronological order, so each scene is kept by itself, the colouring not exaggerated and every fact related with a scrupulous regard to sacred truth.

Shades of the departed, how ye rise to "my mind's eye" as I prepare to enter on my task! On the right, as we looked from the gallery of the old House, that is, to the left of the Speaker's chair, I see Ponsonby, with his portly form, white hair, and red chubby countenance; Wyndham, a tall, spare figure, and a head partially bald; Tierney, with his lowering brow, apparently waiting to spring on his ministerial victim; Sheridan, exhibiting an aspect but too indicative of the thoughtless career he pursued; Romilly, maintaining an air of solemn dignity, with an appearance of exhaustion from severe mental toil; Whitbread, robust, shrewd, and never weary; his deportment might have passed for that of a blunt, resolute farmer. Always at his post; during the session, the House of Commons was his home. Opposed to these I see the keen, sarcastic, and animated Perceval. He had a bright penetrating eye, and a nose rather inclining upwards, which the H. B.'s of 1807 converted into a most ludicrous pug nose; his figure was small, and he had little hair on the crown of his head; but he wore a long thin queue behind, which in debate, from the vivacity of his manner, was continually showing itself over one or other shoulder. Near him sat Castlereagh. He boasted an elegant figure and handsome countenance, and often carried the polish of the drawing-room into the tumult of political warfare, but sometimes abruptly dropped it, to strike the table or the box before him with almost farcical violence. The capacious forehead and fine features of Canning were generally by his side. The well-powdered head of Old George Rose was seldom very distant, and the bald shining skull of "Brother Bragge," as Mr. Bragge Bathurst had been facetiously called by Canning, was one of the group.

[Pg
578]

Memory now turns to the gentlemen up-stairs in the gallery; nor ought these to be thought beneath some notice, remembering how many have since descended into the House to furnish occupation to their reporting posterity. Woodfall formerly sat at the right hand corner of the front of the gallery, on the seat which was what a goose is for a meal, "too much for one, but too little for two,"—I mean the continuation of the member's bench. He commonly held a gold-headed cane in his hand, which he continually turned round one way when listening to a speech, and then caused it to revolve the other way attending to the reply. The smiling suavity of Hogan, the dry good-humour of Donovan, (these gentlemen went out chief justice and judge advocate to Sierra Leone, where they died,) the severe glance of Keating, the gracious swagger and laugh of Edward Quin, the "amiable obliquity of vision" of Peter Finnerty, the ardent gaiety of Power, and the overflowing merriment of the senior Dowling, all seem to return, with the peculiarities of many others, who, like them, are no more, and those of a much greater number who fortunately survive.

The consequences of a war of unexampled length were severely felt in 1812, and much of the distress which then prevailed was affirmed to have been produced by our own "orders in council," issued to meet the decrees of Bonaparte. Earl Grey was their strenuous and persevering opponent. A parliamentary inquiry into their operation was instituted. In the Commons Mr. Whitbread greatly exerted himself in support of the views of his noble friend Earl Grey, and the investigation was entered upon by the whole House in committee. The interminable examinations which followed, exhausted public curiosity to such a pitch, that the gentlemen of the press had instructions not to report them. In consequence of this, when the order of the day was moved for going into the committee, they closed their books, entered into conversation, and sometimes even left the House.

The gallery was at that time on such occasions nearly deserted; two or three reporters indolently reclining on their seats, and from twelve to twenty visitors were all the audience the subject commanded.

Of the last-mentioned individuals, some few, from their own interests being affected by the matter under inquiry, went to the house frequently enough to get in some degree acquainted with the writers; and among them was one gentleman who usually took his place on the back seat, though he was always ready to resign it to those who, as they went there for business, and not for pleasure, considered that they had a right to claim it as their own. There was something singular in this person's manner; and the eagerness with which he surveyed the members, by means of an opera-glass, often excited the mirth of his waggish neighbours. He asked many questions, but timed them so well, and always deported himself with so much respectful good-humour, that any information he desired was readily given.

[Pg
579]

One fine summer's afternoon I and some other tired visitors to the House availed ourselves of the leisure which the sitting of the committee afforded, to enjoy a walk on the banks of the river. On our return, near Milbank, a person who had some knowledge of us inquired if we had heard that a duel had taken place between the Earl of Liverpool and Mr. Perceval, in which the latter had fallen. We laughed at the improbability of the story, but were seriously assured that we should find it true. Still incredulous, we said we would soon ascertain the fact, and accordingly advanced to Palace Yard. There the closed gates, the crowd assembled outside, and the information communicated by a thousand tongues, soon placed it beyond all doubt that the minister was no more, having within the last hour been shot, not by his noble colleague, but by a stranger named Bellingham.

Mr. Perceval was in the habit of coming down to the House about five o'clock. On this day it was a quarter past that hour, when, as he entered the lobby, he was shot through the heart. He staggered a few paces, fell against one of the pillars, and almost immediately expired. The assassin was instantly seized and taken to the bar of the House, where a crowd of persons, members and strangers mixed in extreme confusion, assembled round him; and as soon as an attempt at restoring order could be made, the Speaker directed Mr. Whitbread and other members to precede and follow the prisoner to a place of safe custody. This was done, and these facts were generally known to the multitude, which now beset all the avenue leading to the two Houses.

From mouth to mouth the mournful tidings flew with unexampled rapidity. The very prominent situation in which Mr. Perceval stood, the active and important business he was daily seen engaged in, made men almost seem to doubt if it were possible that such a career could so suddenly be closed for ever. The rumours sent forth had the same effect on every one they reached, I might almost say, that it has been shown they had on me and my companions. All who heard that the right honourable gentleman was dead, seemed to determine instantly to verify the fact by repairing to Westminster. It was about a quarter past five in the afternoon of the 11th of May that Mr. Perceval was shot in the lobby of the House, and, by six, countless thousands poured down the Strand and all the streets leading to Charing Cross. Second editions of the evening papers were got out with astonishing expedition; and, by the time I have mentioned, one had been carried so far towards Westminster as the end of Parliament-street, opposite Downing-street. The extreme eagerness of every one to know all that could be known, I remember, instantly got a crowd round the bearer of it. Ownership and ceremony were not thought of: every one who could get hold of the much-coveted broad sheet, considered that he had a right to it. I, among a host of intruders, saw there, in the manner described, the first connected detail of the catastrophe.

[Pg
580]

As the night closed in, the crowd became immense, and some discreditable exultation was expressed by the lowest of the mob; but the general feeling created was that of humane commiseration and unmitigated horror.

Admiring the great talents of Mr. Perceval as I did, and impressed with a conviction that he was most amiable in private life, my own sorrow was great; and I rejoiced at the thought that the murderer was in safe custody, and would possibly, (as the sessions were about to commence,) before a single week should have elapsed, suffer the last penalty of the law.

Never shall I forget the spectacle which the House of Commons presented on the following day. Those who have been in the habit of going there, must have noticed with some annoyance the ceaseless murmur which prevails for the first hour, or hour and a half, after the Speaker has taken the chair, while private bills and petitions of little interest, are being disposed of, and papers presented at the bar. The monotonous repetition by the Speaker of the words, "So many as are of that opinion say '*aye*,' those who are of a contrary opinion say '*no*;' the ayes have it," on putting questions which are unopposed,—the ceaseless slamming of doors,—the creaking of shoes of some of those members who seem to delight in displaying their elegance by marching, or I might almost say by skating, up and down the body of the House, as if to let their friends, the strangers in and under the gallery, see how very grand it is possible for them to look,—and the frequent cry of "Order! order!" "Bar! bar!" from the Chair, given forth, as was then the case, with full-toned dignity of Mr. Speaker Abbot (the late Lord Colchester), altogether gave the idea of a careless, irregular assembly,—of anything but a place where the most important business of a great nation was to be transacted. Such was its usual aspect in those days; but on the 12th of May 1812, most widely different I found the scene. The attendance was unusually full, but solemn funereal stillness marked the approach of each member to assist in the proceedings growing out of the recent and melancholy fate of the minister.

on that floor over which they had so long been accustomed to pass with him whose fall they now lamented! Party feeling was annihilated; all mourned, and many wept, for the deceased, as if he had been their nearest, dearest friend or relative. A place on the ministerial bench was pointed at from the gallery as that which Mr. Perceval had been used to fill. I am not aware, though he generally sat nearly in the same place, that any precise spot was particularly reserved for him; and on the occasion which it is my object to recall, certainly no such theatrical effort at effect was made. The vacant seat was soon occupied by one of the late right honourable gentleman's colleagues.

Not only was there the abstinence from conversation, which I have noted, but action—the common ordinary motions of gentlemen meeting in assembly were suspended. The benches were filled with unwonted regularity; and their occupants, scarcely venturing on a whisper, and hardly changing their position, seemed almost like breathing statues, while they awaited with awful interest the announcement of what steps the government proposed to take, and what information had been obtained by them respecting the event which had deprived the administration of its chief.

[Pg
581]

The silence which prevailed was at length broken by the Speaker, who, with an effort at firmness, but in a tone somewhat subdued, pronounced the name of Lord Castlereagh, (the Late Marquis of Londonderry,) who had at that moment presented himself at the bar.

His lordship, in a faltering voice, stated that he was the bearer of a message from the Prince Regent.

"Please to bring it up," was the matter-of-course reply, and his lordship handed the paper to the Chair. It was forthwith read. The Regent expressed his deep regret for the event, which he could never cease to deplore, and recommended to the House to make a provision for the family of Mr. Perceval.

It was then moved that the House should resolve itself into a committee, to take into consideration the message; and that being done, Lord Castlereagh took upon himself the task of addressing the members on the painful subject which they were then to entertain. His lordship spoke with great feeling. A more than official attachment seemed to connect his lordship with the late premier. On an occasion then recent, when the conduct of his lordship had been the subject of grave accusation respecting the disposal of certain seats in that House, Mr. Perceval had defended him with great earnestness and success; and, doing so, his declaration was, "I raise my voice for the man I esteem, and the friend I love."

In the course of his statement, the noble lord had, in connexion with the awful event of the preceding day, to make known the conviction of the ministry, from all the inquiries that had down to that hour been instituted, that the act of Bellingham was perfectly unconnected with any general scheme or conspiracy. Proceeding to speak of the domestic distress it had caused, he said, the children left by Mr. Perceval were twelve in number. "For the widow," he added, "her happiness in this world is closed;" and the painful feelings by which he was oppressed so overpowered him, that he was unable to proceed. He burst into tears, and with strong emotions raised a handkerchief to his eyes, and concealed his face for some moments.

With a knowledge of subsequent events, I cannot but recall this passage of Lord Castlereagh's address, though perfectly appropriate at the time, with a cynical glance,—a something between mirth and sorrow. Looking at the picture drawn of Mrs. Perceval, and remembering that horror at learning the fate of her husband was said to have almost petrified her; that, wild and unconscious, the most fatal effects were anticipated from her excessive woe, till, by the advice of her medical attendants, she was led into the room where the corpse of her lord was lying, when that ghastly spectacle caused her tears to flow, and thus afforded the bursting heart some relief; I cannot recall these things, without connecting with them the news which the fashionable world were destined at no very distant period to receive, that this afflicted and heart-broken lady, the mother of twelve children, had been again led to the altar by a gallant officer much younger than herself. Of the matrimonial discord that followed, I will not speak.

[Pg
582]

I am not going to copy from the journals of the House the particulars of the grant proposed as a provision for the Perceval family, nor from the papers of the day the debates to which the event gave rise. What I propose to do is, merely to give a few sketches of the attendant circumstances, which may be thought interesting now, but were lost sight of then, from the pressure of matter of greater importance.

Let it then suffice to say that the House cordially approved of the course recommended by the Crown. Mr. Whitbread, who had been one of the most unsparing opponents of the departed premier, was frequently in tears. He bore testimony to the amiable personal character of the late minister. "I never," said he, "carry hostility to those from whom I differ on political questions beyond that door," pointing to the door opening into the lobby: "with that man it was impossible to carry it so far."

It is due to that honourable gentleman to say that this was not a mere *post mortem* compliment. With the deceased he had often come into collision. Mr. Whitbread was irritable, and was sometimes deeply stung by the sarcasms launched at him by Mr. Perceval. In one debate the latter, having adverted to predictions formerly made by Mr. Whitbread, which had not been borne out by events, and to new ones then hazarded, applied to his assailant the words of Pope,

"Destroyed his web of sophistry in vain,

Mr. Whitbread, nettled at this, spoke to order, and demanded that the words should be taken down. A very brief and simple explanation restored his good humour, and the subject was dropped. On another occasion, not long before Mr. Perceval's death, when some personal altercation had occurred between them, the right honourable gentleman, in explaining away that which had given offence, took occasion to say that among his faults—and he had many—want of respect for the honourable member was not one of them. Mr. Whitbread, in cordially accepting the explanation, replied, that "among all the right honourable gentleman's virtues—and he had many—there was none more to be admired than the promptness with which he could return to friendly conference from the heat of political debate."

There was, indeed, much affability about Mr. Perceval's manner. Many anecdotes of his condescension were published at the time. An instance of his courtesy and good-nature occurs to me which has never appeared in print.

At a grand city feast in Guildhall, the publisher of a fashionable journal having taken wine rather freely, was hoaxed by some mischievous friend with a belief that Mr. Perceval was one of the officers of the hall, and under this impression, wishing to leave for a short time, accosted him with a theatrically pompous air, which the individual (a well-known character at that time among the votaries of the drama,) loved to assume, and said,

"My good fellow, I wish to step into King-street for a moment; you'll take notice of me and let me in again," at the same time offering to slip half-a-crown into the hands of the prime minister. The gift was declined, and Mr. Perceval replied with a smile, "I am sorry it is not in my power to oblige you; but you had better speak to some of those gentlemen," pointing to the marshalmen; "they may be able to do what you wish."

[Pg
583]

While the good qualities of the deceased were rehearsed, and the consequences of his fate to the government and to the country were discussed, curiosity naturally turned to the cause of the important change. Great was my surprise to learn that the individual was not wholly unknown to me; I was soon reminded of the singular personage who had attracted notice by his manner and his opera-glass in the gallery. That was no other than Bellingham; and two of the gentlemen who had been in the habit of meeting, and perhaps of conversing with him there, were the first who advanced after the dreadful deed to secure him in the lobby.

The remainder of that unhappy man's story is soon told. In the course of a day or two the coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder, and the grand jury a true bill against him. On the Friday he stood at the bar of the Old Bailey to take his trial. He made a long rambling defence, and occasionally his agony was so great, not for his impending fate, but from recollection of the sufferings of a wife, whom he described with fondness, that it deeply affected all present. It was attempted to prove him insane; but certainly there were no grounds for considering him in that state which the law requires shall be proved to exempt the murderer from capital punishment. He himself opposed that plea. A verdict of Guilty was returned, and on the succeeding Monday the sentence of death was carried into effect. The case was from the first so clear, the evidence so conclusive, that the prisoner was perhaps the only man in England who expected any other result. He seemed to look for an acquittal. With every one else conviction and death were thought inevitable,—indeed so much matters of course, that the following singular announcement, through some slip of the pen, in the *Morning Post* of Thursday, "The trial will take place to-morrow, the execution on Monday," was hardly viewed as reprehensible, hazardous, or extraordinary; though certainly such a one, but in that single instance, I have never seen.

H. T.

EPIGRAM.

"Make *hay* while the sun shines," cried old Gaffer Grey,
When lounging to make with fair Susan *sweet* hay.

"Keep off!" said the maiden, whose brow was o'ercast,
"Your *hey-day of life*, pray remember, has past."

R. J.

[Pg 584]

LOVE IN THE CITY.

PREFACE.

In offering the following dramatic production to a discerning public, the author respectfully intimates, that, notwithstanding an accidental similarity in name between this play and one by Mr. William Shakspeare, in plot, language, and situations, the two dramas will be found to differ totally. "*Love in the City*" is of that order generally termed "the Domestic;" and, while the incidents are varied, simple, and common-place, it is to be hoped that the *dénouement* will be acknowledged singularly striking and effective.

To restore the legitimate drama, whose neglect has been so long and uselessly deplored, has been the author's principal aim; and, in the construction of the play here presented to the world,

he trusts that he has eminently succeeded. No German horrors have been employed; the use of thunder and lightning has been dispensed with; not even a dance of demons has been introduced; and, with the exception of reproducing Mr. Clipclose, senior, in the second act, after he had shuffled off this mortal coil, there is not an event in the whole drama, but those of every-day occurrence.

Although "*Love in the City*" has been expressly written for the eminent performers whose names are attached to the *dramatis personæ*, the author will extend a limited privilege of acting to country managers, he receiving a clear half of the gross receipts of their respective houses. Any offer short of this stipulation will remain unattended to. Music-sellers may address proposals for the melodies to Mr. Richard Bentley; and, should my attempt at piracy be detected,—the copyright of the drama being duly entered at Stationers' Hall,—persons thus offending are respectfully informed that they will be subjected to an action at law.

THE AUTHOR.

Camomile-street, May 1, 1837.

LOVE IN THE CITY;

OR, ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
A MELODRAMATIC EXTRAVAGANZA,

In Two Acts.

As it is to be performed at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, with rapturous applause.

The words not by Thomas Moore, nor the music by Henry R. Bishop.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

[Pg 585]

Captain Connor,—a gentleman from Ireland, with black whiskers and four wives, six feet two high, a sergeant in the 2nd Life-Guards, in love with Mrs. Clipclose, *cum multis aliis*,—MR. CHARLES KEMBLE (his reappearance on the stage for this occasion only).

Mr. Robert Clipclose,—an eminent mercer, of amorous disposition, and in embarrassed circumstances,—MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Old Clipclose,—father to Robert, a retired tradesman, afflicted by gout and avarice, with a house at Highgate,—MR. WILLIAM FARREN.

His Ghost,—MR. T. P. COOKE.

Jeremiah Scout,—in the confidence of Mr. and Mrs. Clipclose, and porter to the establishment,—MR. HARLEY.

Samuel Snags, } clerks to Clipclose and Co. and men of fashion,

Matthew Mags, and } their names omitted by mistake in the Court Calendar,

Philip Poppleton, } —MESS. LISTON, VINING, and YATES.

Timothy O'Toole,—corporal, 2nd Life-Guards, troop No. 4—MR. TYRONE POWER.

Benjamin Blowhard,—trumpeter, same troop,—MR. J. RUSSELL.

Pieman and All-hot,—by a POST-CAPTAIN and an ASSISTANT-SURGEON, H.P. R.N. Their first appearance on any stage.

Policemen A. and S.—by two gentlemen from the country, of great provincial celebrity.

Mrs. Clipclose,—lady-like and extravagant, in love with Captain Connor,—MRS. BUTLER, who has kindly promised to come from North America to sustain the character, and is hourly expected, per the "Silas Tomkins, of New York."

Miss Juliana Smashaway,—a young lady of great personal attraction and small fortune, in lodgings in Upper Stamford-street, and in love with Captain Connor,—MISS ELLEN TREE.

Annette, vulgò *Netty*,—a maid of all work, engaged to Samuel Snags, and in love with Captain Connor,—MADAME VESTRIS.

Captains Wife, No. 1.—MISS HELEN FAUCIT.

Do. No. 2.—MRS. YATES.

Do. No. 3.—MRS. NISBIT.

Do. No. 4.—MISS VINCENT.

Kitty,—lady of the bed-chamber to Miss Smashaway,—MISS MORDAUNT.

Men about town, women ditto, apprentices, guardsmen, police A. 27 and F. 63, attendants, &c. &c. &c. *by eminent performers.*

Time, rather indefinite.

Scene, always within sound of Bow-bell, and chiefly in Ludgate-hill or Upper Stamford-street.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Morning rather misty; St. Paul's striking eleven, as the curtain rises to hurried music, and discovers a haberdasher's shop with plate-glass windows. *Snags, Mags, and Poppleton* with sundry assistants, their hair in papers; but evidently preparing for business. Enter *Jeremiah Scout* with a watering-pot; he sprinkles the floor, while the apprentices are arranging their neckcloths. *Snags* coughs, evincing a recent recovery from influenza. He comes forward, and sings.

[Pg
586]

AIR—*Mr. Snags.*—(Guy Mannering.)

Oh! sleep, Mr. Clipclose,
You were up all the night;
You commenced at "The Finish,"
And closed with a fight.
Oh! keep yourself quiet, and sleep while you may,
Nor dream that the bailiffs are over the way.

(*When the song ends, Poppleton advances to the front counter, and waves his yard. Dead silence. All turn to him.*)

Pop.—Gemmen, you know of late that trade is dull,
And the till empty, while the town is full:
Bills have come round, and bankers won't renew;
Our master's dish'd, and we are in a stew.

Mags.—Alas! my friends, what Poppy says is true;
All's black without, and all within is blue:
Our fates are certain,—Whitecross, or the Fleet;
Writs are sued out, and bums are in the street.

1st Apprentice (a stout lad, with light hair, and enamelled shirt-studs—sobbing).
—Short as short credit, shorter than short whist,
Short as a barmaid's anger when she's kiss'd; Shorter than all, ah!
Clipclose, was thy span—Oh, such a master! such a nice young man!

Snags (with considerable firmness and feeling).
—Come, hang it! let's keep heart, tho' trade may fail;
It's only lying six weeks in a jail!
What with good company and sporting play,
Kind friends, sound claret, and a lady gay,
Speed the dull hours, and while the weeks away.
Time's rapid flight men scarce have time to view,
And, old scores clear'd, we open them anew.

(*He pauses, and mounts an elevated desk; his voice and attitude expressive of desperate determination.*)

Here, to the last, I'll take my wonted stand,
Receive the flimsies from each fair one's hand.
Courage my trumps! (*to the apprentices;*) unpaper all your hair;
Let our gay banner wanton in the air }
To pull in flats, and make the natives stare! }

(*All discard their papillotes, while the junior apprentice seizes a large placard, and suspends it over the door. On a dark ground, and in gold capitals, appears the device.*)

EMPORIUM OF ELEGANCE!

Clipclose and Co.

No connexion over the way.

The youngest may buy.

NO ADVANTAGE TAKEN HERE!!!

Sundry persons collect about the door; and a yellow cab, No. 1357, stops.)

Snags (aside) to the apprentices.—Covies, be brisk; our customers approach!
Go, Pop, and hand yon lady from her coach.
A simpering smile is still a tradesman's treasure;
Give them enough of gammon, and short measure!

Miss Juliana Smashaway enters. Mags bowing obsequiously.

1st App.—Shall your cab wait, ma'am?

[Pg 587]

Miss S. Ask Jarvey if he's willing.

