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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OPHIR, THE LAND OF GOLD.

THERE are few things more amusing to the genuine geographer than the statement which is so oft repeated in certain critical papers, that little or nothing remains to be discovered on the face of the earth. We have before us at the present moment the probable solution of an inquiry which has puzzled Biblical geographers more probably than any other record of the same character in the whole scriptural narrative, and which may not impossibly revolutionise a large portion of a continent. Ophir was the region which supplied the Holy Land with gold of the most precious quality (Job xxviii. 16, Isa. xiii. 16), and if, as it seems likely, it should turn out that Ophir was a region on the south-eastern coast of Africa, at the foot of whose long littoral chain of mountains gold has for some time past been known to exist—a point to which we have not failed frequently to call attention in connexion with recent important explorations, and the extensive deposits of coal and iron found up its rivers, especially the Zambesi—there will be the same attraction to the spirit of adventure and enterprise which has colonised whole regions of Australia, California, British Columbia, and New Zealand, and a new future will be opened to a long-neglected and most promising region of rivers, lakes, and mountains.

Many countries in the East were named after their first Biblical founders, descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, as Cush, Sheba, Asshur, Lud, Aram, and others, and it has been supposed that Ophir derived its name from the son of Joktan, and great-grandson of Shem (Gen. x. 29), although some read the word as simply expressive of "dust." Hence it was that the Rev. Ch. Forster, in his "Historical Geography of Arabia," vol. i. p. 167, taking into consideration that it was the celebrated voyage to Ophir which first brought the glory of Solomon to the knowledge of the Queen of Sheba, and that the descendants of Joktan settled for the most part in Arabia, identified Ophir with a site called Ofor or Ofir, in the mountains of Oman, near the sources of the Oman River, and on the eastern side of the Arabian peninsula. But as Solomon's fleet had to navigate the Red Sea, whether, on arriving at the Straits of Bab-el-Mandel, it turned eastward, to Oman or to India, or westward, to Africa, there is nothing surprising in the fact that it came under the notice of chiefs at that time residing on the coasts of the Erythrean, whether to the east or to the west, and that such cognisance had little or nothing to do with the further destination of the fleet, or can be made to constitute of themselves sufficient grounds for establishing deductions as to that future destination.

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It being recorded, in reference to the voyage to Ophir, that "Solomon had at sea a navy of Tarshish" (1 Kings x. 22), and that "Jehoshaphat made ships of Tarshish to go to Ophir for gold" (1 Kings xxii. 48), it has been supposed that, although the fleet was historically known to have been assembled in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, and in the land of Edom, and that his Phœnician neighbour and ally, Hiram, King of Tyre, sent in this navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon, that the said fleet doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and reached Tartessus in Spain or Tarsus in Cilicia, two places which would have been so much more easily reached by the Mediterranean, and one of which is, indeed, within a brief sail from Tyre. The whole difficulty appears to have arisen from it being probably intended to be conveyed that the ships were built on the Red Sea, of timber from Tarshish or Tarsus, just as the ships of Egypt are in part to the present day, for there is little or no timber on the Red Sea or in Edom.

Michaelis, for example, is one of those who argue ("Spic. Geog. Hebr. Exteræ," p. 98) that Solomon's fleet, coming down the Red Sea from Ezion-geber, coasted along the shore of Africa, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and came to Tarshish, which he, with many others, supposes to have been Tartessus in Spain, and thence back again the same way, and that this conjecture accounts for their three years' voyage out and home, and that Spain and the coasts of Africa furnished all the commodities which they brought back.

Others have not hesitated to carry Solomon's fleet round from Spain to Tarsus, and even to Joppa, the chief grounds for this supposition being the very remarkable statement of Herodotus, that Necho II., King of Egypt, the Pharaoh-Necho of Scripture, whose enterprising disposition appears from his project to unite the Nile and the Red Sea by a canal, despatched some vessels, under the conduct of Phœnicians, with directions to pass by the Columns of Hercules, now called the Straits of Gibraltar, and, after penetrating the Northern Ocean, to return to Egypt; that these Phœnicians, taking their course from the Red Sea, entered into the Southern Ocean, and on the approach of autumn landed in Libya, and planted some corn in the place where they happened to find themselves; that when this was ripe they cut it down and departed. Having thus consumed two years, they in the third year doubled the Columns of Hercules, and returned to Egypt. He adds, this relation may obtain attention from others, but to me it seems incredible, for they affirmed that, having sailed round Libya, they had the sun on their right hand.

It seems certain, however, that this voyage was accomplished from this very statement, for the mariners would have the sun on their right hand after passing the line, a fact which never could have been imagined in that age, when astronomy was in its infancy; and hence it has been supposed that this was the voyage made "once in three years" by Solomon's fleet, under the conduct also of Phœnician mariners. If they only reached Sofala, however, in lat. 20 deg. south, they would be placed in the same position with regard to the sun whether they doubled the Cape or not. Assuming this latter fact to be the case, it seems strange that the knowledge and the record of it should have been so completely lost in the time of Pharaoh-Necho, only two centuries after Solomon, as that

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Herodotus, whose information and accuracy appear from this very account, should say that Libya, evidently meaning the circuit of it by the sea, was thus for the first time known. Heeren explains the loss of the said records in the desolating ravages of the Babylonian conquerors and the protracted siege of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar, which followed shortly after the time of Solomon. It seems likely, indeed, that Necho had heard of such a passage, and believed that the Phœnicians knew how to find it, and Mr. Sharpe, in his "History of Egypt," p. 59, explains that when Necho, being warned by the priests, abandoned the idea of an inter-oceanic ship canal, he ordered his pilots to see whether the fleets might not be moved from sea to sea by some other channel; and for this purpose his mariners set sail on a voyage of discovery from the Red Sea, coasting Egypt and Ethiopia, with a view to circumnavigate Africa. They spent nearly three years on the voyage. They twice landed and laid up their ships, sowed the fields and reaped the harvest, and then set sail again. In this way they came round to the well-known Pillars of Hercules, the Straits of Gibraltar, and thus brought the ships safely into the mouth of the Nile, declaring to their disbelieving hearers, what to us is a proof of the truth of the whole story, that as they were sailing westward the sun was on their right hand. The voyage was too long to be repeated, but it was a noble undertaking on the part of Necho for the increase of commerce and geographical knowledge. That it was not much frequented during many subsequent ages, appears, indeed, from the notice taken by Pliny ("Hist. Nat.," ii. 67) of the few who had accomplished it, and it was, we know, after his time unused and forgotten till recovered by the Spaniards, A.D. 1497.

The knowledge of the site of Ophir appears to have passed away with the loss of the records of these voyages along the southern coasts of Africa, and it has remained ever since a puzzle for geographers. Some writers, reasoning from the etymology of the word, which is supposed to mean "dust," have inferred almost every place where "gold dust" is procured in abundance. Others have rested their conclusions upon the similarity of the name in Hebrew to that of other countries, as, for instance, Aphar, a port of Arabia, mentioned by Arrian in his "Periplus of the Erythrean Sea," and, as we have seen, in that of Ofir in Oman. Others, again, have, by a transposition of the letters of the Hebrew word, even made out Peru!

It was one of the beliefs of Columbus, adopted, probably, to influence those to whom he appealed for aid in his projected voyage of discovery, that Ophir lay in the New World. The remarks of Columbus on Ophir and El Monte Sopora, "which Solomon's fleet could not reach within a term of three years," are to be found in Navarrete, "Viages y Descubrimientos que hiciéron los Españoles," t. i. p. 103. In another work the great discoverer says, still in the hopes of reaching Ophir: "The excellence and power of the gold of Ophir cannot be described; he who possesses it does what he will in this world; nay, it even enables him to draw souls from purgatory to paradise." That is, we suppose, by paying for masses ("Curta del Amirante, escrita en la Jamaica, 1503;" Navarrete, t. i. p. 309, quoted by De Humboldt, "Cosmos," vol. ii. p. 501).

By such or similar methods of investigation the following countries,

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among others, have been proposed: Melindah on the coast of Africa, Angola, Carthage, St. Domingo, Mexico, New Guinea, Urphe, an island in the Red Sea, and Ormuz in the Persian Gulf. Bochart ("Geo. Sac.," ii. 27) thinks that the Ophir from which David obtained gold (1 Chron. xxix. 4) was the Cassanitis of Ptolemy and Stephanus, on the coast of Arabia; while that visited by the fleet of Solomon was Taprobane, now called Ceylon. Pegu is the place selected by Maffæi ("Hist. Ind.," lib. i.). Others decide in favour of the peninsula of Malacca, which abounds in precious ores, apes, and peacocks; others prefer Sumatra, for the same reason. Lipenius, relying on the authority of Josephus, Theodoret, and Procopius, who call Ophir "the golden land," "the golden Chersonese," says that the children of Joktan peopled all the countries bounded by the eastern seas, and that Ophir includes not only Sumatra and Malacca, but every coast and island from Ceylon to the Indian archipelago.

It appears certain that Solomon sent direct to Ophir, wherever it might be, for gold, and that, whereas it had been hitherto procured from thence by David and others through foreign merchants, Solomon fitted out a fleet to obtain it at first hand—the fleet which assembled in Ezion-geber, or Berenice, which is beside Elath, on the shore of the Red Sea; the former being supposed to be represented by the modern Akaba, the latter, also known as Ailah and Ælana, by extensive mounds of rubbish, a little to the north of Akaba; that it was navigated by Israelites aided by Phœnician mariners; that they went to Ophir and fetched from thence gold and brought it to Solomon (1 Kings ix. 26-29); that they brought in the same voyage algum, or almug-trees, and precious stones (1 Kings x. 11), silver, ivory, apes, or rather monkeys, and peacocks, or, according to some, pheasants, and to others, parrots, or guinea-fowl; and that gold in great abundance and of the purest quality was procured from the same place (1 Chron. xxix. 4, Job xxviii. 16, Ps. xlv. 9, Isa. xiii. 12, Ecclus. vii. 18).

The chief reason why India, or islands in the Eastern Ocean, have been identified with Ophir, lies in the fact that all the productions said to have been brought from that region were procurable from those countries, and peacocks only from the said countries, and not from Arabia or Africa. Bochart, unable to discover a Hebrew root in the word thūkyīm, which occurs in 1 Kings x. 22, and with a slight variation in 2 Chron. ix. 21, and which has been translated "peacock," rather arbitrarily proposed a transposition of letters, by which he converts the word into Cuthyim, denoting, as he supposes, the country of the Cuthei, which, in an extended sense, is applied, in conformity with various writers of antiquity, to Media and Persia, and Greek authorities are cited to show that peacocks were carried west from India to those countries, and even to Babylonia. But even if peacocks had been numerous in Media and Persia at the time in question, how were they to be furnished to a fleet which was navigating the Red Sea and Southern Ocean? and as for the land of the Cuthei or of Cush, writers remove it to Africa along with the migrations of the Cushites.

Others, again, have sought in thūkyīm an exotic word, signifying "tufted" or "crested," and have, therefore, supposed that a "crested" parrot or pheasant was meant. Parrots, though many species are in-

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digenous to Africa, it has been remarked upon this subject, do not appear on the monuments of Egypt; they were unknown to the West till the time of Alexander, and then both Greeks and Romans were acquainted only with species from Ceylon, destitute of crests, such as *Psittacus Alexandri;* and the Romans for a long time received these only by way of Alexandria, though in the time of Pliny others became known, but this does not apply to either the Israelites or Phœnicians. Again, as to pheasants, the pheasant of the South, or Francolin, and the true pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*), are likewise without prominent crests. The strongest grounds for doubting the correctness of the translation of thūkyīm or tūkiyyīm lies, however, in the fact that the allusion made in Job xxxix. 13, "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?" is to the *wings* not to the *tail-coverts*, which would unquestionably have been alluded to had peacocks been meant.

The feathered tribe, Burton remarks ("Lake Regions of Central Africa," vol. i. p. 270), are not common in Eastern Africa, and birds are characterised by sombreness of plumage, which, however, Livingstone describes as undergoing a change in summer. An exception, however, occurs in what the same writer designates as the "polygamous bird," or ostrich, in small green parrots with yellow shoulders, in hoopoes, larks with jet-black heads and yellow bodies, sun-birds, green pigeons, horn-bills, small bustards, doves, and a variety of other birds. Among all of which the parrot, whether "crested" or not, would unquestionably have been the most likely to have been selected for exportation, and would be more suitable to Job's description than even a crested guinea-fowl.

Monkeys abound in Eastern Africa. "Near the settlements," Burton says, "the white-necked raven and the common chil of India (*Falco cheela*) attest the presence of man, as the monkey does the proximity of water." The nyani, or cynocephalus, the same traveller states to attain the size of a greyhound, and, according to the people, there are three varieties of colour—red, black, and yellow. They are the terror of some districts, and even set the lion and the leopard at defiance. The *Colobus guereza*, or tippet monkey, the "polume" of Livingstone, is a very pretty species, and is much admired on account of its polished black skin and snowy white mane. It is a cleanly animal, ever occupied in polishing its beautiful garb, and may well have been selected for exportation as a pet.

The algum, or almug-tree, has been the subject of as much discussion as the "thūkyīm." If we are to understand from Solomon's request to Hiram (2 Chron. ii. 8), "Send me also cedar-trees, fir-trees, and algum-trees out of Lebanon," that it was a growth of Syria as well as Africa, the representative of the Al muggin of 1 Kings x. 11, 12, and Al gummin of 2 Chron. ix. 10, 11, must be sought for in some tree analogous to the fir and cedar, as the celebrated thyine wood (*Thuya articulata*, or *Callitris quadrivalvis*), a close-grained wood, admirably adapted, as described in Holy Writ, for works of ornament, or for the construction of musical instruments (1 Kings x. 12). It has, however, been more generally identified with sandal wood, which grows along the whole coast of East Africa, from Delagoa Bay to Mozambique, and is also to be found in great abundance on the opposite side of the Mozambique Channel, on the north-west end of the island of Madagascar, whence it is exported to China. Mr. Lyons M'Leod says: "Besides the common sandal wood,

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which is yellowish white, I have a specimen of red sandal wood from the Zambesi, which is very beautiful, not unlike the handsomest specimens of Bermuda cedar, but still having the scent of the common sandal wood, and a specimen of which may be seen in the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society." The list of plants collected by Captain Grant between Zanzibar and Cairo, and published in the appendix to Captain Speke's work, "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," shows that a considerable number of valuable and fragrant timber trees used by the natives in the construction, among other things, of musical instruments, grow in Eastern Africa.

Gold-dust is described by Livingstone as an object of traffic with the natives on the Zambesi; it has been found all along the eastern chain of mountains, and there is no reason, therefore, why it should not be found in the country between the Zambesi and the Limpopo. "The entire eastern side of the basin of the Nile," Dr. Beke remarks, "appears to be auriferous, the gold collected in various parts of it since the earliest ages being brought down by the tributaries of that river; so that there is reason to consider the 'Mountains of the Moon' as a meridional metalliferous cordillera, similar in its general characters to the Ural and the corresponding great mountain ranges of America and Australia. It is from this portion of Africa, as I have explained in my work, 'The Sources of the Nile,' that the 'gold of Ophir' of the Hebrew Scriptures was obtained. Whenever the discovery shall be made in Eastern Africa of some of the chief deposits of that precious metal, the influx from all parts of the civilised world to the 'diggings' in the 'Mountains of the Moon' will be such as to occasion a more rapid and complete revolution in the social condition of these hitherto neglected regions than could be caused by commerce, by missionary labours, by colonisation, or by conquest; as we have witnessed in other quarters of the globe, where the *auri sacra fames* has collected together masses of the most daring and energetic of human beings. We shall then, too, doubtless see in Eastern Africa, as in California and in Australia, the formation of another new race of mankind."—("On the Mountains forming the Eastern Side of the Basin of the Nile," p. 15.) Although Dr. Beke has not hit upon the exact site of the gold of Ophir (Manica), he has done so so approximately, that it is to be regretted he has not been equally successful in his many conjectures regarding the "*Origines Biblicæ*" and the course of the "Blue Nile." As to the long range of hilly and, in parts, mountainous country which borders Eastern Africa from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, the Lupata or "Spine of the World" of the Portuguese, being Ptolemy's "Mountains of the Moon," there may be much diversity of opinion, especially since the discovery of ranges of mountains bordering the Albert Nyanza.

As to precious stones, they are met with in most metalliferous ranges of mountains, and abound most where there are primitive, crystalline, or igneous rocks, just as are met with in the mountains of Eastern Africa, and around its great lakes. The same country is the true home of the noblest of the elephant kind, the long-eared, powerful, tusked African species, and the herds met with by Livingstone in the Upper Shire, and by Baker in the Albert Nyanza, sufficiently attest to this having been, from time immemorial, the land of "ivory" *par excellence*. There is

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nothing, then, in the produce noticed in Holy Writ as brought by the navigators of Solomon and Hiram from Ophir, when fairly and properly considered, that militates in any way against that hitherto unknown region being in Eastern Africa; on the contrary, there are many features in the record which of themselves lead to that conviction.

It is true that though gold is not now found in Arabia, that the ancients ascribe that precious metal to its inhabitants in great plenty (Judges viii. 24, 26; 2 Chron. i. 15; 1 Kings x. 1, 2; Ps. lxxii. 15). This gold, Professor Lee thought, was no other than the gold of Havilah (Gen. ii. 11), which he supposes to have been situate somewhere in Arabia, and which Forster identifies with the region between the Lower Euphrates and the Bahrein Islands. Diodorus Siculus also ascribes gold mines to Arabia; and the same writer testifies to the abundance of precious stones in Arabia, especially among the inhabitants of Saba—the principal city and nation in Yemen, or Arabia Felix, and the supposed home of the Queen of Saba or Sheba; but so it might also be said of almost every great country or region of Asia, where gold more or less abounds. Without other corroborative testimony, such a circumstance is then, in itself, of little value—the more especially as Arabia is not a country of ivory.

Some have been led to suppose, from the presence of the last-mentioned produce among the objects brought from Ophir, that though situate somewhere on the coast of Arabia, it was rather an emporium, at which the Hebrews and Tyrians obtained gold, silver, ivory, &c., brought thither from India and Africa by the Arabian merchants, and even from Ethiopia, to which Herodotus (iii. 114) ascribed gold in great quantities, elephants' teeth, and trees and shrubs of all kinds, than a place where these different articles of commerce were themselves obtained. But this is at the best a mere hypothesis, by which to get over the difficulties of the question by an ingenious and plausible, but not a trustworthy, solution.

On the other hand, Quatremère ("Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscrip." vol. xv. pt. ii., 1845) agrees with Heeren ("Researches," vol. ii. pp. 73, 74, trans.) in placing Ophir on the east coast of Africa, and explains "thūkyīm" to mean not peacocks, but parrots or guinea-fowls. Ptolemy speaks (vi. 7, § 41) of Saphara as a metropolis of Arabia. This spot has been, with every probability in its favour, identified with Sofala, which appears to have been the port of Ophir. Sofala is, indeed, described by the Arabian geographer, Edrisi (ed. Jaubert, vol. i. p. 67), as a country rich in gold; and so it was subsequently described by the Portuguese after Gama's voyage of discovery. The letters *r* and *l*, so frequently interchanged, make the name of the African Sofala equivalent for that of Saphara or Sophara, which is used in the Septuagint with several other forms, as Oufir, Soufir, &c.—Egyptian names for India—for the Ophir to which Solomon's and Hiram's fleet wended their way.

Humboldt remarks in his "Cosmos" (Otte's trans., vol. ii. p. 498): "In the enumeration of the elements of an extended knowledge of the universe, which were early brought to the Greeks from other parts of the Mediterranean basin, we have hitherto followed the Phœnicians and Carthaginians in their intercourse with the northern tin and amber lands, as well as in their settlements near the tropics, on the west coast of Africa.

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It now, therefore, only remains for us to refer to a voyage of the Phœnicians to the south, when they proceeded four thousand geographical miles east of Cerne and Hanno's Western Horn, far within the tropics, to the Prasodic and Indian Seas. Whatever doubt may exist regarding the localisation of the distant gold lands (Ophir and Supara), and whether these gold lands are the western coasts of the Indian peninsula or the eastern shores of Africa, it is, at any rate, certain that this active, enterprising Semitic race, who so early employed alphabetical writing, had a direct acquaintance with the products of the most different climates, from the Cassiterides to the south of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, far within the tropics. The Tyrian flag floated simultaneously in the British and Indian Seas. The Phœnicians had commercial settlements in the northern parts of the Arabian Gulf, in the ports of Elath and Ezion-geber, as well as on the Persian Gulf at Aradus and Tylos, where, according to Strabo, temples had been erected, which in their style of architecture resembled those on the Mediterranean. The caravan trade, which was carried on by the Phœnicians in seeking spices and incense, was directed to Arabia Felix, through Palmyra, and to the Chaldean or Nabathœic Gerrha, on the western or Arabian side of the Persian Gulf." It is to be remarked, in connexion with this old line of commerce for spices, which would of itself indicate that Solomon's fleet was not intended for Indian trade, that incense, spices, and silk, which are especially Indian produce, are not enumerated among the products of Ophir.

As it was with Aradus and Tylos on the Persian Gulf, so it appears to have been with Ophir, and Ethiopians left their traces behind them in this celebrated land in temples or buildings, which, in their style of architecture, appear to resemble those still met with on the Nile, and which in remote times were probably met with on the Mediterranean, and even at the temple of Jerusalem itself, where were the two huge propylæ known as Jachin and Boaz (1 Kings vii. 21).

This is what has come to us through the records of the Royal Geographical Society (Proceedings, vol. x. No. iv.), taken from the *Cape and Natal News* of August 2, 1865, and which has also been published in a recent number of *Notes and Queries*, by Mr. George Thompson, who justly opines that the ruins in question may mark the site of Ophir: "We have heard that the Rev. J. L. Dohne, near Durban, has been informed by a German missionary of the discovery of the ruins of ancient cities in the southern part of Africa, and we presume the following account from the *Eastern Province Herald* relates to them:

" 'Some time ago, a party of travellers, some of whom were connected with the Berlin mission, went on a tour of exploration in the country between the Limpopo and the Zambesi; and here is what they report: The country from where we started on our tour of discovery is situated in the Leydenbur district, the free territories of the Bafedis, whose chief is Sekukune (a Basuto chief), the son of Sukwaie, and where there has been a mission station since the year 1864. We started on our expedition with ten trustworthy and well-armed Bafedis, and five carriers for our little luggage, and took our route north-east to the Limpopo River; two "Knoapnenzen" served us as conductors to take us to the ruins of Bunjaai—of which we had heard long ago from some eye-witnesses, who were willing, but only required the permission of their chief, Serabane,

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who was on friendly terms with the natives living near the ruins. Serabane at first positively refused, as he said it would cost his and our lives if he should take us to the ruins, but at last he agreed to let us and his people go there, but on our own risk. One of the conductors had been born and brought up in the neighbourhood of the ruins, and only latterly went to Serabane.

" 'On our journey we heard some very interesting particulars about them. They were continually frightened to take us any farther, but at last agreed to take us to the neighbourhood of the ruins, and then leave us to our own fate to find our own way. Why Serabane should refuse, and his own people be so frightened, I am at a loss to report; at any rate, the Bunjaai must be a sacred place, as it is forbidden by punishment of death to take any white man there, kill any game, or even damage any of the trees or shrubs there.

" 'Respecting the ruins themselves, so much is certain, that there are two places on which Egyptian ruins are standing. The smaller place is situated south of the Limpopo, called Bembe there. There even have been water-works, the water flowing out of an animal's head cut out of stone. Many stories are connected with this holy place; but more important is the real Buñjaai, situated on the Salis (Sabia?) River. This town must have been "several hours" in circumference. There are one or more pyramids, also sphinxes, parts of grand buildings, as well as many marble tables full of hieroglyphics, and for the history of Africa certainly very valuable. There is one underground passage, about half a mile long, full of such tablets with hieroglyphics. This passage has many saloons on each side. The entrance to the one is done very artfully: after pushing a large stone plate aside, you enter into a large saloon. For what purpose this place must have served we could not ascertain, but very likely it had been their burial-ground. Although we should have liked to see these ruins, we found it impossible for us to go any farther this time—and only two days' journey from the smaller ruins, as the natives through whom we had to pass were diseased by the small-pox and fever, and our natives would not go; so we had to return, arriving six weeks after at the mission station at Vitalatlolu. The natives living near the ruins are called Kwarri-kwarri. The country is very unhealthy through the continual fever. Cattle cannot live, as there is a fly called tsetse, which kills them. Plenty of game. 'A large marble hill.' "

The account here given, meagre and unsatisfactory as it is, and apparently translated from the German, or penned by some one not practised in writing in English, is by no means entirely new to geographers. It is known, for example, that on the first arrival of the Portuguese discoverers on this coast, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, they found existing in the interior a large kingdom called Mocaranga, which reached to the coast, along which it extended from the northern portion of Delagoa Bay to the mouths of the River Zambesi, being bounded on the north by that river. This kingdom was fast falling into decay, and appears to have been the remains of a much greater one, which was partially destroyed or broken up at some remote period by the invasion of a warlike people known as the Lindens.

