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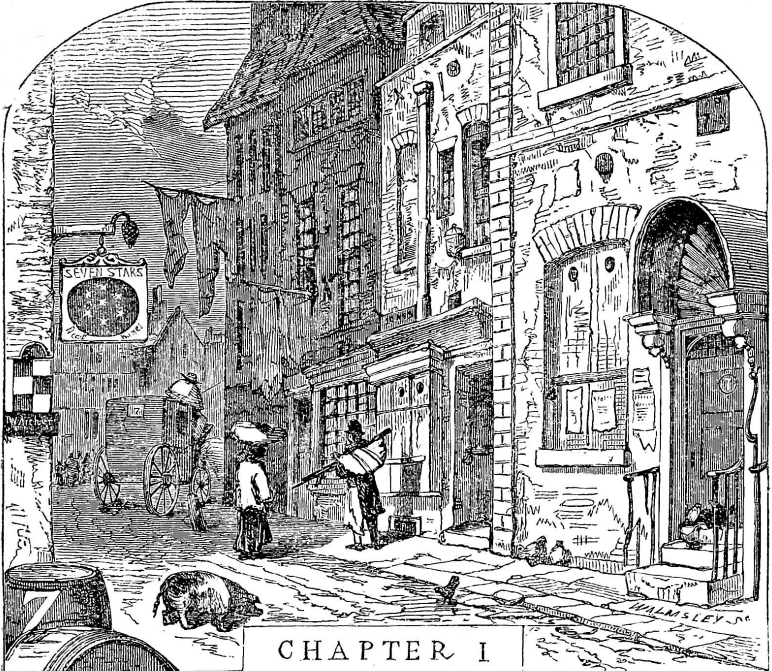
JANUARY.

[1847.

The Miser's Will; or, Love and Abatice.

ENGLISH TALE.

BY THE EDITOR.

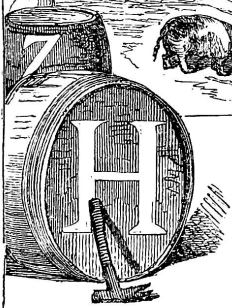


CHAPTER I

"NUMBER THE SEVENTH."

ACKNEY cab 7777 had been called off half a dozen different stands, and all the drivers in London were in a commotion.

There was no such number. The man who called accordingly shook his head, and walked moodily away.



He was tall, thin, and gentlemanly in appearance, though his clothes, good in themselves, had seen some days of hard and reckless service, as if he had slept out in markets, in night coffee-houses, or some other of the haunts which London provides for vice and crime, and which sometimes are used by the unfortunate. His beard of about a week's growth, the sallowness of his linen, the unwashed and clammy state of his hands and face, with the remnants of so much that was refined and elegant about him, proclaimed that his present condition had not been of more than seven days' duration, but in that seven days much had been done.

He could not be poor.

A gold watch and appendages, a sparkling diamond ring, with other signs of one well to do in the world, marked that some sudden blow had plunged him into his present position; some affliction of mind, some grief, some burning sorrow. It was written in the blood-shot eye, in the haggard cheek, in the vacant stare, occasional, it is true, but existent, of a really intellectual countenance; in the premature stoop, in the glance of horror and fear with which his stolen looks crept round, and sought out each dark corner of street and bye-way. Either that man had done murder, or worse than murder had been done upon him.

We have said he was not poor.

He could scarcely have been, for an event had happened to him that showed him not to know temptation, where a poor man might have been excused for at least feeling it.

During his night-wanderings in search, it appeared, of absence from thought, rather than any abstract object, he had somehow or other reached the gate of St. John, Clerkenwell, that, on hospitable thoughts intent, incited all comers to enter within its colossal dimensions. Pausing to think whether he should go in or not, his foot kicked against something on the ground.

It was a purse.

He raised it to the light which streamed from the tavern window. It was a coarse and common article; but though not very heavy, full at both ends. A portion of its contents were evidently paper; and in the hope of finding an owner's name, he opened it. It contained two pounds, as many shillings, some half-pence, half a dozen pawnbrokers' duplicates, the sum of whose value amounted to a trifle more than the money contained in the purse.

All the tickets were dated that very day.

The man's brow contracted, and he thrust the whole angrily into his pocket, as if some disagreeable but necessary duty had been imposed upon him. This done, he leaned back against the wall, somewhat in the shade, as motionless and still as the ancient gate itself. His ordinary scowl became still blacker than it was wont, and he seemed impatiently to await the course of events.

Hundreds passed, and his eyes keenly fixed upon, studied their countenances, with an anxious though angry scrutiny, and yet moved he not.

The hours waned, the earlier shops begun to close their doors and shutters; the tide of population diminished, and all without became gradually as still, perhaps, as when in 1100 the priory whose ancient but desecrated gate he leaned against, had been founded by worthy Jordan Briset, and Muriel, his wife; and still he moved not.

It was night. All the shops were closed; the rioters even from the taproom and parlour had sallied forth in search of home and slumber, and admonitory lectures, shrilly administered; and still he moved not.

He seemed now in his element, for he was alone, and his brow gradually unbent. It was a dark and gloomy midnight, so that, despite the lamps, which brilliantly illumined some spots, leaving others more deeply and markedly in the shade, he stood within a black and unseen nook. Several drowsy watchmen passed, and marked him not, for they were upon other thoughts bent—upon the end of their allotted duty, and upon the hour when a warm and snug bed should reward their toil.

And night, what is it? Twelve hours, more or less, of veiled light on earth, fourteen days within the lunar sphere, five in Jupiter? No; it is a time when nature seeks for rest from the heat, turmoil, and bustle of life, in miniature and feigned death, and when men should do the same, but which is made the time for folly, sin, and iniquity, to have its run. During the day the busy hum of man is heard in his honest and more open-walks of work; at night, forth comes another population, consisting in part of the same individuals, but in search of another sphere of occupation, pleasure, partly innocent, but often guilty.

Who comes now, silent and sad along the deserted streets?

It is a man and his wife. They are hand in hand; they clutch one another's fingers, as if in agony. Their steps are wavering and uncertain, and as they come beneath the arch their conversation is very distinctly heard.

"Oh, Harry!" said the woman, "if you would but scold me, reproach me, I should be glad. It was such a blow. Our babes starving at home."

"Hush, Editha," replied the man, pausing as if to obtain momentary shelter, and to gaze upon her face by the light of the public-house lamp.

"Yes, I will have you scold me. Your silent kindness goes to my heart, and I must have you angry. Our children starving at home, our goods threatened with seizure in the morning, you gave up the very tools—your brush, your easel, your canvas, to me to pledge. I pledged them, and while you are gone to seek work, in confidence that I am ministering to the wants of your babes at home, I lose all, and you return to find me vainly weeping by my children, whom hunger and cold had numbed to sleep. I could go mad."

"Editha, it was but your eagerness to rejoin our innocents."

"But how could I lose it, my God?"

"It is not lost," said the deep and hollow voice of the stranger, flinging the purse upon the ground at their feet. "Be more careful next time, for you have made me wait here six hours."

"Stay!" cried the husband.

But he was gone; in their confusion and joy, they scarce knew how.

"Come, come, Harry. God is good; let us hasten to our babes."

"But, child, this purse is full of gold."

"Full of gold?"

"Yes, Editha, as full as it can hold, and the tickets are gone."

"Some rich good man must have found them. But come, our babes are still a-hungred."

And thanking heaven and their unknown benefactor, they hastened to an eating-house near a hackney stand; and in a few minutes more, in their humble lodging, surrounded by their children, who ate ravenously, the poor artist and his wife, full of thankfulness and joy, were eating the first food they had tasted for many hours, for they had starved themselves to feed their babes.

Next day they received, by a strange porter, the whole of the things they had pledged on the previous night.

* * * * *

It was the very next day after this singular adventure that in a certain region of the Borough, narrow, of secondary character, where good and bad houses, ancient mansions and hucksters' shops jostle each other with impudent familiarity; where, between a venerable but dilapidated building, full of associations of other days, and a half modern erection, there starts you forth a prim and cockney dwelling, with brass plate upon the door.

With this house, brass plate and all, it is that we now have business.

On the plate could be read in very distinct and legible characters, the words, "Mr. Theophilus Smith, auctioneer and house agent."

We will enter. In a small parlour, behind which was his office, we shall find Mr. Theophilus Smith indulging in the luxury of a late and bachelor breakfast, for Mr. Theophilus, though often thinking that he had reached a period when matrimony might be both convenient and desirable—he was fifty—had never ventured any further on the road than to indulge in this opinion.

His breakfast was ample and varied, while a morning-paper of twenty years ago seemed to take up the greater amount of his attention.

He was a small man, a very small man—perhaps this was the secret of his single blessedness—but if one might judge from the merry twinkle of his little eye, and the smirking smile that sat upon his face, he thought himself something exceedingly huge, something not to be measured by feet but a mental yard at once.

He was wrapped in the study of the journal, which in this country forms a necessary portion—and the most pleasant portion of a man's breakfast—when there came a knock at the door which made Mr. Theophilus Smith start.

It was not an ordinary knock, and Mr. Smith was puzzled, for he was knowing in knocks; could tell by their intonation whether to advance into the passage and greet the new arrival, or whether to remain half-way, or standing careless with his coat-tails raised behind. But this was not one so easily analysed, it was short, but it was imperious; it lasted not, but it was given in no mild

tones, making the very house shake beneath its influence.

"Open the door, John," he cried, "and see who it is."

He then listened.

"Is Mr. Smith at home?" said a dry and commanding voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Show me to him."

"This way, sir."

Mr. Theophilus remained seated at his breakfast-table, and as this was a hint the boy understood, he at once showed the stranger in.

It was the wanderer already introduced.

"In what can I serve you," said Mr. Smith rising, and slightly curling his lip as he viewed the other's costume.

"There is a house over the way to be let."

"There is, but—"

"No. 7."

"Exactly, but—"

"What is the rent?"

"£40 a-year, but—"

"When will it be ready?"

"Why that depends; it is rather out of repair—"

"No matter, I will take it as it is."

"Will you not go over it?"

"No. Enough, I take it."

"But your references or securities?"

"I have none."

"Then, sir, allow me to say—"

"I will allow you to say nothing, sir. There is seven years' rent," replied the other, throwing a roll of notes upon the table. "Give me a receipt."

This was a new fashion in house-taking, which Mr. Smith so highly approved of that he remained lost in astonishment.

"Are you satisfied?"

"Quite, but—"

"Then give me a receipt, and send me an agreement."

"With pleasure; what name?"

"It is no matter."

"No name, sir, how am I to give you a receipt?"

"Then, No. 7."

"No. 7, sir?"

"The key?"

Mr. Smith lost in a denser fog than ever fills London streets, mechanically made out the receipt, and handed it with the key to the stranger.

No. 7, as he called himself, then left the

house, and, glancing his eye around, entered a grocer's or rather a general shop.

"I want some tea, sugar, coffee—"

"How much, sir?"

"How much?—how much would a man reasonably consume in seven years?"

The worthy shopkeeper, opening his eyes wide with astonishment, retreated slightly without replying.

"Do you decline serving me?" said the stranger, fixing his eyes angrily on the puzzled chapman.

"No, sir, but—"

"That is enough, make your calculation, and I will pay you at once."

The bewildered owner of the general store, as rapidly as his suddenly congealed faculties would allow him, made the required sum, and having approximated as nearly as possible to truth—in his state of moral petrification he never thought of giving him a fourteen years' supply—received the amount, with orders to send to No. 7, and then the stranger retreated.

In this manner were several excellent tradesmen in the neighbourhood startled from their propriety, but the quick, imperious manner, with the ample supply of means possessed by the stranger, soon brought them to their senses, and his orders were obeyed.

Furniture, grocery, crockery, everything which would not spoil by keeping, was ordered in and paid for, in ample profusion, for a man's consumption for seven years. The stranger then made his last visit.

Near at hand, in a lane, or rather court, upon which the back of No. 7 opened, the stranger, during his day's peregrinations, had noticed a poor, forlorn widow, whose gaunt and emaciated features proclaimed her utter poverty. This woman, left desolate and alone in her old-age, he secured as a servant, and paying her little debts in the house in which she lodged, at once transferred her to his new residence, where, well tutored by her new master, she received all and said nothing.

He then disappeared to return only late at night with a large cartful of books, shelves, and all the apparatus of a library. These also were thrust into the interior, after which the stranger entered, and locked the door behind him.

He was now fairly the lion of the neighbourhood, before which all other lions, aye and stars too, upon the public-house sign opposite, faded forthwith into nought; for many days nothing else was talked of but the sud-

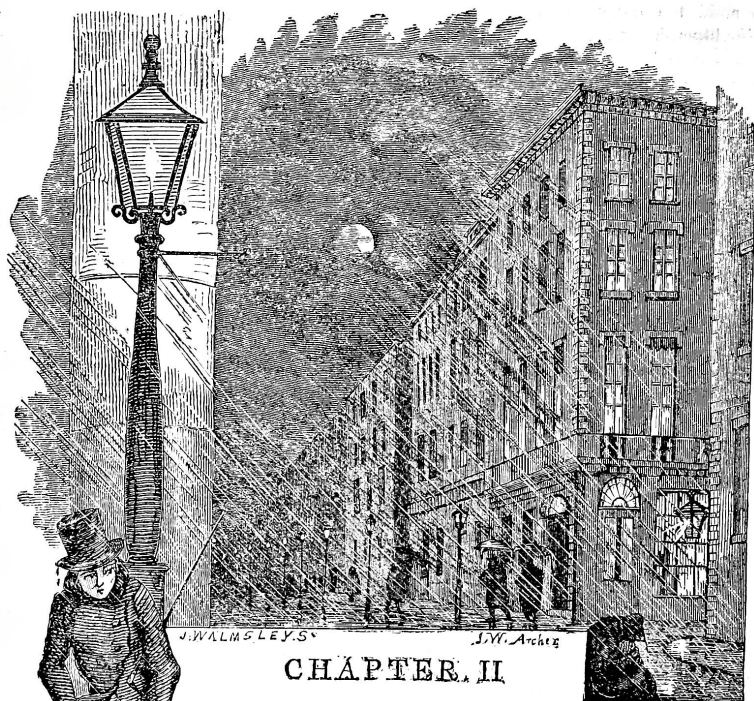
den apparition and as sudden disappearance of the stranger.

For a few days this lasted, but then, after the bustle of arrangement was over inside, all relapsed into its usual train; the house, which had not been inhabited for half a century, remained blocked up the same as ever; a padlock still was seen upon the front entrance. The few tradesmen—a butcher, baker, and milk-girl—were all ever seen—alone ever knocked at the door, and these were opened to by the now contented old woman, who never said a word, but paid all bills, and then closed the door, giving vehement evidence of

her determination to keep out all comers, by the loudness with which she made the operation of bolting and barring heard.

If perchance any wanderer passed up or down the street, at a late hour, he was sure to see the chamber of the recluse, with a light burning therein, and many said that they had noticed that on certain occasions more than one form could be recognised as passing to and fro between the candle and the blind.

But these were conjectures; for from the day above recorded, no man or woman was seen to leave or enter that house.



CHAPTER. II

A MYSTERY IN LONDON STREETS.

T was again night, and the mighty city whence commerce, science, arts, learning, diffuse themselves over more than half the globe, was clothed in a garb of crisp, cold, bleak, hoar frost. The flags were slippery and unsafe; old gentlemen, fearing contusions and broken bones, became even more cautious than usual in their walk; servant-maids, with arms and cheeks red as early summer cherries, spreading ashes before their doors o'er trottoir and kennel, monopolised a few yards of safety, which the fraternity properly consti-

tuting Young England were equally bent in restoring to its pristine state, by means of a persevering system of sliding, under the very nose and authority of the watchman; cabmen vowed more knowingly than ever against macadamisation, expressing their decided opinion that the innovation was unconstitutional; great coats, boas, and comforters, stood at a premium far beyond India bonds and Bank stock; the ladies, like their eastern compeers, looked all eyes and noses; lips, chins, and foreheads, were rare articles amid the visible members; husbands were heard to express their high appreciation of fireside comforts; and wives, nestling their pretty feet amid the flossy and warm rug, were while dispensing their home luxuries, unusually agreeable; elder brothers, presuming upon the great English law of primogeniture, sent the juveniles first to bed, to catch the cold rough edge of the sheets; in fact, it was a bracing, healthy, delightful, cosy winter evening, in the only land—to be eminently patriotic—where winter evenings are cosy, delightful, healthy, or bracing.

The gas, that new luminary which, with its myriad jets, rules the London night, had long been lit, and, with the bright, tempting shop-windows, gave a glimmer only second to day in its clearness. In one street in particular, to which we beg to transport the indulgent reader, a street known by the name of a certain university, celebrated for the eccentricity of its doctrines, the clear atmosphere which generally accompanies a dry frost, combined with a brilliant moon and the long interminable line of lamps to give an artificial day. Few, however, took advantage of this to enjoy the luxury of a winter evening walk, when stepping rapidly along, as if to leave cold behind, one sees in every social comfort and domestic detail, that presently is to be ours, a source of delicious appreciation at no other time experienced. It was the hour when one moiety of the world is dressing for dinner, while another portion is in the enjoyment of the hissing urn's contents, buttered toast, or crumpets, and all those other little indigestions of which we English so highly approve. The homeless, the poor whose living is the streets, the seekers of pleasure, the play-goers, and all those vast hordes which make up the complicated machinery of London life, still, however, poured forth busy thousands, which sprinkled the highways, for London is never still. The good and the bad, those on the errand of

mercy and the actor in crime and vice, equally make up the component parts of those masses which crowd the thousand thoroughfares.

At the corner of one of those turnings which lie between the Edgeware-road and Regent-street, a poor woman, meanly clad, and with a sickly baby in her arms, was singing, in a low and not unmusical voice, a song, which could scarcely have reached to the ears of those on the ground floor of the houses. Not a soul was listening to her, and yet on she walked, stilling the child's cries with the breast, and never once raising her eyes to discover if any effect were produced by the touching appeals she made in favour of the helpless innocent that greedily sucked, and then, as if finding no nourishment, stopped and cried, and yet again returned to its profitless employment. A mother alone, breathing the atmosphere that shrouded wealth and luxury, singing, to earn a morsel of food for her child, and not one living being to listen or offer aid.

Presently a young man turned from Oxford-street into the bye street, whistling an air from a popular opera; when, however, he caught sight of the poor mother, he became silent, and passed on quietly, his eyes studiously kept in an opposite direction to that of the woman; as, however, they came nearly abreast, moving different ways, a slight cry from the child caused him to turn his head, and he found a meek, submissive, young and wan face fixed on him half imploringly, half reproachfully. Colouring to the eyes, and mechanically feeling his pockets, he hurried on, as if afraid she should ask him for charity: her look was beseeching enough, and he felt that her voice must be even more so! Yet the poor woman went on singing; so habituated to it, what was one little disappointment to her?

About ten yards beyond, the young man stopped short, looked up the street, down the street, across the street, at the windows, at the numbers, at the name, and then, as if fully persuaded that he had convinced the beggar-woman he was waiting for somebody, and that his stay had no connection whatever with herself, leaned in deep meditation against a lamp-post, despite the cold state of the atmosphere. As this youth will play a very prominent part in our history, we may as well daguerrotype him at once.

About the middle height, certainly not more than one-and-twenty in age, his features were naturally handsome, though the

good effect of them was much marred, either by the effects of dissipation or of poor and unwholesome living. His eyes, in which lurked a hidden fire, were somewhat sunken, which with his hollow cheeks was almost proof sufficient of his poverty, if indeed his sudden interest in the beggar woman had not made the supposition almost a matter of certainty, for none sympathise with the poor so readily as those who feel the most. His hair was black, and fell in huge matted clusters over his shoulders, while a shabby hat, rejoicing in a rim with no particular bias up or down, but rising here and falling there according to fancy, was of very material assistance in rendering his naturally good looks of little moment. A blue Taglioni of antiquated fashion, in the pockets of which his gloveless hands were thrust, plaid trousers, boots with more holes than sole leather, completed his attire, save only a shirt collar of large dimensions and very yellow tinge, which fell over a black silk handkerchief that encircled his neck.

Such was Frederick Wilson, student-at-law, as he called himself, reporter as his friends denominated him, while penny-a-liner was the highest epithet which his enemies could ever allow him. Whatever his profession, however, he did but little credit to it; his whole appearance was that of one whose breakfast was rare, whose dinner was matter of irregular occurrence, and who, if he ever supped, did so at intervals of very great extent.

His reverie was broken short by the sound of footsteps, and, turning, he beheld, coming in the direction of the ballad-singer and himself, a girl and a man.

If in life we could always trace the mysterious workings of events, if we could follow out even the important consequences of a trifle, if we could see how clearly connected is the whole chain of circumstances which compose our individual existence, we should be less apt to give way to doubt and fear. Wilson had stopped in the wilderness of London streets to listen to a poor ballad-singer; not having a farthing in the world, he could not gain courage to pass on until he saw the woman receive a pittance from a hand more able to minister to her wants. The deed was simple and ordinary, and yet to the young man this quiet act was the hinge on which turned his whole future fortunes. The plot and intrigues of years were thus defeated.

The girl was about eighteen, pretty, neatly-clothed, with a laughing, merry eye; and as she trotted along, drawing her woollen shawl close about her, and bearing a small basket on her arm, looked the very impersonification of innocence and youthful beauty. Fair, and inclined to *embonpoint*, rosy, and cherry-lipped, the cold only heightened her beauty, which, though neither transcendent or rare, was quite remarkable enough to catch the notice of every passer. She trod the ground as if afraid of no lurking danger in the frosty surface of the flags, and rapidly approached, Wilson making the above observations as she neared him, on the same side of the way.

The man was on the opposite pavement, and was chiefly remarkable by the extreme pallor of his countenance, the heavy character of his form, a pair of green spectacles, and a superb cloak which shielded him from the cold.

The man and the girl passed Wilson, and on contrary sides came abreast of the poor woman, who, creeping rather than walking, was slowly advancing up the street. The girl stopped short, the man slackened his pace, and Wilson, curious to witness the result, turned towards him, and as he came in full view of the stranger, was startled by the actually demoniacal expression which for a moment flashed across his countenance, mingled with a look of unfeigned surprise. The man, however, gave him no time to make any further observations, as he hurried away, and Wilson was attracted once more to the girl, then in the act of presenting a few half-pence to the singer. Giving himself no time to think, the young man advanced closer.

"Young lady," said he, quickly, his face becoming crimson as he spoke, "excuse me, but really I thank you as much as if you had given it to myself."

The girl look curiously at the young man, without answering; for truth she was as confused as himself.

"The fact is, miss, I haven't a penny about me—no, not so much as a farthing, and I vowed I would not move until I saw this poor woman relieved."

"Sir," said the young girl, "I really do not know you;" and pouting her pretty lip, as much as to say, "you shabby, impertinent fellow, I will have nothing to say to you," made a slight inclination, and pursued her walk.

Wilson thrust his hands still deeper into his capacious pockets and followed.

"A pretty decent figure I cut," thought he, "to make an impression on a fair damsel. Humph! more fit for a scarecrow than a lover. Hang this London! it does wear out more clothes than three country towns. Here's a blue coat, not above two years old, as brown as a berry; a hat of Christmas twelvemonth, without nap or rim; boots as airy as my lodging; pantaloons which never fitted! Good God! I hope she didn't suppose me a pickpocket."

The girl had turned into Oxford-street, and was quietly pursuing her way in the direction of Regent-street, Wilson was following at a respectful distance, while across the road walked the man in the cloak, occasionally turning as if to see whether the youth still dogged the damsel's footsteps. Wilson could not help wondering at the pertinacity with which this individual kept pace with him, a little behind the girl and a little in front of himself, freely discovering his visage to the young man, but studiously avoiding the glances of the other. Our hero—we may as well at once introduce him—began to feel uncomfortable, and naturally. To be followed through London streets by a suspicious-looking man is not the most pleasant thing in the world; and when turning into a bye-way to avoid the steady tramp of pursuing footsteps, the matter becomes serious, as we hear the sounds still behind. We do not like it ourselves, and poor Wilson, who had reasons for not doing so, was really uncomfortable.

"He's too smart for a bailiff, or egad I'd cut it; still it does look awkward, and for the life of me I can't tell what he's after. Wheugh! I have it, a papa, or uncle, a jealous guardian, perhaps," and Wilson, as if quite relieved, stepped on briskly in the track of the fair one. It never struck him that it might be a jealous husband; so little apt are we to think that which would crush undefined and rising hopes; and the seedy, shabby youth already felt a lively interest in the young lady in the woollen shawl, who had given to a beggar-woman, when he could not.

The damsel crossed Regent-street and took the left-hand side of Oxford-street. Wilson did the same, and the man in the cloak dropped somewhat farther behind. Presently the young girl turned towards Soho, through one of the many dismal and shabby streets which lead into that locality; scarcely had she done

so, when her progress was stopped by a trio of youths who, arm-in-arm, occupied the whole pavement. Under the influence of Bacchus, these high-bred juveniles were singing some verses strongly expressing their wish, and indeed determination, to enjoy no rest until dawn. At the sight of the girl they unanimously stopped short and closed round her—a manly practice as common as it is creditable.

"Where are you going, my dear, all alone and solitary?"

"Speak, damsel, and 'this horror will grow mild, this darkness light,'" exclaimed the centre personage of the group, a tall and ungainly youth.

"Gentlemen, let me go, this is some mistake."

"No mistake, I assure you, my pretty bird of evening, none. But what have we here—'spirit of hell or goblin damned?'"

As he spoke, Wilson dealt him a heavy blow that, inebriated as he was, sent him reeling against the wall; then seizing the girl's arm and passing it through his, hurried her from the scene of contest before the companions of the discomfited youth had recovered from their surprise. The whole was the work of an instant, but our hero had still time to see that the man in the cloak stood in the shadow of a house on the opposite side, watching the scene with apparently intense interest, and even, as he crossed over to avoid the pursuit of the trio of gentlemen, could hear him mutter a heavy curse. He at the time, however, paid no attention to this fact, being occupied in preference with his fair friend.

"Sir, I have very much to thank you," said the young girl, when at a short distance from the scene of action; and then recognising him as the youth who had spoken to her when giving money to the poor songster, she added, "But why have you followed me?"

"Really I—the fact is—I—live in this quarter."

"Oh," replied the damsel, "indeed. However, I am much obliged for your kindness, sir, in rescuing me from these foolish young men;" and, curtseying, she seemed about to leave him.

"But, miss, they might follow you—you might meet others; allow me just to walk by your side until you reach home. It will be a pleasure to me."

The young girl hesitated, and then timidly accepting his proffered arm, said, "It would

be ungrateful to deny you, sir, what you request so earnestly, since you have earned a right to ask me something, and as for a few minutes we proceed the same way, explain to me about that ballad-singer—why were you so interested in her?"

"I really cannot tell, miss; all I know is, that her voice touched me, and not having any change, I felt anxious to see that she obtained some relief. But, as you have asked me a question, miss, allow me to inquire if you are aware that I have not been your only follower?"

"So you were following me, sir," observed she, looking up at him with a grave smile.

"Excuse me, miss; I meant to say—going the same way."

Our hero's new friend could not restrain a laugh, and then she continued more demurely, "But this person, who also was going the same way, what was he like?"

Wilson, who at once saw how innocent and artless a creature he had charge of, was only more respectful from the fact of the damsel's openness of manner; it was a tacit compliment, a reliance on him, which he appreciated highly, and he answered, "Why, miss, the man was stout, very pale—"

The girl started, and looked hastily round; nothing remarkable appearing to strike her, she continued her walk in a listening attitude.

"—With green spectacles, and a very handsome cloak."

"He never wears either spectacles or cloak," muttered rather than said the fair one, "and yet he is stout and pale."

"Who?" was on the verge of our hero's tongue, but politeness overcame curiosity, and he continued his remarks on what he had noticed, his young friend listening in silence, until both stopped before a house making the corner of a street in the neighbourhood of Newport Market. The ground-floor was an apothecary's, and the rest evidently occupied by lodgers. The large amount of bell-handles gave satisfactory evidence on this point.

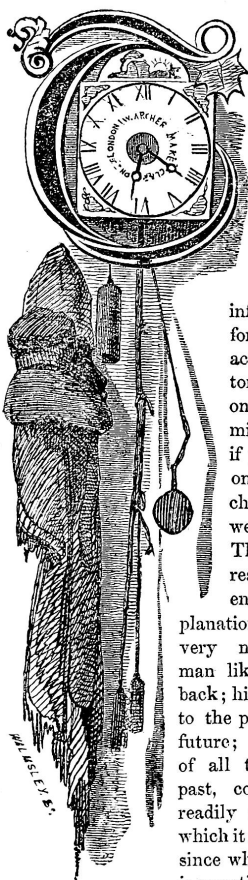
The young girl was about to bow our hero off, when as he turned his face towards the shop she for the first time appeared to remark the haggard pallor which distinguished his countenance. Combining his poor habiliments with his want of means to assist the poor beggar-woman, and then glancing from his figure to his face, the damsel at once concluded him hungry. Now to tender him assistance would of course have been out of

the question; a queen in the days of chivalry would as soon have offered some Christian knight, whose valour had released her from dragon or pagan, a pecuniary alms, as she a shilling to the youth who had rescued her from insult. Women are quick in their sensibilities, and equally quick in finding expedients.

"If mother be at home, sir, she will be glad to thank you for the service you have rendered me. Excuse me one moment;" and opening the door with a latch-key, the girl disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

SHADOWS OF EVIL.



TWO years and four months previous to the date of the event depicted in our last chapter, the shades of evening were falling over a scene which had so much

influence upon the fortunes of all the actors in this history, that we at once record it, premising that it will, if possible, be the only retrospective chapter in which we shall indulge. The dislike which readers generally entertain for explanation arises from a very natural cause; man likes not to look back; his views are ever to the present or to the future; and impatient of all thought of the past, consigns it too readily to an oblivion which it rarely deserves, since what is gone by is sometimes more valuable than what is to come on earth.

Not many miles from a market town, itself at no great distance from London, stands a house which, though neither vast in its dimensions, nor in its existence giving any signs of any very great wealth, had still about it an air of quiet and English happiness, of seclusion and rural beauty, amply sufficient to arrest the attention and command the sympathies of every lover of nature. The house was neat, fanciful, and appeared the abode of ease. Near the high road, its proprietor had shown his taste for retirement by presenting to the dusty public way what, by a species of hyperbole, may be called a side front. The elegant portico which admitted visitors to the interior of the villa, was here; but not one window, though several faint indications of that useful aperture were so displayed as to remove the appearance of a dead wall.

Within, all was grace, elegance, and luxurious ease. Passing through a somewhat lofty and spacious corridor, and opening a massive and heavily carved door, you entered a chamber, half library, half drawing-room, with all the chaste classicality of the one, combining the more ephemeral and feminine beauty of the other. Perhaps in no country in a woman's retreat do we find an equal air of comfort and elegance as in an Englishwoman's boudoir; and the same is true of every part of the domesticity over which her hand presides.

But the exigencies of our narrative call us imperatively to action rather than reflection.

Beneath a perfectly Italian piazza, which looked out upon the extensive garden and grounds, sat two men, concealed from the view of any one in the garden by a line of railings covered with the thick growth of numerous odoriferous creepers. Both sat, evidently wishing to be out of view, in one corner, on a seat of rude fashioning, which, among other rural articles, served to ornament the place. In the position which they occupied, both could see what passed in the garden.

The grounds were surrounded by a high wall, and were divided into shrubbery, fruit, and kitchen garden—the two former-ports being alone visible from the hiding-place. A lawn of deep green hue, speckled with the russet tinge of the autumnal falling leaves, sloped gently down to the very border of the little wood that on the right divided the grass-plot from the vegetable beds, while on the left the fruits of our happy clime were

abundant, ripe, and tempting. The orange tinged apple, the dark green pear, the deep blushing peach, the glowing and tempting plum, were exhaling a perfume only second to that of the pinky rose, and all that flowery and odoriferous galaxy which teems from the fertile bosom of a soil rarely equalled, and never surpassed in the world.

A gravel walk, well swept, rising midway to cast off the wet, and bordered by dotted turf and fancifully placed fragments of rock, divided the bosquet from the orchard, while at the edge of the lawn and the wood another path led to a small door, serving the purpose of what, in Spencerian parlance, would be called a postern-gate. It is perhaps a misfortune that we have become so very matter-of-fact in these days, but we do certainly prove ourselves as far removed as possible from aught poetical.

"This suspense is damnable," said one of the men concealed in the piazza, in whose open countenance, manly form, and fine intellectual head, was pictured one of the noblest products of our land—a perfect English gentleman. He was not very handsome, or very young; but though passed forty, and neither an Apollo Belvidere nor an Adonis, had a certain something in his appearance, which at once won confidence and admiration from all. He was dark in countenance, and curly locks of glossy black fell over his brow.

The second actor in the scene was stout, pale, and somewhat repulsive in expression.

"It wants five minutes of six, my dear Henry, and the letter says five minutes after."

"Yes! yes! read me that villainous scrawl over again. My God! there must be some mistake; it cannot be, it shall not be."

"I said, Henry, it was a calumny from the first, and a few moments will satisfy you. But this is what the ill-written missive says," and the stout man read from a paper in his hand.

"Honored Sir: Missus is in habit of meetin anover than master every even in back garden. This night at five minutes ater six he will be at the little gate as is seen from patza.

"A FRIEND."

"Habakkuk," exclaimed the man addressed as Henry, "is not this most horrible. You know how I have loved my wife during sixteen long years; and now, with a daughter needing her care, with our only remaining child verging on to womanhood, she must e'en play me false, and make assignations with her paramour in my very garden."

"But, Henry, my dear friend, nothing is proved; this letter—"

"Well, Habakkuk," said Henry, seeing that the other paused.

"Why, you know, it might, there is just a possibility of the fact—be a foul lie."

"Who, Habakkuk, would have done so foul a deed? Is there in this world a being so contemptible, so lost so utterly fearless of the wrath of God and man as to put on paper an accusation so foul, and it not true. No! No! Habakkuk, if I thought nature had produced so vile a monstrosity, I would forswear her."

Habakkuk, while Henry spoke, watched the gate intensely, now glancing at the time-piece in his hand, and now at the green and motionless door. A slight tremour, a faint colour alone betrayed the slightest emotion.

"Habakkuk! you are silent, you are convinced; and yet," exclaimed the wretched man, "have you nothing to say in her favour. Remember, she is my wife, the mother of my child. I have loved her long, Habakkuk, very long, and she has been a good wife, a kind wife, a fond wife—and such a mother. Habakkuk, God! God! can it be that all this life of love and joy has but concealed such base hypocrisy."

"Calm yourself, Henry; all will yet be well, I have no doubt; be calm—the hour has struck, and a few seconds will decide all."

"Be calm, you say, Habakkuk; be calm, with all the fires of hell within me; hate, jealousy, despair, wounded honour—all hope gone, life a blank; and you say be calm. My life upon a hazard of a moment; the fibres of my heart wrung to a tension which will break it or sink it in apathy for ever; go to! Habakkuk, you have no soul within you, or you would not say, be calm."

"Henry! Henry! you are unjust, very unjust; if I feel myself so strongly that I talk at random, is it to be imputed to me for soullessness?"

"Forgive me, my friend, my only friend, my best friend, forgive me."

"Say not a word, Henry; it will soon be over, and you will find you have other friends save me."

"Hush!" whispered Henry, turning deadly pale, and pointing to the extremity of the gravel walk, "Hush! hush! Habakkuk, what is the time?"

"Three minutes past six," replied Habakkuk, in a husky and constrained voice.

"She keeps strictly to her hour," replied Henry, clenching his teeth and laughing

silently, a laugh which told more misery than twenty sighs, "if the lover be only as punctual, we shall have rare sport anon."

"Compose yourself; one moment, and all will be over. See, she has Mary with her—bah! Henry, women don't take their daughters to keep assignations."

"Habakkuk, you give me hope!" replied the miserable man, wringing his friend's hand violently.

When the anxious and agonised husband first bade Habakkuk look towards the gravel walk, two females had just appeared at the further extremity, the one an elegant and beautiful woman of about six and thirty, the other a lovely girl of fifteen. Both were evidently returned from a walk, and as they advanced up the path, hand in hand, their parasols negligently resting on their shoulders, their veils thrown up, and giving their rosy faces to the cool evening breeze, laughing, joking, talking in full love and confidence, they appeared rather two sisters, the eldest and youngest of the flock, than mother and daughter.

"Habakkuk, is she not beautiful—and my child—ah, God be thanked, 'tis a foul calumny."

"I hope so, my friend," replied the other calmly and laconically.