Mags.—Gods! what a voice! its tones so soft, so thrilling!

Pop. (*aside*).—Now, blow me tight! her beauty's downright killing!

; Snags (*from his desk*).—Mags, could you give me coppers for a shilling?

App.—What shall I show? silks? purple, yellow, green?

Miss S.—I merely want a yard of bombasin.

Snags (*in evident admiration*).—Lord! what a flash 'un! Attend that lady,
Pop;

And let her have the cheapest in the shop.

(*Poppleton introduces Miss Juliana Smashaway into the back show-room, and the scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—*Ludgate-hill.*

A front drawing-room; furniture French-polished, red silk window-curtains, and green sun-blinds; breakfast-table laid. Enter, from her boudoir, L. H. Mrs. Clipclose, fashionably dressed in pink gingham. She advances to the chimney-piece, and looks at an ormolu clock; her countenance showing surprise.

Mrs. C.—What! not astir at almost twelve o'clock?
(*Looks in the glass*). Upon my life, a most becoming frock!
How late Bob sleeps! I think I'm getting fatter.
We both were late. (*Noise heard*.) I wonder what's the matter.
I, at Vauxhall; and Bob, upon the batter.
Heigh-ho! these men are very seldom true.
I hope the captain recollects at two
We meet at Charing-cross to drive to Kew.

(*Opens the piano, and sits down.*)

AIR—Mrs. Clipclose.—("I met her at the Fancy fair.")

I met him in an omnibus:
He spoke not; but his sparkling eyes
Told the fond secret of his heart,
And found an answer in my sighs.

(*Enter, from dressing-room, R. H. Young Clipclose, in a flowered morning-gown, and kid slippers. He yawns while arranging sundry rings upon his fingers.*)

TRIO—Mr. and Mrs. Clipclose, and Annette.

("Jenny put the kettle on.")

Mr. C.

Dear me! my head is aching so,
This soft white hand is shaking so;
I sure must give up raking, O!
(*Politely turning to his lady.*)
Good morning! Mistress C.

(*Annette appears at the door, back of the stage, as if answering the bell.*)

[Pg 588]

Mrs. C.

Netty, bring the muffins up,
Put down the cream, and rince a cup;
Your master's had an extra sup—
(*Looking archly at her husband.*)
Ah! naughty Mister C.

Annette (*aside, presenting a note to her mistress*).

The potboy brought this *billet-doux*.
(*Aloud.*) Oh, Lord! I hear a creaking shoe,
And here will be a sweet too-roo,
With grumpy Mister C.

Mr. and Mrs. C., and Netty, together.

And here will be a sweet too-roo!

Gruff voice outside.

I say, where's Bobby C.?

(*Enter, in a passion, Mr. Clipclose, senior.*)

Mr. C. sen.—I say, where's Bob? Not down at twelve o'clock!

I thought to find the scoundrel taking stock;

Or, at the counter, serving folks quite civil.

Mrs. C. (pertly.)—He's going, sir. (*Bob vanishes.*)

Mr. C. sen. Ay! quickly, to the devil!

(*Turning angrily to Mrs. C.*)

And you, gay madam! Zounds! this gown is new!

What you wore yesterday was sprigged with blue.

Upon the road to ruin, wives drive hard,

When they wear chintz at eight-and-six a yard.

Mrs. C. (disdainfully.)—If you would know the price, ask Miss Brocard.

Mr. C. sen.—Hear, haughty madam, while my mind I speak,

If Bob don't mend—(*a long pause*)—I'll marry this day week!

I'll have boys too—(*A sudden fit of coughing interrupts him.*)

Mrs. C. (sarcastically.)—I'm sure the spirit's willing.

Mr. C. sen.—And I'll cut off your husband with a shilling!

(*Exit, in a desperate rage. Mrs. C. and Netty laugh immoderately.*)

Annette.—Why, bless us, madam, but the man's a bear!

At eighty-one to threaten us with an heir.

Mrs. C.—Pish! 'tis mere dotage; his brains are in the moon.

(*Sits down to the piano.*)

What shall I play, Net?

Annette. Play "*The Bold Dragoon.*"

(*Music soft and expressive. The scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—*The back show-room.*

Miss Juliana Smashaway surrounded by shopmen and apprentices, all presenting various articles, and anxious individually to attract attention.

Miss S.—Lord, what nice men! their words are sweet as honey;

And, stranger still, they won't take ready money.

I fork'd a five-pound flimsy out in vain—

They're civil men, and I'll look in again.

Snags (beseechingly.)—Madam, your card?

Mags (with deep emotion.) And, might I humbly press

For Miss Juliana Smashaway's address?

1st App.—Accept these gloves.

2nd App. This tabinet from me.

Clipclose, jun. (enters hastily—appears thunderstruck—starts—pulls off a ring, and, rushing forward, exclaims as he presents it,)

And this from your devoted Robert C.!

Miss S.—Why, this flogs all, and Banaher's^[103] beat hollow.

Gemmen, adieu! (*She bows, retiring.*)

Clerks and Apprentices (dolorously.)—She's gone!

Mr. C. (passionately.) And I will follow!

Exit Miss Smashaway; Clipclose after her. She jumps into a yellow cab, and he into a green one. Both start at a killing pace for Blackfriars' Bridge; yellow cab upsets a pieman, and green demolishes an establishment of "all hot." Clerks, shopmen, and apprentices strike their foreheads with considerable violence, and return behind the counters despondingly. Distant music from a barrel-organ. Scene closes.

SCENE IV.—*Mrs. Clipclose's Boudoir.*

Mrs. C. in sea-green satin, putting on a cottage bonnet with artificial flowers. Lavender-coloured gloves upon the toilet, and *selon la règle*, a fresh pocket-handkerchief. Netty in attendance.

Annette.—Upon my life, the gemmen's hearts you'll fleece!

What is so handsome as a green pelisse?

Mrs. C.—Now for my love. Should Mr. C. return,

Tell him I dine with Mrs. Simon Byrn.

Annette.—Yes, ma'am.

(*Jeremiah Scout enters the boudoir unannounced.*)

Mrs. C. (indignantly.)—How's this? Why, Scout, you're monstrous rude!

Jeremiah (with strong exertion.)—Down, my full heart!

I hope I don't intrude? The saddest news, alas, to tell I'm come!

(*A long and harrowing pause.*)

Your husband's tapp'd by Tappington, the bum!

Jer.

My master's off to jail.

Mrs. C.

Bolts and chains will bind him.

Netty.

Well! there's a comfort left;
One still knows where to find him.

Mrs. C.

Grief for him, I'm sure,
This tender heart will smother.

Jer.

I know a certain cure,
And that's to try another.

Trio.

Tar-a-la-ra-la, tar-a-la-ra-loo-dy.

Mrs. C.

At the thought I'll faint.

Annette.

My lady's over-nice, sir!

Mrs. C.

Although the cure is quaint,
I'll follow your advice, sir.

Jer.

I don't, then, make too free?

Mrs. C.

No, sir; upon my honour!

Annette.

I'm ready for a spree.

Mrs. C.

And I for Captain Connor.

Grand Chorus.

Tar-a-la-ra-la.

(With a pas de trois in character.)

End of Act 1. Curtain falls amid a thunder of applause, and an uproarious call for Mrs. Butler, Madame Vestris, and Mr. Harley. They come reluctantly forward. Audience rise by general consent. Cheers and clapping continue five minutes. Stage-bell rings. Performers retire with their hands upon their hearts. Waving of handkerchiefs from the boxes, bravos from the pit, and whistling from the shilling gallery.

EPIGRAM.

"You're a false, cruel wretch! not a year after marriage,
To try to degrade me, and put down the carriage!"
"A lady, my dear," was the answering reproach,
"Is known by her *carriage*, but not by her *coach*!"

R. J.

[Pg 591]

MRS. JENNINGS,

"WHO WANTED SOMEBODY TO CARE FOR HER."

THEOPHILUS BULLFINCH was a bachelor, middle-aged, and sufficiently stout to look respectable. A spare man conveys a feeling of spareness in all things. The eye never rests so contentedly as on a fat and what is generally termed a "comfortable-looking" personage; a stout man carries an appearance of wealth in the very folds of his coat, and so did Theophilus Bullfinch. But, alas! although temptation fell not in his way, he fell in the way of Mrs. Jennings!

"Time tells a tale,"—and we behold our bachelor located at a watering-place, no less famous for the civility and unimposing character of its inhabitants than the select nature of its visitors,—Margate. This, no one, we are sure, will venture to deny, who has "seasoned" it for three or four months. The kindly feelings of its inhabitants are perceptible even in its ass-drivers. Where will you find such fatherly boys to their donkeys,—such yellow shoes,—such society, as at Margate? We are sure our readers will say with us, Nowhere!

Theophilus felt this; and ventured a trip, and a house, for he bought one, urged thereto by a

lady acquaintance, by name Mrs. Palaver,—a lady who drove not only her husband, but a pair of ponies, and astonished the eyes both of "quality" and "natives" by the way she did the genteel,—that is, as far as her ponies went: for herself, she had a soul above mean approbation. Among the "select" at the libraries, Mrs. P. was the ruling star; and, to judge not only from the redness of her face, but as her husband could testify, Mars in petticoats. She shilling-loo'd and "one-in-three'd," even to the hinderance of "The Concert;" but no one bore interruptions of this nature with so much philosophical sweetness as Old Bones, the proprietor; and as the "one-in-threes" bore to him a profit of three to one, the dulcet tones of the signora of the rooms were often eclipsed by Mrs. P.'s *shake*, or "*go*," as it is called. Our readers may be curious as to the name of the "signora:" it was Mrs. Nobs by day, Signora Nobini by night. And such a voice! The little boys in Hawley-square heard as well as the company inside,—in fact rather better, for they complained of its being a *leetle* too forte.

But although Mrs. Palaver put down shillings, she picked up friends,—dear souls of the newest importation,—and among the rest Mrs. Jennings. Mrs. Jennings was a widow who "*wanted somebody to care for her*." She had a small independence, and, if we may venture to judge from subsequent events, a *very* small independence; in fact, it might be doubted if it were an independence at all. She was tall, scraggy, and thin—we use a homely simile—as a pancake; the effect of grief, doubtless. She had lost a husband, she said, who doted on her; and, having lost so great a treasure, can we wonder at her unwearied exertions to obtain a fresh supply of affection? Theophilus was a man of money. Mrs. Jennings could not boast of the same golden fruit; and, as she wanted "*somebody to care for her*," she fixed her eye—a grey one—upon Theophilus Bullfinch.

"They met," not in a "crowd," but at a tea and card party; at the mutual friend's, Mrs. Palaver, where real eighteenpenny Cape, and diamond-cut sandwiches of the size and thinness of a three-cornered note, indicated the gentility of the lady of the house. Theophilus and the widow were partners,—a beginning not to be despised. Mrs. Jennings looked confusion over her hand, and vowed her heart must fall to his king of clubs. Theophilus blushed; she sighed, and intent upon a *new game*, lost the rubber! Theophilus paid for himself; the widow had a mind above trifles. Theophilus was tempted,—what man is not at times?—and paid for Mrs. Jennings. The first stone was laid, and the widow saw the church already built, the door open, and the parson's hand in the same inviting position. The next morning, Mrs. Jennings, our bachelor, and the *mutual friend* were to perambulate the fields, or rather corn-fields, and numerous of the "quality" were drifting along the chalky roads on an equestrian tour; asses were at a premium, and young ladies legs *going up*. Our party wended their way, and Mrs. J. talked of the days when she and Mr. J. made love in a corn field. If she had only somebody *to care for her!*—and Mrs. Jennings squeezed something very like a tear into the corners of her eyes. We know not what effect they might have had on the dear departed, but to our bachelor they appeared the essence of affection,—pretty little drops, distilled from that great alembic, the heart. Theophilus, we have before hinted, was unused to the sweet witchery of womankind, and in the simplicity of his soul thought tears must be a natural production! Let not the wise in the lore of matrimony laugh at his ignorance,—Theophilus was a bachelor!

He was touched by this unexampled proof of, to him, affection; and, drawing himself into closer proximity with Mrs. Jennings than he had before ventured, began—

"My dear ma'am, don't distress yourself. Men are like ears of corn."

"I know it," cried Mrs. Jennings, twisting one round her finger as she spoke.

"Like grass, ma'am; and Time's scythe mows down husbands and fathers!"

"Oh! oh!" sobbed the widow.

"Is there anything I can do to comfort you, ma'am?" asked Theophilus inquiringly.

Mrs. Jennings looked assent, and kept twisting the ear of corn.

"A good wife, ma'am, is a jewel,—the tears are still in your eyes,—and will you allow me to make you an offer—"

"An offer!" said Mrs. Jennings; and the tears, spite of herself, shrunk back, as though ashamed of what they were doing,—"*an offer!*"

"Of my handkerchief," said Theophilus.

A clover-field is a dangerous thing to walk in. Philosophers may divine the cause,—we only know it is so; sentiment is not for the highway: love and clover are synonymous. Mrs. Jennings knew this, and trotted the unsuspecting, uninitiated Theophilus into one, accordingly. Poppies, we know not why, do grow in clover; and Bullfinch—he was fond of botanising—plucked one, and, lamenting that violets were out of bloom, gave it to Mrs. Jennings. This was enough; and she whispered to the lady who was doing *thirdy*, "He must mean something."

The town residence of Theophilus Bullfinch was in one of the squares in the neighbourhood of the Museum. But what is a house if it want a woman's smile? So thought Mrs. Jennings and she let no opportunity pass of "*popping in*;"—we are grieved to say the *popping* was all upon her side. She would call as she was passing—the day was so hot—to take a rest; or the day was so cold, and she wanted—the truth must be spoken—a warm! What could Theophilus do? With a grim welcome on his face, and a "D—n the woman!" in his heart, he grumbled out, "You'd better take a chair." Mrs. Jennings did, and anything else she could get. But getting was a point not easily arrived at; for if Bullfinch loved one thing more than another, it was himself. She would bring him, by way of treat, wrapt in the corner of her pocket handkerchief; five or six nice little ginger-

cakes, of her own making, of the size, and bearing a strong family likeness to what children call "sixes;" but finding all her entreaties thrown away, and her ginger-cakes likely to be in the same predicament, she would in the liberality of her soul take them into the kitchen by way of present to the housekeeper, who "pshaw'd!" as soon as her back was turned, and, enlarging upon the merits of her own ginger-cakes, gave them to the maid, and she—they went no farther: servant-maids have good appetites.

What woman could bear these slights of fortune tamely? We can take upon ourselves to say Mrs. Jennings did not; but, intent upon the one great object of a woman's life,—a husband,—she let no opportunity pass of reporting that herself and Theophilus were shortly to be one, fully convinced of the fact that, though marriages may be made in heaven, there is nothing like speculating upon them on earth; and hoping, no doubt, to discover the true philosophers stone, which "turneth all to gold,"—Theophilus was a man of wealth,—she left no stone unturned to get him; and, to give things an appearance, she sat herself down—we tremble as we write—in no less a place than his bedroom, determined not to quit it until, as she observed, "there was an understanding between them." Theophilus was horror-stricken, the housekeeper no less so, and the servant-maid all flutters and ribbons.

"Oh! oh!" gasped the widow, "you base man!—a weak woman as I am!"

"Very!" grunted Theophilus.

The housekeeper here interfered. "What's the use of crying about it? Why don't you look after somebody else?"

"Ah!" sobbed the widow, "you don't know what's atwixt us!"

"I wish the street-door was," thought Bullfinch.

The lady was inexorable. "The poppy," she said, "had done the business! If she had only *someone to care for her!*" Her feelings overcame her, and she lay upon the bed in agony of finely-developed grief, we presume, for the convenience of fainting.

Theophilus was at his wits' end, and a something very like a "D—n me!" was at his tongue's; but, "nursing his wrath," and echoing the words of an Eastern sultan, that "he who finds himself in a fire ought to be resigned to the Divine will; but whoever is out of the fire ought to be careful, and keep himself in his happy state." Thus far he thought with Mahomet; so he put on his hat and sallied forth, leaving Mrs. Jennings in undisputed possession of his bed. Whether this argued a want of taste, or was only a chastening of the spirit, we will not attempt to define; but certain it is he went out, and the widow, finding her efforts ineffectual, did the ditto.

[Pg
594]

Days passed, and so did Mrs. Jennings the house; the servant-maid, with a prudent industry, answering the door in the area. Bullfinch (in a money-getting lane in the City the curious reader will see the Co. written after it) was a merchant; and as, in the ordinary course of things, it is necessary to emerge into the streets previously to reaching the place "where merchants most do congregate," what was to be done?—for never did cat watch a rat-hole more patiently, more hungrily, than the widow the doorway of his house. His modesty was not widow-proof; and the only way to shun her, was by a back-door, which opened into a mews: patiently picking his way through mire and dirty straw, did Theophilus, cursing widows and poppies, wend his way; whilst she—patience had ceased to be a virtue—vowed vengeance in the streets.

On a wet day, a day of gloom and splash,—the streets running rivers, and the skies shedding drops like pebbles,—the passengers dripping, drenching,—and the New Police, all love and oil-skin, sheltering themselves under doors and gateways,—sat Theophilus Bullfinch, Esq. in his easy-chair, brightening the blaze of warm fire by a fresh "stir," smugly sipping his wine, and in the uprising of his heart wishing confusion to all widows, and devoting a full glass to the particular condemnation of Mrs. Jennings. Every now and then he cast an eye to the patting rain and floating streets, and thanked Heaven which had set the fruits of fortune ripened for his plucking, and given him that which made life like a full cup, that he could drink from, nor tire of. He sat in "contemplation sweet."

"Whence comes that knocking?" he might have said, had not the servant-maid saved him the trouble, by saying a young man wanted to see him.

"Me!" ejaculated Theophilus.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, and, after much scrubbing on the doormat, in a vein endeavour to rub his boots clean, the *young man* was shown up, soaked to the skin, and dripping like a watering-pot. Theophilus opened his eyes; the young man took the same liberty with his mouth, and inquired if his name was Bullfinch? The answer was in the affirmative. A chair was set; the servant left the room, and, looking at the muddy footsteps on the stair-carpets, uttered sundry pretty little sayings about "dirty feet," "her trouble in the morning;" &c. and retailed her complaints to the goddess of the kitchen.

The young man commenced by saying he had brought a little account.

"And a great deal of wet," gently murmured Theophilus. "A little account!"

"Yes, sir,—for board and lodging."

Bullfinch opened his eyes still wider, and echoed "Board and lodging!"

"The bill, sir, is four-and-twenty pounds."

Another echo, and still higher uplifting of the eyebrows: "Where do you come from?"

"Blackheath, sir."

"Blackheath! What! *through* the rain?"

The young man ventured a smile as he replied, "No, sir; I wish I had."

"Board and lodging!—you must have made a mistake."

"Oh no, sir," said the young man; "here is the bill,—twenty-four weeks, at a pound a-week, as a parlour-boarder, at Mrs. Twig's establishment for young ladies."

Theophilus looked suspiciously at his silver spoons, and eyed the bell-rope. But a new light seemed to break upon him at the mention of the word "establishment," as he replied,

"I am afraid, my good sir, the 'establishment' you come from is in St. George's Fields. I a parlour-boarder at a young ladies' school!"

"No, sir; not *you*."

"Who then?" cried Theophilus.

"Mrs. Jennings, sir."

"Mrs. Who!"

"Jennings, sir."

Bullfinch sunk back into his uneasy-chair. "Mrs. Jennings!—Mrs. Devil!" and in the bitterness of his spleen he deemed her no less a personage. "Mrs.—" The word, like Macbeth's *amen*, "stuck in his throat."

There was a pause. At length, plucking his courage by the ears, he continued; "And do you expect me to pay for this old——!" We omit the word; no lady admires being likened to a dog.

"If you please, sir, I have put 'paid' to the bill."

"That's lucky, for it's the only way you'll ever have the satisfaction of seeing it 'paid.' Four-and-twenty pounds!—not so many farthings!" but the goodness of his disposition got the better of his anger as he added, "unless to buy her a rope."

It is needless to dwell longer upon this occurrence, further than by saying, that the "young man," finding the bill not in a way of being "settled," or Mrs. Jennings either, took his beaver, or—we like to be particular—his four-and-ninepenny, no longer a hat, but a piece of ornamented brown paper in a fine state of decomposition, and was in the act of leaving the room, when rat! tat! tat! went the door, and another young man was announced with a bill for acceptance, drawn by Messrs. Lutestring & Co. for silks, flannels &c. supplied to—Mrs. Jennings! Monsieur Tonson was nothing to this! Another knock, and a female was ushered up with a yard-long bill for millinery, &c. done for—Mrs. Jennings! The "Storm" upon the grand piano was a mere puff to that raised by Bullfinch. He swore, raved, ordered them from his house, and finally, thrusting his head between his hands, groaned a bitter groan, and, smiting his brow, cried, "Oh, that d—d poppy!"

The following morning, a suspicious-looking person, of a pick-pocket exterior, and belonging to a similar industrious calling—he was a lawyer's clerk—knocked at the knocker of Theophilus Bullfinch, and with that gentlemanly ease and accomplished manner so peculiar to young men in the law, handed to the aforesaid personage a letter, prettily worded, and headed "Jennings *versus* Bullfinch." It was a notice of action for "breach."

Tremble, oh, ye bachelors!—and oh, ye spinsters! smirk in the hope of one day convincing the world you *ought* to have been married. Mrs. Jennings was of the same opinion, and, in a spirit of justice to her sex, put her case into the hands of Messrs. Twist and Strainer, as respectable a firm as ever undertook a "breach of promise case." It is needless to say they issued their process with becoming expedition; and Bullfinch, sorely galled, mastered his antipathy,—we cannot but think a very foolish one,—and applied to an attorney!—in the hope—men catch at straws—that an attorney *might* be an honest man! Alas! that a person of his years should not have more wisdom!—It is perhaps necessary to inform the reader that the damages were laid at five thousand pounds.

The day of trial arrived. Theophilus, with a blushing face and tremulous heart, squeezed himself into a seat beside his legal adviser; his eyes upon the floor, and his hands feelingly placed in his pockets. He fancied all eyes bent on his, and smarted under them as they were burning-glasses. By degrees his timidity abated, and at the bustle occasioned by the judge coming into court had so far summoned courage as to raise his eyes. They met, "gently beaming," the eyes of Mrs. Jennings, who was seated in the gallery. He would rather have looked on a wolf's; but a sort of fascination, as birds feel looking at serpents, kept them fixed,—nailed to the eyes of what seemed to him his evil genius; whilst she, with the bland look of injured innocence, jerked a few tears into her eyes, and, taking out her pocket-handkerchief,—a clean one for the occasion,—wept, that is, she appeared to do so; but a woman's tears, like her ornaments, are not always real.