At the principal places along the coast the Portuguese found Arab settlements established, which appeared to be under the dominion of a

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sultan at Kilwa, to whom they all looked up to as their common local head, while the Kotba, or prayer on Friday, was offered for the head of the Arab family, who at that time was Kansu el Ghauri, one of the Mamluk sultans of Egypt. The Sultan of Kilwa was reported to be immensely rich, in consequence of the vast quantity of gold which he obtained from his dependency of Sofala.

In the course of a few years the Portuguese made themselves masters of these Arab settlements, and thus the Portuguese kingdom of Algarves was formed. The enterprising Portuguese of those days, having obtained a footing on the coast, soon pushed into the interior, for the purpose of discovering the gold and silver mines of the country, whilst the natives, instructed by the Arabs, did all in their power to baffle the enterprising Europeans. It was during this struggle that those settlements on the Zambesi, such as Senna and Tette, were formed, of which we have heard so much in Dr. Livingstone's last work, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," as also other settlements, from some of which they were driven to the coast by the natives. The Portuguese priests, however, did not cease for a long time pushing into the interior—witness Zumbo, far up the Zambesi, at the junction of the Loangwa River—and they were at first successful in making proselytes to the Christian faith, but were eventually banished in consequence of their endeavouring to get the government of these semi-civilised kingdoms into their own hands.

The discoverers and colonists learned that the kingdom of Mocoranga was very powerful, and the neighbouring vast territory under Monomotapa more powerful still. They also heard of people who had formerly inhabited these countries who were far advanced in civilisation. Besides the information thus obtained of the state of civilisation then and formerly in that vast continent, rumours reached them of the remains of cities built of large blocks of well-hewn stone. Some of these cities were said to remain until this day, and the ruins bore inscriptions (hieroglyphics?) which neither European nor Arab was able to decipher.

When Mr. Lyons M'Leod was consul at Mozambique, he did all in his power to obtain information about the Sofala district, which he to all appearance correctly identified from the Portuguese records with the Biblical Ophir. His labours, he says ("Travels in Eastern Africa," vol. i. p. 208), resulted in the governor-general of the province publishing an official account of the mines known to the Portuguese in that and the surrounding districts, which have been so much neglected by the Portuguese residing there.

This account gives a long list of gold, silver, copper, and iron mines which have been worked, but are now entirely neglected, as the country is destitute of labour, the Portuguese having drained it to supply the slave-trade of the Brazils, Cuba, and America. These mines still have attached to them the names of the discoverers, and those of kings who reigned there when the mines were first opened. It is to be observed, in connexion with this report, that Dr. Krapf also relates ("Missionary Intelligencer," vol. iii. p. 88), that when on the coast opposite to Zanzibar he met and conversed with some natives of Moenemoezi, several of whom had travelled to the western coast of Africa, and one of them asserted that he had been in the country Sofala in quest of copper. Mr. Cooley remarks upon this ("Inner Africa Laid Open," p. 21), that "thanks are

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due to Dr. Krapf for this piece of information, the meaning of which, however, he has totally mistaken. The word Sofalah, lowland, is pure Arabic, and fitly describes an alluvial maritime tract so depressed and level, that the land itself is not seen from ships at anchor in the roadstead a league distant from it. The country so called had commercial importance while Monomotapa flourished, and the gold mines of Mañisa were active. Its celebrity, indeed, rested wholly on the gold-dust which passed through it from a country far to the west-south-west; but it never had copper, and the name given to it by foreign seamen cannot be supposed to have been known generally among the natives. It is very unlikely that people habitually resorting to Kilwa and Zanzibar should ever cross the country of the Makūa tribes or the Maravi to visit Sofalah, and least of all for copper, which is not to be found there. It was not Sofalah, then, that was spontaneously named by the native of Moenemoezi, but Zavale, as Lovale is called farther east (just as we have Zambēze for Luambēge); and the account was, that he travelled to the western coast, and at Zavale, on the way, procured copper."

The official report of the Portuguese governor-general* contains, however, a list of mines formerly worked in the country around Sofala in which copper are included, and there seems, therefore, no reason for supposing that Dr. Krapf was misinformed, or mistook Sofala for Zavale. In the same report, it is stated that five hundred leagues from Seña or Senna there are the remains of large edifices, which indicate that they were once inhabited, but by whom is not known. This confirms the statement of Barros, who states, in his description of the ruins of the city of Zimboë, that there are the remains of a fort built of well-cut stones, having a surface of twenty-five palms in length and a little less in height, in the joining of which there appears to have been no lime used. Over the door or entrance of this fort is an inscription, which some Moors, well versed in Arabic, could not decipher, nor were they acquainted with the character of the writing.

Around this edifice there are other erections similar to it, having bastions of stone uncemented by lime, and in the middle of them there are the remains of a tower, at least seventy feet in height. These edifices are called, in the language of the country, Zimboë or Zimboé, which signifies a royal residence. Mr. Lyons M'Leod was also told at Mozambique that the Arabs could not decipher the inscriptions to be found at Zimboë. There seems every reason to suppose that the ruins called by the rude informants of the German missionaries from the country of the Bafedi—Bunjaai—is the same as the Zimboë of De Barros. Diversities of dialect and pronunciation among races far separated would account for the different etymology. Only in the former we have an account of pyramids, sphinxes, and the usual Ethiopic constructions with hieroglyphs. The so-called tower, seventy feet in height, may, however, be the pyramid, or supposed pyramid; the sphinxes some uncouth sculptures; and both descriptions speak of undecipherable inscriptions. There seems, indeed, to be little doubt but that they are one and the same place. Barros thinks that the country of

* Boletim do Governo-Geral de Provincio de Moçambique, December 12, 1857.

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Sofala ought to be that designated by Ptolemy Agy-zimbo. Zimboë, the name of the royal residences there, certainly offers a nearer affinity to the latter part of the Greek version of the name of the country than that given by the "Knoapnenzen" guides of the German missionaries—Bunjaai—and there is still a remnant of a once powerful nation called the Zimbas to be found on the banks of the Zambesi or Zimbesi, which would itself appear to retain in its name the memory of this strange and long-forgotten city and people.

Bruce, in the third volume of his Travels, tells us, when speaking of the Portuguese traveller, Covilham, who was detained in Abyssinia, and communicated thence with the King of Portugal, that, in his journal, the said Covilham described the several ports in India which he had seen; the temper and disposition of the princes; the situation and riches of the mines of Sofala. He reported that the country was populous; full of cities, both powerful and rich; and he exhorted the king to pursue with unremitting vigour the passage round Africa, which he declared to be attended with very little danger, and that the Cape itself was known in India. He accompanied this description with a chart which he had received from the hands of a Moor in India, where the Cape and cities all around the coast were exactly represented.

Lieutenant Wolfe, R.N., in his account of the celebrated exploration of the shores of Eastern Africa by Captain Owen, in his Majesty's ships *Leven* and *Barracouta*, published in the third volume of the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," describes Sofala as being at that time a paltry fort with a few miserable mud-huts, the Portuguese having no influence beyond their guns. The bank off Cape Bazaruta is also described as the site of "the famous pearl fishery of Sofala, and hence these jewels are supposed to have been carried up the Red Sea, together with the gold of Ophir." Mozambique, which at that epoch was fast sinking into insignificance, is also described as "a mart for slaves, and a small quantity of ivory and gold-dust." The northern shore of the main was the only part cultivated for the maintenance of its population, the Arabs supplying the rest. The Portuguese jurisdiction did not extend ten miles in any direction; the natives traded with them, but would not suffer them to enter the country. So also of Quillimane it is said: "The riches of this place formerly consisted principally of grain, with gold and silver; but the introduction of the slave-trade has changed this seat of peace and agriculture to one of war and bloodshed, and Quillimane now does not supply itself with corn for its own consumption."

Mr. Lyons M'Leod, in arguing for the identity of Ophir and Sofala, says, that from time immemorial it has produced in great abundance gold, silver, pearls, precious stones, apes and monkeys, and also guinea-fowls, which is supposed, by some authorities, to be the true meaning of the word in the original text, which has been translated in our version "peacock."

Finally, adds the same writer, "We know how the Arabs constantly called places 'after their own names'—what so natural as to call this rich country after the name of their own land? This they positively did; for they call to this hour the river leading from the Ocean to the Manica Gold Mines—which are the great mines of the country—the river Sabia; and the large district adjoining Sofala, lying between the rivers

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Sabia and Sofala, has been ever since Europeans appeared on that coast, and is now, called Sabia; which all persons versed in Arabian history are aware, is synonymous with Saba, Sheba, or Yemen—names alike applied to the south part of Arabia, from which the Arabs would naturally start for Africa."

The Manica gold mines here alluded to are further described as being situated in a valley, enclosed in an amphitheatre of hills, having a circuit of about a hundred miles. The spots containing gold are said to be known by the barren and naked aspect of the surface soil. The district is now called Matuka, and the natives who obtain the gold are Botongos. They dig in any small crevice made by the rains of the preceding winter, and there find the gold in dust. They seldom go deeper than one or two feet at the most from the surface, and, on digging five or six feet deep, they reach the rock. There are other mines still farther from Sofala, being about four or five hundred miles distant, where the gold is found in solid lumps, or as veins in the rocks and stones. In the still portions of the rivers, when they are low, the natives frequently dive to obtain the lumps of gold which have been washed down into these holes and gullies in the beds of the rivers. They will sometimes join together in hundreds, and deflect a stream temporarily from its course, to drain these holes, and obtain the rich deposits which they contain. With such natives what could the Portuguese not do if they would only exert themselves?—but they tell one that the natives are lazy and stupid brutes. On the other hand, the Moors induce the natives to work and obtain gold for them; and so it is very apparent who are deserving of the degrading epithets applied to them by the degenerate hybrid race of Canareens who lord it over them. Mr. Lyons M'Leod adds, that although this country is situated between the equator and the tropic of Capricorn, in the cold season the mountains surrounding the mining districts are covered with so great a quantity of snow, that, if the natives are caught there at that season, they perish from the cold; but, in the hot season, the sides and summits of these mountains enjoy a serene, bracing, equable temperature, while it is hot in the enclosed valleys.

The Rev. Father João dos Santos, who resided at Sofala, and published a "History of Eastern Ethiopia" in 1684, a translation of which is met with in the sixteenth volume of Pinkerton's "Voyages and Travels," describes that region as a small maritime kingdom of Eastern Ethiopia, dependent on the sovereign of Quiteva, situate between the river Cuama (Zambesi) and Mount Manica, in 20½ deg. of southern latitude. It extends along the sea and the banks of a river, a league in width, which flows through the country called Mocarangua, by Zimboé, the capital and residence of the King of Quiteva. The king has dominion over the whole of this country, as well as the river of Sofala, whence the inhabitants carry on uninterrupted commerce with those of Manica, who make return for the merchandise they take in gold-dust. At this time the fortress of Sofala, a square building, was surrounded by a good wall flanked by four bastions well mounted with artillery. It was begun in 1505, by order of Emmanuel, King of Portugal, under pretence of making it a magazine for merchandise, and completed by Doña Catalina in 1580—the translator says 1558. This fortress was under the Governor-General of Mozambique. Dos Santos further describes Sofala as

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the garden of Africa, abounding in oranges and lemons, the vintages two-fold, and sugar cultivated by the Kaffirs. When describing the manners and customs of the court of the Quiteva, the same writer again alludes to Zimboé, but this time as a mountain covered with a large forest, "which is the place of sepulture of the kings." When Don Sebastian succeeded to the throne of Portugal, we are further told, he sent an expedition to Sofala under Francis Baretto, who, "penetrating into the kingdoms of Macoronga and Manica, discovered mines of gold in those countries, of which, by his prudence and valour, he made himself master." Baretto is described as on this occasion entering the town of Zimboé without resistance, but, as he had not a sufficient force to garrison it, he gave it up to pillage, and, after setting it on fire, continued his march towards the kingdom of Manica. The people of Manica are also described as having divers methods of extracting the gold and separating it from the earth with which it is blended, the most common of which was to open the ground, and proceed towards the spot where, from certain indications, ore was supposed to abound. With this view they excavated vaults, sustained at intervals by pillars, and, notwithstanding they made use of every possible precaution, it often happened that the vaults gave way, and buried the subterranean sappers beneath their ruins. When they reached the vein in which the gold was found mixed with the earth, they took the ore as it was, and put it into vessels full of water, and, by dint of stirring about the water, the earth was dissolved and the gold remained at the bottom. They also took advantage of heavy rains, which carried away the loose earth, and thus laid open the spots where gold was embedded in the ravines. This account of the processes employed by the natives to procure the gold by no means agrees with that given by Mr. Lyons M'Leod, and is probably more or less an invention.

After Baretto had possessed himself of the gold mines of Manica, he directed his course, at the head of his forces, into the country of Mongas (which Dos Santos avers to be incorrectly called Monomotapa, after the name of its sovereign), in order to make himself master of the silver mines of Chicova, for which purpose he ascended the River Cuama, or Zambesi, from Senna. On his way he was successful in several engagements with the King of Mongas, but failed to discover the mines; a party left in the country for that purpose were also not only frustrated, but obliged to withdraw with severe loss. The nations on the left bank of the Zambesi were described as being at that time the Zimbas, or Muzimbas (before mentioned), and the Mumbas, and they were so strong as to be enabled to hold their country successfully against the encroachments of the Portuguese.

Here we have, then, an account of both gold and silver mines in the territory of Sofala; and if Manica, or Matuka, as it is now called, is where placed by Livingstone, in the mountain country south of the Zambesi, it is the southerly continuation of the renowned Lupata, or "Spine of the World," of the Portuguese, and the elevation may fully account for the presence of snow in winter-time. But we find in Purchas's version of João dos Santos a further curious statement:

Near to Massapa is a great hill called Fura, whence may be discerned a great part of the kingdom of Monomotapa, for which cause he (the king) will not suffer the Portuguese to go thither, that they should not covet his great country and hidden mines. On the top of that hill are

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yet standing pieces of old walls and ancient ruins of lime and stone, which testify that there have been strong buildings—a thing not seen in all Kaffraria, for even the king's houses are of wood, daubed with clay and covered with straw. The natives, and especially the Moors, have a tradition from their ancestors that those houses belonged to the Queen of Saba, who carried much gold thence down to the Cuama (several rivers will be seen in Livingstone's map flowing from what is marked as the "Gold Region" of Manica by the Luenya into the Zambesi) to the sea, and so along the coast of Ethiopia to the Red Sea. (It will be remembered, in connexion with this African view of the home of the Queen of Sheba, that the Abyssinians claim descent from a son of Solomon and of the said queen.) Others say that these ruins were Solomon's factory, and this Fura or Afura is no other than Ophir, the name being not much altered in so long a time. This is certain, that round about that hill there is much and fine gold. Further, says the same writer, the ivory, apes, gems, and precious woods (which grow in the wild places of Tebe, within Sofala), whence they make almaidas, or canoes, twenty yards long of one timber; and much fine black wood (ebony) grows on that coast, and is thence carried to India and Portugal. As for peacocks, I saw none there, but there must needs be some within land, for I have seen some Kaffirs wear their plumes on their heads. As there is store of fine gold, so also is there fine silver in Chicova, which are rich mines. Livingstone says, however, in his "Missionary Travels" (p. 604), that he saw no indication of silver at Chicova, the extent of which seems, however, to be much curtailed in modern times; and "if it was ever worked by the natives," he adds, "it is remarkable that they have entirely lost the knowledge of it, and cannot distinguish between silver and tin." As to the old stumbling-block—the thūkyīm—Livingstone notices, in his work on the Zambesi (p. 177), a second variety of guinea-fowl on that river, which would meet the reading "crested," for it has a pretty black feathery crest, and is a much handsomer bird than the common one, and has fine light-blue spots. It is the *Numida cristata* of naturalists, and *Khanga Tore* of the natives. As to elephants, Dos Santos says that the number in this country "is prodigious; so much so, indeed, that the inhabitants are obliged to pursue and make frequent hunting-courses after them to preserve from their ravages the lands which they sow with rice and millet." Lyons M'Leod also says: "In the whole of this territory elephants are found; and it has been estimated, from the enormous quantity of ivory produced, that the natives at one time must have killed from three to four thousand of these animals every year."

The iron from Sofala, the latter writer tells us, has been long celebrated for its malleable qualities, and has been carried to India for many ages by the Arabs, where it has always found a ready market. The pearl oyster is found along the whole of the coast. At Inhambane the natives obtain it along the beach, without even going out of their depth; while the Bazarutto Islands, near the mouth of the Sabia River, have been long celebrated for the pearl fishery carried on there. It was from these islands that the pearls, Mr. M'Leod adds, which accompanied the gold, and ivory, and precious stones to the court of King Solomon, were doubtless obtained.

The Portuguese flag is still kept flying at the Bazarutto Islands, "but for what purpose, except to keep others from benefiting by the

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pearls which they neglect, one cannot imagine." On both banks of the River Sofala, and from that river northwards, the same writer says, to the southern bank of the Zambesi, the country is one mass of mineral wealth; gold, silver, copper, and, towards Tette, even iron and coal are found in abundance. Livingstone has, indeed, fully corroborated the latter fact, as we have had occasion to detail at length.

The town of Sofala, which is built at the mouth of the river of the same name, is in actual times divided into two portions, one of which contains the Moors or labourers of the small settlement, and the other the governor and his subordinates, together with their slaves, "who may, collectively, be well styled the drones, for they live by taxes and duties levied on the more industrious Moorish community." The Portuguese half of the town is, as well as the Moorish, dirty in the extreme, and the appearance of the houses by no means corresponds with the high-sounding titles of the occupants. The old fort of Don Pedro da Nhaya remains to this day "a monument of the bygone glory of the nation, and a reproach to the degeneracy of the present race." There is a church dedicated to "Our Lady of the Rozario," the walls of which are built of rough stones, while it is roofed with palm-leaves. This church was formerly rich in gold and precious stones of great value, but "the priests who sold their fellow-beings into slavery did not hesitate to rob the temple of their god." "Of labouring Moors, groaning slaves, and degenerate everybodies, there are said to be twelve hundred and twenty-five persons." The military establishment of Sofala is composed of from thirty to thirty-five soldiers, sent from Mozambique for misdemeanours, and to these are added a few Moors and Kaffirs, who are shut out of the fort at night and do double duty by day. Sofala is, however, admitted on all hands to be admirably suited for commeree; and nothing but the baneful influence of the slave-trade could have reduced it to its present state—a melancholy contrast to the flourishing settlement it must have been when adorned with Ethiopian cities, and visited by the fleets of Solomon and Hiram, or even to what it presented as an Arab settlement when first subjected by the Portuguese in 1505.

Whether from Sofala itself, up the Luenya tributary to the Zambesi, or, what is still more likely, from Natal or Delagoa Bay by the territory of the Transvaal Republic, which already stretches to the banks of the Limpopo, it is impossible but that more enterprising races than the Portuguese, whose claims only extend to a few points on the coast, will soon spread over the rich mineral regions of Manica, so favourable from their elevation to European constitutions, and thence to the banks of the Zambesi. There is room between the Limpopo and the latter river for a new colony, with a future before it, as the resuscitation of the Ophir of the Bible, that is unrivalled by almost any other tract of land throughout the whole continent of Africa—and that more especially from the discovery of coal and iron, as well as from the other commercial resources of the land. It would be but in strict accordance with justice, that the people who first contributed so largely towards extirpating slavery in their own colonies, should spread over the interior and enjoy the benefits of neglected and once flourishing lands, the entrance to which has been so long sealed by the slave-trading practices of a few degenerate Portuguese colonists.

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SNOWED UP.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

Part VI.

The Spirit's Prophecy.

I.

THE WAR ON THE SPANISH MAIN, AND THE EARTHQUAKE AT CARACCAS.

The continental part of what was once called Spanish America, as divided by the Spanish government, comprehended the viceroyalties of New Spain, or Mexico; Santa Fè de Bogota, or New Granada; Peru, Buenos Ayres, or the province of Rio de la Plata, and the captain-generalships of Guatemala, Venezuela, and Chili. These territories were, before 1810, governed by chiefs named by the King of Spain, who acted independently of each other. The viceroyalties, &c., were subdivided into provinces, which were again divided into departments.

The inhabitants of South America had long been dissatisfied with the arbitrary power exercised over them by the Spanish viceroys and governors, with the court of Madrid, and with the restrictions and hardships under which they laboured. They had frequently applied for redress of their grievances, but their applications had always been treated with contempt; it was not, then, to be wondered at that from time to time revolts were planned, and even attempted to be carried out.

So far back as in the middle of the last century, a Canarian, named Leon, formed a conspiracy in Caraccas, which, however, was discovered, and Leon was condemned to death.

In 1780, an insurrection broke out in Peru, at the instigation of Tupac Amaru, who after a contest with the Spaniards, which lasted for three years, was hailed Yuca of Peru. But his conduct did not conciliate the people, and the Spaniards, more feebly opposed than at first, regained their power. Tupac Amaru, and others of the principal revolutionary leaders, were put to death in a most shocking manner.

A conspiracy broke out in New Granada in 1781, and yet another in Caraccas in 1797, but both were quelled by the Spaniards.

Notwithstanding the discontent of the South Americans, they might long have continued subject to the tyranny of Spain had not the bonds which united the New and the Old World been loosened by Napoleon Bonaparte, who invaded the mother country, seized the royal family, and endeavoured to place his brother on the throne. The confusion which these events produced in Spain left the South Americans at a loss how to act. Instead, however, of taking advantage of that moment to throw off the yoke of their oppressors, they remained faithful to the cause of Spain, and contributed largely to carrying on the war with France; but though they preserved their allegiance to the imprisoned king, they wished to adopt some measures for their own security, and determined to follow the example of Spain in forming *juntas*, or bodies of respectable individuals, for their government.

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La Paz, the capital of one of the districts in the department of Charcas, set the example of providing for its own security, and in the year 1809 formed for itself a suitable government. Quito and Santa Fè de Bogota followed the example. But these juntas were soon suppressed. The Viceroy of Peru sent a numerous body of men, commanded by Goyeneche, against La Paz; its army, under the command of Generals Lanza and Castro, were defeated, and the conqueror, Goyeneche, proceeded immediately to execute the patriots, many of whom were put to death in a barbarous manner. The junta of Quito was also destroyed by force of arms, but the patriots did not yield until the Spanish president had promised that all past events should be forgotten. Regardless, however, of this promise, numbers of the patriots were arrested, and three hundred of them were murdered in cold blood!

Spain was at that time divided under the authorities of the junta of Seville, the junta of Asturias, and the Regency, the members of which were assembled at Cadiz. Each required the South Americans to submit to its authority, and denied that of the other. Uncertain which to acknowledge, hating the despotism of the form of government then existing in South America, and fearing for their future fate, the inhabitants of many of the provinces determined to govern themselves, and to obtain by force that redress of their grievances which reasonable representations had failed to procure for them. The Spanish governors were deposed, and a supreme junta was established at Caraccas in 1810; but their acts were still published in the name of Ferdinand, and all possible aid was offered to Spain for the continuance of the war against France.

Juntas were likewise appointed in 1810 at Buenos Ayres, Santa Fè de Bogota, Chili, and Mexico. On hearing of these occurrences, war was declared against the South American governments by the Regency; this, and the cruelties practised by the Spanish governors and chiefs, entirely alienated the minds of the people, and stimulated them to a general insurrection. Thus commenced the war in Spanish America, which soon spread over an extent of sixteen hundred leagues.

The junta, or congress of Venezuela, published the act of independence on the 5th of July, 1811; and similar declarations were made in various parts of the continent.

When Joseph Bonaparte found that the South Americans continued to furnish Spain with money to carry on the war against France, he sent out emissaries, or agents, to excite them to revolution; but these agents were not well received, as the South Americans did not then much wish for rebellion—merely for redress of their wrongs. In 1810 and in 1811 the English offered their mediation between Spain and South America. But the Cortes of Spain would not listen to the conditions they proposed, alleging that England only thought of her own advantage, since freedom of trade between Great Britain and Spanish America was one among the conditions.

While this affair was under discussion by the Cortes, and the South American deputies were in vain waiting for justice, the patriots were gaining important advantages in the New World. They had acquired possession of the whole territory which comprised Buenos Ayres, Venezuela, and New Granada, with the exception of a few fortified places and

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some provinces; and the Mexican patriots, who were led by a warlike priest, named Hidalgo, were successful in the interior of Mexico.

Such was the political situation of South, or Spanish America, when Ferdinand was restored to his throne. His absence had occasioned these civil contests; his return ought to have restored tranquillity, and might have done so, had he acted with prudence, and adopted conciliatory measures. But in his decree of 1814, announcing his return, he *ordered the insurgents to lay down their arms*, and soon after equipped, at Cadiz, an army of ten thousand men, which he sent out against them under the command of General Morillo, and they appeared on the coast of Venezuela in April, 1815.