The foot of the lawn was now reached, when the mother suddenly stopped and looked at her watch.

"Just five minutes past six, I declare. Run into the house, child, and dress for dinner, don't go through the study, you will disturb your papa, I will follow you directly."

"Yes, ma!" and the lovely young creature bounded over the grass like a fawn, ran round the corner of the house, and entered it by another door.

Had a serpent stung the unfortunate man, the effect upon him could not have been more fearful than was produced by these words from the lips of his wife. His eyes appeared ready to start from his head, his cheeks grew even more deadly pale than before, his teeth were clenched, he clutched the arm of his friend convulsively as he hissed rather than whispered in his ear; "You heard that; the caution, too, not to disturb me; hell and furies, what revenge is direst?"

The wife here advanced towards the door, unbolted it, looked out, and motioned to some one in the road.

"Let me go, Habakkuk; let me go," cried the husband. "I have seen enough."

"Stay!" said the other, holding with the power of a vice; "see it out. Let her infamy be evident, clear, undoubted; leave no room for after-doubt, for fear of wrong-doing, for remorse. Henry, you must go through with this."

"I will! I will!" replied Henry, wiping the heavy drops of cold perspiration from his brow. "Oh, this is most damnable. Sixteen years of love, to be thus rewarded. Cockatrice, I disown you; I disavow my child—what proof is there 'tis mine?"

A man here entered, and closed the door after him. He was a foreigner, plainly but decently clad; his countenance was handsome, though a trifle careworn; and a heavy moustache gave a salient outline to features sufficiently marked of themselves. Bowing profoundly to his fair companion, who, glancing uneasily up at the piazza, hurried him away:

"My husband, monsieur le comte," said she, and the remaining part of the sentence was lost, as they passed down the g walk.

"Enough," said Henry, trembling in every limb, "enough, enough! Habakkuk, this is horrible, very horrible: but I will be calm, very calm. Wait you here, Habakkuk; move not, stir not, but tell me what passes;" and giving his friend no time to reply, he hurried into the house, muttering, "A foreigner too! under my very nose! she that knows how I hate them, how I detest their smooth knavery. A Pole, too—the nation of rascals! My God! My God!"

Habakkuk leaned back on the seat and shut his eyes. He was pale, very pale; it was clear that his excitement was scarcely less than that of his friend. He thrust his hands into his pockets, took them out again, folded his arms, and rising, leaned over the balustrade, just as a voice over head in richly musical tones sang out: "'The last rose of summer is faded and gone.' Ah me! why do I feel so very sad this evening?"

"Shadows of evil," muttered Habakkuk, "are wrapping around her also."

"Habakkuk, are they still there?" said Henry, returning with a pistol in each hand, and still more ghastly in his pallor than before.

"They have not passed," replied that personage, somewhat alarmed at the sight of the pistols; "but what are you about to do? are you mad?"

"No, not mad, but wise, very wise—I

mean to shoot them both!" replied Henry, with a grin so demoniacal that Habakkuk started back in alarm.

"Good God, Henry, you are losing your senses; rally, man alive."

"Well, Habakkuk, my head is in a whirl, but it will soon be over. Is that sound the noise of their footsteps?"

"Who is that talking under my window? Is it you, papa?" inquired the daughter, leaning her pretty head out of window.

No answer was given, and she retired from the casement.

"They are coming up the walk, Henry," said the other in a whisper, "now be a man, and having seen what you have seen, prepare to act like one. Retire into the house, and when you are a little cooler, we will talk over what is to be done."

"To be done! why, Habakkuk, I will turn them out of doors, mother and daughter—the dam and her offspring, cut them off from every farthing, and leave my property to my nephew."

Habakkuk turned away his head, literally dumb-founded.

"His nephew," muttered he; "that never struck me before." And then he added, "Hush, man, they come."

As he spoke, the lady and the Polish count came upon the lawn; the stranger bowed several times, then raising the young wife's hand to his lips, kissed it respectfully, and turned to go.

The report of two pistols were heard simultaneously.

"My husband!" cried the young woman, falling either wounded or terrified to the ground, while the Pole stood speechless with astonishment, uncertain how to act.

Habakkuk seized the arm of his friend, and led him from the scene perfectly helpless. For the moment his mind was unnerved; the act of firing the pistols once over, he was as a child in the hands of the Tempter.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH TWO PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE DESCRIBED.

The hero of our tale, left to himself, thrust his hands deeply into the pockets of his Taglioni, shook his head, gazed by the light of a gas-lamp at his boots, his pants, and the whole material of his outer man, an exami-

nation which appeared to produce no very favourable result.

"An adventure in London," cried Frederick, "but would to God these habiliments were more juvenile, I should carry my head a trifle higher."

At this moment, the man in the cloak rounded the corner, and came face to face with Wilson, but no sooner did he perceive our hero, than muttering something quite unintelligible, he hurried away. The young man began to feel somewhat uneasy, he could not tell why, but an undefined sentiment of dread seemed to take possession of him, and he watched the retreating figure until it was lost in the distance, with a certain anxiety, which afterwards appeared even more inexplicable.

"The fellow has certainly something to do with the girl; that is a matter as plain as the palm of my hand or the rule of three, but what? Aye, 'there is the rub,' as my friend Walters says."

The fair companion of our hero now returned, and invited her defender to enter, as her mamma was at home, and would be happy to see him, a statement which Wilson regarded as a mere *politesse*, of which, however, he was very ready to avail himself. The unfortunate are too apt to misjudge the motives of those with whom they come in contact. But little used to active sympathy, and less to really disinterested kindness, they almost always regard an act, which perhaps originated in true benevolence, and a keen sense of your misfortunes, as an act of mere pity—and none forgive those who lower them by pity, when the sensitive soul seeks for feelings more in unison with its own real wants. Wilson was fully satisfied that his charmer's mamma thought him a bore, but then she was his charmer's mamma, and he was resolved not to lose so excellent an opportunity of obtaining a footing in the family. The threshold passed, Mr. Frederick became nervous, for the passage was elegantly fitted up, the stairs leading to the upper apartments were heavily carpeted, and the youth felt somewhat uneasy beneath the light of a swinging lamp, when, turning toward the descending flight, his guide marvellously relieved his mind by leading him towards the kitchen, and, in another moment, introduced him to her mother as Mrs. Cartwright.

That lady was between thirty and forty years of age, and though plainly dressed, had still about her an air of high-breeding and

elegance which, once attained, is never lost, save in moral degradation. Very pale, and slightly inclined to *embonpoint*, her black and glossy hair was parted over a brow of singular whiteness. Her face was more than handsome, it was beautiful, but there was a dreamy apathy of expression, a settled, dogged, persevering melancholy in her eyes, an impossibility of smiling in her glance, which filled the mind with painful thoughts. She was not long for this world, she was, as it has been happily expressed, "going"; neither fully awake to life, nor actually near death, she hovered between the two.

Mrs. Cartwright received the young man with cordiality, thanking him very earnestly for the service rendered to her dear Mary, "for indeed," said she, "young men in London are too apt rather to insult an unprotected female, than to aid in preserving her from injury."

"My dear madam, no thanks, I beg," said Wilson, allowing Mary to take his hat, hand him a chair, and perform sundry offices which, but for his confusion, he would have himself done. "I am too proud, too happy, that I have been able in the slightest degree to make myself useful. I am afraid I generally do more harm than good, and this will atone, perhaps, for some indiscretion as slight as the service."

Wilson, who was rarely in the society of ladies of any degree, was astonished at the length of his own speech.

"Those who own their faults, Mr. Wilson," said the mother, "go half-way to mend them. The worst are those who do evil with good upon their lips; such men are demons upon earth."

Mrs. Cartwright spoke with deep feeling, and was silent for a moment, giving our hero leisure to remark that he was in a neatly furnished front kitchen, evidently serving the purpose of both sitting and sleeping apartment to his new friends. A blazing fire, various little cheap luxuries, a couple of mould candles, by which the mother had been sewing, were indications that extreme poverty was not the lot of the two females, but the situation of their apartment sufficiently denoted that they occupied no very elevated sphere in society. The suggestions of his own vanity, and something in the manners of both mother and daughter, satisfied Wilson that they had descended from a loftier position.

It required no great exertion of eloquence

to induce our hero to join his new friends in a meal, half tea half supper, during the course of which he learned that Mary when he met her was returning from a day's work in the house of a lady, who gave her regular employment with the needle, that her hour for leaving was usually six, and that Mrs. Cartwright, owing to weakness in her feet, was obliged on all occasions to allow her to return alone.

All this was not learnt in a moment, but, during the progress of a meal, which to Wilson was like the manna in the wilderness to the Jews. Eating is certainly the least intellectual of human enjoyments, and yet, from many causes, it is one of the most agreeable. A generous and ample diet is certainly productive of benefit even to the mind, which while the body is pinched and starved, must acquire a little of the same character from constant association. Unfortunately, though mind and body be so different, the one all material, and the other all spirituality, yet are they so intimately connected that they cannot at will dissolve partnership; when the corporeal nature of man suffereth and yearneth after the flesh-pots of Egypt, the mind cannot take a flight and avoid the potent influence of the gastric juices. No! it must remain and endure the inconveniences of the union. There is but one divorce between the body of the soul, a divorce never sued for but by the coward, who can no longer brace his nerves to face the ills, which every being of woman born is heir to.

On the other hand, the mind is keenly alive to the enjoyment of a good dinner. Few men are surly after hearty and wholesome refection. It is your over-feeders, your gourmands, who, *post prandici*, become testy and out of sorts. They have over-done the thing. With no bridle on the bit of appetite, they ride their stomachs to the goal of gout and indigestion, and generally reach it. The plate is one which can be won at a canter. It is as easy as romancing, as sure as a British bank-note. But keep a tight rein, use the gifts of Providence in moderation, and when a man has dined under these influences he certainly is rarely disagreeable.

Now, Wilson had not sat down to so regular and wholesome a meal for many a long day. His *ménage* was a bachelor one, and consequently his meals were at any time and composed of anything. On the present occasion, after a fast of some duration, he really enjoyed his tea. His pallor fled, the dim

eyes regained their lustre, his very cheeks seemed puffed out; his tongue had not been so leisome for many a day, and his good humour and happy state of feeling was such, that, had he not been restrained by notions of propriety, and by the promptings of his better angel, he could, on the spot, have embraced both mother and daughter; in both instances he would have shown his taste. The daughter was eighteen, a sweet and lovely child; the mother, a beautiful woman of a little more than twice that age.

The better to comprehend the feelings which roused so much happiness and enjoyment within our hero's bosom, it may here be remarked that he was an orphan, without one friend or known relative in the world to depend on, or from whom to receive advice or assistance in any emergency.

By the interest of a guardian, since dead, he had been attached, as occasional reporter, to the corps of a weekly journal. On this precarious means, and paragraphs and police reports furnished to the daily papers, Wilson's sole subsistence depended. Alone, friendless, it was but natural that economy and provision were the last virtues practised by the young man, who, therefore, despite some success in his peculiar walk, was scarcely ever any other than shabby and penniless.

Almost his sole experience, therefore, of the female sex was in the landlady line, about the last division of the species to give, an irregular single man lodger a favourable opinion of the race. Hence had arisen in his mind a kind of natural connection between ladies and latch-keys, dames and dunning, women and a week's warning, which was far from conducing to a very exalted opinion of the fair moiety of the universe.

"Mr. Wilson, if I don't see that little account settled afore Saturday, I am werry sorry, but I have a large family a looking to me, and you must go."

"Mr. Wilson, you promised me them five shillings, but I never seed them as yet."

"I'm blessed Mr. Wilsun if I stands this here nonsense any longer. Here have you been a promising, and a promising, and a promising, and I never sees nuffin but promises. It don't stand to reason, Mr. Wilson, that I'm a-going to furnish my apartments (a garret with a truckle-bed) and pay king's taxes, water-rates, gas-companies, to say nuffin of my rent, which is due only to-day, for a parcel of good-for-nuffin lodgers, what arn't got no more feeling in their bosoms, that

CHAPTER V

NIGHT HAUNTS.

never a tax-gatherer of 'em all. No, Mr. Wilson, it don't stand to reason, and you, if you can't pay rent, I'd advise you, as a friend, not to take lodgings."

It has been said that we must eat a peck of dirt in our lives, but woe be to the defaulter of rent; he must eat it at one meal. The legal claim of the proprietor of a house, the timid nature of a debtor, who feels himself within the clutches of the law, emboldens the one to shower taunt and sarcasm and abuse on the unfortunate back of the owing wight. No one understood the whole physiology of debt better than Wilson, and, as we have above remarked, his ideas of the sex being confined almost wholly to landladies he was quite beside himself at finding ladies so delightful as his new friends proved to be.

"But, mamma," said Mary, after supper had been some time concluded, and the three new friends had been in conversation during a short period, "I cannot keep the secret any longer; I must tell you; and this gentleman will excuse my entering on family details."

"Don't pay any attention to me," said young Wilson, with a smile. "I beg you will speak, as if I were nobody."

"Speak, child, what is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Cartwright: "it is something good, I am sure, by the eagerness you show to tell it."

"Well, you must know then, mamma," continued the fair and eager Mary, "that Mrs. Jameson has added two shillings per week to my salary, in consequence of my great improvement, as she is pleased to call it."

"It is little, child, but thankful have we to be for what we have. Though, Mr. Wilson, the day was when we seldom thought much of ten pounds more or less in our week's expenditure."

"I thought so, Mrs. Cartwright," replied our hero, "indeed I was quite sure of it;" he would gladly have added some question in relation to the cause of the change, but his joint timidity and good sense, governing his impulses, he forbore.

Mary smiled, however, at his observation, but neither she nor her mother attempted any explanation, and shortly afterwards the young man took his leave, having first obtained permission to renew his visit.

The door of the mansion, which yet, however, contained the better part of our hero, once closed against him, he turned round, and taking good cognisance of the premises, and the locality in which they were situated, was about to turn his steps in the direction of home, with his pockets as empty as ever, but with his heart light and cheerful, when a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder startled him from his pleasant reverie.

Wilson turned round and confronted the man in the cloak.

"Very happy to make your acquaintance, sir," said the stranger, coolly; "I have to thank you for your gallantry in defending my friend, Miss Cartwright. Excellent worthy people the Cartwrights?"

"Sir," replied Frederick Wilson, scarcely recovered from his surprise, and bowing with a very bad grace, "I really did not think—"

"My dear sir," continued the stranger, taking our hero's unresisting hand, "no ceremony between us, I beg. I was accidentally passing, and I saw at once, by your action, that you were a lad of spirit. I honour you for it. Shall we drink a bottle to the health of the lady, and to our better acquaintance?"

Wilson began to think that refection of the inner man was plentiful that particular evening, and, though he had just taken tea, did not consider it at all wise to decline the invitation, the more especially, as he hoped, while imbibing, not the

"cup of rich Canary wine,"

but something equally exhilarating, to learn something in connection with his new friends.

"Really, sir, your offer is so very polite," our hero replied, "that I cannot think of refusing—at the same time—"

"No apology—where shall we adjourn, Mr. Wilson," observed the apothecary, for such he explained himself to be, "I do not generally frequent or patronise taverns, and in my own back-room, why, you know, Mr. Wilson, one is not at one's ease. I have two assistants—"

"Exactly," continued Wilson, with a wink, relapsing into his usual manner, which the presence of the ladies had previously controlled, "you don't wish to set a bad example to the juveniles. But I have it; a friend of mine, that is to say, a person I know something of, will be very happy to accom-

modate us. I would take you to my own lodgings, but really, Mr. Smith, you know we bachelors are so careless about appearances—”

“I know—exactly—just so; we live in any place we first happen upon; I am a bachelor myself, and can comprehend these little eccentricities.”

“But, as I said, sir,” added Wilson, who was now locked arm in arm with his new acquaintance, “I have a place of resort, a kind of house of call, not a friend’s, exactly, but still a mansion, kept by a very accommodating kind of individual, whither we can repair.”

Mr. H. Smith smiled, a kind of a queer smile, too, it was—half of amusement, half of satisfaction; he seemed, indeed, singularly pleased with his acquisition, and looked as if he could really lend him a good round sum, on excellent security.

In the somewhat free interchange of thought, especially on the part of Frederick Wilson, whose spirits were far above their usual ratio, the short time required to reach the locality designated, but not specified by our hero, passed away; and in the midst of a dissertation on the merits of the last ballet, their critical observations were suddenly brought to a close, by Wilson’s pausing, in a very seedy street, before a dismal, dark-looking tobacconist’s.

“Why, where are we?” said H. Smith, looking around him with much astonishment, and something of a suspicious glance.

“Do not ask questions, my dear sir,” replied Wilson, who was evidently getting up a devil-may-care look and manner ere they entered the shop; “St. Giles is the general term, but the street, we never mention it; suffice it, that a certain Duke, who wasn’t Charles the Second’s Queen’s son, may have had some hand in nomenclature.”

Mr. Smith smiled, and motioning Wilson to lead the way, they entered.

“Well, Jerry, anybody inside?”

“Well, your honour,” exclaimed the party addressed, without replying to the latter question.

The person whom Wilson called by the name of Jerry, was a little shrivelled man, of about five-and-fifty, who stood behind the counter serving half an ounce of tobacco to a mechanic.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW YEAR’S OMEN.

“We will never meet again,” said the veteran; “this is new year’s night, and there are thirteen in the room.”—*Count De Therenetz’s Recollections of La Grande Armée.*

Comrades, the wine our vineyards poured
Is mantling high and bright;
• With song and dance, and banquet board,
We greet the year’s first night;
And many a year our feast hath hailed,
With all the hopes it wore;
But the gathered number fate hath sealed,
For, friends, we meet no more.

I know not if the parting powers
Be fortune, war, or wane;
I mark not whom these festal hours
Are beckoning to the grave;
The young are here, whose souls have part
Yet in the world of hope;
The tireless and the strong of heart,
With time and toil to cope.

And there are those, like trees, that stand
With autumn’s steps impressed,
Who yet may see the fearless hand
And fiery heart at rest;
But on my soul what shadows fall,
From the dark faith of yore;
Long years may come to some, to all,
But, friends, we meet no more.

The faces round, we love them yet;
The hearts, we know them true;
And some, oh, how will they forget
The friends their winters knew?
They who have shared their upward path,
When clouds grew dark and large;
Who braved with them the tempest’s wrath,
Or led the battle’s charge.

We deem not that such lords as these
Could fade like summer blooms;
But there are thoughts that come like seas,
And words that part like tombs;
They will “divide and conquer” too.
Alas for memory’s store,
If it must hold such wrecks. Adieu,
Dear friends, we meet no more.

Yet oh, the bright hours we have pass’d
O’er the dim years that part,
What radiant memories will it cast,
This sunset of the heart,
To wake, in spite of change and strife,
The old love’s buried claims;
When those who may not meet in life,
Will meet each others’ names.

But from the bright wine of our land,
Free to the dawning year,
The last hour of so blythe a band
Wanes not in gloom and fear;
Drink to the hope, the love, the fame;
The graves that lie before;
And drink to many a brave heart’s dream,
For, friends, we meet no more.

The Stout Hereward and the Lady Artrud.*

BY ACLETOS.

It was the Lady Artrud,
And at the feast sat she,
And round the board were marshalled
The guests in their degree ;
Oh, lovely was the lady !
Her sweet but noble face,
And her deportment stately,
Well suited with her place.

The noble Wilfred's heiress,
An orphan she was left,
Before unhappy England
Of freedom was bereft ;
To every hapless exile
She was a ready aid,
And Normans e'en respected
The unprotected maid.

She turned her to the stranger,
Who sat at her right hand,
And said, " Most valiant Hereward,
Stay of our hapless land,
Though every loyal Saxon
Thy matchless valour knows,
And every Saxon bosom
At thy achievements glows,

" Though every Saxon harper,
In thy deserved praise,
In every Saxon dwelling,
Attunes his rhymed lays,
Since thou hast condescended
To taste our Croyland cheer,
From thine own lips thy story
Most gladly would I hear."

" Lady," replied the warrior,
" Small cause have I to boast ;
The Norman rides triumphant
Along our sea-girt coast ;
Beneath his horse-hoofs trampled
The once free Saxons lie ;
They'd rather live his bond-slaves,
Than in staunch battle die !

" Alas, for noble Harold,
And the true hearts that bled
Upon the deadly meadow,
With richest carnage fed ;
Yet more, alas, the fortune
That held me far away,
Beyond the seas in Flanders,
Upon that heavy day !"

" Nay, grieve not," said the lady,
" That one brave man was spared ;
Had Hereward that day fallen,
How had his country fared ?"
The warrior, smiling, answered,
" With Lady Artrud near,
Craven must be the dastard
Who could be sad of cheer.

" 'Twas when the sainted Edward
Enjoyed his tranquil reign,

My father Cedric sent me
Beyond the billowy main,
By martial deeds in Flanders
My training to complete ;
How little then thought either
We never more should meet.

" From banished men I heard it,
The tale of shame and woe ;
My father slain, my mother
Left homeless by the foe,
Whom the spoils exulting
Made Cedric's ancient halls,
By sweetest memories hallowed,
Scene for his drunken brawls !

" I came to England ; need I tell thee
How my angry spirit burned,
To behold the once free Saxon
By the haughty Bastard spurned ?
But some gallant hearts were beating,
Ready still some fearless hands ;
My friends and kinsmen straight I gathered,
And won back my father's lands.

" Now no peace gave the marauders,
Yet I stood the assailing tide,
Till worn out with grief and trouble,
Noble Edelgiva died ;
By her husband's side I laid her,
In the silence of the night,
Lest the horrid clang of battle
Should her gentle spirit blight.

" To the last abode of Saxons,
Ely's island, then I sped ;
Gallant hearts gave earnest welcome ;
Lady, I became their head ;
And so much the craven foemen
With our raids we did annoy,
That the loons believed that Satan
Was himself in our employ !

" And the wooden-paled Taille-bois,
Angry at his ill-success,
In a tower before his army
Placed an ugly sorceress,
Who with grizzly head protruding,
Mumbled o'er her filthy charms ;
From our refuge-camp we sallied,
And gave her to her Satan's arms !

" Oh, a gallant bonfire made it,
When the wooden tower blazed high,
And to heart-dismayed Taille-bois
Came the dying wretch's cry !
Then in wrath uprose the Bastard,
He himself would take the field,
He would show his puny generals
How to make the Saxons yield.

" And he did, for treason helped him ;
Else—but what avails to say
What we would have done, oh Lady ?
How could holy men betray ?
How could those who have forsaken
Sensual pleasures here below,
For the sake of fleshly dainties
Sell their country to the foe ?

* For the general facts of this story, see Keightley's "History of England," vol. i. p. 71.
NO. 1352.

* When the siege began to press sore, and commons grew very short, the monks, weary of privation, admitted the Normans into the island.

- "Shame upon them, now and ever!
No sons of Holy Christ are they,
Children rather of Iscariot,
Born to gorge and to betray!
Haughty William, as they tell me,
When they came his state to meet,
Turned with loathing from the cravens,
Well nigh spurned them from his feet."
- "Truly," quoth the Lady Artfrud,
"William scorns such dastard deeds,
And deplores a friend destroyed,
When a noble Saxon bleeds.
But now tell us, gallant Hereward,
In the full what chanced to thee;
How, in such a fearful tempest,
Stood unscathed the tallest tree."
- "Lady, in my tent reposing
From the troubles of the day,
In secure and dreamless slumber,
On that fatal night I lay;
When a hand was on my shoulder,
And a voice hissed in my ear,
'Rouse thee, rouse thee, noble Hereward,
We're betrayed, and William's here.'
- "'Twas my kinsman, gallant Wulfstane;]
I in startled haste arose,
Soon the bravest gathered round us,
And we went to meet the foes.
Vain our efforts; in each quarter
Countless hosts our path beset;
Where'er we went, the ready Norman
Our despairing efforts met.
- "Then for a little moment
In deep dismay we stood;
While round us hummed the hornets,
All thirsting for our blood;
Till by our stillness heartened,
They ventured an attack;
Aroused, we leapt among them,
And straightway drove them back.
- "Then 'Onward!' shouted Wulfstane,
Cleave we this rabble route;
Yet once again for England
Raise we the battle-shout!
Then onward through the concourse
In thick array we prest,
And off our brands were sheathed
In the false Norman's breast.
- "Where'er we came, the cravens
Gave way to right and left:
On every side our broadswords
A ready passage cleft!
Oh glorious clang of battle,
How leaps the heart in fight!
How strain the eager muscles,
Mid flashing fashions bright!
- "But it is over, lady,
No refuge now have we,
But we must seek for freedom
Beyond the azure sea;
There in some grassy valley
I'll lay my weary head,
Where never foot of Norman
Upon my tomb shall tread."
- "Nay, nay," the lady answered,
Her brow disturbed with care,
"Let not our dauntless Hereward
Be conquered by despair.
In England still there breatheth
Full many a Saxon true;
And where shall be their safety,
If Hereward leaves them too?"
- "Alas, sweet lady, vainly
Thou kindly dost essay,
With gentle art, my exile
From England to delay.
With few and scattered followers,
What, lady, could I do?
Would'st have me for indulgence
The haughty Bastard sue?"
- "William," quoth Lady Artfrud,
"With sorrow I confess,
By heaven's high permission,
Our country doth oppress;
Yet is he noble, Hereward,
A little more should'st bend
To will of highest Heaven,
And deign to be his friend!
- "Nay, frown not, noble warrior,
Nor yet despise a maid,
If she should play the wooer;
For I have heard it said
That a well-nurtured freeman,
Whatever be his fate,
May with unstained honour
With any lady mate.
- "My lands are broad, and yearly
Revenue large afford;
My serfs are many, but, alas,
They long have had no lord;
And for myself, sweet Mary,
It cannot be a crime
That I desire a guardian
In such a troubled time."
- The warrior in amazement
The blushing maiden eyed,
And answered, "Lovely lady,
Since Edelgiva died,
My fainting heart has never
The love of woman known;
And when I came to Croyland,
Unfollowed and unknown,
- "I only hoped a moment,
Before I took my flight,
By gazing on thy beauty
My spirit to delight;
But what avails it talking?
Sweet lady, take this hand;
Though rough be its caresses,
It wields a well-tried brand.
- "While in his native country
There lives so fair a wife
Of Saxon blood, need Hereward
Be weary of his life?
And if the Lady Artfrud
Takes pity on his pain,
What tongue shall dare to whisper
That he has lived in vain?"

Education.

I.—EDUCATION IN ANCIENT GREECE.

The subject of education is one of such paramount importance, and one upon which so much is now thought, and in regard to which so vast a variety of opinions exist, while our own is most decided, that we purpose, preliminary to a full examination of education in the present day, to give some slight insight into the history of the subject; to see what in ancient times was thought and done, what in later ages was its progress. With regard to antiquity, Greece, Rome, and Persia will alone be touched upon; we shall then inquire into what is the state of education in the various European states, and America, and then come to the all important question, of what is to be done in England, where the deficiency is lamentable. With this view, between the present time and the few months which must elapse, before we reach our final article, we invite every item of information on the subject, and shall notice with pleasure all pamphlets, &c., forwarded to us.

In regard to Ancient Greece, did we devote ourselves to the careful study of the question, we should simply go over the ground trodden by Mr. James Augustus St. John in his elaborate work* on the manners and customs of that country; we shall therefore avail ourselves of the facts and of the words of Mr. St. John. In the outset it is remarked, that whether on education the Greeks thought more wisely or not than we do, they certainly contemplated the subject from an elevated point of view, and therefore commenced operations from the very moment of birth, being particularly careful in the selection of teachers, a matter in which in modern times we have not been so solicitous to compete with antiquity as we might be. We are told—

"In Greece, as everywhere else, education commenced in the nursery; and though time has very much obscured all remaining traces of the instruction the children there received, we are not left on this point wholly without information. From the very day of his birth man begins to be acted upon by those causes that furnish his mind with ideas. As his intelligence acquires strength, the five sluices which let in all that flood of knowledge which afterwards overflows his mind, appear to be enlarged, and education at first, and for some time, consists in watching over the nature and quality of the ideas conveyed inward by those channels. It is difficult to say when ac-

tual instruction commenced: but among the earliest formal attempts at impressing traditinary knowledge on the infant mind was the repetition by mothers and nurses of fables and stories, not always, if Plato, may be credited, constructed with a religious or ethical purpose."

At the age of seven, the boys left their mothers' care for that of the schoolmaster to whom they were taken daily by a governor, and mischievous no doubt the boys of Hellas were, as boys will everywhere be, "and many pranks would they play in spite of the crabbed old slaves set over them by their parents;" on which account, probably, it is that Plato considers boys of all wild beasts the most audacious, plotting, fierce, and intractable. But the urchins now found that it was one thing to nestle under mamma's wing at home, and another to delve under the direction of a didaskalos, and at school-hours, after the bitter roots of knowledge. For the school-boys of Greece tasted very little of the sweets of bed after dawn. "They rose with the light," says Lucian, "and with pure water washed away the remains of sleep which lingered on their eye-lids." Having breakfasted on bread and fruit, to which through the allurements of their pedagogues they sometimes added wine, they sallied forth to the didaskaleion, or schoolmaster's lair, as the comic poet jocularly termed it, summer and winter, whether the morning smelt of balm, or was deformed by sleet or snow, drifting like meal from a sieve down the rocks of the Acropolis."

The Athenian idea of education was that boys should be kept in one constant abstinence from evil thoughts and habits, for which reason there were no vacations, while the schoolmaster was armed with the savage power of the lash. In one particular we might wisely follow the Athenian principle, in appointing a governor, whose "principal duty consisted in leading the lad to and from school, in attending him to the theatre, to the public games, to the forum, and wherever else it was thought fit he should go."

With regard to the schools themselves, the following is a very interesting and pleasing account:—

"It has sometimes been imagined that in Greece separate edifices were not erected as with us expressly for school-houses, but that both the didaskalos and the philosopher taught their pupils in fields, gardens, or shady groves. But this was not the common practice, though many schoolmasters appear to have had no other place wherein to assemble their pupils than the porch of a temple or some sheltered corner in the street, where in spite of the din of business and the throng of pas-

* "Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," by James Augustus St. John, 3 vols., Bentley.

sengers the worship of learning was publicly performed. Here, too, the music-masters frequently gave their lessons, whether in singing or on the lyre, which practice explains the anecdote of the musician, who hearing the crowd applaud his scholars, gave him a box on the ear, observing, "Had you played well these blockheads would not have praised you." A custom very similar prevails in the east, where, in recesses open to the street, we often see the turbanded schoolmaster with a crowd of little Moslems about him, tracing letters on their large wooden tablets or engaged in the recitations of the Koran.

"But these were the schools of the humbler classes. For the children of the noble and the opulent spacious structures were raised, and furnished with tables, desks, forms, and whatsoever else their studies required. Mention is made of a school at Chios which contained one hundred and twenty boys, all of whom save one were killed by the falling in of the roof. From another tragical story we learn that in Astypalæa, one of the Cyclades, there was a school which contained sixty boys. The incidents connected with their death are narrated in the romantic style of the ancients. Cleomedes, a native of this island, having in boxing slain Iccos the Epidaurian, was accused of unfairness and refused the prize, upon which he became mad and returned to his own country. There, entering into the public school, he approached the pillar that supported the roof, and like another Sampson seized it in an access of frenzy, and wresting it from its basis brought down the whole building upon the children. He himself however escaped, but, being pursued with stones by the inhabitants, took sanctuary in the temple of Athena, where he concealed himself in the sacred chest. The people paying no respect to the holy place still pursued him and attempted to force open the lid, which he held down with gigantic strength. At length when the coffin was broken in pieces Cleomedes was nowhere to be found, dead or alive. Terrified at this prodigy they sent to consult the oracle of Delphi, by which they were commanded to pay divine honours to the athlete as the last of the heroes.

"In the interior of the schools there was commonly an oratory adorned with statues of the Muses, where probably in a kind of front was kept a supply of pure water for the boys. Pretending often, when they were not, to be thirsty, they would steal in knots to this oratory, and there amuse themselves by splashing the water over each other; on which account legislators ordained that strict watch should be kept over it. Every morning the forms were spunged, the schoolroom was cleanly

swept, the ink ground ready for use, and all things were put in order for the business of the day.

"The apparatus of an ancient school was somewhat complicated: there were mathematical instruments, globes, maps, and charts of the heavens, together with boards whereon to trace geometrical figures, tablets, large and small, of box-wood, fir, or ivory triangular in form, some folding with many leaves; books too and paper, skins of parchment, wax for covering tablets, which if we may believe Aristophanes, people sometimes ate when they were hungry.

"To the above were added rulers, reed-pens, pen-cases, pen-knives, pencils, and last, though not least, the rod which kept them to the steady use of all these things."

At Athens these schools were not provided by the state. They were private speculations, and each master was regulated in his charges by the reputation he had acquired and the fortunes of his pupils. Some appear to have been extremely moderate in their demands.

"There was for example a school-master named Hippomachos, upon entering whose establishment boys were required to pay down one mina, after which they might remain as long as they pleased. Didaskaloi were not however held in sufficient respect, though as their scholars were sometimes very numerous, as many for example as a hundred and twenty, it must often have happened that they became wealthy. From the life of Homer, attributed to Herodotus, we glean some few particulars respecting the condition of a schoolmaster in remoter ages."

The first thing taught was the Greek alphabet, to spell and then to read. Herodes, the sophist, experienced much vexation from the stupidity exhibited in achieving this enterprise by his son Allieus, whose memory was so sluggish, that he could not even recollect the Christ-Cross-Row. To overcome this extraordinary dullness, he educated along with him twenty-four little slaves of his own age, upon whom he bestowed the names of the letters, so that young Allieus might be compelled to learn his alphabet as he played with his companions, now calling out for Omiceos, now for Psi. Writing and various other things calculated to improve the mind, such as learning poetry followed, or then came gymnastics. Arithmetic was an early, and according to Plato, an important branch of study, as also astronomy in relation to its practical bearing, husbandry, navigation, and military affairs. Music, was with the Greeks, an important feature in education.*

* On this point consult Mr. St. John, p. 184.

Gymnastics too occupied a considerable portion of their time, to counteract the pale faces and emaciated frames too often the lot of the student; horsemanship, swimming, &c., were simultaneously taught, with dancing, the use of arms, wrestling, and every athletic habit of the gymnasia, from whence they went forth to the schools of the philosophers. There were the finishing academies of Greece, and here history, philosophy, the fine arts were taught. We pause to give Mr. St. John's view of education in monarchies, regarchies, and free states:—

"In monarchies a spirit of exclusion, something like that on which the system of castes is built, must pervade the whole business of education. The nobility must have schools to themselves, or, if wealthy plebeians be suffered to mingle with them, superior honour and consideration must be yielded to the former. The masters must look up to them and their families, and not to the people for preferment and advancement; and the plebeians though superior in number, must be weak in influence, and be taught to borrow their tone from the privileged students.

"In an oligarchy, properly so called, there should be no mingling of the classes at all. Schools must be established expressly for the governors, and others for the governed. The basis of education should be the notion that some men were born for rule and others for subjection; that the happiness of individuals depends on unrequiring submission to authority; that their rulers are wise and they unwise; that all they have to do with the laws is to obey them; and all teachers must be made to feel that their admission among the great depends on the faithful advocacy of such notions.

"In free states again, the contrary course will best promote the ends of government; the schools must be strictly public, and not merely theoretically but practically open to all. There should be no compulsion to attend them, but ignorance of the things there taught should involve a forfeiture of civil rights as much as being of unsound mind; for in truth, an ignorant man is not of sound mind, any more than one unable to use all his limbs is of sound body. Here the discipline must be very severe. A spirit rigidly puritanical must pervade the studies and preside over the amusements. Every tendency irreligious, immoral, ungentlemanly, as unworthy the dignity of freedom should be nipped in the bud. The students must be taught to despise all other distinctions but those of virtue and genius, in other words the power to serve the community. They should be taught to contemplate humanity as in other respects wholly on the same

level, with nothing above it but the laws. The teachers must be dependent on the people alone, and owe their success to their own abilities and popular manners. And this last in a great measure was the spirit of Athenian education.

"The best proof that could be furnished of the excellence of a system of education would be its rendering a people almost independent of a government, that is swayed more by their habits than by the laws. This was preeminently the case with the Athenians. They required to be very little meddled with by their rulers. Instructed in their duties and the reason which rendered them duties, accustomed from childhood to perform them, they lived as moral and educated men live still, independent of the laws."