She looked, and Bullfinch spell-bound met her gaze; but, as a friend of ours once said, "He gave her a look!"

The proceedings commenced. The learned counsel opened the case by enlarging upon "the enormity of the defendant's crime, and the plaintiff's unprotected state; a crime," the learned counsel went on to say, "unparalleled in the annals of the law; a crime, my lord and gentlemen, which breaks into the peace of families, and takes from the lovely and the virtuous that jewel no wealth can barter,—her reputation, gentlemen, her unspotted, her unblushing reputation! Not

that I would be understood to accuse the defendant of seduction. No, gentlemen; the lady whose case I am pleading is too fair a flower to be hurt by his calumniating breath!—she is——"

Here Theophilus uttered a word; we are grieved we cannot repeat it; but the officer of the court bawled "Silence!" in so loud a tone as completely to drown it. The learned counsel continued:

"Yes, my lord and gentlemen, the defendant—I blush, gentlemen, I blush," and the learned counsel was evidently overcome with the novelty of his situation,—“the defendant is a man,” he resumed, “past the intoxicating meridian of life, when the feelings of youth flutter like bees sipping flowers of the fairest hue. He has proved himself——”

Another ejaculation from Theophilus, and again the officer "Silence'd!"

"He has proved himself a monster of the blackest dye,—a reptile who ought to be crushed off the face of the earth! Oh, gentlemen, did you but know the lady as I do,—have known the sanctity of her private life, and the ethereal nature of her public one; her loveliness, her virgin excellence, beloved by relations, idolized by her family!" The ladies in the gallery were visibly affected, and looked daggers at the brute of a defendant. The counsel, after a pause, resumed: "This, gentlemen, is the being for whom I am to plead. Englishmen will, I am sure, never desert the ladies!"

[Pg
597]

The jury-box felt the appeal, and looked proudly dignified; and after dwelling for two hours and three quarters on "the villain who by his insidious wiles"—Theophilus looked patiently unconscious of his Don Juan accomplishments—"had wormed himself into the lady's affections, and then basely left her, a daisy on the stalk, to pine!" he called upon them as husbands,—“Think of your wives,” continued the counsel: they evidently did, and looked anything but pleased; and urging them as fathers and as men to give the plaintiff such damages as the enormity of the crime and the wealth of the defendant warranted, the learned counsel sat down, evidently to the satisfaction of himself and all who heard him.

It is needless to dwell longer upon this interesting trial, as the curiously inclined may read a full account of it in any newspaper of the date, and therein they will see it stated in evidence how the "mutual friend" bore witness to Mr. Bullfinch picking the poppy and paying for the widow at cards. Theophilus had often accused himself of the folly, and sundry other little etceteras "too numerous to mention." The housekeeper, in being cross-examined, also bore evidence, though much against her will, to the intimacy of the parties. The maid—women invariably hold by each other—always considered master *'gaged* to Mrs. Jennings. The jury seemed to think so too, and returned a verdict of—Theophilus never recovered the shock—five hundred pounds!

Ye elderly bachelors, and ye bachelors of all degrees, hear this and pause! There are specks in the sun; can you, in the vanity of your hearts, think women more immaculate? Alas, the error! Pause then, and, whenever you play at cards with a lady, think of Theophilus Bullfinch, and never pay for your partner; and for the rest of your lives, if you would escape actions for "breach," never pick poppies, or walk in clover with widows!

"After all," said Theophilus, as he wrote a check for the amount of damages, and another for the costs, "even this is better than being bothered by Mrs. Jennings, especially as she *wanted somebody to care for her.*"

H. H.

HINTS FOR AN HISTORICAL PLAY,

TO BE CALLED

WILLIAM RUFUS; OR, THE RED ROVER.

Act 1.

Walter Tyrrel, the son of a Norman Papa,
Has, somehow or other, a Saxon Mamma:
Though humble, yet far above mere vulgar loons,
He's a sort of a Sub in the Rufus dragoons;
Has travell'd but comes home abruptly, the rather
That some unknown rascal has murder'd his father;
And scarce has he pick'd out, and stuck in his quiver,
The arrow that pierc'd the old gentleman's liver,
When he finds, as misfortunes come rarely alone,
That his Sweetheart has bolted,—with whom is not known.
But, as murder will out, he at last finds the lady
At court, with her character grown rather shady;
This gives him the "Blues," and impairs the delight
He'd have otherwise felt when they dub him a Knight
For giving a runaway stallion a check,
And preventing his breaking King Rufus's neck.

[Pg 598]

Act 2.

Sir Walter has dress'd himself up like a Ghost,

here to record the prediction reluctantly wrung from one of the distraught and shuddering Gipsies.

"Oh! strange unfortunate Fortunate!" she exclaimed as she conned John Pooledoune's hand,

"By making rich, made poor;
By making happy, miserable;
By amending, hurt; by curing, slain;

never Lost on earth, alive or dead, yet Found by numbers; bodiless corpse; *The Victim of Improvement*, for ever to improve;—

"No hand to close thy eyes,
No eye to see thy grave,
No grave to give thee rest,—
STRANGE BEING!

Dead; resembling Death, yet keeping thy place among the dead and the living; thy end shall not be an ending, and every one shall know that thou art and art not!"

With this fearful prophecy the Gipsies took to their heels; and Jack, with an oath at their impudent mummery, shied half a half-quarter loaf at their retreating heads. The iced punch was speedily resumed; but, so strong is the hold of superstition upon us, even when wine and punch have infused a factitious courage, it was found impossible to re-animate the convivial festival, and the party returned to town, either in silent abstraction, or reverting to and commenting on the oddness of the Gipsy foolery!

[Pg
600]

Old Roger Pooledoune was one of the busiest and most substantial of hosiers in the ward of Cheap; a respectable citizen, whose heart and soul were in his business, to which he attended from morning to night as if, instead of toil, it were pleasure; and indeed it did comprehend the mighty pleasure of profit, the be-all and the end-all of many a cit. Stockings, stocks, and socks, braces, collars, gloves, nightcaps, and garters, were all the same to honest Roger; and he would serve his customers with equal cordiality with every one of these articles, from the price of a grey groat to the cost of sterling gold. Thus he dealt and thrived. His shop was never empty, for his commodities were reputed to be of good quality; and, in process of years, his industry was rewarded with such increase, that his neighbours declared him to be a warm man, and guessed his worth at no less than thirty thousand pounds. Nor were they far wrong.

Roger, like a man ignorant of Malthus, had in the midst of all his occupations found leisure to court and win a wife; and, in due process, a certain portion of the stock in the warehouse, namely, some very small socks, gaiters, &c. had to be transferred *gratis* to the nursery, where Isabella, Matilda, and Margaret, and last, John Pooledoune, the only son, the fruits of his marriage-bed, required such equipments from their fond father,—the fonder in consequence of the last family event having made him a widower. Twenty years had elapsed since that period of mingled joy and woe, of birth and death,—the conjunction of the two extremes of human life,—when it occurred to the corporation of the city of London that it would be a vast improvement in the approaches thereto, and accommodation to the traffic thereof, to have a new bridge thrown across the bosom of old Father Thames, just where it suited a company of keen-sighted, speculative, and money-making gentry to have that operation performed for the public and their own benefit. It so happened that the site so agreeable to them was exceedingly disagreeable to Roger Pooledoune, inasmuch as it created a necessity for carrying a street, as it were the string of a bow, direct to the bridge, not only leaving his shop at the farthest bend of the said bow, but plunging it into an unfrequented valley, or *cul de sac*, at which it was irksome to look from the popular balustrades of the recent direct and splendid erections. Old Roger, it is true, claimed and received a handsome,—a very handsome, and neighbourly, and citizen-like compensation: for his loss in the daily sale of nightcaps and garters was estimated at the sum of fourteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven pounds sixteen shillings and fivepence three farthings: but, like Othello, his occupation was gone. The money obtained in a lump was not like the money gained by slow and minute degrees. He became uncomfortable, uneasy, irritable; he would gaze up towards the new street to the new bridge, and, counting the passing crowds, would calculate on the proportional passing demand for ready-made hosiery of every description. The whole was diverted into another channel: he could not bear the sight, he could not endure the idea; and so he pined, and he sickened, and he died, for want of a brisk retail.

[Pg
601]

The disposition of the defunct hosier's property was such as might be expected from a wealthy and prudent tradesman. He had sunk the fourteen thousand and odd pounds in annuities on his three daughters, and so tied them up, that none but themselves—nor brother, nor friend, nor husband, nor lover—could receive the half-yearly dividends; and, if loan or mortgage were attempted upon them, they were forfeited for ever. Thus were they provided with inalienable competencies for the terms of their natural lives. To John was left the residue, which, when the good will of the shop was with good will disposed of for nothing, everything else settled, and affairs wound up, was ascertained to amount to the neat round sum of two-and-thirty thousand pounds; and thus warmly provided, the gipsy foredoomed Victim of Improvements began the world, his own master, and for himself alone.

John Pooledoune had received what is called a first-rate "commercial and classical education," at a boarding-school near Deptford, where these identical words were painted in capital letters on a board which ran along the entire façade of the building. He had thus been prepared for more general and severer pursuits; and accordingly, about that era when the first drum was beat

for the March of Intellect, he enrolled himself in the ranks for the diffusion of knowledge, and, to speak comparatively, soon reached the distinction of a halbert in the cause. He became a leading man in the Mechanics' Institutes, attended lectures on every possible subject at least five evenings in every week, was elected a member of the Society of Arts and of the Statistical Society, joined the British Association at Bristol,^[104] and, in fine, adopted the most admired course to become a utilitarian of the first water. He was acknowledged to be an independent, and sensible, and well-informed individual; he needed neither favour nor assistance, had plenty of ready money in the funds, and was courted and caressed accordingly. He was, in short, a faultless monster.

But not only had Fortune been kind to him; Nature was equally liberal: he was well-proportioned in lith and limb; stout, healthy, and well-looking. If not a perfect, but, rather, as George the Fourth would say, an ungentlemanly gentleman, he was not a vulgar plebeian; and, altogether, hardly ever did a man start in the middle walks of life with so fair a promise of prosperity and happiness. John Pooledoune had the silver spoon to his mouth,—the salt of the earth to his portion.

With such qualities, and to such a character, inactivity was impossible. Inclination and means led to projects of utility, and John was determined to benefit mankind by his efforts in promoting the ingenious conceptions of the clever and the "talented." His apartments were encumbered with models, his chairs and his tables laden with plans; nay, he even fancied at times that he was himself an inventor. It was, to be sure, only in a small way, but it kept the ruling passion in a blaze; and when he took out his first patent for a broom to eat its own dust, his ecstasies had nearly laid him with the dust, to which he was thus made doubly akin.

It is wonderful to behold how many of our species, full of the most extraordinary and indubitable inventions, from which indescribable riches must accrue, languish in abject poverty: to such, a John Pooledoune is a god-send, even though it may be that in the issue he is reduced to fraternization. He was the friend of projectors, the believer in perfectibility, but singularly unlucky in nearly all his undertakings. Of these we must mention a few, the leading incidents of a brief career.

[Pg
602]

We have alluded to the patent for a dust-consuming broom, with which John was so marvellously elated. The worst of it was, that it involved him in a law-suit with Mr. Pratt, who clearly proved to the judge and jury that he had perfected a similar besom five years before. It was in vain that John's counsel argued that his broom acted transversely, not horizontally; and possessed a vertical, not a rotary action; in vain he asserted that new brooms swept cleanest: the verdict was for the plaintiff; and the infringement of the right to use a useless brush cost Mr. Pooledoune within a trifle of a thousand pounds. The lawyers and attorneys declared that it was a shameful verdict, and advised Mr. Pooledoune to move for a new trial; but he had sense enough to be satisfied with one.

Misfortunes, we are told, never come single. Like crows, if you see one alight on a field, you may be pretty sure there will soon be a few more, and probably a flock; and so it fell out with our hero's mischances.

A company was formed upon the most admirable principles to supply the metropolis with pure water instead of the abomination hitherto imbibed from the polluted river, the grand recipient of the filth of a million and a half of nasty people. It was to be brought from Tonbridge Wells, laid on in crystal pipes, and supplied with a bounty that defied competition. John Pooledoune became a large shareholder and a director; but somehow or other the stream did not run smooth, the crystal pipes broke, and so did the company; and John, being a responsible person, got out with the largest share—of the loss. He next embarked in gas works, the most prosperous that ever were demonstrated by calculations and estimates on the tables printed by the projectors. But this design, alas! also failed: the gas dissolved into thin air; and another troublesome and expensive law-suit proved that the thousands of tons of coke which had been consumed were utterly wasted, as their use in that particular way, custom, and manner, was not sanctioned by Coke upon Lyttleton.—See *Vesey's Reports*, div. 4, cap. 3, lib. 2, page 1.

This was another rather severe blow upon Mr. Pooledoune, who began to reflect on the uncertainty of all pursuits of the kind. "I will not," said he to himself, "risk any more considerable sums in such plans. Houses and lands," said he, "are certain, real, visible, tangible property: I will buy an estate and build a house upon it." Accordingly, day after day did he examine those oracles of truth, the morning newspapers; and particularly that portion of them which is the truest of the true, the advertisements of the auctioneers. Long did he ponder over the most desirable of investments, the most eligible of sites, the paradises of nature, the soils which scantily concealed inexhaustible mines, the views of hanging woods whose trees never changed their fruits: long did he balance which it were best to possess; and at last he was fortunate enough to be allowed to purchase one of George Robins' most extraordinary bargains, an estate which was positively "given away". It was nevertheless dear enough to the buyer; and the seller had not so much reason as might be imagined to be dissatisfied with the prodigal liberality of his agent on the occasion. The land was found to be susceptible of no inconsiderable improvement; and the charming, picturesque, indescribably interesting, and gothically elegant, fine, ancient mansion, was in truth little better than an inconvenient and incongruous pile of ruins. But as Mr. Pooledoune had, from the first, intended to cultivate the earth in his own way, and to erect a mansion upon his own design, these slight discrepancies did not so much signify. The titles were actually good, and old Hurlépoer Hall was regularly transferred, made over, granted, and assigned to its new proprietor, John Pooledoune, esquire. It is a proud thing to be an esquire, the

[Pg
603]

owner of broad acres, to walk over fields you can call your own, to speak of your domain and your country house, of your Hurlépoer Hall, and the parts and appurtenances thereunto pertaining. Never did John Pooledoune feel so elevated as when he arrived in a post-chaise to take possession of his beautiful estate. It was only an amusing drawback, which served to occupy his time, that he had to pull down the old hall and re-edify it in a modern style. There was ready money, and the work went briskly on, till at last a handsome villa stood where Hurlépoer, or at least some of its walls, had outbraved the winds and rains two hundred winters. It was christened Hosiery Hall by some of the poor and envious landlords round about; but it was nevertheless a very pretty place, and constructed on the most novel and approved principles of architecture. The foundations were laid in Roman cement, the timbers were steeped to saturation in Kyan's anti-dry-rot composition, and the roof was of patent cast-iron. Nor had Mr. P. during the season been inattentive to the cultivation of his ground. The steward, a positive, ignorant, and impracticable ass, was dismissed the service, for insisting upon sowing wheat, and barley, and oats; laying certain portions fallow, and turnip-cropping other parts. The squire taking affairs into his own hands, the farm-horses were sold, and a wonderfully perfect steam-plough put into operation. Instead of turnips, the cow-cabbage was introduced, and room left about every plant to allow it to extend to its full dimensions of from eighteen to twenty-two feet in diameter. The corn-arable was converted into plantations of beetroot for the manufacture of sugar, and a thousand hogsheads for its reception were ordered of the coopers. Everything went on tolerably well for a while, except the plough, which always refused to move up hill or to go straight on the level, and very soon denied motion in any manner, or in any direction. Mr. Pooledoune, incensed at this misconduct, which he attributed to the stupidity of the ploughman and the malice of the quondam driver, who had no longer any horses to drive, and consequently went whistling alongside, occasionally eyeing his useless whip, as if he would gladly apply it to his master's back, in a moment of anger took the stilts himself, to show the boors how it ought to be done. He poked the fire and filled the kettle, and off set the machine with a run. Unluckily there was a great stone in the line of the furrow, against which the plough was dashed with so much force that it tilted up, and, throwing down its unfortunate holder, dashed the burning coals and boiling steam all over his body. Dreadfully scalded, it was many weeks before the squire was sufficiently convalescent to leave his room; and when he did once again visit his *ci-devant* green fields, it was as a cripple from the severe accident. The melancholy of autumn, too, was upon the scene,—a melancholy untempered to him by the sight of sweeps of ripened grain, (the yellow gold of nature,) and the busy hum of harvest. The season had been unusually dry, and the soil was chalky. Owing to this the cow-cabbages had not flourished, and only one here and there was visible, and about the ordinary size of a tailor's dinner, though with plenty of room to grow larger if it liked. The cultivation of the beetroot was hardly more successful; still there was wherewithal to try the experiment of sugar-making, and to this our sanguine hero turned with his indomitable spirit. The process went on, and the roots were crushed;—so, speedily, were his hopes. Twenty-seven barrels of bad molasses was the produce of above eight hundred acres of the best land belonging to Hurlépoer Hall. It was a year of dead loss, and there was nothing left for it but to get through the winter as comfortably as possible, and prepare for taking the field in the spring with greater experience, and a more *improved* system throughout.

[Pg
604]

It is a well-known fact with regard to the weather in England, that if there be a balance of good and bad, the latter never fails to occupy its fair proportion of foulness. As the summer had been unusually warm and dry, the winter turned out unusually cold and wet. The rain hardly ceased during four months, the country was a swamp, and there was not even enough for a dry joke in the parish. One night the storm descended, hail was shaken and lightning glanced from the wings of the mighty tempest: it was a *perfect* hurricane, (for hurricanes are so called when they are most fearfully outrageous,) and blew great guns. In the midst of the rattling, and spouting, and howling, a dreadful crash was heard by the inhabitants of Hurlépoer villa; the walls tottered, and they rushed forth in nakedness and desperation. Nor had they a moment to spare; for the Roman-cement foundations gave way, the anti-dry-rot timbers split into a thousand splinters, and the ponderous patent iron roof descended with one awful and crushing demolition upon the wrecks below. Poor Pooledoune was again unfortunate. Having delayed a minute to save an electrical apparatus for making diamonds of flints and asparagus, in which he had all but succeeded, he was struck by a projected mass of the broken wood, and had his right arm very badly fractured.

With these calamities terminated John Pooledoune's rural experiments. Hurlépoer was soon again in the market, but the value of land had fallen tremendously within the last eighteen months; and, though the auctioneer did his utmost, that which had cost twenty thousand pounds so short a while ago was sold for eight thousand pounds, and John's whole fortune reduced to little more than ten. Still there was a competency; and with the mind of a projector there is always contentment. John bought a small ready-furnished house, about two miles out of London, and sat down under its lowly slate roof, and all his troubles, with most philosophic apathy.

He engaged in lesser speculations with the same ardour with which he had embarked in extensive undertakings; but the doom of the Gipsies of Norwood was still upon him, and

[Pg
605]

"By making rich, made poor;
By making happy, miserable;
By amending, hurt;" * * *

continued to mark his progress—his progress!—his retrograde progress in life.

He had not been settled in his humble abode beyond the first quarter, making discoveries in

science of the most astonishing description, when a railroad between Billingsgate and Blackwell drove him from his home. Private interests must always yield to public advantages. The road went right through Mr. Pooledoune's parlour; but then, when completed, how easy it would be to bring, by its ready means, white-bait from the water-side to the city; and how much toil and expense would be saved to the citizens in having their feed without the trouble of journeying so far for it in the heat of sultry summer. The greatest affliction to the individual was not the deterioration which his fortune again experienced in removing, but a calamity which had almost overwhelmed even his steadfast soul. We have said he was on the point of realising the most amazing discoveries in natural science. By a battery of unlimited galvanic power, continually directed to stones abstracted from St. Paul's Cathedral, Waterloo-bridge, and the Monument, he had ascertained that the church was built of the fur of the *pulex*, the bridge of butterflies' facets, and the Monument of midges' wings. Indeed he had obtained all these creatures entire and lively, in the course of his experiments upon decomposing the St. Paul pebbles, the Waterloo-bridge granite, and the Monumental free-stone; and the only difficulty which remained for solution was, that above a hundred other unknown and undescribed insects, probably of the antediluvian world, had been produced at the same time, and by the same means. It was hard, but the railroad caused the destruction of this theory; and several of the retorts being broken, the revivification interrupted, the reanimated killed, and the whole process served out, Mr. Pooledoune never enjoyed another opportunity for demonstrating these incomparable results. Thousands of years may elapse before any other experimentalist succeed to such an extent; and millions of men and philosophers of intermediate generations will die meanwhile, ignorant of the prodigious injury done to science and to John Pooledoune by the railroad between Billingsgate and Blackwell.

As we descend, we diminish in the eyes of those to whom we were distinguished objects whilst dwelling on the same or a higher elevation:—do we not really become less and less? Pooledoune's pursuits continued to be similar in character, in opinions, in expectations; but, ah! how different in worldly esteem! At the Mechanics' Institutes he was no longer promoted to the front-seats,—at the Society of Arts he was no more invited to deliver his sentiments,—his little contribution of insulated facts was unsought by the Statisticals,—and the British Association was too far off, with its Edinburgh and Dublin festivities, to meet his conveniency. Yet he devoted himself to the confusion of knowledge; and, in order to obtain larger interest on his fading capital, he dabbled in Mexican and Payoun, and Greek loans.

Perfecting a fulminating powder to supersede the use of gunpowder, which could not explode except by the touch of a particular preparation, an ounce of it accidentally ignited one day, and blew out his right eye.

John's hair grew prematurely grey with such crosses, and he invented a dye to render it beautifully black. Most of those whom he persuaded to give it a trial were turned most curiously grizzle, green, or yellow;^[105] but, perhaps from using an inordinate quantity, his own scalp was utterly removed, and his scull rendered as bald and shining as a polished pewter plate, whence the meat had been removed, but not the gravy.

He patronised Mechi's razor-strops and Hubert's roseate powder, in consequence of which all the lower features of his face became a mass of purulent offence.

He took to an infallible dentifrice, which preserved the enamel, and whitened without injuring the teeth. It was a noble specific, and did not contradict its advertisement: but all John's teeth fell out; and though the enamel was preserved, and they were white, his gums were exposed, empty, and red. He supplied his loss with a set of china ornaments, which made him grin and nod like a Mandarin, but with which he could not eat like a Christian, nor sleep like a savage.