Great alarm was now spread among those who had been fighting for their independence; all hopes of reconciliation were abandoned, and the revolt against the authority of Ferdinand VII. dated from this period.*

Morillo arrived at Casapano, proceeded to Margaritta, from thence to Caraccas, and the following August he besieged Carthagena, which capitulated in December. The royalist army invaded several provinces, and soon after the battle of Cachiri was fought, in which fell the best officers and troops who had supported the congress of New Granada. In consequence of this defeat, the congress separated, and the few remaining troops took the road to Los Llanos.†

Morillo entered Santa Fè de Bogota in June, 1816, and more than six hundred of the patriot chiefs, governors and officers, were shot, hanged, or exiled, among whom were the celebrated botanists, Caldas and Lozano.

At Caraccas, a junta had been established in 1810, among whose first acts were decrees to abolish the slave-trade and the tribute paid by the Indians, and to establish freedom of commerce and agriculture. All the provinces of Venezuela joined in the revolution except Maracaybo and Guayana, which remained faithful to the royalists. The patriots gained repeated victories under General Miranda, and all was prosperity at Venezuela until the fatal earthquake of the 26th of March, 1812, in which the towns of Caraccas, La Guayra, Mayquetie, Merida, and San Felipe, were totally destroyed; Barquisimato, Valencia, La Vittoria, and others, suffered considerably, and nearly twenty thousand lives were lost.

This catastrophe happened on Holy Thursday, when the churches were crowded. Many churches, also the principal barracks at Caraccas, were demolished, and numbers of patriot soldiers perished in the ruins. The loss of private property was also great, so many houses, several of them with costly furniture, being overthrown and totally destroyed.

This tremendous earthquake gave but slight warning of its fearful approach. The oscillations of the earth were feeble, and the hollow sound seemed to come from the depths far below the surface of the earth. Yet these indications did not escape the observation of persons who were habituated to this kind of phenomenon. Reports of the coming danger

* Outline of the Revolution in Spanish America. By a South American. Published in 1817.

† *Llanos* is equivalent to the words pampas, savannahs, meadows, steppes, or plains. The country between the mountains of the coast and the left bank of the Orinoko constitutes the llanos of Cumana, Barcelona, and Caraccas.

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spread like wildfire, but too late for the doomed inhabitants to save themselves, had salvation been possible.

In that fatal moment the cries of "Misericordia—tembla, tembla!"—"Mercy—the earth trembles!"—were everywhere heard. The most timid attentively watched the actions of dogs, goats, and swine; especially the swine, for these animals, endowed with delicate olfactory nerves—though one would not think so from the filth in which they often wallow—and accustomed to turn up the earth, gave warning of approaching danger by their restlessness and their cries. Whether their keenness in regard to detecting a coming earthquake be attributable to their being placed nearer the surface of the ground, and thus enabled to be the first to hear the subterranean noise, or whether their organs receive the impression of some gaseous emanations that issue from the earth, cannot be decided; but their appreciation of danger is a known fact.

At the end of violent earthquakes, the herbs that cover the savannahs sometimes acquire noxious properties; an epidemic disorder then takes place among the cattle, and a great number of them appear stupified, or suffocated by the deleterious vapours exhaled from the ground.

The city of Caraccas was founded in 1567 by Diego de Losada. It is situated in a high valley, and is celebrated for its coolness and the salubrity of its charming climate; near it are the lofty mountains of Avila and Silla. La Guayra, the seaport of Caraccas, a hot and confined place, lays at the foot of the Silla, and close upon the sea. The road from it ascends all the way to Caraccas. The cultivated region of the valley, and the gay fields of Chacao, Petare, and La Vega, form an agreeable contrast to the imposing aspect of the Silla. At Caraccas are to be found both the fruits of the temperate zone and the productions of equinoctial regions. The temperature is equally favourable to the orange-tree, the plantain, the sugar-cane, the coffee and the apricot, the peach, the apple, and the strawberry. In his personal narrative of "Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent," Baron Humboldt praises the hospitality of all classes of the inhabitants of Caraccas, and mentions that he found there several men distinguished alike by their taste for study and the elevation of their sentiments; and several families, the ladies of whom, as well as the gentlemen, were conversant with French and Italian, and had considerable musical talents.

The loss of troops and the ruin of the city of Caraccas were not the only evil consequences of the calamitous earthquake of 1812. The royalists, and those of the priests who were discontented with the patriot government, took advantage of the awe the earthquake had occasioned to inspire superstitious terrors into the people's mind, and to persuade them that the Almighty had denounced his wrath on the revolution. At this time, also, the royalists under Monteverde were successful, notwithstanding the efforts of Miranda; and Caraccas, Cumana, and Barcelona fell into the hands of the royalists. The republican army was disbanded, and Miranda, who was on his way to Carthagena, was seized, and thrown into prison. About a thousand patriots shared the same fate.

Such was the state of affairs when Venezuela was retaken by the patriot, General Bolivar, in 1813.

Don Simon Bolivar, one of the most distinguished characters in the revolution of South America, was a native of Caraccas, where he was

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born in July, 1783. His father was Don Juan Vicente Bolivar y Ponte, a colonel of militia, and a member of the nobility. Simon Bolivar was not only of high birth, but of fortune and good education. He went to Spain at an early period of his youth, and obtained permission to travel in France and Italy. When the revolution in Caraccas commenced, he was appointed, along with Don Lopez Mendez, to solicit the protection of the English for the new government. Bolivar, not approving the policy of the congress of Venezuela, lived in retirement after his return from England, until the danger that threatened his country, subsequent to the earthquake at Caraccas, called him from his seclusion. Aided by Arismendi and Admiral Brion, he carried all before him, and his services were so great, that he was called the "Libertador de Venezuela."

There is another South American celebrity who ought not to be passed over even in this slight record of the War of Independence, General San Martin of the army of Buenos Ayres, the conqueror of the royalists in Chili.

In thirteen days his army effected its passage over the Andes, where they had a hundred leagues to cross, through defiles so narrow as not to admit two persons abreast, along the giddy verge of frightful precipices, while the severity of the climate seemed to combine with the ruggedness of the passage. San Martin had also to transport artillery, baggage, and provisions for thirty days. The army lost only a few blacks, and five thousand horses and mules. The splendid victory of Chacabuco, which took place soon after, raised San Martin to the pinnacle of glory, and gave a new aspect to the affairs of South America.

"In twenty-four days," said the general, "we have terminated the campaign, we have crossed the most elevated mountains of the New World, and given liberty to Chili."

San Martin was elected by the principal inhabitants of Santiago supreme director of Chili; but he declined the office, which was then offered to, and accepted by, General O'Higgins, whose family, as his name denotes, was of Irish extraction. His father had been Viceroy of Lima, and he himself had been educated at the establishment of the Jesuits at Stoneyhurst, in Lancashire.

It is strange that, after nearly half a century of non-interference on the part of Spain with the republics of South America, the former power should, on some shallow pretext, again attack them. The recent bombardment of Valparaiso by a Spanish admiral can in no way benefit Spain, but may revive the long slumbering spirit of revenge for old wrongs, added to new ones, in those lands which were once so ill governed by the Spanish monarchy, and which it never again can hope to subjugate, though it may provoke them into retaliation.

II.

THE PATRIOT LEADERS, AND THEIR HOSTESSES AT CLAIR HALL.

VERY different was the peaceful life which the two patriot chiefs were leading in the small West India island upon whose shores fate or chance had thrown them, to the turbulent scenes they had but lately quitted, and to which they were again so soon to return. They were not patriots merely in name, but were both really imbued with the

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warmest and purest patriotic feelings—those noble feelings which elevate the soul and the thoughts above the selfish, narrow-minded pursuits, which it cannot be said *animate*, yet guide and engross so many among mankind!

It was not urged on by the ambition to rule—the cold-blooded, greedy, grasping wish to acquire fresh dominions, that the patriots of South America engaged in all the miseries of war; it was not to despoil their neighbours, and enrich themselves by rapine and robbery—no, it was to cast off the galling yoke of unjustifiable oppression, to resist the tyrants who essayed to grind them down to the earth, who strove to fetter every thought, and to force an entire and wide-spread people to lick the dust before their feet. And these oppressors were intruders—emigrants from a distant land, who only came to acquire wealth for themselves at the expense of the population they pretended to govern, and whose cruelties, misdeeds, and worthlessness deprived them of all title to respect.

The War of Independence in South America was a just and hallowed one; and, after long struggles, their arms were crowned by success, and they emancipated themselves from the thraldom of Spain. Two great and glorious wars have been fought in the New World—though not with equally fortunate results—the War of Independence in the earlier portion of this century, and the recent war for independence in the Confederate States. Both have been called rebellions.

"Rebellion—foul, dishonouring word!" could apply to neither of them. They should both rather be called the war of heroes, battling for their country, their homes, and their rights; and as such the luminous and truthful pages of history will represent them, while it wreathes around them a bright galaxy of names—Bolivar, Paez, San Martin, Arismendi, in the distance; in the foreground, Stonewall Jackson, Lee, Stuart, Beauregard, Longstreet, and a host of others which have floated before an admiring world.

But unavoidably removed for a time from the excitements of their military career, the two patriot leaders gave themselves up to excitement of quite another kind. They had both fallen in love. Don Alonzo Alvaez could speak, and think, and dream of no one but the beautiful Adela St. Clair, while Colonel Mentilla was, if possible, still more deeply smitten by Linda's fascinating manners, and charming, ever-varying countenance.

Poor Linda was in a state of positive enchantment. The gorgeous sunsets, the clear moonlight, seemed more glorious than ever; the rich tropic flowers wore a more brilliant hue; the breeze, sweeping over the waving, rustling canes, made delightful music, but yet not so delightful as the low mellow tones of a voice that occasionally ventured to speak to her of love. And when that voice fell so softly on her ears, sometimes her face was lighted up with brilliant smiles, sometimes her deep-blue eyes were suffused with tears, and Colonel Mentilla longed to kiss away the crystal drops that slowly trickled down the fair girl's flushed cheeks.

But Linda and her admirer were not often alone together—at least, they thought not half often enough. There were two claimants to the colonel's society, who were both more pertinacious in seeking it than he liked or desired. Good Mr. St. Clair, knowing what a high position

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Colonel Mentilla held in his own country, and believing that he was quite wrapped up in its politics, often came, to his own inconvenience, and to the colonel's secret chagrin, to deliver him from listening to that "dear little Linda's girlish prattle," as he said, and to plunge him into war statistics and details, which trial of his patience sometimes caused the gallant colonel to anathematise, in his own mind, both the war and the opaque old gentleman who so inopportunely entered into discussions relative to it.

The other thorn in the poor colonel's side was Adela. Blinded by her wild fancy for the handsomest of their South American guests, and also, perhaps, partly by her own vanity and the consciousness of her rare beauty, it never entered Adela's mind that Mentilla could think more of her sister than of her. His manners were so very courteous, and he was often so complimentary, according to the usage of Spaniards, and those of Spanish descent, that Adela mistook these mere habits of society for especial admiration of herself and interest in her.

She compared him with his friend, Don Alonzo Alvaez, whose attentions were quite troublesome to her, and though she thought Colonel Mentilla was much more delicate in his way of showing his attachment to her, she sometimes did wish that he would not be so timorous and reserved, but speak rather more to the point.

"I wish I could turn over Alvaez to Linda," she said one day to her aunt; "he absolutely pesters me; he might see that I do not care a straw for him. I wish he would just leave the field a little open to that charming colonel."

"But perhaps the colonel does not wish to take it," the aunt ventured to say.

"Not wish to take it!" exclaimed Adela, with a sneering smile. "Ah! that shows how much you observe what is going on about you, Aunt Dora."

"Well, I don't pretend to be very observant," said the aunt, humbly, "but I am not quite blind, either."

"You are as blind as a bat," thought Adela. But she did not pass this sentence on her aunt aloud. She went on to say, "Can't you arrange a little card-party some evening soon, and set that shadow of mine, Don Alonzo, down to whist? Ask Hector Graham, and his uncle and aunt. Mr. and Mrs. Craft are both very fond of cards. Alvaez won't be able to make his escape for two good hours, at least. You or papa must fill up the whist-party. Hector, of course, will stow himself away in some corner with Minna. Ask the attorney-general, that agreeable bachelor who is Linda's declared suitor, and manage to engage them at chess, and leave Colonel Mentilla and myself free. We will betake ourselves to the gallery, and what a pleasant tête-à-tête we shall have!"

"But suppose," suggested Aunt Dora, "that Don Alonzo won't play whist, and that Linda won't play chess; what will become of your tête-à-tête?"

"It will be your fault, Aunt Dora, if my nice little plan is not carried out. You must manœuvre a little to arrange your guests as I want them to be placed."

"Well, you must help me, Adela dear!" said her good-natured aunt. "You know I am rather stupid, and I am not accustomed to force people to do anything they don't like."

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"How can I help you? It won't do for me to seem to be seeking a little private chat with Mentilla; he is so very fastidious that he might not like this, ardently as, no doubt, he wishes the opportunity of speaking to me alone. Let me see. Ah! now I have it! When the whist is going to begin, I will sit down and take a hand—that will secure Alvaez, he is sure to propose to be my partner—and when I have played a little time I will get up, say I am tired of the game, and hand over my cards to you. Alvaez cannot in common decency refuse to play with you; he will be caught in a nice trap."

The girl laughed, showing her fine teeth, which were like two rows of glistening pearls.

The aunt laughed too, but on leaving the room she shook her head, and muttered to herself,

"You may manœuvre as much as you please, my poor dear Adela—you won't get the handsome colonel. Next door to a fool though some people are so good as to think me, I can see what's what, and I see very clearly that Linda is *his* favourite."

Acting under Adela's orders, her aunt invited the little party to tea, and tried her best to dispose of her guests according to her niece's wishes. But who ever managed in any party, large or small, to arrange people according to a prepared programme? Mr. Craft did not make his appearance, sending a message by his wife and her nephew that he had packet letters to write to England. No packet letters were written by him, however, as a mustee damsel could have testified, with whom he spent a pleasanter evening probably than he would have done at the whist-table, unless the play had been high and his winnings large.

The attorney-general, Mr. Dunville, drove to Mrs. Rivers's in his pretty phaeton, which he would fain have had Linda to accept along with its owner; but his brow clouded when he found the two South Americans there, and apparently so intimate with the young ladies of Clair Hall. Linda was very distant to him, and, in a fit of the sulks, he offered to join the whist-players. Adela pretended to be anxious to play, and, of course, Alvaez begged to be her vis-à-vis; but Mr. Dunville would not allow this; he thought it would leave Linda and his rival, the colonel, too much alone together, so he insisted on Mr. St. Clair, his sister, and Hector's aunt making the whist-party.

Adela was very angry, and, in her vexation, she whispered to her aunt, as she was sitting down to the card-table,

"You have managed things nicely, indeed! I am so annoyed!"

"I am very sorry you are annoyed, my dear, but really I could not help it," replied the good woman, struck with remorse.

In her earnest wish to exculpate herself, she answered by no means *sotto voce*, and Mr. St. Clair turned upon her, asking what it was she could not help, and why Adela was annoyed.

Mrs. Rivers was easily fluttered and thrown into a state of embarrassment. Quite out of countenance at having been overheard, she stammered,

"Oh—I believe—I think—she—she wished to play cards."

"Well, we can have a round game," cried Hector, laughing at poor Mrs. Rivers's confusion; "there are enough of us for that. We can

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play at speculation, or old maid, and then we shall discover which of our fair friends is doomed to single blessedness, for some folks say there must be at least *one* old maid in every family."

"But that is not true," cried his aunt. "I had six sisters—there were seven of us—and we all married."

"That is certainly a most extraordinary fact," replied Hector.

It was put to the vote whether there should be a round game or not; but the suggestion was negatived, Colonel Mentilla and Don Alonzo both pleading for some music in preference to cards, or a stroll by moonlight.

"Oh!" said the attorney-general, spitefully, "your Spanish friends, Mr. St. Clair, doubtless care for no game at cards but Monte."

"Monte is a frightfully gambling game, I believe," replied Mr. St. Clair, "and I do not think either of my South American guests are gamblers."

"A stroll in the moonlight! How delightful!" thought Adela. "If I can only secure Mentilla for my companion, and palm Alvaez off upon Linda."

Hector busied himself in tying a pink silk handkerchief over Minna's head, assuring her in the most authoritative manner that he would not allow her to go out bare-headed, as she wished to do. Adela placed a lace veil on her head and shoulders to resemble somewhat a Spanish mantilla, and while she was standing before a mirror, gracefully arranging its folds, she started, for she beheld in it Colonel Mentilla bending over Linda, who had thrown a slight scarf over her shining hair—he had actually fastened its ends under her pretty dimpled chin!

"But he could hardly do otherwise," she said to herself, "as that stupid Alvaez is standing with folded arms yonder staring at me."

She turned round, and Don Alonzo sprang forwards, congratulating her on the exquisite manner in which she wore the mantilla which became her so much.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "if I were only a Troubadour, I would sing verses in honour of your surpassing beauty!"

They all prepared to sally forth.

"Where's the guitar?" asked Hector.

"At home, to be sure—at Clair Hall," answered Miss Minna. "You don't suppose we carry a guitar about with us, like a set of wandering minstrels."

"Well, I have got a *cane flute* in my pocket, happily; faute de mieux, some one of us must play on that. I bought it from a negro-boy the other evening, who had just manufactured it. Of course he had been stealing a bundle of canes from the windmill."

"Shall we lead the way, colonel?" said Adela, taking a desperate resolution and going up to Mentilla.

"Certainly, señorita, if you wish it; but—but my friend, Alvaez, will be disappointed."

"Oh, he won't care, I'm sure—he can walk with Linda; he will find her more lively than *I* am; but, perhaps, I ought not to inflict my dulness upon you."

What could the poor baffled colonel say? He could not tell the young lady that he wished her at Jericho, and would infinitely have pre-

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ferred walking with her sister; so he was forced to make some civil speech, repudiating the idea of *her* ever being dull, and to walk smilingly by her side. She perceived that he was *distrait*, but attributed this to his being undecided whether to seize that moment for a declaration of his feelings, or to wait for some other opportunity. She spoke calmly and gently to him, expressed the great pleasure herself and her family had experienced in his society, of the deep interest they would henceforth take in his country, and the success of the cause he espoused, and hoped, almost in a trembling voice, that he would think sometimes of them and of Clair Hall. Adela always said "we" and "us," so there was nothing bold or unfeminine in what she did say.

"Think of you!" he exclaimed. "By Heavens, señorita, Clair Hall and . . . and its dear inmates will never be absent from my thoughts. When I leave this lovely island, as I must now do soon, I shall leave my heart behind. . . . I——"

Adela's heart beat so loudly that she could scarcely catch his low accents.

What was that which interrupted the interesting scene, and, as Adela thought, the avowal of love he was about to make?

It was not a blast, but a shrill sound from Hector's cane flute; it could just pipe two notes, and Hector made vigorous use of these. Colonel Mentilla turned hastily round, and beheld the musician rushing after them.

"Did you not hear the bugle-call?" he exclaimed. "We are going to the bell-apple arbour, and want you two to help us in a serenade we are going to get up there."

"Whom are you going to serenade?" asked the colonel, laughing.

"Ourselves—and the pigeons up yonder," pointing to a pigeon-house at no great distance, "and any living creature that may hear us."

Adela rather wondered at the alacrity with which her lover, as she fancied him, accompanied Hector to join the rest of the party, from whom she and the colonel had somewhat strayed; but she assured herself he was obliged to *appear* satisfied, though the interruption must have been very provoking to him.

"Music hath charms, you see," cried Hector, flourishing his cane pipe; "it has brought the runaways back."

Adela coloured deeply, looking conscious and confused; while Mentilla bent his eyes inquiringly on Linda, as if to ask what *she* thought of his having deserted her.

Hector settled them all according to his own pleasure in the bell-apple arbour, at the entrance of which stood two splendid mahagua trees, but its flowers—the palest primrose tint in the morning, bright yellow under the noonday sun, and a rich brownish hue in after-part of the day—were hanging almost shrivelled up, as if exhausted by the heat and glare of the past hours. Hector severed poor Adela from Mentilla, and delivered her over, an unwilling victim, to Don Alonzo Alvaez, who gladly arranged a small bench for her and himself.

"Linda," said Hector, "make room for Colonel Mentilla by you, or he will have to ensconce himself on the floor; Minna and I will take these two rickety old chairs, and, if they give way, I trust some of you will come to the rescue."

Hector had perceived Colonel Mentilla's admiration of Linda, and,

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willing to do as he would be done by, he was determined to place him in close proximity to that young lady.

"Now," said Hector, the self-constituted master of ceremonies, "we are going to sing. Talking is sometimes a bore—music seldom is. Do any of you know a hymn to the moonlight?"

No one confessed to any such knowledge, therefore a popular air was fixed on, and sang in chorus, to their own satisfaction at least.

"But really we ought to take some notice of yon splendid moon, and as none of us know any musical address to her, I will, with permission, read to you by her light a poem which was written the other day by a young lady of our acquaintance."

"By you?" asked Colonel Mentilla, in a whisper of his neighbour, Linda.

"Oh no—not by me," she replied.

"Hush, hush, in that corner!" cried Hector. "I am going to lift up my voice, though not in the nasal twang of one of our Methodist parsons, yet I don't like to be disturbed any more than these gentry do. The lines I am going to recite or read are in honour of the Queen of Night:

Now, 'tis moonlight's softest hour,
When fairies leave their elfin bower
To gambol on the dewy green,
By mortal eyes alone unseen;

When sea-nymphs from their coral cells
Ascend, in cars of motley shells,
To wanton 'midst the waves above,
And hail the sacred hour of love;

When spirits floating in the air,
The balmy breath of evening share;
And every sprite, and nymph, and fay
Awakes to joy, till dawn of day.

Now, they glide in mazy round—
Now, with airy footsteps bound—
Sporting beneath the bright moonbeams,
Where'er their sparkling radiance gleams.

Hark! mingling with the sighing breeze,
What wild, unearthly sounds are these,
Now swelling high like choral strain,
Then sinking, murm'ring low again?

List! 'Tis the spirits' vesper song,
Borne by the gentle gale along,
And myriad voices joining there,
Arise from ocean, earth, and air!

Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Queen of Night!
Hail to thy mild and hallowed light,
That brightly beams,
Or faintly gleams,
From thine azure throne, great Queen of Night!

Hail to thy clear and tranquil ray!
Oh! dearer far than gaudy day.
We own thy power,
And love thy hour,
Thou goddess of the silver ray!

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Ever to thee fresh hymns we'll raise,
Ever unite to chant thy praise;
Be still our guide,
Nor darkly hide
Thy glories from our ardent gaze!

Now, when the world is sunk in sleep,
We our moonlight revels keep,
And merrily play,
Or gaily stray,
Where Fancy wills, till daylight peep.

Come, let us dive to Ocean's caves,
Or lightly skim its dark-blue waves;
Or wander o'er
The rocky shore,
And the smooth and sparkling sand it laves.

Come, let us mount to airy halls,
Where'er the voice of pleasure calls;
Above, below—
Fearless we go—
No danger daunts, no dread appals.

Then hail to thee! Hail, oh Queen of Night!
Hail to thy mild and hallowed light,
That brightly beams,
Or faintly gleams
From thine azure throne, great Queen of Night!

We owe our thanks to Adela for this effusion to moonlight," said Hector, when he had finished half reading, half reciting, these verses. "She ought to be the poet laureate of our important island," he added.

Adela was warmly complimented by both the South Americans, who, as in duty bound, begged copies of the little poem.

"And now," cried Hector, blowing a sort of flourish on his cane fife, "this is the retreat. We must go in to assist at the petit souper, which doubtless good Mrs. Rivers has ordered for us. I hope the attorney-general's savage humour will have been cooled down; he looked, before we made our exit, as if he would have been cannibal enough to have eaten off your head, Linda, and another head in the room."

III.

AN OFFER REFUSED.

THE time for the departure of the South American chiefs was drawing very near. Their little vessel had undergone all the repairs obtainable at the small island on which the hurricane had driven them; and willingly as they would have prolonged their stay, and loth as they were to tear themselves from the young hostesses who had made such havoc on their feelings, they never dreamed of throwing aside the claims of duty, and were ready to resume their perilous position among those who were fighting for liberty in their country.

But the spirits of both gentlemen sank as the day of departure approached, and the spirits of Adela and Linda St. Clair sank also.

They had not made confidantes of each other; something unaccount-

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able to both seemed to have prevented their opening their hearts to each other. It was, probably, that Adela had perceived how much Linda liked Colonel Mentilla, but, fancying *she* was his favourite, did not feel inclined to pain her sister by making this communication to her; while Linda, on her part, suspected Adela's penchant for the handsome colonel, but well knew that he did not care for her, and felt it would be awkward to undeceive her.

"He will go—ah! too soon—from us both," she said to her sympathising aunt; "and there is no need to mortify poor Adela by telling her how she has deceived herself."

"Well, my dear, I don't know if it is right to let her go on deluding herself," replied Mrs. Rivers. "Adela puts me in mind of a volcano. You will say it is an absurd comparison, but you see, Linda dear, she is all ice and snow without, and fire and flames within."