With regard to philosophy, history, rhetoric, the fine-arts, such as painting, statuary, and all the preliminaries of the liberal professions, the Greeks provided ample teachers, and these branches fully learned, the young men went forth into the world to fulfil their several destinies. Whether or not, education should be national or not, is now so vexed a question, that without giving our own opinion as yet, we quote that of Mr. James Augustus St. John:—

"The question which demands so much attention in modern states, viz., whether education should be national and uniform, likewise much occupied the thoughts of ancient statesmen, and it is known that in most cases they decided in the affirmative. It may however be laid down as an axiom, that among a phlegmatic and passive people, where the government has not yet acquired its proper form and development, the establishment of a national system of education, complete in all its parts and extending to the whole body of the citizens, must be infallibly pernicious. For such as the government is at the commencement such very nearly will it continue, as was proved by the example of Crete and Sparta. For the Cretan legislators, arresting the progress of society at a certain point by the establishment of an iron system of education, before the popular mind had acquired its full growth and expansion, dwarfed the Cretan people completely, and by preventing their keeping pace with their countrymen, rendered them in historical times inferior to all their neighbours. In Sparta, again, the form of polity given to the state by Lycurgus, wonderful for the age in which it was framed, obtained perpetuity solely by the operation of his pædonomical institutions. The imperfection, however, of the system arose from this circumstance, that the Spartan government was framed too early in the career of civilisation. Had its lawgiver lived a century or two later,

he would have established his institutions on a broader and more elevated basis, so that they would have remained longer nearly on a level with the progressive institutions of the neighbouring states. But he fixed the form of the Spartan commonwealth when the general mind of Greece had scarcely emerged from barbarism; and as the rigid and unyielding nature of his laws forbade any great improvement, Sparta continued to bear about her in the most refined ages of Greece innumerable marks of the rude period in which she had risen. From this circumstance flowed many of her crimes and misfortunes. Forbidden to keep pace with her neighbours in knowledge and refinement, which by rendering them inventive, enterprising, and experienced, elevated them to power, she was compelled, in order to maintain her ground, to have recourse to astuteness, stratagem, and often to perfidy.

"The Spartan system, it is well known, made at first, and for some ages, little or no use of books. But this at certain stages of society was scarcely an evil; for knowledge can be imparted, virtues implanted and cherished, and great minds ripened to maturity without their aid. The teacher, in this case, rendered wise by meditation and experience, takes the place of a book, and by oral communication, by precept, and by example, instructs, and disciplines, and moulds his pupil into what he would have him be. By this progress both are benefited. The preceptor's mind, kept in constant activity, acquires daily new force and expansion; and the pupil's in like manner. In a state therefore like that of Sparta, in the age of Lycurgus, it was possible to acquire all necessary knowledge without books, of which indeed very few existed. But afterwards, when the Ionian republics began to be refined and elevated by philosophy and literature, Sparta, unable to accompany them, fell into the back-ground; still preserving, however, her warlike habits, she was enabled on many occasions to overawe and subdue them. Among the Athenians, though knowledge was universally diffused, there existed, properly speaking, no system of national education. The people, like their state, were in perpetual progress, aiming at perfection, and sometimes approaching it; but precipitated by the excess of their intellectual and physical energies into numerous and constantly recurring errors. While Sparta, as we have seen, remained content with the wisdom indigenous to her soil, scanty and imperfect as it was, Athens converted herself into one vast mart, whether every man who had anything new to communicate hastened eagerly, and found the sure reward of his ingenuity. Philosophers, sophists, geometers, astrono-

mers, artists, musicians, actors, from all parts of Greece and her most distant colonies, flocked to Athens to obtain from its quick-sighted, versatile, impartial, and most generous people, that approbation which in the ancient world constituted fame. Therefore, although the laws regulated the material circumstances of the schools and gymnasia, prescribed the hours at which they should be opened and closed, and watched earnestly over the morals both of preceptors and pupils, there was a constant indraught of fresh science, a perpetually increasing experience and knowledge of the world, and, consequent thereupon, a deep-rooted conviction of their superiority over their neighbours, an impatience of antiquated forms, and an audacious reliance on their own powers and resources, which brought them into the most hazardous schemes of ambition. But, by pushing their literary and philosophical studies, the Athenians were induced at length to neglect the cultivation of the arts of war, which they appeared to regard as a low and servile drudgery. And this capital error, in spite of all their acquirements and achievements in eloquence and philosophy—in spite of their lofty speculation and "style of gods," brought their state to a premature dissolution; while Sparta, with inferior institutions, and ignorance, which even the children of Athens would have laughed at, was enabled much longer to preserve its existence, from its impassioned application to the use of arms, aided, perhaps, by a stronger and more secluded position. From this it appears that of all sciences that of war is the chiefest, since, where this is cultivated, a nation may maintain its independence without the aid of any other; whereas the most knowing, refined, and cultivated men, if they neglect the use of arms, will not be able to stand their ground against a handful even of barbarians. The mistake, too, who look upon literature and the sciences as a kind of palladium against barbarism, for a whole nation may read and write, like the inhabitants of the Birman empire, without being either civilised or wise; and may possess the best books and the power to read them, without being able to profit by the lessons of wisdom they contain, as is proved by the example of the Greeks and Romans, who perished rather from a surfeit of knowledge than from any lack of instruction."

But for a full and perfect account of every branch of this, as of every other subject connected with Ancient Greece, we must now leave the reader to the work itself.

The Prophecy ;

A TALE OF CRACOW.

[The following Ode or Masque for music is extracted and arranged, with additional incident, from a Drama, still in manuscript, written in the year 1837, entitled "Poland, or the Expulsion of Constantine." It was intended for representation (set to music) for the sole benefit of the Polish exiles in England, under the patronage of that disinterested patroness of the Polish cause, her grace the Duchess of Hamilton. The late highly scientific professor Ernest Augustus Kellner, enthusiastic in his attachment to the Poles, volunteered to supply the music. Half the work was composed, and pronounced by Mr. Bennet, and other accomplished professors and amateurs, as containing music of first-rate order—sublime and pathetic. In the midst of his task, he ruptured a blood-vessel, that finally led to that rapid consumption which, on the 18th of July, 1839, deprived us for ever of his talents and manly virtues.

THE PROPHET.—The extraordinary events which attended the career of Sobieski during his battles, gave to his exploits almost a supernatural character; and, as recorded, every pulpit throughout Europe resounded with his great name. The clergy "emulated each other in immortalising 'The Man sent from God,' and the miracles which have descended to him from heaven." He had "conquered for religion and for all civilised nations," who, with one accord, decreed to him the title of "The Saviour of Christianity." This sacredness of character—the singular intervention of the elements in favouring his warlike operations—combined with the extraordinary coincidence of his birth—his elevation to the throne, and his death, being all on that day so revered throughout Catholic countries as the most holy of their fêtes—offered a powerful and mysterious picture to the imagination of a being inspired by heaven with supernatural power. I was thus induced to make this hero my Prophet; and his shrine, for the invocations of the spectres, and for the supplications of the patriots as to the future destinies of Poland.

Scene—The Interior of the Cathedral of Cracow.
Time—Midnight. Holy Hermit and Sworn Patriots.

HERMIT (as entering)

Hist, brothers, hist! some footsteps near?

FIRST PATRIOT.

None, holy father, none are here
Save those around their country's bier,
Who at thy sacred side now stand,
To wake to life their murder'd land.

[Chimes suddenly sound.

Hark! self-moved, the chimes now sound,
Through the midnight darkness round.

[The organ suddenly plays solemn strain.

And now the mystic midnight hymn,
Through the lone aisles all still and dim;
Where sleep, beneath the holy gloom,
The dead who sanctify the tomb. (1)

Though dead, in immortality
And each beneath his effigy—
Twin images to tell life's tale,
As cold, as moveless, and as pale.
Here rest we till again the chime
Shall lead us to the hallowed shrine,
With silent step, and silent rhyme!
There, imaged, sleeps the saint divine.
The diadem that clasps its brow
Bespeaks the shrouded king below.
So calm the visage 'neath the crown,
That the soul seems to speak in stone;
And lifted, as in pious rest,
The praying hands upon its breast,
There night by night the spirit dwells
In prophecies and mighty spells.

[The chimes sound, and a sudden pale mystic light illumines the cathedral, and at the same moment the organ accompanies the following chorus of spirits—the spectres of Praga.

CHORUS IN REPOSE DIRGE.

THE SPECTRES OF PRAGA.

From Praga's blood-stained plain
We come, the slaughter'd train;
But to no trophied tomb our shades belong!
Unshrouded comes each sprite,
From his dark and dismal night
A pale and shadowy throng.
'Neath slaughter's crimson wings
Our bones unburied lie,
Where the foul raven sings,
And night-blasts cry.
Howl of wolf and vulture's scream,
Our only funeral song, our only requiem!

We come, O Saviour King! to thee,
To mix our souls amidst the coming fray.
We cry for vengeance and for liberty.

[The organ sounds boldly with martial strains and the light plays.

HOLY HERMIT.

Hail'd in anthem, clad in light,
What glorious vision bursts upon my sight?
In that awful brow sublime
I see the saviour of our clime!
Pallid spectres round him throng,
Valour in their funeral song.
See, the light beckons from the shrine,
And leads us to the shade divine;
There to kneel before the tomb,
And wake the Prophet of our doom.

[A solemn organ music continues while the scene changes to the shrine of Sobieski, which is illumined—at which the Hermit is kneeling.]

HERMIT.

Oh thou, all sainted in thy hallowed shrine!
Whose warrior hand divine
Drowned the pale crescent in barbarian blood,
Never more to rise! (2)
Oh thou, whose saviour hands divine
Bade ev'ry altar shine! (3)

And fixt th' immortal cross for man's immortal
good ;
Oh hear thy nation's cries !
Thou, whom the God-feast hail'd at thy birth
A future king on earth ! (4)
Thou, whom the God-feast hail'd when thou wert
crown'd,
To spread thy glory round !
And thou, the God-feast mourn'd—yet hail'd in
death,
When soar'd from earth to heaven thy parting
breath ;
When Nature, like a mother in despair,¹
Who sits in ashes, and who rends her hair,
In sudden darkness vell'd the skies,
And bade the tempest rise !
Wak'd the loud forest, and the louder sea,
As if in madd'ning melody to thee !
The mountain-oaks and pines, and ocean's roar,
Like lamentations wild, that breath'd thou wert no
more !

Holy warrior ! thee I call
From beneath thy fun'ral pall !
Arise ! arise ! and round us bring
The shrouded heroes while we sing ;
Hear thy bleeding country's pray'r !
Lift us ! lift us from despair !
Let thy holy spirit tell
Where our future hopes shall dwell.

[Celestial music sounds from the
tomb---which precedes, and occa-
sionally accompanies, the speech
of the Prophet.]

PROPHET.

Battles lost and battles won,
To end in woe what hope begun—
Oft must be the mortal's fate
Who struggles 'gainst a giant's hate !
But shall the brave despair ?
Who perseveres shall conquest win !
Gird on thy sword, and swear—
Swear that thy sword shall never sheathed be
Until thy fettered land is free.

HERMIT AND PATRIOTS.

Before thy shrine, beneath thy care,
Hear us ! Oh, mighty spirit, hear !
We swear ! we swear ! we swear !

PROPHET.

Oh ! I have seen—

[Music expressive of grief.---Pause.]

— 'tis now before mine eyes—
Oh ! grave it in your memories !—
Our ancient nobles bound in chains,
In deadly mines—or frozen plains !
Seen the slow death the hero dies,
With not a friend to close his eyes ! (5)
And they---beneath the tyrant's knife
Bleeding---scarce monuments of life--- (6)
Heard, too, the voice that speaks a tyrant's truth,
In fragments reeking from the cannon's mouth ! (7)
Seen---lispng children, drown'd in tears,
Torn clinging from their frantic mother's knees,

Till, pale with horror, each, the other hears,
While each, the other, then, no longer sees,
And brutal stripes to still a mother's agonies ! (8)
All these have been,
And still again may be.
But, shall the brave despair ?
Who perseveres shall conquest win !
Gird on thy sword and swear---
Swear that thy blade shall never sheathed be,
Until thy fettered land is free.

HOLY HERMIT AND PATRIOTS.

Before thy shrine, beneath thy care,
Hear us ! oh mighty spirit, hear !
We swear ! we swear ! we swear !

PROPHET.

We brand the robber for one little theft---
We slay the murd'rer for one little life---
Then what thy due, oh tyrant ! that, bereft
Of mercy, pity, justice---all but strife---
Doth rob and murder millions whose sole crime,
The love of all that's dear within their clime,
Though storm may bluster, and may rend the tree,
Yet the seed mounts upon his furious wing ;
Spite of his rage, the FRUITFUL still shall be !
Where each seed falls, a glorious plant shall
spring !
---'Tis thus blind tyrants sow their destiny,
And where they'd crush, they make but liberty !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Though ye have wept, and years have slept,
Still burns th' immortal ray
That feeds the flame of Poland's name,
And points to brighter day !

[Symphony, sacred music, occasionally
accompanying the speech.]

PROPHET.

O Thou, whose mighty hand hath launched on high
The glowing worlds that burn along the sky,
Say, didst thou beauteous make the human soul
To yield it to some tyrant's base control ?
Oh, could that wisdom, stamp'd through nature's
frame,
Where ev'ry star doth write thy glorious name,
Doom living millions, breathing through each land,
To sink, like brutes, beneath th' oppressor's hand ?
Could'st Thou, who shield'st each little seedling's birth,
Behold, unmoved, the SCORCHERS of the earth ?
No ! O'er each clime thine eye protective reigns,
And nations at Thy MANDATE break their chains.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (celestial music).

Almighty freedom ! charter from our God !
By His hand giv'n to Nature at our birth !
From the green vaulter chirping o'er the sod,
To all of sea or air—to all of earth !
Oh, then shall Poland kiss th' oppressor's rod,
And smoking ruins cover all her worth ?
Oh no ! Her millions with one voice reply,
Freedom or death ! Revenge or liberty !

SPIRIT OF SOBIESKI.

Relentless tyrant! Muscovite!
 What though thine eagle, dark as night,
 Bear blood and rapine in its flight?
 Poland's bird—like spotless day—
 White with Freedom's holy ray,
 Shall pluck thy raven-plumes away!
 What, though from the Gate of Storm
 Rush thy hordes in black'ning swarm?
 Nature now asserts her laws!
 Freedom, and thy guilty cause,
 Shall like whirlwind on them pour,
 And scatter them from shore to shore!
 Oh! could thine impious blindness dare
 To breath its blasphemies in prayer? (9)
 In the record seal'd on high—
 In thine incens'd God's reply—
 Tyrant! hear thy destiny:

Plague and Famine seize thy realm!
 Treasons dark thy throne o'erwhelm!
 Thine the fate that stamps thy race!
 In thy shield the dagger trace!
 Kinsman's blood for blood atone,
 And the traitor fill thy throne!

Hark! what voice now wings the skies?

SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

All thy legions! Poland! rise!

SPIRIT OF SOBIESKI.

'Tis Kosciusko's spirit cries!

SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

Poniatowsky's soul with mine—
 Shielded by the wing divine—
 Shall hover o'er each patriot line!
 By the graves Suwarroff's hand
 Reddened thro' our dying land,
 Swear your country's chains to free!
 Swear! Revenge and Liberty!

[Shouts.

SPIRIT OF SOBIESKI.

Hark the shouts that rend the sky!
 'Tis the millions in reply.
 The King of Kings the oath reveres,
 And the mighty chorus hears.

THE NATION.

CHORUS.

By the graves of slain we swear!
 Freedom or their fate to share;
 By their blood we swear to thee,
 Revenge! Revenge! and Liberty!

SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

In the battle, bear with thee
 All my bleeding memory!
 How the furious Muscovite—
 Red with murder home despoil'd—
 Ev'ry sacred home despoil'd—
 Wives and innocents defil'd—
 Fire and slaughter, such as now
 They'd write in blood on every brow!

THE NATION.

CHORUS.

Revenge! Revenge!
 No more despair!
 Revenge! Revenge!
 We swear! we swear!
 Hands lock'd in hands, we swear to thee,
 Revenge! Revenge! and Liberty!

SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

Remember all the groans
 That burst from burning towns,
 The old with weeping eyes,
 And butcher'd infants' cries!
 The mothers frantic stare,
 With shrieks and rended hair;
 While blood, in riv'lets fleet,
 Ran, smoking through each street;
 Our fields all stain'd with gore!—
 Ashes all our store! (10)

THE NATION.

CHORUS.

Revenge! Revenge!
 No more despair!
 Revenge! Revenge!— (11)

SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

Think on that dawn of day
 Which show'd where scatter'd lay
 Young mothers, 'mid the dead;
 Who on their thresholds bled!
 One arm their infants round,
 And one uplifted found—
 Their eyes destended wide,
 As they defending died!

THE NATION.

CHORUS.

Revenge! Revenge!
 No more despair!
 Revenge! Revenge!
 We swear! we swear!
 To the battle now we fly!
 Revenge! revenge! and Liberty!

THE PROPHET.

Oh, guilty England!—guiltier France!
 Where, where your boasted name?
 Can Pilitz in your memories live,
 Nor stamp your brows with shame?

Can you, unmoved, in guilt behold
 The Northern Giant stand
 Ferocious, with the reeking blade
 And fetters in his hand?

Can you, bereft of soul, behold
 The work of hell begun,
 And like two pallid cowards stand
 And see the murder done?

What though no gen'rous arm will lift
 The lance to set thee free!
 Oh! noble Poland! Not alone!
 JUSTICE! and God! with THEE!

I see! I see, in all our evils good!—
 Our pastures stained with all our dearest blood—
 Our desolated land—our trampled field—
 Our cities burning—yet we will not yield!
 For from the ashes shall the phoenix rise,
 And on the wings of glory cleave the skies!

CHORUS OF THE WARRIORS OF ISRAEL.

See Praga's flames! and see the brands
 Waving in her murderers' hands! (12)
 Yet—a "burnt-off" ring," see it rise,
 Rolling its sacred volume to the skies,
 Doom'd a mighty torch to be
 To light from victory to victory!
 Like to the pillar-fire that blazed on high
 With hallow'd glory through the desert sky,
 When the Almighty Voice bade Israel cast the yoke—
 And the Almighty Hand the Egyptian bondage broke,
 Unchained the liquid mountains from their graves,
 And buried in the depths th' oppressor and his slaves.

NOTES TO "THE PROPHECY."

Note 1.—The Cathedral of Cracow is an ancient and still magnificent building, containing antiquities of historical character belonging to the kingdom of Poland, the monarchs of which were crowned in it. In the same vault under it, are the coffins of John Sobieski, Poniatowski, and of Kosciusko. Near the city, an enormous conical mound has been raised in honour of the latter hero.

Note 2.—The name of Sobieski resounded throughout Europe previous to the deliverance of Vienna; but that immortal victory, in the overthrow of the Ottoman power, acquired for him a popularity which will perpetuate itself for ages.

Note 3.—The news of this great event, which fixed the destiny of the West, flew from country to country; and everywhere it was received with enthusiasm by the people. Protestant states—Catholic states—all celebrated, in their public places, in their palaces, in their temples, the victory of John Sobieski.

At Mayence, as at Venice—in England, as in Spain, every pulpit resounded with his great name. It was an emulation between them who should hold highest the "man sent from God, and the miracles which had descended to him from the protection of Heaven."

At Rome the fête continued for an entire month. At the first report of the victory, Pope Innocent XI, melting in tears, fell on his knees at the foot of the cross. Magnificent illuminations took place, and the dome built by Michael Angelo was converted into a temple of fire, suspended in the air.

Sobieski had conquered for all civilised nations, and they decreed to him, with one

common voice, the title of "The Saviour of Christianity."—*History of Poland*, edited by Leond. Chodzko. Paris.

Note 4.—

"Thou whom the God-feast hailed at thy birth,
 A future king on earth."

The day of Fête Dieu, by a remarkable coincidence, was the day of his birth, that of his election to the throne, and that of his death. On the 17th of June, 1696, he was seized with apoplexy. On recovering his senses, he called for his confessor, remained twenty minutes with him, and received the sacrament, when another fit struck him, and he expired between eight and nine o'clock; at which time *the sun disappeared below the horizon, and a tempest rose*, so extraordinary and so frightful, that, as an ocular witness expressed it, there were no terms adequate to describe the rapid revolutions of the heavens.—*History of Poland*. Chodzko.

Note 5.—A nobleman of one of the most distinguished families in Poland (himself and brother both exiles in Paris) assured me that those who were condemned to the mines seldom survived their heart-breaking suffering more than a year. One of the most atrocious condemnations so characteristic of the nature of the present czar, may be gathered from the following historical fact:—

After the unhappy termination of the Polish revolution, Nicholas granted a still more unbridled course to his inhuman passions.

A young Pole (the Prince Roman Sangusko), who had been married two years, and was the father of two children, was amongst the prisoners of war. A Russian tribunal condemned him to perpetual slavery in the Siberian mines. His sentence directed that he should be transported thither chained in a cart. His mother resolved to fly to St. Petersburg, and pray for a remission of the punishment. She arrived on the birth-day of the emperor, and presented her petition whilst he was receiving the congratulations of his family. He listened to her with attention, and answered her with a smile, "Yes, madame, I will alter the sentence; your son, instead of being conducted to Siberia in the cart, shall be dragged there on foot. This is all I can do for you."—*Extr. Continental Europe*.

This excellent and high-minded prince, following the amended mercy of the barbarian Nicholas, was transported. He had a favourite dog which faithfully followed him, and was a consolation to him on his painful road, as he continued to be afterwards to him, as his companion in the mines.

Nicholas wrote, with his own hand, on the margin of his condemnation, "The culprit shall walk the whole way." The prince was accordingly chained to a detachment of galley-slaves, and marched with them to the confines of Khamschatka. His family, however, one of the wealthiest and most powerful in the empire, having interceded in his behalf, the emperor granted his recall, on condition that he entered the army of the Caucasus as a private soldier; which he did. After serving some time in the ranks, the prince, through the influence of his family, was promoted to the rank of ensign, or sub-lieutenant; but the fatigue he had endured in his way to his place of banishment, soon brought on a disease which compelled him to retire from the army. He repaired to Moscow for the benefit of medical advice. His malady, however, was pronounced incurable by the practitioners of that city, who recommended him change of climate, as the only chance left for his recovery. The prince having made known his situation to prince Gallitzen, the governor of Moscow, the latter hastened to write to the emperor, to solicit for him leave to travel abroad during two years. A peremptory refusal was the answer returned, with a severe rebuke to prince Gallitzen for his warm appeal in favour of a revolutionist. Sangusko's condition becoming daily worse and worse, his friends advised him to set out for St. Petersburg, in order to obtain an opinion from the medical men of that capital, and to try it, and present himself, before the emperor. The latter, however, was inexorable, and a few days only had elapsed after his refusal, that Sangusko expired.—Extract of a letter from St. Petersburg, dated June 19.

Note 6.—An aged baron and his two sons underwent the punishment of having their noses slit and their ears cut off.

Note 7.—Several Poles were blown, from the mouth of the cannon by the Cossacks.

Note 8.—Extract of a letter from the officers of Poland, dated June 20, 1832:—"The conduct of the Russians with regard to Poland is more atrocious than ever. Children are dragged from their mothers' breasts, even in the very streets."—*Galitzini*.

Extract of a letter, dated Berlin, July 5, 1832:—"What has been said of carrying off the children is but too true. Lately, the father of three children (who had been placed in the house of orphans since the death of their father) ran to the bridge of Waga, where the waggon was passing, escorted by Cossacks, in which her children were being carried away. In her despair

she threw her-self on the carriage, and attempted to drag away the children by force. Repulsed by the blows of the knout from the Cossacks, she fell to the ground senseless. When she recovered, she ran like a maniac across the streets of Warsaw, uttering frightful cries, which were soon stifled between the walls and under the locks of a dungeon."

In the debates of the Chamber of Deputies, the worthy General De la Fayette thus expressed himself on the atrocity:

"Eh bien ! au mépris des traités et des engagements les plus solennels, la Pologne est devenue une simple province russe régie par des ukases—et quels ukases ? C'est en vertu de l'un d'eux que les enfans de sept à quinze ans, sont arrachés des bras de leurs mères, qu'ils sont enlevés pour toujours à leur patrie, transportés pour toujours dans un pays qui n'est plus le leur."

Note 9.—See the manifestos of the emperor Nicholas—the Te-Deums and mockeries of divine service for their just and holy (?) cause.

Note 10.—On the 4th of November, Suwaroff ordered an assault, and the fortifications were carried after some hours' hard fighting. Suwaroff, the butcher of Ismail, a fit general for an imperial assassin, was at the head of the assailants, and his very name announces a barbarous carnage.

Eight thousand Poles perished sword in hand, and the Russians having set fire to the bridge, cut off the retreat of the inhabitants. Above twelve thousand townspeople, old men, women, and children, were murdered in cold blood; and to fill the measure of their iniquity and barbarity, the Russians fired the place in four different parts, and in a few hours the whole of Praga, inhabitants as well as houses, was a heap of ashes.—*Fletcher's History of Poland*, p. 342.

Note 11.—In adapting the music, the chorus is to be abruptly broken, as if by the eagerness of the spirit to continue its exhortations.

Note 12.—See note 10.

Mabakkuk Sallenbacha ;

OR,

THE MERCHANT OF JERICHO.

"Auri sacra fames."

CHAPTER I.

Some spirits are made to buffet the waves of the world, and some to sit contented on its wide shores. If the latter

have fewer active pleasures, they have less pain; and the pain they do undergo is, for the most part, sorrow for the errors, and failings, and misfortunes, of those upon whom, as a man beholds vessels tossed by a tempest at sea, they look abroad. Their pleasures too are subdued, yet more constant; unexciting, yet thence more conducive to happiness. Indeed, for such natures happiness is not to be found in the giddy whirl of amusement that the world affords. To others it may be, nay, it is necessary, to woo perpetual change, and cling to the rolling wheel of fortune, wherever it may go; but to those I speak of, the lap of tranquillity is the abode of happiness; and, whether their lot be or be not favourable, they learn to meet prosperity with a smile, adversity with resignation, and attacks with the shield of fortitude. Their joy is calm and sedate; their sorrow, pensiveness; hope, the balm of every wound; and death, either a deliverance from misfortune, or a passage from an imperfect state of bliss to one everlasting. The solitude of nature, which is, to the mere worldling, an aching void, is peopled with beings and existences that are to them not mute companions, but full of a language and an eloquence that bathes the unsophisticated heart with a holy joy and divine glow of enthusiasm. The soaring mountains, the sinking valleys, the broad plains unrolled beneath a sunny sky, the breathing forests, and the waters that wander round the earth, the silent revolving, the gentle influences of the sun, and the jewelled coronet that binds the brow of night, all join to ensure calmness and gladness into the soul of one abstracted from the world, and holding communion with the beauties that fill the face of the earth with remembrances of their beneficent Creator.

If the solitary were to choose one lonely place more than another for his abode, he would assuredly fix on a certain glen, nestled in one of the sloping folds of Mount Lebanon, where nature riots in her uncurbed luxuriance, and has, in the long lapse of time, clothed its every recess with a green underwood, even up to the brows of the impending precipices. Here and there too groups of tall trees fling their branches abroad. The cedar waves over the myrtle bowers, and the fir-tree on the rocks above; the palm, the olive, and the box-tree, all take root, and grow, and bud, and put forth leaves, and blossom, and bear fruit in their turns, and many flowers shake their censers in the breeze, perfuming the air; nor does the place lack a stream to stray along its depths. Hills, fresh with the morning dew, deeply green beneath the noontide sun, burnished by its setting beams, grey and solemn in the twi-

light, or silvered in the light of the horned moon, left their columns on every side to support the blue dome overhead. Nature, in fact, has been there in her own presence, and man has done little to alter her work.

And that little has been done by men such as I have described, awake to all that was lovely there, and careful to mar nothing that tends to adorn the scene around. They were indeed men for whom such a scene was made. Quiet, unoffending souls, who had not learned the affectation of endeavouring to send nature to school, and who saw in all around gifts given from the immediate hand of God. Their food for the most part was plucked from trees within sight of their own cell, for they were hermits; the streams afforded them drink, and the produce of a small but well-stocked garden wherewith to make up any deficiencies in their very circumscribed wardrobe. In brief, wearied with the world and all its cares, its sorrows, its many ills, seven holy men had retired to this sequestered spot to spend the remainder of their days in the quiet enjoyment of innocence, in contemplation, and in prayer. No misanthropic feeling drove them thither; charity and good-will to all men lodged in their hearts, not unaccompanied perchance by the little failings and prejudices to which even such men are liable; but they felt, though for the most part men in the prime of life when they first bent their steps to this retirement, that the world was not made for them, and accordingly, with hearts overflowing with tenderness, they retired to a hermitage, a place where only such meek natures could hope to benefit their neighbours, by supplications to heaven, and the example of a pure and irreproachable life. Meeting for the first time perhaps on this their retreat from this world, their happily-constituted minds easily blended, and in spite of the necessary diversity in age, temper, and previous habits, a certain harmony pervaded the little society, that seemed to animate all its members as with one principle of action.

Now their names were these: Mustapha, who was the eldest, and Sawab, and Abdallah, and Hussein Ibu Suleiman, and Abd-el-Atif, and Yousouf, and Hussein Ibn Achmed.

To recite the daily round of their devotional occupations, though probably of much profit, would be but monotonous. Some account, however, of their domestic economy may be acceptable. Prayer then, and converse, engaged their more serious hours, from which they turned to the agreeable task of weeding and watering their garden, and tending the flowers and trailing plants that adorned a narrow ter-

race in front of their hermitage. They were indeed, though rigid Moslems, yet not ascetics, who strove to enjoy life in their quiet way, and who had no other butt for the small store of malice they possessed in common with all mankind, but the Father of Lies, who monopolised all their ill-will. Their charity was universal, all passers-by being welcome to a crust of bread, a handful of dried fruits, and a shelter from the weather. One old fellow, Mustapha, already far down the slopes of the vale of years, presided at their table, the patriarch of their society, whilst the rest in turns performed the due offices of the household, and thus their existence ran on, and would probably have continued to run, had not a circumstance, which I am about to relate, occurred to break the even tenor of their lives.

CHAPTER II.

The country around the glen I have described was lovely in the extreme. The opening turned towards the south, and it was consequently protected from the bleak north winds. On one hand, towards the north, and in front, stretched a country which, though not boasting much bold scenery, yet did not belie the epithet I have bestowed upon it. Here rose a woody hill, with its foliage waving, at the time of which I speak, in all the beautiful luxuriance of southern climes, to the summer breeze; there opened a lovely vale, with perhaps some watercourse flowing down, fertilising its green meadows as it went; and ever and anon the burst of melody that swelled away from the bloomy brakes, or sank from above, like the voice of angels singing in the stars, threw a kind of harmony over the spirits of the dwellers in the hermitage, and, as it floated along, unbroken by the voice of man, except when the evening and the morning recitations of prayers mingled therewith, it told that, however deserted by human beings the rest of the land might be, it was populous in those blythe warblers that haunt the lovely spots yet undisturbed by the noisy throng of cities.

On the other hand, the crags shot up with a bolder front, and aspired nearer heaven; the valleys narrowed, and gave up the sound, the roar of dashing torrents and cataracts below, the ilex gave way to the pine that tufted the summits of the cliffs, in whose sides dusky recesses, where robbers might lurk, appeared and hung over the paths that led travellers across the mountains. Narrow clefts in the rock opened, as though to let forth whole troops of assassins; yet, in spite of the seeming

desolateness of the scene, now that the sun was fast sinking to the west, a sweet though monotonous cadence rose on the freshening breeze. The hermits having repeated the last prayers of the day, were pouring forth fervently their souls, as was their wont at eventide, in song.

At that moment a form was seen approaching the summit of one of the eastern cliffs, wending its way slowly, cautiously, as if in search of a lodging for the night. The traveller was mounted; but, at the distance at which he moved when the hermits arose from their knees, nothing further rewarded their eager examination. Besides, as he rode along a bold ridge of rocks, his form, relieved against the red setting of the sun, was magnified to a preternatural size, and appeared like a black shadow moving athwart the sky. The place, the hour, the circumstances under which he appeared, his solemn and deliberate movement, all tended to impress the minds of the simple lookers-on in the glen with the belief that they beheld an apparition from the world below; whether foreboding good, or portending evil, they were not capable to decide. A silent and awe-stricken air pervaded the countenances of the seven holy men, as they watched his progress, and superstition was fast peopling their imaginations with legends, traditions, and tales of the olden time, when a bold point of rock hid the stranger from their view. Mustapha, now affecting to smile at the fear which all were conscious had been felt, proposed that one of their party should go and conduct the traveller, whoever he might be, to their cell. This proposition was met with very general disapprobation—the more so, perhaps, as Mustapha was, by the station he occupied, exempted from such services. A mild dispute, or rather debate, ensued, which each purposely protracted to such a length, that just as it was about to be decided, almost unanimously, that the youngest should expose himself in behalf of the rest, the object of all this solicitude and speculation came trotting down the glen.

He was not, on a nearer examination, an individual likely to attract, in all quarters, the kind of attention that he had with these simple hermits, though, to speak the truth, he was of no ordinary appearance. He sat across the lower part of the backbone of a very lady-like mare, and, believe me, so spare and gaunt was his figure, that, like the phantom camel of the Arab tradition, it might almost have been said to cast no shadow. His long lank legs hung, like pinions at rest, down his mare's ribs nearly to the ground, as he sat perfectly erect, so as to afford a full view of his whole exterior. He had a certain comical expres-

sion in his countenance, for which it was indebted nearly as much to the old turban that crowned his head, and the long scanty beard that concluded it at the other end, as to the sly leer that sat on the corner of his eye. His costume, half European and half Oriental, was such as would be likely to attract attention in whatever extremity of the world. It consisted of a long blue coat, kept tight round his loins by a very ancient shawl, and surmounted by a gaudy jacket of Greek manufacture. Yellow leather boots, with huge ungainly spurs, half concealed by his loose trowsers, decked his nether man, and he bore in his hand a whip of hippopotamus' hide.

All this was observed in seven times less time than I have taken to record it; for as there is but one to record, so were there seven to observe. The traveller, however, seemed scarcely to have perceived that he was the object of so much curiosity, or even that there were any human beings near. On he jogged, with his eyes half closed, and his hands resting on his thighs, allowing the bridle to rest on the rare's neck, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, and seemingly trusting to the sagacity of the animal he bestrode for the safety of his bones.

Our hermits advanced one and all to meet him; but he still pushed forward almost into the midst of them, evidently wrapped in his own meditations.

"Peace be on you, Effendi," at length quoth the chief hermit; "this cell——"

At these words, life seemed to be restored to the stranger, who started, threw back his head, and fixing his nose in an inclined position, looked at the speaker along it, and exclaimed: "Eh, old figure, what are you talking about? Stay, Jahma, stay," continued he, patting his mare's neck, "stay your paces, dearest; thou wilt scarcely get to Jericho to-night, though you try never so hard."

The mare, although she probably was not aware that had she lived a thousand years before, it would have required a month's journey over the mountains to take her to the place he mentioned, instantly obeyed his voice, and came to a stand.

The demure expression of the worthy hermits on hearing the words and contemplating the actions of the stranger, instantly changed to one of astonishment, and looks passed between them which he did not fail to observe, as was testified by the quick roll of his eye from one to another. Magnanimously abstaining from any remark, however, he very quietly swung his right leg over the buttock of his mare, and came to the ground with an agility that did not seem to comport with his years.

Maintaining his hold of the bridle, and looking fixedly at the rotund figure of the

patriarch of this secluded glen, the traveller appeared to be studying and looking him through and through. This behaviour entirely disconcerted the hermits; they could neither advance nor recede, and accordingly they very logically stood still, awaiting the result of the examination they were undergoing. That result increased their confusion, for after about a minute he clapped his hands to his sides, very dexterously allowing the bridle to slip up his arm, and gave vent to an uproarious peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! What a—ha, ha, ha!—extraordinary, fat, funny, and frantic little residentary giant. Ha, ha! Mashallah!" he continued, laying his hand on his paunch. "The Hakim Bashi of the Padisha will swear my next fit of indignation is caused by this over excitement of the animal spirits, but I cannot help it. Ho, ho, ho!" And he shook his lean sides with another burst of merriment.

It was now pretty evident to our hermits that the stranger had been making too free with the wine skins, and had probably lost his way across the mountains. This conjecture he penetrated, and exclaimed:

"What! you little eccentricities, you think I'm one of Noah's countrymen, who, on a certain occasion, drank so much more than was good for them? But I'm scarcely as old as that—I'm not above a thousand years old. What do you stand staring there for? Don't you hear me trembling with cold? This den is not too good for my old limbs. Take this mare to your best stables. Rub her down, crack her joints, smooth her coat, give her some corn, dip your reverend hands in this stream, and rub her down with them."