John got poorer and poorer, shabbier and shabbier, sicklier and sicklier. He had been blown up by gas, burnt down by steam, ruined by railroads, cursed by every improvement on the whole pack of cards. He was crippled in his limbs, deficient of an eye, disfigured in face and person, and, worse than worst of all, his friends knew that he had but little left, and less to hope for. It was not four years since John Pooledoune had begun his career with a sound constitution, and two-and-thirty thousand pounds of ready money,—worth sixty thousand in any other way! Surely he was the "*Victim of Improvement.*"

Nearly at last, when seen in the streets, John would point to his waterproof shoes, and hat the better for being soaked twenty-four hours in a washing-tub; and one noticed that his ugly-looking outer garment was a proof Macintosh, and his patent spectacles set in cases of india-rubber. And even his sorry truckle-bed, to which the late squire of Hurlépoer Hall now nightly sought his obscure and darkling way, was surmounted by a patent tick (it was double tick, for he had it on credit from an old philosophical crony,) filled with hot water,—as had been the brief course of the unfortunate to whom it could afford no rest.

Whether from the Macintosh preservative cloak, the waterproof shoes, the water-filled bed, the india-rubber, or the rubs of the weather, we have not ascertained; but poor John caught a horrid cold, and his cough was sadly aggravated by a contrivance in his chimney for consuming its own smoke. This the chimney resolutely refused; and, like all other quarrels, got so incensed that it would not even carry the smoke up. Cold, asthma, suffocation and starvation, were then the miserable companions of the quondam wealthy John Pooledoune.

In the misery of his heart, the wretched man took to drinking. *That* resource, under any circumstances, must very quickly have brought on the crisis; but true to the last, John resorted to patent British brandy, and his fate was astonishingly accelerated.

One dusky evening, in a state of inebriety, the ragged philosopher walked, or rather staggered

out. The cool air breathed upon his fevered brow; he saw the streets illumed with gas, he witnessed the smoke ascending from steam-engines, and, overcome by his emotions, when a Gravesend steamer, having beautifully run down another a hundred yards below, swept into the Adelaide Wharf he threw himself over London Bridge, and sank in the disturbed bosom of the silver, insulted, and persecuted Thames.

Wearily had his life dragged on for many a day, and yet it was doomed to another drag. Before he had been two minutes in the water, this last-mentioned combination of cards, creepers, and hooks, brought him to the surface, having caught him by his bald pate, and he was carried ashore in a sculler. The nearest surgeon being called in, happened to differ from the Humane Society, and hung him up by the heels while he administered stimulants; but John had imbibed so little of the element, that even this treatment did not kill him. But his look was deadly, and he was so debilitated by the medical treatment, that to be restored was impossible; and the parish authorities of *Saint* — , inspecting his sorry equipments, became alarmed lest he should die where he had no business, and put them to the expense of a funeral. He was asked where he lived, in order that he might also die there; and a cart being procured, under the New Poor Law Act, he was carted towards the dismal abode he had indicated. His road lay along the new street to the new bridge; and, about a hundred yards down, in a dark avenue on his left, *he could not*, though others might, see the once rich and respected tenement of his father, Roger Pooledoune, hosier and citizen of London.

The night was frosty and bleak: John's clothes were thin and wet. Had he been taken to an old woman instead of a medical theorist, and dried and cherished even by the commonest fire of the parish workhouse, he would have survived his "accident:" but the law was imperative; he must be moved to his own parish, and he was moved into the parish of Eternity,—the parish which holds the rich and the poor, and Heaven only knows how they are provided for. Before the cart reached the "Union," John Pooledoune was a corpse.

On the ensuing day but one, a coroner's inquest sat upon his body, and one or two of the jurors were men who had known him in his prosperity. They could hardly identify the meagre and mutilated remains; but, in tenderness to the officials, who had killed him by doing all for the best, they returned a verdict of "Found Drowned."

Not being conchologists, we shall not attempt to describe the shell in which it was pretended that John Pooledoune was buried. In that shell no muscle of his ever reposed; it held a few of the paving-stones of the adjacent lane, which, if John had been alive to submit to his galvanic battery, would have been demonstrated to be composed of bumble bees' sacchymeters. About the same hour that the stones were interred with the solemn ritual of the church service by the chaplain, the body also furnished the subject of a lecture by the surgeon of the workhouse to the pupils in an adjoining hospital. The skull in particular was singularly formed, at least it was so declared by the phrenologists, who were allowed to claw it, and who clearly showed that the bumps (caused by the watermen's drags) were organs of philoprogenitiveness, amativeness, and destructiveness.

In due time a perfect skeleton of John Pooledoune was scraped and prepared, and placed in a glass case in the museum of the hospital.

And thus was fulfilled the Gipsy's prophecy. He was "by curing, slain;" he was "never lost on earth, alive or dead," for he was dragged from the river and preserved in the surgeons' hall; he was "found by numbers" of sensible coroner's inquest men! he is yet in his glass case a "bodiless corpse, the victim of improvement, for ever to improve" the students of anatomy. There was

*"No hand to close his eyes;
No eye to see his grave;
No grave to give him rest!"*

He is "dead, resembling Death," yet keeps "his place among the dead and the living." "His end has not been an ending," and every one who inspects the hospital collection may know that "he *is* and *is not!*"

In a moral magazine such as Bentley's Miscellany it is naturally expected that a useful and instructive inference should be drawn from every tale; and assuredly ours needs little to point it: "*May we all be preserved from the fascinations of Gipsies!*"

THE LEGEND OF MOUNT PILATE.

Superstition is to this day a strong characteristic of the inhabitants of the Alps. A reason for this, is easily found in the various and imposing phenomena of Nature, to which these simple mountaineers are daily and nightly witnesses. A storm, which on the plains would scarcely attract attention, offers at each instant, in these lofty and diversified regions, some new and appalling spectacle. Each clap of thunder finds a thousand echoes, and is reverberated almost to infinity. The lightning's flash plays not only above, but about and underneath the beholder. Here a roaring torrent dashes past him down the precipitous rocks, driving all before it in its impetuous course; there a sudden whirlwind uproots the sturdy monarch of the forest, and bears it aloft, as though it were a feather on the breeze. The heavy cloud, which one moment envelopes the poor shepherd in its vapoury folds, in the next is seen rolling its dense masses over the lower earth, hundreds of fathoms beneath his feet. Nor are the calmer sublimities by which he is at other times surrounded less calculated to speak to his imagination than the loud voice of the bellowing

tempest. The plaintive murmuring of the vernal breeze amid the lofty pines; the deep silence of the summer's burning noon; the fantastic changes of the fleecy cloud, whose form is varied by every pinnacle of the mountain; the hollow and mournful moaning of the autumnal gusts as they scatter far and wide the falling leaves; the bright beam of the resplendent moon, across which each jutting crag throws some grotesque shadow; and above all, the mist, which, rising from the plains a mere mass of dull and dank vapour, here first appears to receive life, and takes innumerable shapes and forms, incredible to those who have never witnessed its airy evolutions! These are the ever-varying phantasmata of nature that pass in scenic succession before the eyes of the Alpine peasant, and add fresh fuel to the fire of his superstitious inclinations.

[Pg
609]

It was in scenes of this inspiring character that Ossian saw his shadowy armies, his warrior ghosts, his visionary maids, and heard the wild music of their ærial harps. And although from the imperfectness of our nature, we are all liable to have "our eyes made the fools of the other senses," yet is it in these cloud-capped regions alone that the illusions are always of a dignified order, and that poetry spreads her veil of enchantment over the dull realities of life.

Such was the nature of my reflections after I had retired to rest upon the night before my intended pilgrimage to Mount Pilate; and, having made them, I slept soundly until the bright beams of a July sun darting in at my latticed window gave me notice of the morning's growth. I arose from my bed of leaves and rushes, and, strolling forth into the open air, tasted the delicious sweetness of the hour. Never do I remember a more enchanting prospect than here met my view. It seemed as if Nature had proclaimed a universal holiday. She was abroad in her gala dress; while Spring and Summer, her vernal and blooming handmaids,—the former lingering as though loth to quit her mistress, the latter rushing to anticipate her call,—appeared on either side of her, and strewn her rosy path with freshness and fragrance. The dews of night, glistening in the first rays of the slanting sun, spangled the green carpet of the earth; and the tall pines, ever the first to greet the morning breeze, gracefully bowed their dark heads to welcome day's return. Far across the intervening lake, the flocks and herds were seen winding slowly up the mountain's side in search of their wholesome pasture; while the simple harmony of their bells, mingling with the wild song or whistle of their urchin conductors, came upon my ear over the still waters in distant snatches, and formed, with the loud melody of the feathered minstrels close around me, a rural concert in happiest unison with the scene. A tap on the shoulder from my venerable conductor aroused me from my reverie. Our preparations were soon made; and with a small wallet destined to contain the necessary provision for such a journey, and each a long staff, pointed at one end and hooked at the other, such as is required for the ascent and descent of the precipitous paths we were to tread, we commenced our march. We proceeded first to Brunnen, where we took water upon the fairest of Switzer's lakes, and before sunset arrived at Lucerne, the town from which it takes its name. The next morning we were again afoot betimes, and, as we jogged along, I obtained the result of my companion's long gleanings in this fruitful land of romance and superstition.

"First," said he, "with regard to the name^[106] of this celebrated mountain. Some have thought that it obtained the designation of Mount Pilate from a tradition of its having been formerly peopled by a band of Roman deserters, who sought refuge among its almost inaccessible rocks,—the Latin word *pila* having been often used to signify a mountain-pass; others, that it is a corruption from *pileus*, a hat, because its bald summit is often covered by a complete cap of clouds,—and hence the old proverb so often quoted in this country,

"Quand Pilate a mis son chapeau,
Le temps sera serein et beau.'

[Pg 610]

But the explanation drawing most largely upon the liberal credulity of the simple inhabitants of the Underwald, and therefore sure to be the best received, is the following amusing fable:

"Pontius Pilate having been condemned to death for his crimes, to avert the shame of a public execution, committed suicide. His body being found, was by the enraged multitude fastened to an immense weight of stones, and thrown into the Tyber. But the spirit of that noble river, outraged by her waters being made the deposit of so foul a carcass, from that hour rose in foam and torrent to resent the injury; and, interesting great Nature in her behalf, the most frightful storms and whirlwinds, with hail, thunder, and lightning, ravaged the whole country from the Mediterranean shores to the opposite Adriatic; nor did the elemental uproar cease until the terrified inhabitants, by dint of the greatest exertions, dragged the body up again, and in all haste caused it to be conveyed as far as Vienne in Dauphiny, and there anew committed to the deep.^[107] But what was the consequence? The Rhone would no more suffer such an insult than had the Tyber; and its blue waters, swelling with the indignity offered them, overflowed their natural banks, and rushed with headlong rapidity, as if to fly the spot of pollution. No bark could live an instant on the tremendous waves, which now so frightfully disguised this hitherto calmly majestic stream; and the Dauphinois, like the Romans, had no remedy for the crying evil, but, as they had done, to rid themselves and their river of such an ill-omened guest. This was at length accomplished: but the noble Rhone, although cleansed of his 'filthy bargain,' could not so easily forget the deep affront; and yearly, at that very season, he has ever since marked his undying resentment by a repetition of the same angry demonstrations. Meantime the offending cause of all this tribulation was secretly transported to Lausanne, and there condemned to a third watery grave. Why a preference so little flattering was given to this beautiful spot, is not known; but certain it is that its inhabitants, being made acquainted with the new arrival, presaged but little good to their '*placid Leman*' from so confirmed a disturber of the silent waters, and before his presence could have time to create its usual uproar, and thus prevent or impede such a measure,

the body was once more brought to land; and, a council being held, it was then determined that a small and isolated lake,^[108] situated near the summit of the Frakmont, should be the chosen place of interment. Being situated at a good forty leagues from their city, they would at least have little to dread from his future operations; and the bleak and barren nature of the soil surrounding his new residence would, as they hoped, neutralize, if not entirely destroy, his baneful influence.

"There, then, he was finally deposited; but soon this desolate region, as though doubly cursed by his coming, felt the dire effects of his sojourn. The lake itself turned black; and its surrounding shores, infected by the noxious vapours which it now emitted, could no longer yield a wholesome herbage, but became one huge and marshy swamp, where the rankest weeds alone could thrive. The surface of the water was covered with the blanched bodies of its finny inhabitants; the water-fowl that used to haunt its banks no sooner came within its unhealthful precincts than they shared the universal doom, and fell dead upon the earth; the venomous snake lay stiffening in the sun, conquered by a superior poison; and the slimy toad expired in a vain attempt to crawl from an atmosphere too fetid even for his loathsome nature.^[109]

"The peasants, from their hamlets in the neighbouring plains, had marked the striking change in the appearance of the mountain's top, which, instead of standing out clear against the blue sky, was almost always enveloped in a shroudy mist, or, if for a short period it could rid itself of that encumbrance, still appeared like a heavy blot upon the surface of the earth, reflecting no single ray of that bright sun which beamed on all around it. Convinced that such a sudden change could proceed but from some supernatural cause, a thousand speculations were hazarded as to what was actually going on at the summit itself; and at length one among them, more hardy than the rest, set out, determined to explore the mystery. His presumption, however, was awfully punished; for although, by dint of an extraordinary courage, he returned to his anxious friends, yet the sights he had seen, the fright he had endured, and the bodily exertions he had used to quicken his descent, were too much for him. It was permitted only that he should relate to the throng crowding around him the pestilent appearances of the once beautiful little lake, and then ague-fits, convulsions, and a raging fever ended the poor wretch's mortal struggles.

"Whether the circumstances of this intrusive visit added fresh fuel to the demon's rage, or whether the moment was now come when, having no longer within his reach any living object on which to vent his diabolical vengeance, he became impatient of his watery incarceration, certain it is that, from the very day of the luckless villager's return, new sounds and sights of horror and desolation startled the whole country around. A hollow rumbling noise, as of distant thunder or a smothered volcano, issued, with scarcely a minute's intermission, during the hours of light, from the mountain's summit; while the deep silence of midnight was suddenly broken by shrieks and yells so hideous and piercing, that, compared with them, the war-whoop of a whole nation of Whyndots or Cherokees would have seemed soft music. Thus were announced to the affrighted listeners the terrific struggles then making by the foul spirit to burst his liquid bonds. At length, one luckless morn, he succeeded in his attempt to breathe again the free air; and his first feat was to celebrate the unholy triumph by a storm that hid the sun's face from the world during eight and forty hours, being the exact number of days of his forced sojourn in the lake.

"It seemed, from his remaining afterwards on this bleak and desolate station, either that his infernal art could not compass his entire removal from the mountain, or that he preferred it to the low grounds on account of the advantage which its elevated situation gave him to direct the tempests, and with greater certainty to launch the fires of destruction upon those particular parts of the country from which he was at the moment pleased to select his victims. Whichever of these was the cause of his stay, he, at any rate, by force, or by choice, did remain there for some hundreds of years; during the whole of which period he continued more or less, and by every means within his fell power, to vent his undying rage upon the hapless peasantry and their little possessions. In the midst of the most terrific of the storms with which it was his custom to visit the valleys below, the phantom himself would sometimes be for a moment visible to one or other of the terror-struck shepherds, and then some dreadful mortality among his flocks and herds was sure to be the lot of the luckless wight by whom the apparition had been seen.

"Once, during a dreadful hurricane that tore up the largest trees by the roots, and scattered ruin and dismay abroad, the grisly fiend was plainly seen perched upon the very highest pinnacle of his rocky dominion, in desperate conflict with a second unearthly being, who, by the violent gesticulations displayed on both sides, could be no other than his once mortal enemy, the renowned King Herod. In short, nothing could exceed either in variety or extent, the mischief caused to the pastoral inhabitants of the two cantons of Lucerne and Underwald by this '*Lord of the Black Mountain*,' the name by which their demoniac tormentor was universally known. It gave them, therefore, joy beyond expression when their good genius at last sent them some hope of deliverance from the evil power, in the person of a pious and learned doctor, who, being informed of the devastation, agreed to try conclusions with the imp of Satan. This champion in the good cause was a celebrated brother of the Rosy Cross, who had already taken the highest degrees in the university of Salamanca, and who, having dived deeper than his fellow students into the mysteries of the far-famed Bactrian sage, possessed a reputation that placed him almost on a level with Zoroaster himself. Like a good alchemist, gold was the ultimate object of his philosophical researches; and for a sufficient sum, (to obtain which many a poor peasant was deprived of his last kreutzer,) he undertook to rid the country of what had been so long a scourge to it.

"He set out accordingly for the conflict; but alone and unarmed, having refused all aid or guidance but such as his sacred mission and his hidden knowledge gave him. The combat was

long and obstinate, but never for a moment doubtful. Arrived at the mountain's summit, the Rosicrucian took up his station on a commanding point of the rock, and called upon the phantom to appear before him. This simple summons remaining unnoticed, he proceeded to a display of his cabalistic powers, and finally brought the stubborn offender into his presence; but not until the force of his mystic conjurations had torn the huge fragment on which he stood from its solid base, and left it balancing on a mere point, where, indeed, it may to this day be seen, a trembling memento of that awful hour.

"Unable to make head against the superior prowess of his opponent, the malignant spirit sought safety in flight but was pursued by the victorious astrologer, who, coming up with him again on the part of the mountain now called the Hill of Widerfield, renewed the contest with fresh vigour; and so furious were the attack and defence on this spot, and so violent the arts of exorcism to which the reverend champion had recourse, that the grass beneath their feet was burnt up as by the fire of heaven, and has never since recovered from the unnatural blight. Success at length crowned the efforts of the holy father, who, however, was forced to consent to a sort of honourable capitulation on the part of the vanquished. It was therefore finally agreed between them, that the spectre should return to his watery sepulchre, there to remain inactive during three hundred and sixty-four days in every year. On Good Friday alone he was to be permitted to walk abroad, clothed in those magisterial robes which he was wont to wear when living; even then, however, pledging himself not to overstep the limits of the mountain's summit, and never, unless provoked by previous violence or insult, to do harm to aught that had existence.

"This settled, he mounted a coal-black charger, which, as a ratification of their solemn treaty, was presented to him by his conqueror, and which on starting struck his hoof into the neighbouring rock, and left to all eternity its huge print there. Then, with a noise that resembled the hissing of an army of serpents, he plunged into the lake and disappeared; nor has he ever since been known to violate the engagements then incurred by showing himself to the world, save on the anniversary of the day above mentioned, or when irritated beyond his bearing by the language of abuse or some overt act of aggression, such as the throwing of stones or other substances into his prison-lake. The treaty thus broken, he has never failed to exercise the power still left him, and to evince his anger by some terrific storm or inundation, which would shortly after, and generally in the very midst of the brightest and clearest weather, suddenly proclaim his sense of the insult offered him.

"In consequence of these infractions, by the ignorant or the disobedient, of a treaty solemnly entered into, a general order was issued by the competent authorities, interdicting all persons whatsoever, under severe pains and punishments, from making the ascent of this mountain without a special permission to that effect, from the chief magistrate of the district, who at the same time was to appoint proper and trustworthy guides, they being answerable with their lives for the attention of the whole party to certain prescribed rules.^[110] The shepherds, too, by whom the lower part of the Pilate was peopled, were obliged every year to appear before a certain tribunal, and to take an oath that they would make no attempt to visit these prohibited regions.^[111]

"Things remained nearly in this state until the event of the Reformation; after which both Catholic and Protestant united to remove from the minds of the vulgar, prejudices which ages of ignorant habits had tended to fix on them. Among the rest, in the year 1585, one Muller, the curé of Lucerne, having appointed a day for that purpose, and invited all who were willing so to do to accompany him, set out on an expedition to the summit of Mount Pilate, and was followed thither by some hundreds of his parishioners. Arrived at the so much dreaded lake itself, he proceeded to throw into it, stones, blocks of wood, and missiles of various descriptions, accompanying the action with words the most likely to provoke the wrath of the redoubted fiend; but, to the surprise of the assembled multitude, who had beheld with affright the audacious ceremony, all remained silent,—neither sound nor sight replied to the daring invocation, and the sky was not in consequence overcast by a single cloud. In order to follow up the partial light which he had thus let in upon the darkness of ages, the worthy curé soon afterwards obtained an order from the government of Lucerne, authorizing the draining of the lake itself,—a work which was actually begun in the year 1594, but to which a want of the necessary funds, and other minor causes, put a stop before it could be entirely accomplished."

I have thus repeated at some length the fabulous histories which I that day learned during our long and laborious ascent to the summit of the mountain in question; and I will now only add, that the various scenes therein alluded to, as having been the theatre of the phantom's exploits, were pointed out to me by my companion; nor could I avoid perceiving, by the fondness with which he dwelt rather upon the superstition itself, than such refutation as followed it, that he was himself in no slight degree tinged with the popular belief.

GLORVINA, THE MAID OF MEATH.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Ireland has had her heroines. Glorvina, the daughter of Malachi, king of Meath, was the joy and pride of her father, yet at the same time his anxious, never-resting care; for the Dane was in the land. The rovers were led by Turgesius, a voluptuous prince, though advanced in years.

Turgesius approached the gate of Malachi with the smile of peace upon his countenance, but with the thoughts of rapine in his heart. He was hospitably received; the banquet was spread for him; and when he was weary with feasting and hilarity, he was conducted to the richest, softest couch.

He had not yet seen Glorvina, but he had heard of her surpassing beauty; and one day he requested of the king that his daughter should sit at the feast. A shade came over the brow of Malachi; but he bowed his head, and it was gone. With a timid, yet stately step, the virgin entered the hall. Thick and clustering, and reaching far below her tapering waist, hung her auburn hair; her eyes were cast down; her fair skin mantled and faded, as her colour came and went; and she spake not as she sank in modest, graceful obeisance, to the salutation of Turgesius.

[Pg
615]

The Dane had no appetite for the banquet that day. He seemed to be conscious of nothing but the presence of Glorvina. Alarm and ire were painted in the countenance of the king, but Turgesius noted it not. He never removed his eyes from the royal maid; they wandered incessantly over her features and her form, and followed the movements of her white, roundly-moulded arms, as she accepted or returned the cup or the viands which were proffered for her use. Haughty for the first time was the fair brow of Glorvina: the bold stare of man was a stranger to her. Again and again she offered to retire, but was withheld by the dissuasions of Turgesius, seconded by the admonishing glances of her father. At last, however, in spite of all opposition, she withdrew.