"Cheto fuor, commoto dentro, as the Italians say," remarked Linda. "But this is a new character for her; she used to be always so quiet, and seemed to be quite above all human passions."

"Yes, until the human passions scorched her. There was nobody for her to care about here. She called all the men stupid and common-place, not worth a thought, and she says now that Colonel Mentilla seems to belong to a higher order of beings than they do."

"And so he does," replied Linda, warmly. "Oh, Aunt Dora, he is perfection!"

Mrs. Rivers smiled.

"Well, my poor child, it is natural you should think so, but it is unfortunate that two sisters have fixed their affections on one and the same person. I only hope Adela won't commit some act of folly."

"Adela! Nay, aunt, she is too sensible, too reasonable for that."

Don Alonzo Alvaez was in despair at the idea of leaving the island without having come to some éclaircissement with Adela, but he sought in vain for an opportunity of speaking to her alone, therefore he determined to address himself to her father, and accordingly, demanding a private interview with the old gentleman, he made his proposals for the eldest Miss St. Clair.

Great were the surprise and annoyance of Mr. St. Clair. It had never entered his mind that his South American guests could have formed any attachment to his daughters, though, if he had not been very blind, he might have seen what was going on. He, of course, thanked Don Alonzo for the high compliment he paid Adela, but in courteous, yet decided terms, declined his offer. He said that the very unsettled state of the Spanish Main would make it unadvisable and unsafe for any lady to go there at that time; that he, Alvaez, would not be in a position to protect a wife, and that she could not even accompany him in the small vessel in which he was to return to La Guayra.

"No, my friend," he added. "You had better wait until more settled times; then, if, as I hope, your party triumph, and you escape the dreadful chances of war, and you still remember Adela, come back to us, and, should she be still unmarried, I shall give my consent to your union, although your being a Roman Catholic and she a Protestant is a great drawback, I confess."

Don Alonzo asked permission to speak to Adela, and hear his doom

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from her own lips; but Mr. St. Clair said he would rather she were left free to act as she pleased.

"If she cares for you, she will remember you, and think of no one else; if she does not, her loss will not be great to you. I intend taking my daughters to England next year, and it is possible that they may marry there; at the same time, it is very possible that they may return unmarried. No one can look into the future."

This was cold comfort for the enamoured Don Alonzo, but nothing more was to be extracted from the old gentleman.

The interview ended, Alvaez flew to Mentilla to complain of the manner in which his proposals had been received; and much shocked and concerned his friend was, for he felt that Mr. St. Clair would be quite as inexorable in regard to his adored Linda.

"This is a sad finale to our happiness here, Alvaez," said Colonel Mentilla. "You love Adela, I love Linda. What is to be done? Can we carry them both off?"

"No, no, no!" cried Don Alonzo, his proud Spanish blood mantling to his cheeks. "What! steal the old man's daughters? Reward his hospitality by *such* an act! You cannot seriously contemplate it for a moment, Mentilla."

"But to leave my Linda, perhaps for ever, to know that she may become another man's wife—oh, Alvaez, this is too much to bear!"

"Would we had never come here!" exclaimed Alvaez—"never beheld these syrens; it would have been better for us. But now we must only nerve ourselves to the task of parting with them—for a time, at least. If we live and conquer, they may yet be ours; if we fall on the field of battle, it will be better for those we love to be safe in their father's house."

"True!" replied Mentilla. But schemes were floating in his brain which he did not choose to communicate to his friend—schemes that the slightest imprudence on his own part, or that of any one to whom he might confide them, would assuredly mar. "No!" he said to himself—"I will not seek any assistance from Alvaez; I will entrust my plan only to her, without whose co-operation it cannot be carried out."

IV.

SCHEMES CARRIED OUT.

AND what was Colonel Mentilla's mysterious plan? *That* was to be told only to Linda; and, in order to have a few minutes' uninterrupted conversation with that young lady without eavesdroppers—for in West India houses, where everything is arranged for coolness, and doors are generally thrown open, privacy is not easily attainable—he managed to convey to her a little billet, entreating her to take an early walk with him the following morning. People rise early in tropical climates, and the family at Clair Hall were generally up betimes. Adela was always the latest of the young ladies, and she, moreover, spent a good deal of the early morning at her toilet; Minna usually busied herself before breakfast with her birds and her flowers; while Mr. St. Clair always went to the boiling-house or the field to inspect the operations necessary

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to carrying on the work of a plantation. So the coast would be clear for Linda and the colonel, if she would deprive herself of an hour's sleep.

Poor Linda would have deprived herself of many hours' sleep for the pleasure of a walk with the patriot colonel, and she scarcely closed her eyes all night, haunted by the fear of being too late in the morning.

Before the stars had entirely faded from view in the blue vault of heaven, or the first early streaks of dawn had tinged the eastern sky, Linda was up and dressed. The young ladies had each her own room, therefore no one was disturbed by her movements. She passed softly and quietly through a dressing-room, at that particular time unused, which opened into her own room, and which led, by a short flight of steps, to a sloping lawn, where grew some very large tamarind-trees. Letting herself out by a low gate, which was never locked, she advanced cautiously towards the road, stooping to shelter herself from observation close to the pigeon-pea-bushes which grew on the side of the path; she had not proceeded far, however, when she discerned, standing behind a cocoa-nut-tree, and almost seeming to be part of its trunk, a tall figure, which immediately issued forth and joined her.

"My darling Linda! Thanks for this extreme kindness," exclaimed Colonel Mentilla. "I have much to say to you; where can we go to be altogether unobserved? To the sea-shore?"

"No; oh no, the fishermen will be out presently; the shore is not a quiet retreat at early morning."

"Under the orange and shaddock trees in the garden, then, with the 'forbidden fruit' to remind us of a lost Eden?"

"No, the watchman will hardly have left the garden yet, and he is a very garrulous old man. Let us go to the haunted forest, no one will intrude upon us there. But we must walk fast."

Colonel Mentilla offered her his arm, and, leaning on it, Linda exerted herself to walk faster than is usual with West India ladies, or West Indians of either sex. The early morning air, however, was cool, almost chill, therefore their quick pace was not inconvenient to the damsel or her admirer.

When they reached the forest, Linda felt a shuddering pass over her. An apparition there had predicted evil hanging over them to her father, and if he had not really seen an apparition, he had dreamed then of coming ill. The deep silence, the almost darkness of these primeval woods, frightened her, and she clung closer to her companion.

"Do not let us go far into the forest," she said, scarcely speaking above her breath; "they say that the spirits of the dead walk here, and it would be terrible to encounter any of them."

"But, dearest, the dead do not show themselves by day, you know; *if* they revisit this world at all, which I do not believe, the faintest glimmer of light in the horizon, the earliest crow of cock, warn them to return to their silent abodes. Ah! it is not the dead that we have to fear, but the living, my Linda!"

They sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, near the entrance of one of the forest glades, and Mentilla told Linda of the proposal Alvaez had made for Adela, and how it had been refused by her father.

"These are most disheartening tidings to *me*, dearest Linda," he said.

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"If your father refuses Alvaez for his eldest daughter, it is not likely he will accept me for his second one."

"But Don Alonzo did not tell papa—he *could* not do it—that Adela cared for him, and that it would break her heart to be altogether separated from him. Now, if you really love me as much as you say you do, Diego"—(it was the first time that she had called him by his christian name)—"I will tell papa that I never, never will marry any one but you, and he won't be so unkind as to forbid our thinking of each other."

"Thinking of each other, no; he cannot forbid thought—but he can destroy *my* happiness, my Linda, if not yours, by preventing us from being united to each other."

Linda sighed deeply.

"I have a little plan, dearest," he said, "which will set all to rights for us, without causing your father any uneasiness, or putting him to the pain of refusing *your* wish, for, of course, he would think no more of refusing *my* petition than the one hazarded by Alvaez."

Colonel Mentilla then went on to tell the young girl that he was so deeply distressed at the idea of parting with her without having any claim upon her for the future, that he prayed her to agree to a private marriage. The Roman Catholic priest at the little town of ——, he said, he had no doubt would officiate on the occasion, and a little persuasion might induce her kind aunt to be present at the ceremony. It might be kept a profound secret until he could return to claim his bride, but he would have the happiness and the solace of knowing that she was bound to him by indissoluble ties, which neither distance nor absence could sever. He pressed Linda to agree to his proposal.

The poor girl was quite overcome by contending feelings, and for a time could only answer by tears. At length she murmured:

"No, no, Mentilla; devotedly as I love you, I cannot deceive my good father. I cannot enter into a clandestine marriage."

"Then you do *not* love me, Linda; I have been cherishing a vain dream—you will not sacrifice a mere chimerical idea of duty to ensure my happiness. And I must say farewell—farewell, perhaps, for ever! If I were to be severely wounded in battle, I could not expect you, free and unfettered, to unite yourself to a wreck; I would not ask it. I would never see you more. Were you my wife, I know that you would cling to me through good and through evil; and, with you as my guiding star, what should I not be able to do?"

Poor Linda was half distracted. Here was that charming Colonel Mentilla, who had won so many hearts and turned so many heads, pleading to her in that earnest, low, melodious voice which seemed to penetrate her inmost soul, and, on the other hand, was her duty to her kind father—her sense of propriety, and her fear of doing wrong. She wrung her little hands and wept bitterly.

"Linda, my darling!" whispered Colonel Mentilla, "my future fate is in *your* hands. If you refuse my prayer, I shall go away dispirited, wretched, overwhelmed with sorrow and disappointment—not fit for the part I have to sustain in the service of my country. If you accede to my request, my heart will be lightened of a heavy load, my arm will be nerved to exertion, and please God I shall return to you, one of the

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liberators of my country, to place my lovely wife at the head of the society in my native land."

"I have no ambition to be a great lady," said Linda, rallying a little; "it is only of *you* I think."

"So much the more pleasing to me, dearest," he replied. "But if you fully reciprocate my feelings, why throw me off for a mere punctilio?"

"It is not a mere punctilio—it is the difference between right and wrong that influences me."

"Let us refer the question to your good aunt," said the gallant colonel; "if she thinks it wrong, I will yield my dearest wish. If she does not disapprove, will you consent to what I entreat of you?"

Linda hesitated a few minutes, and then gave him the promise he required.

He thanked her in the most passionate terms, and they left the haunted forest on their return home. Gaining the house by different approaches, they succeeded in making good their entry without being observed, and half an hour afterwards Linda emerged from her chamber as if she had not been long up, for she had taken off her dress and put on her dressing-gown before she called her maid, and the colonel took a stroll to the beach, where he saw a shark dragged on shore, and superintended the destruction of that monster of the deep, which, happily, formed a safe subject of conversation at breakfast.

In the course of the day the colonel rode over to the little town close to which Mrs. Rivers resided, and in the harbour of which the small vessel that had brought the South Americans to the island was lying, getting ready for its departure to Curaçoa and back to La Guayra.

Colonel Mentilla lost no time in disclosing his project to Mrs. Rivers, and though she was at first startled by it, and inclined to oppose it, he managed to talk her over. She was an exceedingly well-meaning, but rather ill-judging woman, and romantic to the last degree. Mentilla urged his own and Linda's strong affection for each other—the comfort it would be to them both, on parting, to know that they were bound to each other by ties which no one could break—the happy future he hoped to provide for her charming niece, the position in which he would be able to place her—with many more advantages than she could have if she married the attorney-general of the island, whom she positively disliked—and the certainty that Mr. St. Clair would be satisfied with his daughter's union to him when it was made known.

"But Adela! what will she say?" remarked Mrs. Rivers.

"I presume she has nothing to say in the matter," replied the colonel. "We will not let her into our secret, nor Minna either; so no blame can fall on either of them."

"But Adela is so jealous of Linda," blurted out Mrs. Rivers.

"Jealous! How?"

"Oh—well—you see Adela thinks you admire *her* more than Linda, and that—that Linda tries to win you from her."

"I am very sorry," said the colonel, gravely, "that Miss Adela has adopted such an idea. Upon my honour, Mrs. Rivers, I have not been playing a double game. From the first moment that I beheld Linda, I

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felt that she was to be my destiny. And now my fate is in your hands and hers. Yours, I may say, altogether, for the dear, confiding girl will be guided by your opinion."

He continued to plead with the good lady until his eloquence prevailed; objection after objection was overruled, and at length, to her own surprise, she found herself arranging the secret marriage with him. He repaired to the little town, and called on the Roman Catholic priest, a jolly, good-tempered, round-faced Irishman, who was noted for telling a comical story well, and liking a good dinner. The colonel imparted his wishes to him, and, at the same time, offered him a handsome fee for his services and his silence.

Mr. O'Grady made a wry face at first, afraid of getting into trouble; but on hearing that the young lady's aunt was cognisant of the matter, he allowed himself to be persuaded to perform the ceremony, only stipulating that Mentilla should attend mass at the Catholic chapel the next day, which would be Sunday, should take the sacrament, and go through the duty of confession.

The colonel smiled at the idea of confession; he was not a very rigid Roman Catholic, but he was willing to do anything in order to remove any scruples of conscience which might assail the worthy priest.

It was then settled that Mr. O'Grady was to hold himself in readiness for a summons to Mrs. Rivers's house, as the ceremony could not take place in the Catholic chapel, and that he was never to betray the secret of the private marriage.

Aunt Dora, on her part, undertook to bring Linda to her house unaccompanied by her sisters. For this purpose she wrote Linda, entreating her to come to her for a day or two, as her daughter Julia was unwell and out of spirits, and she wanted one of her cousins to help to amuse her. She did not ask Adela, she said, as she, being the eldest daughter, it was necessary for her to remain at home, on account of her father's guests, the short time which was to elapse before their departure. And Julia liked Linda better than Minna, so she would not trouble Minna.

Linda read the note aloud to her sisters. Minna found great fault with her aunt for her selfishness in sending for Linda to amuse that stupid Julia the very last days that their pleasant South American friends were to be with them.

Adela could scarcely conceal her joy at getting rid of Linda, whose absence would leave the handsome colonel entirely to her society, at least when she could escape Alvaez, and she waited with some anxiety to know if Linda would go or refuse the invitation; very glad she was when Linda wrote her aunt that she would come the next morning.

That next day Colonel Mentilla, with exemplary patience, remained the whole day at Clair Hall, and actually drove Adela out in a low phaeton in the evening, while Don Alonzo and Minna rode on horseback. But on the Tuesday the colonel declared that it was necessary for him to go to see about the schooner, and make some arrangements with the former mate, now the captain; he thought they would require to engage one or two sailors for their voyage back to the Spanish Main, and perhaps a cabin-boy.

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Adela listened with great attention to this, and inquired somewhat minutely what would be the duties of a cabin-boy.

"Are you coming, Alvaez?" asked Colonel Mentilla.

"No; *you* can do all that is wanted, and I would rather spend our last hours in the island here."

Mentilla was thankful for this resolution on the part of his friend, and set off with a heart vibrating between joy and apprehension—the apprehension lest anything unforeseen should occur to frustrate his happy hopes.

But nothing did occur. And that very evening Priest O'Grady united him and Linda St. Clair in the presence of Mrs. Rivers and an elderly black woman, who had been Linda's nurse, and was much attached to her, but who now lived as a confidential servant with her aunt.

The lovers were married, and the wedding-ring used on the occasion was one which had belonged to Linda's great-great-grandmother, and had been carefully preserved in the family. It had come into Linda's possession on account of her name, *Rosalinda*, which had been that of the defunct dame, on whose wedding-ring were engraved these words:

This and the giver
Are thine for ever;

showing the attention paid to correct rhyme two hundred years ago.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

HOAR Mount that risest from the western deep,
With granite shoulders, and fern-waving hair,
Like some tall giant doom'd sea-watch to keep,
Spoken to stone, mute, fix'd for ever there!

Or thou dost look, so beautiful while grand,
Wooing the gales, and towering o'er the foam,
An islet of enchantment, where a band
Of ocean-nymphs and mermaids make their home.

I cross the pebbly ridge where, long ago,
Ere Christ was born, the old Phœnicians trod,
Bearing their shining store;* wild ocean's flow
Sounds now, as then, loud anthems unto God.

The sun smiles out; I climb the massive rocks
Smooth'd by the blasts of ages, and in dread
Hang o'er the billow-lash'd, huge, granite blocks;
Soul feeds upon the grandeur round her spread.

* Twice a day, at low water, the visitor can pass to St. Michael's Mount dry-shod. Across this periodic isthmus the Phœnicians used to transport the tin obtained from the Britons, making the Mount a kind of depôt for this metal.

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Yet here the lichen, creeping, loving, grows,
And in the chinks the heath-flower waves its bell,
The wandering bee her shrilly trumpet blows,
Heard in the pauses of blue ocean's swell.

Loneness doth kiss her sister Quiet's brow;
Amid the ferns the timid rabbit feeds,
And on the iron cannon, rusting now,
The linnet twitters, nor my footstep heeds.

I reach the craggy summit, seaward gazing;
O bay of beauty! green encircling hills!
O sun upon the crystal waters blazing,
Each wave a cup that liquid emerald fills!

Capes stretch away into the outer deep,
And one is lost in haze,* like memory dying
And fading in the past; ships onward sweep,
And some are idly at their anchors lying:

Lying on moving glass, where each white sail
Is traced in shadow: hark! the organ's sound;†
The sea-gull screams its treble, like a wail,
While bells from distant towers are dying round.

Here once sweet Gordon mourn'd;‡ here Britain's Queen
Stood on the rocks—a throne, a throne sublime!
And Cornwall's Duke gazed raptured on the scene;
Their names the Mount shall keep all future time.§

The waves beneath are ever rolling, beating,
Their ceaseless voice a mournful monotone;
Slow they advance, again in foam retreating;
Great Ocean's heart, why dost thou ever moan?

St. Michael's Mount! who gazes from this height,
On loveliness, sublimity, and peace,
On Nature in a trance of full delight—
Nature whose glories ne'er shall dim or cease—

Will feel an inward fire unfelt before—
The glow of admiration, and will muse
On Him who shaped far hills and winding shore,
The sea, the sky, with all their varied hues.

Ay, he will think, our souls to exalt and please,
God hath indulged choice dreams of beauty here,
And stamp'd them on creation; scenes like these
Reflect Heaven's love, and glorify our sphere.

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* The Lizard Point.

† The chapel on the summit of the Mount contains a fine organ, and here, at one of the angles on the tower, is the famous *St. Michael's chair*, the old legend attached to the latter being, that whichever of a newly-married couple first sits in this chair, he or she will maintain the mastery over the other for life.

‡ Lady Catherine Gordon, wife of Perkin Warbeck, the pretender, was held prisoner for some time at St. Michael's Mount.

§ Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort visited the Mount in the autumn of 1846. A brass plate, the shape of the Queen's foot, has been inserted in one of the stones of the small pier where she landed. The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales took place in July, 1865.

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ABOUT "PROGRESS BY ANTAGONISM" IN FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

A CHAPTER ON ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

By Francis Jacox.

The elder Humboldt, in one of those Letters to a lady-friend of which at least two translations have found a welcome in our land, referring to and accounting for her relaxing intimacy with a former "inseparable," makes the remark: "It must have been difficult for friendship to connect you two; for it ever demands unity of character in respect to the main points, and it is almost vain for persons so obviously different as you describe your friend and yourself to have been, to become, or at least to remain, very much attached."* On the face of it, this absolute judgment might seem open to contradiction by a thousand well-known examples, seemingly to the contrary; but a great deal depends upon what is really meant by unity of character; and something at least on anomalies and idiosyncrasies in individual character itself. We find Schleiermacher once and again, in correspondence with one of his lady friends, touching on the paradoxical intimacy he cherished, while living at Stolpe, with the younger Schlegel. "As to my not loving Friedrich Schlegel, do not allow Jette to persuade you that this is so. That she should believe it, is but natural. She knows that Friedrich's character and mine are utterly heterogeneous, and she does not think it possible that any one can love a nature quite unlike his own. . . She knows that he is wanting in taste and feeling for much that I appreciate very highly, and she believes, therefore, that he is wanting in heart altogether, and that it is his intellect only that has attracted me, though I do not see this myself. But I am quite clear about my own feelings in this case. For his intellect alone I love no man,"† &c. Again, some months later, to the same, and about the same: "Jette, I know, raises objections on account of the great dissimilarity in our dispositions,"—and after enumerating a number of Schlegel's defects, "but these," he continues, "are only outward appearances, which are, indeed, very different from the outward expressions of my character; but it does not follow that the inward divergence between us is proportionately great. I admit, however, that the latter also is considerable; but great similarity of character is by no means necessary for friendship."‡ One is so often weary of one's self, remarks Madame de Staël, that a resemblance of that self would never tempt affection, which requires a harmony of sentiment, but a contrast of character; many sympathies, but not unvaried congeniality.§ Relations are very apt to hate each other just because they are too much alike, according to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes,—it being so frightful,

* Letters to a Lady, by the Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, Dec. 1, 1825.
† Schleiermacher's Letters, No. clx., To Eleanore G——, June 8, 1802.
‡ Ibid., No. clxxiii., Sept. 10, 1802.
§ Corinne, l. xvi. ch. i.

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he considers, to be in an atmosphere of family idiosyncrasies—to see all the hereditary peculiarities intensified by concentration, so that every fault of our own finds itself multiplied by reflections, like our images in a saloon lined with mirrors. And that pleasantest of American physicians, philosophers, and poets, all in one, characteristically and quasi-professionally adds: "Nature knows what she is about. The centrifugal principle which grows out of the antipathy of like to like is only the repetition in character of the arrangement we see expressed materially in certain seed capsules, which burst and throw the seed to all points of the compass." A house, he explains, is a large pod with a human germ or two in each of its cells or chambers, which opens "by dehiscence of the front door by-and-by," and projects* one of its germs one way, and another another,—all to secure their emancipation from household identities, and afford them scope in opposite directions for the elective affinities of attraction by antagonism.

The author of a clever essay on Women's Friendships, finds at once a reason for the confessed fact that women are not good friends with women in their want of diversity of character—upon which very diversity it is that the very strongest friendships are built. The best friends, he goes on to say, are not mere reproductions of one another; they are rather each other's complement. They are united, he argues, not by an accidental identity of tastes, or powers, or pursuits, but by the assimilation, through the affections, of intellectual and moral differences. It is not so much, says the essayist, that the character of either is changed, as that the characters of both are enlarged; our friends are added to, and become a part of ourselves, and we in turn are added to, and become a part of our friends. "An absolute resemblance is fatal to such a union; it leaves no room for the process of mutual adaptation. To bind people together, there must be different though corresponding angles in their characters—recesses in which the salient points of each may find shelter, projections which may fit into and fill up the recesses. Without these they will be like pebbles in a wall, cemented by the force of interest, habit, or circumstance, but having no coherence of their own."†

One of Dr. Johnson's stately and sonorous *Ramblers* is devoted to an epistolary exemplification of connubial felicity—(the Doctor himself might have penned these polysyllables)—in one paragraph of which the complacent husband thus pictures his relation to his *placens uxor*. "Though our characters, beheld at a distance, exhibit this general resemblance, yet a nearer inspection discovers such a dissimilitude of our habitudes and sentiments, as leaves each some peculiar advantage, and affords that *concordia discors*, that suitable disagreement which is always necessary to intellectual harmony." There may, he observes, be a total diversity of ideas which admits no participation of the same delight, and there may likewise be such a conformity of notions, as leaves neither anything to add to the decisions of the other. "With such contrariety there can be no peace, with such similarity there can be no pleasure. Our reasonings

* See "Elsie Venner," ch. xi.

† "It is just this variety in which women are deficient. In all other respects they are of the stuff that friends are made of, and many of the qualifications for friendship they possess in a far higher degree than men."—*Saturday Review*, xviii. 176.