Want of breath here put an end to a speech which seemed to please the utterer, for finding that he must stop, he smoothed his wrathful brow, and put on an air of marvellous satisfaction. One of the hermits, pitying his case, took the bridle out of his hand, and was leading the mare away to a narrow fissure in the rock which showed signs of a rural stable, when the owner shook his long finger at him, and said in a solemn tone:

"Remember, you horrible jackanapes, that my mare is virtuous, that's all. Wallah!" muttered he audibly, as he entered beneath the low door of the hermitage; "how much happier I should have been, had I a gallon less of Greek wine in my inside!"

CHAPTER III.

By this time one or two of the more shrewd of his hosts had begun to suspect that the traveller had put on drunkenness

as a mask, for neither in his step nor his manner, was there anything to indicate what would have appeared from his conversation. At least, there was evidently method in his madness, for he was wonderfully solicitous about a small portmanteau, that he held in his hand, and which appeared to be of considerable weight, for the sound it made as he set it down reverberated through the rock in which the hermitage was cut, and awoke two or three bats that were clinging in the corners.

"'Tis money!" whispered Hussein Ibu Suleiman, "I heard it chink, as it used to do in my tilt before the beggars made their round."

"Beads from Mecca, and holy relics more likely," replied Yousouf, with a glance of respect mingled with curiosity at the trunk. This suggestion elicited a smile of pity, perhaps of scorn, from an old fellow whose usual benignant, devotional air nearly shrouded, though not entirely, his former martial occupation.

"They are spear heads," exclaimed he. And, though by no means as fine a warrior as Akbar, Abd-el-Atif was a mighty man of war in the eyes of his simple companions. "May heaven shield us from such murderous tools!" piously ejaculated Yousouf, which Abd-el-Atif regarding as a disparagement to his former profession, was about to remark upon, when Mustapha, who had seated his sepulchre at the head of a rude table that occupied the middle of the hermitage, interrupted their bye-play by calling all to their posts, excepting Sawab, who went to bring forth their repast. This was soon spread upon the table. Black bread, cheese, dates, cresses, and a few other rural products formed the repast, which after a short grace, with hunger for a sauce, the whole eight began to transfer from the table to their bowels. For the stranger was by no means backward, though frequent growls of dissatisfaction showed that he had been by no means accustomed to such hard fare.

The unthankfulness of this old piece of iniquity, who never deigned to make the least acknowledgment for what he received, soon perfectly disgusted his hosts, who began heartily to wish for the morning, especially as in about an hour the stranger had quizzed them all round most unmercifully. Not a feature, not a pimple escaped him, not a thread of their thread bare garments. Indeed, such was his volubility, that his meaning, as some men's meaning very often does, seemed to vanish in the multiplicity of his words. At length, however, when all around him began to look exceedingly chapfallen, he changed his note, and suddenly grew mysterious, talked solemnly of treasures of hidden gold, enlarged upon sumptuous palaces

and fine feeding, and told long stories of his adventures in the courts of princes.

"My name," quoth he, in an extraordinarily communicative humour, "is Habukkuk Sallenbacha. I am a merchant. I come from the great city of Jericho. I am also a treasure seeker, and supply half the princes of the earth with their most costly jewels. The land I come from teems with riches. Gold, ivory, pearls, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, topazes, carbuncles, are turned up by the plough, and are gathered as pebbles are in this dismal desert country."

The eyes of the hermits were all directed to the open door of their cell. They saw that the night was a dark one, that scarce a star twinkled in the heavens, that dark vapours hung around the earth, and they shuddered at what now appeared to them dreary and uncomfortable. How strange, they thought, that we never noticed this before!

The fact was, that the ridicule the traveller had poured upon them, their habitation, and their mode of life, had taken such effect upon them that what before had appeared charming and simple, seemed now low and vile. They looked upon themselves as beggars, their hermitage as a hovel, the beautiful country around as a wilderness scarcely fit for the habitation of man, forgetting the arguments that had reconciled them to it, namely, that where God dwelt, there ought man never to disdain fixing his abode. So much more powerful, however, is ridicule than reason, that the old traveller, with his coarse and pointed irony, had disturbed the peace of mind of these poor hermits, perhaps for ever.

Perceiving that he was attended to, the merchant of Jericho, as he styled himself, suddenly seized his portmanteau, and, lifting it upon the table, began to open it. They all looked attentively at his operations. Each expected to see his own prediction verified; when, low and behold! the lid was raised, and disclosed to their astonished eyes—not gold—not holy beads from Mecca—not sanctified relics, nor glittering spear-heads—but a profusion of precious stones, arranged in costly jewel cases with glass covers, sparkling and beaming in the light of the rude lamp that hung suspended from the roof. For a moment a death-like stillness prevailed in the rocky chamber; the seven hermits gazed intently at the treasure before them; whilst the owner of that treasure sat waiting patiently until their examination should have been concluded. Presently, wondering glances passed round the board, but not a word was spoken until Habakkuk closed his trunk, and taking it from the table, sat down upon it, in order to watch at his lei-

sure the effect produced upon his entertainers. That effect was most extraordinary. The quiet, simple expression of content had vanished from their countenances, and, in its place, the strange, longing expression of avarice sat there. Suddenly their tongues were loosened, and, as though with one accord, they all exclaimed—

“Where did you find them?”

“I found them,” replied the traveller, in measured accents, allowing each word to distil from his lips like water dropping from a rock; “I found them, I think, in the treasures of the Twelfth Imam, in—”

“Where? where?” eagerly vociferated the whole troop.

“In the moon, or somewhere thereabouts,” coolly rejoined Habakkuk, raising his body deliberately from his seat, and continuing, “Where am I to sleep? It waxes late. To bed, sirs, to bed!”

But the avarice-stricken hermits were not satisfied, but poured prayers and intreaties upon him to tell them where the treasures lay.

“Go to Jericho!” said he, waving his thin hand. “Where shall I sleep? Go to Jericho!”

They showed him a nook in the wall, where he instantly stretched his long limbs, and was soon, to all appearance, fast asleep. Not so our hermits. Not a wink did they sleep for hours. The treasure of the Twelfth Imam engrossed all their thoughts, though not so entirely and undividedly but that Abd-el-Atif once fancied that he spied one of the stranger's eyes looking intently at them. A second glance, however, seemed to convince him that he was mistaken, for that long, lank, inanimate visage was evidently the property of a sleeper.

At length the gold-smitten hermits crept one by one, each to his separate nook, and leaving their speculations proceeded to dream—but still of that infernal port-manteau. The sacred love of gold had taken possession of their hearts, and there sat dominant. Gold! gold! gold! nothing but gold, gleamed before the eye of their imagination, as their bodies lay entranced in slumber. Their fancy, like Midas's fingers, turned all into the Peruvian metal. Avarice had completely mastered them. Their hermitage, their coarse food, and still coarser apparel, excited nought but loathing in their minds; and it was with heart-felt gladness that they turned from the world of reality to the dreamy regions of sleep, where, for a time, they revelled in all the extravagances of easily acquired wealth; doomed, however, on waking, to experience an almost equal pang of sorrow at the quitting of their imaginary treasures, as a rich man feels when he is really leaving this world and all its vanities behind him.

Such were their feelings when the golden visions faded away. Reluctantly, and with a sickly feeling of discontent it was, that they rose and turned their eyes as if drawn by some all-powerful attraction, to the place where the stranger had lain the night before. He was gone. Not a trace remained of him. They called—they searched—they shouted again and again; but in vain. They proceeded to the little cave where they kept their own aged horse, for bearing their provisions from market once a month. The mare was gone, and not a hoof-mark was left on the path around the hermitage to tell whither it or its owner had departed.

CHAPTER IV.

I will not attempt—neither would it be possible—to describe minutely how the resolution which our hermits adopted gradually unfolded itself, and came to maturity. Suffice it to say, that every incentive that avarice could use was exerted to determine them to quit their peaceful cell, and enter upon the wide world in search of a treasure, the existence of which even they were not, and could not be, certain. But the words and whole manner of the merchant of Jericho had so impressed the minds of the simple inhabitants of the glen with the idea that the treasure must exist, that it never once entered their hearts to doubt his veracity. Besides, they had seen the jewels he bore with him; which, by the bye, would have tempted any other set of men to a breach of at least one of the ten commandments.

Another circumstance also had materially tended to dissipate any doubts they might have entertained. The very next morning after the unlucky visit of the merchant, Yousouf, who was sweeping the floor with rather less care than ordinary, perceived something sparkling in a corner. Having convinced himself by a second glance of the value of what he had found, he dropped down upon his knees with marvellous devotion, fell to kissing a little ruby as though it had been a nail from Mahomet's coffin. His companions soon crowded around him, and each handled and examined the gem with great care, until it was deposited in Mustapha's capacious pouch, and was never heard of more. This must have been obtained somewhere (the obvious inference being, that it had been dropped by old Habakkuk in his hurry), and from whence was it so probable that it, along with the gorgeous array of still more valuable stones they had seen, had been procured, as from a hidden treasure? This was perhaps the secret, though not very cogent train of reasoning, that passed through the minds of the new gold-lovers

and was probably what determined them to enter upon the wild-goose chase I am about to describe.

On one fine morning, then, not a month after the above incidents, Mustapha ascended to the top of the ancient house before mentioned, and, flanked by his holy brothers, turned his back upon the roof which had so long sheltered him, and began a search whose result was entirely hidden by the dark veil of futurity, and the consequences of which, even if successful, they had not calculated, nor even thought of. One of them, as they left the place, fixed a paper on the door-post inviting all travellers to enter, and then all, with tears in their eyes be it remembered, moved away. For the place that had harboured them for so long a space of time was not to be quitted dry cheeked. No; the drops of sorrow rolled down through furrows that had been graven by the hand of Time since they last shed a tear; and often did they linger on their way until the closing hills hid from their sight the place where they had spent so many happy hours, breathed so many prayers, and where they once hoped their bones would have been laid together.

Soon, however, the lust of gold, now the dominant passion of their hearts, caused them to dry their tears, and then these yet but half sophisticated beings proceeded onwards, they knew not whither, in joyful expectation and good fellowship with one another. They toiled slowly along the unfrequented road. One hill after another was crossed; the coming harvest waved around them; all nature looked gay; and had not their thoughts been contracted by the selfishness of avarice, their hearts would have beat joyfully at the manifest goodness of their God.

The passion of avarice, like most other passions, often produces extremely contrary effects. Some abandon great opportunities for present and little advantages, others sacrifice their present moderate but certain happiness for doubtful and distant hopes; not reflecting that riches teach not to despise riches, but that commonly much wealth imparts not half the happiness that he can boast of who learns at first to despise it; to despise lucre being, perhaps, one of the most exorable of moral qualities, and consequently one of the most difficult to inculcate. For I am afraid that many who pass for philosophers have affected this contempt for worldly things, merely to have their revenge on fortune, by holding cheap those good things of which she has deprived them. This is the secret whereby we may protect ourselves from the contempt that falls upon poverty, the bye-road by which to reach and secure that estimation

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which we cannot gain by means of the riches we have not.

The seven pilgrims in search of the treasures of the Twelfth Imam, had wandered on their way for several hours beneath a scorching sun, when their spirits began to flag. Tired were they, and sore oppressed with heat, covered with dust, yet now rejoicing in the ample shade afforded by a long avenue of over-reaching cedars, which they reached about two hours after noon-tide. Slackening their pace by degrees to a stroll, they at length stopped short, and looked around them for a place of rest. They stood in the skirts of a forest. Behind them lay many ridges of mountains, rolling backwards to the place where their hermitage was seated, over which they had hitherto been toiling. Now, however, having turned to the left, they were about to enter the woody passes of those mountains leading towards the sources of the Arerzy, and up through which the road, or rather track, ran, until its termination became obscured by broad through which at intervals fell some broad gleams of sunshine, gilding the grass beneath.

"Faith, brothers," cried Mustapha, after gazing wistfully around for some moments, "we shall scarcely find the treasure this day, I begin to suspect; for I have been looking about me for these three hours, and have seen nothing like one."

"Nor I!—nor I!—nor I!" ejaculated several of his weary companions.

"Pretty treasure-seekers!" cried Abdel-Atif, who had acquired a certain ascendancy over his companions, due to his superior experience; "do you think treasures fall from the trees, like rotten dates; or leap out of the hedges like grass-hoppers? Besides," he said, "we must go to Jericho, which I've a confused notion lies some leagues to the south."

"This same treasure, then, will scarcely fall to our lot, I fear," quoth Mustapha, who was interrupted in a rather disagreeable manner; for just as he spoke, four or five horsemen emerged from the wood, and after bestowing a cursory examination on the holy conclave, were about to return the way they came when the word "treasure" struck their ears. This arrested them, and they accordingly trotted out and surrounded the astonished hermits so closely, that they kept them in bodily fear of the hoofs of their horses.

"Brethren," began one of them, with a half burlesque, half sanctified air, "we entertain so much respect and reverence for holy men, that we are resolved instantly to remove temptation out of your way, by delivering you from that same treasure."

It instantly occurred to the somewhat confused faculties of the hermits, that the

merchant in passing that way must have indulged his loquacious propensities with these gentlemen, and that these were in all likelihood to be sharers in the spoil. They accordingly resolved with one accord to set the others on a wrong scent, by exclaiming—

“It isn't in Jericho!”

This answer seemed to puzzle the honest gentleman who had spoken, and he accordingly held his peace for a moment, and then, assuming a stern air, cried—

“Come now, holy dervishes, no palavering there! Out with the money! We will take care of it, and build a khan with it to spare.”

The hermits began now to have some very unpleasant suspicions; and accordingly glances of great import passed between them, but none ventured an answer, unless a simultaneous “Wallah!” and an equally general dropping of the lower jaw, may be accounted as such. The spokesman of the other party, which evidently enjoyed their confusion, seemed now to wax angry, and unpleasant consequences might have ensued had not one of his companions exclaimed—

“Yonder come the merchants of Hamah!”

And true enough, a small caravan was seen crowning the plain in the distance. The whole mounted party galloped off towards them, and having scoured the open ground for a while, soon plunged into a hollow way and disappeared, leaving the hermits quit for their fright.

The treasure-seekers would have deemed themselves happy in this occurrence had not one of the robbers—for that was evidently their profession—indulged his mischievous disposition in parting, by inflicting on the buttocks of the staid old animal that supported Mustapha, a worrying blow with the shaft of his spear, which the honest beast resented by rearing violently, and using certain familiarities with the hermits which were not very pleasant. Not contented, however, with this, he set off and deposited his burden on a sloping bank about a hundred yards in front. The astonished travellers, at least such as did not imagine themselves maimed for life by the kicks they had received, bounded forward in pursuit, and on reaching the place where the lost rider lay, they found him insensible, with the horse standing by and hanging his ears, as though he knew that he had not acted perfectly right. Enraged at his conduct, four of his owners, for two were lagging behind holding their hands on the parts that had been hoof-assaulted, four reverend hermits, I say, in order to avenge the wrongs of their superior—whom they left to recover as he might—four reverend hermits, fell upon

the poor animal with their staves, cursing his beard and calling him son of a burnt-father, and in three minutes brought his unresisting carcase to the ground, where they continued to belabour it until their companions arrived. These, also, as if animated by a legion of devils, fell upon the miserable animal, and with such unexampled fury, that at length, without a kick—though with many a sigh, and many an imploring look in their faces—he laid his head upon the ground and gave up the ghost. Yet still did they continue to dance upon his lank and hollow sides, and would perhaps still continued drumming, had not a deep groan drawn their attention to their stunned and neglected brother on the turf beside them. They crowded round him. One seized his nose and wrung it with most vehement kindness—one thumped his breast—a couple his hands—and the two who had been kicked, danced round in all the extremity of grief, rage, and despair.

One murder had just been committed, and another seemed threatened, for the remedies applied to poor Mustapha were less likely to revive than to make a mummy of him, when a violent fit of sneezing came upon him, as though brimstone had been burned under his nose, and he very shortly opened his eyes, and looked wildly around.

“For God's sake,” he cried, thinking, perhaps, of his youthful days, or else imagining that he was under the discipline of Moukir and Neller, “don't beat me any more. I'll never do it again.”

His half-distracted companions now ceased, and raised his aching body to its basis.

“Oh, holy Prophet!” cried he, after some pause, “I thought I was in Gehannan, for I smelt brimstone, I'm certain. Oh! oh! what will become of me! Oh my bones! Oh! oh! oh dear!” His eye here rested on the deceased horse beside him. “What is this?” cried he, his jaw dropping at the sight.

“Oh!” replied one of his friends, “we have merely been correcting old Wakif's hide; that's all. We'll teach him to run away again!”

He never ran away again. His eye was closed—his limbs stiff—his sides flat—in fact, he was dead; and of this misfortune his former masters were convinced upon a minute examination. Their old affection for the animal revived, now it was useless; and the forest resounded with their lamentations. Those of the senior hermit sounded the loudest, perhaps because he now saw that the rest of his journey must be performed on foot.

Whilst they were thus employed, a horseman appeared slowly advancing along the

road. His monture seemed to be proceeding entirely without his guidance, for the bridle was upon its neck, and its master's head was leaning upon his breast. One of Mustapha's eyes fell upon this figure, and he stopped his exclamations to reconnoitre it. His companions imitated his example, and they were soon collected into a silent group, occupied in an intense examination of the traveller.

"'Tis that villainous merchant!" at length roared he who had first observed him, shaking his fist and sneezing violently. The adventures of the last two days now passed swiftly in procession before the minds of the seven hermits, and they beheld before them the first link in the chain of misfortunes they had undergone. The loss of their peace of mind, and their newborn love of riches—the half satisfaction he had given them—his betrayal of the secret to the robbers—their advent and the misfortunes consequent thereon, concluding with the loss of their horse—all combined to raise a certain malevolent feeling in their hearts towards the quiet old gentleman who now approached; and, raising his eyes, saluted them, and wished them a good day.

This coolness was provoking.

"You old scoundrel!" cried Abd-el-Atif, in whom a love of the camp still remained, "you shall pay for this horse."

"I don't deal in dead horses," replied Habakkuk, deliberately examining what had been a very serviceable animal.

It was no departure from their philosophical meekness that induced the hermits to do what they now did, but merely the consideration that they were seven to one, which would be enough to turn seven quakers into heroes. Still I am loath to relate that the idea presented itself to their minds to treat the merchant as they had treated Wakif, and appropriate Fatima to the purposes which he had previously served. Mustapha, who had the greatest interest in the matter, accordingly began operations by stooping silyly down and seizing a huge stone that lay at his feet. Not one such as men can now lift in these degenerate days, but one which had formerly been a boundary stone. This, poisoning in both his hands, he let fly at Habakkuk, who, seeing destruction approaching in the shape of a fragment of rock, shrewdly eluded it and escaped his intended fate; not, however, without being denuded of his turban, and left with his bare skull exposed to the storm of blows that was now preparing to rain upon it. But, being not a very valiant old fellow, he, quick as thought, turned back, and trotted away under the shady sycamores, in the direction of a green woody valley that seemed to wind among the mountains.

Not to be disappointed, the infuriated hermits pursued. Away flew Habakkuk, and away flew they down a road that narrowed and sloped as they went, intersected in all directions by horrible ruts, and shaded by lofty banks, crowned by still loftier trees. On they went; on—on—increasing their irregular volubility to a glide and a roll; pushing and shoving with the most exemplary determination. I often wonder how they could have run so fast! Certain it is, that the speed of old Mustapha was tremendous. He vowed, not by a saint, to be in at the death, and yet would have been left behind had he not been every moment violently propelled by the shoulders of his brother hermits, who bounded along like antelopes around him. At length all human shape and modes of progression were lost, and as the merchant coolly turned his skull round, and looked over his shoulder, he beheld nothing but seven black balls, rolling with irregular gyrations, like burnt-out planets loosened from the spheres, behind him.

"My conscience!" no doubt exclaimed he internally; "what agility! How spry and active!"

They had proceeded in this manner for about a mile, when the road became so sloping and precipitous, that even the nature of the ground precluded all attempts at a halt. But nothing was farther from the thoughts of the holy men than such a design. They seemed, indeed, to have lost all guidance over their own motions, but each kept his eye fixed on the object of their resentment, and continued the almost inconceivable velocity of his progression—he scarce knew how—still nourishing certain unlawful intentions in their hearts. Now, however, the old merchant evidently gained upon them—the mare was putting out her mettle—the hermits gnash their teeth with rage, and redoubled their exertions; glancing, and rolling, and jumping, and hopping; now in a group, and now in a file; here spreading over the glade, there crowding through a narrow pass, higgledy-piggledy—on their feet, their heads, their hands, their backs, their bellies—but all in vain; old Habakkuk's spurs were buried rowel-deep into the flanks of his mare, and he plunged still downwards, and at length disappeared, not before, however, he had waved his hand and bowed to them as courteously as his equestrian position would permit him to do with his back turned. He disappeared, I say, and his pursuers rolled into a thicket, and down an almost perpendicular precipice, until they at length found themselves in one huge wriggling heap of flesh bones, hair, cloaks, shawls, red visage, and cudgels, on a green and damp flat at the bottom of a valley.

The night had closed in, almost imperceptibly, around them. It was now dark, though the surrounding slopes, and woods, and crags might have been faintly seen through the obscurity. But the pilgrims had not leisure, neither had they inclination to admire the picturesque. Afraid for a considerable time to move, lest they should be precipitated into some yawning abyss, they lay as they had fallen, and began to make piteous moan over their misfortunes. Doleful sighs, dismal murmurs, desperate groans, devilish grimaces, dark scowls, and some deep curses were emitted and made by these unfortunate beings. And now comes the consummation of their day's disasters. Up to this time they had gone on at least, wonderful to say, in the most perfect harmony and good fellowship together; but now, as was to be expected, angry criminations and recriminations took place; one accused and another retorted; this bitterly complained, the other as bitterly replied; until at length the quarrel proceeded to such a height that Abd-el-Atif assaulted his aged friend Mustapha with such a blow on the stomach, that, had not his ribs been covered with four inches of good old Moslem fat, they would most assuredly have given way. This was the signal for active contention. The wrath of the poor treasure-seekers boiled over with redoubled fury, and each laid violent hands on his next neighbour; while Mustapha, in the centre, was a butt to all the chance blows that were dealt in the scuffle. His red face, in fact, glared like the sun at noon-day, and around him revolved his contending friends, animated and urged to the strife by a kind of supernatural wrath; for these formerly meek natures were now wrought up to such a pitch of fury, that regardless of all consequences, heedless alike of the past and the future, and thinking of nought but glutting their present vengeance, they flung around them a shower of dead-doing blows, with a perseverance "worthy of a better cause." Now were added to the bruises already received (as well from the hoofs of the late Wakef, as from the inequalities of the ground over which they had so swiftly perambulated), now were added, I say, contusions and bloody coxcombs without numbers. Their superhuman efforts made the forest ring with echoes, and yet the demon of contention within them was not appeased until, wearied with their performances, they one by one shrunk away, each to some adjacent bush, leaving the patriarch alone to his glory. Nor was it long before sleep had sealed their eyes, in spite of their bitter temper of mind and aching bones—the inevitable consequences of so ferocious, indiscriminate, and hitherto unheard of fray.

(To be continued..)

The History of Philosophy.

No history perhaps is more difficult to write than that of philosophy, which undertakes correctly to represent all the remarkable endeavours made by man to explain the intellectual, moral, and physical phenomena of the universe. Accordingly, none of the attempts yet made have completely succeeded. The subject is much too vast to be comprehended by a single mind, on what point of view soever it may take its stand. A particular class of motives prevents contemporaries from judging accurately of each other; and another class, far more powerful, stands in the way of a correct appreciation of the philosophers of past ages. Men speculating in primitive times, are necessarily distinguished by many qualities from those who succeed them after long intervals in the career of thought. There is a ripening process going on in the whole mass of society, which, though it may not be designed to terminate in perfection, necessarily confers many advantages on those who enter late on the field of philosophy, at least in forms and modes of expression, which become clearer and more precise in proportion as language is subjected to a complete analysis.

The older philosophers had for the most part to deal with untried subjects, and were comparatively new in the art of adapting words to ideas. The vocabularies at their command moreover were for a long time very imperfect, and terms had constantly to be translated from a popular into a recondite dialect, in which they necessarily assumed some novelty of signification. Besides, the almost universal practice was to employ highly figurative language, symbols, myths, and allegories, which, standing between the public and notions and opinions in themselves imperfect and obscure, inevitably gave rise to continual misapprehension. For the modern historian of philosophy, these difficulties are greatly increased. A complete body of ancient opinions and systems is far from having come down to us, so that we are left to form our judgment from fragments, which often appear incoherent, simply because we know not how to arrange them, or what relation they originally bore to each other.

We put little faith, therefore, in any of the current interpretations of the ancient philosophies, which rather reflect the mental peculiarities of the interpreters, than those of the ancient sages of whose ideas they are said to be the exposition. The obstacles are here insurmountable. We know not, and never can know, what Thales of Miletus, Anaximenes, or Anaximander, believe or taught. Their systems have been dragged with them into the gulf

of time, and are irrecoverably lost, though much ingenuity may doubtless be displayed in putting together the small fragments of the wreck which have floated back to us, and in endeavouring to conjecture from them what the structure and capacity of the whole fabric must have been.

This is a peculiarly unfortunate circumstance, because it interferes materially with the views we ought to take of the systems of succeeding times, which sprung in a great measure out of those very unknown philosophies, the destruction of which we have been alluding to. Still Plato and Aristotle are not rendered unintelligible because the works of their predecessors have perished. We merely find from time to time that they refer cursorily to speculations with which they suppose us to be familiar, because people generally were so in their day, and by this natural offhand reference excite our curiosity only to disappoint it. With Plato the real history of philosophy commences. He had a genius which has never since been surpassed, and an aptitude for abstruse speculation, which no other philosopher with whose works we are acquainted could attempt to rival. More knowledge other men may possess, and they may even excel him in the skill with which they apply their knowledge to the support of their systems; but for acuteness, versatility, richness of illustration, and the sublime and comprehensive range of ideas, he stands preeminent among philosophers. In the art also of composition he has never been approached. His dialogues offer inimitable models, which, while inspiring the desire to excel, are soon felt to stand far beyond the reach of rivalry. Shakspeare only, of all the persons who have since written in dialogue, might, had his mission been that of a philosopher, have equalled Plato. Of his system, which has been generally misunderstood, we here say nothing, since a brief exposition would be unsatisfactory, and a lengthened one would require space which we have not at present at our command. It has happened to this writer, as to many others, that one of the distinguishing attributes of his works has been seized on and converted into a common-place, to be desecrated on as often as his name is mentioned. Every body speaks of Plato's sublimity; few of his wit, or of those exquisite graces of style for which he is by many degrees more remarkable. He is sublime only occasionally; he is refined, polished, and sprightly, everywhere. The mere reading of his works, therefore, independently of his doctrines, is a high intellectual enjoyment, which people who have no pretensions to philosophy may relish quite as much as the wise. Was there ever, for instance, a more masterly display

of varied eloquence than the *Symposion*, or a more natural and brilliant picture of society than the *Protagoras*? With respect to his opinions, it is difficult for even the most diligent student to determine what they were. We know what we find in his works; but though the Socrates of the dialogues may often be supposed to represent Plato's sentiments, it would be rash in the extreme to affirm that Socrates and Plato were one.

Aristotle, when he succeeded Plato, perceived, that, as an artist, he could make no pretensions to contend with him. He therefore struck out into a new path for himself, and by basing his speculations on prodigious accumulations of knowledge, sought to carry everything before him, as Oriental princes do, by the overwhelming amount of his forces. In this ambition he resembled Lord Bacon, while Plato bears in his manner more analogy to Locke; not that the philosopher of Warington had many of the graces of style which excite our admiration in the Attic writer; but that, like him, he depended more upon his genius than his acquirements, and patiently fabricated his system out of the experience of his own mind. Aristotle, in the pride of genius, believed that no department of knowledge, however obscure or remote from ordinary apprehension, lay beyond his reach; and he accordingly invaded the whole domain of thought, metaphysics, politics, poetry, rhetoric, ethics, and natural history, and however paradoxical it may seem, we are compelled to maintain, that he succeeded in everything. He had probably the only truly encyclopædic mind ever possessed by any member of the human family. It is mere puerility to compare Bacon with him. Whatever merits or whatever genius may have fallen to the share of our countryman, it would be the grossest partiality to attempt to elevate him to the level of Aristotle. That he detected the flaws existing in the Aristotelian philosophy of his time, and introduced a superior method of philosophising, we regard only as proof that he felt the exigencies of his age, and had the wisdom to provide for them; not that he was above the Stagarite, or took a wider survey of nature than he did.

Mr. Lewis in his "Biographical History of Philosophy," has been at much pains to do justice to our two illustrious countrymen—Bacon and Locke, the greatest masters of thought in modern times. His work, in character and construction, is strictly popular, at least he generally eschews that language which if applied to the illustrations of any other subject, would be deservedly denominated slang, and expresses himself like a man of the world. Mr. Lewis understands the value of plain

speaking, and is fully aware of the imposture which seeks to conceal its emptiness and weakness behind a breastwork of hard words. Now and then, however, he ventures on the use of a philosophical slang term, such as *positivism*, which harmonises so little with the general cast of his language, that it is at once felt to be a deformity. We have no leisure just now for a regular review of the work, which, from its accessible character, ought to be in everybody's hands who feels any interest in the fortunes of philosophy, but shall make two or three observations on the good service he has rendered to the cause of truth, by his exposure of the quackery exhibited by Locke's critics, and his ardent and judicious defence of that truly original philosopher. Bacon has recently met with his full share of praise, or to speak candidly, has been elevated much higher than he deserves. Several writers have vied with each other in this pernicious undertaking; for pernicious it must always be, to place a man on an eminence which he has no right to occupy; particularly when all the tendencies of his mind and philosophy happen to be of a worldly and unspiritual description. As a scientific investigator and man of business, Bacon deservedly holds a very high rank; but if ever an elaborate and just history of modern philosophy should be written, a considerable portion would be employed in lowering Bacon to his true place. Wise he was, no doubt, in a certain sense, and much benefit men derive from the study of him. Nevertheless, he is not the writer one would most solemnly recommend to the study of youth. There was, it appears to us, a fatal twist in his genius. Mammon had infected and spoiled him, and to adopt his own pedantic phraseology, he had set up idols in his heart to which he burned incense more assiduously than ever he did to truth. In saying this, we are aware that we shall shock a very prevalent superstition. But no matter. Truth is deserving of more reverence than Lord Bacon; and it would be well if some writer, capable of irradiating prejudice from the public mind, would undertake the disenchantment of this idol. Let us, however, not be misunderstood. Among the foremost of those who yield Lord Bacon rational admiration we reckon ourselves; because, while we refuse to recognise him as a despot in learning, or in philosophy, we are perfectly ready to acknowledge his just claims. He owes his exaggerated reputation to the too common arts of rhetoric, which have been sedulously employed for nearly half a century in crying him up and in crying down Locke, as if the depression of the one were necessary to the elevation of the other. We perceive no such necessity. They are not rivals in any point of

view. The genius of Locke was of a far higher order. More inventive, subtle, penetrating; more divested of selfishness; more alive to the beauty and perfection of truth. In Bacon we find the spirit of the world sublimated into a philosophical essence, and surrounded with all the circumstances of grandeur which eloquence and learning could bestow. But for truth in the abstract he has no love. He was a liar by habit and profession, and only spoke out in matters where frankness could not injure his interests. He always appears to us as the foe of philosophy, cultivating the wisdom of the serpent, in order better to conceal the poison of the serpent. He wrote for himself, not for the world; that is, to exercise our empire over men's minds; and he was not very scrupulous regarding the means. He is continually borrowing from Aristotle, and imitating him, yet never loses an opportunity of injuring his reputation. He is the most envious and crafty of all writers, and in his essays chronicles the precepts upon which he acted. Mr. Lewis, agreeing with Mr. Macaulay, rates him too highly, but displays great independence of mind, when, in opposition to the pedants and sophists of the day, he resolves on doing justice to Locke. With this excellent design he has really accomplished all the nature of his work permitted, putting Victor Cousin and Professor Whewell to the right about in a manner worthy of an independent thinker. With regard to the French sophist, it may be truly said that he knows little or nothing of the system which he treats so cavalierly. We doubt whether he can understand an English book, and think it highly probable that he depends on some contemptible translation, in which Locke's meaning is awkwardly travestied, as Shakspeare's is by Guizot in "Le Tourneur." No reputation of the day is less deserved than that of Victor Cousin. He is a bad reasoner and a bad writer, a faithless translator, and a disingenuous commentator. The injustice he has done to Plato ought to put every man upon his guard against his misrepresentations. According to him, Plato did not believe in the immortality of the soul, and only put forward the doctrine to delude his countrymen. After this, no one, we fancy, will feel surprised at the libels he has published against Locke.

The Cambridge sophist, if less unscrupulous, is very little unfortunate, for as the reader may see in Mr. Lewis's history, he thoroughly misapprehends Locke's meaning, and then applies himself vigorously to the refutation of his own mistake. We greatly admire the spirit in which Mr. Lewis has taken up the cudgels for Locke. It is at once a proof of courage and saga-

city, of supreme contempt for a philosophical hue and cry, and that vigorous and clearness of mind, which enables a man to turn a deaf ear to clamour, and judge for himself.

Some day or other the "Essay on the Human Understanding" will be looked into again by the public, when they will perceive how much they have lost by the neglect of it. There is no necessity for supposing that Locke was right in all his positions. But if not right he was always sincere. He had little secular ambition; was not insatiable of place, and as regardless perhaps of fortune, as one of the philosophers of the early world. Yet he possessed a statesman's knowledge, and a statesman's mind, and has written on government in a way which no man among his contemporaries could have equalled. Even Algernon Sydney handles the subject in a less practical manner. The only thing to be regretted is, that Sir Robert Philmus Patriarcha should have been then popular, and seemed to deserve an answer, for if ever Locke appeared tedious, it is when refuting this obsolete sophist. We have scarcely yet, on many points, equalled the liberality and enlightenment of Locke, whose charity and tolerance were unbounded. He was, in fact, one of those philosophers who really loved mankind, and write for the express purpose of benefiting them. Accordingly, throughout his writings a generous philanthropy prevails, which wins so irresistibly upon our affections, that whether we adopt his doctrines or not, we invariably end by loving the man. This is felt and finely expressed by Mr. Lewis, who is one of the very few who have thought it necessary to read Locke before criticising him. He has been at the pains to understand the character of the man, and therefore admires and loves him, because we hold it impossible for any one but a sophist to read Locke without becoming his friend, without desiring ardently to raise him again from the grave, and converse with him, and learn wisdom from his lips.

It would be highly advantageous to our contemporaries were they, every one of them, to vouchsafe Locke a reading, beginning with his conduct of the understanding, which, from beginning to end, is one continuous revelation of common sense. We know in the language nothing like it. The style is eloquent and persuasive, and seconds ably the arguments of the philosophy. His controversy with Bishop Stillingfleet, though far too voluminous for our present taste, is a model of exhaustive refutation. He takes up his adversary quietly, places him upon a pedestal before him, turns him round and round, examines his weak and vulnerable points, and then

pierces him like St. Sebastian with arrows, till they stick out on all sides like

"Quills upon the fretful porcupine."

He then lays the bishop tranquilly in his shroud, and the controversy is thoroughly closed. Even in his trifling dispute with Sir Isaac Newton, his vast superiority immediately appears. Sir Isaac, though not much addicted to the society of ladies, had suffered his mind to be warped and prejudiced against Locke by their tattle and scandal, and expressed his feelings in the most petulant manner. Locke, who would not be offended with an old friend, bore meekly with his peevishness, and patiently undertook to set him right. Newton felt that he had been in error, and, with the frankness of a truly ingenuous mind, confessed his fault, and implored the philosopher's forgiveness. But Locke had already forgiven him, and their kindly feelings continued uninterrupted, we believe, till death.

In this portrait we have a striking contrast presented us with the unhappy private character of Lord Bacon, who was in every way as unestimable as Locke was worthy. Many peculiarities of their writings may be explained by this circumstance, for the feelings of the heart will invariably project themselves even into the most abstruse speculations of the philosopher. Thus, in many pages of Aristotle, we fancy we discover the influence of his love of Pythias. It imparts, we think, a tenderness to many exquisite passages which they could not otherwise have possessed. And Locke's passion, which was philanthropy, has left its impress upon all his writings, a truth of which Mr. Lewis is preeminently sensible. Even the undeservedly great reputation of Leibnitz could not influence his sense of justice. He disregards the censure of that distinguished dreamer, and with an uncommon degree of good sense, stands up for the originality and splendid services of Locke. If, therefore, his history had no other merits—and it has many, very many, this alone ought to recommend it to the permanent favour of the public.