The Dane sat abstracted with a clouded brow; deep sighs came thick and strugglingly from his breast. Malachi tried to rouse his guest, and succeeded at last, with the aid of the cup. Turgesius waxed wildly joyous; he spoke of love, and of the idol before which the passion bows; and he asked for the strain that was in unison with the tone of his soul; the song of desire was awakened at his call; and as it flowed, swelling and sinking with the mood of the fitful theme, the rover's cheek flushed more and more, and his eyes more wildly flamed.

Turgesius did not sleep at the castle that night. He was summoned on a sudden to a distance: oppression had produced reaction. In the place of the slave, the man had started up; and the air all at once was thick with weapons, where for months the glare of brass or of steel had not been seen, except in the hand of the foreigner. Outposts had been driven in; large bands were retracing steps which they had no right to take; the sway of the freebooter was tottering. His presence saved it, and the native again bowed sullenly to resume the yoke.

After the lapse of a few weeks, Turgesius once more drew near the gate of Malachi. Loudly the blast of his herald demanded the customary admission, and with impatience the Dane awaited the reply to his summons. It came; but there was wailing in the voice of welcome, and the visitor felt that he grew cold. The mourner received him in the hall:—Glorvina was no more! Turgesius turned his face away from the house of death, and departed for his own stronghold, where with alternate sports and revels he endeavoured to assuage disappointment and obliterate recollection.

Dusk fell. Silent and gloomy was the aisle of the royal chapel. Before a monument, newly erected, stood a lonely figure gazing upon the name of Glorvina, which was carved upon the stone. The figure was that of a youth, tall, and of matchless symmetry. His arms were folded, his head drooped, he uttered no sound; his soul was with the inmate of the narrow house. He heard not the step of the bard who was approaching, and who presently stood by his side unnoted by him.

Long did the reverend man gaze upon the youth without attempting to accost him. More and more he wondered who it could be whom sorrow so enchained in abstraction. At length the lips of the figure moved, and a sigh, deep-drawn, ushered forth the name of Glorvina. No stranger to the bard was the voice that fell upon his ear. "Niall!" he exclaimed. The youth started and turned; it was Niall. He threw himself upon the neck of the bard. The flood of the eyes began to flow: he sobbed forth aloud and incontinently the name of Glorvina!

[Pg
616]

"Niall," said the bard, as soon as the paroxysm of grief had a little subsided,—"Niall, you are changed in form, your stature has shot up, your shoulders have spread, and your chest has rounded. Your features, too, I can see by this spare light, have received from manhood a stamp which they did not bear before; but your heart, my son, is the same. Niall in his affections has come back what he went. The Saxon has not changed him, nor the Saxon's daughter; her golden hair has waved before his eyes, her skin of pearl has shone upon them, the silver harp of her voice has streamed upon his ear; but his heart hath been still with Glorvina!"

"To what end?" passionately burst forth the youth. "Glorvina is in the tomb!" The tears gushed again; the bard was silent.

"Where is your prophetic Psalter?" resumed Niall; "where is it? Who will give credence to it now? Did you not say that Glorvina was the fair maid of Meath by whom it foretold that the land was to be rescued from the Dane; and that I was that son of my house who should be joined with her in perilous, yet happy wedlock? This did you not say and repeat a thousand times?—Then why do I look upon that tomb?"

"Niall," said the bard, "have faith, though you look upon the tomb of Glorvina!" The youth shook his head.—"Have you yet seen the king?" inquired the bard. Niall replied in the negative. "Come, then, young man, and look upon a father's grief!"

The bard led the way towards the closet of the king. The light of the taper streamed from the half-open door: and as Niall, by the side of the bard, stood in the comparative darkness of the

ante-chamber, he stared upon the face of Malachi, bright with a smile at a false move at chess which a person with whom the king was playing had just that moment made. Niall could scarce believe his vision.—"Where is the grief of the father?" whispered he to the bard.

"Note on!" was the old man's reply.

"He laughs!" exclaimed Niall, almost loud enough to be heard by those within.—"Yes," said the bard; "he who wins may laugh. He has got the game."

"And where is his child?" ejaculated Niall with a groan so audible that Malachi heard it and started; but the bard hurried the youth from the room.

Niall and the bard sat alone in the apartment of the latter. Sparingly the youth partook of the repast, which was presently removed. He sat silent, leaning his head upon his hand. At length he lifted his eyes to the face of the bard; it was smiling like the king's, as he played the game of chess. The young man stared; the bard smiled on.

"A strain!" cried the reverend man, and took his harp and tuned it, and tried the chords till every string had its proper tone. "Now!" he exclaimed, ready to begin. The young man watched the waking of the lay, which he expected would be in unison with the mood of his soul: but, lo! note rapidly followed note in mirthful chase, still quickening to the close; and the countenance of Niall, overcast before with grief, now lowered with anger.

"I list not strain like that!" he exclaimed, starting from his seat.

"You list no other, boy, from me," rejoined the old man; "it is your welcome home."—"My home," ejaculated Niall, "is the tomb where Glorvina sleeps the sleep of death!"

"The Psalter," said the old man solemnly, "is the promise of Destiny, and is sure to be fulfilled."

"Why, then," asked the youth sternly,— "why, then, is Glorvina no longer among the living?—Why in the place of her glowing cheek do I meet the tomb?—the silence of death, instead of her voice?"

The bard made no reply, but leaned over his harp again, and spanned its golden strings. He sang of the chase. The game was a beauteous hind; eager was the hunter, but too swift was her light foot for his wish. She distanced him like the wind, which at one moment brushes the cheek, and the next will be leagues away; and now she was safe, pressing the mossy sward in the region of the mountain and the lake, where the waters mingle and spread one silvery sheet for the fair tall heavens to look into.

Niall sat amazed!—conjecture and doubt seemed to divide his soul. He sprang towards the old man, and, throwing himself at his feet, snatched the hand that still lay upon the strings and caught it to his bosom. Yet he spake not, save by his eyes; in the intense expression of which, inquiry, and entreaty, and deprecation were mingled.

The old man rose and stood silent for a time, looking down benevolently upon Niall, who seemed scarcely to breathe, watching the lips that he felt were about to move.

"Niall," at length said the bard,— "Niall, the strength of the day is the rest of night. Fair upon the eye of the sleeper, awakening him, breaks the light of morning. Then he springs from his couch, and stretches his limbs, and braces them, eager for action; and he asks who will go with him to the field of the feat; or haply betakes him to the road to try his strength alone; and following it through hill and valley, moor and mead, suddenly shows his triumph-shining face to the far friend that looked not for him!"

The bard ceased. Both he and the youth remained motionless for several seconds, intently regarding one another. At last Niall sprang upon his feet, and threw himself upon the neck of the old man, whose arms simultaneously closed around the boy.

"You will sleep to-night, my son," said the bard, withdrawing himself at length from the embrace of Niall. "The dawn shall not come to thy casement before thou shalt hear my summons at thy door. Good-night!" They parted.

By the side of a bright river strayed hand in hand two young females, seemingly rustics. Rain had fallen. The thousand torrents of the mountains were in play; and the general waters, swoln beyond the capacity of their customed channel, ran hurried and ruffled.

"Who would think," remarked the younger of the two,— "who would think that this was the river we saw yesterday?"

"'Tis changed indeed," said her companion; "but the sky that was lowering yesterday, you see, is bright and serene to-day. Did you hear the storm in the night?"

"No: I would I had. It would have saved me from a dream darker than any storm."

"A dream!—Tell it me. I am a reader of dreams."

"You know," began the younger,— "you know I was brought up with the only son of a distant branch of my father's house. I know not how it was, but, from my earliest recollection, my foster-mother, and others as well as she, set me down for his wife; and, strangely enough, I fancied myself so. Yet could it be nothing more than a sister's love that I bore him. Much he used to make of me. His pastime—even his studies—were regulated by my will. Being older than I, he let me play the fool to the very height of my caprice, which cost me many a chiding,—but not from him,

though he had to bear the greater portion of the consequences. You know by his father's will he was enjoined to travel the last four years preceding his majority. He set out the very day that I completed my fourteenth year. I wish it had been before. I should have felt the separation less, for indeed it cost me real agony. For months after, they would catch me weeping: they did not know the cause; but 'twas for him! Still I only loved him as a brother—but a dear one,—Oh, Myra! I cannot tell you how dear!—and absence has not abated my feelings, as you may more than guess by my dream last night."

"Look!" interrupted the other; "see you not some one through the interval of the trees descending yonder road that winds round the foot of the nearest mountain?"

"No," replied the former, after she had looked in the direction a moment or two. "But attend to my dream. I thought I was married indeed, and that he was my husband; and that we were sitting at the bridal feast, placed on each side of my father; and there were the viands, and the wine, and the company, and everything as plain as you are that are standing there before me; when, all at once——"

"I see him again!" a second time interrupted the friend. "Look! don't you catch the figure?"—"No."

"Then you'll not catch it at all now, for he has dived into the wood through which the road runs."

"Was it a single person?"—"Yes."

"Then we have nothing to care for; so don't interrupt me in my dream again."

"Go on with it," said the other.

"Well; we were sitting, as I said, at the bridal feast, when, turning to speak to my father, the fiery eyes of one I hope never to see again were glaring on me, and my father was gone; and fierce men, with gleaming weapons waving above their heads, surrounded him to whom I had just pledged my troth, and bore him, in spite of his struggles and my screams, away: leaving me to the mercy of the spoiler, who straight, methought, started up with the intent of dragging me to the couch which had been prepared for another!"

"Do you mark," interrupted the friend, "as you increase in loudness, the echoes waken? I heard the last word repeated as distinctly as you yourself uttered it. But go on. Yet beware these echoes; they may be tell-tales. What followed?"

"Oh, what harrows my soul even now! Thither, where I told you, did he try to force me, struggling with all my might to resist him. I called on my father,—I called on my bridegroom,—I called on every one I could think of; but no one came to me, and fast we approached the door, on the threshold of which to have died, I thought in my dream, would be bliss to the horror of crossing it, and there at last we stood: but it was shut. Yet soon it moved; and who think you it was that opened it? Niall!—Niall himself! and no resistance did he offer to him that forced me onward,—none, though I called to him by his name, shrieking it louder than I am speaking now, 'Niall!—Niall!' He spoke not,—he moved not; and I was within a foot of the very couch, when I awoke, my face bathed in the dew of terror. 'Niall!—Niall!' did I cry, did I shriek; and Niall was there, and I shrieked in vain—'Niall!—Niall!'——"

"Here!" cried Niall himself, springing from a copse, out of which led a path that made a short cut across an angle of the road, and throwing himself breathless at the feet of Glorvina.

The astonished maid stood motionless, gazing on the young man, who remained kneeling, until her companion, taking her hand, and calling her by her name, aroused her from the trance of astonishment.

"Come," said Myra, "let us return;" and, motioning to the young man to follow them, she led her passive companion back to the lonely retreat whither Malachi had transported his fair child.

Glorvina did not perfectly recover her self-possession till she arrived at the door. Then she stopped, and turning, bent her bright gaze full upon the wondering Niall, who moved not another step.

"Niall—if you are Niall—" said the maid. She paused, and a sigh passed, in spite of them, the lips that would have kept it in: "If you are the Niall," she resumed, "to whom I said farewell four years ago, the day and the hour are not unwelcome that bring back, in health, and strength, and happiness, the playmate of our childhood to the land of his fathers; and we bless God that he has suffered them to shine. But why comes Niall hither? Who taught him to doubt the testimony of the tomb? Who directed his steps to the solitudes of the mountains, the woods, and the lakes? Who cried, "God speed!" when his heel left the home of my father behind it? Was it the master of that home?—was it Malachi, my father?"

A thought that had not occurred to him before, seemed suddenly to cross the mind of Niall. His lips that would have spoken remained motionless, his cheek coloured, his eye fell to the feet of Glorvina; he stood confounded and abashed.

"'Tis well!" cried the stately maid. "The tongue of Niall is yet unacquainted with falsehood, though his feet may be no strangers to the steps of rashness. The repast is spread; enter and partake!" and she paused for a second or two. Niall slowly lifted his eyes till they met those of Glorvina; apprehension and supplication mingled in the gaze of the youth. At length, with a tone that spoke at once compassion and resolve, the word "Depart!" found utterance; and the maid and her companion, stepping aside, left the entrance of their lonely habitation free, as Niall

THE ROYAL ROSE OF ENGLAND.

AN IRISH BALLAD,
ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA,

MAY 24, 1837.

BY J. A. WADE.

Tune—" *Young Love lived once.*"

I.

Within a fine ould ancient pile
 (Where long may splendour
 And luck attend her!)
The Royal Hope of Britain's isle
Has shed her eighteenth summer's smile!
 No winter mornin'
 Was at her bornin',
But with the spring she did come forth,
A flow'r of Beauty, without guile,
Perfumin' sweet the neighb'rin' earth!

II.

We've seen the blossom 'pon the stem
 From early childhood—
 Both in the wild-wood
And in the halls where many a gem
Did sparkle from the diadem,
 But always bloomin',
 Without presumin'
On the rich cradle of her birth;
Her eyes beam'd softly—while from them
All *others* gather'd love and mirth!

III.

Dear offspring of a royal race,
 In this dominion
 (It's my opinion)
There's not a soul that sees your face,
But prays for it sweet Heaven's grace.
 May every birth-day
 Be found a mirth-day,—
No clouds or tears e'er frown or weep,
But Pleasure's smile where'er you pace
Bless you for ever 'wake or 'sleep!



Jack outwitting Davy Jones

[Pg 621]

NIGHTS AT SEA:

Or, Sketches of Naval Life during the War.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

No. III.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

THE CHASE.—THE FORECASTLE YARN.

"Not a cloud is before her
To dim her pure light;
Not a shadow comes o'er her,
Her beauty to blight:
But she glows in soft lustre—
One star by her side—
From her throne in the azure,
Earth's beautiful bride."

A cheerless and disheartening spectacle is a dismantled ship, with all her mass of wreck still clinging to the hull, that it once bore proudly over the billows! 'Tis like the unfortunate abandoned by his friends, who, however, continue to hang around him, though more to impede his way than to retrieve his fortunes! And there lay the Spankaway, with her long line of taper spars reversed, their heads in the water, and their heels uppermost; and, as if in mockery of the mishap, the beautiful bright moon showed their diminished shadows on the again smooth surface of the ocean. The squall had passed far away to leeward, and was dwindling to a mere speck of silvery vapour, whilst all besides was still, and calm, and passionless.

Now it was no pleasant sight to Lord Eustace Dash and his officers to witness the dismantling of the craft they loved; and, as the chief, it may be naturally supposed that the chagrin of his lordship far exceeded that of his subs: but there was one amongst them almost affected to tears, and that was old Will Parallel, the master.

"Smack smooth to the lower caps, by ——" said his lordship, as he surveyed the havoc made in his dashing frigate; "not a rope-yarn above the lower mast-heads, and—"

"Not a bit of canvass abroad big enough to make a clout for a babby," chimed in the old master; "spanker, jib, topsels all gone to the devil, as 'll have no more manner o' use for 'em than a serjeant of jollies has for a hand-bible."

"Where's Mr. ——" shouted his lordship, and the master's mate who had had charge of the deck stood before him. "How came all this, sir?"

"It was a white squall, my lord," returned the young man addressed; "not a soul saw it till it caught the ship, and the topmasts went over the side immediately."

"I shall inquire into the fact presently, sir," rejoined his lordship, excessively vexed and mortified. "Turn the hands up—clear the wreck!"

"Hands up—clear the wreck!" shouted the first lieutenant.

"Hands up—clear the wreck!" repeated the master's mate.

"Boatswain's mate, pipe 'Clear the wreck!'" reiterated the midshipmen. "Twhit! twhit!" went the call; and, "Clear wreck, a-hoy!" vociferated Jack Sheavehole, in a voice resembling the roar of the bellows of an anchor-forge. The summons, however, was hardly necessary, as every soul had *tumbled* up at the moment the frigate righted; and all turned to with a hearty goodwill to repair damages, every officer and man using his best exertions.

"The squall spoilt our fun, master," said the first lieutenant to old Parallel, as the latter was superintending the preparations for unrigging the old, and rigging the new spare topmasts.

"Ay! ay! 'twas an unfortunate *blow* to the harmony of the evening; but it will do for an incident for Nugent," responded the veteran. "Where's his fine lady curtcheying to herself in a mirror now? If he had stuck to plain matter-of-fact, mayhap the spars would have behaved better; though, arter all, it's a marcy they were so carroty, or mayhap her ladyship might have curtcheyed so low as to have gone to the bottom."

That night was a night of arduous but light-hearted toil; no man shrunk from his task; and, when they piped to breakfast next morning, the frigate was once more all ataunt'o, with royals and studding-sails set, in chase of a large ship of warlike appearance that was seen in the north-west, running away large, apparently bound in for Toulon.

"Foretopsel-yard, there!" shouted Lord Eustace, from the quarter-deck. "What do you make of her, Mr. Nugent?"

"She's nearly end on, my lord," responded the young lieutenant, as, steadying himself by the topsail-tie, he directed his glass towards the stranger; and then, in a few minutes, added, "She spreads a broad cloth, my lord; and, from the cut of her canvass, I should most certainly say——" and he paused to take another look.

"I'd take my daffy on it, Mr. Nugent," said the look-out man, "her topsels are more hollowed out than ourn; her royals never came out of a British dock-yard; and I'd bet my six months' whack again a scupper-nail that she's a Frenchman, and a large frigate too."

"Well, what is she, Nugent?" shouted the noble captain. "Can you see down to her courses!"

"Yes, my lord," responded the lieutenant; "we shall, I hope, have her hull in sight before long, as I have no hesitation in saying—that is, my lord, I think she's an enemy frigate."

This annunciation was heard fore and aft; for, during the time of his lordship hailing, every whisper was hushed, and scarcely even a limb moved, lest the listener should lose the replies. Expectations had been raised that the vessel in sight might be a French transport, from the Egyptian coast, or perhaps a merchantman; but the chance of an enemy's frigate was indeed joyous news. Breakfast was hastily despatched; the mess-kits were speedily stowed away, and the boatswain's shrill call echoed amongst the canvass as he piped "Make sail, ahoy!" In an instant every man was at his station; every yard of cloth that could catch a breath of wind was packed upon the Spankaway, who seemed to glide along through the water just as easy as when she first started from the buttered slips. Indeed, Jack Sheavehole declared that "she wur all the better for the spree she'd had the night afore."

An exciting period is the time of chase, and it is extremely interesting to observe the anxious looks of the officers as they eye the trim of the sails, and the ready attention of the tars as they execute the most minute command, as if everything depended on their own individual exertions. The usual routine of duty frequently gives place to the all-absorbing stimulus which actuates every mind alike; and, as the seamen group themselves together, they spin their yarns of battles and captures, and calculate their share of the amount of prize-money before they engage the enemy, totally regardless of the advice in the "Cook's Oracle," viz. "First catch an eel, and then skin him." But what have they to do with the "Cook's Oracle," when every man is by rotation cook of the mess in his own natural right, and "gets the plush (overplus) of grog?"

All day the chase continued; and the Spankaway overhauled the stranger so as materially to lessen the distance between them: in fact, her hull could be plainly discerned from the deck, and there was no longer any doubt of her national character. In the afternoon permission was given to take the hammocks below, but not a man availed himself of it; they were therefore re-stowed in readiness for that engagement which all hearts were eager for, all hands itching to begin. Evening closed in, and keen eyes were employed to keep sight of the enemy. The men lay down at their quarters; some to take a nigger's sleep,—one eye shut and the other open; some to converse in good audible whispers; some leaning out at the ports, and watching the moonbeams reflected on the waters, whilst the hissing and chattering noise made by the progress of the ship was sweet music to their ears.

It was a lovely night for contemplation,—but what did Jack want with contemplation whilst an enemy's frigate was in sight? The breeze was light enough to please a lady,—it would have scarcely vibrated the cords of an Æolian lyre: but this was not the breeze for our honest tars; they wanted to hear the gale thrilling through the harpstrings of the standing rigging, with a running accompaniment of deep bass from the ocean, as their counter, set in sea, trebled the piping noise

of the wind. Yet there was one satisfaction; the Frenchman had no more than themselves, and they carried every fresh capful along with them before it reached the chase. The full round moon tried her best endeavour to make her borrowed radiance equally as luminous as that of the glorious orb which so generously granted the loan, with only one provision, that a certain rate of interest should be paid to the earth; but the old girl on this night tried to sport the principal. The waters were lucidly clear, and the mimic waves on its surface would scarcely have been a rough sea to that model of a Dutch dogger—a walnut-shell. Yet the Spankaway was stealing along some seven knots an hour, and the sails just slept a dreamer's sleep.

On the forecastle—that post of honour to a seaman, where the tallest and the best of Britain's pride are always to be found—men who can take the weather-wheel, heave the lead, splice a cable, or furl a foresail,—the A. B.'s of the royal navy,—on the forecastle, just in amidships, before the mast, sat our old friend, Jack Sheavehole, Sam Slick, the ship's tailor, Joe Nighthead, Mungo Pearl, a negro captain of the sweepers, Jemmy Ducks, the poulterer, Bob Martingal, a forecandleman, and several others, who were stationed at the foremost guns.

"I just tell you what it is, Jack," said Bob Martingal, continuing a dispute that had arisen, "I tell you what it is; some on you is as onbelieving as that 'ere Jew as they've legged down so much again, and who, they say, is working a traverse all over the world to this very hour, with a billy-goat's beard afore him as long as a chafing mat. But, take care, my boyo, you arn't conwincetecated some o' these here odd times, when you least expects it."

[Pg
624]

"Onbelieving about what, Bob?" responded the boatswain's mate. "Onbelieving 'cause we don't hoist in all your precious tough yarns as 'ud raise a fellow's hair on eend, and make his head look a mainshroud dead-eye stuck round with marlin'-spikes?"

"Or a cushionful of pins," chimed in Sam Slick.

"Or a duck with his tail up," added the poulterer.

"Hould your precious tongues, you lubbers!—what should you know about the build and rig of a devil's own craft? retorted Bob, addressing the two officials. "My messmate here, and that's ould Jack, has got a good and nat'ral right to calculate the jometry of the thing, seeing as he has sarved his life to the ocean, man and boy, and knows an eyelet-hole from a goose's gun-room, which, I take it, is more nor both on you together can diskiver either in the twist of a button-catcher or the drawing of a pullet. But I'm saying, Jack, you are onbelieving,—else why do you misdoubt the woracity of my reckoning."

"Cause you pitches it too strong, Bob," answered the boatswain's mate; "your reck'ning is summut like ould Blowhard's, as keeps the Duncan's Head at Castle-rag,—chalks two for one. Spin your yarns to the marines, Bob; they'll always believe you. Cause why?—they expects you'll just hould on by their monkey-tails in return."