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[the pattern penman's and his wife's], though often formed upon different views, terminate generally in the same conclusion. Our thoughts, like rivulets issuing from distant springs, are each impregnated in its course with various mixtures, and tinged by infusions unknown to the other, yet at last easily unite into one stream, and purify themselves by the gentle effervescence of contrary qualities."*

Adam Smith, in his Theory of Moral Sentiments, discusses at large the question of diversities in taste and in feeling, on the part of a pair of friends. We can much more easily, he remarks, overlook in our friend the want of correspondence in taste as to a picture or a poem, or in opinion as to a system of philosophy, than the want of such correspondence in feeling as to a misfortune that has befallen us, or an injury that has been done to us. "Though you despise that picture, or that poem, or even that system of philosophy, which I admire, there is little danger of our quarrelling upon that account. Neither of us can reasonably be much interested about them. They ought all of them to be matters of great indifference to us both; so that though our opinions may be opposite, our affections may still be very nearly the same."† We often find Horace Walpole urging a reflection to this effect upon his reverend friend, Mr. Cole: "You and I differ radically in our principles, and yet in forty years they have never cast a gloom over our friendship."‡ Again, a month later: "I was sorry you said we had any variance. We have differed in sentiments, but not in friendship. Two men, however unlike in principles, may be perfect friends, when both are sincere in their opinions as we are."§ And once again, twelve months after: "I should be truly sorry if I did lose a scruple of your friendship. You have ever been as candid to me as Mr. Baker‖ was to his antagonists, and our friendship is another proof that men of the most opposite principles can agree in everything else, and not quarrel about them."¶

According to La Bruyère, social pleasure between friend and friend is fostered by the co-existence of similarity of taste in matters moral, and of some discrepancy of opinion in matters scientific; and he gives the reason why. "Le plaisir de la société entre les amis se cultive par une ressemblance de goût sur ce qui regarde les mœurs, et par quelque différence d'opinions sur les sciences: par là, ou l'on s'affermit dans ses sentiments, ou l'on s'exerce et l'on s'instruit par la dispute."** Swift was capital friends with Sir Arthur Acheson, to and about whom many of the Dean's sprightliest verses were written—especially note-worthy among them being the Grand Question Debated; whether Hamilton Bacon should be turned into a Barrack or Malt-House. But in a summary of rhymes with reasons for the Dean's not building on Drapier's Hill, occurs this objection to becoming the knight's next neighbour:

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* The Rambler, No. clxvii., Oct. 22, 1751.
† Adam Smith, Theory of Moral Sentiments, part i., sect. i.
‡ Walpole to Rev. William Cole, Sept. 16, 1777.
§ Same to same, Oct. 19, 1777.
‖ A propos of a Life of that gentleman, just finished by Horace, and forwarded by him for the inspection of his clerical correspondent.
¶ Walpole to Cole, Oct. 26, 1778. ** Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. v.

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Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms a union in the mind:
But here I differ from the knight
In every point like black and white:
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met:
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting kale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.*

For the amount of discord compatible with intimacy is a question of degree as well as kind; and Swift's humorous exaggeration, if taken literally, would go far to show cause why intimacy between such a pair should be impracticable.

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosi;
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi,

says Horace.† It is likeness which makes the true love-knot of friendship, says Owen Feltham; for, as he argues, when we find another of our own disposition, what is it but the same soul in a divided body? "We are then mutually transposed into each other; and nature, which makes us love ourselves, makes us for the same reason love those who are like us."‡ With a difference, however; which psychologists like to study and account for.

It is remarked by Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, that he who selects his friend for possessing a reduplication of his own qualities, or of his own temperament, increases indeed the force of those qualities and temperaments in volume and in power, but does not add to his original resources by the introduction of any new element; nor does he obtain the help necessary to obviate the evil or supply the defects of his own organisation: whereas he who chooses his friend, not indeed it may be on phrenological calculation, but by instinct of the heart and mind, and finds in him powers antagonistic to his own, will experimentally learn that such a friendship is affluent in resource, and efficacious in checks to evil.§ A great philosophical poet has a stanza to the purpose:

True friends though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined,
Through Nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.‖

In reference to Miss Yonge's mediæval story, "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest," it has been remarked that such a character as Christina, whose most prominent attributes are gentleness and refinement, may at first sight appear little adapted to exercise the influence she is there re-

* Swift's Poems: The Dean's Reasons for Not Building at Drapier's Hill.
† Ep. xviii. i. 1. ‡ Feltham's Resolves: Of Assimilation.
§ Autobiography of M. A. Schimmelpenninck, vol. i. p. 257.
‖ Wordsworth: At the Grave of Burns.

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presented to have exercised over the rugged natures among whom she is placed—she the dove, in the nest of a bird of prey. But judicious criticism holds Miss Yonge to be right; there being in human nature a strange affinity for opposites, like the attraction of positives for negatives in electricity. "Natures like those of Eberhard and Ermentrude would be attracted to Christina by her very unlikeness to themselves; and, after the manner of untutored minds, . . . would probably invest her in fancy with higher qualities than she actually possessed." So again in sketching the characters of the two brothers, Christina's sons, Miss Yonge has availed herself anew of the affinity of unlikeness.*

Goethe's philosophical Captain discourses suggestively on the strikingly marked affinities of alkalis and acids: their being of opposite natures he takes to be, very likely, the secret of their effect on one another: they seek one another eagerly out, lay hold of each other, modify each other's character, and form in connexion an entirely new substance. There is lime, for instance, which shows the strongest inclination for all kinds of acids—a distinct desire of combining with them. And a companion speaker in the same tale of Elective Affinities† observes, that this is the way in which we see all really deep friendships arise among men; opposite peculiarities of disposition being what best makes internal union possible.

Pope comments on the very observable dissimilitude of manners between Achilles and Patroclus, in Homer's portraiture of the two friends: such friendships, he says, are not uncommon, and the reason he professes to have frequently assigned—that it is natural for men to seek the assistance of those qualities in others which they want themselves.‡ Rousseau tells us of a certain friend he made at Venice: "Je sentis que c'était l'ami qu'il me fallait. . . . Nos goûts n'étaient pas les mêmes; nous disputions toujours. Tous deux opiniâtres, nous n'étions jamais d'accord sur rien. Avec cela, nous ne pouvions nous quitter; et, tout en nous contrariant sans cesse, aucun des deux n'eût voulu que l'autre fût autrement."§ St. Clare and his brother, in the most popular of American novels, fast friends as they are, and twin brothers too, are represented as having been made by Nature opposites on every point: in physique, each a perfect contrast to the other; while as to habits and thoughts, "they were always abusing each other's opinions and practices; and yet never a whit the less absorbed in each other's society: in fact, the very contrariety seemed to unite them."‖ In another work Mrs. Stowe introduces her description of the chumship between Edward Clayton and Frank Russel by the

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* "Ebbo is proud, practical, and warlike, while Friedmund is of the poetical or poetico-religious temperament. Scarcely could two characters be more dissimilar, but it is skilfully contrived that the strength of each is the proper supplement of the weakness of the other."—*Sat. Review*, xxi. 633.

The distinction in temperament of the two brothers, as defined above, may remind the reader of the parallel instance, in Scott's "Monastery," of Halbert and Edward Glendinning.

† Wahlverwandtschaften, c. iv.

‡ "That is still better if applied to Providence, which associates men of different and contrary qualities, in order to make a more perfect system."—Pope's annotations on book xvii. of his translation of the Iliad.

§ Les Confessions, 2me partie, livre vii.

‖ Uncle Tom's Cabin, ch. xxiii.

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remark, that whereas it is supposed by many that friendship is best founded upon similarity of character, observation teaches that it is more commonly a union of opposites, in which each party is attracted by something wanting in himself.* Tickler's incidental *obiter dictum* in the *Noctes*, when the Shepherd is dilating on his dogs and their affinities, that he "thought there had been no friendship among dogs," instantly brings down upon him the Shepherd's assurance, "Then you thocht wrang—for they aften loe ane anither like brithers, especially when they are no like ane anither, being indeed in that respect just like us men; for nae twa human beings are mair unlike ither, physically, morally, and intellectually, than you and me, Mr. Tickler, and yet dinna we loe ane anither like brithers?" To which affectionate appeal, of course long Timothy cordially responds with a ready "We do, we do, my dearest Shepherd."†—Miss Cornelia Knight, in her account of the close attachment between Père Jacquier (who in his youth had intrigued with Cardinal Alberoni, and lived with Voltaire and Mme. du Châtelet) and so differently constituted a being as Père le Sueur,‡ tells us they agreed so perfectly because they had the same general views and the same goodness of principle, with diametrically opposite dispositions. "Le Sueur had all the judgment, patience, and exactness necessary for the great work they had in hand, and Jacquier all the genius, fire, and penetration. In their social intercourse, this opposition of qualities kept them from interfering with each other's way of life, and the loss of such a friend as Le Sueur was never repaired to the survivor."§ Mr. Lockhart's delightful record of the loving companionship between Sir Walter Scott and William Erskine, includes the remark that their case was no contradiction to the old saying, that the most attached comrades are often very unlike each other in character and temperament.‖ Sir Thomas Fowell (then Mr.) Buxton, writing home from London in 1823, reports progress: "You cannot think how affectionate Wilberforce was when I called on him yesterday. I think it odd that we should suit so well, having hardly one quality in common."¶ But then they had intensely in common the one absorbing resolve to agitate for negro emancipation.

Lord Cockburn says of Jeffrey and his fast friend for life, Robert Morehead, the simple, humble, pious, benevolent Rector of Easingham, that no two creatures of the same species could be more unlike; but in mutual regard they were entirely one.**—A judicious French critic observes of Alfieri and Ugo Foscolo, that the resemblances of their respective characters were too pronounced for the two men ever to become intimate: "Ce n'est pas la similitude des esprits et des âmes, c'est leur

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* Dred, ch. ii. † Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. iv. p. 95.

‡ Both reverend fathers are, or once upon a time (hélas!) were, known in England, as the best of contemporary commentators on Newton.

§ Journals, &c., of Miss Cornelia Knight, vol. ii. p. 241.

‖ And as regards Scott and Erskine, "the mere physical contrast was as strong as well could be"—a point worth notice, inasmuch as Erskine is said to have been the only man in whose society Scott took great pleasure, during the more vigorous part of his life, that had neither constitution nor inclination for any of the rough bodily exercises in which he delighted.—Life of Scott, ch. liv.

¶ Life of Buxton, ch. viii. ** Life of Lord Jeffrey, i. 60.

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contraste qui fait naître et perpétue l'amitié."* Richardson's Miss Howe attributes her cordial intimacy with Clarissa, in a main degree, to their radical differences in character.

Professor H. Reed, in his observations on the intimacy between Falstaff and Prince Hal, adverts to the common impression that the sympathy of friendship, or even of companionship, is proof of similarity of character: that men become friends and companions only because they are alike; and that no friendship can be permanent unless it be founded upon strong and complete resemblance of character and disposition. That there must be some kind of congeniality, he admits as undoubtedly true, but contends that, with certain resemblances of mind and feeling, there may be a dissimilarity, which, so far from being a hindrance to the strength of friendship, will engender a more real and abiding affection, because the two parties are not minutely and identically alike. The reason for this congenial influence of a certain unlikeness in character, the Professor takes to be perhaps simply this, that one party, wanting some quality of mind or feeling, and conscious of that want, has it supplied by the differently constituted character of the friend or companion. And he illustrates his position by citing the friendship of Hamlet with Horatio, who "resemble each other in the excellent moral purity and manliness of their character," but are utterly unlike in many points of intellectual constitution and habits of feeling. "Hamlet is full of philosophy, of poetry; meditative, sensitive to the highest degree,—the equipoise of his nature disturbed by what befals him; on the other hand, Horatio has not a particle of the poetical† or philosophical constitution or temperament; he is one of the most matter-of-fact persons conceivable, with strong and genuine feelings, but with those feelings imperturbably adjusted and balanced; and it is exactly in this particular that he is the appropriate friend of Hamlet, as Hamlet himself feels,"—taking Horatio for his chosen friend, because he finds in his sober-minded, judicious character something that makes up for his own infirmity of over-sensitiveness. So argues Professor Reed in his Lectures on English History;‡ and in the after series on Tragic Poetry he resumes the argument, and expands the illustration: "The friendship of Hamlet and Horatio is one of those—such as may be observed in actual life—founded not only upon sympathies, but upon harmonious contrasts of character—the qualities of one party happily felt as supplying something wanting in the other." The Prince, conscious of his own disposition—imaginatively apprehensive, deeply meditative, overwrought with speculation and poetry—"feels that he has a better friend, a safer counsellor,"§ in a confidant of Horatio's "more of an antique Roman's" make.

A strict similarity of character, Mr. Carlyle argues, is not necessary, or perhaps very favourable, to friendship. To render it complete, he says, each party must no doubt be competent to understand the other, and both be possessed of dispositions kindred in their great lineaments; but the pleasure of comparing our ideas and emotions is heightened, when

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* Philarète Chasles, Portraits Contemporains.

† Query,—not a particle of the poetical in the man who speaks as Horatio speaks in the very first scene of the first act of *Hamlet?*

‡ Reign of Henry the Fifth. (Lect. vii.)

§ Lectures on Tragic Poetry, iii.

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there is "likeness in unlikeness." "The same sentiments, different opinions," Rousseau conceives to be the best material of friendship: reciprocity of kind words and actions is more effectual than all. Luther, it is added, "loved Melanchthon; Johnson was not more the friend of Edmund Burke than of poor old Dr. Levitt."* And as Luther and Melanchthon, among the foremost Reformers, were mutually attracted, so of the minor brethren were Œcolampadius and Farel—of whom D'Aubigné says that seldom have two men come together of more opposite character: one all gentleness, the other all impetuosity; yet from the first moment these twain felt themselves bound together for ever.† Gibbon professes to have often wondered how two men, so opposite in their tempers and pursuits as Lord Sheffield and himself, "should have imbibed so long and lively a propensity for each other."‡ But why should he? The paradox has so long been almost accepted for a truism. —John Howard's biographer tells us of the intimacy, from boyhood, between that philanthropist and Price, that, as schoolfellows, they were utterly unlike, both in appearance and character: Howard being slow, sickly, rich; Price quick, robust, poor; Howard a silent, diffident, unnoticed boy,—Price the loud, self-sufficing, domineering king of the school. "Yet these two youths, so widely separated in other things, were drawn together by the common bond of strong character,"§ and through all the storm and trial of a long public life, remained staunch in their attachment. Strong character on the one side, and weak on the other, is perhaps quite as often, or oftener, a predisposing cause or favourable condition for the formation of such friendships. Mr. Dickens shrewdly observes of the intimacy that sprang up between Martin Chuzzlewit and Tom Pinch, that, such as it was, this friendship had within it more likely materials of endurance than many a sworn brotherhood that has been rich in promise; for so long as the one party found a pleasure in patronising, and the other in being patronised (which was in the very essence of their respective characters), it was of all possible events among the least probable, that the twin demons, Envy and Pride, would ever arise between them. "So in very many cases of friendship, or what passes for it, the old axiom is reversed, and like clings to unlike more than to like."‖ A dead-and-gone writer of Mr. Dickens's school, when he makes fast friends of Howker and young Marston Lynch, than whom "two characters more dissimilar could scarcely be imagined,"—refers to the "good deal" that has been written about the "likings of the unlike"—the fact that clever people should attach themselves to inferior natures having been considered a phenomenon worthy of various explanatory theories. "The glorious democratic principle of the affections is generally here lost sight of. Why do wise and great men love children —or dogs?"¶ Lord Lytton, again, makes Duke William (the Conqueror) genuinely affectionate, almost to admiration, towards King Edward (the Confessor), saying: "It is ever the case with stern and

* Carlyle's Life of Schiller, part ii.
† History of the Reformation, b. xii. ch. x.
‡ Gibbon to Lord Sheffield, August, 1789.
§ Dixon's Life of Howard, ch. i.
‖ Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. vii.
¶ Marston Lynch, ch. iv.

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stormy spirits, that the meek ones which contrast with them steal strangely into their affections."*

Dr. John Brown, in his record of the cordial attachment that bound together his venerable father of the same name, and style (only that Doctor John, senior, was of divinity,—the younger, of medicine), and Mr. Robert Johnstone of Biggar,—argues that the very difference of their mental tempers and complexions drew them together—the one impatient, nervous, earnest, instant, swift, vehement, regardless of exertion, bent on his goal, like a thorough-bred racer, pressing to the mark; the other leisurely to slowness and provokingness. If in a certain sense we may know a man by his friends, it is, according to Dr. John Brown, that a man chooses his friends from harmony, not from sameness, just as we would rather sing in parts than all sing the air. "One man fits into the mind of another not by meeting his points, but by dovetailing; each finds in the other what he in a double sense wants."†

And as in friendship, so in love. Horace may say

> Sic visum Veneri; cui placet imperes
> Formas atque animos sub juga aënea
> Sævo mittere cum joco.‡

But the freak of the goddess is not too hastily to be set down as systematically cruel or savage. True that, as Portia words it,

> ——In companions
> That do converse and waste the time together,
> Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
> There must be needs a like proportion
> Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit,§

of a certain kind and to a certain extent. But many a less observant man than Chamfort has observed within his circle of experience, the same general result noted down by Chamfort in his studies of character: "M. et Madame d'Angeviler, M. et Madame Necker paraissent deux couples uniques, chacun dans son genre. On croirait que chacun d'eux convenait à l'autre exclusivement, et que l'amour ne peut aller plus loin. Je les ai étudiés, et j'ai trouvé qu'ils se tenaient très-peu par le cœur; et que, quant au caractère, ils ne se tenaient que par des contrastes."‖ Bishop Burgess, when he was yet plain Mister, used to meet Dr. Paley sometimes at Auckland Castle, and amusedly admired the Dean's frank candour and dry simplicity as contrasted with the "obsequious complaisance" of other of Bishop Barrington's guests. One day Mrs. Barrington was expatiating with eloquence upon the happiness of a certain wedded pair, whose days, she said, passed in unbroken harmony, so entirely did they think alike on all subjects. "How delightful!" "How enviable!" were the notes of admiration freely accorded by the listeners in general; but Paley held his peace. Chafed at length by his reserve,

* This principle of human nature can alone, Lord Lytton contends, account for the enthusiastic devotion which the mild sufferings of the Saviour awoke in the fiercest exterminators of the North.—Harold, ch. i.

† Horæ Subsecivæ: Letter to John Cairns, D.D., *passim*.

‡ Carmin., lib. i. 33.

§ The Merchant of Venice, Act II. Sc. 4.

‖ Chamfort, Caractères et Portraits.

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the hostess appealed to him by name: "But, Dr. Paley, what do you say to it?" "Mighty flat, Madam,"* was the Doctor's pithy response. For even in the close and life-long relation of man and wife, Professor Reed holds it reasonable to believe that some, he will not say positive "differences" of character, but varieties of disposition, do effectually strengthen the affection due to that vow, which, in Spenser's fine phrase, "would endless matrimony make."† Clayton the younger, in Mrs. Stowe's tale of the Dismal Swamp, professes himself not to want a wife who will be a mere mirror of his opinions and sentiments; he would rather not have an innocent sheet of blotting-paper, as he expresses it, meekly sucking up all he says, and giving just a fainter impression of his ideas. He wants a wife for an alterative—believing that all the vivacities of life lie in differences. But surely, his sister objects, one wants one's friends to be congenial? "So we do," he assents; "and there is nothing in the world so congenial as differences. To be sure, the differences must be harmonious. In music, now, for instance, one doesn't want a repetition of the same notes, but different notes that chord [*sic*]. Nay, even discords are indispensable to complete harmony."‡ In Madame de Staël's description of the strange and powerful sympathy that exists between Oswald and Corinne, we read: "Their tastes were not the same; their opinions rarely accorded; yet in the centre of each soul dwelt kindred mysteries, drawn from one source;"§ and hence their mutual attraction. To apply a stanza of Mr. Coventry Patmore's:

> Like and like chime, same and same jar;
> If she to womanhood is true,
> To manhood he, their feelings are
> In difference match'd, like red and blue.‖

M. Dumas, in accounting for the sudden passion felt by Lewis the Fourteenth for Madame—after sneeringly supposing that physiology would explain it by some hackneyed common-place reasons—is satisfied with remarking, that Madame had the most beautiful black eyes in the world, while Lewis's eyes, as beautiful, were blue; and that while she was laughter-loving and unreserved in her manners, he was melancholy and diffident. "Summoned to meet each other, for the first time, upon the grounds of interest and common curiosity, these two opposite natures were naturally influenced by the contact of their reciprocal contradictions of character."¶ Having described my Lady Gorgon as looking the mother of a regiment of grenadier guards—resembling in person one of her father, the brewer's heavy, healthy, broad-flanked, Roman-nosed, white dray-horses—Mr. Thackeray counts it "needless to say, after entering so largely into a description of Lady Gorgon, that her husband was a little, shrivelled, weazen-faced creature, eight inches shorter than her ladyship. This is the way of the world, as every single reader of this book must have remarked; for frolic love delights to join giants and pigmies of different sexes in the bonds of matrimony."** In another of

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* Harford's Life of Bishop Burgess, ch. xv.
† English History as illustrated by Shakspeare, lect. vii.
‡ Dred, ch. iii. § Corinne, l. xv. ch. i.
‖ The Angel in the House, Epilogue to book i.
¶ Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, ch. cix.
** The Bedford-row Conspiracy, ch. i.

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his works, Mr. Thackeray assures us that if his gentle Miss Hetty had had anything of the virago in her composition, she would no doubt have taken a fancy to a soft young fellow with a literary turn, or a genius for playing the flute, according to the laws of contrast and nature provided in those cases. "And who has not heard," he asks, "how great, strong men have an affinity for frail, tender little women; how tender little women are attracted by great, honest, strong men; and how your burly heroes and champions of war are constantly henpecked?"* Mr. Tennyson, in one of his early idyls, which tells how poet and Eustace from the city went to see the Gardener's Daughter, has this passage to the point:

> My Eustace might have sat for Hercules;
> So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.
> He, by some law that holds in love, and draws
> The greater to the lesser, long desired
> A certain miracle of symmetry,
> A miniature of loveliness, all grace
> Summ'd up and closed in little.†

So in one of Mr. Procter's dramatic dialogues:

> *Ferd.* I thought thou lov'dst a rose-cheek'd girl, and merry;
> A laugher of sixteen summers; such there are:
> But *she* is paler than a primrose morning,
> When Winter weds with Spring!
> *Giul.* 'Tis all the better.
> It is my nature to abhor in others
> That lightness which doth please me in myself.
> I love not mine own parallel. The old giants,
> Who stood as tall as trees, lov'd little women,
> Or there's no truth in fable. Thus do I:
> I love a sober face, a modest eye,
> A step demure, a mien as grave as virtue.‡

So, again, in the most popular of Sheridan Knowles's dramas, where Sir Thomas Clifford indulges in this flight of blank versification:

> In joining contrasts lieth love's delight.
> Complexion, stature, nature, mateth it
> Not with their kinds, but with their opposites.
> Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie;
> The form of Hercules affects the sylph's;
> And breasts that case the lion's fear-proof heart
> Find their meet lodge in arms where tremors dwell.§

Of Mrs. Lynn Linton's recent Cumbrian story‖ a discerning critic observed, that no one who did not believe in the theory of loving by contraries would suppose that so gusty and morbid a being as the heroine could see anything to admire in a clear-voiced young rector, with his clerical costume, smooth tranquil face, and notions of duty.

Miriam remonstrates with Donatello, in Mr. Hawthorne's Romance of Monte Beni, "Why should you love me, foolish boy? We have no points of sympathy at all. There are not two creatures more unlike, in this wide world, than you and I." "You are yourself, and I am Donatello," he replies. "Therefore I love you. There needs no other reason." And certainly, remarks the author, there was no better or more

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* The Virginians, ch. lxii. † The Gardener's Daughter.
‡ Dramatic Fragments, by Barry Cornwall, No. 137.
§ The Hunchback, Act I. Sc. 3. ‖ Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg.

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explicable. For although it might have been imagined that Donatello's unsophisticated heart would be more readily attracted to a feminine nature of clear simplicity like his own, than to one already turbid with grief or wrong, as Miriam's seemed to be,—"perhaps, on the other hand, his character needed the dark element, which it found in her."* There is subsequently a conversation between Hilda and Kenyon, touching the possibility of their friend Miriam being won by poor half-witted Donatello. "Is there the slightest chance of his winning Miriam's affections?" suggests the sculptor. And Hilda repudiates the notion with scorn. "Miriam! she, so accomplished and gifted! and he, a rude, uncultivated boy! No, no, no!" But Kenyon is not so positively negative as all that, and reminds Hilda that people of high intellectual endowments do not require similar ones in those they love.† And towards the close of the story, the remark is made of Hilda's own affection for the sculptor, that in him she found both congeniality and variety of taste, and likenesses and differences of character; these being as essential as those to any poignancy of mutual emotion.‡ One may apply what Eliante, in Molière, says of a certain couple:

> Cela fait assez voir que l'amour, dans les cœurs,
> N'est pas toujours produit par un rapport d'humeurs;
> Et toutes ces raisons de douces sympathies
> Dans cet exemple-ci se trouvent démenties.§

Black men, Richardson's tedious-sprightly Lady G. has heard remarked, like fair women; fair men, black women; and tempers, she tells the Hon. Miss Byron, suit best with contraries. Were we all, she says, to like the same person equally, we should be for ever engaged in broils; adverting to her own instance, my lady observes, "So, my lord, being a soft man, fell in love, if it please you, with a saucy woman,"‖ which her ladyship certainly and rather ostentatiously is,—*tant pis pour mylord.* Mr. Banim assigns as one cause of Andy Awling's subjugation by Bridget Heart—in one of the O'Hara Family Tales—that she was Andy's negative—he being as tall and lean as she was short and stout¶—and the two presenting in juxtaposition the most salient possible of contrasts in every feature as well as in entire form. Theodore Hook assumes it to be the pride of a little man to have a large wife, and the taste of a tall man to possess a short one; a fair woman, he says, admires a dark Lothario, while a bright-eyed brunette delights in "blazing away upon a fair Romeo." A learned man, he goes on to say, eschews a blue partner; he relaxes into ease in the company of his ordinarily-educated better-half, and reposes from his graver studies in the agreeable common-places of an intelligent but not erudite associate; while the learned lady prefers the plodding spouse, and never desires that he should meddle with her arts and sciences.** In another work,†† Mr. Hook repeats the discourse almost word for word, on the theme of love being made up of contraries.