The Death Watch.

A FANTASTIC TALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
L. MUHLBACH.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

Count Manfred knelt, deeply affected, by the bed of his poor friend—now destined to be his death-bed. Silence and gloom were in the narrow room, which was only dimly lighted by a night-lamp.

The moon shone, large and cold, through the one window, illuminating the wretched couch of the invalid. Soon loud groaning alone interrupted the melancholy stillness. Manfred felt a chill shudder in all his limbs, a sensation of horror came over him, and the bed of his slowly expiring friend, and he felt as if he must perforce go out among mankind, hear the breath of a living person instead of this death-rattle, and press a warm hand instead of the cold damp one of the dying man. He softly raised himself from his knees, and crept to the chimney to stir the almost extinct fire, that something bright and cheering might surround him. But the sick man raised himself up, and looked at him with fixed glassy eyes, while his heart rose higher and quicker with a breathless groaning.

The flame crackled and flew upwards, casting a harsh gleam through the room. Suddenly a coal flew out with a loud noise, and fell into the middle of the apartment upon the wooden floor. At the same time a terribly piercing cry arose from the bed, and Manfred, who looked towards it with alarm, saw that the invalid was sitting up, and with eyes widely opened and outstretched arms, was staring at the spot where the coal was lying. It was a frightful spectacle that of the dying man, who seemed to be struggling with a deep feeling of horror; on whose features death had already imprinted his seal; and whose short nightgown was insufficient to conceal the dry and earth-gray arms and legs, which had already assumed a deathlike hue. Frightful was the loud rattle that proceeded from the heart of one who could scarcely be called alive or dead, and dull as from the grave sounded the isolated words which he uttered, still gazing upon the coal on the floor: "Away—away with thee! why will thou remain there, spectre? Leave me, I say."

Manfred stood overpowered with horror, his trembling feet refused to support him, and he leaned against the wall contemplating the actions of his friend, the sight of whom created the deepest terror. The voice of the invalid became louder and more shrill: "Away with thee, I say! why dost thou cleave so fast to my heart? I say, leave me!"

Then striking out with his arms he sprung out of the bed with unnatural force, and darting to the spot where the coal was lying, stooped down, grasped it in his hand, and flung it back upon the hearth. He then burst into a loud, wild laugh, which made poor Manfred's heart quail within him, and returned back to the bed.

But the coal had burned its very dress into the floor, and had left a black mark.

The room was again quiet. Manfred now breathed freely, and calmly crept to

the couch of his friend, whose quiet, regular breathing and closed eyes showed that he had fallen into a reposing sleep. Thus passed one hour, the slow progress of which Manfred observed on his friend's large watch, which lay upon the bed, and the regular ticking of which was the only interruption of the stillness of the night, except the still, quiet breathing of his friend.

The steeple clock in the vicinity announced by its striking that another hour had passed. Manfred counted the strokes—it was twelve o'clock—midnight. He involuntarily shuddered, the thoughts of the legends and tales of his childhood darted through him like lightning, and he owned to himself that he had always felt a mysterious terror at the midnight hour. At the same moment, his friend opened his eyes, and softly pronounced his name.

Manfred leaned down to him, "Here I am, Karl."

"I thank you," said the sick man, in a faint voice, "for remaining by me thus faithfully. I am dying, Manfred."

"Do not speak so," replied the other, affectionately grasping the hand of his friend.

"I cease to see you," said Karl, more and more faintly and slowly; "dark clouds are before my eyes."

Suddenly he raised himself, took the watch which was lying by him, and placed it in Manfred's hand. "I thank you," he said, "for all the love you have shown me; for all your kindness and consolation. Take this watch, it is the only thing which now belongs to me. Wear it in remembrance of me. If it is permitted me, by this watch I will give you warning when I am near. Farewell!"

He sunk back—his breath stopped—he was no more.

Manfred bent over him, called his name, laid his hand on the forehead, which was covered with perspiration; he felt it grow colder and colder. Tears of the deepest sympathy filled his eyes, and dropped upon the pale face of the dead man.

"Sleep softly," whispered Manfred, "and may the grave afford you that repose which you sought in vain upon earth!"

Once more he pressed to his bosom the hand of his deceased friend, wrapped himself in his cloak, put up the watch which Karl had bequeathed him, and retired to his residence.

The sun was already high when he awoke from an uneasy sleep. With feelings of pain he thought of the past night, and of his departed friend. In remembrance of him he drew out the watch, which pointed to the half hour, and held it to his ear. It had stopped; he tried to wind it up, but all in vain—it had not run down.

"Is it possible," murmured Manfred to himself, "that there was really some spiritual connexion between the deceased and this his favourite watch, which he constantly carried?"

He sunk down upon a chair, and strange thoughts and forebodings passed through his excited mind.

"What is time?" he asked himself; "what is an hour? A machine artificially produced by human hands determines it, regulates it, and gives to life its significance, and to the mind its warnings. The awe which accompanies the midnight hour does not affect us if the hand of our watch goes wrong. The clock is the despot of man; regulating the actions both of kings and beggars. Nay, it is the ruler of time, which has subjected itself to its authority. The clock determines the very thoughts as well as the actions of man; is the propelling wheel of the human species. The maiden who reposes delighted in the arms of her lover trembles when the ruthless clock strikes the hour which tears him from her. Her grief, her entreaties, are all in vain. He must away, for the clock has ordered it. The murderer trembles in the full enjoyment of his fortune, for his eye falls on the hands of the clock, and they denote the hour when the already broken eye of the man he murdered looked upon him for the last time. In vain he endeavoured to smile; it is beyond his power; for the clock has spoken, and his conscience awakes when he thinks of the horror of that hour. Shuddering with the feverish chill of mental anguish, the condemned culprit looks upon the clock, the hand of which, slowly moving, brings nearer and nearer the hour of his death. It is not the rising and setting of the sun, it is not the light of day, that determines destruction; but the clock. When the hand, with cruel indifference, moves on and touches the figure of the hour which the judge has appointed for his death, the doors of the dungeon open, and he has ceased to live. As long as we live we are governed by the hour, and death alone frees us from the hour and the clock! Perhaps the whole of eternity, with its bliss, is nothing but an hourless, clockless existence; eternal, because without measure; blissful, because not bound to a measured time."

Manfred had once more entered the desolate residence of his deceased friend, and stood mourning by the corpse, the face of which bore, in its stiffened features, the peace which Karl had never known in life.

He thought of the life of the deceased—how poor it was in joy, and how, during the four years he had known him, he had never seen him smile. Tears came into his eyes, and he turned away from the corpse. Then his glance fell upon the black spot in

the floor. The whole frightful scene of the preceding day revived in his soul, and the thought suddenly struck him, whether there might not be some connexion between that particular spot and the strange excitement of Karl. Fearful suspicions crossed his mind; he thought how often conscience had unmasked the criminal, in the hour of death; he remembered the frequent mysterious gloom of his friend; he remembered the wife with whom he had long lived unhappily, from whom he had been separated, and after whose residence Manfred had often inquired. On this subject Karl had always preserved silence, and often broke out into an unusual warmth. He reflected with what obstinacy Karl remained in this room, although Manfred had often and earnestly entreated him, as a friend and near relative, to go into his house. Nay, he now recollected quite clearly, that in the newspaper in which, years before, he had read the arrival of Count Karl Manfred, it was stated that he had arrived with his wife. A few weeks after he had read of the arrival of his relative, Manfred had gone to him, and found him alone; and when Karl had told him of his separation from his wife, had inquired no further.

All this now passed before his mind. He looked timidly back at the corpse, and it seemed to him as if this were scornfully nodding at him confirmation of his thoughts.

"I must have certainty," he cried aloud, and stooped down to the floor. He now plainly perceived that the middle boards, upon which was the burn, were looser than the others, and that the nails, which must have been there firmly, and the marks of which were still plainly to be seen, were wanting. He tried to raise the middle board, which at first resisted, but at last gave way a little. With a piece of wood he knocked the thick knife deeper into the floor; the nails became more and more unfastened, and he lifted and pulled with all the might of anxiety and curiosity. With a loud crack the board gave way entirely; he raised it, and—sight of horror!—saw that a skeleton lay stretched out beneath. Manfred at first almost fainted; then feeling how necessary were calmness and presence of mind, he collected himself with a strong effort, and looked hard at the skeleton. It held a paper between its teeth, which Manfred, with averted face, drew forth. Opening it, he soon recognised the hand-writing of Karl. The words were as follow:

"That no innocent person may be exposed to suspicion, I hereby declare that I, Karl Manfred, am the murderer of this woman. This declaration can never injure me, as I am determined never to quit this room before my death. The small, wretched house is my own property, and as I in-

habit it alone, I am secure from discovery. When I am no more the secret will be unveiled, and for the finder of these lines I add, for nearer explanation, a short portion of the history of my life.

"I am the son of a collateral branch of the rich Count Manfred. My father was tolerably rich, and loved me; but he was haughty even to excess, and quite capable of sacrificing the happiness of his child to the pride he took in his ancestors. One day I went to the shop of a clock-maker to buy a watch. The clockmaker's daughter stood at the counter in the place of her father; her beauty excited my admiration, her innocent air attracted me: I talked with her for a long time, and at last bought a valuable watch set with brilliants. I then departed, but returned in a few days, and again, and again; in short, we were enamoured of each other. I told my father that I had resolved to marry the clockmaker's daughter; he cursed me and disinherited me. But I persuaded my beloved to fly with me, and one night she robbed her father of his money and jewels, and effected her escape. We went far enough to remain undiscovered, and sold our brilliants, which, with the money we had taken, was sufficient to afford a considerable, nay, rather abundant fortune. As for the clock, which had been the cause of my acquaintance with my beloved Ulrica, I kept that constantly by me.

"Ulrica told me that her father had made it with his own hands. One day it stopped; I tried to wind it up, but all in vain, for it would not go. I laid it aside peevishly, and when, after some hours, I again took it in hand, it went. With a feeling of foreboding, inexplicable even to myself, I observed the hour, and some days afterwards read in the paper the announcement that Ulrica's father had died a beggar. We, however, continued happy in our mutual love. Years had passed away, when, one evening, I received an invitation from one of my friends. I was on the point of going, when Ulrica asked me when I should return. I named a time; 'Leave me your watch then,' said she, 'that I may know exactly the hour at which I am to expect you, and delight myself with the prospect of your return.' I gave her the watch, and departed. When the appointed hour had arrived, I hastened back to my dwelling, entered Ulrica's chamber, and—found her in the arms of one of my friends. She screamed with fright, while I stood petrified, and consequently unable to prevent the flight of the seducer. We remained opposite to each other, perfectly silent. 'You must be more cautious,' I said at last, and tried to smile; 'you could have told by your watch when I was coming back, and when it was time to dismiss your

other lover.' At these words, I took the watch, and pointed at it scornfully. 'It has stopped,' said Ulrica, turning away. The watch had indeed stopped, and had thus deceived the deceiver, and caused the discovery of her crime. With unspeakable horror, I looked upon the watch, which I still held, when the hands slowly moved, and the watch was going. I swore to be revenged on the faithless woman, but preserved a bland exterior, and, with her, quitted the city. When, after a long journey, we arrived here, I enquired, whether it would be possible to purchase a small house, in which my wife and I might dwell alone. I soon found one, paid almost the entire remains of my ready money, and entered it with Ulrica. At night, when she was asleep, I tied a handkerchief about her mouth, that her cries might not alarm the neighbourhood, and called her by her name. She awoke, and when she saw my ferocious countenance, stooping over her, knew my intention at once. She lay motionless, and I whispered into her ear: 'I have awakened you, because I would not murder you in your sleep, and because I felt compelled to tell you why I kill you: it is because you have betrayed me.' It is enough to say that I slew her. I had already turned the board from the floor, and now placed her in the cavity. I then took out the watch, as if, having betrayed the false one, it had a right to see how I revenged my wrong. It stood still, the unmoved hand pointing to the half-hour after midnight—the time when I murdered Ulrica. I laughed aloud, and sat down to write these lines. 'To-morrow morning I shall lock up my house, and travel for a time. When I return, the body will have decayed.'

Manfred had read the manuscript, shuddering, and having finished it, looked again on the corpse of his friend. It had changed frightfully. The features, which before had been so calm and so clearly marked, now bore an aspect of despair, and were distorted by convulsions. At this moment the mysterious watch, which Count Manfred had put into his breast pocket, began its regular sound, but so very loudly, that Manfred could hear plainly, without taking it out, that the watch was going.

An irresistible feeling of horror came over poor Manfred. He darted out of the room, and hurried into his own residence, in which he locked himself for the entire day. He had laid the watch before him, stared at it, and fearful thoughts crossed his mind. On the following day he was calm, but could not summon resolution to see the corpse again. He caused it to be quietly buried. The house he had already bought of poor Karl for the sake of contributing something towards his support.

Some nights after the burial, the stillness of night was broken by an alarm of fire, and at the very house in which Count Karl had lived. At first, as the house was uninhabited, the opinion prevailed that it had been purposely set on fire, but, as it had not been insured, this opinion gained no credence. Count Manfred set out on his travels, that with the various scenes of a wanderer's life he might get rid of the gloomy mind that troubled him. The watch he took with him. He fancied that some great misfortune would befall him, if he did not attend to it; he considered it as a sort of demon, always wore it, and regularly wound it up. For years it went well. Count Manfred had recovered his former cheerfulness, and indeed was happier than ever, for he loved and was beloved in return. Dreaming of a happy future, he arose from his bed on the day appointed for his wedding. "I have slept long, perhaps too long," he said to himself. He caught up his watch to see how late it was, but—the watch had stopped. A loud cry of anguish arose from his heart, he hurried on his clothes, and hastened to his bride. She was well and cheerful, and Manfred laughed at himself for his foolish superstition. However, when the wedding was over, he could not refrain from looking at his watch once more. It was going. After some weeks, Count Manfred discovered that the ill-omened watch had spoken truly after all. He had been deceived in his wife, and found that she would bring him nothing but unhappiness. A melancholy gloom took possession of the poor Count. For whole days he would stare at the watch, and grinning spectres seemed to rise from the dial-plate and to dance round him in derision. In the morning, when he arose from his bed, he looked trembling at his watch, always expecting that it would stop, and thus indicate some new calamity. He felt revived, and breathed again, when the hands moved on, but yet, from hour to hour, he would cast anxious glances at the watch. His wife bore him a son, and the feeling of parental joy seemed to dissipate his gloom. In an unusually cheerful mood he was seen to play with his child, sitting for half the day at the cradle, and by his own smile teaching the little one to smile also. The very watch, which had been the torment of his soul, must now serve to amuse the child, who laughed when it was held to his ear, and he could hear the soft ticking. One day, however, as Manfred approached the cradle, he found the child uncommonly pale. His heart trembled with anxiety, and following a momentary impulse, he drew out the watch—which stood still. With a fearful cry Manfred flung it from him, so that it sounded on the ground, and, scarcely in a

state of consciousness, buried his face in his hands. The child fell into convulsions, and died in a few hours. Manfred was, at first, beside himself with grief; then he became still, and walked calm and uncomplaining around the room in which the corpse lay. Having struck his fist against something, he looked down, and saw that it was his watch, which was still on the floor. He picked it up and held it to his ear;—it was going. Manfred laughed aloud, till he made the silent room echo frightfully with the sound. "Good! good!" he cried, with an insane look, "You will not leave me, devil! stop with me then!" From this time, it was his serious conviction that the spirit of Karl the murderer, whom he had called his friend, had found no rest in the grave, but had been placed in the watch, that it might hover round him as a messenger of evil. He ceased to think of, feel, hear anything but his watch; he wound it up, trembling every evening, he held it in his hand throughout the night, and kept awake, gazing upon it. Some months afterwards his wife bore him a daughter, and died in childbed. The news made no further impression upon Manfred than that he looked at his watch, and whispered, "It has not stopped."

When his new-born daughter was brought to him, he looked at her with indifference, and glancing at the watch said, "It will stop soon!"

His bodily strength soon gave way under this ceaseless anguish of mind. He fell into a violent fever, and, in a few weeks, was buried by the side of his son.

CINDERELLA; OR, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

"Oh, why are you weeping, my own pretty maid? I'm your fairy godmother—don't be afraid; For I love you, as viewing you meekly resigned To your step-mother cross, and your sisters unkind; And no more by their taunts and their insolence gall'd,

Shall you be Cinderella, the cinder-wench, called." The maiden look'd up, and beheld by her side, The fairest of fairies, gay as a bride.

Now a handsome young prince, who was gracious to all, Had her two sisters ask'd to his very grand ball; While poor Cinderella shed tears not a few, Until said the fairy, "And you shall go too; So fetch me a pumpkin." Then, lo and behold, A coach it became, that all glittered with gold! "Nay, be not astonish'd," the fairy then said, "For grandeur oft springs from a mere mushroom-bed."

Then tapping the tails of six little grey mice,
Six fine prancing horses they were in a trice !
Six lizards were footmen, behind up to skip ;
A rat became coachman, a most knowing whip ;
And the rags of the cinder-wench, dingy and old,
One tap of the wand—they were spangled with gold !
Oh, brave Cinderella ! but who has not heard
The tale of "fine feathers" that "fine make the
bird ?"

Then the kind fairy added two slippers of glass,
And said, no misfortune would ere come to pass,
While the little glass slippers, so pretty and neat,
Remain'd firmly fitting her two pretty feet ;
"But pleasure, be sure, will bring nought but regret,"
Said she, "should you chance these my words to
forget ;
So heed to remember my warning now given,
And see you return ere the clock strikes eleven."

'Twould be marvellous sure, and a most pleasant
thing,

If the wish of our hearts little fairies would bring ;
And I know that if I had a fairy godmother,
I should always be wishing for something or other ;
I've an excellent taste, and like everything gay,
And am always content when I have my own way ;
I should much like the trick of this Miss Cinderella ;
Should you know a kind fairy, perhaps you would
tell her.

How the maiden rejoiced, as she look'd in the glass !
For she thought she had ne'er seen a prettier lass,
As she nodded her feathers, and glided about,
Like a fine modern belle, who is just "coming out."
So she thank'd her godmother for being so kind,
As she stepp'd in her coach, with her footmen behind ;
While so well became coachee his dashing, cock'd
hat,

You would never have guess'd he was only a rat.

And now, what delight ! what a racket and rout !
What piping, and jingling, and dancing about !
And who would have thought, at this very grand
ball,

Of a cinder-wench being the fairest of all !
And she danced with the prince, and the hours had
wings ;

Till "be not time slighting," a little bird sings ;
And one pinching shoe had a hint gently given,
That the clock would be very soon striking eleven !

But she linger'd long after that hour had struck,
And a quarter to twelve had much alter'd her luck ;
For purring round coachman and horses, the cat
Made people suspect she was "smelling a rat !"
And when that they summon'd her footmen so tall,
They found but six lizards upon a damp wall ;
While the fine gilded coach to a raw pumpkin grew,
And the lady hopp'd home again, minus one shoe.

Thus weeping the poor Cinderella return'd,
And 'tis hoped of late hours she a good lesson learn'd ;
Though one little comfort her heart still sustain'd,
In the one little slipper that still she retain'd ;
And the very next day it was rumour'd around,
That the handsome young prince had the lost slipper
found ;

And to wed the fair owner did boldly declare,
Of one single slipper thus making a pair.

So now when the royal resolve was made known,
What lady but sought the glass slipper to own !
What pinching of toes ! and what cramping of feet !
The little glass slipper's dimensions to meet ;
That declined, although lately presented at court,
With every new measure proposed to assort,
While the prince in a wife his own fancy to suit,
Seem'd resolved on first gaining "the length of her
foot."

Though of taunting step-mother and sisters the jest,
Did poor Cinderella submit to the test ;
And the slipper the courtly had tried all in vain,
Acknowledged its dear little owner again ;
While her sisters, as viewing the bright wedding-ring,
Thought a "friend at court" having, was no such
bad thing ;
And nuptials more splendid sure never were seen,
So give them three cheers, and sing God save the
Queen !

Life Assurance Offices.

We have in a previous article expressed our opinion on the value of life assurance. We will now endeavour to lay before our readers some account of the mode of effecting a life assurance. We will suppose the case of a person in easy circumstances. He must, in the first place, obtain a printed form from the office in which he designs to insure. This paper he fills up with his name, residence, and occupation, the amount and terms of assurance desired, age, place and time of birth, and certain particulars concerning his health, whether he is subject to any particular malady, &c. This form he must sign, and in general he must also procure the signatures of two persons who are well acquainted with him, one of whom should be his medical attendant. Sometimes other references are required ; and there is generally a physician or surgeon employed by the office to examine the party. It should be remembered, that if any false account be given by the person assured in this printed form, he forfeits the whole amount of the money paid, and the policy becomes void.

A caution, however, given by Mr. Pocock in his excellent work, should not be overlooked. He tells us that in the older offices, the claimant on a policy is compellable, not only to satisfy the directors as to the death and cause of death of the assured, but also to prove that the age did not exceed the age stated in the proposal. But surely it is (to say the least) dealing harshly with the assured, to allow a policy to be completed on a mere declaration as to age, when the party who is alive can so readily prove it, or, at all events, can furnish the best possible evidence in regard to it, and afterwards to require his executors to prove a fact of which they may be

altogether ignorant, and which they must comparatively have no inconsiderable difficulty in establishing. It is strongly recommended, therefore, to every person effecting an insurance, either on his own life or that of another, to have the age admitted in the policy. Without such an admission, a policy of assurance is an incomplete instrument, and as such ought not to be purchased (as it undoubtedly is, by payment of the premium or annual premiums), either by way of provision for a family, or of security for a creditor.

The deposit required by some of the offices is good to a certain extent, we mean when it does not exceed an amount equivalent to a proper payment for the labour bestowed; for without such a regulation, cases might frequently be stated to the various assurance offices, and answers procured from the very skillful professional persons belonging to them, without any recompense being made for the exercise of their talents, and even without the slightest intention of any real transaction.

At many of the offices it is necessary, when the proposal has been completed, for the person to appear before the board of directors appointed to manage the concerns of the company, when inquiries are made as to the general state of his health, and a memorandum of the information received is entered upon the books. When the person cannot appear, his presence is dispensed with, on the payment of a certain fine. These preliminaries having been satisfactorily concluded, the decision of the directors is entered upon the minutes, and a certain time is appointed for the payment of the first premium; which, if not paid, the treaty is completely at an end, and the assurance cannot be effected without again going through these forms. On the payment of the first premium, the amount of the stamp duty must also be paid, and, in some offices, a small entrance fee—the Amicable requiring ten shillings per cent., and the Equitable, the London Life Association, and the Rock, five shillings per cent. on the amount assured, as entrance money.

A notice is generally sent to the holder, apprising him when the next payment comes due, and also informing him that if the premium be not paid within a certain time, the policy will become absolutely void, and the money already paid forfeited. The time allowed for the payment of renewal premiums after they become due, in different offices, varies generally from fifteen to thirty days; if, however, the premium be not paid within the limited time, the forfeiture of the policy may still be prevented at most offices, by paying it, together with a fine (usually ten shillings or one pound per cent. on the amount as-

sured), and furnishing satisfactory evidence that the assured is then in good health.

We may here observe that limits are set to the distance from England to which a person is allowed to travel. It is usually one of the conditions of policies of assurance, that the person whose life is insured must reside within the limits of Europe; or that an additional premium shall be paid, the amount of which varies according to the circumstances of each particular case. This regulation is founded upon the various effects produced upon people, by a change of climate. Most of the offices allow the assured to go by sea, from one part of Great Britain to another, without any additional charge, providing the journey be performed in decked vessels, established packets, &c. They also allow them to extend their journeys to the different parts of Europe.

These are the principal circumstances connected with a policy of assurance during the life of the assured. We must now consider what takes place after the decease of the party. This event must be announced to the office as quickly as possible, together with all the particulars, as the burial of the deceased, evidences of his identity, and references to and certificates from the medical persons who attended him in his illness, with the probate of his will, if the policy were effected on his life, and a copy of the assignment, if the policy had been transferred to another person. The cause of death must also be distinctly ascertained, as the policy would be void, if the decease took place by suicide, duelling, or the hands of justice, or upon the high seas, without license from the company, except it occurred in travelling from one part of the kingdom to another; all of which are excepted in the policy, to prevent frauds on the offices, and to remove causes of dispute. In some establishments, however, it is the practice to make allowances in cases where it is evident no fraud was contemplated, and where great injury might be sustained; but this is dependant upon the discretion of the directors, and is not subject to any fixed rule.

In the interval between the decease of the party, and the time appointed for the payment of the claim, due investigation is made into the truth of the various statements, and the whole having been satisfactory, at the expiration of that period, the claimant takes with him his policy and the receipt for the sum claimed, which is immediately paid him, the policy surrendered, and the transaction ended. It is the rule with most of the offices to pay the amount of the policy at the end of three months after satisfactory proof of death: several of the offices require six months, and some only one. In some offices, although all

claims may be payable in three or six months, they may be received immediately after satisfactory proof of death, upon allowing the usual rate of discount for the unexpired time.

Beneath thine all-protecting arm, oh, take them to thy care,
And let them all the blessings of thy holy goodness share ;
Let them not rest their weary head upon the cold bare ground,
But pillow'd be their sorrows, where thy goodness may be found.

ODE ON WINTER.

BY CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Old Winter now is come again, with slow and silent tread,
To gaze upon the monuments of the slumbering and the dead ;
How sad and solemn is his march, how gloomy is his frown,
And all beneath his sweeping arm is cast dejected down.

Oh, he hath swept the desert wild, the mountain and the main,
From Zembla's icy regions to revisit us again ;
And flow'rets droop before his glance, and fade away and die,
For nought can brave the angry chill of his cold freezing eye.

See nature's loveliness is gone, nor is her face so fair ;
The lily and the violet no more are blooming there ;
The yellow leaf lies withering upon the cold bare ground,
And desolation's mighty pall is spreading far around.

And who will trace the dying of the dull and aged year,
Nor wrap the thoughts of sadness in reflection's holy tear ?
And who will trace the wither'd leaf, nor feel that he must die,
When winter's gath'ring clouds shall droop his cold and languid eye ?

And while we sit by our fireside, to hear the cold winds blow,
Will not the tear-drop start to hear the dismal notes of woe,
When houseless wand'ers passing by some holy boon shall crave,
To hold them on the narrow verge of an untimely grave ?

The grey old man with wither'd cheek, the poor and orphan child,
The mother with her dying babe, that once to her had smil'd ;
The blighted frame of manhood in the prime and pride of years,
Bow'd down with grief and misery, and sorrow's saddest tears.

Yes, there are many that must brave the cold and bitter blast,
And each succeeding day must be more dreary than the past ;
But though they thus are doom'd to gain their food from door to door,
Oh, God defend the fatherless, the widow, and the poor.

Memoir of General Demetrius Kalerges.*

This eminent man was born in 1805, in the isle of Candia, of a noble family, and before long followed his father to Taganrok, on the borders of the sea of Azof, where he had settled.

He was carefully educated at St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Paris, but at the age of eighteen years abandoned all to accompany his two brothers Emanuel and Nicholas to Greece, where the struggle against Turkey had just commenced. These noble young men, animated by the most generous patriotism, carried along with them a large quantity of arms and ammunition, including field-artillery and a complete band of military music, presented to their common country by their uncle Emmanuel Kalerges, one of the first financiers of Russia.

Few men have displayed more valour, more coolness, or more early virtue, than Demetrius Kalerges. In 1825, at the head of ten thousand of his countrymen in Greece, who elected him as their chief, he undertook an expedition into the isle of Candia, which he excited against the Turks, after having rendered himself master, by a dexterous *coup-de-main*, of Graboussa and of Kissanos. Fabvier, admiring his intrepidity, confided to him the command of a little regular corps named *stauraphori* (crusaders), with which he seconded this brave Philhellene in several undertakings.

In 1827, under the same chief in the celebrated affair of the Piræus, Demetrius Kalerges, besieged, with 370 Cretans, in an entrenchment, on an open plain, there sustained bravely the united efforts of 20,000 Turks, conducted by Reschid Pasha. Succumbing under numbers, after being dangerously wounded, he was made a prisoner, and the Ottoman general gave orders that he should be beheaded. But the Albanian

* The materials are taken from that excellent work, the "Annuaire historique et biographique des souverains, des chefs et des membres des maisons principières et autres maisons nobles et des anciennes familles, et principalement des hommes d'état, des membres des chambres législatives, du clergé, des hommes de guerre, des magistrats, et des hommes de science, de toutes les nations." Paris, 95, Rue Richelieu.

Bey, into whose hands he had fallen, hoping to obtain a large ransom, opposed the decision of the seraskier. He agreed with Kalerges for 5,000 piastres, which were generously advanced by Leblanc, the captain of a French frigate, who also took him out of the hands of the Turks. The pacha also exacted one of his ears, which he sent, along with other similar trophies, to the sultan. Emmanuel Kalerges' brother fell in the above-mentioned action.

On his arrival in Greece, in 1828, the president, Count Jean Capo d'Istria, attached young Kalerges to him in quality of aide-de-camp, with the simple rank of lieutenant-colonel, although he became a general. A little after, he was named to the chief command of the Greek cavalry.

Compelled to lead an inactive life when royalty was established in Greece, Kalerges resolved on a temporary absence from his country, and went in December 1835, with a regular permission from the king, to St. Petersburg, where several of his relatives still resided. Here he was honourably received by the emperor Nicholas, and also by several of the first noblemen.

After about ten months of absence, hoping at last to obtain justice from the Greek government, he set out on his return, crossing Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. But while on his journey, a revolution broke out in Messina, and the regency accused Colonel Kalerges of having been one of the most active partisans in the attempt. Three days, therefore, after his return to Argos, where he was resting to recover from his fatigue, he was, at midnight, arrested in his own house, and dragged from the conjugal bed by an officer of *gens-d'armes*, in the name of the same king who some hours before had admitted him to his table and treated him with great distinction. After remaining several weeks in the fort of Ny Kole, at Nauplia, he was removed and thrown into the obscure and noisome dungeons of the castle of Navarino, which was the place appointed for the trial of the insurgents of Messina. In bad health, deprived of all the succours of art, exposed to the insults of the soldiery, he waited for two months the decision of his fate. The court-martial acquitted him honourably and he was at liberty. This tribunal was presided over by that estimable English Philhellene, General Sir Thomas Gordon, to whose noble independence of character it is just to give due praise.

Some years after, Colonel Kalerges was reinstated in the command of the cavalry, and exhibited under all circumstances as much zeal as ability in this service. The plans adopted by the ministers had excited discontent which was now threatening a crisis, and of which some bold and resolute men resolved to take the direction. A

grand national manifestation appeared the most imposing and efficacious means of attaining the object. It was arranged that it should take place on the night of the 1st or 2nd September, 1813. But the project having been discovered, its execution was put off, and the hesitation of some, the pusillanimity, and perhaps the treachery of others, would have rendered it completely abortive had not a man gifted with energy and patriotism above all fear or self-interest presented himself at this critical juncture. That man was Colonel Kalerges.

Soon initiated into the object of the movement, he promised his sincere co-operation, declaring continually that notwithstanding his just resentments he should remain faithful to his monarchical principles. The confidence and absolute devotedness of the military force to him was counted on, although the employment of this had not been deemed indispensable for the general movement, which seemed to promise a speedy success.

This noble officer, knowing that the action of the drama would take place in the palace, and foreseeing the danger which might accrue to the person of the king and the existence of the throne, conceived that the regiment in garrison, properly managed, would be alone able to prevent all such misfortunes. He then established a system of espionage, in which a very small number of tried probation were employed. Being informed on the morning of the 14th, that a select tribunal menaced the heads of the most influential conspirators, and judging that he could not now withdraw without the imputation of cowardice, he determined, of his own free will, to exert himself that very evening. At half an hour after midnight, therefore, he went alone to the quarter occupied by the cavalry and infantry, sent for the general, and caused the troops to get under arms. He then addressed them in a fiery oration, expatiating on the state of ferment in which all Greece was at that moment, and concluded with these words: "Let us hasten, then, to embrace the knees of our king, and pray him to accede to the wishes of his beloved people, and not to draw on himself the misfortunes which a refusal may entail both on himself and on his throne." Shouts, a thousand times repeated, of "Long live our country! Long live the Constitution! We are ready! Lead on!" resounded through and made vibrate the marbles of Acropolis, which, joined with the beautiful light of the moon, caused a magical effect. Some few reports of fire-arms were heard at intervals from the summits of those sacred walls, which seemed to nod consent to this appeal of patriotism.

While this was going on, the com-

mandant of the place arrived on the spot, and demanded the cause of this assembly; but prompt and energetic measures being absolutely necessary for the success of the enterprise, the commandant was arrested, as also all the king's ministers, to whom comfortable lodgings were, however, assigned.

Nothing impeded the march to the palace; the troops proceeded in the greatest order, a band of music preceding them. From one point where they expected opposition, there came the artillery, which the king had ordered out for his protection, which, however, the officers who had charge of it, impelled by the irresistible influence of the other troops, and of the immense multitude rising in all quarters around them, soon turned against the doors of the royal residence, which they had been called on to defend.

Meanwhile, Kalerges convoked the senate, to which, when gathered together, in solemn assembly, he proposed the measures to be submitted to the king for acceptance; he thought it his duty to inform the foreign ministers that he should guarantee, on his life, the existence of their majesties, as well as the integrity of the crown, and he sent to this effect to each of them.

A little surprised by this, the diplomats presented themselves before the palace, which they begged to have opened to them. Kalerges expressed to them his great regret at not being able to accede to their wishes until the moment when the king should address the senate. Those gentlemen had too much experience not to perceive the utter uselessness and also danger of their insisting on this. One alone among them, the representative of Prussia, made some remonstrances. Kalerges answered with some warmth, "You, sir, you have already too often entered this august sanctuary of royalty, to the detriment of Greece; this day you shall not cross the threshold, for it is with the people alone that the king ought to deal, for the common interest." Surrounded by a brilliant staff, whom the different, not to say the motley uniforms, rendered as original as picturesque, the valiant hero of the 3d and 15th September, ran through, incessantly, the ranks of the troops, and the multitude which obstructed the approaches to the palace, and filled the immense space which, from this day, is named *La Place de la Constitution*. He praised the army for its patriotism; fortifying it in its resolution to preserve its own discipline, as well as the public peace. He recommended to the people calmness, moderation, and confidence in the men charged with the protection and

triumph of their rights. At all events, he manifested an irresistible resolution to preserve the prerogatives and dignity of the crown, that is to say, to identify them with the necessities and independence of the country. "Avoid my children," cried he, "all shedding of blood, all violence, and let the life of the inferior officer of gendarmerie, the victim of an imprudent aggression, be the only human holocaust offered, on this glorious day, on the altar of our political regeneration."

On the first intelligence of the tumult without, the king appeared in a balcony, the queen being at his side, and demanded, in an agitated voice, the cause of these gatherings, and the name of him who directed them. At the name of Kalerges, his majesty reiterated the first question. "Sir," was the answer, "the people claim the constitution: it behoves you not to resist the wishes which have been expressed to you by the senate, their legitimate representative. I, for my own part, and as an organ of public opinion, declare that your majesty shall receive neither injury to your person, nor to your prerogatives, which command the respect and love of everyone." "I will answer to-morrow, with my council, the wishes that you express to me, expecting, though, that everyone shall retire now," replied the king. "All delay, sir, is inadmissible," replied Kalerges; "the proposals of the senate have been made known to your majesty. The people wait your decision." While this was going on, the senate was introduced to the king, and, after prolonged debate, they obtained his sanction for different decrees, the convocation of a constitutional convention, the immediate return of the Bavarians, &c. This news, announced about two hours after mid-day, was received by demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm which it is impossible to describe. Kalerges took measures for the public security, persuaded the multitude to retire to their homes, and only allowed the garrison to relieve quarters after fourteen hours of fatigue, inquietude, and complete abstinence; and the immense result obtained rendered them well worthy of repose. He himself, with a brother officer, retired to his lodgings, and there deposited, with a sigh of relief and gratitude, a pair of double-barrelled pocket pistols, destined to save his head from the swords of his enemies, should success not crown his great and hazardous undertaking.

An incontestible proof that he had agitated without the least private ambition, is his answer to the senate, when asked his opinion of whom should the newly-projected ministry consist. "Go," said he to the interrogator, "and report to the

senate, that I am here to execute its orders and decisions, and not to give it counsel."