"Monkey-tails or no monkey-tails arn't the question," returned Bob with some warmth; "it's the devil's tail as I'm veering away upon, and——"

"I'm blessed if it won't bring you up all standing with a roundturn round your neck some o' these here days," uttered Jack, interrupting him.

"Never mind that," returned Bob with a knowing shake of the head; "I shall uncoil it again, if he arn't got the king's broad arrow on the end on it. But mayhap, then, you won't believe as there is such a justice o' peace as ould Davy?"

"Do I believe my catechiz as I forgot long ago?" responded old Jack. "Why, yes, messmate, I wooll believe that there is a consarn o' the kind; but not such a justice o' peace as you'd make of him, rigged out in one o' your 'long-shore clargy's sky-scraper shovel-nosed trucks, leather breeches, and top-boots! I tell you it won't do, Bob, in the regard o' the jography o' the matter. Why, where the h—is he to coil away his outrigger in a pair of tight leather rudder casings over his starn? Ax the tailor there whether it arn't onpossible. And how could he keep top-boots on to his d—d onprincipled shanks, as are no better in the fashion of their cut than a couple of cow's trotters? And what single truck would fit two mast-heads at once, seeing as he al'ays carries a pair of horns as big as a bull's. No, no, Bob; you wants to make a gentleman of the picarooning wagabone, when everybody as knows anything about him knows he's a thundering blaggard, as my ould captain, Sir Joseph Y—ke, used to say in one of his beautiful sarmons, 'he goes cruising about seeking to devour a roaring lion,' and that's no child's play anyhow! But, howsomever, a yarn's a yarn, ould chap; so lather-away with your oak stick: I'll hoist in all I can, just to confar a favour on you; and, as for the rest, why I'll let it go by the run."

[Pg
625]

"I must crave permission to put in a word, since I have been professionally appealed to," said Sam Slick with becoming gravity, and smoothing down the nap of his sleeping-jacket. "With respect to the breeches,—wash-leather, after they have been worn for some time, will give and stretch, and——"

"Come, none o' your stretching, Sam," chimed in Jemmy Ducks. "What you've got to show is, whether you can stow a cable in a hen-coop."

"Not exactly," returned Sam; "for I'm sure Mister Sheavehole must allow that the capacity and capability of a pair of leather breeches——"

"I shan't never allow no such consarns as them 'ere!" exclaimed Jack. "Do, Bob, get on with your yarn, and clap a stopper on the lubber's jawing-gear."

"Well, since you've put me upon it by misdoubting my woracity," said Bob, "why, I'll up and tell you a thing or two. Which on you has ever been down to Baltimore?"

"I have," returned a fore-castleman, impatient to wedge in a word or two. "I was there onest in a ship transport, and our jolly-boat broke adrift in the night, and went ashore without leave; and so, next morning, we sees her lying on the beach all alone, as if she'd been a liberty-boy hard up in the regard o' the whiskey. And so the second mate and a party goes to launch her: but some wild Ingines, only they warn't quite black, came down, and wouldn't let us lay a finger on her till we'd paid summut for hauling her up, which was all nat'ral in course; but the second mate hadn't never got not a single copper whatsomever about him, and so he orders us to launch her whether or no, Tom Collins; and, my eyes! but they did kick up a shindy, jabbering in a lingo like double Dutch coiled again the sun; and says one on 'em, seeing as we were man-handling the boat, says he, 'Arrah, Tim, call to de boys to bring down de shticks—'"

"You means Baltimore in Ireland," uttered Bob, with some degree of contempt, "and I means Baltimore in the United States o' Maryland, where the river runs along about three leagues out of Chesapeake Bay,—and a pretty place it is too of a Saturday night for a bit of a John Canooing, and a bite of pigtail, letting alone the grog and the gals—"

"Which you never did, Bob, I'll be sworn," said Jack laughing.

"Never did what, Jack?" asked the other, apparently surprised at the positive assertion.

"Why, let the grog and the gals alone, God A'mighty bless both on 'em!" replied the boatswain's mate; "but heave a-head, my hearty."

Bob gave a self-satisfied grin, and proceeded. "Why, d'ye mind, I'd been fool enough to grease my heels from a hooker,—no matter whatsomever her name might be or where she sailed from, seeing as she carried a coach-whip at her main-truck and a rogue's yarn in her standing and running gear. But I was young and foolish, and my brains hadn't come to their proper growth; and one o' your land-sharks had got a grip o' me; and there I was a-capering ashore, and jumping about like a ring-tail monkey over a hot plantain; and so I brings up at the sign of the General Washing-tub, and there used to be a lot of outrageous tarnation swankers meet there for a night's spree,—fellows as carried bright marlin'-spikes in their pockets for toothpicks, and what not, and sported Spanish dollars on their jackets for buttons. They belonged to a craft as laid in the harbour,—a reg'lar clipper, all legs and wings: she had a white cherry-bum for a figure-head; ounly there was a couple o' grease-horns sprouting out on the forehead, and she was as pretty a piece of timber upon the water as ever was modelled by the hand of the devil."

"Why, how do you know who moulded her frame, Bob?" inquired Jack provokingly. "It might have been some honest man's son, instead of the ould chap as you mentions. But if any one sees a beautiful hooker that's more beautifuller nor another, then she's logged down as the devil's own build, and rigged by the captain of the sweepers."

"Wharra you mean by dat, Massa Jack?" exclaimed Mungo Pearl, who held that honourable station, and felt his dignity offended by the allusion; "wharra you mean by dat, eh?"

"Just shut your black-hole," answered Jack with a knowing look; "don't the ould witches ride upon birch-brooms, and sweep through the air,—and arn't the devil their commander-in-chief? Well, then, in course he is captain o' the sweepers. But go along, Bob. I'll lay my allowance o' grog to-morrow she was painted black."

"Well, so she was, Jack," responded Martingal, "all but a narrow fiery red ribbon round her sides, as looked for all the world like a flash o' lightning darting out of a thunder-cloud; and her name was the In-fun-oh (Infernaux), but I'm d—d if there was any fun in the consarn arter all. Well, d'ye see, the hands were a jolly jovial set, with dollars as plentiful as boys' dumps, and they pitched 'em away at the lucky, and made all sneer again. The skipper was a civil-spoken gentleman, with a goodish-sized ugly figure-head of his own, one eye kivered over with a black patch, and the other summut like a stale mackerel's; but it never laid still, and was al'ays sluing round and round, 'cause it had to do double duty. Still he was a pleasantish sort of a chap, and had such a 'ticing way with him, that when he axed me to ship in the craft, I'm blow'd if I could say 'No,' though I felt summut dubersome about the consarn; and the more in regard of an ould tar telling me the black patch was all a sham, but he was obliged to kiver the eye up, 'cause it was a ball o' fire as looked like a glowing cinder in a fresh breeze. He'd sailed with him a voyage or two, and he swore that he had often seen the skipper clap his cigar under the false port and light it by his eye; and one night in a gale o' wind, when the binnacle-lamp couldn't be kept burning, he steered the ship a straight course by the compass from the brightness of his eye upon the card. Howsomever, I didn't much heed to all that 'ere, seeing as I knowed how to spin a tough yarn myself: and then there was the grog and the shiners, a sweet ship and civil dealing; and I'll just ax what's the use o' being nice about owners, as long as you do what's right and ship-shape? 'Still, messmate,' thinks I to myself, 'it's best not to be too much in a hurry;' so I backs and fills, just dropping with the tide of inclination, and now and then letting go the kedge o' contradiction to swing off from the shore; and at last I tould him 'I'd let him know next day.' Well, I goes to the ould tar as I mentioned afore, and I tells him all about it. 'Don't go for to sign articles in no such a craft as that 'ere,' says he in a moloncholy way.—'Why not?' says I, quite gleesome and careless, though there was a summut that comothered me all over when he spoke.—'I mustn't tell you,' says he; 'but take my advice, and never set foot on board a craft that arn't got no 'sponsible owners,' says he.—'You must tell me more nor that,' says I, 'or you may as well tell me nothing. You've been to sea in her, and are safe enough; why shouldn't I?'—'I advise you for your good,' says he again, all fatherlike and gently; 'you can do as you please. You talk of my safety,' and he looked cautiously round him; 'but it's the parsen as has done it for me.'—'Oh! I see how the land lies,' says I; 'you're a bit of a methodish, and so strained the yarns o' your conscience, 'cause you made a trip to the coast o' Guinea for black wool.'—He shook his head: 'Black wool, indeed,' says

he; 'but no man as knows what I knows would ever lay hand to sheet home a topsel for a commander who —' and he brought up his speech all standing.—'Who what?' axes I; but he wouldn't answer: and so, being a little hopstropulous in my mind, and willing to try the hooker, 'It's no matter,' says I, 'I'll have a shy at her if I loses my beaver. No man can expect to have the devil's luck and his own too.'—'That's it!' says he, starting out like a dogvane in a sudden puff.—'That's what?' axes I.—'The devil's luck!' says he: 'don't go for to ship in that craft. She's handsome to look at; but, like a painted scullerpar, or sea-poll-ker, or some such name, she's full o' dead men's bones.'—'Gammon!' says I boldly with my tongue, though I must own, shipmates, there was summut of a flusteration in my heart as made me rather timbersome; 'Gammon!' says I, 'what 'ud they do with such a cargo even in a slaver?'—'I sees you're wilful,' says he angrily; 'but log this down in your memory: if you do ship in that 'ere craft, you'll be d—d!'—'Then I'll be d—d if I don't:' says I, 'and so, ould crusty-gripes, here goes;' and away I started down to one of the keys just to take a look at her afore I entered woluntary; and there she lay snoozing as quiet as a cat on a hearth-rug, or a mouse in the caulker's oakum. Below, she was as black as the ace o' spades, and almost as sharp in the nose; but, aloft, her white tapering spars showed like a delicate lady's fingers in silk-net gloves—"

"Or holding a skein of silk," chimed in Sam Slick.

"Well, shipmates," continued Bob; "whilst I was taking a pretty long eye-drift over her hull and rigging, and casting my thoughts about the skipper, somebody taps me on the arm, and when I slued round, there he was himself, *in properer personnee*; and, 'Think o' the devil,' says I, 'and he's over your shoulder, saving your honour's presence, and I hopes no offence.' Well, I'm blessed but his eye—that's his onkivered one, messmates—twinkled and scaled over dark again, just for all the world like a revolving light, and 'Not no offence at all, my man,' says he; 'it's al'ays best to be plain-spoken in such consarns; we shall know one another better by-and-by. But how do you like the ship?'—'She's a sweet craft, your honour,' says I; 'and I should have no objection to a good berth on board her, provided we can come to reg'lar agreement.'—'We shall not quarrel, I dare say, my man,' says he, quite cool and insinivating; 'my people never grumble with their wages, and you see yourself they wants for nothing.'—'All well and good, your honour,' says I; 'and, to make short of the long of it, Bob Martingal's your own.' Well, his eye twinkled again, and there seemed to be such a heaving and setting just under the tails of his long togs, and a sort o' rustling down one leg of his trousers, that blow me if I could tell what to make on it; and 'I knew you'd be mine,' says he: 'we shall go to sea in the morning, so you'd better get your traps aboard as soon as possible.' Well, messmates, I bids him good morning; but, thinks I to myself, I'll just take a bit of a overhaul of the craft afore I brings my duds aboard; and so, jumping into a punt, a black fellow pulls me alongside, and away I goes on to the deck, and there the first person I seed was the skipper. How he came there was a puzzler, for d—the boat had left the key but our own since we parted a few minutes afore. 'And now, Bob,' says he, 'I suppose you are ready to sign.'—'All in good time, your honour,' says I. 'You're aboard afore me, but I'm blessed if I seed you come.'—'It warn't necessary you should,' says he; 'my boat travels quick, my man, and makes short miles.'—'All's the same for that, your honour,' says I, 'whether you man your barge or float off on the anchor-stock—it's all as one to Bob.'—'You're a 'cute lad,' says he, twinkling his eye, 'and must rise in the sarvice. Go below and visit your future shipmates.'—'Thanky, your honour,' says I, and down the hatchway I goes; and there were the messes, with fids o' roast beef and boiled yams in shining silver platters, with silver spoons, and bottles o' wine, all in grand style, as quite comflogisticated me; and 'What cheer—what cheer, shipmate?' says they; and then they axed me to take some grub with 'em, which in course I did. She'd a noble 'tween decks,—broad in the beam, with plenty o' room to swing hammocks; but, instead of finding ounly twenty hands, I'm blowed if there warn't more nor a hundred. So arter I'd had a good tuck-out, I goes on deck again and looks about me. She was a corvette, flush fore and aft, with a tier of port-holes, but ounly six guns mounted; and never even in a man-o'-war did I see everything so snug and neat. 'Well, your honour, I'm ready to sign articles,' says I.—'Very good,' says he; and down we goes into the cabin; and, my eyes! but there was a set-out,—gold candlesticks and lamps, and large silver figures, like young himps, and clear looking-glasses, and silk curtains, and handsome sofas; and there upon one on 'em sat a beautiful young creatur, with such a pair of large full eyes as blue as the sky, and white flaxen hair that hung like fleecy clouds about her forehead,—it made a fellow think of heaven and the angels: but she never smiled, shipmates,—there was a moloncholy about the lower part of her face as showed she warn't by no manner o' means happy; and whilst the skipper was getting the articles out of the locker, she motioned to me, but I couldn't make out what she meant. The skipper did, though; for he turned round in a fury, and stamped on the cabin deck as he lifted up the black patch, and a stream of light for all the world like the glow of a furnace through a chink in a dark night fell upon her. He had his back to me, so I couldn't make out where the light came from; but the poor young lady gave a skreek and fell backard on the sofa. Now, messmates, I'd obsarved that when he stamped with his foot that it warn't at all like a nat'ral human stamp, for it came down more like the hoof of a horse or a box; and thinks I to myself, 'I'm d—, Bob, but you're in for it now; the skipper must be a devil of a fellow to use such a lovely creatur arter that fashion.'—'You're right, my man,' says he, grinning like one o' them faces on the cat-head, 'he *is* a *devil* of a fellow.'—'I never spoke not never a word, your honour,' says I, thrown all aback by the concussion. 'No, but you thought it,' says he; 'don't trouble yourself to deny it: tell lies to everybody else, if you pleases, but it's no use selling 'em to me.'—'God forbid, your—' I was going to say 'honour,' but he stopped me with another stamp, and 'Never speak that name in my presence again,' says he; 'if you do, it ull be the worse for you. Come and sign the articles.' My eyes! shipmates, but I was in a pretty conflobergasticationment; there stood the skipper, with a bright steel pen in his hand as looked like a doctor's lanchet, and there close by his side, upon her beam-ends, laid that lovely young creatur, the sparkling jewels in her dress

mocking the wretchedness of her countenance. 'Are you ready?' says he; and his onkivered eye rolled round and round, and seemed to send out sparks through the friction. 'Not exactly, your honour,' says I, 'for I carn't write, in regard o' my having sprained both ankles, and got a twist in my knee-joint when I warn't much higher than a quart pot.'—'That's a lie, Bob,' says he; and so it was, messmates, for I thought I must make some excuse to save time. 'Howsomever,' says he, 'you can make your mark.'—Thinks I so myself, 'I would pretty soon, my tight un, if I had you ashore.'—'I know it,' says he; 'but you're aboard now, and so you may either sign or not, just as it suits your fancy, my man; ounly understand this—if you don't sign, you shall be clapped in irons, and fed upon iron hoops and scupper-nails for the next six months, and I wish you a good disgestion.'—'Thanky, your honour,' says I; 'and what if I do sign?'—'Why then,' says he, 'you shall live like a fighting-cock, and have as much suction as the Prince of Whales.' Well, shipmates, I was just like the Yankee's schooner when she got jammed atwixt two winds, and so I thought there could be no very great damage in making a scratch or two upon a bit o' parchment; and 'All right, your honour,' says I; 'hand us over the pen: but your honour hasn't got not never an inkstand.'—'That's none o' your business,' says he; 'if you are resolved to sign, I'll find materials.'—'Very good,' says I; 'I'll just make my mark.'—'Hould up!' says he to the young lady; and she scringed all together in a heap, and shut her large blue eyes as she held up a beautiful white round arm, bare up to the shoulder: it looked as solid and as firm as a piece of marble stationery."

"Statuary, you mean," said Sam Slick, interrupting the narrative. "But I say, Bob, do you expect us to believe all this?"

"I believes every word on it," asserted Jemmy Ducks, who had been attentively listening, with his mouth wide open to catch all that was uttered: "what can you find onnat'ral or dubersome about it? The skipper was no doubt a black-hearted nigger."

"Nigger yousef, Massa Jemmy Ducks," exclaimed Mungo Pearl; "d—you black heart for twist 'em poultry neck."

"Silence there in amidships," said Mr. Parallel: "you make so much noise that I can't keep my glass steady. Spin your yarns, Mr. Pearl, with your mouth shut, like an oyster;" and then, addressing the captain, "We rise her fast, my lord, and the breeze freshens: the ould beauty knows she's got some work cut out for her; she begins to smell garlic, and walks along like an ostrich on the stretch—legs and wings, and all in full play."

"What distance are we from Toulon?" inquired Lord Eustace, as he carefully and anxiously scanned the stranger through his glass.

"About nine leagues," promptly answered Mr. Parallel; "and if the breeze houlds on, or comes stronger, another three hours will carry us alongside of the enemy."

"We shall soon have her within reach of the bow-guns," said the first lieutenant, "and a shot well thrown may take in some of her canvass."

"That's a good deal of it chance-work," responded the master; "it mought and it moughtn't; but firing is sure to frighten the—"

"Spirits of the wind," added Nugent, who stood close beside him; "they become alarmed and take to flight, and so we lose the flapping of their airy wings."

"Hairy grandmother," grumbled old Parallel, "hairy wings indeed; why, who ever seed such a thing? Spirits of wind, too,—rum spirits, mayhap, to cure flatulency. Stick to natur, Mr. Nugent, or she'll be giving us another squall, just out o' revenge for being ridiculed."

"Get on with your yarn, Bobbo," said Joe Nighthead in an under tone; "and just you take a reef in your bellows, Mister Mungo, and don't speak so loud again."

"Where was I?" inquired Bob thoughtfully: "oh, now I recollect;—down in the cabin, going to sign the articles. 'Are you quite ready?' says the skipper to me as he raised the pen. 'All ready,' says I.—'Then hould up,' says he to the young lady, and she raised her fair arm. 'Come here, my man,' says he again to me, and I clapped him close alongside at the table; 'be ready to grab hould o' the pen in a moment, and make your mark *there*,' and he pointed to a spot on the parchment, with a brimstone seal stamped again it—you might have smelt it, messmates, for half a league—and, I'm blessed if I didn't have a fit o' the doldrums; but, nevertheless, I put a bould face upon it, and, 'Happy go lucky,' says I, 'all's one to Bob!' and then there was another rustling noise down the leg of his trousers, and his eye—that's his onkivered one—flashed again, and took to rolling out sparks like a flint-mill; 'Listen, my man,' says he, 'to what I'm going to say, and pay strict attention to it'—'I wool, your honour,' says I; 'but hadn't the lady better put down her arm?' says I; 'it ull make it ache, keeping it up so long.'—'Mind your own business, Bob Martingal,' says he, quite cantankerously; 'she's houlding the inkstand.'—'Who's cracking now, your honour?' says I laughing; 'the lady arn't got not nothing whatsomever in her hand. I'm blowed if I don't think you all carries out the name o' the craft In-fun-oh.'—'Right,' says he; 'and now attend. If after I have dipt this here pen in the ink, you refuse to sign the articles—you have heard o' this?' and he touched the black patch. I gave a devil-may-care sort of a nod. 'Well, then, if you refuses to sign, I'll nillyate you.'—'Never fear,' says I, making out to be as bould as a lion, for there was ounly he and I men-folk in the cabin; and, thinks I to myself, 'I'm a match for him singly at any rate.'—'You're mistaken,' says he, 'and you'll find it out to your cost, if you don't mind your behaviour, Bob Martingal.'—'I never opened my lips, your honour,' says I.—'Take care you don't,' says he, 'and be sure to obey orders.' He turned to the lady. 'Are you prepared, Marian?' axes he; but she never spoke. 'She's faint, your honour,' says I, 'God bless her!' The spiteful wretch give

me a red-hot look, and his d— oncivil cloven foot—for I'd swear to the mark it made—came crushing on my toes, and made me sing out blue blazes. 'Is that obeying orders?' says he: 'didn't I command you never to use that name afore me?'—'You did, your honour,' says I; 'but you might have kept your hoof off my toes, seeing as I haven't yet signed articles.'—'It was an accident,' says he, 'and here's something to buy a plaster;' and he throws down a couple of doubloons, which I claps into my pocket. 'You enter woluntarily into my service, then?' says he.—'To be sure I do,' says I, though I'm blessed if I wouldn't have given a treble pork-piece to have been on shore again.—'And you'll make your mark to that?' says he, 'and ax no further questions?'—'To be sure I will,' says I; and I'll just tell you what it is, messmates, I'm blowed if ever I was more harder up in my life than when I seed him raise the pen, as looked like a sharp lanchet, in his infernal thieving-hooks, and job it right into that beautiful arm, and the blood spun out, and the lady gave a skreek; and 'Sign—sign!' says he; 'quick, my man—your mark!'—'No, I'm d—if I do,' says I; 'let blood be on them as sheds it.'—'You won't?' says he.—'Never, you spawn o' Bellzebub!' says I; for I'd found him out, shipmates.—'Then take the consequences,' says he; and up went the black patch, and, by the Lord Harry! he sported an eye that nobody never seed the like on in their lives; it looked as big and as glaring as one o' them red glass bottles of a night-time as stands in the potecarry's windows with a lamp behind 'em; but it was ten thousand times more brilliant than the fiercest furnace that ever blazed,—you couldn't look upon it for a moment; and I felt a burning heat in my heart and in my stomach, as if I'd swallowed a pint of vitriol; and my strength was going away and I was withering to a hatomy, when all at once I recollects a charm as my ould mother hung round my neck when I was a babby, and I snatches it off and houlds it out at arm's length right in his very face. My precious eyes and limbs! how he did but caper about the cabin, till his hat fell off, and there was his two fore-tack bumkins reg'larly shipped over his bows and standing up with a bit of a twist outwards just like the head-gear of a billy-goat. 'Keep off, you bitch's babby!' says I, for he tried onknown schemes and manœuvres to get at me; till suddenly I hears a loud ripping of stitches, and away went the casings of his lower stancheons, and out came a tail as long—"

"Almost as long as your'n, I suppose," said old Jack Sheavehole; "a precious yarn you've been spinning us, Mister Bob!"