Miss Austen makes Fanny Price deprecate, to Sir Thomas Bertram, the notion of an alliance between Crawford and her: "We are so totally unlike; so very, very different in all our inclinations and ways, that I

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* Transformation, ch. ix. † Ibid., ch. xii. ‡ Ibid., ch. xli.
§ Le Misanthrope, Acte IV. Sc. 1.
‖ History of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. v. letter xxxviii.
¶ Crohoore of the Bill-hook, ch. xii. ** Jack Brag, ch. i.
†† Sayings and Doings, Second Series: Doubts and Fears, ch. ii.

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consider it as quite impossible we should ever be tolerably happy together, even if I *could* like him. There never were two people more dissimilar. We have not one taste in common. We should be miserable." To which Sir Thomas replies that she is mistaken; that the dissimilarity is not so strong; and that what of it does exist, does not in the smallest degree make against the probability of their happiness together. "I am myself convinced," exclaims the old gentleman, "that it is rather a favourable circumstance. I am perfectly persuaded that the tempers had better be unlike; I mean unlike in the flow of the spirits, in the manners, in the inclination for much or little company, in the propensity to talk or to be silent, to be grave or to be gay." Some opposition here is, Sir Thomas is thoroughly convinced, friendly to matrimonial happiness. He excludes extremes, as a matter of course; and a close resemblance in all those points would be the likeliest way, in his opinion, to produce an extreme. In short, and in his stately way, he pronounces a counteraction, gentle and continual, to be the best safeguard of manners and conduct.* There is a well-matched pair in one of Mr. Hannay's fictions, of whom we read that the maiden, though like the man in important and essential respects, had yet more sentiment, more devotion, and far more poetry; and though it is not true, remarks this author, that people love each other *because* they are opposite, it is true that the strongest affections are between those who, being like in essentials, are different in many other things. "A white rose and a red rose twine more prettily together than two similar roses, and, likewise, than two quite distinct flowers." In a subsequent chapter of the same work we have a third person recommending this particular damsel to this particular swain; because one should marry a person whose nature is a kind of complement of one's own, and yet one like us at heart.†

Scott's Mordaunt Mertoun is confessedly mistaken in supposing that Cleveland was likely to be disagreeable to Minna Troil, on account of the opposition of their characters in so many material particulars. Had his knowledge of the world been a little more extensive, he might have observed, says Sir Walter, that as unions are often formed between couples differing in complexion and stature, they take place still more frequently between persons totally differing in feelings, in tastes, in pursuits, and in understanding; "and it would not be saying, perhaps, too much, to aver, that two-thirds of the marriages around us have been contracted betwixt persons, who, judging *à priori*, we should have thought had scarce any charms for each other."‡ Elena della Torre, in Mr. Henry Taylor's dramatic poem, thus instructs her attendant:

> But mark you this, Cecile: your grave and wise
> And melancholy men, if they have souls,
> As commonly they have, susceptible
> Of all impressions, lavish most their love
> Upon the blithe and sportive, and on such
> As yield their want and chase their sad excess
> With jocund salutations, nimble talk,
> And buoyant bearing.§

* Mansfield Park, ch. xxxiv. † Eustace Conyers, ch. xxix., cf. ch. xxx.
‡ The Pirate, ch. xiii.
§ Philip van Artevelde, Second Part, Act V. Sc. 1.

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WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT REMAINS.

BY CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

XV.

WHATEVER may be the vices of the Italians, I think you will allow that they are not deficient in hospitality and kindness to strangers. I should be inclined to say that their virtues were their own, and that the defects of their character were mainly caused by their system of government. Everything is done to repress their energies and to keep their minds in an obscure twilight, not altogether forbidding the cultivation of their intellect, but preventing, as far as possible, all benefit to be derived from mental pursuits. The clergy and the lawyers are the two classes that monopolise whatever learning is possessed by the nation. The interests of the former are intimately bound up with the maintenance of the power of the present royal family, and of course the distribution of patronage must secure the allegiance of a considerable portion of the latter. Still it was found, in the late attempts to establish a more liberal form of government, that the lawyers were by no means unwilling to have a wider arena for the display of their talents, and many of them were able members of the House of Deputies. On the other hand, the clergy were, with few exceptions, opposed to change, dreading lest the remnant of their property left by the French should be confiscated. I can perceive, by the tone of conversation held by the various classes, that the clergy have lost the respect of the educated part of the community, and that whatever calamities befal them will not be regretted. While I was at Naples, I made myself acquainted with the university course of study, and in that course nothing was left out that could be desired. Theology, jurisprudence, moral philosophy, literature, medicine, natural philosophy, and mathematics, were all on the programme; all these chairs were worthily represented; but when I began to inquire when and where the lectures were delivered, I saw that my inquiry was considered an impertinence, and that most of the programme was a mere myth. Jurisprudence and its concomitant subjects might lead the youth of Naples to debate on the various forms of political government, and what might not result from such a discussion? Yet Greek and Latin occupied a large portion of time, and some were malicious enough to maintain that this was done not without due calculation. In devoting so much time to the study of the classical languages, it was thought that they would serve as a sort of bugbear to frighten the youth from entering upon a course of study which was so indefinitely prolonged.

I left Nocera at an early hour this morning with my friendly host, and proceeded down the banks of the Savuto, passing groves of mulberries, which were growing in great abundance. Nocera had at one time been the seat of a considerable manufacture of silk; like everything else in the kingdom, it had dwindled to nothing. The ruins of the ancient city Terina are found about three miles from Nocera, close to the sea, at a

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spot called Torre del Piano. It had been placed at the extreme point of a hill, which has the appearance of having been levelled by artificial means; little, however, remains of the ancient city, except a few bricks scattered here and there, and the foundations of some buildings. The aqueduct, which had conveyed water to it from the Savuto, is still seen in some parts in tolerable preservation. This city must have been of considerable importance, as it gave name to the gulf on which it stood; which fact we learn from Thucydides (vi. 104), who tells us that Gylippus the Lacedæmonian, B.C. 413, was driven into it by adverse winds from the coast of Sicily. Strabo (vi. 255) informs us that it was destroyed by Hannibal when he found that he could no longer retain it; and it probably never recovered from this blow, though it is mentioned by Pliny and Ptolemy.

I met several shepherds at breakfast on excellent curds, and I was not sorry to partake of their hospitality. I bought a few coins and terra-cotta figures that had been found in this vicinity. The variety and beauty of the silver coins of Terina prove the importance of the town, and belong, for the most part, to the best period of Greek art. There is usually a winged female figure on the reverse, which is probably intended for the Siren Ligeia, who is reported to have been buried on a rocky islet, which was pointed out to me, and is known as Pietra della Nave. The Rivale, a rivulet which flows into the sea opposite, is thought to be the Ares of Lycophron (v. 730). I parted from my host amidst the ruins of Terina, and proceeded with a guide on my way to Nicastro. Our direct road would have been across the mountains and through the country which I had avoided yesterday; the longer and safer course was preferable. The ridge of the Apennines runs along about a mile from the shore, rising to no considerable height, and wooded to the summit. After walking a few miles, I was surprised to come upon a house whose neat and comfortable look was a striking contrast to the uninhabited appearance of the coast around. With us it would have been an unpardonable rudeness to have intruded on a gentleman to whom you had no introduction; strangers, however, are so seldom seen on this remote coast, that I did not doubt of a favourable reception. On approaching the house, which was surrounded by many of those plants which only grow with us under protection, I was met by two young ladies, whose manners at once showed that they had been accustomed to what the world calls good society. You may imagine how much surprised they were at my appearance, and still more so when I addressed them in French, and inquired for their father. They invited me into the house, and their father, Don Michele Procida, soon afterwards came forward, and, on entering into conversation with them, I found that they had resided a considerable time in France. He has a large property here, which he visits occasionally with his family, spending the greater part of his time at Naples. They had never heard of any one travelling through Calabria in the unprotected state in which I have been proceeding, and they could scarcely imagine it possible that I could have escaped. The old gentleman pressed me to pass the remainder of the day with him, and the young ladies joined their entreaties with such hearty good will, that, I do assure you, it required all my natural stoicism to keep to my original intentions. I feel, however, the heat increasing every day, and I

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am anxious to get my face turned towards the north. With unfeigned regret, therefore, I bade them farewell, and proceeded on my course along the coast. No words can describe to you its desolate appearance, and the reflexion of the sun's rays from the heated sand gave me some idea of the difficulties of travelling in the deserts of Africa. For a distance of upwards of ten miles we passed only a single house, and here we were able to procure a flask of miserable wine. It was a large and gloomy building, strongly barricaded, in which I should have been sorry to pass the night, and as we entered its massive gateway I was surprised to find it occupied by a party of men deeply engaged in conversation. They started up hastily, and waited in silence to hear an explanation of my intrusion. Their glances towards me were fierce and forbidding, and, had I known that the house was honoured with such company, I should have been willing to endure my thirst a little longer. My guide had told me that the landlord sold wine, and I accordingly called for some, which I drank without sitting down, and at once proceeded on my journey. My guide said they were "genti del coltello," "genti cattive"—in other words, cut-throats or brigands—and I confess that I threw behind me many a fearful glance as I hurried along; but I saw no more of them. I believe that they were a good specimen of the Calabrese peasant; they were of the middle size, well proportioned, and very muscular. Their complexion was swarthy, their features strongly marked, and their eyes full of fire and expression. They were fully armed, and might easily have made me their prey. After a few more miles the ridge of the Apennines ended abruptly, and an extensive plain stretched before me. The isthmus, which separates the two seas here, is narrow, being not much more than thirty miles, and it is said that Dionysius the elder proposed to erect a fortification across to defend the southern part of Italy from the wild Bruttians; the Greek cities, however, were unwilling that this should be done, and Dionysius was obliged to abandon his proposed plan.

We now left the coast, and proceeded into the interior, reaching the small village of S. Biagio, which is celebrated for its sulphureous waters, considered a cure for many diseases. Here I wished to dine, but there was no locanda. The shopkeeper, however, of the village undertook to furnish me with dinner, and I tried to get some rest by stretching myself on a hard bench. Meanwhile the inhabitants collected round the door, and jostled each other to get a peep at me. To think of sleep was useless, unless I could eject a large body of the inhabitants, who showed much anxiety to question me on many points respecting England. The Thames Tunnel they had heard of, and that seemed to give them a higher idea of the power and riches of England than any fact in her history with which they were acquainted. One classical gentleman exclaimed that it surpassed any work which their Roman ancestors had executed, and that nothing which the Greeks had done could be at all compared with it, ranking, he said, with the Pyramids of Egypt.

The hills round Nicastro, from which I found that I was distant only two miles, are covered with immense groves of olive-trees, and the balsamic odours which were exhaled from the orange and lemon trees in this neighbourhood, might have led me to believe that I had come upon "Araby the blest." The olives rise to the height of forest-trees, but the

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oil is of a bad flavour, and used only in manufactories. The income of the proprietors is mostly derived from this source, and would be large if they could find an outlet for their produce. As it is, they complain of great difficulty in meeting the demands of government. At the present moment the circulating medium has been almost entirely abstracted by the Austrian soldiers, who have been in the occupation of the country for the last few years. The Austrian soldiers are kept under strict discipline, and are in general a prudent, saving race of men. They have not expended in the Neapolitan territory a single farthing they could avoid, carrying off the greater part of their pay in silver to their own country. This immense drain of silver has reduced the provinces to the primitive operation of barter, and rendered the payment of taxes nearly impossible. In Apulia, I hear that the proprietors have been allowed to put under the care of officers appointed by government a certain quantity of grain, which is to be sold when a market can be found, and the proceeds will be considered as deducting in part from the sum at which they are rated. As long, however, as the grain remains unsold, the proprietors are considered liable to be called on for all arrears. It is said that they have proceeded in some instances to confiscate the furniture and even the agricultural implements of the poorer classes, but such a proceeding is more likely to have originated in the officious zeal of some of the magistrates than from orders issued by government. The poverty of the people is extreme, and the lower classes are kept often by the distribution of the superfluous produce among them.

I dismissed my guide at S. Biagio, and proceeded forward to Nicastro, which I found to be situated in the post-road, which I had left three days ago at Carpenzano. Observing the sign of La Gran Bretagna, I thought that I could not do less than honour it with my company, and I found it really a very respectable inn. Nicastro is a large, well-built town, highly romantic in its appearance, from the woody hills with which it is surrounded, and the lofty towers of an old castle that commands it. This is the castle in which Henry, eldest son of the Emperor Frederick II., was confined for having embraced the Guelph party against his father. Nothing could be more beautiful than the valley through which I passed after leaving S. Biagio. The ground was strewed with flowers, and hedges of laurels, myrtles, and pomegranates, made it a very paradise. The foliage gave an agreeable shade, and afforded shelter to thousands of singing-birds. In the evening I ascended the hill above the town, from which there is a most charming view—a vast horizon bounded by the sea and illumined by the setting sun, whose rays tinged the bay of St. Euphemia. The Sinus Terinæus, which I have already mentioned, was a picture of the most enchanting description, and I regretted when the shades of evening forced me to retire. I was surprised to find a small stream, Terravecchia, passing through a portion of the city, and this during winter becoming a mountain torrent, has frequently committed great depredations, carrying off the houses and even the inhabitants. It is a proof of their apathy that no means should be used to get rid of this nuisance. The inhabitants told me that the years 1662 and 1783 were marked in their calendar with a black mark on account of these inundations; in the latter year more than one hundred of the inhabitants lost their lives, and in the same year they suffered from an

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earthquake. Wherever we find a river in this country, we are sure to discover that it is a source of danger and not of profit; it desolates the lands through which it passes, leaving in its course a noxious deposit of mud, which spreads the seeds of disease over a wide district. Whoever can afford it, fly the low ground and take refuge in the mountains, where they find a pure and more temperate atmosphere.

This morning I left Nicastro at daybreak, and passed through the plains, famed for a battle, 4th July, 1806, between the English troops under Sir John Stuart and the French under General Regnier. Our arms were attended with success; the French losing two thousand men, and the English only three or four hundred. The expedition, however, was ill judged, and after the loss of a considerable number of men by the noxious heats of summer, we re-embarked and retired to Sicily. The plain extends for upwards of twenty miles, is low and marshy, being traversed by the river Lamato, the ancient Lametes, which overflows its banks in the winter season. I had hired a mule this morning to convey me to Maida, though it was no great distance, as I was told that I should find some difficulty in fording the river. Except in the immediate vicinity of Nicastro the country was uncultivated, serving, however, for pasture to large herds of buffaloes and wild horses. The few peasants whom we passed had a sickly appearance, and showed evident marks of being subject to the pestilential effluvia of the marshes. As we crossed the Lamato, which was of considerable size, we met a party of gendarmes in attendance on one of the magistrates, and though they looked suspiciously they allowed me to pass unquestioned. Maida, situated on a hill overlooking the plain, contains about three thousand inhabitants, and though it would require little to unite the village by a good road to the main trunk which penetrates the country, I found that no attempt had been made to do so, and I had to climb by a narrow and rugged path, which could only be safely passed by the sure-footed mules of Calabria. Being situated almost equidistant from two seas, and in that part of Calabria which is least mountainous, it enjoys a free current of air that renders a sojourn here delightful at this season of the year. I reached Maida at an early hour, and as I had a letter of introduction to the judge of the district, I waited on him, and was received with great kindness.

Having explained the objects I had in view, I expressed myself desirous of conversing with any of the inhabitants, whom he might consider likely to give me information respecting the peculiar customs or antiquities of Maida. He kindly promised to attend to my request, and a short time afterwards begged me to follow him, when you may imagine my surprise at being ushered into a kind of court-house, where he had assembled all the respectable inhabitants of the village to meet me. The judge introduced me to them, when I rose, and, addressing them in the best Italian I could muster, expressed myself delighted to make their acquaintance, stating how much pleasure I had received from my solitary tour through this remote but beautiful part of Italy, and how much gratitude I felt for the hospitality and genuine kindness I had uniformly met from all classes, both rich and poor. One of them rose and said that he was expressing the sentiments of his friends around him, when he intimated his surprise that I should undergo all this danger and

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fatigue for what they considered such a very inadequate object. To that I said that I would answer in the very beautiful language of one of the noblest poets in the world, their own Horace, and whose poems many of them, no doubt, knew by heart (Ep. i. ii. 16):

> Rursus, quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,
> Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulixen;
> Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes
> Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor,
> Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
> Pertulit, adversis rerum immersabilis undis.
>
> To show what wisdom and what sense can do,
> The poet sets Ulysses in our view,
> Who conquer'd Troy, and with sagacious ken
> Saw various towns and polities of men:
> While for himself, and for his native train,
> He seeks a passage through the boundless main,
> In perils plunged, the patient hero braves
> His adverse fate, and buoys above the waves.

I repeated the words with our Scotch accent, and one of them immediately remarked, that we must pronounce the Latin language as they did, as he understood the passage perfectly from my distinct enunciation. He said that he was afraid that the Italians had changed places with the "Ultimi Britanni," and that high civilisation had passed from Italy to Great Britain, which now occupied the noble position in the world which their ancestors had maintained in former times. To this I could only say, while acknowledging the compliment, that I trusted there was a good time coming, and that no one would rejoice more than the inhabitants of the British Isles to hear a rustling in the dead bones of their country. I passed, however, from this dangerous subject to the peculiar features of Maida and its vicinity. There are salt springs above the village; but what I thought to be of more value, seams of coal, antimony, and alabaster are found in the neighbourhood, which will, no doubt, hereafter be turned to account.

While we were thus seated, I observed the room gradually to fill with the peasantry, and found that a man was brought up for trial on a charge of assaulting a woman. The friends of the parties, however, had induced them to make up the matter, though the woman seemed still disinclined to drop the prosecution; the peasant was dismissed by the judge with a grave rebuke.

The French certainly conferred a great benefit on the country by reforming the legal code, which, before their time, exhibited a strange incongruous mass. This part of Italy had been in the possession of Normans, Lombards, French, Spaniards, Germans, and each in their turn had added to the laws already in force. The Code Napoleon now, however, supersedes these multifarious enactments, modified, indeed, by the immemorial customs of the country, though it was not without a struggle that it maintained its ground on the return of the Bourbons. They made an attempt to re-establish the ancient order of things; the benefit of the change, however, had become so evident, that the most devoted friends of the Bourbons insisted that the organic law of Murat should be continued, and Ferdinand I. was obliged to yield. Alas, however, if the

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human agents be corrupt, quis custodiet ipsos custodes? Under the pretext of adding to the safety of the innocent, they have contrived to aggravate the difficulties to be encountered, and to make them nearly insuperable. Before a trial can come on, if more than one has been implicated, they require the presence of all the accused, however numerous they may be, of their defenders and their witnesses. It then only requires the real or imagined indisposition of one of the parties to lengthen out a trial to doomsday. The result of all this is, that the unhappy accused generally sink under the weight of these pretended securities. It is curious to find that the law of the Two Sicilies and Scotland agrees in this, that they admit on a trial a verdict of "non constat," "not proven," and that this verdict, as with us, is admitted whenever there is a presumption but not legal proof against the individual. In this country, however, the accused falls out of Scylla into Charybdis; it would have been better for him to have been condemned. He escapes, no doubt, from the hands of justice, but it is only to fall into far worse—into the hands of the executive. Like to that statue of antiquity which had the appearance of wishing to caress those whom they presented to it, and which stifled while caressing, the police lay their hands on such an individual, plunges him into its dungeons, and forgets his existence. Of such an one we may well say, in the words of their own poet Dante,

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate.
O ye who enter, leave all hope behind.

The executive does not find the supreme court of justice always so obedient to its behests as it could wish; high-minded men refuse, as our Charleses and Jameses found, to carry out their unjust commands. This court tries, though, alas! not always successfully, to preserve intact the independence of the magistracy, and to defend the innocent against the oppressive acts of government. And what I was still more delighted to find, the advocates boldly defended the accused, speaking and acting in a way that showed they were prepared to brave the vengeance of an unforgiving government in the defence of what they considered right. I find by the last census that there are eight thousand advocates and attorneys, and of these Naples contains upwards of three thousand. Every church is still considered a sanctuary, and the influence of the Jesuits is so powerful, that their college and monastery are regarded in the same light. As a proof of this, I heard the following statement from one of the English merchants at Naples. In some pecuniary transactions he had been grossly defrauded by a Neapolitan, and he resolved to punish him by imprisonment, which the law allows. To escape this punishment, the culprit took refuge in the college of St. Ignazio, belonging to the Jesuits; and though the law does not recognise its sacred character, no officer could be found who would brave the vengeance of that powerful body by putting the order of arrest in execution. It is only between sunrise and sunset that a person can be arrested; and, accordingly, that gentleman returned to his family in the evening, where he remained at his ease. It was only after repeated application by the English authorities that the law was at last enforced.

As soon as the judge had transacted his business, he proposed that we should proceed to examine an ancient castle, and the ruins of the church

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of St. Constantine. The castle has no appearance of being of an earlier date than the thirteenth century, and if a Roman station, called by geographers Ad Turres, ever existed at this spot, all vestiges of it have long since disappeared. None of the inhabitants had ever heard of any antiquities being discovered in this vicinity. The church—now called Constantine—to which they attached much interest, had been nearly destroyed by the famous earthquake of 1783, and it still remained as the earthquake had left it. It is said that the Emperor Constantine, on his way to found his eastern empire, stopped at this village and consecrated a pagan temple, which he formed on this spot to the worship of the true God.

After dinner I proposed, while my host was enjoying his siesta, to visit the small village of Vena, a few miles from Maida, which I had learnt was an Albanian colony; and though my host thought the heat was so great as ought to deter me, I started, with one of the armed police as my guide. I wished him to leave his arms, as an unnecessary encumbrance, which, however, he refused to do. The heat was certainly excessive, and had I not been ashamed to return without accomplishing my object, I should have abandoned my intention of proceeding to Vena. We again descended to the channel of the river Lamato, which I forded on my guide's back, and on ascending the hill on the opposite side I found myself on a piece of table-land of several miles in extent, at the extremity of which the village of Vena was placed. We did not meet a single individual till we approached the village. The inhabitants were attending evening mass, so that I had a good opportunity of examining the costumes of the peasantry, and their external appearance. The chapel was small, and crowded principally by women, so devoutly engaged in prayer that even the presence of a stranger did not attract their attention. Their features were more distinctly oval than those of Italian women, and they had high cheek-bones, so as to remind me forcibly of my own countrywomen. I observed none striking for their personal charms, but there was a modesty and simplicity particularly pleasing. Their gowns were richly embroidered, the colours being generally bright blue or purple. Their hair was fantastically arranged, so as to tower above their head like an ancient helmet. Lord Broughton, in his "Travels in Albania in 1809 and 1810" (chap. xii.), says, "The dress of their women is very fantastical, and different in different villages. Those of Cesarades were chiefly clothed in red cotton (I never observed the colour elsewhere), and their heads were covered with a shawl, so disposed as to look like a helmet, with a crest and clasp under the ears." This helmet-like appearance of their hair was particularly striking. They had a perfect acquaintance with the Italian language, though they employed the Albanian in conversation with each other. I have much difficulty in discovering any of their peculiar customs, as it has seldom occurred to them that they differ from the rest of the world; but on inquiring whether their marriage ceremonies varied in any respect from that observed by the other Italians, one of them mentioned the following custom: "It is a dance called Valle, which must precede the ceremony. The women unite in a ring, clasping the hands of each other, and, with a flag carried in front, proceed dancing and singing the war-songs of their country, when they were fighting with the Turks. This takes place as they are conveying the young bride to her husband's house."

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They still use the Greek rite at marriage. There are two crowns prepared for the bride and bridegroom, which, after being blessed, are placed on their heads, and then on the pillows of the bed. The armed Pyrrhic dance, they say, is still known to them under the name of Albanese, or Zamico. These Albanians settled in the kingdom of Naples in the fifteenth century, at the time that their own country was overrun by the Turks, preferring to be exiles rather than give up the religion of their fathers. They at that time belonged to the Greek Church; but it is long since they submitted to the authority of the Pope, and I do not hear that any force was used to bring about the change.

I regretted that the day was now fast drawing to a close, as it prevented any further intercourse with the inhabitants of Vena. I hurried away, and reached Maida after sunset, only too happy if I had been allowed to retire to rest; but I had yet to undergo the fatiguing honour of dining in company with the principal people of Maida. After they dispersed I had still to arrange for my next day's journey, and I found these brigands again start up as a bugbear. Everywhere they seem to abound, rendering life here little enjoyable. The distances, too, between the villages I find to be too great to allow of my continuing on foot, and I must therefore hire a mule and muleteer. On this I have determined; but would you believe it, that the judge knew no one on whose fidelity he could depend, or who might not give information to parties, who would waylay me? To obviate this as far as possible, it was arranged that I should have a muleteer for next day, without telling him the direction in which I should proceed; and this is what has been determined on.

AUSTRIA.