* * * * *

Kalerges was afterwards military governor of Athens, deputy to the national assembly, and commandant of the guard of the national assembly. In each of these employments he has shown the same energy, wisdom, spirit, and fidelity to the monarchy. Thus, his great merit did not consist in temerity of enterprise, or intrepidity of exertion, and the power to restrain at any time the popular torrent which, when once overflowing, is so difficult to reclaim its natural bed—that is to say, to seize revolution by the neck, to preserve it from all excess, and to consolidate, in a word, incalculable benefits to come.

Kalerges' merit was appreciated. He had the thanks of the national assembly voted to him, with the title and prerogatives of the *great citizen of Greece*.

In the heart, therefore, of the assembly, his majesty announced to him in the year 1830 (1844), that he should recompense his brilliant services to the country, and named him major-general, and, in token of his gratitude for his devotedness to the throne, had chosen him his aide-de-camp.

The particulars of the marriage of Demetrius Kalerges in 1828 are curious. A celebrated beauty of Corinth was the object of the rivalry of two chiefs, who disputed her possession with arms. Kalerges was out with a corps of soldiers to reduce them to order, and having an interview with this new Helen, placed himself among the ranks of her admirers, and carried her off from the others. This definitive union restored the city to peace, for the two competitors dared not attack him.

Mrs. M'Quilhen.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Astronomers tell us that every system has its sun, round which the planets move in periods proportioned to their distance: that is the only sentence we can recollect out of all the volumes which our early teacher (great was his faith) believed to have been read from Newton down to Mrs. Somerville.

Why it should have inhabited our memory alone, can be accounted for only by the fact that the axiom was strikingly illustrated by the society of our native city, which formed in itself more great and small circles than ever were traced on globe celestial or terrestrial, guarded with a pugnacious exclusiveness, neither found nor sought for in the statutes of the stars.

We have not forgotten the Athens of

NO. 1354.

the North, though thou hadst another name in the Doric of our earlier days, strongly denoting the prevalence of smoke; and Byron pictured thee under a Roman designation, as trembling at the downfall of Jefferys' paternal garret, in the days of English bards.

Many were—and are, for ought we know, for seas and years have severed our steps from the Calton—the castes of thine inhabitants; but great among them as that of the Brahmins in Hindostan, was the circle in which we moved when the scarlet of our uniform was new, and the sun and centre thereof was Arabella Sutherland.

When our acquaintance commenced with Arabella, we had hated titles ever since our grandmother, whose ears had failed before her lungs, introduced us to a large company in topping tones as "Mr. Ensign Campbell, her grandson." Well, at the time specified, Arabella resided in Murray-place with her mother, a widow of the first magnitude, but beyond the suspicion of matrimony; whose affections seemed equally divided between her gold snuff-box and her only daughter, as the closing days of her pilgrimage were passed in applications to the one, and praises of the other.

But the temple of Arabella's distinction had, in the judgment of her acquaintances, three more supporting pillars. She was believed to be an heiress; her connections bordered on nobility; and the lady had succeeded in uniting in her own person the opposite and somewhat discordant characters of a blue and a belle.

We are aware that bluebells have been found in other lands than Scotland, notwithstanding her appropriation of them in the well-known song; but Arabella was, to use a commercial phrase (we like the words of a prospering party), "the finest specimen of the article we have ever seen." True, we can now remember that there have been greater beauties; that her complexion was dark and pale, and there was something like a cast in one of her eyes, but for air and figure they would have called her a fine woman anywhere; and then her mind, oh what a world of accomplishments was opened to us there! She was an amateur in the fine arts, had read metaphysics, understood the belles-lettres, could talk politics, and positively wrote poetry; besides, Arabella dressed like a Parisian, played, sang, and danced divinely, drew from nature, and had been pronounced, even by connoisseurs from London, extremely lady-like when she pleased.

How often Arabella's will and pleasure took that peculiar direction, it is not in our power to state, but we are above concealment, she was the sovereign lady of our thoughts.

We had returned to Edinburgh for the first time since the purchase of our commission with a complete stock of military phrases and anecdotes collected at the mess-table; we had learned to talk of what was done in "ours," could relate adventures of country quarters, and never concealed our opinion that no civilian was a gentleman.

Tell us, for ye have seen, denizens of the New Town, how we have strutted among you; did we not astonish the inhabitants of Princes Street? was not our opera-glass displayed in the boxes of the Theatre Royal, and the smoke of our cigar beheld even in George Square: but the chief efforts of our powers were put forth in Murray Place. Warmly were we welcomed by its fashionable physicians, retired merchants, and far-tracing branches of provincial aristocracy with all their exclusive ladies. Our expectations were known to be good, and our family had resided in the same mansion for two generations; let us not linger to expatiate on the joy of our maiden aunt and grandmother, she of the introduction; the nearer stems of our existence had been cut down early. Nor will we enumerate, having declared against vanity since the last of our hair grew grey, the various balls and parties that celebrated our arrival; but, short as the absence had been, there were some faces missed, and new ones found in their places, in that circle among which number were those of Arabella and her mother.

They had come in from the country just when Arabella had laid aside her sables for the death of her father, who had been a landed proprietor, and liked rustication; yet we will confess that, in spite of all the mess and march had taught us, we felt our countenance emulate the hue of our coat, and what an English companion in arms beautifully defined as a kind of all-overishness at the first ball, when Dr. McClaren marshalled us forward. Thank heaven, it was not our grandmother, with—"Miss Sutherland, permit me to introduce to you Ensign Campbell, the son of a very old and valued friend."

We summoned back our assurance, and said something for the honour of the service, but we are not certain what it was, yet the clear, full tone is still in our recollection that answered, "A thousand thanks, Doctor, I am delighted to meet any friend of yours, and especially Ensign Campbell."

Arabella had seen our embarrassment, and she was a gentlewoman to the heart; but we were ourselves again, and having contrived to secure a seat beside her, soon became eloquent as usual on the exploits of "ours."

Dr. McClaren, thou hast bowed to life's great physician: patients no longer trem-

ble at thy prescriptions, nor anxious friends consult the oracle of thy countenance; yet we bless the marble that records thy virtues and talents, albeit its statements somewhat exceed the truth, for the memory of that evening, which still shines far and clear through the waste of days that are shaded into blackness, bright with the festal gas and more brilliant glances of the ball-room.

Oh! what stories we told, and what adventures we manufactured! Arabella certainly seemed interested, and, as our courage increased, we asked her to dance. The steps of that waltz are in our memory yet, in spite of those of time; but dance after dance succeeded, and still we kept possession. We were her cavalier at supper. There was certainly a decided preference. Arabella's esteem of the military character was almost as high as our own; and, after handing her to her carriage, and exchanging cards with a young advocate, who attempted to interfere, we went home, firmly believing ourselves admired and envied to the last degree, and resolved to find some excuse for making an incursion on the Sutherlands. Fortunately, our aunt, who never went to balls, had a slight acquaintance of them, and we discovering, with a dutiful concern for her health, that there was nothing so good as morning calls, squired her forth next day in their direction, and, of course, became regularly acquainted. Mr. B., the advocate, also discovered that duelling was contrary to his principles; but, day after day, and evening after evening, we met Arabella, and our acquaintance grew into intimacy. We danced, walked, sang duets, and sketched in company: in fact, I paid her all kinds of delicate attentions; but she had many friends, all longer known: but, no—they could not be more valued, and Arabella was not an ordinary young lady: she always frowned or smiled decidedly—never said, "Oh, dear! what would mamma say?" and seemed to consider flirtation beneath her dignity; still we had a fair prospect of success, till another Richard entered the field.

Calling one morning, as usual, on Arabella, we found her engaged in conversation with a slender, well-dressed gentleman, who looked as if he had been used to take care of himself, and whom she introduced as "Mr. Hamilton, the distinguished author of 'Caledonian Lays,'" at the same time directing our attention to a remarkably thin volume, bound in crimson silk, which he had just presented.

Small had been our estimation of lays, except in a mess-room chorus; but we soon snuffed a rival. Arabella was bluish, and the author had weapons which we could not wield. His memory was a complete

edition of the British poets. He would discuss the magazines wholesale; was versed in the private history, as well as the contents, of the new publications, and declared himself acquainted with half the literati of the age.

Desperate were the exertions we made to maintain our position, and fearful, according to our aunt's computation (she had been brought up in Aberdeen), were the quantities of gas consumed in our nightly applications to Scott and Byron, for the purpose of outspouting Mr. Hamilton, and we did succeed to a miracle; but he beat us hollow in sentiment, for, unfortunately, we could coin nothing of the kind, while Hamilton could hold forth extemporarily over a dead wild-cat. Yet, there was an advantage still in our military experience, and we can safely aver, that during the month of his stay, we directed more time to literature than in all the rest of our natural life.

We have said that Arabella was neither a flirt nor a coquette; but, in the midst of our unwearied efforts to keep pace with the new comer in her graces, we felt that the *penchant* once so manifest to and for ourselves, had changed slowly, but surely, to the author of "Caledonian Lays."

It was at a fashionable party, given in his honour—many were the admirers of his authorship—and the glory of our return had waned. He had seated himself on one side of Arabella: but, our stars for ever! we were on the other, descanting most critically on a new periodical, which, conscience be our witness, we had never seen—when there came a sound of voices, a shuffling of heavy feet, and then our host entered, half-dragging in a stranger, who seemed to require the application of physical force to make him enter that brilliant drawing-room: no wonder, for in the words of the poet, he "seemed something that should not be there."

The man was at least six feet high, with a broad bony frame, a coarse expressionless face and solid-looking head, crowned with a stock of hair, having an invincible tendency to the erect position, whose flaming redness strongly reminded us of the fiery furnace of Shadrack, Meshak, and Abednego.

His dress was worthy of the wearer, it consisted of a large blue coat, with brass buttons, the breadth of half-a-crown, bundled over a red and blue plaid waistcoat, pants and boots rather the worse for dust, and this individual was introduced to the company by the appropriate name of Mr. Mc'Quilhen.

He was a wealthy sugar merchant of Glasgow, distantly related to our entertainer, and being on business in our city, had chosen to drop in just, we suspect,

when his presence could have been spared; but the fellow was worth a plum, and such people are always welcome. Tea, cards, and quadrilles went on, but the sugar-merchant profited only by the first mentioned; he could not dance, and he would not play cards, being of the number of Scotland's many pious, yet his eyes followed Arabella from the piano to the dance, though to do him justice, he lent the lady his ears oftener than his tongue.

Many an exchange of seats was made, in order to approach her, till at length he actually joined our group; the powers of his conversation were bounded by Glasgow politics, the state of trade, which came in fine contrast to the poetical sentiment of Mr. Hamilton, and our dashing military style.

We know not how the rules of syntax had escaped the man who had gathered so many thousands, but so it was, and Hamilton afterwards discovered he had been meanly brought up. Yet Arabella conversed with him; "Oh what politeness was there, my countrymen," and next day it was the pleasing task of both gentlemen to draw her attention to Mr. Mc'Quilhen's various deficiencies. We were particularly brilliant on the occasion, and Arabella laughed and said, "He had more sense than one would imagine." But Mc'Quilhen stayed day after day, aye, and returned, we thought, as quick as the Glasgow mail could bring him, for the ruins of Linlithgow had not heard the sounds of a railway train; none could ever reveal to us how he managed to get into the house, but we met him there; Mrs. Sutherland seemed to take a special interest in him; and we heard he had been at tea. "Yet Arabella must despise the fellow." Such was our conclusion while returning one lonely starlight night, with the lady who had chosen to walk from the theatre, while Mr. Hamilton escorted her mother, and whom should we meet but the sugar-merchant himself, coming with most mercantile haste from some late office, just as a sound of screams and scuffling in our way attracted the attention of the party.

We neared the scene of action, and found it was an unfortunate woman almost frantic between anger and intoxication, who showered blows, threats, and curses upon two policemen as they endeavoured to carry her to the station; a crowd of the now liberated gods was gathering, and we, determined to let Arabella see the difference between a military gentleman and the mere civilian who accompanied her mother, commanded them, at their peril, to make way for the ladies. The fellows addressed turned on us no very reverend looks, but there was other game in view. Just at the moment, the woman darted from the po-

liceman, with both hands full of hair, and rushed down the street, but gin had made her feet uncertain, and stepping on the flags, she fell on her face, evidently not much to their dissatisfaction, as she was immediately recaptured.

The unfortunate creature screamed and struggled still, though the blood poured from a long lacerated wound on her brow, and the crowd drew closer round, but McQuilhen was in the midst of them. "Let her go," said he, pushing the policeman, while he slipped something into each man's hand.

"Are you at me too," screamed the now maddened woman, flinging the hair which she still held in his face, with an epithet whose elegance does not merit repetition.

"Glasgow, to the rescue," said we, expecting a scene, but Arabella did not smile.

"You have got a severe cut my poor woman," said McQuilhen, attempting to secure her, "here is an apothecary's shop, come with me and get it dressed."

The sight of her own blood, which she had not till then observed, seemed to frighten the woman into silence. Years of degradation had left their marks on her.

"Such are the consequences of vice," remarked the author of "Caledonian Lays." We said something about acting the good Samaritan, whilst he who was to us but a mere vulgar man of business, gently raised the bleeding woman from the ground and supported her into the shop of a neighbouring apothecary.

Arabella looked long after him, but she did not speak, and next morning, while dressing to visit her, the postman brought us a summons to rejoin our regiment.

We could not think of leaving the field to Mr. Hamilton, all conquering though he seemed, without one charge for victory, but go we must, and therefore, after due consideration of our personal merit, and sundry encouraging advices from our aunt and grandmother, who by the way had been approving spectators of the pursuit, for Arabella had a fortune, we resolved to go immediately and pop the question, thereby giving her a chance of becoming Mrs. Ensign Campbell.

Out we sallied with all our hopes, not the prudent wary expectations that gild our after years with the colours caught from gold; but Arabella was the first of our loves, and their name has since been legion.

The hour was early for visitors, but we found McQuilhen in the drawing-room, well he did look beside Arabella, descending on the value of "clayed Muscovado," but scarce were our greetings over, when a frightened-looking biped whom he called his "young man," bolted into the room with a letter, which he handed to his master, and vanished without a word. The

sugar-merchant glanced at the post-mark, and then tore it open, but something was wrong, for his face began to gather blackness. "No bad news, sir, I hope," said Arabella.

"Why, here its all," said he, handing her the letter, "just take a look at that." Arabella's eye ran quickly over the lines, and we talked on with Mrs. Sutherland, though going mad with curiosity, but it was with that glance of warm but gentle approbation, cast at times upon her friends, that she said in returning it:

"Sir, fortune is always uncertain, and often adverse, but she can neither make nor mar an honourable man."

"There's my opinions," rejoined McQuilhen, with triumph in his large face which we could never win.

Glory to English grammar, thought we, he is done for at any rate; that letter has brought some smash, and the mushroom has not now even his fortune to recommend him.

The sugar merchant took his leave, and Mrs. Sutherland thought proper to accompany him, for the purpose of inquiry or condolence. This was the moment for us, but ask not the history of the half hour which followed; suffice it to say, that before its sands were run, the die was cast, the "question had been popped," and answered in the negative. Arabella was, as usual in such cases, grateful for the honour we intended her, and would even esteem us a friend, but regretted that she could not accept our proposal, and we went home fully resolved to make ready our pistols and shoot Mr. Hamilton.

But whether that literary Jacot had stolen our blessing or not, he could not be found in Edinburgh, having left town early that morning, and as our summons was peremptory, we could not await his return.

A month had passed away, and we were safely quartered at Kilmarnock. Many letters had passed between us and our aunt, on whom we had laid a parting obligation to watch the motions of the enemy. Nothing could she tell of the author or Arabella, and constantly asserted it was all a fuss, but we knew better.

"Here's the paper, sir," said Captain Clarendon's English servant, "and master says there is something in it as would hentertain you."

Thoughts of sabre and pistol rose in our mind as we turned up the matrimonial column; had Hamilton put on the copestone of his iniquity? but no, world of wonders, Arabella was married! and the name she had selected was Mrs. McQuilhen.

We did not believe it, no we didn't for days; there must have been some error in the types, but our aunt's next letter left us no room for doubt, and added, "It will be

a consolation to you, my dear nephew, to know that she has taken a half-ruined man. I have it from the best authority, he is deeply involved by the failure of Mac-Cann and Co.; be thankful to Providence that you have escaped such an imprudent girl."

Years have gone over, and we have never seen the sugar-merchant or his bride; but many of our friends and acquaintances have been treated to a personal description of the former; we have spent the most of our solitary evenings in making all sorts of portraits of him; which some indiscriminating people have called caricatures, and even insisted that he was a very respectable red-haired gentleman; yea, and many a sleepless night have we consumed in vain endeavours to surmise what charms Arabella could find in him, when we were in the question; a brother officer to whom we related the story, in the confidence of claret and half-past one, once assured us it was "the moral society, or whiteness of the soul" (the fellow was very sentimental, and rather plain himself), but we are now certain, in common with all gentlemen similarly situated, that it arose from a want of judgment peculiar to the sex.

The wretch has become a provost too, for he is one of the world's well-doing and prosperous people, and we have voted Glasgow low in all companies, and mercantile men abominable, without exception, in which opinion we are always joined most cordially by the author of "Caledonian Lays."

Stranorlar, 1847.

THE BELLS OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

Merry bells! mournful bells!
 For ye are both by turns;
 As on the ear thy music swells,
 And the heart thy lesson learns;
 The dirge ye are of days gone by,
 And the song of days in store;
 The old year's last fond smile and sigh,
 And the new year's dawn of more:
 For life is all one April day,
 Of rainbow beams and showers;
 While sunshine lends its brightest ray
 To wake but withering flowers.
 Yet peace to thee, old year; farewell;
 Faults had'st thou not a few;
 But friends forget them in thy knell,
 As friends should ever do;
 Of flowers that bloom and so depart,
 With the transient summer sun;
 Of the loving, trusting, breaking heart,
 And the selfish, faithless one;
 Of joy, and grief, and fruitless strife,
 Of hope and "hope deferr'd,"
 And all the littleness of life,

By human passions stirr'd.
 Of these, old year, thou much hast seen,
 All, all to die with thee;
 And the leaves of life will again be green,
 And the bells ring as merrily.
 So, old year, lay thee weary down,
 Thy last is almost breathed;
 And the new year wakes in a garland crown,
 That many a hand hath wreathed.
 What bright resolves! what hopes new born!
 Rejoicing, we behold;
 To be perchance of their promise thorn,
 When thou, new year, art old:
 Yet still be mine the cheerful strain,
 That welcomes new-born times;
 May we all oft "see the like again,"
 Oft list these merry chimes:
 May friendship greet and hearts be gay
 With mirth and generous cheer;
 And the blessed, glorious Christmas Day,
 Make happy the New Year.

The Christmas Books and New Year Gifts.

1. *The Battle of Life*. A Love Story. By Charles Dickens.
2. *The Fireside*. A Domestic Tale. By Percy B. St. John.
3. *Partners for Life*. By Camilla Toulmin.
4. *Christmas in the Olden Times*. By John Mills.
5. *The Musical Almanack*.
6. *Christmas Carols*.

The above are all the Christmas volumes which, having been forwarded to us in time, we are able this month to give attention to. Never before did so vast a shoal of annuals pour from the press, all elegantly got up, almost all similar in appearance, but, oh! how dissimilar in matter!

The "Battle of Life" we approached with prejudged feelings. We had read some half-dozen criticisms, all more or less unfavourable, and we, therefore, felt it rather a duty than a pleasure to peruse it. We are of those who can appreciate a book of this kind better if we read it out, than if we skim over it with the eyes; and on the 26th of the present cold and dreary month, late in the evening, we commenced its perusal. The result may be at once explained. On we read through part the first, and through the second, without pause or breathing time; and so entranced were we, that neither we nor our companions noticed that we were seated by a cold hearth—that our fire had burnt out without our feeling the chill. But cold nor late could make us leave off; and the book was finished. And why were we thus delighted? Because, whatever some hard and unscrutinising critics may say, it is an exquisite—it is a most delightful book; full of rich fancy, and actuated by a bright

and sunny spirit. There is not one character in its pages but what we admire and sympathise with. Grace and Marion are two bright creations. A certain wise-acre has observed, that ten words of common-sense would have saved all the story; did this caviller ever know, or pretend to know, the wayward willfulness of woman's love? and, that with delicate and gentle minds, there are things to be felt, and not told. Marion loved Alfred; but her gentle sister Grace, almost unknown to herself, loved him also, and Marion, the affianced, flies from her father's home, with every appearance of guilt, in order to give up to her sister the heart she (Marion) would have died to win from another. What more noble, more sublime self-sacrifice than this? Ten words of common-sense would have proved ten words of nonsense. Marion was affianced to and loved by Alfred Heathfeld; and there was no hope for sister Grace but in Marion being thought hopelessly lost.

Again: It has been urged, why make a six-year mystery of Marion's real place of shelter? Why? Because Marion knew that she loved her sister's husband, and that her sister's husband had loved her. There is exquisite nature, then, in Marion's remaining absent, until time had mellowed down all these feelings. What more fatal to all parties than for Alfred and Marion to have met with any lingering relic of former passion? But it is idle to meet the objections of partial critics, who, with wonderful unanimity, agree in condemning Charles Dickens since his connection with the *Daily News*. The public will not be misled, and will still continue to read and admire the greatest genius of the age in fictitious composition—one whose powerful and noble advocacy of the pure tenets of morality will serve to counteract the gross immoralities and vice of Eugène Sue and Bulwer—and, since "Lucretia," Bulwer bears away the palm in immorality.

Clemency Newcombe, Little Britain, Snitchev, and Craggs, are all perfect Bozian characters, and in a word, the "Battle of Life" is quite equal to the immortal "Carol." Its last scene is a gem of the first water, and we quote it, premising, that nobody will better spend a pound than in procuring all four of the Christmas books of Charles Dickens:—

"When this was my dear home, Grace, as it will be now, again, I loved him from my soul. I loved him devotedly. I would have died for him, though I was so young. I never slighted his affection in my secret breast, for one brief instant. It was far beyond all price to me. Although it is so long ago, and past and gone, and every thing is wholly changed, I could not bear to think that you, who love so well, should

think I did not truly love him once. I never loved him better, Grace, than when he left this very scene, upon this very day. I never loved him better, dear one, than I did that night when I left here.' Her sister, bending over her, could only look into her face, and hold her fast. 'But he had gained, unconsciously,' said Marion, with a gentle smile, 'another heart, before I knew that I had one to give him. That heart—yours, my sister—was so yielded up, in all its other tenderness, to me; was so devoted, and so noble; that it plucked its love away, and kept its secret from all eyes but mine—Ah! what other eyes were quickened by such tenderness and gratitude!—and was content to sacrifice itself to me. But I knew something of its depths. I knew the struggle it had made, I knew its high, inestimable worth to him, and I his appreciation of it, let him, love me as he would. I knew the debt I owed it. I had its great example every day before me. What you had done for me, I knew that I could do, Grace, if I would, for you. I never laid my head down on my pillow, but I prayed with tears to do it. I never laid my head down on my pillow, but I thought of Alfred's own words, on the day of his departure, and how truly he had said (for I knew that, by you) that there were victories gained every day in struggling hearts, to which these fields of battle were as nothing. Thinking more and more upon the great endurance cheerfully sustained, and never known or cared for, that there must be every day and hour, in that great strife of which he spoke, my trial seemed to grow more light and easy: and He who knows our hearts, my dearest, at this moment, and who knows there is no drop of bitterness or grief—of anything but unmixed happiness—in mind, enabled me to make the resolution that I would never be Alfred's wife. That he should be my brother, and your husband, if the course I took could bring that happy end to pass; but that I never would (Grace I then loved him dearly, dearly!) be his wife!' 'Oh, Marion! oh, Marion!' 'I had tried to seem indifferent to him; and she pressed her sister's face against her own: 'but that was hard, and you were always his true advocate. I had tried to tell you of my resolution, but you would never hear me; you would never understand me. The time was drawing near for his return. I felt that I must act, before the daily intercourse between us was renewed. I knew that one great pang, undergone at that time, would save a lengthened agony to all of us. I knew that if I went away then, that end must follow which *has* followed, and which has made us both so happy, Grace! I wrote to good Aunt Martha, for a refuge in her house: I did not then tell

her all, but something of my story, and she freely promised it. While I was contesting that step with myself, and with my love of you, and home, Mr. Warden, brought here by an accident, became for some time our companion.' 'I have sometimes feared of late years, that this might have been,' exclaimed her sister, and her countenance was ashy-pale. 'You never loved him—and you married him in your self sacrifice to me!' 'He was then,' said Marion, drawing her sister closer to her, 'on the eve of going secretly away for a long time. He wrote to me, after leaving here; told me what his condition and prospects really were; and offered me his hand. He told me he had seen I was not happy in the prospect of Alfred's return. I believe he thought my heart had no part in that contract; perhaps thought I might have loved him once, and did not then; perhaps thought that when I tried to seem indifferent, I tried to hide indifference I cannot tell. But I wished that you should feel me wholly lost to Alfred—hopeless to him—dead. Do you understand me, love?' Her sister looked into her face attentively. She seemed in doubt. 'I saw Mr. Warden, and confided in his honour; charging him with my secret, on the eve of his and my departure. He kept it. Do you understand me, dear?' Grace looked confusedly upon her. She scarcely seemed to hear. 'My love, my sister!' said Marion, 'recall your thoughts a moment: listen to me. Do not look so strangely on me. There are countries, dearest, where those who would abjure a misplaced passion, or would strive against some cherished feeling of their hearts, and conquer it, retire into a hopeless solitude, and close the world against themselves and worldly loves, and hopes for ever. When women do so, they assume that name which is so dear to you and me, and call each other Sisters. But there may be sisters, Grace, who in the broad world out of doors, and underneath its free sky, and in its crowded places, and among its busy life, and trying to assist and cheer it, and to do some good—learn the same lesson; and, with hearts still fresh and young, and open to all happiness and means of happiness, can say the battle is long past, and the victory won. And such a one am I! You understand me now?' Still she looked fixedly upon her, and made no reply. 'Oh Grace, dear Grace,' said Marion, clinging yet more tenderly and fondly to that breast from which she had been so long self-exiled, 'if you were not a happy wife and mother—if I had no little namesake here—if Alfred, my kind brother, were not your own fond husband—from whence could I derive the ecstasy I feel to-night!

But as I left here so I have returned. My heart has known no other love, my hand has been bestowed apart from it, I am still your maiden sister, unmarried, unbetrothed: your own old loving Marion, in whose affection you exist alone, and have no partner, Grace! She understood her now. Her face relaxed; sobs came to her relief; and falling on her neck, she wept and wept, and fondled her as if she were a child again."

The "Fireside," by ourselves, we have, of course, no opinion upon. We have only to thank the artist, J. Wykeham Archer, for the exquisite illustrations with which he has accompanied the tale, and then quote a notice from our good-natured contemporary, the *Sunday Times*:—
The Fireside. A Domestic Tale. By Percy B. St. John.—Lewis.

This is a charming Christmas book, full of beautiful passages and many exquisite touches. The scene is not laid in England, but, in accordance with the true bent of the author's mind, he carries us in imagination over the sea, and sets us down close by the snug fireside of the far West. What matters this, however? Every nation's "home" possesses its associations, its remembrances, its links with the past and the present. Beside every hearth, whether in our seabeated isle or in the great transatlantic continent, a good and an evil genius presides, and to delineate their various struggles to obtain the mastery in the domestic circle must necessarily be the care of some author or another. We look with interest on the internal workings of the human heart, when faithfully portrayed, in any country whatsoever, and therefore fell disposed to accord to Mr. Percy St. John's New York Fireside no inconsiderable share of our attention. The story is very simple. A wealthy highly-gifted young man is introduced to our notice, as Doctor Somers—of course single—of course, also, the admiration of the ladies, and the envy of the less-endowed portion of the New York beaux. He lives alone with his mother, and is depicted as fulfilling with great tenderness the duties of a son. For a time he is satisfied with this course of life. The heaven of his existence seems to be extending itself around clear and unclouded, though monotonous and unvaried. At length a star bursts forth and seems to shed renewed light, while it kindles the fire of ambition in the young man's heart. Eugenia Lawrence is lovely, bewitching, good, and amiable, with a few of woman's failings dashed in by the way, to make the whole more piquante. They meet, and mutual love is the consequence, and after a time marriage, which promises fair to turn out happily for both. But—Oh! that there

should ever be a but to knock us down on the very threshold of happiness—but, we say, Eugenia has a mother—an artful, scheming, extravagant mother—who begins at once to lead the young bride into every sort of expense and deception. The interest at this point of the story becomes great—the brief lull in the course of events, the intrigues of the mother, the explosion, at length, are well described, and the catastrophe it brings about is ably imagined. We will not spoil our readers' zest for the tale by enumerating any more of the incidents, but we will observe that the chief charm of the work lies in the many beautiful passages scattered throughout, and which will invite the reader to pause and dwell long and kindly on the page.

Where there is much to praise, it would seem to some hypercritical to find fault, but we contend that the opinion is a wrong one, and affirm that when we are able to speak in terms of laudation of a book, the author can better bear to have certain faults pointed out. In "The Fireside" there is one character to which we decidedly object. We allude to Colonel Devereux. He is an excrescence which we could well have dispensed with, the more especially as his introduction is in no way necessary to the proper working out of the story. An author always possesses his materials in his hands free to mould them as he pleases, and the end which Mr. Percy St. John had to answer would have been attained equally well had the colonel been omitted. Or even had he been suffered to remain, the concluding paragraph, alluding to his mysterious seclusion and death, should have been left out. But this is what some, perhaps, would not object to; we shall therefore not pause to dwell further on this point, but proceed to extract the following little passage, which is full of genuine feeling:—

"Alfred stood by the bed-side of the dying Christian, of the crueller worldling; he saw—what all his calling are bound in their stern duty to see—the only beloved child fade from the grasp of agonised parents—left, Crusoe-like, upon the bank of time, gazing for the friendly vessel which is to waft them to that continent whither has fled the cherished object of their love; he saw the father and mother die, surrounded by little weeping things. All this and more—the hourly picture which this world presents to the physician—met his eye; but he came home, dashing from him the memory of his duty, and was by his fireside ever the same quiet thoughtful being which he has been already represented."

The few lines which we now extract will secure our readers' admiration:—

"A smile is as the dew; whence it riseth

and how it cometh must be [known ere its value can be appreciated. As the dew of the bituminous swamps of the Amazons, pregnant with rank vegetation, is infectious and destructive to life, so is the smile of the seared heart and guilty soul poison to all around; but as the dew rising from healthy soil is surcharged with qualities favourable to life, so is the smile of the pure and good delightful to the observer."

The moral intended to be conveyed is good, and the scene where the story is laid permits one or two little incidents and sketches which would appear improbable in a story of the same domestic kind in England. As it is, they do not appear out of the way at all, and we read the whole narrative with much delight. We feel sure our readers will like the following extract:

"The room was tastefully and elaborately decorated; rich carpets covered the floor, while a piano, harp, and other instruments, with books grave and gay, and every peculiar species of female kill-time, amongst which that most silly of all, fancy work—which can be bought much better, and do good by buying—was conspicuous, with its frames and wool, showed that the presiding genius of the place made it no hermitage.

"Eugenia, who knew her mother-in-law's own tastes, felt all this kindness and attention most keenly; in nothing, too, more clearly shown, than in the comfortable apartment assigned the English lady's maid; and as she sat, almost bewildered in the silent contemplation of her new position and new duties, could not refrain from giving her a silent and heartfelt blessing.

"She was in a meditative mood; thinking with fresh, *naive*, and innocent heart, of how to deserve her husband's and his mother's affection; she was wreathing mental garlands, rich with odours, sweets, and honey and bloom, for the fireside—garlands which seemed to rise and encircle, not only the sacred domestic hearth, but to entwine all nature in their pleasant chains, and to bind hearts, and souls, and hands in flowery bondage; when the real world burst upon her, and the fetters that bound her were for the moment broken.

"Mrs. Lawrence was announced.

"Well, my dear Euge,' said that hard, selfish, egotistical mother, 'how well you look. But really that costume does not become you. That morning dress, though new, has grown out of fashion already.'

"Why, mother dear, it is but a month since it was the rage.'

"A month, my dear, why that is an age!' exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence, sinking into a cosy comfortable rocking-chair.

"Have you breakfasted?' said Eugenia, with a smile; for it had been an age of happiness to her.

“Yes, my dear, but really these English servants are abominable.”

“I think Jenny a good creature enough.”

“But so vulgar and with no sense. I dined off roast chicken yesterday, and she had the impudence to put one on my table this morning. It certainly was untouched; but I have told the girl fifty times I will never see anything twice. Is it not provoking?”

“Very,” replied Eugenia, but in a tone which belied her words, for in one week she had learned, not only to lose all sympathy with such thoughts; but her right feeling, unchained, had shown her their folly, littleness, and, in her former position, their crime.

“I have come this morning, my dear, continued her mother, ‘to take you a regular round of shopping—so order the carriage.’

“Eugenia obeyed with some reluctance, a link of the fireside garland yet entwined her heart.

“And now, my dear,” still continued Mrs. Lawrence—for we must speak of these vulgar things—the tradespeople are all getting rather impatient, and I must pay them something.”

“What is the sum, mother?”

“Why, it is rather heavy, dear, but I have no doubt Dr. Somers will let you have the amount, when he knows it was to keep up your position in society, and to prepare you fittingly to appear as a bride.”

“How much is it, then, mother?” said Eugenia, quietly.

“Eight hundred dollars—it is really!—and then I shall have some small things to pay.”

“I will write you a cheque, mother, for eight hundred and fifty.”

“A what?” exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence, quite thunder-struck.

“A cheque, mother.”

“Why, Euge,” continued her amazed parent, a flush of pleasure and astonishment diffusing itself over her usually pale countenance, ‘You do not mean to say he allows you to write cheques?’

“This is the first I draw,” replied Eugenia, sitting down to an elegant desk; ‘but my account is already five thousand dollars.’

“Your whole fortune? Surely the man is mad! Why in all the years we were married, poor dear Lawrence never allowed such a thing.”

“If he had he would never have had left even a remnant for his child.”

“But Alfred, mother, is generosity itself. His is a noble soul. He has married me, mother, to put faith in, and trust me. What is his is mine, and mine his.”

Here we must take our leave of this

beautiful little book, which is admirably adapted at the present season as a little gift to the young, and as a means of passing away a delightful hour at a corner of a New York Fireside.

“Partners for Life,” by Camilla Toulmin, is an admirable production. A contemporary has described our authoress as the greatest female genius of the age. With the addition of ‘one of,’ we cordially coincide in this opinion, and are quite sure the readers of this volume will warmly second the motion. The tale—which is exquisitely bound and neatly illustrated—is built upon a most simple superstructure. It is the marriage of an eldest son, to one of inferior degree, on which the story is founded; this marriage causes an estrangement and separation between father and son. How this state of things is corrected, it boots not to tell. We can only say, that for simple force, exquisite touches of nature, grace and elegance of language, added to interest in the story, “Partners for Life” is surpassed by no Christmas tale. We are sorry we have no space for more than one extract. We extract from a conversation between Merrythorpe and Mr. Hamilton:—

“And you really are content,” exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, in a voice to which wonder gave the tone, “with two or three hundred a year; for I am sure you cannot have saved enough to bring you in more, and this when in a few years you might realise affluence.”

“Content. And if ever a cheating dream of the delights of wealth come over my soul, I think of the days when as a half-clad errand boy, a few pence were to me a lordly possession, when I taught myself to write, as the first necessary step of an industrious career, and picked up my knowledge of books at the street stalls, lingering over many a quaint old volume, where quaint and perhaps hackneyed thoughts came new and fresh to my eager inexperienced heart. And then on the Sabbath, or some rare holiday hours, I would wander away to the fields and hedge rows, and basking in a soft sunshine, or stretched upon the turf, and sheltered from the summer heat, by a spreading tree, I watched how the light clouds floated majestically across the sky, or melted away into the blue æther, and thought while I listened to the music of nature—the hum of insects, the trill of birds, the roll of the leaves as they were swept together by the breeze—that all should be interpreted as a language of joy, and that youth ought to be a season of gladness, and old age a time of serenity. Oh! Mr. Hamilton, the boy’s instinct was right, and the knowledge was true which came to him through suffering. Fortune robbed me of humanity’s inheri-

tance—a careless childhood, but I have lived over another in the gladness and radiance of Lucy's youth. My friend, my benefactor, it is for you to make real the rest, to crown with fulfilment the hope of a life. My old eyes ache as they rest on the pages of the ledger, my very senses yearn for repose.'

"Christmas in the Olden Time," by John Mills, we have already noticed. We will only add that its success has been equal to its merits.