"But what became of the lady?" inquired Sam Slick; "and what a lubber of a tailor he must have been to have performed his work so badly!"

"The lady?" repeated Bob; "why, I gets her in tow under my arm, and shins away up the companion-ladder, the ould fellow chasing me along the deck with a boarding-pike, his tail sticking straight out abaft, just like a spanker-boom over his starn; but the charm kept him off, and away I runs to the gangway, where the shore-boat and the nigger were waiting, and you may guess, shipmates, I warn't long afore we were hard at work at the paddles; for I laid the lady down in the bottom o' the punt, and 'Give way, you bit of ebony,' says I, 'or Jumbee 'ull have you stock and fluke.' Well, if there warn't a bobbery aboard the In-fun-oh, there never was a bobbery kicked up in the world; and 'Get ready that gun there!' shouted the skipper."

At this moment the heavy booming of a piece of ordinance was heard sounding across the water. Up jumped Jemmy Ducks, and roared out, "Oh Lord! oh dear!—there's the devil again!—what shall I do!" and a general laugh followed.

"The chase is trying his range, my lord," exclaimed Mr. Seymour; "but the shot must have fallen very short, as we couldn't hear it."

"Keep less noise on the fokesel," said old Parallel. "What ails that lubberly wet-nurse to all the geese in the ship? Ay, ay, he'll have hould on you by-and-by! Get a pull of that topmast-stud'nsel tack."

The men immediately obeyed; and, as they were coming up fast with the enemy, excitement and impatience put an end to long yarns. But Bob just squeezed out time to tell them that he got safe ashore with the lady; and the "In-fun-oh" tripped her anchor that same tide, dropped down the river, and put to sea, nor was she ever heard of again afterwards. The lady was the daughter of a rich merchant in Baltimore, who had been decoyed away from her family, but by the worthy tar's instrumentality was happily restored again. Bob got a glorious tuck-out aboard, the two doubloons were safe in his pocket, and the father of Marian treated him like a prince.

Half an hour elapsed from the first discharge of the enemy's sternchaser, when he again tried his range; and, to prove how rapidly they were nearing each other, the shot this time passed over the British frigate. There was something exhilarating to the ears of the seamen in the whiz of its flight. Two or three taps on the drum aroused every man to his quarters; the guns were cast loose, and the bowchasers cleared away for the officers to practise. Heavy bets were made relative to hitting the target, the iron was well thrown, and every moment increased the eagerness of the tars to get fairly alongside. The land was rising higher and higher out of the water,—the French port was in view,—the enemy began to exult in the prospect of escape, when an eighteen-pounder, pointed by the hands of the old master, brought down her maintop-gallant-mast; and the Frenchman, finding it was utterly impossible to get away without fighting, shortened sail, and cleared for action. Three cheers hailed this manœuvre. The British tars now made certain of their prize; and, when within half pistol-shot, in came the Spankaway's flying-kites, and in five minutes he was not only under snug commanding canvass, but the moment they returned to their quarters they passed close under the French frigate's stern, and steadily poured in a raking broadside, every shot doing its own proper duty, and crashing and tearing the enemy's stern-frame to pieces, ploughing up the decks as they ranged fore and aft, and diminishing the strength of their opponents by no less than twenty-seven killed and wounded.

Still the Frenchman fought bravely, and handled his vessel in admirable style. Six of the Spankaway's lay dead, and thirteen wounded. Amongst the latter was our worthy old friend Will Parallel, the master; a splinter had struck him on the breast, and he was carried below insensible. Sea-fights have so often been described, that they have now but little novelty; let it therefore suffice, that, in fifty-six minutes from the first broadside, the tricoloured flag came down, and the national frigate *Hippolito*, mounting forty-four guns, struck to his Britannic Majesty's ship the Spankaway, whose first lieutenant, Mr. Seymour, was sent aboard to take possession, as a prelude to that step which he was now certain of obtaining. Thus two nights of labour passed away, and the triumph of the second made ample amendment for the misfortunes of the first; besides enabling the warrant-officers to expend their stores, and not a word about the white squall.

INDEX.

A.

Addison, Mr. inedited letters of,	356 , 357 , 358 , 360 , 363 ;
anecdotes of him,	357 n. ;
remarks respecting him,	358 , 359 n. , 361 , 362 n. ;
Advertisement Extraordinary, theatrical,	152 .
Ainsworth, W. H. piece by,	325 .
Alps, inhabitants of the, observations on their superstition,	608 .
Anatomy of Courage,	398 .
An Evening of Visits,	80 .
Anselm, Abbot,	347 .
Anspach, Margravine of, mistake in her Memoirs respecting the elder George Colman,	7 .
Anti Dry-rot Company, song of the,	94 .
April Fools, song of the month,	325 .
Authors and Actors, a dramatic sketch,	132 .

B.

Bannister, J. his intimacy with George Colman,	14 .
Baon Ri Dhuv, or the Black Lady, legend of,	519 .
Barter, Richie, see <i>Richie Barter</i> .	
—, Mrs. see <i>Plum, Lady</i> .	
Bath, Lord,	7
Bayly, T. Haynes, pieces by,	79 , 153 , 260 , 354 , 576 .
Beaumanoir, Col. de,	96
Beaumarchais, M. de, passage in his life,	233
Biographical Sketch of Richardson the Showman,	178
Black Lady, legend of, see <i>Baon Ri Dhuv</i> .	
Blue Wonder, story of the,	450
Bob Burns and Beranger,	525
Bobis Head, legend of,	519
Bottle of St. Januarius, song of the month for January,	1
"Boz," pieces by,	105 , 218 , 225 , 291 , 326 , 430 , 515 .
Budgell, Mr. his remarks respecting Lord Halifax and Mr. Addison,	358n.
Bugle, Miss Sarah, account of,	451 .
Bullfinch, Mr. Theophilus,	591 .
Bumble, Mr.	109 , 218 , 225 , 430 .
Byron, his opinion of Sheridan,	427 .

C.

Canada, remarks on travelling in,	559 .
Carew, Molly, lament of her Irish lover,	527 .
Castlereagh, Lord,	581 .
Chapman, T. paper by,	410 .
Chapter in the Life of a Statesman, being inedited letters of	

Addison,	356.
Clavijo, Don Joseph,	236.
Claypole, Noah, his treatment of Oliver Twist,	327:
his quarrel with him,	336:
conversation with Mr. Bumble,	430.
Cleaver, Dr. sketch of his life and character,	442.
Clifton, the Hot Wells of,	63.
C—, M. de,	86.
Cobbler of Dort, story of the,	403.
Coleridge, remarks respecting,	417.
Collier, W. paper by,	485.
Colman, Francis,	7.
—, the elder George, remarks respecting,	7.
—, George, memoir of,	7.
lines written by,	12
impromptu by,	16
Conla,	522.
Contradiction,	338.
Cooper, J. F. piece by,	80
Courage, Anatomy of,	398.
Cover, song of the,	402.
Craggs, Mr. junior, remarks respecting him,	361n.
Crichton, James (the admirable,) eulogiums on,	416.
Critical Gossip with Lady M. W. Montagu,	138.
Curetoun, Dr.	123.
—, Mrs. C.	121.

D.

Darby the Swift, his personal appearance,	543:
story respecting him,	544.
Dash, Capt. Lord Eustace, character of,	269:
anecdote related by,	276.
Davids, C. J. pieces by,	231. 297. 339.
Dawkins, Jack,	439.
Devil and Johnny Dixon,	251.
Dibbs, Mrs.	565.
Didler, Dick, adventures of,	565.
Dixon, Johnny, description of,	252:
account of his adventure with the Devil,	255.
Doall, Dr. his professional schemes,	444.
Downwithit, Dr. character of,	121.
Doyle, Owen,	20.
Dulcet, Dr. account of,	288.
Dumb Waiter, lines on the,	340.

E.

Edward Saville, a transcript,	155.
Egan, Squire,	23. 27. 169.
his adventures with Gustavus Granby O'Grady,	
owing to the mistakes of Handy Andy,	171:
with Murlough Murphy,	373.
English poets, Gossip with some Old,	98.
Epigrams,	190. 381. 409.
	493. 508.
Eva,	522.
Evening Meditation,	250.
Evening of Visits,	80.
Execution, the, a sporting anecdote,	561.

F.

Falcon, Dr. his marriage,	450:
---------------------------	----------------------

his expectations from Miss Sarah Bugle,	451.
Falstaff, Sir John,	
observations on his influence with Henry V. while Prince of Wales,	494.
Johnson's character of,	496.
his Gadshill adventure,	503.
remarks on his countenance,	506.
Family Stories, No. I.	191.
No. II.	266.
No. III.	341.
No. IV.	529.
No. V.	561.
Feaghan, Father Paul,	253.
Fiddler, Mrs.	137.
Fireside Stories, No. I, see <i>Family Stories</i> .	
Fitzalban, Capt. Hon. A. F. story respecting his cow,	65.
Fitzgerald, Lord E. observations on,	558.
Fitzgrowl, Mr.	132.
Fog, lines on a London,	492.
Fontenelle, lines in imitation of,	88.
Foote, Samuel,	
remarks respecting him,	10.
memoir of,	298.
his plays,	300.
accusations against him,	303.
his death,	304.
opinions of his comedies,	ib.:
of his dramas,	ib.:
anecdotes of him,	305.
Fothergill, Father, description of,	344.
Fragment of Romance,	165.
Friar Laurence and Juliet, a poem,	354.
G.	
Gamfield, Mr.	219.
Garrick, David, Foote's ridicule of,	305.
Goldsmith, Oliver, anecdotes of,	9.
Goodere, Capt.	299.
—, Sir John, allusion to his murder,	299.
Glorvina, the Maid of Meath,	614.
Gossip with some Old English Poets,	98.
Grand Cham of Tartary and the Humble-bee, a poem,	339.
Green, Mr. specimen of his poetry,	101.
Grey Dolphin, story of the,	341.
Grummet, J.	67.
H.	
Hajji Baba, his remarks on England,	280.
his projected mission to England,	284.
his preparations,	364.
instructions,	366.
his remarks on the alterations among the Turks,	369.
his inquiries on the state of England,	487.
observations on France,	488.
his passage to Dover,	489.
remarks on the officers of customs,.	490.
Halifax, Earl of, see <i>Montague, Charles</i> .	
Hamburgh, Steam trip to,	509.
Handy Andy, paper so called, No. I.	20.
No. II.	169.
No. III.	373.
Headlong Hall, pieces by the author of,	29. 187.

Hero and Leander, a poem,	410.
Herrick, Mr. specimen of his poetry,	99.
Hints for an Historical Play,	597.
Hippothonasia; or, the last of Tails—a lamentable tale,	319.
Hogarth, George, piece by,	233.
Horse-pond, Reflections in a,	470.
Hot Wells of Clifton, lines to the,	64.

I.

Impromptu, by George Colman, on "Boz,"	16: 297.
Improvement, the victim of,	599.
Ingoldsby, T. papers by,	201: 266. 341. 529.
—, Caroline, legend of "Tapton Everard" related by,	195.
Inscription for a cemetery,	473.
Introduction to the Biography of my Aunt Jemima, the Political Economist,	382.
Ivory, Mr. his relation of the story of "Plunder Creek,"	127.

J.

Jackdaw of Rheims,	529.
Jaques, criticism on Shakspeare's character of,	550.
Jennings, Mr. —, Mrs. story of,	55. 59. 591.
Jordan, W. pieces written by,	178. 319.
J—, Madame de,	86.
Jocund, Joyce, piece written by,	190.
Johnson, Dr. anecdotes of, his remarks on Foote, his Rasselas,	8: 9: 301. 305: 550.
Johns, Richard, piece by,	313.
Jonson, Ben, specimen of his poetry,	98.

K.

Kats, Jacob, cobbler of Dort, story respecting,	403.
Kingston, Duchess of, her persecution of Foote,	303.
Knowles, Sheridan, paper by,	614.
Kyan's Patent—the Nine Muses and the Dry-rot,	93.

L.

Lament over the Bannister,	151.
Lavender, Lord John, account of his projected marriage with Miss Sophy Miggins,	260.
Leary the Piper's Lilt, song of the month for May,	429.
Legends—of Manor Hall, of Hamilton Tighe, of Bohis Head, of Mount Pilate,	29: 266: 519: 608.
Le Gros, C. F. paper by,	247.
Les Poissons d'Avril,	397.
Lines on the "Young Veteran," John Bannister, to a Lyric and Artist,	168: 177.
Linley, Miss, poem to, her marriage with Sheridan, her death,	420: 421: 425.
Lions, some particulars concerning a,	515.
Literature of North America, observations on,	534.
Little Bit of Tape, story of the,	313.
Littlejohn, Mr.	67.
London Fog, lines on a,	492.

Love and Poverty,	469.
Love in the City,	584.
Lover, Samuel, pieces by,	20. 88. 169. 217. 373.

M.

Mac Gawly, Roger,	34.
—, Biddy,	33.
M'Flummery, Mr. story respecting,	210.
Madrigal Society, description of the,	465.
Magan, Mr.	255.
Magian, Dr. papers by,	2. 105. 494. 550.
Maguire, Barney,	191.
Mann, Mrs.	109.
Manor Hall, legend of,	29.
Man with the Tuft,	576.
Marbois, Marquis de,	81. 82 n.
Mars and Venus, a poem,	247.
Martingal, Bob, story related by,	625.
Marvel, Andrew, extract from his poem addressed to Lord Fairfax,	99.
May Morning, song of the month for May,	429.
Meditation, an Evening,	250.
Memoir of George Colman,	7.
Merry Christmas,	260.
Metastasio, an imitation of,	88.
Metropolitan Men of Science,	89.
Miggins, Mr. Peter, his letter to Lord John Lavender,	260.
—, Miss Sophy,	261. 265.
Minister's Fate, the,	577.
"Monstre" Balloon, a poem,	17.
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, remarks on her character,	138;
comparison between, and Byron,	140;
extracts from her letters,	141;
her observations on Addison,	362 n.
Montague, Charles, Earl of Halifax,	
Addison's letters to,	356. 358. 360. 363;
remarks respecting him,	358 n. 359.
Months, songs of the, No. I.	1;
No. II.	105;
No. III.	217;
No. IV.	325;
No. V.	429;
No. VI.	533.
Morgan, Mr.	25.
Morier, J. Italian anecdote by,	103.
Mount Pilate, legend of,	608.
Murphy, Murtough, character of,	171;
his duel with Squire Egan,	173.
Muskan, Prince Puckler, paper by,	398.

N.

Nights at Sea; or Sketches of Naval Life during the War, No. I.	269;
No. II.	474;
No. III.	621.
North American Indians, remarks on the periodical literature of,	534;
on their poetry,	536.
Nugent, Mr. specimen of his poetical taste,	272. 273.

O.

Ode from the Emerald Isle,	620.
O'Dryscull, Reddy, communications by,	45. 397. 525.

O'Finn, Mrs. character of,	33 ;
her conversation with Terence O'Shaughnessy,	41 .
O'Funnidos, Rigdum, piece written by,	208 .
Ogle, Miss, her marriage with Sheridan,	425 .
Old Age and Youth, a poem,	79 .
Old English Poets, a Gossip with,	98 .
Oliver Twist, his birth,	105 ;
education and board,	107 ;
escapes being apprenticed to a sweep,	218 ;
his entry into public life,	225 ;
conduct during his apprenticeship,	326 ;
his quarrel with Noah Claypole,	334 ;
his refractory conduct,	430 ;
account of his journey to London,	435 ;
of his rencontre with the strange young gentleman,	437 ;
introduction to the Jew,	441 .
Ollier, Charles, paper by,	98 .
Opening Chaunt to the Miscellany,	6 .
"Original" Dragon, a legend of the Celestial Empire,	231 .
Original of "Not a drum was heard",	97 .
O'Shaughnessy, Terence, see <i>Terence O'Shaughnessy</i> .	

P.

Paddy Blake's Echo,	186 .
Palaver, Mrs. character of,	591 .
Pantomime of Life,	291 .
Parallel, Mr. story told by,	277 , 616 .
Paris, remarks on society in,	86 ;
picture of, in 1837,	387 .
Passage in the Life of Beaumarchais,	233 .
Perceval, Mr., remarks on his assassination,	579 .
Periodical Literature of the North American Indians,	534 .
Peter Plumbago's Correspondence,	448 .
Peters, Mr.	196 .
—, Mrs.	196 .
Phillips, Ambrose, remarks respecting him,	359 n .
"Plunder Creek," (1783,) a legend of New York,	121 .
Plum, Sir Toby,	116 .
—, Lady,	116 .
Poets, Gossip with some Old English,	98 .
Pontius Pilate, legend respecting,	610 .
Pooledoune, John, the victim of improvement,	599 .
—, Roger,	600 .
Portrait Gallery, No. I.	286 ;
No. II.	442 .
Pounce, Mr. story related by him to the Wide-awake Club,	209 .
Poverty, glee in praise of,	525 .
Prologue to the miscellany,	2 .
"Prout, Father," pieces by,	1 , 46 , 63 , 96 , 397 , 525 .

Q.

Queershanks, Mr.	135 .
------------------	-----------------------

R.

Randolph, Thomas, specimen of his poetry,	99 .
"Random Records," extract from,	14 .
Rankin, F. H. paper by,	382 .
"Rattlin the Reefer," piece by the author of,	65 .
Rasselas, remarks on,	550 .
Reckoning with Time,	12 .

Recollections of Childhood,	187.
Reflections in a Horse-pond,	470.
Remains of Hajji Baba,	280. 364. 487.
Remnant of the time of Izaak Walton, a poem,	230.
Reynolds, Hamilton, piece by,	138.
Rheims, Jackdaw of,	529.
Richardson, John, the Showman, biographical account of,	178.
Richie Barter, story of,	116.
Rising Periodical,	101.
Robethon, M. de, Addison's letter to,	357.
Romance of a Day,	565.
Rooney, Andy, see <i>Handy Andy</i> .	
Rose, Sir George, piece by,	168.

S.

Sabine Farmer's Serenade,	46.
Saddleton, Emanuel,	341.
Scenes in the Life of a Gambler,	387.
Scowl, Mr.	133.
Seaforth, Lieut. Charles, account of his somnambulism,	191.
Seymour, Mr. story related by,	276.
Shakspeare, criticisms on his plays,	550.
Shakspeare Papers, No. I.	494;
No. II.	550.
Sheavehole, Jack, story told by,	476.
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, memoirs of,	419;
his poem to Miss Linley,	420;
private marriage with her,	421;
his plays,	422;
anecdote of,	425;
his second marriage,	ib.;
his misfortunes,	426;
death,	ib.;
character,	427;
Byron's opinion of,	ib.
Shurland, Sir Ralph de, adventures of,	341.
Signs of the Zodiac, a gastronomical chaunt,	397.
Simpkinson, Mr. character of,	197.
—, Miss Julia, her poetic taste,	197;
her ode,	200.
Slowby, Richard, account of his adventures,	313.
—, Sir James,	313.
Smyrk, Mr. Peter,	116.
Snaps, Mr. story respecting,	210.
Some particulars concerning a Lion,	515.
Songs,	
for the private theatre or drawing-room,	92;
of the Anti Dry-rot Company,	94;
of the Cover,	402;
songs of the month, No. I.	1;
No. II.	105;
No. III.	217;
No. IV.	325;
No. V.	429;
No. VI.	533.
Sonnet to a Fog,	371.
Sorrows of Life, lines on the,	290.
Sowerberry, Mrs. character of,	229;
dislike of Oliver Twist,	335.
—, Mr. description of,	225;
takes Oliver Twist as an apprentice,	227;

his conversation respecting him,	328.
character of,	433.
Spectre of Tappington, story of the,	191.
Spencer, Charles, Earl of Sunderland, remarks respecting him,	363 n.
Spriggings, Miss Priscilla,	572.
Steam Trip to Hamburgh,	509.
"Stories of Waterloo," pieces by the author of,	33. 251.
Stray Chapters, No. I.	291.
No. II.	515.
Summer Night's Reverie, a poem,	428.
Sunderland, Earl of, see <i>Spencer, Charles.</i>	
Swift, Dean, anecdote of,	2.

T.

"Tales of an Antiquary," pieces by the author of,	121.
Tappington Everard, description of the Manor House of,	192.
Terence O'Shaughnessy, account of his first attempt to get married,	33.
The Abbess and the Duchess, a poem,	153.
The Abbey House,	187.
Theatrical Advertisement Extraordinary,	152.
"The Bee-Hive," pieces by the author of,	286. 442.
"The Old Sailor," pieces by,	269. 474.
The Spectre, a poem,	131.
The Two Butlers,	306.
Time, Reckoning with, a poem by Colman the Younger,	12
Timmins, Mr. his description of the Wide-awake Club,	209.
Tom —, story respecting,	306.
Tomnoddy, Lord,	561.
Travelling, remarks on,	561.
Tulrumbly, Mr. N. account of the public life of,	49.
—, Mrs.	51. 52.
Twigger, Edward,	53.

U.

Useful Young Man, a poem,	485.
---------------------------	----------------------

V.

Victoria, Princess, ode on her birth-day,	620.
Visit to the Madrigal Society,	465.
Visits, an Evening of,	80.

W.

Wade, J. A. pieces by,	186. 492.
Warwick, Countess of, notice of her marriage with Addison,	362 n.
Webbe, Egerton, paper by,	371.
Wharton, Duke of, anecdote of,	357 n.
—, Thomas, Earl of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland, remarks respecting,	356 n.
Whitehead, C. pieces by,	155. 461.
Who are you? a song,	88.
Who milked by cow? paper so called,	65.
Wide-awake Club, character of the,	208.
Whitbread, Mr. his respect for Mr. Perceval,	583.

Y.

Youth's New Vade Mecum, a poem,	462.
---------------------------------	----------------------

Z.

"Zohrab," papers by the author of,	280. 364. 487.
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Transcriber Notes:

Throughout the dialogues, there were words used to mimic accents of the speakers. Those words were retained as-is.

The illustrations have been moved so that they do not break up paragraphs and so that they are next to the text they illustrate.

Errors in punctuation and inconsistent hyphenation were not corrected unless otherwise noted.

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] *Anglicè*, a jackstraw.
- [2] Coarse Irish snuff.
- [3] *Anglicè*, cash down.
- [4] *Anglicè*, a fool.
- [5] A simpleton.
- [6] *Anglicè*, a flaw of the reputation.
- [7] *Anglicè*, confusion

NOTULÆ.