[The following Sonnet is from the pen of a noble author whose contributions to poetical literature, and whose graceful translations, have more than once appeared in the columns of the *N. M. M.*]

AUSTRIA! thy plumes, which once the world o'erspread,
Are tarnished now and torn; the Northern Bird,
Prussia's Black Eagle, hath his flight transferred
To provinces which own thee for their head,
Heaping their plains with dying and with dead.
And German Unity is now the word
With which a faithless enemy hath stirred
Brave hearts and hands to follow where he led.
Fine phrase! but such was never wanting yet
To gild the path of conquest, and disguise
The tangled web of dark conspiracies
And lust of power—witness th' example set
In bygone days, of Europe's agonies,
Long strife of nations, and their dying cries
The sport of warring Kings, miscalled the great.

R.

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THE TEMPTED AND THE TEMPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

LADY BELLA.

"But, my own sweet Bella, I will work and labour for you. I will strive as few men have before striven. I will buckle to at work in right earnest. I am supposed to have talent. I have energy, and strength, and youth, and ought to have plenty of interest, if my friends will but exert themselves for me. If I have not sufficient income now, I soon shall have, to support you in the comfort you properly expect to enjoy."

These words were spoken by a remarkably fine, good-looking young man, every lineament of whose features bore the stamp of aristocratic birth. His countenance, too, was pleasing, from its amiable expression, its frankness, and intelligence; altogether, he was a very attractive and fascinating youth. So thought many young ladies besides Lady Isabella de Bertrand, at whose feet he was now seated, while she reclined on a luxurious sofa at an open window which looked out over Hyde Park, now green and glowing in the bright sunlight of a fine spring morning. Lady Bella was one of the many daughters of an Irish peer, the Earl of Talermaine, who, by his electioneering contests, his profuse domestic expenditure, his careless, ignorant, or roguish agents, and an occasional visit to the gaming-table, in the vain hope of making a sum to supply his immediate wants, had so injured his property that he was a now a needy man, his estates rack-rented, and his tenants poor and discontented. Still, he and Lady Talermaine agreed that it was absolutely necessary to get their numerous daughters well married as soon as possible, and that could not be done in Ireland, for the men of property and position who knew the state of the earl's affairs stood rather aloof from him; there were, indeed, not many young marrying men among them fit to mate with his daughters. The screw was therefore once more applied to the tenants and the title-deeds, a fresh mortgage was effected, and a sum raised sufficient to enable the family to come over to London, and to cut a dash for another season. A handsome house was engaged, servants, and carriages, and horses hired; and, which was of more consequence, a list of all the wealthy bachelors and widowers, old and young, who could be heard of, made out; the Peerage and Baronetage were carefully looked over, nor was the list of the county families neglected, while a selection was also made from those of the bankers, brewers, merchants, and manufacturers known to have acquired wealth and influence. Every possible means were to be taken to become acquainted with those fortunate gentlemen, and to attract them to the house, and, when once there, to engage their affections and their hands. Lady Talermaine was the originator of the scheme, and well able by her talents and experience to conduct a campaign of the character she had marked out. She was herself the daughter of a needy Irish noble, and had been brought up in a school well calculated to fit her for the life she was now compelled to lead.

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She had, indeed, been somewhat taken in by the earl, whom she supposed to be possessed of unbounded wealth. It was only when tradesmen paid no attention to her orders, or requested cash payment, or observed that the earl was already deeply in their debt, that she became aware of the state of affairs. Had she known them beforehand, she certainly would not have given him her hand; but she was a wise woman, and, as she could not get out of the scrape, she determined to make the best of matters. In truth, when she was in spirits, she rather liked the excitement of getting out of the difficulties in which they were constantly placed; she delighted in scheming and plotting, and it must be confessed that she even felt a satisfaction in obtaining goods from tradesmen, not on false pretences, but for which she knew perfectly that it was very improbable they would ever get paid. She was, notwithstanding these little peculiarities, a very agreeable, pleasant person in society, and, if not particularly well read, she generally knew what was going on in the world. She was a general favourite; men liked her because she was seemingly unaffected and natural, and women because she was goodnatured and courteous, and assumed nothing on account of her rank. There was no doubt that she was a very clever woman, managed everything as she thought best, and made her husband, who was weak, and vain, and frivolous, do whatever she wished. The earl was not considered a vicious or bad man; he was tolerably good natured, and would not willingly have been guilty of what he would have looked upon as a political crime or an ungentlemanly action; at the same time, as he had a very small amount of moral principle to guide him, it was impossible to say what he would not have done had sufficient temptation come in his way. His sons were in the army or navy, not remarkable for much besides their good looks and an inveterate habit of getting into scrapes. His five daughters were at home, unmarried. They were all handsome girls—the eldest rather showy than refined; but the three youngest were graceful, elegant creatures, of whom decidedly Isabella, the youngest but one, was the most beautiful. Her countenance had a sweet, gentle expression, which her elder sisters wanted; but then, on looking from her to her father, there was a strong resemblance, and those who knew him best would have argued that she, too, was wanting in that firmness and decision of character, the non-possession of which had so much contributed to his ruin. Still, many a woman goes through life, and does not suffer materially from the want of those qualities which are so essential to the well-doing and well-being of a man. She also had enjoyed an advantage not possessed by her sisters—she had lived for many years with a brother of her mother, or rather with his wife, who had indeed really brought her up a most excellent, sensible woman, and from her she had received sound principles and right ideas, which she too, probably, would never have gained at home. On the death of her aunt, which had occurred a year before, she had returned to her father's house. Her elder sisters sneered at her notions, but she had hitherto kept on her course, and had laboured indefatigably in an endeavour to instil them into the mind of her youngest sister, Mary, and not without some success. Still, a year's residence at that critical time of her life had been far from beneficial to Bella herself. She must

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either have been thoroughly disgusted with her mother and her elder sisters, listening as she had to do to all their worldly plans and projects, or have gradually learned to look with a very lenient eye on the principles they professed, if she did not rather gradually imbibe them. Bella was not formed for a heroine, nor was she a person likely to bear persecution for conscience' sake; besides, her sisters seldom sneered at her notions before her face, and her mother always professed to feel the greatest respect for them, hoping, at a convenient opportunity, to turn them to account. She had discovered that through those which really guided her she could not always manage her elder daughters, but she hoped that by means of Bella's, which were so different, she might manage her with greater ease. She was a woman of the world, and knew human nature; but whether by the success of her schemes she was likely to secure her child's happiness, was another question, which she did not think of asking herself.

CHAPTER II.

LADY BELLA'S LOVER.

We left a young gentleman sitting at the feet of Lady Isabella de Bertrand. It was a position many other young gentlemen besides Lord Eustace Warren would gladly have occupied, who were possessed of far greater worldly advantages in a pecuniary point of view than he could boast of. He had gained the position, and hoped and intended, with all the ardour of a young, fearless, uncontaminated heart, to keep it. He was the son of a duke, and therefore her equal in rank. He had taken high honours at the university. He had high principles, noble aspirations, knew himself to be universally liked and courted; he felt his powers, and had every reason to believe that he should obtain the success he desired; but there was a terrible drawback, which, however, he did not feel; though he was a duke's son, he was one of the youngest of several sons of a poor duke, and his allowance increased, though it already was by the result of his own labour, was little more than sufficient to enable him to hold an independent position among his equals in society.

He had met Lady Isabella the first day of her arrival in London, not altogether as a stranger, though, for he had heard of her from a relation, the sister of the lady who had brought her up. He knew, consequently, her character and disposition, and that of her mother and sisters. He was struck with her from the first moment they met. Every hour that he spent in her society served to increase his admiration and to add strength to his affection. She was his first love, and he gave the rein to his feelings as a young, enthusiastic, generous-hearted, noble-minded man does for a girl whom he believes worthy of his admiration. His first impulsive thought, too, was how he could the most quickly rescue her from the contaminating influences by which he at once saw that she was surrounded.

"Terrible to let her remain among those people," he said to himself. "Their notions and manners must be so thoroughly uncongenial to her; for, although they are her relations, she cannot fail to be disgusted

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with their faults; but by degrees, as they become more familiar, she may learn to look on them with indifference, though she never—no, that is impossible—can become like them."

Poor Lord Eustace! He knew he fancied something of the world already, but he did not know to what depths of depravity the young and beautiful, and once innocent, can sink—down, down—till a hell of horror, and anguish, and despair and vain regrets, is found yawning wide beneath their feet, from which few, sadly few, are ever rescued.

Lady Bella looked tenderly into her handsome lover's face. "I am sure you would, I know you would," she replied to his passionate appeal. "I care not for luxuries, or state, or any of the things wealth can give; and I would joyfully, thankfully share your lot, whatever that may be, and I am sure that it cannot become one to be pitied; but, my dear Eustace, before we came to London, mamma made me promise that I would not agree to marry any one without her and papa's full consent, and from what I have found out in the last two or three days, I fear that they will not willingly allow me to marry you, though I am perfectly ready to promise you that I will not marry anybody else."

"No, that you shall not do, my own sweet Bella; though, to see you another's, would break my heart," exclaimed Lord Eustace, with his characteristic generosity. "But I will not, I dare not, think of such a thing; and surely your father and mother would not let me come here, as I have been doing, and be constantly with you, if they had any reason to disapprove of our union. They cannot for a moment suppose that I do not love you deeply, and wish to marry you. My own kind father will do all he can for me, and so will my eldest brother, and I know that the old lady I told you of will leave me some hundreds a year, it may be two or more thousands, I do not know, and I am sure that I do not wish her to leave the world for my sake. I dare say that I shall some day be wealthy without any exertion on my part, though, for the present, I must depend chiefly on my own energies for supplying my wants, and I own that I feel very proud at the thoughts of doing so."

Lady Bella bent down her head and kissed her lover's brow.

"I know you do, my own noble, generous Eustace," she said, with a voice full of tenderness. Then she added, in a tone of sadness, "But you do not know papa and mamma. It is painful to me to speak of them. Still, I must tell you, that when you first came here, they fancied that you were the second son of the Marquis of Dorville, who is himself, as you know, supposed to be enormously wealthy, and whose second son has also had a large fortune lately left him, while the eldest is said to be very sickly. You were therefore looked upon as a most desirable *parti*—I believe that is the term—for poor me. I knew nothing whatever of that other Eustace Warren. I was not even aware that there was such a person in existence. It therefore came down on me like a fearful thunderbolt when I discovered that you were not the person whose attentions mamma wished to encourage; still more so when I heard them planning the best way of getting rid of you. Oh! pardon me, dear Eustace, for saying this; still I must tell you the truth, that you, that we together, may take steps to

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counteract their designs. I wish that I could avoid telling you the course they will pursue; but it must be done. They will first try to keep me out of your way, they will first be excessively cold to you, then rude, then they will annoy you and endeavour to disgust you, till they succeed in driving you away. But, my dear Eustace, for my sake bear with them. You do not know into what sad difficulties my poor father is plunged; how deeply his property is mortgaged; what heavy debts he owes. My brothers have not, I am ashamed to say, the talents necessary to retrieve the fortunes of the family, and papa therefore depends on the beauty of his daughters, by some means or other, to save himself from ruin. Oh! my dear Eustace, I tell it to you with bitter anguish, with deep humiliation, we are to be sold!" And the poor girl, throwing herself on her lover's neck, gave way to her uncontrolled feelings in a flood of tears.

Lord Eustace was shocked, grieved, and indignant. He first endeavoured to soothe and calm her, by assuring her that no amount of insults or annoyance to which her family might subject him, would induce him to abandon her. "As to discarding me, they have no right to do so," he added. "They made the mistake, not I. I never, for one moment, pretended to be what I was not. I was allowed to pay you attentions; I was encouraged to set my affections on you, and though, for your sake, I might suffer alone, yet, if you wish to be mine, I will not allow you to be torn from me."

"Yes—yes, I will be yours, and yours only," exclaimed Lady Bella, throwing her arms round his neck.

Thus they sat, forming plan after plan, talking of the future till they almost forgot the difficulties which surrounded them. Lady Talermaine and her three elder daughters had gone out to a breakfast, and were not expected to return till late in the day; Bella had remained at home on the plea of illness, and Lady Mary had judiciously kept to her own room. They, therefore, feared no interruption. Some men might have proposed running away, but Lord Eustace's delicate sense of right prevented him from even entertaining such an idea for a moment. Would, indeed, the girl, whom he thought worthy of his love, consent to take such a step? Impossible! It would be an insult to her to propose it.

The hours flew by; they were happy in each other's society; they would not allow fear, for the future, to interrupt their present enjoyment. Suddenly the door opened, and in walked Lady Talermaine and her three elder daughters. She gave a start of well-feigned astonishment and indignation at seeing Lord Eustace, and Bella's head resting on his shoulder.

"By what authority have you ventured, my lord, to enter this house during my absence, and thus to insult one of my daughters? I had fancied that the sanctity of one's home was acknowledged and held inviolate by persons of our rank, at all events; but I see that I was mistaken, and that there are unworthy members even of England's aristocracy who will dare to take advantage of the weakness of a young girl's feelings during the temporary absence of her natural protectors. One of those protectors has returned, Lord Eustace, and requests that you will instantly leave the house. Should the earl

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come in before you have done so, he will, probably, use stronger measures to compel you to do what I, in my woman's weakness, can only request as a favour."

Lord Eustace and Lady Bella had risen to their feet at the entrance of the countess. The poor girl stood grasping his arm, and trembling in every limb. It was impossible for him altogether to repress his indignation and astonishment, at the same time that the very coarseness of the attack deprived it of its force, and nerved him to withstand it.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon for anything in which I may have offended you, though I am utterly at a loss to conceive how I have deserved the severe remarks you have made on me," he said, calmly. "With regard to your daughter, I have laid my heart at her feet, and she is willing to become my wife. I cannot blame myself for my behaviour towards her."

"Not blame yourself, my lord!" exclaimed Lady Talermaine, rather at a loss to state the especial cause of the complaint she had made. "I conceive that the person who wins the affections of a young innocent girl, of the rank in life of one of my daughters, without her parents' consent, is unworthy to hold the position of a gentleman or a man of honour," said Lady Talermaine, assuming as much dignity as she could command. "If that is not sufficient to make you abandon your prey, I must explicitly forbid you the house."

"Your ladyship is, indeed, sufficiently explicit," said Lord Eustace, with more bitterness and scorn in his tone than he had hitherto allowed to appear. "But not till this moment was I made aware that my presence in this house was unacceptable, and it is now too late to require me to give up one to whom both my heart and my hand are engaged. Before I leave this house, I invite your daughter to accompany me to that of my sister, Lady Delamere, with whom she can reside till I can legally make her mine. My own Bella, will you come with me? No one will dare to detain you."

Lord Eustace knew that he was making a bold stroke to secure her; on its success depended his hopes of happiness. He could not conceal his agitation as he waited for her reply. She tried to speak, but her mother interrupted her.

"If she goes, she takes with her my bitter curse for her disobedience and want of filial affection," exclaimed Lady Talermaine, knowing well that these words would have a far greater effect with the poor girl than any exhibition of physical force. "You hear what I say, my lord," she added, looking at Lord Eustace, and stretching out her right hand, as if to utter the threatened malediction.

"Oh, spare me! spare me!" cried the poor girl, sinking senseless on the sofa.

In vain Lord Eustace endeavoured to arouse her. He dreaded that if he left her now she would be lost to him for ever. Not a sign of relenting did the countess exhibit, but with her arm still extended, she said:

"You see what you have done. It would be manly to kill her outright. Now, if you have any feeling, let her sisters come to her assistance."

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Hitherto the three Lady de Bertrands had stood behind their mother as impassive as statues. They now moved together towards their sister. Lady Talermaine saw that the victory was gained if she could at once drive Lord Eustace away; he felt that it was lost if he went. Poor Lady Bella gave no sign of returning to consciousness.

"Come, my lord, this is unmanly; we cannot attend to her while you are here. Must I call in a policeman to remove you?"

The countess uttered these words with the feeling of a general following up a hard-contested victory. She almost shouted with satisfaction as Lord Eustace, seizing his hat, rushed from the house.

CHAPTER III.

THE EARL OF DULWADDLE.

"My dearest Bella, you ought to know, as your sisters do, how I have toiled and schemed to secure your and their happiness and prosperity, and I feel that I have a right to demand obedience and a compliance with my wishes in return," said Lady Talermaine, as she sat by the side of her daughter's bed, from which she had not risen since the day she had been separated from Lord Eustace. "Your father and I have ample reason for not being pleased with that young man. You, of course, think him possessed of all the noble qualities which adorn human nature; did you know more of the world, you would form a different opinion; we, who do know the world, must, consequently, judge for you. Let me entreat you, therefore, my dear Bella, to banish Lord Eustace from your thoughts and heart. Even suppose we had reason to approve of him in other respects, his utter want of fortune would be a bar to your marriage. My dear girl, I know your generous and noble disposition. You are aware of the fearful difficulties into which your poor father is plunged; you and your sisters have it in your power, but you especially, to retrieve his fortunes in a great measure; think of that. I will not at this moment tell you how, but it will be a consolation to you to reflect how greatly you can benefit your parents by a sacrifice of your own feelings."

Lady Talermaine having thus delivered her opinion, left the room to allow her words time to produce their effect. She did not tell her daughter, however, that the reason of her sudden change of conduct towards Lord Eustace was that at the breakfast at which she and her three elder daughters had been present on the day she had so summarily dismissed him, she had received an interesting communication from an earl possessed of enormous wealth, who had of late paid frequent visits to the house, and, whenever he had met the Lady de Bertrands, had shown them unusual attention. Lady Talermaine had supposed that his fancy had been struck by her eldest daughter, and the young lady herself had the same idea; indeed, she seemed far more suited to him than her younger sisters, though even she was considerably more than twenty years his junior. The Earl of Dulwaddle, indeed, was nearly fifty, a tall, large, heavy-looking man with a huge head, and black whiskers and beard, which would probably have been grizzled had they not been carefully dyed and perfumed.

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His dark eyes had somewhat of a Chinese cast, combined with a redness which gave them a most unpleasant expression, while his thick lips and every line about his large mouth gave the idea that their possessor must be a man long addicted to sensuality—an idea which his public character in no way contradicted. Still, as is sometimes, though very rarely, it may be supposed, the case, a man who is satiated with coarse enjoyments takes a fancy to some young and innocent girl, in whose society it is just possible he may hope to become purified and reformed, though more generally for the gratification of a new and hitherto unenjoyed passion, and he more generally in that case brings the object down to his own level than succeeds in rising to hers. Whatever were the motives which influenced the Earl of Dulwaddle, having seen and admired Lady Isabella de Bertrand, he determined, at all cost, to make her his wife. He had never hesitated as to the means he employed when a less worthy object was his aim; he was not likely to hesitate now.

From the time he had become acquainted with the Countess of Talermaine, he had formed a pretty correct estimate of her character. He saw that she was worldly and not overburdened with principle, and he knew that the earl was a needy man, and weak and vain, without more principle than his wife. There was, therefore, no necessity for his approaching the subject with much delicacy. If Lord Dulwaddle thought that he understood Lady Talermaine, her ladyship had most thoroughly mastered the depths of his character. She saw that by proper management much was to be got out of him, and she determined not to lose the golden opportunity which had presented itself.

"Lady Talermaine," he said, drawing her aside on that memorable morning of the breakfast, "I am glad to meet you here, for I have something of importance to talk to you about. I am a bachelor, as you know; in fact, till I became acquainted with your family, I never felt a desire to make any lady my countess."

"Report says, my lord, that you have, however, inveigled many into morganatic marriages," remarked Lady Talermaine, fixing her eyes firmly on him, and resolved that the bargain he was about to propose should not be an easy one to him.

"Yes; I must own to a few peccadilloes of that description," he answered, with an unconcerned air. "But you must know, my dear lady, that the time comes when men wish to turn over a new leaf; that is my case, and I am resolved from henceforth to become a domestic man, and to devote myself to the pleasing task of making one woman as happy as she possibly can become in this world."

"A most laudable resolve, and one which all your friends must unite in hoping that you will carry out," said the countess, in a tone of irony she could not repress.

"It depends very much upon you, Lady Talermaine, whether I am able to carry out my resolution," said Lord Dulwaddle.

"On me!" exclaimed the countess, in a tone of well-feigned surprise. "How can that be?"

"I should say through you or one of your daughters," answered the earl, who at that moment saw Lady Talermaine's eyes directed towards the three elder Lady de Bertrands, who were standing not far

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off, wondering what the hairy monster of ugliness could be talking about to their mother. He added, "Ah! I should say, one of your younger daughters—the Lady Isabella—I have seen her, I admire her more than I can express, and it is for her sake that I am doubly anxious to become a reformed character."

"Lord Talermaine and I am highly flattered by your proposal," answered her ladyship. "But you must be aware that we are not likely to force our daughters' inclinations; still, under some circumstances, we might exert a legitimate influence to induce them to accept an offer which we might consider eligible. I will not for a moment deny that you would have a great prospect of success; still, such a prize as Isabella is not to be won lightly. To speak to you, my dear lord, confidentially"—and she dropped her voice into a whisper—"you must understand that Lord Talermaine's estates are mortgaged, and that he has, besides, very considerable debts—that is to say, compared with our income. To be frank with you, under these circumstances, we are naturally anxious to see our daughters married to men of fortune, as we can give them but little ourselves."

"You would, then, be willing to exert your influence with your daughter to induce her to marry a man who would pay off her father's debts and mortgages?" said the earl, fixing his eyes on the lady's countenance.

It did not alter, however, as she answered, "Undoubtedly such an act would have great influence with an affectionate and dutiful daughter, and our sweet Isabella is certainly that."

"Is she heart free, may I inquire?" asked the earl.

"She may possibly have her predilections, but they are to be overcome by the measures you propose," answered the affectionate mother.

"Then I think that we understand each other very clearly," said Lord Dulwaddle. "You will induce Lady Isabella to marry me, for I am rather out of the habit of making love to young girls without assistance, and I will place at the disposal of my father-in-law as many thousands as he may require."

Lady Talermaine had not the slightest objection to this proposal, and she promised that she would at once exert her influence with her daughter in his favour. She was enchanted. She should get a wealthy husband for one of her daughters, which would certainly lead to the marriage of the rest, and she had found the means of raising the wind to pay off present debts and to supply her wants for the future. There was a difficulty. Bella was in love with Lord Eustace Warren—there was no doubt about that. He must be dismissed. But there was a possibility that she might refuse to marry any one else. Had Lord Dulwaddle fixed his fancy on one of her other daughters similarly situated, she might have hoped to induce him to transfer it to some one else, but he had chosen the flower of her flock, and it was not likely that he would consent to such an arrangement. Indeed, it would be dangerous to make the attempt, lest he should be off altogether. Bella must therefore be sacrificed. What mattered that? She would soon get over her affection for Lord Eustace, and, besides, she would be one of the most wealthy peeresses in England.

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What more could a girl desire? As soon, therefore, as poor Lady Bella got a little better, the countess opened the subject in her most refined style of diplomacy. First she spoke of the melancholy state of the family finances.

"Were it not for me, my dear Bella," she said, in a subdued tone, "we should positively starve. Your father would be a beggar, and your brothers would be utterly unable to maintain themselves in their position in life. They must go to the diggings, or serve as private troopers in the army. We have, consequently, a right to expect that our daughters, who have—I speak impartially—been endowed by Providence with a large amount of beauty, talent, and other attractions, should exert themselves—should employ those qualities for our benefit. Supposing, for instance, a noble-minded, wealthy suitor of high rank—for I consider rank of the greatest importance—were to appear as the claimant for the hand of one of your sisters (I speak hypothetically), and were to undertake to pay off the mortgages on our estates—to liquidate your father's debts—even suppose that he had some personal drawbacks, and that she did not feel that she could in the first instance give him her affections—do not you consider that she would be in duty bound to waive all minor considerations, and, without further hesitation, to become his wife, should we ourselves consider the match desirable? I ask you, my dear Bella, to give me an honest reply."

"That must depend very much, mamma, on the state of her affections," answered Bella. "I should never consider that a girl was acting rightly who would marry one man when her heart was given to another."

"Pooh-pooh, my dear Bella! What girl ever marries the man to whom, as you call it, she has first given her heart?" said the countess, with a sneer. "Not one in a hundred."

"I only hope that I may not be asked to do otherwise," said Lady Bella, meekly.

"Perhaps you would rather see your father an exile, your brothers day-labourers, and the rest of us sent out to beg our bread as street-singers!" said the countess.

"Oh, mother! why, oh why! do you put so dreadful an alternative before me?" asked the poor girl, in a tone of alarm.

"It is but natural that I should put the case to you, because with your superior beauty and attractions it is more likely to occur to you than to your sisters," said Lady Talermaine, with an unmoved voice. "Now listen to reason, Bella, for I do not wish to prolong this discussion. There is something substantial, real in wealth; it cannot secure us everything, but it can save us from many of the ills and annoyances to which flesh is heir, while poverty is a positive evil, and when the ills of life come upon one, it is unable to withstand them. You, of all people, are most wretchedly calculated to withstand the annoyances of poverty, however little you may regard them at a distance, while, dearest, you are admirably calculated to adorn the brightest coronet of the British peerage."