"The Illustrated Musical Almanac," a visiting table book and drawing-room annual, for 1847, edited and the songs written by F. W. N. Bailey, is without exception the cheapest and most showy and lavishly illustrated production we have seen for some time. The music is by Balfe, Wallace, Alexander Lee, Crouch, and Hatton, while the illustrations are by Phiz, Meadows, Doyle, Weigall, Hine, Hammertin, Warren, Crowquill, &c., and all this for half-a-crown. The music is worth four times the money.

"Christmas, and Christmas Carols," with numerous elegant woodcuts, contains an admirable collection of carols. The whole, neatly got up, for one shilling, being the cheapest Christmas present of the year, and one most appropriate. There are, "To us a child is born," "Adeste fides," and many others in its pages.

The Eagle's Nest; or, The Lone Star of the West.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVII.*

THE TOWACHANIE LAKE.

"There was a frosty rime upon the trees, which, in the faint light of the clouded moon, hung upon the smaller branches like dead garlands. Withered leaves crackled and snapped."—*Battle of Life*.

The Leaping Panther and his six companions were unable to perform the whole extent of the journey they had expected to complete during the day, by reason of the inferior character of their horses and the many tangled thickets and muddy streams which intervened, retarding their progress; and it was dark night even when they reached the proposed camping ground, which was made the goal of their wishes for that day, instead of the picturesque and romantic village of the Comanche Indians, pitched at the foot of Spanish Peak,

and tenanted by thousands of the brave Arabs of the American desert. As is often the case in the northern provinces of Texas, a warm day was succeeded by a chill night, that made the whole party desirous of a warm shelter, which was the more difficult to find as they were compelled to resort to a grove, at no great distance from a position generally occupied by a party of Towachanie Indians, who, though friendly enough to the Comanches generally, were by no means unlikely to avail themselves of the smallness of a party, in order to cut it off, and take the scalps of its members.

About an hour after sunset, however, the Leaping Panther, who rode at the head of the party, drew rein and halted by the edge of a pine grove, that offered both fuel and shelter. Dismounting and hopping the wearied horses where they could take proper nutriment after their fatiguing and harassing journey, he led his companions some twenty yards through the thicket, until they stood upon the borders of a tiny lake, whose dreamy waters trembled beneath the moon's pale light, and whose tiny waves made hollow murmur on the shores. It was one of those exquisite bits of American scenery, where wood and water, grove and lake, seem to vie with each other in picturesque and scenic effect—a spot, where silence, and peace, and quietness appeared to brood over all.

"Camp here," said Chinchea, addressing himself to the white man, the loquacious Benjamin Smith, introduced so unceremoniously to our readers.

"First-chop," replied Ben, with a huge grin, "it ave got jist all four wents; wood, water, sky, and arth. Lug out somethin' a feller can jist dig his teeth into, and I'll swar it immense."

"Look," continued the Indian, pointing with his outstretched arm to the other side of the diminutive lake, where a black mass of rock rose perpendicularly; "good camp. No eyes see fire."

This was true.

The trees formed a crescent round a little bay, completely shutting out all observation of the camp, except exactly on the opposite side, and there, by the light of the pallid moon, could be discovered a perpendicular rock, rising from the water. The Indian knew it well, and had selected the position because least likely to attract the wandering Towachanie on so cold a night.

Every necessary disposition was rapidly made, much to the satisfaction of Ben Smith, who appeared once more in his element, for camping out was as natural to him as sleeping in a down bed to the luxurious dweller in towns, who know not the pleasure and delight which are expe-

* Continued from page 347 of Vol. I, New Series.

rienced by the woodland fire, with no roof save the heavens, no walls save the surrounding trees, no bed save mother earth, and the green sward above her.

The fire was lit, the supper was being prepared by the hands of the lovely Rose of Day, and all proceeded eminently to the satisfaction of the whole party.

"This are pleasanter than outlying with the Bloody Blackhawk," remarked the huge specimen of animated nature who answered to the name of Smith; "he's a varmint I don't half like."

"Then why did the white man join him?" said Chinchea, dryly.

"Don't rile me," replied Ben, warmly, "for I can't just say. I'm a real fevert boy, I am, and no mistake; and, somehow or another, I fell in with thim fellows—but I have found 'em out in time."

"Hugh!" said the Indian, laying his finger on his lips.

All was still as death in an instant. Ben listened with all his ears, but could catch no sound.

"What is it?" he whispered in cautious tones.

The Indian made no reply, but pointed to the lake with his raised finger.

Ben and Chinchea were seated some yards in front of the fire, and near the water's edge, and could see, despite the glare of light which rose from their fire.

"I can see nothing," observed Ben, still, however, in a low whisper, for he knew that the Comanche's caution was the result of experience, and that it behoved him, as a backwoodsman, to take the necessity of the motion for granted.

"Did my brother ever see two moons?" asked Chinchea, after another brief and silent pause.

"Never," replied Ben, half indignantly; "nor no other man."

"But he will see twolights streaming on the lake," continued the Comanche, without noticing the indignation of the Yankee at the lunar supposition.

Ben now clearly perceived the reason of the Indian's caution. The halo cast by some blazing fire spread its influence on the lake, and seemed to cross the rays of the moon, which poured its light towards the party, being high in the heavens, over the rock before mentioned.

"It moves," said Ben, after some minutes of careful observation. "It's thim Towachnies fire-fishing."

"Good," observed the Indian, approvingly. "My white brother is quite right."

"Thin, we may expect rale warm work," said Ben, nodding; as much as to say, "I'm obliged for your good opinion."

"Ugh!" replied the Comanche, sententiously.

The whole party, aware of the probable proximity of an inimical force, now moved silently away from the fire, and concealed themselves within a few yards of its glare, where they could see all without being seen themselves.

Chinchea, accompanied by Ben Smith, skirted the edge of the little bay, and, gaining one of its points, discovered the exact position of the cause of alarm, at the same time that they became aware of its precise character.

"Rale jam," whispered Ben, but whether he meant thereby to apostrophise his own acuteness, or to praise the scenic effect of their cause of alarm, will probably be never known.

"Towachanies!" said Chinchea, after a moment of quiet examination.

About two or three hundred yards distant on the pellucid waters of the lake, were congregated some dozen or more of bark canoes, filled with Indians engaged in the exciting and engrossing occupation of fishing. In each boat were two women, one seated at each oar, directing with their paddles the motions of the canoe, while two or three men stood up, with long spears in their hands, ready to strike their scaly foes; which, attracted by burning torches, pine linet saturated with native pitch, rushed in hundreds to the arms of death. The waving torches making linked ligat upon the water, and casting their fitful glare into the deep and tranquil bosom of the lake, the naked Indian, with excited mien and brandished spears, the almost motionless canoes, and, above all, the utter silence of the actors, made the picture a striking one indeed, and one which even Ben and the Comanche gazed on with no little curiosity.

"What is to be done, Ingine?" said Ben, after a few moments of hesitation.

"Hist," replied Chinchea, quickly, "they come this way."

At the same moment, the tiny fleet, by one impulse, was impelled forward to within less than half their former distance.

A low and angry growl—that of the panther—again made Ben start, but a moment's reflection made him aware where it proceeded.

One by one, cautiously and stealthy, the whole party collected round Chinchea.

"Must we fight?" said Ben, calmly, at the same time cocking his long Tennessee rifle.

"Hugh!" replied Chinchea.

"Jist pass the word then."

"Hist!" again said Chinchea, with a low laugh; "Chinchea has lost his eyes—he cannot see."

And he said a few words to his companions.

A combined yell, fearful and horrible

beyond all hope of description, except it were compared to the dying howl of a hundred wolves, rent the air.

"Heaven and 'arth;" cried the astounded Ben, "is hell broke loose?"

It was the awful Comanche war whoop.

The effect was magic.

The lights disappeared, every Indian vanished, and the whole that remained were the canoes, sleeping like logs of wood upon the still waters.

Again did the party on shore raise their voices, but in song, and the cadence they sang was the war-cry of the Leaping Panther.

Up rose the Indians all; cheerily burnt the lights; on came the canoes, for the combined party of Comanche and Towachanie fishers had recognised the presence of the favourite warrior of the former tribe.

how imperfectly the theory of ice is, practically speaking, understood in England. People talk of its being as hot as fire, and as cold as ice, just as if the temperature of each were a fixed quantity, whereas there are as many temperatures of fire, and as many temperatures of ice, as there are climates on the face of the globe."

If any of our readers contemplate turning philosophers and investigating the properties of heat and cold, and should be so ignorant as not to be conversant with the truth of there being different temperatures of heat and alike different degrees of cold, the above extract may probably increase their somewhat scanty stock of information, and add not a little to their enlightenment.

Sixteen chapters form the component parts of this volume, they are sketches upon curious subjects, i.e. The Flare-up! The Emigrant's luck!! The British Flag!!! Political Poison, &c. certainly not the most interesting subjects to any who have been intending to emigrate to the new world.

The first chapter is headed "The new sky," that is to say the author starts with the assumption, that in America the heavens appear infinitely higher, the sky is bluer, the clouds are whiter, the air is fresher, the cold is more intense, the moon looks larger, the stars are brighter, the thunder is louder, the lightning is vividder, the wind is stronger, the rain is heavier, the mountains are higher, the rivers larger, the forests bigger, the plains broader, in fact a second natural produce is as it were brought into notice: then follows, after two or three chapters, one wherein we cannot speak much for the refined language of the author, entitled "The Flare-up," and what, reader, should you imagine the gist of this chapter to be? a faithful relation of the adventures of a few dissipated tricks of the sons of Alma Mater? or the nocturnal perambulations of some scions of aristocratic sires? Neither we assure you is its contents, but the firing of a "house! Sir Francis Head during his residence in Canada was, as our readers are probably aware, the representative of the British sovereign. Perhaps during his stay many difficulties were to be encountered, and many obstacles to be surmounted. A troop sprung suddenly up to oppose the governor's power; he called them "Nameless demagogues," we prefer terming them rebels; which they were, and who in us excite no compassion or sympathy, the leader of of whom was one Mackenzie. It appears that Sir F. Head was intimately aware of the whole of the proceedings of the insurgents; troops were brought into requisition, garrisons strengthened, proclamations issued, law officers instructed, and an attack commenced upon the

Reviews.

The Emigrant. By Sir F. B. Head. London. John Murray.

We do not remember to have risen from the perusal of any new work more disappointed and more thoroughly wearied than from "The Emigrant," most aptly termed by its author a "strange mixture of grave matter with gay;" for without exception it is the most confused mass of dull and uninteresting detail that we remember to have read. Truly it is interspersed with some indelicate egotistical narrations, with a vast deal of unnecessary matter about the British Lion, &c. Sir Francis Head we have looked upon as being in some sense of the word a clever man, possessing some tact in writing his travels and detailing to the world his adventures; these thoughts are entirely dispelled when looking at the present volume. Some men who have travelled immediately nourish the idea that their proceedings must ultimately afford intense pleasure, and circulate additional information. They believe there is something new about their wanderings, the which novelty will ensure them unequivocal success; the matter compressed in the four hundred and forty two pages through which we have been compelled to wade, may very possibly amuse a fireside party in the new world, if dealt out in a species of humourising anecdotes for a few moments—on paper it is wretchedly dry. Nothing with the exception of the unbounded enthusiasm that welcomed the author in his travels, bears the charm of novelty, or is likely to convey any intelligence or disseminate the seeds of information. Stay, we err, there is information in this extract!

"I have often been amused at observing

rebel quarters who were defeated. The author then speaks.

"It was however necessary that we should march and record by some act of stern vengeance, the important victory that had been achieved; and I therefore determined that in the presence of the assembled multitude, I would burn to the ground Montgomery's Tavern * * * * As we sat on our horses the heat was intense; and while the conflagration was the subject of joy and triumph to the gallant spirits that immediately surrounded it, it was a lurid telegraph which intimated to many an anxiously aching heart at Toronto, the joyful intelligence that the yeomen and farmers of Upper Canada had triumphed over their perfidious enemy, "responsible government."

Reader! hast thou ever seen a mother stricken of her first-born on whom she doated and whom she prized? nature has worked its course! Hast thou ever read of a wife travelling fondly with her husband across some lonely, unfrequented path, where for months human footsteps have feared to tread. Suddenly from amongst the thick foliage has sprung the midnight assassin, and with simultaneous blows, given to death a victim and stolen a wife, while the gnawing vulture gloating over the mangled remains of what once was the Almighty's likeness, pleads supremacy, and pecks the corpse. And hast thou ever read of victors, conquerors, torching the houses of the vanquished and furiously waving over the heads of the people, the destructive fire-brand, crying, "Down with them, down with them, even to the ground." The author of this work may be one of "those souls of fire, and children of the sun who deem revenge is virtue," but he may rest assured that to cultivate the taste of the English people, he must not make sacrifices and utter revengful orations over his victims. The burning even of a rebel's house must not be termed a "Flare-up," nor a triumph printed in letters of gold where the error of the culprit was the fault of the judge. Perhaps it may be as well *en passant*, to notice the egotistical style of the following passage; it may contribute to the amusement of the reader:

"As soon as I landed I was accosted by some of the principal chiefs; but from that native good breeding which in every situation in which they can be placed invariably distinguishes the Indian tribes, I was neither hustled nor hunted by a crowd; on the contrary, during the three days I remained on the island, and after I was personally known to every individual upon it, I was enabled without difficulty or inconvenience, or without a single person following or even stopping to stare

at me, to wander completely by myself among all the wigwams."

Sir F. B. Head then enters into voluminous statements, uttering pages of abuse on any one who unfortunately happens to differ from his way of thinking. Sir R. Peel, Mr. Roebuck, *cum multis aliis*, are included in his condemnatory category. In this world there are to be found eccentric individuals who view the irristible current of public opinion with disdain and contempt, showering upon them epithets of "nameless demagogues," "responsible governors," and such like. We say there are men who despair of ever gaining notoriety save by their own career of inconsistencies. They see for miles the crowd approaching, its numbers are large, its forces strong, it comes closer, it presses, they cling to a lamp-post or a railing, waving their hats, crying, "here I am agreeing with nobody but myself, and differing with every-body." These specimens of individual eccentricities are to be found, we can assure our readers, in this age.

We forbear making farther allusion to this book: the little we have said may, probably afford some insight into its merit, if it have any, and convey some idea of the character of the work. Political it is not worthy to be called, as the curious party opinions of the author appear strangely at difference with those of all thinking men, and if carried into effect would tend to overthrow the whole of our social system, and disarrange that complex but cleverly managed machinery which works our international arrangements.

In a word "The Emigrant" has nothing to recommend it, except its very exorbitant price, and if that can be construed to be an advantage, that it certainly possesses.

Chronicles of the Fleet. From the papers of the late Alfred Seedy. By Charles Rowcroft. 3 vols. H. Hurst.

Mr. Rowcroft in his colonial tales has proved himself an able and popular writer, a character which he preserves in tact in the present romance. Not that the "Chronicles of the Fleet" in the least degree can be compared to the "Tales of the Colonies." The subject is a hard and unpleasant one, and will not bear the same handling; but we can excuse the want of wild interest in the philanthropic object of doing away with the infamous and barbarous custom of depriving a man who owes money of the means of paying that money, by incarcerating him within four walls. The details of the consequences of this relic of dark ages, to the abolition of which lawyers are alone opposed, are heartrending in the extreme, and will be read with anxiety mingled with horror, at the fact that in a civilised country such things should be.

The opening touch, where the ruined merchant enters the Fleet, is good, and the tale is told with all Mr. Rowcroft's usual graphic power. We earnestly recommend these graphic volumes, and extract the description of the MSS. from which the "Chronicles of the Fleet" were taken:—

"My friend settled himself easy in his chair, and prepared to read the manuscript which had inspired us with so much curiosity; but handling the papers, in his haste to begin, rather too carelessly, they slipped from his fingers and fell on the floor; and it was then we remarked the extraordinary variety of pieces of paper on which the story was written. Fly-leaves of books; scraps of paper in which such things as sugar, pepper, and pieces of butter evidently had been wrapped, formed the principal part of them; intermingled with which were sundry backs of letters, with the frequent address of "Mr. Seedy," and occasionally "Alfred Seedy, Esquire," from which we were led to conjecture that such was the name of the literary character referred to by the old man as having penned these Chronicles of the Fleet Prison. They were written in various coloured inks, generally black, but sometimes red, and in some cases brown, and seemingly manufactured extempore from soot or blacking or some such material. The various slips of paper, however, were regularly numbered, as if the writer had been accustomed to compose for the printer, and they were written in a tolerably legible hand, so that excepting when from lapse of time the ink had become a little faded, or when a blot occurred here and there, which my friend pointed out to me as having been possibly occasioned by the tears of the writer, there was no difficulty in reading the manuscripts. Altogether there was an appearance of genuineness about them which made us feel that we had in our hands the records of real events, written by a person who either had witnessed what he described, or had taken down his histories which he related from the lips of those who were the actual actors in them."

The Great Oyer of Poisoning. By Andrew Amos, Esq., late member of the Supreme Council of India. London, Bentley and Co.

When any writer brings before the public a work professedly with the intention of rendering clearer and more distinct a detached portion of history, he is on every ground entitled to a fair field, to have his book fully and minutely investigated, and fairly criticised. Many historical works are published with high sounding titles, bearing the names of authors of some repute,

which cannot be recommended as being particularly remarkable for either erudition or accuracy. A man is somewhat interested from a diversity of causes with an occurrence in history, immediately he conceives that by a few months studious application to the subject, he will be enabled to present to the world an elaborate, though, at the same time, perfectly futile research, composed of details entirely unconnected with the matter under investigation, but which may, in some measure, serve to allure the partially ignorant into a belief that he has effected some striking improvement upon the records of history, handed down to the present generation. It should be remarked, at the commencement, that Mr. Amos has not, in his opinion, been influenced by these considerations. Possessing a thorough knowledge of his subject, being a man of sound classical and historical reading—one who has filled most worthily a high and honourable position in judicial affairs—the sole end that apparently has prompted him to enter upon his work is, the desire to render more intelligible that extraordinary event named by Sir Edward Coke, "The Great Oyer of Poisoning;" to throw a light upon an affair which hitherto has been regarded in a doubtful and, consequently, partially incorrect manner. Even in this much vaunted day of enlightenment, few are cognisant of the precise nature of this deed, and still fewer can even point to any book of note in which shall be found matter that will atone for the deficiency. Historical reading is a branch of literature much disregarded by all classes. To bear in mind a few prominent and remarkable facts by way of serving as illustrations, to enrich a volume or adorn a speech, seems all for which history is now read—an assertion as perfectly true as it is unaccountable. Strange that the most interesting and useful part of the educational system should be so unaccountably and injudiciously neglected. One cause more probably than any other is instrumental in aiding this growing evil, the embittered political sentiment indulged in by historians, who, carried away by their mis-placed reverence on the one side, and ill-judged repugnance on the other, picture in glowing and highly tinted colours, or throw deeply and darkly into the shade, matters of vital importance to a reading community, and with which an honest recorder of events (for such should be the historian) is in no way concerned, than to chronicle faithfully a series of events. How seldom is this done? There are some few in whom is centred a noble and comparatively unerring mind, who, unawed by contemporary opinions, uninfluenced by the petty intrigues of political sections, have written truly—these are but few, and who form grand exceptions

to the general class. With this rule it is either to sketch a case as glaringly and palpably guilty as human invention can possibly make it, *per fas et nefas*, and render other statements as innocent and harmless as a writer's pen is capable of making them. This may be easily seen from the contradictory statements frequently found in the writings of different historians. Swayed by a different party, and when entering with any degree of detail upon a matter of importance, carried away either by their misplaced admiration of an unwise political sect, it is considered honest to abjure all previously entertained opinions, and write in connection with, as well as antagonistic to, a party; so that it becomes a rare thing to fall over an impartially written historical chronicle. It is, nevertheless, we are able to affirm with pleasure, that as far as we are able to judge, from a careful reading of Mr. Amos's work, that it is the most elaborate, as well as clear, and, we have no compunction in adding, most correct and carefully compiled record of that tragedy to which we have alluded, and the remarkable events by which it was followed. Sometime in the reign of James the First, the Earl of Essex, a boy of fourteen, was married to the Lady Frances Howard, a girl of equally tender years, she being but thirteen; and upon the subsequent career of licentiousness and criminal enjoyment of the bride is the book now under notice written. Seven years after this juvenile bridal, by an official investigation, a separation was effected, and the Lady Frances Howard became the wife of the Earl of Somerset, one of the favourites of the king, and who, with his countess, three years after, were the chief actors in the Great Oyer of Poisoning, and appeared to answer to the charges recorded against them in Westminster Hall, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. We do not purpose extracting, nor entering into any legal dissertation with reference to the validity of the different portions of evidence received upon this trial; but rather passingly to notice the comments made by the author upon some of the most important matters in connection with this circumstance. Certainly, throughout the whole of historical annals there are mentioned but few reigns in which the sovereignty of England was so entirely under the control of royal favourites as in the time of the first James. When men raised from the obscurest and meanest positions in society, by an extraordinary stroke of good fortune become admitted into the sovereign's confidence, and wielded the mighty power in conformity with their bigoted and prejudiced notions—for ignorant men, as these courtly parasites were,

must necessarily be incapable of judging fairly or reasoning justly—when in their hands reposed the royal prerogative, it cannot excite much wonderment in the minds of thinking men, that misrule should have been predominant; for, even supposing that any one possessed in himself the elements of being able rightly to govern, his tenure of office and royal conscience but depended upon the uncertainty of kingly will, at all times of short duration, that the disorder consequent upon the disgrace of these men could not be guarded against before it was again thrown into commotion. But scarcely had the vessel of power righted herself from the sudden havoc of the storm, than another and equally destructive sea threatened with increased fury to dash her against the rocks of disquietude, but by new guidance the state-vessel rode for a time under another helmsman, combatting the wrath of pedantic royalty, and striving to avoid the stormy decrees of the council chamber; upon this Mr. Amos remarks truly that "the alienation of the king's affection from Somerset and the ascendancy of Villiers are very necessary to be borne in mind throughout the legal proceedings, from the first collection of the evidence to the verdict of the peers. Of the influence of a reigning favourite in directing and stimulating the exertions of men of the most gifted intellects we have ample proofs in Lord Bacon's letters. There can be as little doubt on the one hand that Villiers was most anxious that the Earl of Somerset should be irrevocably excluded from the royal favour as on the other that the success of Bacon's promotion to chancellorship very much depended upon the good word of Villiers." Truly a pretty state of things, exhibiting the blindness of justice and influence of mercenary matters upon legal tribunals. The conglomeration of evidence that was brought to bear upon this trial is of the most singular description. The whole, or, at least, very nearly so, of the people high in office, seemed desirous of collecting information and accumulating documents intentionally to nullify that which the other strove to effect. For this end the most dishonest practices were resorted to, the most unscrupulous means brought into play to carry out their diabolical machinations; each most vigorously maintaining that doctrine of instability, that the end justified the means. It was a farcical representation, in which king, courtiers, and lawyers played the chief characters. To dignify it with the name of a legal tribunal, were but to cast insult upon the English bar, for when it is found that the instigators of the crime were pardoned, because sheltered by rank and title, and that the less guilty—the hirelings, were hanged, it produces no other effect

than to excite feelings of disgust and contempt not easily allayed at the proceedings in the then called courts of justice in the reign of James the First, and upon which our author remarks that, "The course of proceeding in ancient times for crushing an individual who had excited fears or kindled hatred in the breast of a sovereign was somewhat after the following manner:—Written examinations were taken in secret, and often wrung from prisoners by the agonies of the rack. Such parts of these documents, and such parts only as were criminative, were read before a judge, removable at the will of the crown, and a jury packed for the occasion, who gave their verdict under the fear of fine and imprisonment. Speedily the government published whatever accounts of the trials suited their purposes. Subservient divines were next appointed to 'press the consciences,' as it was called, of the condemned in their cells and on the scaffold, and the transaction terminated with another government *brochure*, full of dying contrition and eulogy by the criminal on all who had been instrumental in bringing him to the gallows." With this extract we now leave this valuable work until a future number. There is much upon which we should wish to make a few remarks. The book deserves notice, and cannot fail to speak much for the energy with which Mr. Amos has sought out the necessary and voluminous documents, with the view of giving the true facts of this most mysterious and, certainly, complicated case.

Don Quixote de la Mancha. London, James Burns.

We are glad that this forms the subject of the third volume of the Select Library; for there are but few who have not read the exploits of Don Quixote—his sallies against windmills and wine skins—his countless absurdities, and remember the mathematical genius of Sancho Panza when attempting the solution of a problem. We must plead guilty to having in our juvenile days joyously skipped over and greedily devoured the myriads of extravagancies of the knight-errand with delight. Cervantes was a great author, none of those scribbling novelists writing to pander to an immoral taste, but one who wrote satires and romances that have neither been equalled nor surpassed. A Spaniard once said, that the publication of Don Quixote's history had ruined the Spanish monarchy, for since that time men had grown ashamed of honour and of love, and thought but of satisfying their lust and pursuing their fortune. With due regard for this opinion, we, with the utmost deference, beg to differ most materially from the assertion. It was not from the birth of Cervantes' writ-

ings that Spain dates its fall, nor from the production of this romance, virtually a satire upon the ridiculous monstrosities of that dubious description of gentlemen luxurating in the equally doubtful *nom de guerre* of knights-errand, but from the individual assumption by each titled Spaniard of aristocratical power. Every man of wealth in Spain not only in the perfectibility of his own imagination, believed himself a king, but tyrannically exercised his arbitrary power, and to this cause alone may be attributed the downfall of Spain. Throughout the whole of Don Quixote, manly courage is not ridiculed, but that species of pomposity sometimes called chivalry, without having amongst its elementary parts one single iota of heroism, and upon which we would quote the editor's words, when speaking of the genius of Cervantes, in delineating the history of the Spanish Don. He remarks; "In nothing is his consummate skill perceived more, than in the way in which he prevents us from confounding the follies of the knights-errand, and of the debased books of romance, with the generous heart and actions of the true christian gentleman. In spite of his hallucination, who can help respecting Don Quixote himself? We laugh indeed at the ludicrous situations into which his madness is for ever getting him, but we must reverence the good christian cavalier, who amidst all, never thinks less of anything than himself, than of his own interest. What is his character? It is that of one possessing virtue, imagination, genius, kind feeling, all that can distinguish an elevated soul and an affectionate heart." Cervantes was the originator of a description of romance writing that has often been attempted to be imitated, but never has been followed, and whether we look upon his dramatic writings or take up Don Quixote, there is that superiority of genius so eminently displayed, which renders his work so highly valuable. It is with honest expressions we thank this publisher for the track he is taking in selecting works for publication. The three that have already been issued, speak well for the taste brought to bear upon the matter—they are such as are suited to the general mind, and Don Quixote, such as it has been read, will be heartily welcomed.

Dyson's Drawing Book. No. 1, 8, 21, 24. London, Dyson.

This work is exceedingly well got up, but of its merits in more essential particulars, we are unable to judge by the detached specimens submitted to us.

The Poor Renewal Act. London, Dyson.

This is one of Mr. Dyson's cheap reprints of important statutes, and will be

found especially useful to guardians, overseers, and other persons engaged in the administration of the poor laws. In an appendix, we find "the opinion of her majesty's attorney and solicitor-generals on the construction of the act," a subject upon which the legal profession are much at variance.

What is Life Assurance? By Jenkin Jones. London, Longman and Co.

This excellent and clearly written pamphlet is received at so late an hour, that we must defer an extended notice of it until next month. We shall only state, that to the insurer, it will prove invaluable.

A Treatise on the Human Teeth and Gums.

By J. W. Merton, M. R. C. S. London, J. G. Collins.

There are few persons who would not profit by the perusal of this little work, which contains the amplest information on the subject of the teeth, their diseases, and their remedies, and is written in a familiar style, perfectly divested of all technical phraseology.

Counsels to Young Men.

The Young Lady's Monitor and Married

Women's Friend. By Mrs. Maxwell.

The Lady's Guide to Epistolary Correspondence. By Mrs. Maxwell.

London, R. W. Winn; Edinburgh, Bowack.

The titles of these works sufficiently indicate their purpose and character; we now therefore only say, they are got up in a very elegant style, and would make appropriate gifts at this season of the year.

Notes of the Month.

PROGRESS OF PUBLIC EDUCATION.

If there is any point on which public opinion is assuming daily more reasonable shape and consistency, it is that of education. Thirty or forty years ago is a sufficiently long vista to look through to bring the dregs and dead carcass of the old system of education within our contemplation. After that date, there arose a heaving and excitement of the educational chaotic system, and several scholars arose who thought it advisable to remodel and improve the modes of conveying instruction both to the higher and lower classes of society. The names of Dr. Valpy, of Reading, and his brother, the Rev. E. Valpy, of Norwich, are cherished by many as having, both by their publications and their oral instructions, performed a mighty service by the improvements they introduced. In accordance with their efforts,

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the old habit of reading everything in Greek through a Latin medium—the use of grammars and lexicons written in the language of perfected scholars, instead of the native tongue of such as wished to make themselves acquainted with the ancient languages—then arose; and editions were no longer commented upon in notes equally difficult to understand as the passage they were meant to elucidate. The plainest and simplest ways of conveying illustration were now preferred to the old scholastic method of the middle ages, which had, doubtless, been useful in its time, but was now superseded, in accordance with the greater enlightenment of the age.

As to the humbler classes of the community, until Drs. Bell and Lancaster showed, in England, the possibility of educating them, and Fellenberg and his colleagues, on the continent, practically demonstrated what mighty stores of talent and intellect might be developed in them, they were altogether regarded as a body incapable of erudition and enlightenment. These steps aroused the strongest prejudices at the time, and there are even now people living who have, apparently, some misgivings whether teaching the lower orders to read and write is not something a kin with dealing in magic and the black arts, and who have a spirit of fear come over them when they contemplate the fact of footmen being able to read, and ladies' maids decypher their lady's hand-writing (often no easy task).

Matters, however, have gone gradually forward, and literary knowledge has no longer remained confined to a caste of literati. The gaping multitude no longer are struck dumb at the exclusive acquirements of the scientific recluse; nor can it be said of them now in the language of the poet—

"And still he talked, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew."

Year after year has witnessed further improvements, and several bold and startling theories have each had their day, while there has still been something crude and lame in the totality of education.

The university system was greatly remodelled and improved, and a more extensive and accurate investigation of classic literature and its tributary streams of knowledge was pursued at Oxford, and the flame thus lit up soon kindled emulative exertions at the sister university; but Cambridge still continued to make mathematical science her distinctive boast and characteristic. For a season, indeed, that kind of knowledge was so pre-eminently honoured, that it bore off the uncontested palm of superiority,

For several years, the material and mathematical sciences appeared to have the exclusive preference in public estimation. A tendency to materialism was apprehended; and the public mind recovered itself from the extreme devotion to these sciences to a conviction that the theory of education had not yet been fully developed.

A subsequent stage adding the sciences conversant with matter and its modifications, absorbed the public taste in such branches of natural philosophy, until a tendency to materialism, and a materialisation of truth created alarm; and the intellect of the country became aware that even this extreme devotion to the sciences above alluded to did not fill up the idea of a perfect culture of the man.

We next must glance at the movements on the continent. Everywhere a conviction seems to have prevailed that their ancient systems were deficient. The foreign universities increased their efforts to advance with the advancing tide of public opinion. They pursued with increasing ardour their course of instructions by the professorial system, and great praise must be accorded to what has been done in Germany, in Prussia, and in Holland, and to their mighty efforts to embrace, by a national system, all classes of the community.

There is, however, one grand defect in the continental systems; they aim at the accomplishment of particular objects—to make a man a lawyer, a physician, or fit him for any other special walk of life; but it has been felt and regretted that they do not mould and elevate his character and information on a truly broad and liberal scale,—they make the accomplished jurist, or elegant linguist, but they do not cultivate a high moral appreciation of his duties and responsibilities as one of the great *human* family. They prepare him for his art, or his trade, or his profession, but they do not elevate either his natural sentiments or his principles as a member of the vast human fraternity. They own this *abroad*; we are not displeased to find others feel their deficiencies as well as ourselves.

Is there any hope, then, of amelioration? We would not willingly incur reprehension for a conceited, overweening appreciation of the efforts of our own times, but we do apprehend that a better order of things is on the point of arising. A great deal has already been done that will prove serviceable. The efforts of previous years and various systems are accurately recorded. We ponder over their mistakes. We have gone through the process of an extensive induction, and it is no great praise that we who have the benefits of the experiments and experience of preceding ages, should be able to define to ourselves an improved

course. We find in the records of the last half century, various theories have been shipwrecked, and the shoal or rock on which they split is noted down in charts for our mental guidance.

But it is not only in the subjects to be taught, and the balance to be preserved in the various departments of knowledge, that we have increased and daily improving information, but the *art of teaching* itself has fallen under the scrutinising gaze of modern enlightenment. The didactic art—the best method of conveying knowledge and developing the intellect of the scholar—in a word, the theory of education is now beginning to be accurately defined, and practically followed out.

In some countries this is sought to be accomplished by forming schools to train teachers, or, as they are termed, “Normal Schools,” a good and praiseworthy effort, and one which has, to a considerable extent, been successful in Holland and Prussia; but we really believe it has been reserved for our own year to witness the rise of a still better and more efficient system for carrying onwards the march of civilisation. We allude to an institution which is now forming to embody scholastics as a regular profession, and to test the competency of such as are entering upon the important business of education. If we are rightly informed, this new institution, “The College of Preceptors,” does not aim at any exclusive prerogative to itself, but in a way similar to the admission into the medical profession, it holds out a diploma to such as shall be found able to pass the examination it proposes as tests of their qualifications. While this collegiate body will be able to act with the power which collective intelligence confers—to concentrate and embody the improvements developed in our own country and abroad, the public will, at the same time, be enabled to secure themselves from the delusive pretensions of ignorant men, who, without any certificate of their ability, assume the post of teacher; and the *middle classes* of society will be especially benefited, for they have hitherto been the prey of every pompous pretender who could manage to secure spacious premises, and the aid of a village painter to emblazon some desperate word, “seminary,” “academy,” or what not, to the admiration of his simple-hearted neighbours. The *higher classes* have already their protection in the diplomas of the universities, which the teachers of the higher order of society must possess. The lower classes are generally under the clergy, or great proprietors in their neighbourhood. But the middle classes, we repeat, needed some protection of the kind, which this new institution offers, and we altogether coincide in the high eulogiums which in *THE MIRROR*, in

"Hood's Magazine," and in an extensive portion of the periodical press, have been expressed of this new collegiate institution.

May it prosper! May it be successful in raising that highly praiseworthy class of men into an honoured profession. For the classes, upon which the defence of our great social and political institutions depends, must imbibe through *these instructors*, principles which will continue to sustain and elevate their character—or prejudices inimical to the advancement of civilisation; and the sentiments of those who are instructed must always be tinged and influenced by the dignity and abilities of their preceptors.

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

We present to our readers the following address:

"The Council of the College of Preceptors desires to address both the public and the scholastic profession, and to invite their most serious attention to the consideration of their plans, which have been hitherto most favourably received and universally recognised as well adapted for effecting the objects proposed. The society was established in the month of June last, and already it has enrolled a large portion of those private school-masters who are most anxious to raise the standard of education. It wishes also especially to address those young men who are desirous of entering the profession, because it offers them the greatest and most important advantages; it gives them at once, and at an easy rate, the full opportunity of certifying their acquirements by an undeniable authority; it gives them the power of placing an impassable barrier between themselves and the charlatans, and without limiting their endeavours to one trial, it is prepared to record their gradual acquirements as they continue to ascend in the intellectual scale. In its general plans, this society proposes to obtain legislative authority for the formation of a Faculty of Education with all the rights and immunities that are granted to the existing Faculties of Law and Medicine; to improve and extend the knowledge of the ancient classics; to cultivate and encourage mathematical acquirements, an acquaintance with mixed sciences and general literature; especially to introduce and promote a knowledge of the art of teaching: to discountenance and discard all illogical and empirical systems of education; to encourage learning and merit from every source: or, in other words, it proposes to establish a National Institution for the advancement and improvement of all the intellectual powers; and from the exhaustless mines of native intellect to draw out educators who will render our countrymen in every class not only

competent, but even superior in their intellectual qualifications to the duties which society demands of them, and this without the necessity of engrafting any ill-suited continental system on our cherished habits and customs."