(for SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE)

[8] NOTUL. 1.

1° in *voce rus*. Nonne potiùs legendum *jus*, scilicet, *ad vaccarum pabulum*? De hoc *jure* apud Nabinos agricolas consule *Scriptores de re rustied* passim. Ita *Beatleius*.

Jus imo antiquissimum, at displicet vox æquivoca; jus etenim a *mess of pottage* aliquande audit, ex. gr.

Omne suum fratri Jacob *jus* vendidit Esau,

Et Jacob fratri jus dedit omne suum.

Itaque, pace Bentleii, stet lectio prior.—*Prout*.

[9] NOTUL. 2.

Veherem in jumento. Curriculo-ne? an ponè sedentem in equi dorso? dorsaliter planè. Quidenim dicit Horatius de uxore sic vectà? Nonne "*Post equitem sedet atra cura*"? —*Parson*.

[10] NOTUL. 3.

Lac et mella. Metaphoricè pro *tea*: muliebris est comptatio Græcis non ignota, teste Anacreonte,—

ΘΕΗΝ, ΘΕΑΝ ΘΕΑΙΓΗΝ,

ΘΕΛΩ ΛΙΓΕΔΥ ΙΤΑΙΡΑΙ, Κ. Τ. Λ

Brougham.

[11] NOTUL. 4.

Bacchi succo. Duplex apud poetas antiquiores habebatur hujusce nominis numen. Vineam regebat prius: posterius cuidam herbæ exoticæ pracerat quæ *tobacco* audit. Succus utriusque optimus.—*Coleridge*.

[12] NOTUL. 5.

Aquæ-vitæ vim, Anglo-Hybernicè, "*a power of whisky*," ΙΣΧΥΣ, scilicet, vox pergracca.

Parr.

[13] NOTUL. 6.

Plumoso sacco. Plumarum congeriea certè ad somnos invitandos satis apta; at mihi per multos annos laneus iste saccus, Ang. *woolsack*, fuit apprimè ad dormiendum idoneus. Lites etiam *de iand ut aiunt caprind*, soporiferas per annos xxx, exercui. Quot et quam præclara somnia!—*Eldon*.

[14] NOTUL. 7.

Investitura "*per annulum et baculum*" satis nota. Vide P. Marca de Concord. Sacerdotii et Imperii: et Hildebrandi Pont. Max. bullarium.

Prout.

Baculo certè dignissim. pontif.—*Maginn*.

[15] NOTUL. 8.

Apta sis. Quemodo noverit? Vide Proverb. Solomonis cap. xxx. v. 19. Nisi forsan tales

fuerint puellæ Sabinorum quales impudens iste balatro Connellius mentitur esse nostrates.

Blomfield.

[16] **NOTUL. 9.**

Linguam mobilem. Prius enumerat futuræ conjugis bona *immobilis*, postea transit ad *mobilia*, Anglicè, *chattel property*. Præclares orde sententiarum!—*Car. Wetherell.*

[17] **NOTUL. 10.**

Allusio ad distichon Maronianum,
"Nocte pluit totâ, *redeunt spectacula manè.*"
Prout.

κ. τ. λ

- [18] M. de Marbois was the first president of the Court of Accounts.
- [19] I believe this infamous law, however, has been repealed.
- [20] Second son of Admiral Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich. Upon marrying the daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Wortley, he was obliged by the tenour of Sir Francis's will to assume his name.
- [21] Published in Swift's Works.
- [22] Claude Charlotte, daughter of Philibert, Count of Grammont (author of the celebrated Memoirs), and "La Belle Hamilton," eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, Bart. was married to Henry Stafford Howard, Earl of Stafford, at St. Germain's-en-laye, 1694.
- [23] Lady Philippa Hamilton, daughter of James Earl of Abercorn, and wife of Dr. Pratt, Dean of Downe.
- [24] Youngest daughter of Basil, fourth Earl of Denbigh; married to Daniel, seventh Earl of Winchelsea; died Sept, 17, 1734.
- [25] Anne, daughter of Sir W. Pulteney of Misterton, in the county of Stafford; remarried to Philip Southcote, Esq. Died in 1746.
- [26] Colonel Oldboy in Lionel and Clarissa.
- [27] Walter The Children in the Wood.
- [28] Echo The World.
- [29] Dick The Apprentice.
- [30] Sam Squib Past Ten o'Clock.
- [31] Sadi The Mountaineers.
- [32] Sharp The Lying Valet.
- [33] Jonson The Devil to Pay.
- [34] Trudge Inkle and Yarico.
- [35] Ben Love for Love.
- [36] John Dory Wild Oats.
- [37] Sheva The Jew.
- [38] Colonel Feignwell Bold Stroke for a Wife.
- [39] Young Philpot The Citizen.
- [40] Lenitive The Prize.
- [41] Acres The Rivals.
- [42] Bannister's Budget A Monodramatic Entertainment.
- [43] Blabbo The Caravan.
- [44] Storm Ella Rosenberg.
- [45] Little Farthing Rushlight—A popular song sung by Bannister.
- [46] Lancelot Gobbo The Merchant of Venice.
- [47] Sir David Dunder Ways and Means.
- [48] Besides the fried pigs were other most famous delicacies, which to this day are not quite obsolete. There were called *sasserges*.—ED.
- [49] "Better know to illiterate people as *Confucius*."—WASHINGTON IRVING.
- [50] In *China* (whatever European astronomers may assert to the contrary) an *eclipse* is caused by a *great dragon eating up the sun*.
To avert so shocking an outrage, the natives frighten away the monster from his intended *hot dinner*, by giving a morning concert, *al fresco*; consisting of drums, trumpets, cymbals, gongs, tin-kettles, &c.
- [51] The Princesses of France, in whose household M. de Beaumarchais held an office.
- [52] The Reflector.
- [53] *Anglicè*, John, my jewel.
- [54] *Anglicè*, Black Biddy.
- [55] A policeman.
- [56] An Irish phrase, synonymous with *distressed*.
- [57] Great-coat.

- [58] Between.
- [59] *Anglicè*, Tom Braddigan.
- [60] Good-morrow.
- [61] A handicap.
- [62] An Irish imprecation.
- [63] Be quiet.
- [64] One of the Belfast banks is thus named.
- [65] *Anglicè*, Have it your own way.
- [66] Take his oath.
- [67] *Anglicè*, A short pipe.
- [68] A phrase expressive of using the power of persuasion.
- [69] My soul to the devil.
- [70] *Quære*, rides and ties.
- [71] Thomas Wharton, Earl of Wharton, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, April 21, 1709. How Addison became the secretary of this Verres, as delineated by Swift,—or how Wharton, who professed to think virtue to be only a name, and would not have given a guinea as the purchase-price of the best reputation, obtained the appointment of the Queen's vicegerent in Ireland,—would be matters of perfect astoundment, were it not known that Wharton forced himself upon Lord Godolphin, by showing him a treasonable letter of that lord's to the abdicated family, of which he had contrived to become the possessor. Wharton's vice-regal power was but of short duration; he was recalled: Lords Justices were appointed in the September of the same year, and Wharton returned to England to make a bad use of the letter. Godolphin had, however, been too cunning for him, and procured an act of grace in his absence, which enabled him to set the vengeance of the Lord Lieutenant at defiance. As an apology for Addison's serving under such a man, it may be urged, that the acceptance of the office so proffered implied no approbation of his crimes; and that a subordinate officer is under no obligation to examine the opinions or conduct of those under whom he acts, excepting that he may not be made the actual tool of his atrocities or crimes.
- [72] Addison's habitual taciturnity and fondness for the bottle are well known. There is a story, not yet forgotten, that the profligate Duke of Wharton, who was, perhaps, only the reputed or imputed son of this earl, afterwards Marquis of Wharton, once at table plied Addison so briskly with wine, in order to make him talk, that he could not retain it in his stomach. His grace is said to have observed, that "he could get wine, but not wit out of him."
- [73] Lord Godolphin conferred on Addison, as a reward for his poem entitled *The Campaign*, commemorative of the battle of Blenheim, the place of Commissioner of Appeals, in the room of the celebrated Locke, who had been appointed a Lord of Trade. The year following, he attended Lord Halifax to Hanover; and, in the next, was appointed secretary to Sir Charles Hedges, and was continued in that office by his successor, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland.
- [74] Addison was a sound Whig. Bolingbroke records, that, after the peace which followed the ever memorable battle of Blenheim, he engaged with Addison in a two hours' conversation, and their politics differed *toto cælo* from each other.
- [75] Budgell has recorded that he attended Lord Halifax and Addison in a barge to Greenwich to meet George the First from Hanover. Halifax said he expected to have the Treasurer's staff, and to have great influence; that he would endeavour to avoid some of the errors of late reigns, and make his master a great king, and would recommend Addison to be a secretary of state. Addison, as Budgell says, blushed, and thanked him for such honourable friendship, but declared that his merits and ambition did not carry him to so high a place. Halifax was, however, circumvented in all his speculations: Walpole acquired more influence, or succeeded by intrigue; and the effects mortified Lord Halifax so acutely, that a pulmonary fever was the consequence, and death soon put a quietus upon his lordship's unsuccessful struggle for power.
- [76] Lowndes was secretary to the Lords of the Treasury.
- [77] Congreve first introduced Addison to the notice of lord Halifax while being educated at Oxford for the church, when his lordship is said to have dedicated Addison to the state, and avowed he would never do the church any other harm than in keeping him out of it. The post which Addison here alludes to, was that of secretary to Lord Sunderland, who was then appointed to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, but never went to Dublin to assume the vice-regal dignity. Addison evidently deemed that appointment a degradation, and much inferior to that of being secretary to the Lords Regent of the kingdom till the arrival of the new King. As to his having been in Lord Sunderland's employ formerly, it has reference to his being his lordship's secretary upon the earl's succeeding Sir Charles Hedges, as Secretary of State, in 1706.
- [78] This assertion seems strange, when it is known that in 1711, long prior to his marriage with the Countess of Warwick, Addison had expended ten thousand pounds upon the purchase of the Bilton estate, near Rugby, in Warwickshire: and Oldmixon, in his History, says, Addison left by his will, in 1719, to his daughter and to Lady Warwick, his fortune, which was about twelve thousand pounds. His daughter, who resided at Bilton till her death, in 1797, enjoyed an income of more than twelve hundred pounds per annum.
- [79] Addison sat in the two last parliaments of Queen Anne. The Commons' Journals record that on a petition against his election for Lestwithiel, in 1708, he was found not duly elected; but by Lord Wharton's interest at the general election, he was chosen member

for Malmesbury: indeed, as Swift wrote to Stella, so popular had Addison then become, that "if he had stood for the kingship, he would have been chosen."

- [80] Ambrose Phillips, "one of the wits at Button's," and Addison's constant associate at that resort of the literati. In the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, being a Whig, he was secretary to the Hanover Club, and was, soon after the accession of George the First, put into the commission of the peace; and, in 1717, appointed one of the Commissioners of the Lottery. Paul Whitehead relates that when Addison became Secretary of State, Phillips applied to him for some preferment, but was coolly answered, that it was thought he was already provided for, by being made a justice for Westminster. To this observation Phillips with some indignation replied, "Though poetry was a trade he could not live by, yet he scorned to owe subsistence to another which he ought not to live by." Phillips will be long remembered by his translation from Racine of the tragedy of the "Distressed Mother." He died, struck with palsy, in Hanover-street, Hanover-square, June 18, 1749.
- [81] Young Craggs was the son of a *barber*, who, by his merit, became Postmaster-general, and home-agent to the Duke of Marlborough; he was one of the first characters of the age, and had distinguished himself in the House of Commons. The classical names of Damon and Pythias, of Pylades and Orestes, of Nisus and Euryalus, are not oftener found conjoined in ancient story than those of Addison and Craggs in the real life of modern times. Addison, notwithstanding the discomfiture evinced in these letters, succeeded in procuring the appointment of a Lord Commissioner at the Board of Trade, which post he held till he was made Secretary of State, April 16, 1717. But Addison was then fast sinking into a bad habit of body: his great care was how to live, and, as Tacitus Gordon, his great admirer, used to relate, was then killing himself in drinking the widow Trueby's water, spoken of in the "Spectator." Unfit for the drudgery of a political life,—the pack-horse of the state,—he pleaded the being incapable of supporting the fatigues of his office, and resigned the seals in March 1718, upon a pension from the King of seventeen hundred pounds per annum. Craggs, who was his successor, died prematurely and unmarried, in his twenty-eighth year, in 1721.
- [82] Queen Anne, to whom Addison had been recommended by the Duchess of Marlborough, on his appointment to be Secretary for Ireland, augmented the salary annexed to the place of Keeper of the Records in Birmingham Tower, to three hundred pounds per annum, and bestowed it on him.
- [83] William, first Earl Cowper, Lord High Chancellor of England; he died Oct. 10, 1723.
- [84] Addison, it is said, was first introduced into the Warwick family as tutor of the young lord here mentioned. The earl died soon after the date of this letter; and Addison, at forty-five, took great pains to woo the countess, who is described as being personally fraught with half the pride of the nation. They were married in August 1716, though not happily; for tradition reports they were seldom in each other's company. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter to Pope, written from the East, after this period, says, "I received the news of Addison's being declared Secretary of State with the less surprise, in that I knew that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it; and I really believe he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the countess, do not seem to be in prudence eligible for a man that is asthmatic; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both."
- [85] Dean Addison, who died April 20, 1703, left four children: Joseph, the writer of these letters; Gulston, here spoken of as Captain Addison, who died governor of Fort St. George, in the West Indies; Dorothy, of whom Swift, in a letter dated October 25, 1710, says, "I dined to-day with Addison and Steele, and a sister of Addison's, who is married to Mons. Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster. Addison's sister is a sort of wit, very like him: I am not fond of her." She married, secondly, Daniel Combes, Esq. Addison bequeathed her in his will five hundred pounds, which she lived to enjoy till March 2, 1750. The "other namesake" was possibly Addison's other brother, Lancelot, who, Chalmers states, was fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and an able classical scholar.
- [86] The original of this letter having been forwarded in an envelope, and wanting the notation, at foot of the first page, of the name of the person to whom addressed, leaves it a conjecture who his grace was, whether Ormond or Grafton. Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, is the Lord Lieutenant whose illness Addison describes. The earl never went to Ireland to assume the vice-regal dignity; and, though this has never been satisfactorily accounted for, the real causes were, in all probability, his lordship's continued indisposition, and the death of Anne, Countess-dowager of Sunderland, his mother. Charles Duke of Grafton, and Henry Earl of Galway, were appointed Lords Justices of Ireland, Nov. 1, 1715.
- [87] I understand that the distinguished writer mentioned below as having first pointed attention to Milton's comic sonnet, had also in MS. some specimen of his own composing.
- [88] Mercury, god of eloquence, son of Jupiter and Maia.
- [89] A pot-house lodging.
- [90] This story has been adapted from the German of Zschokke.
- [91] "Eripiunt subito nubes cœlumque diemque."—Virg. *Æn.* i. v. 88.
- [92] He is once called so by Westmoreland, Second Part of Henry IV. Act iv. Sc. 1.

"Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince Lord John and Duke of Lancaster;"

but it occurs nowhere else, and we must not place much reliance on the authenticity or the verbal accuracy of such verses. He was Prince John of Lancaster, and afterwards Duke of Bedford. The king was then, as the king is now, Duke of Lancaster.

- [93] Henry IV. Part 1. Act iii. Sc. 3.

"Fal. Now Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad?

How is that answered?

P. Hen. My sweet beef, I must
Still be good angel to thee.
The money is paid back.

Fal. I do not like
That paying back; it is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer, the first thing thou dost;
And do't with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord."

The quiet and business-like manner in which Bardolph enforces on the heir-apparent his master's reasonable proposition of robbing the exchequer, is worthy of that plain and straightforward character. I have always considered it a greater hardship that Bardolph should be hanged "for pix of little price" by an old companion at Gadshill, than that Falstaff should have been banished. But Shakspeare wanted to get rid of the party; and as, in fact, a soldier was hanged in the army of Henry V. for such a theft, the opportunity was afforded. The king is not concerned in the order for his execution however, which is left with the Duke of Exeter.

I have omitted a word or two from the ordinary editions in the above quotation, which are useless to the sense and spoil the metre. A careful consideration of Falstaff's speeches will show that, though they are sometimes printed as prose, they are in almost all cases metrical. Indeed, I do not think that there is much prose in any of Shakspeare's plays.

[94] These passages also are printed as prose: I have not altered a single letter, and the reader will see not only that they are dramatical blank-verse, but dramatical blank-verse of a very excellent kind. After all the editions of Shakspeare, another is sadly wanted. The text throughout requires a searching critical revision.

[95] See footnote "[94]" above.

[96] I consider this epilogue to be in blank-verse,—

"First my fear, then my courtesy, then my speech," &c.

but some slight alterations should be made: the transposition of a couple of words will make the passage here quoted metrical.

"One word more I beseech you. If you be not
Too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author
The story will continue with Sir John in't,
And make you merry with fair *Kate* of France. Where
(For any thing I know) Falstaff shall die of
A sweat, unless already he be killed with
Your hard opinions; Oldcastle died a martyr,
And this is not the man.
My tongue is weary, when my legs are too,
I'll bid you good-night; and kneel down before you,
But indeed to pray for the queen."

[97] It may be thus attempted in something like the metre of the original, which the learned know by the sounding name of Tetrameter Iambic Acatalectic:

"Does Clinia talk of misery? Believe his idle tale who can?
What hinders it that he should have whate'er is counted good for man,
—
His father's home, his native land, with wealth, and friends, and kith
and kin?
But all these blessings will be prized according to the mind within:
Well used, the owner finds them good; if badly used, he deems them ill.
Cl. Nay, but his sire was always stern, and even now I fear him still,"
&c.

[98] This is printed as prose, but assuredly it is blank verse. The alteration of a syllable or two, which in the corrupt state of the text of these plays is the slightest of all possible critical licenses, would make it run perfectly smooth. At all events, in the second line, "emulation" should be "emulative," to make it agree with the other clauses of the sentence. The courtier's melancholy is not *pride*, nor the soldier's *ambition*, &c. The adjective is used throughout,—*fantastical, proud, ambitious, politic, nice*.

[99] "Senectus ipsa est morbus."—Ter. Phorm. iv. i. 9.


[100] Query *on*? "Wherein we play *in*" is tautological. "Wherein we play *on*," *i.e.* "continue to play."

[101] Psalm xc. "A prayer of Moses, the man of God," v. 10.

[102] Formerly, that is to say, previous to the peace of 1815, a journey between Quebec and Sandwich was an undertaking considerably more tedious and troublesome than the voyage from London to Quebec. In the first place, the commissariat of the expedition had to be cared for; and to that end every gentleman who was liable to travel had, as a part of his appointments, a provision basket, which held generally a cold round of beef, tin plates and drinking-cups, tea, sugar, biscuits, and about a gallon of brandy. These, with your wardrobe and a camp-bed, were stowed away in a batteau, or flat-bottomed boat; and off you set with a crew of seven stout, light-hearted, jolly, lively Canadians, who sung their boat-songs all the time they could spare from smoking their pipe. You were

accompanied by a fleet of similar boats, called a brigade, the crews of which assisted each other up the rapids, and at night put into some creek, bay, or uninhabited island, where fires were lighted, tents made of the sails, and the song, the laugh, and the shout were heard, with little intermission, all the night through; and if you had the felicity to have among the party a fifer or a fiddler, the dance was sometimes kept up all night,—for, if a Frenchman has a fiddle, sleep ceases to be a necessary of life with him. This mode of travelling was far from being unpleasant, for there was something of romance and adventure in it; and the scenes you witnessed, both by night and day, were picturesque in the highest degree. But it was tedious; for you were in great luck if you arrived at your journey's end in a month; and if the weather were boisterous, or the wind a-head, you might be an indefinite time longer.

"But your march of improvement is a sore destroyer of the romantic and picturesque. A gentleman about to take such a journey now-a-days, orders his servant to pack his portmanteau, and put it on board the John Molson, or any of his family; and at the stated hour he marches on board, the bell rings, the engine is put in motion, and away you go smoking, and splashing, and walloping along, at the rate of ten knots an hour, in the ugliest species of craft that ever disfigured a marine landscape."

- [103] NOTE, *by Dr. Southey*.—It may be objected that a lady like Miss Juliana Smashaway, born in Crutched Friars, and educated in a select seminary at Kennington Cross, should use the well-known *Hibernicism*, "This beats Banaher." But let it be remembered that she was devotedly attached to Captain Connor; consequently, often in his company; and hence naturally would adopt the language of one whom she "loved not wisely, but too well." The same remark is applicable to the term "*Too-roo*," used by Netty in the beautiful *trio*, *Act 1, Scene 2*.
- [104] All anachronisms are wilful. Witness the hand of the writer hereof .
- [105] Three under the metamorphoses were called by their acquaintance, the Grey Goose, the Merman, and the Yellow-haired Laddie.—Note, *passim*.
- [106] Its German name is Frakmont, from the Latin words "Mons fractus," an appellation naturally bestowed upon its broken and irregular summit.
- [107] Eusebius, in his "*Histoire Ecclesiastique*," (liv. ii. chap. 7.) relates that, about forty years after the birth of Christ, and under the reign of Caligula, Pontius Pilate was recalled from the government of Judea to Rome, and, fearing the consequences with which his conduct was threatened, he committed suicide; but he does not say where this fact occurred. Naucler tells us that Pilate, having been banished to Lyons by the emperor, there died by his own sword; and other authors, among whom is Otho of Frisinguen, assert that, being exiled by Caligula, he threw himself into the Rhone at Vienne in Dauphiny, and was drowned. He adds, that, according to the statement of the inhabitants of that neighbourhood, the river has ever since that period, at certain intervals, been extremely difficult and dangerous to navigate.—(Vide *Pa Chronique*, liv. iii. chap. 13.)
- [108] This mountain lake is situated in the centre of a small forest of dark and time-worn pines, and is surrounded by bogs and marshes. In form it is nearly elliptical, being one hundred and fifty-four feet long, and seventy-eight broad, and it is in no part more than four feet deep. In the year 1560 it was measured by Cisat, and, according to his account of its dimensions, was at that time just one-third less than it is now known to be; but whether his admeasurement was defective, or whether the body of water has actually increased since that period, may be matter of doubt.
- [109] Treatise on Exorcisms, entitled "*Malleus Maleficarum*," (a Hammer for Sorcerers,) by Felix Hemmerlein, Provost of Soleure; printed at Frankfort, in 1582.
- [110] Vadian's Commentaries, published at Vienna in 1518.
- [111] Conservateur Suisse, vol. iv.

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