At the same time that we most sincerely approve of the exertions of the council and their views, and that we place in them the utmost confidence, as being men of practice and not of theory only, we would warn them that they have undertaken an Herculean labour, and that they must proceed. They are yet only on the threshold of their undertaking, and they must enter on their more practical department with the utmost energy and perseverance. They have the duty both of teaching parents and children; they have to create teachers and to remunerate their talents; they have to contend against obsolete modes and obsolete subjects; they have to untrammel the minds of the nation, and to teach them how to think, and consequently how to act. But they begin with the foundation, and if that be made sure, whatever is built upon it will be sure. We can almost hail the time when people will, everyone, think for themselves—when common-sense will be a common article, and mysticism and superstition will be heard of only in story. So, with what great ends may not the way be paved! We are advocates for peace, and wars would cease if the people were more wise. We are anxious for many and great social improvements, the realisation of which we scarcely ever did anticipate before this society came into existence, and we only hope that they possess mind and energy equal to their task. We shall anxiously watch their proceedings on the 30th of December, and at their forthcoming examination, and shall be glad to find that they realise our wishes. Heresies and fallacies have shrouded us, and do shroud us, on every side, and the first rays of truth and honest intentions break upon us like the first rays of the morning sun. We see not yet the full orb, but we would anticipate its brightness. We would see our country as great in learning and knowledge as she is in war and commerce. But when we inspect the examination tests of the college, we find the council have overlooked the necessity for establishing an examination in moral courage. The society have not, perhaps, felt the importance of this subject, but we shall return to it—with only stating at present, that its extension is very requisite, and well worth their attention.

BIRMINGHAM PARLIAMENTARY SOCIETY.

We are glad to perceive that this institution is receiving the notice it deserves. We copy the following from *Douglas*

Jerrold :—"We hail with pleasure every association which has an educational object in view, and this new movement in Birmingham, original in its design, appears to us of a very useful character. It is to consist of 150 members, and, in one essential point, to be constructed on the model of the House of Commons. An individual is to be elected premier by a majority of suffrages, and, out of the members, he is to choose his own cabinet. It is expected that each member of the administration will make himself master of all that may appertain to his official department, and thus that stores of useful information will be poured forth in the debates. They who aspire to office as the opposition, will be compelled to qualify themselves for attacks on their rivals, and by this plan of defence and assault, it is expected that political education may be materially promoted. This novel scheme is likely to do much good, if practically carried out with zeal and energy." The institution, however, originated in London, and the Birmingham is an offshoot from the parent society. A *soirée* will be held early in January to celebrate its establishment, and we purpose going down to Birmingham to attend it.

BIRMINGHAM POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

For the information of our friends in Birmingham, we beg to announce that we shall lecture at the above institution on the 5th, 12th, 19th, and 26th of January; at all events, four times in January and February, though the dates may be not quite correct.

FRENCH EMBROIDERY.

We are happy to inform our friends, but more particularly our fair readers, whose welfare and interest are more immediately affected by it, of an establishment in this metropolis which is carried on, not by the artificial powers of machinery moved by steam or water, but by the aid of superior taste for the fine arts, requiring the application of thousands of hands, which can be genteelly and profitably employed, in producing the various articles manufactured.

We refer to the manufactory of embroideries, which has lately been introduced into this country by a gentleman well-known to the literary world, as the author of different statistical and commercial works, F. O. Hübner, Esq., the English correspondent of the Austrian Lloyd, who has proved himself not a mere theoretical man, but an experienced practical man of business.

The manufactory produces embroideries, on cambric and muslin, of the very best quality, to whose accomplishment several French and Swiss ladies had been induced to accept engagements to assist the manu-

facturer, not only by their own work, but more particularly by instructing respectable English females gratuitously, on condition of a short apprenticeship. Several of those learners have already made great proficiency, and are able to earn sufficient to support themselves, or to obtain in their leisure hours, sufficient pocket-money to be independent of their parents' purse. They work at home by their own fireside, a system which recommends the work, particularly to our well-educated, but not opulent countrywomen.

Hitherto, we have been solely supplied with these embroideries from France and Switzerland, but our fashionable retailers at the West-End had often a vexatious competition through the custom-house officers, whose ignorance of the wholesale prices have repeatedly induced them to seize the goods, under pretence of their being undervalued, although it has been proved they had been declared 10 and 20 per cent. above the original invoice prices, and then retailed by them at their sales. This shameful system, which sanctions the speculations of public officers, made it nearly impossible to import, the importer being unable to declare and pay duties on retail prices, when his object is only to sell to the wholesale; and had the effect of prohibiting the article.

There is very little doubt that we are chiefly indebted to smuggling for the beautiful handkerchiefs and collars which are displayed by the fair ladies in our distinguished circles; but as much as we like the result, we never can approve of the principle, and we are happy to see it altered by the new establishment.

It produces any article as cheap as the manufactories in France, and the goods display in the original designs, as well as in the execution, a high degree of perfection, which reflects great honour on Mr. Hübner, and praise to our young English ladies, who, in so short a time, have acquired the art of making such a new use of their needles.

In fairness to our Scotch friends, we must observe that they have for many years introduced the French needlework into their country, and have supplied our markets with large quantities; but important as their manufactory may be in regard to the national interest, their products are of an inferior description to those which we mentioned here, and are not considered the same kind of goods.

In some towns of France, the embroidery work forms the principal employment of the leisure hours of most of the young ladies of respectability, and however difficult it may appear to English ladies at first, the tediousness to the beginner is soon overcome by the interest that is created,

in being occupied with such elegant work, and by the little exertion which is required afterwards, so that on the continent, ladies of 60 and 70 years, gain still their livelihood by it! When our fair countrywomen have such inducements, we are fully persuaded they will not be found wanting in taste and perseverance in aiding, by their ability, to accomplish the object of the introducer of these useful establishments, and to secure themselves at once profitable employment and tasteful recreation.

WHITTINGTON CLUB AND METROPOLITAN ATHENÆUM.

A general meeting of the members of the Whittington Club, was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, on Monday, the 7th of December, 1846, for the purpose of taking into consideration a draft body of laws prepared by the council for the regulation and government of the institution.

Upwards of 500 persons who had already enrolled themselves as members of the club, were assembled and took a very lively interest in the proceedings throughout the evening.

It had been announced that Douglas Jerrold, Esq., would preside on this occasion, but that gentleman being prevented attending by indisposition, it was proposed that Mr. Jenkin Jones should conduct the business of the evening.

The CHAIRMAN considered the proper course would be for the secretary, in the first instance, to read the draft of laws as prepared by the council, and that afterwards they should be proposed and discussed *seriatim*, when it would be competent for any member to suggest whatever alterations he might think fit.

A Member asked whether the laws would take effect from that evening?

The Chairman said, that whatever laws should be agreed upon on this occasion, would at once come into operation, and remain in force until the next general meeting in February, when it was intended they should again undergo discussion and revision.

The Secretary then read the draft of laws, after which each clause was taken *seriatim*.

The preamble and the two first clauses, which declared a determination to found the institution and set forth the objects thereof, having been agreed to,

The Secretary read the third clause, which regulated the election of ladies to be members, by which it was declared, that no lady should be admitted a member of the club without being previously introduced by two lady members, and approved of by the ladies' committee.

Mr. LEWIS objected to the wording of

this law. It appeared to him to cast a reflection on a class whom he was sure they all held in the highest esteem. He saw no reason why so great a check should be placed in the way of ladies becoming members of the institution. The nomination itself would be quite sufficient without the subsequent approval of the ladies' council.

The Chairman: The best reason that can be given for the law, as it is framed, is that it has been prepared in accordance with the express wishes of the ladies themselves.

The law was then agreed to.

On the clause declaring that the annual subscription should be one guinea for London members, and half-a-guinea for country members, being read,

The Chairman said, this was a very important clause, and he hoped therefore it would be discussed in a calm and considerate spirit, for upon the amount of subscription depended the success of the undertaking altogether.

No gentleman, rising to make any objection to the clause, the chairman was about to put it to the vote, when,

Mr. PERCY B. SR. JOHN said,—that as he was happy to see no member was disposed to raise any objection, he should offer but few words upon this clause; it could not, however, escape the notice of the meeting that this was, as the chairman had truly stated, the very pivot upon which the whole of their proceedings turned; for if they should make a mistake in the amount of the subscription to be paid by each member, either by fixing too high or too low a figure, their project must entirely fail. Now what was the first object they sought to obtain? most undoubtedly that of members. The very purpose for which the Whittington Club was originated, was to afford an opportunity to a very large and meritorious class of persons in the metropolis and throughout all the populous towns of the kingdom, to avail themselves of the advantages which the system of clubs and of literary societies that had of late years been introduced was calculated to confer. But this would be impossible, if the terms of admission should exceed the means of those for whose benefit the institution was professed to be established. It should be borne in mind, that the novelty of this institution consisted in the combination of the club and Athenæum. As yet, those individuals who it was to be expected would form the vast majority of a society like this, were at present compelled to resort to taverns, chop-houses and coffee shops, where they paid a high rate for those refreshments which it was intended to supply them with, by the means of a club, at very moderate prices. And if these young men wished to cultivate literary habits, they were obliged to become

subscribers to institutions, at sums that pressed heavily upon their resources, and might be very fairly inferred that great numbers of them were obliged to forego the advantages of those institutions altogether. In his opinion, *one guinea* would be quite enough to ensure success to their undertaking. He was the more inclined to believe this from the very principle upon which it was based—that of cheapness—since cheapness was now the commercial order of the day. Wherever that principle had been introduced, it had been invariably successful; and in no department, perhaps, had it been more conspicuously so than in that of literature. Who could estimate the vast amount of good which cheap literature had conferred upon mankind! and it was a very distinguishable feature in the case of literature that in proportion to the cheapness was the excellence of the productions. Without wishing to make any invidious observations, he might boldly challenge a comparison between a “Chambers,” and a “Metropolitan” journal—a three-half-penny and a three-and-sixpenny work! But there would be something like a breach of faith if they were now to raise the subscriptions, for a great number of young men had joined them upon the distinct understanding that the amount should be only a guinea. If, however, it should ultimately be found that one guinea was not equal to the expenses they would have to defray, it would be quite competent for them, on a future occasion, to increase it. He however entertained no apprehension on this point, and should therefore propose the adoption of the original clause.

Mr. LAWRENCE was fearful that one guinea would be found too low a rate of subscription.—(Cries of “No, no.”) Their expenses at the outset would be very heavy, and it was most desirable that the institution should not be involved in debt. It would be much better to subscribe a larger sum in the beginning, so as to realise an amount equal to their outlay, and then, if it were found practicable, to reduce the subscription hereafter.

Mr. HEBBERT entertained similar views to those of the last speaker.

Mr. HARPER thought they ought not to lose sight of the fact alluded to by Mr. St. John, namely, that almost every person who had paid his entrance fee had done so with the distinct understanding that the subscription would be *one guinea*. There appeared to him to be an unnecessary degree of alarm as to the large demands that they would have to meet. These could only be incurred gradually; and what, perhaps, would form one of their heaviest items by-and-bye, when they should have become fully established, would in the be-

ginning be a mere nominal charge—he alluded to the library.

A Member thought it would be most beneficial to fix the sum as low as possible. The increase of numbers would make up for the lowness of the amount. It would shake the institution to its foundation, if they were, at the very commencement of their proceedings, to double the subscription, as originally announced.

Mr. PEACOCK was in favour of the higher subscription. He stated that the Mechanics' Institution started at the rate of one guinea a year, but the committee found it impossible to carry out their objects, and the numbers fell off. They then raised the subscription four shillings a year, and the institution had ever since been in a flourishing condition. As to the increased sum operating as a prohibition of juvenile members, that he considered a mere phantom, for the very gratuities which they now paid to the waiters at the coffee-houses, amounted to more than the whole subscription to this club would do.

Mr. YAPP, the secretary, could not help observing that all the gentlemen who had argued in favour of increasing the subscription, had proceeded upon an erroneous assumption. They stated that a guinea subscription would not be adequate to meet the expenses of the institution, and therefore it was necessary that the subscription should be raised to two guineas; but this was altogether an erroneous view of the case. The subscription money was not intended to defray the preliminary expenses: those expenses would be paid out of the entrance fees. Now, although at present the entrance was half a guinea, yet it was intended, as soon as there should be 1000 members, that the fee should then be increased to one guinea. This would afford an ample fund for houses, furniture, and every other expense. Reference had been made to the Mechanics' Institution; but the gentleman was incorrect in stating that the falling off of that institution was in consequence of the lowness of the subscription fee. The Mechanics' Institution went on prosperously enough for a little time, and why only for a little time? Because, scarcely had it been founded, than other similar institutions sprang up, and these drew away from the parent institution all those who lived in their immediate locality. The committee of the Mechanics' Institution then tried the experiment of raising the subscription. This answered very well for a short time; but they soon fell off again, and they were now in a worse state than ever they were; so that increasing their subscription did not prevent their gradual decline. The Westminster Literary Institution was at the same time the lowest in charge and the

most flourishing in numbers and utility. The great failure of all these institutions was in the selection of lectures and lecturers. They gave too many, and upon subjects, oftentimes, too abstruse and uninteresting to attract an audience. He had known a lecture delivered to not more than twenty-five persons. The Aldersgate Institution presented a model of good management, and the result was a large surplus fund, after all the necessary outlay had been made.

The clause fixing the subscription at one guinea was then agreed to amid loud cheers.

The Chairman said, that at present the council was two unwieldy for working purposes, and he should suggest that a managing committee should be appointed.

Mr. Sr. JOHN—While regretting the necessity of appointing such a committee, acceded to the suggestion, and proposed that fifteen should constitute the committee.

After a few observations the motion was agreed to.

A vast majority of the meeting evinced their desire by repeated acclamations that the institution should be available on the Sundays, but there appeared to be a select few who were very strenuously opposed to it, and they contrived to keep an uproarious clamour for some time, but they at last yielded the point, and the Sunday was carried, amidst loud applause. The whole of the resolutions having been gone through, it was then ordered that the same should be printed as amended, and that copies be delivered to each member. The laws to take effect forthwith, but to be subject to revision at the general meeting in February.

The meeting, which continued crowded throughout the evening, and whose whole proceedings were marked by great business-like tact, broke up at eleven o'clock.

BURIAL IN TOWNS.

The invaluable and generous services of Mr. Mackinnon, M. P. for Lymington, appear about to be crowned with success. The public mind is thoroughly imbued with the conviction, that a change must take place; and when the enlightened author of "Civilisation" introduces his measure into Parliament in the ensuing session, he will, we hope, be supported by the votes of men of all parties. The subject is placed in so clear a light, by the following speech, (delivered April 8, 1845) that we have no hesitation in transferring it to our columns:—

Three years are past since first I called the attention of the House to the practice of interments in large towns. My suggestions were in the outset little attended to, even much laughter was excited: the idea

was by many deemed novel, if not visionary; but at length, with some reluctance, a committee was granted by the House to investigate the question. When the evidence of parties acquainted with the practice of intramural interments was brought before the committee; when the evidence of medical men, the first in this town, was given, the members of whom the committee was composed were astonished and shocked at the abominations disclosed; and they came to the unanimous resolution to recommend the abolition of interments within large towns and populous districts. Since that period petitions without number have been presented, and the shocking practices prevalent in grave yards of the metropolis have appeared in various forms before the public, and have excited equal indignation and disgust. It is neither my inclination nor my intention to enter into any statement of the customs of ancient times; I will only observe, that from the time of our Saviour and of the early christians, until corruptions entered into the Church, no interments in churches or in towns took place. All the early christians were interred out of the precincts of the living. Not to take up the time of the House, I will at once proceed to the report of the ecclesiastical commission, which is as follows:—

"The practice of burial in the church or chancel appears to us in many respects injurious, in some cases offensive, in some instances by weakening or deteriorating the fabric of the church, and in others by its tendency to affect the lives or health of the inhabitants. We are of opinion, that in future this practice should be discontinued, so far as the same can be effected without trenching on vested rights."

Now, sir, by whom is this signed? Not by any members of Parliament hostile to the Church, or desirous of innovation; not by any members of the Opposition, but by the archbishop of Canterbury and the following names: Durham, London, Wynford, Lincoln, Tenterden, C. N. Tindal. Now let us see what say the committee of this House when it gives its Report:—

"Resolved (1842)—That the practice of interments within the precincts of large towns is injurious to the health of the inhabitants thereof, and frequently offensive to public decency."

On what is this report founded but on the most shocking evidence disclosed of the manner in which the remains of the dead are treated, and of the unhealthiness of the practice of putting the dead amongst the living. When Sir B. Brodie is asked, "Do you consider the state of the grave yards in the metropolis as one cause of fever and disease?" his answer is, "I have always

considered that as one cause." What states Dr. Chambers? "I have no doubt," he answers, "that fever called typhus, even in the cleanly quarters of London, owe their origin to the escape of putrid miasma. I should presume that over-crowded burying grounds would supply such effluvia most abundantly." When this last report was alluded to by me in this place two years ago, my right hon. friend the secretary for the home department declared he was not yet satisfied; that he must require further evidence; and a special commission was issued to a very able and intelligent gentleman, Mr. Chadwick, to investigate the subject. What says his report?—

"That all interments in towns where bodies decompose, contribute to the mass of atmospheric impurity injurious to the public health."

This able report is so well known, and has been so generally perused, that I need not comment on it any longer; but I will next proceed to the last Commission on the Health of Towns, whose report was published early this session, which says—

"Amongst other causes of the deterioration of the atmosphere in towns, our attention was called to the practice of interring the dead in the midst of densely populated districts. Instances have been brought before the commissioners of the great evils arising from the condition of the graveyards in several large towns, Shields, Sunderland, Coventry, Chester, York, &c., and we deem it right to draw attention to the existence of such complaints."

Now, sir, it may seem that quite enough has been said by the commissioners on the health of towns, and by the committee, to satisfy the most incredulous that the nuisance exists; but my right hon. friend still doubts, he is not yet satisfied: like St. Thomas, he is still incredulous. I cannot help thinking my right hon. friend does not like to believe in the nuisance, because it may be very difficult to remedy the same. One of the Popes in days gone by, when told the earth moved round the sun,—that such was discovered by Copernicus, said, "It may be true, and I believe it, but I shall save much trouble to myself if I say I do not believe it, and I will persist that such is not the case." Now the right hon. gentleman says the people are still desirous to continue the custom of interring the dead in the midst of the living; but I confess I am at a loss to see what portion of the community is so desirous. Not the upper class. I am sure the middle classes are not; and I see no appearance in the lower class: on the contrary, I have presented petitions signed by thousands against interments in towns, and none have appeared except from a few interested persons, speculators in grave-yards in the

metropolis in its favour. What says the gentleman who is Principal of Clement's Inn? I will just read his letter to the House.

24, Surrey Street, Strand, 3rd March, 1845.

"Sir—Observing that you intend to call the attention of the House of Commons to the necessity of promoting the health of large towns by preventing interments within their precincts; I beg, as the principal of one of the minor Inns of Court (St. Clement's Inn), to furnish you with a few facts of the most startling and disgusting character, and which establish at once a case of great injury to the health of a thickly populated district, and of disgrace to a civilised community. Within one-eighth of a mile from Lincoln's Inn, and abutting on St. Clement's Inn, is a building known as Enon Chapel, now used by what is called a temperance society in the morning for an infant school, and at night as an assembly room for dancing. The building measures less than sixty by twenty-nine feet, and the part occupied by the living is separated from the place of interment (a cellar) by an indifferently constructed wooden floor, the rafters of which are not even protected with lath and plaster. From 1823 to 1840, it is stated and believed, that upwards of ten thousand bodies were deposited in the cellar, not one-fiftieth part of which could have been crammed into it in separate coffins, had not a common sewer contiguous to the cellar afforded facility for removal of the old, as new supplies arrived. In the cellar there are now human remains, and the stench which at times issues through the floor is so intolerable as to render it absolutely necessary that the windows in the lantern roof should be kept open. During the summer months a peculiar insect makes its appearance; and in the adjoining very narrow thoroughfare, called St. Clement's Lane, densely inhabited by the poor, I need scarcely inform you, that fever, cholera, and other diseases, have prevailed to a frightful extent. Over the masses of putrefaction to which I have alluded, are children varying in number from one to two hundred, huddled together for hours at a time, and at night the children are succeeded by persons, who continue dancing over the dead till three and four o'clock in the morning. A band of music is in attendance during the whole night, and cards are played in a room adjoining this chapel-charnel house. The police have declined to interfere, alleging that the building does not come under the description of a place of amusement, as defined by the act of 25 Geo. II, c. 36; and as there is no probability of the inhabitants in the immediate neighbourhood giving evidence of their own amusements being a

nuisance, there is little prospect of the saturnalia being discontinued, unless the attention which you may be able to excite shall lead to the adoption of some extraordinary means for removing the Ebon plague-spot from the centre of the metropolis.—I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient humble servant,

“GEORGE BRACE.”

“William Alex. Mackinnon, Esq., M.P.” Now here is a highly respectable gentleman, a lawyer, the head of Clement’s Inn, who tells you of the evil, and openly gives his name, and permits me to mention it to the House. Before I sit down, allow me, sir, to allude to the opinion of a very good and able person, so early as the days of Charles II, Evelyn, the author of the ‘*Sylva*’ who says,—

“The custom with the early Christians was, ‘*In urbe ne sepelito ne urito.*’ If then it was counted a thing so profane to bury in cities, much less would they have permitted it in their temples. Now, after all this, would it not raise our indignation to suffer so many persons without merit, permitted to lay their carcasses, not in the nave and body of the church only, but in the very chancel, next the communion table, ripping up the pavements and removing the seats, &c., for some little gratification of those who should have more respect for decency at least.”

Now, Sir, I will only add, that in this metropolis, the number interred in the midst of the living, is one thousand in a week nearly; in the whole of the kingdom that number per day. What a hideous and dreadful apprehension does not this number of dead interred among the living create as to the future consequences that may arise! What will this House have to answer for, if at the end of an uncertain period, a pestilence or some direful malady should arise in the population, and spread universally through the ranks of society! What would, what will be said by Europe and the world, if in the nineteenth century, the disgraceful practice of interment of the dead in the midst of the living, is not only permitted, but practised, by the most civilised nation, in the most civilised metropolis, and amidst the most wealthy population of the world? Sir, I hope the vote of this night will at once declare the sense of this House, and put an end to a disgraceful abomination, of which the most barbarous people in this globe would be ashamed. If I succeed in moving my resolution, that in the opinion of this House the interments in the precincts of large towns and of populous districts is injurious to the health of the inhabitants, and contrary to public decency, I shall then proceed to bring in a bill to that effect, not under a very sanguine hope that I can pass such a bill un-

less supported by her majesty’s government, but to keep up the public feeling, and to act as a pioneer in a work which I deem not only absolutely necessary for the health of the people, but required by public decency, and creditable to the legislature by whom such sentiments are entertained, which sooner or later will and must be adopted. The hon. gentleman concluded by moving—

“That this House is of opinion, that the practice of interment in towns and crowded districts is injurious to the public health, and exposes the places of sepulture to desecration, and the remains of the dead to acts revolting to moral and religious feelings; and that such practice ought to be abolished as early as it is practicable, consistently with the object of making due and proper provision for interment, and for the protection of vested interests in all accustomed fees and emoluments.”

THE ROCK BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.

Nothing, perhaps, shows to a greater extent the progress we have made in civilisation, than the formation of companies and societies. Thus, public works are accomplished which would be beyond the efforts and means of private individuals, and persons of the lower classes are assisted in the purchase of property, who, without some such help, would be unable to do so. If anyone would rapidly consider in detail the immense machinery requisite to be set on foot in the construction of a railway, he would instantly discover the value of the existence of such powerful corporate bodies. Not but these may be subject to abuse; but they will, no doubt, improve and keep pace with the enlightenment of the age. Among public bodies, building societies deserve a prominent place. To one of these our attention has been particularly called—we refer to the Rock Building and Investment Society. The object of this society appears to be this:—By the payments of its shareholders, to form a fund, from which money may be advanced to the members, to enable them to purchase freehold or leasehold property; and for this purpose every shareholder shall be entitled to receive an advancement of the funds of the society on every share, and so in proportion for every half and quarter part of a share he may subscribe for, after the rate stated in tables which may be found in the little pamphlet published by the society. The payment of the advance to be secured to the society by a mortgage of such freehold or leasehold property. The object of this society is excellent. Its provisions are framed with a due regard to equity. Should any shareholder, having been a member not less

than one year, be desirous of withdrawing any shares on which he has not received an advance, he shall be allowed to do so, on giving to the board one month's notice. Another excellent idea is, that the widows and orphans of deceased members are always to have the priority in the payment of the money paid by a shareholder.

In case of a member dying, no right or benefit of survivorship shall be had or claimed by the surviving shareholders; but the shares and interest of the deceased member shall belong to his executors, who shall have as much benefit as the shareholder could have had in case he had been living. What can be more fair or honest than this? No advantage is taken of the death; but, on the contrary, the money is paid over to the heirs of the deceased member, at or after the third monthly meeting subsequent to the demise. The subscription is ten shillings per month on each share. Every shareholder shall, from the date of his certificate, commence paying his subscription money (ten shillings) for each share he may hold, and shall afterwards continue paying the said subscription money of ten shillings per share, per month, with all fines that may be due from him, at every succeeding monthly meeting, until the termination of the society; such payment to be made at the office of the society, between the hours of seven and nine o'clock in the evening, or at such other times and places as may be appointed for that purpose. The offices are at present at No. 26, New Broad-street, City.

The name of fine always conveys an idea unpleasant to those who would join societies. We, therefore, hasten to show our readers that those in this society should not deter persons from entering. Every shareholder neglecting to pay his subscriptions at the time appointed, shall be fined on each of his shares as follows:—sixpence for the first month, sixpence for the second, a shilling for the third and fourth, and two shillings for every subsequent month. Any shareholder (not having received an advance) continuing to neglect the payment of his monthly subscriptions, until the fines increased thereby shall equal all the sums actually paid by him, shall cease to be a shareholder, and forfeit all his interest in the society.

It would exceed our limits to enter into any greater detail at present: we would refer to the prospectus printed in the present number. Rightly to understand the principles upon which this excellent institution is founded, our readers should procure the copy of the rules and regulations, which are written in so clear a style, as to be perfectly intelligible to all.

THE THEATRES.

There has been scarcely anything doing at the theatres during the early part of last month, with the exception of Drury Lane, that is worthy of being recorded in our pages, managers having, we presume, been so much engrossed by the preparation of the Christmas pantomimes and other season-pieces.

DRURY LANE.

Another new opera from the prolific pen of Balfe was produced at this house on the 11th ult., the libretto being by Mr. Bunn. The plot, which is derived from the French, is as follows:—It turns upon the love of Madame Corinne (Miss Romer), a young widow, whose husband, a West Indian proprietor, dies, leaving her very rich; she has long cherished an affection for a young mulatto, Camille, but whom she has lost sight of; she sees Ardenford (Mr. Harrison), and thinks that he is Camille. The Marquis de Vernon (Mr. Weiss), wishes, however, to gain her hand for his son Count Florville (Mr. Rafter), a young spendthrift. The usual mistakes and contretemps take place. Ardenford turns out to be Camille, the marquis, his father, and the young count his half-brother, with whom he was about to fight a duel, when Madame Corinne comes forward, explains the matter to the count, and gives her hand to Ardenford. The other characters introduced were Viscount Morliere (Mr. Horncastle), Malapropos, Ardenford's valet (Mr. Harley), Jaloux, innkeeper (Mr. S. Jones), Grisette, his wife (Miss R. Isaacs), and Frivole, lady's maid (Mrs. Hughes). In the first act, the scene is laid at Rancy; in the second and third, at Paris.

The success of the opera has been most triumphant, and Mr. Bunn has received his reward for the great outlay incurred in its production, and has had the rare felicity of receiving the almost unanimous praises of the critics.

The music is exceedingly beautiful; among the choicest morceaux we may mention the following ballads—"It is not form it is not face," "Go, memory, go," and the guitar song, "Love in language," which were all exquisitely sung by Miss Romer; a buffo air, "There is nothing so perplexing," sung by Mr. Weiss, and two songs "When fond remembrance," and "They say there is some distant land," which fell to Mr. Harrison. A chorus and *morceau ensemble*, which concludes the quartet, is also very good, and the grand *finale* is well worked up.

Of the performers it is our pleasing task to speak favourably. Miss Romer acquitted herself well in her part. Mr. Weiss has dropped into the old men's parts, as if they were made for him; he has lately much im-

proved, but more particularly in these characters, which suit him so well, that we should hardly fancy him again in anything juvenile. He sung the comic air we have alluded to exceedingly well, and has always been well received. Mr. Harley is an old established favourite. His vocation is to make people laugh, and he does it so successfully that his mere appearance generally produces a risible effect. The subordinate parts were also well sustained. Miss Isaacs, as the grisette, acted nicely, and Mr. Jones, as her husband, an innkeeper, played the character well. We must not omit mentioning that on the first night Miss Romer, Messrs. Harrison and Weiss were called for; next Mr. Balfé made his appearance; and lastly, Mr. Bunn, who availed himself of the opportunity to address the house.

THE LYCEUM.

This popular theatre re-opened its doors last Monday, and commenced another season, under the Keeleys, with a version of Dickens' new Christmas tale, "the Battle of Life," which was produced with the sanction, and under the superintendence of its author.

As the plot of the piece is, no doubt, familiar to our readers, from having perused the tale itself, we shall not inflict on them the tedium of relating it, but proceed at once to state the cast of characters, &c. The character of Clemency Newcome was sustained by Mrs. Keeley, and never do we remember to have seen her to greater advantage. Mr. Benjamin Britain was played by Mr. Keeley, in his usual droll manner, and as though he seemed to appreciate to the fullest extent, the author's conception; and Frank Matthews was peculiarly happy in his delineations of the quaint old physician, Dr. Jeddler. Miss Daly, as Grace, we much admired, as we also did Miss May, as Marion; indeed the entire round of characters were ably supported, and the way in which the play was put upon the stage must be allowed to have materially influenced its success. At the conclusion of the piece Albert Smith appeared before the curtain, and there was a loud call for Mr. Dickens, but he was either not in the house, or did not care to respond to the call for him.

THE ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS.

These amusing singers, after a prosperous tour in the provinces, have again favoured the metropolis with their presence, and with a success quite equal to their expectations, we should imagine, for the house was filled on Tuesday evening last. Those who have not yet heard them, we recommend to go, and they will not repent it; they sing their harmonised airs with

much expression, indeed far superior to anything of the kind we have lately heard.

SACRED PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The "Messiah" was performed last Wednesday by this Society, to a full attendance, in the room of Exeter Hall. The performance was anything but satisfactory to our minds; the chorus and band require a vast deal of drilling to make them efficient.

MR. AND MRS. SEVERN'S CONCERT.

This entertainment was given in the Hanover-square Concert Rooms, on the 3d ult. It was one of the richest treats it has been our good fortune to enjoy for some time past. The chief item in the programme was "an operatic serenade," composed by Mr. Severn—"The Spirit of the Shell." It is a very elegant piece of musical composition, and the libretto by Francis Wyman, is far superior to librettos in general, and, did our space permit, we should much like to make an extract or two in proof. The solo parts were sustained by Miss Birch and Mr. Lockey, and the subordinate parts by Messrs. Shoubridge, Wetherbed, and Hawkins, and Misses Cubitt and Solomon.

The second part consisted of a selection chiefly of vocal music, by the vocalists mentioned, and Mr. John Parry, who sang his comic song, "The London Season," and was, of course, encored, and Mrs. Severn herself.

THE PANTOMIMES.

DRURY LANE.—The introduction to the pantomime of "Harlequin St. George and the Dragon" is not very conspicuous for literary ability. The first scene is the abode of Kalyba (Horncastle), the Enchantress, who summons her faithful ministers, Earth, Fire, Air, and Water, who have been, much to the satisfaction of their mistress, effecting shipwrecks and earthquakes, and burning down houses, "in spite of Mr. Braidwood and his new Fire Brigade." Intellect (Miss Payne), arrives in a small parachute, to dispute the magic power of Kalyba, and to tell her what he has done, notwithstanding the opposition of Ignorance and Superstition; and, in fine, to bid defiance to her and her crew. Kalyba laughs at the new comer; and, to show him her power, orders Air and Water to cause a shipwreck. Here is an illustration of a storm at sea—the lifeboat saves the crew. Kalyba is not to be baffled, and she commands an earthquake. This is treated in a similar manner. The Enchantress is not satisfied, so Intellect gives her a month or two, to "steal seven little brats" the Champions of Christendom. The scene is changed to an "Infant School,"

in which intellect certainly does not make much progress. "The Exterior and Barbacan of Coventry Castle," brings us to St. George, who is fêted on his birth-day. This scene is full of the fun of pantomime. The champions set out on their different journeys, after St. George (W. H. Payne), has emancipated himself, and enchanted the Enchantress. Egypt is the country of St. George's exploits. Almanzor (I. Matthews) is on the point of being married to the fair Princess, but, as the pantomime states, the lady "has a decided objection to be bound in Morocco." Amongst the tricks there are some that deserved and met with a hearty round of applause. They were mostly of a political character.

HAYMARKET.—"The Invisible Prince; or, The Island of Tranquil Delight," is a happy Christmas hit. The monarch of bombast, Mr. Bland, struts about with inflated importance, to the no small amusement of his audience. In this extravaganza he is the rival of Leander (Miss P. Horton), who, in his adventures, is assailed by the fairy Gentilla, and she presents him, amongst other gifts, with a cap, by means of which he makes himself invisible. With such advantages he entirely supersedes the Infante Furibond, and easily gains the affections of that exquisite Little Pet (Miss Julia Bennett), to the tune of "I'd rather have a guinea," "'Twas you that kissed the pretty girl," "The poor soldier," "The bold dragon," "Pretty Polly, say," and "Get along home, you yellow girls." The house was very full.

PRINCESS'S.—"The Enchanted Beauties of the Golden Castle; or, Harlequin and the One-eyed Ogre," was produced at this house. The scenery is very beautiful. In the opening scene, the bird which carries Frizzlegit to the Golden Castle is of immense size, and its introduction was very cleverly managed. The "Isle of Parrots" has called forth the taste of the scene-painter. The distant figures climbing the balsatic rocks has a curious effect. There is also a very pretty idea in the budding and expansion of a rose, when the enchanted beauties suddenly appear; and the scene where the Princess is discovered through a trellis work, was in the best style of the artist of the theatre. The pantomime was highly successful.

LYCEUM.—The pantomime produced at this establishment is constructed on a somewhat novel principle, being divided into two acts. In the first part the poetical story of the "Butterfly's Ball" is developed, and the second act is entirely devoted to the harlequinade. Mr. Lauri made his first

attempt to play the part of Harlequin. Collier fills the part of the Clown, and he is a truly droll fellow. Some of the transformations were made exceedingly clever, and the machinery worked uncommonly well. The scene of the Freemason's Hall afforded some capital jokes, which told against the "craft." The "grand secret" was cleverly worked. A huge sack was brought on the stage, and after some extravagant jokes between the Clown and Pantaloon, a tremendous red-hot poker was produced. The attempted swindle at the Egyptian Hall of "What is it?" was also burlesqued. Nor were the railway bubbles and the Wellington statue forgotten. The music, by Alexander Lee, was performed by a first-rate band. The pantomime is likely to have a long run.

ADELPHI.—A new piece in three acts, entitled "Columba; or, the Corsican Sister," was brought out at this theatre. Columba (Madame Celeste) is the sister of a young lieutenant, who has been in the French service, and has just returned to Corsica. Her brother, Antonia Della Rebbia (Mr. Howe), has been long absent from Corsica, and during his absence his father has been murdered by a rival family. According to the custom of the country, Antonia is expected, and urged by his sister to take blood for blood, but having imbibed gentler feelings, it is only when convinced by proofs of the guilt of the accused that he consents to avenge the murder of his parent. There is an episodal portion of the piece which turns on the love between Antonio and Miss Neville (Mrs. Yates), but the play concludes without giving any satisfactory account of its termination. Wright, as the Colonel's servant, was very amusing, and Paul Bedford and O. Smith, as two bandits, made the most of their parts. Miss Woolgar, as Chilina, a mountain peasant girl, was loudly applauded. Most of the actors were called before the curtain at the conclusion.

SURREY.—The lessee of this establishment has spared no pains in the production of the new pantomime. It is entitled—"The King of the Castle; or Harlequin in the Land of Dreams."

ASLEY'S.—The pantomime of the "Forty Thieves; or Harlequin Ali Baba and the Robbers' Cave," was produced at this theatre. It would be a needless work to go over the plot of the "Forty Thieves," as we take it for granted that every one has read or seen it. Suffice it to say, that the plot was humorously written, and introduced "the animals" to the satisfaction of a noisy and well-filled house. The "effects" were numerous.