Having thus delivered her opinions, Lady Talermaine judiciously left the leaven she had introduced to work in the mind of her daughter.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE EARL OF DULWADDLE'S COURTSHIP.

A FORTNIGHT had passed away, and Lady Bella had not received a note or a message even from Lord Eustace. What could have become of him?

"He surely would not have left London without first calling to see her, and even if he was refused admittance, he would have contrived to let me know what he intended doing," she said to herself more than once. "Oh, he must be ill! He must be suffering as I have been, and probably the cruel treatment to which he was subjected had a more powerful effect on him than it had on me. If I was well enough to go out, I would go to his father's house and inquire for him. He shall not suppose that I can treat him with indifference, and I am very sure that he could not thus treat me. Oh! something dreadful must have happened. I will go this very day. I will slip out and call a cab and drive there. Nothing shall stop me, I am resolved."

Not ten minutes after this her eye fell on a fashionable newspaper, which her mother had left in the room. Twice Lord Eustace Warren's name appeared as being present at different gaieties; once in a comic costume at a fancy ball. The next day another paper was left in her way. Of course she eagerly scanned its pages; it suddenly dropped from her hand. Her eye had fallen on a paragraph announcing the intended marriage of Lord Eustace Warren with Miss Susan Brown, the only daughter of George Brown, Esq., of Brownlow Park, lately the head of the firm of Brown, Grey, and Brown, Manchester warehousemen, from which he had retired, it was supposed, with upwards of a million of money. She did not see the paragraph which appeared the following day, inserted by a friend of Lord Eustace Warren's, denying that the report had the slightest foundation in truth, or that Lord Eustace was even acquainted with the lady in question, or with any member of her family, and that he was himself laid up with a severe attack of illness. Lady Talermaine, who received the paper before any of the rest of the household, on seeing the last paragraph, immediately burnt it, confident that the first had produced the effect intended. After this she carefully looked it over, before allowing it to circulate in the family. She had good reason for so doing.

Two days afterwards the editor apologised for the mistake, saying that he had received the information from a gentleman whom he supposed to be an Irish peer, who had called at his office stating it, among other *on dits*, as a fact, and that, to satisfy Lord Eustace, he should be ready to give him the name, which he concluded was assumed, of his informer.

Lady Bella's constitution was good as were her natural spirits, and, in spite of these shocks to her feelings, she recovered her health. Those who had known her, however, before, would have seen that she was greatly changed. Her beauty was as perfect as ever, and she

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was even more full of apparent animation; her laughter was louder, and her smile more frequent than before; but her eye had lost its softness, her voice its sweetness. Her smile no longer possessed that winning grace for which it had been noted, and there was a hardness in the expression of her features which contrasted painfully with that which had before been their peculiar characteristic. Many a young and artless girl has thus been changed by a similar process.

Lady Bella was seated on the sofa on which she had been reclining when Lord Eustace Warren had parted from her. The Earl of Dulwaddle was announced.

"Bella," said her mother, who was engaged writing a note at the farther end of the room, while the heavy step of the ponderous earl was heard ascending the stairs, "understand, I fully believe that you are his great attraction. For your poor father's sake, do your best to please him."

Lady Bella made no answer; for worlds she could not then have spoken, yet she resolved to obey. She had practically felt at home in Ireland, for many months past, the inconveniences of poverty, and of late, the advantages which wealth and rank can secure, had been continually paraded before her eyes. The Earl of Dulwaddle entered. He has been described. His hyacinthine curls had been freshly anointed—a halo of rich perfume surrounded him—gems of enormous value adorned his fingers—a curiously-worked and jewelled chain of gold hung round his neck. He advanced towards Lady Bella with a look of the most intense admiration, not observing her mother, who, however, noted it with satisfaction, and made her calculations accordingly.

Lady Bella had learned her part; though she shrank at first involuntarily from the man, she quickly recovered herself, listened complacently to his remarks, and went even so far as to admire the jewels which he wore about his person, and which he exhibited. It is possible that women of refinement and sensibility naturally have a less repugnance to a person like the Earl of Dulwaddle than have men in general, otherwise it would be difficult to account for the fact that a sweet young creature like Lady Bella de Bertrand should have been able to contemplate the possibility of marrying such a man. She, however, went through the whole visit with perfect propriety. Not till he had gone did she sink back on the sofa, and, hiding her face in her hands, burst into tears. Lady Talermaine came up to her.

"You did it excellently, my dear Bella!" she exclaimed, with enthusiasm—"admirably! Do not give way now. You will learn to like him very much by-and-by; and, depend on it, he is so pleased with you, that he will not come another time empty handed. You have no conception of the beauty and value of the presents he is sure to bring. You have never seen anything like them, and probably never would, except in a shop-window, had the Earl of Dulwaddle not been enamoured with you. Why, my dearest Bella, your sisters would be enchanted to change places with you; they would not hesitate a moment."

"Oh, then, let them—let them, mamma!" exclaimed Lady Bella,

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throwing herself on her knees before her mother. "My elder sisters are much more likely to please him, and secure his fancy or his love, or whatever feeling influences him. I would remain single. I would rather die, if one of them would take my place."

"Nonsense, my dear Bella. You ask what is impossible, simply because he has been deeply captivated by you. I do not want you to jump into his arms. You will serve your father and me best by playing him a little, being a little coy, and then encouraging his advances. The great point is to avoid showing any repugnance to him; that might annoy him, and send him off altogether. We have most unpleasant letters from Ireland. How we are to get through the season I scarcely know; we have barely money enough in the house for usual expenses, and not a shilling forthcoming from Ireland."

Lady Bella said nothing to this appeal; but, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she retired to her room, where she engaged herself in looking over numerous letters in her desk, often with a deep sigh, and then throwing them into a fire which she had kindled.

The next time the earl came, she managed to assume a look of calm satisfaction. He stayed on, evidently unwilling to leave her. He had been speaking of a jewelled ornament of great beauty. He begged leave to show it to her, and in the afternoon he returned and presented it in due form, entreating her to accept it from him. Day after day he now came regularly—often twice—remaining to dinner—a strong proof of his affection for Bella, for he insinuated that her father's then cook was utterly unworthy of the name; indeed, that it was not likely, till she honoured him by dining at his house, she would know what real cooking was.

"No cook worthy of the name would give his services under four or five hundred a year, with perquisites, and many would demand much more; so, my dear Lady Bella, you see that gastronomy is a science which only the wealthy have opportunities of comprehending," he observed, with a smack of his lips, which showed that he, at all events, appreciated to the full the knowledge he possessed. "Ah! it is a science which affords no small amount of gratification."

At length Lord and Lady Talermaine and their family accepted an invitation from the Earl of Dulwaddle to dine with him at his beautiful mansion in Park-lane. It had hitherto not been a house which people of any claims to respectability were in the habit of frequenting. Everything was now to be changed. Its direputable inmates had been dismissed, the interior was renovated, and respectable-looking, well-mannered servants had been engaged. The repast was superb; a small banquet, though only a few of the earl's nearest relations and two or three dignified clergymen were present. Even the conversation was refined, compared to what Lady Bella had expected to find it, if not witty or brilliant. Altogether she was agreeably surprised. The earl certainly appeared to greater advantage than she had supposed possible, and she could not help acknowledging that many women would be delighted to occupy the position which he had destined for her; undoubtedly either of her elder sisters would. Still, had Lord Eustace appeared, she would gladly have given up all her brilliant prospects and gone with him to the antipodes. After dinner the ladies

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returned to the drawing-room, where the earl soon joined them, having quitted the pleasures of the table, his rare and delicate wines, for their sakes.

"They do not know where I have gone," he said, laughing. "I begged the dean to take my place till coffee is announced, and slipped out that I might enjoy the pleasure of your society for a few minutes, dear ladies, and that I might have the opportunity of presenting you each with a trifle in remembrance of this the first visit with which you have honoured me." As he spoke, he produced several caskets, each containing a jewelled ornament of great value; a magnificent diamond brooch for Lady Talermaine, and a necklace worth all the others put together for Lady Bella. "The only privilege I ask," he said, in his gentlest tone, "is, dearest lady, to clasp it round your neck."

Lady Talermaine was profuse in her acknowledgments and thanks, as were her three elder daughters in their expressions of admiration, but as the earl clasped the necklace round the swan-like throat of Lady Bella, a deadly sickness seized her; she turned pale as marble, and would have fallen, had not her mother, who had been narrowly watching her, hurried forward to her support, for the earl himself had not perceived the death-like pallor stealing over her countenance.

"My dear Bella, it is the very sort of attack you had a year ago. You will recover immediately. Don't be alarmed, dearest," exclaimed Lady Talermaine, with a presence of mind truly wonderful if not admirable, leading her daughter to a sofa, though not a little alarmed lest she should faint outright, or perhaps tear off the necklace or restore it to the donor. "The dear girl will be herself again in a few minutes, my lord. Do not be alarmed," she added, whispering. "It is the novelty of her position—the excitement—the surprise probably at the beauty and value of your gifts. Perhaps you had better leave her for a few minutes."

The earl took the hint and left the room. He was by far too vain a man to guess the true cause of the poor girl's illness.

"Bella! Bella! you will ruin all," whispered her mother, as she sat herself down by her side on the sofa and took her cold hand within hers to chafe it. "You must exert yourself more—show more courage and determination. Think of the prize which is within your grasp—this beautiful house—those magnificent parks—every luxury that wealth can give; such a dinner as we have just enjoyed every day of your life, if you desire it, instead of the cold leg of mutton and the dish of potatoes to which we are doomed three days in the week. Come, come, for my sake, for your father's sake, if not for your own, do rouse up. It will never do to give way in this manner."

These entreaties were cut short by the entrance of the housekeeper with all sorts of scents, smelling-salts, and sal-volatile. Lady Bella allowed them to be administered in succession, though perfectly conscious, and knowing that they would not benefit her in the slightest degree.

"Thank you," she at length said, "I am very much better. Pray do not take any more trouble about me. I shall be quite well in another minute."

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In truth, by a powerful effort, she in a short time so completely aroused herself that the pallor of her cheek was the only sign remaining of the attack.

"I will do my duty, mamma—indeed I will, when he comes back," she whispered, as soon as the housekeeper retired. "I will thank him for the beautiful necklace he has given me."

She shuddered slightly as she spoke, even though she turned her eyes down to admire the rich ornament. For the rest of the evening she acquitted herself wonderfully. The earl was delighted—more enchanted with her than ever. Had she at that moment chosen to make any request, however extravagant, it would have been granted. She did not; but her mother took advantage of the opportunity, and adroitly brought in the state of Lord Talermaine's affairs.

"The day your angel daughter becomes mine, every debt which annoys him shall be liquidated, and the heaviest mortgages on his estates paid off," was his answer.

CHAPTER V.

THE EARL OF DULWADDLE BECOMES A BENEDICT.

The intended marriage of the Earl of Dulwaddle with the Lady Isabella de Bertrand, fourth daughter of the Earl of Talermaine, was announced in all the fashionable papers, and became the common subject of conversation. Various were the surmises afloat. They were nearer the truth than surmises generally are. The earl's presents increased in number and value as the day fixed for the wedding approached. It came, and Lady Bella appeared at the altar, with her bridesmaids, calm and unmoved. She possibly might not have been so calm had she recognised in a dark, stout, military-looking stranger, with huge moustache and beard, her lover, Lord Eustace Warren. He knew that it was impossible she could do so, yet he could not resist the temptation of being present to ascertain whether she was positively forced up to the altar, as he had heard she would be, or went there of her free will. Her calmness deceived him.

"She did love me, but she dreaded poverty, and the man's wealth has dazzled her," he said to himself. "She was my first love—she will be my last, for I no longer believe that the perfection I expected to find exists in woman."

The ceremony was over; she was the wife of the notorious Earl of Dulwaddle. Leaning on the earl's arm, she walked steadily down the aisle as the party returned from the vestry. Her dress actually touched Lord Eustace as she passed. Even at that moment he would have kissed the hem of her gown. His love burned as brightly as ever.

"Yes, I will remain and watch over her—warn her when evil approaches, and protect her from danger, for assuredly she will require it."

His was indeed a right true and loyal heart. Even at that moment of exquisite anguish to him, he would have died to save her from the

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suffering and the sorrow to which he feared she was doomed. He watched the lovely young countess, as the papers described her, as the earl handed her to her carriage. He thought that a shudder passed through her frame; it might have been fancy. Her husband entered, the door was closed, and the four greys starting off, she was lost to him for ever.

"I cannot tear her from my thoughts, as I have been advised," he said to himself. "Those only who have never loved could give such counsel; but I can live to serve her—to protect her from the dangers and temptations which are sure, before long, to assail her."

He was the last person to leave the church. Though unrecognised, he had not been unobserved. One of the bridesmaids, Mary de Bertrand, had remarked him, and went home wondering who the dark stranger could be who had attended her sister's wedding.

The breakfast was superb. Gunter had exhausted all the talent of his establishment to produce it. The bride's spirits were wonderfully supported by stimulants, judiciously administered at the proper moments by her ever-watchful mother. No one, as they glanced at her rich colour, at her wreathed smiles, at her flashing eyes, would have supposed that she had not reached that morning the summit of her ambition, that her heart was far away from the scene of gorgeous magnificence with which she was surrounded. The Earl and Lady Talermaine were delighted. A cheque for many thousands had that morning been paid into their banker's, and a wealthy commoner, a baronet, and the heir to a dukedom, were paying unmistakable attentions to their three elder daughters. Lady Mary kept herself in the background. She was sick at heart; for, whatever the rest of the family might have thought, Bella had not deceived her.

The earl had wisely determined to make but a short tour. He was anxious to take his bride as soon as possible to see his two magnificent country-seats, both of which far surpassed in grandeur his town residence. His stewards were directed to hurry on the preparations, and all the residents in the neighbourhood who thought it worth their while to pay court to the most wealthy man in the county, agreed to do him and his young bride all the honour in their power. Others, from various motives, joined them; two or three peers, because he was of their order; most of the baronets, and other large landed proprietors, because they wished their wives to be on visiting terms with the fair countess, for her sake, poor young thing; for if left alone to his former associates, who will regain their position if not replaced by others, what will become of her? The clergy agreed that, as he showed by his marriage the intention of reforming, it was certainly their bounden duty to support him; some with small livings might have been slightly impressed by the fact that he had the patronage of several good livings, whose incumbents were advanced in life, but that could not have been the case with the majority. From these and various other causes an enormous cortége was collected to meet the earl and his countess at the station, with bands of music, banners waving, and volunteer corps mustering strong, while triumphal arches decked with flowers were to be seen at intervals along the whole line

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of road, and groups of girls, young ladies in muslin, and charity-school girls habited in humbler materials, stood ready to present the fair countess with bouquets as she passed under each arch. At the steps of the hall the earl's principal tenants, with their wives and daughters, were assembled in their best dress, with more bouquets and wreaths; and then servants in rich liveries stood on either side, and demure-looking maidens in neat attire beyond them, across the hall, to welcome their new mistress.

Lady Bella, who had never been accustomed to the attendance of more than a share of an awkward Irish girl, and a butler and a footman, who regularly butted against each other every day in the dining-room, felt rather awestruck at the thought of having so many fine ladies and gentlemen to attend on her. However, it was very evident that her husband wished to do her honour, if not from love for her, from vanity and his own self-gratification. She hoped that it was from a motive which should call forth her gratitude, and she endeavoured to be grateful. Indeed, from the moment of their marriage his kindness and attention had been excessive, and his generosity unbounded. Still her heart was sick. Her husband had no place there. Would he ever obtain one? She would do her best to place him in his proper position. She must, at all events, try and drive Lord Eustace out of it. How was that to be done? It was no easy matter, it seemed. She had now enough, however, to occupy her thoughts and attention. It would take many weeks, it seemed, before she could become acquainted with even the mansion and its contents, independent of the grounds; and then she had visitors to receive, and the earl wished her to visit the tenants, and make herself popular among them—a task she was well calculated to accomplish. The earl gave her a good deal of his company, though he occasionally allowed her to go out alone; and when they met, after these short absences, he was invariably more kind and courteous than ever. He was evidently doing his utmost to win her affections, and to raise himself in the estimation of the public, in which he must have been conscious that he had hitherto deservedly held a low position. Considering that she had every luxury, every indulgence which boundless wealth could give, attendants eager to learn and obey her slightest wish, and a husband—whatever might be his faults—devoted to her, it seemed impossible that she could have found cause of complaint, yet over and over again she wished that one of her sisters had occupied her place. "Ah! how thoroughly they would appreciate its advantages!"

The summer passed away, the autumn was employed in visiting the earl's seat in the north, and another beautiful place he owned in the south of England. Her husband begged her to invite Mary to come and stay with her before their guests assembled for the winter, and to stay on to assist her in doing the honours. Lady Mary was delighted to find her sister looking so well, and apparently contented with her lot. The guests invited were unexceptionable people in all respects, and it was clear the marriage of the earl had completely restored him to the good opinion of the world in general; indeed, a peer with a hundred thousand a year finds it a more easy task to regain his

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position in society than a hard-working clerk with a salary of fifty pounds.

Among the guests during the winter were several foreigners of distinction—French, Germans, Italians, Greeks, and Russians. Some the earl had known abroad; the acquaintance of others he had formed in England. Some were married, who came with their wives and children; others were single. He had every reason to believe that they were men of honour and character. They added also very considerably to the entertainment of the guests assembled for the Christmas festivities. The most brilliant and entertaining was the handsome young Italian prince, Angelo di Geroni. He was the leader in every amusement: the introducer of new dances, the inventor of all sorts of games. He sang delightfully, played all sorts of instruments; could improvise poetry, not only in Italian, but in French and English, which language he knew so thoroughly that he could take a leading part in a play, though his usual part was that of stage manager. He showed from his first arrival decided marks of admiration for Lady Mary; but as she had a prejudice against Roman Catholics, shared by her sister, he received no encouragement to continue his attentions. He at once, with perfect tact, assumed the character of a visitor, whose sole business is to make himself agreeable to all his companions alike. Still the countess fancied that he was more deeply smitten with Lady Mary than he would have wished to have it known. "Perhaps he will change his religion, as many Italians are now doing; and certainly he has more agreeable manners, and is better looking, than any Englishman I know," she said to herself; and this idea made her unconsciously more kind and gentle in her manner towards him than would otherwise have been the case. He possibly mistook the cause. How the world envied the Countess of Dulwaddle!

CHAPTER VI.

LADY BELLA'S MARRIED LIFE.

The Earl of Dulwaddle had determined that his young countess should enjoy to the full the pleasures of the London season. He wished her to be seen and admired; he delighted in ostentation, and it was a satisfaction to him to believe that, while his wife was admired, he himself should be the envied of all men. The countess had scarcely a moment to herself. Visitors came flocking to the door in an unbroken stream during the whole afternoon; invitations, from royalty downwards, poured thickly in; banquets and balls were to be given at home; the Opera was to be attended—it was his chief relaxation—and occasionally a theatre visited. The Prince Angelo di Geroni was, on such occasions, among her most constant attendants, especially when the earl had to attend to his parliamentary duties, though she did not at first observe that this was the case. When she did, it was too late to stop the tongue of the scandal-mongers' gossip. The young prince, in spite of his talents—vain, heartless, and unprincipled—although well aware of the rumours afloat, instead of withdrawing himself from

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Lady Dulwaddle's society, or taking pains effectually to contradict them, smiled at the accusations of his companions, and, without committing himself by an actual assertion, encouraged the idea that he was a favoured admirer of the lovely countess—hoping that, with her fair fame destroyed, she would be the more likely to consent to any proposals he might venture to offer. The Earl of Dulwaddle himself, of course, while he kept aloof from all his former associates, heard nothing of this. Those who knew the countess best, disbelieved the reports. Many who watched the intimacy thought that Lady Mary was the attraction. She herself certainly liked the prince—he was so kind, and gentle, and friendly—so anxious to obey her slightest wishes. This liking increased, as was but natural where the object was young and handsome; but, at the same time, her heart was as untouched as at first. A man less experienced with women would have committed himself; he was too cautious and sagacious to do that. He was aware that his progress in her regard was more apparent than real. He considered that his best chance of success was to find the earl returning to his former courses, or, at all events, to persuade the countess that he had done so. He might himself, by what he called a little diplomatic management, lead the vain earl into a snare, from which he might not find it easy to extricate himself. He without difficulty found out one of the earl's former associates; a pathetic letter was written, entreating an interview and what the prince required; an answer was obtained promising a visit. It was soon in the treacherous Italian's possession. He hastened with it to pay an early visit to the countess, resolved, if he found her alone, to strike while the iron was hot—assured, at all events, that her husband would be from home. She was alone. He spoke to her as he had never ventured to speak before. She heard him with pain, astonishment, and, as he proceeded, with indignation. She was about to repel him with scorn. He exhibited the letter. It was no forgery—she saw that; but she replied calmly:

"If the earl forgets his obligations, as this note may lead me to suppose, is it a reason that I should forget mine? You have forgotten yourself, Prince Angelo. Let me entreat you not to make such a mistake again. I am aware that greater laxity of opinion is held in Italy than in this country, and, therefore, I do not dismiss you with the indignation I should bestow on an Englishman who had transgressed as you have. I must exact a promise from you, however, that you will not offend in the same manner again; and even then I can no longer give you the same position in my regard which you before held."

When Lady Dulwaddle said this, she thought that she was acting with sense, generosity, and liberality, and that the prince would appreciate her conduct, and never again dream of offending her. Her only safe course was to dismiss him then and for ever from her presence, or to denounce him to her husband. Formerly, when the laws of duelling existed in society, she would have had good reason to avoid adopting such a course, but at the present day a man who transgresses as the prince had done, would, with proper management, very soon be turned

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out from among the more respectable ranks of society. The prince did not in any way look on the rebuff he had received as a defeat, and fully persuaded himself that time and opportunity only were required to secure his success. He did not for a moment reflect that, independent of other considerations, he would be dragging her from all the advantages which wealth and rank and social position now gave her down to comparative penury, to ultimate contempt, neglect, and probably an early and unhappy death.

Such was the fate her so-called devoted admirer was preparing for her, and she was risking by allowing him to continue his visits, even though on less intimate terms. Gradually, indeed, by apparent contrition, and the most humble and deferential manner, he contrived to work his way back into her esteem and regard; he was so amiable, so lively, so agreeable in conversation, who could suppose that any evil thoughts could have a dwelling-place in his mind? Lady Mary was still with her, and she thought that the world, at all events, would suppose that the prince was a suitor for her hand.

The season was advancing. Lady Dulwaddle began to grow rather weary of it, so did her sister. The earl was more than usually attentive to his parliamentary duties, so he said, but the prince always smiled significantly when that subject was alluded to. One of the young De Bertrands had come to stay with his sister—the sailor, the most liked of all her brothers; he was a generous, frank-hearted, though somewhat impetuous youth. The whole party had gone to the Opera. The earl had accompanied them there, but was, he said, compelled to return to Westminster, where he had been all the morning. The prince joined them, and was more than usually attentive—so Bella thought. She wished that he had continued as of late. Her brother and sister were absorbed with the opera; a grand absorbing scene was going forward. She was leaning back fatigued—too fatigued even to listen to the music. She often felt thus during that London season. The prince, concealed in the back part of the box, inclined his head till his mouth was close to her ear.

"I grieve to annoy you, dear Lady Dulwaddle, but can I see so much loveliness neglected, and not wish to avenge it?" he whispered, having before cautiously approached the subject, and found that she listened calmly to what he said. "By a remarkable chain of circumstances, proof has come into my hands. I have it here; shall I show it you?"

"Oh no! no! not here. I should faint if I were to see it! You could not deceive me!" she replied, hurriedly.

"I could die sooner first a hundred deaths than do one act to cause you one moment's pain or grief," he replied, in the same gentle tone.

"Then I trust to your honour, to your generosity, to your pity, for the misery to which I am doomed."

It is needless to repeat the protestations of unalterable devotedness made by the prince. Lady Dulwaddle attached a very different meaning to that which he intended them to bear. The opera was over, the house was unusually crowded, and, from the ignorance of Lieutenant de Bertrand and the management of the prince, who had the countess's arm, he easily separated her from her sister. Once more alone with

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her, he spoke words which no virtuous woman could hear without anger and grief. She endeavoured to withdraw her arm from that of her tempter, but he held it fast. In the softest, gentlest voice, he pleaded for himself.

"And will you continue ever to be the slave," he exclaimed, "the mere plaything, of that tyrant lord, who even now, while pretending devotion to you, will be found at the residence of one of his former mistresses?"

He spoke louder than he had intended, and his words were heard by one who had been following him closely.

"It is false, lying deceiver!" said a voice in his ear. "Lady Dulwaddle, you will not believe this base prince!"

The astonishment of the prince made him relax his hold of the countess's arm.

"Oh! Eustace, save me—save me!" she exclaimed, grasping the hand of the person who had spoken. "Help me to find Mary and Arthur. I have been led away purposely from the entrance, where my carriage is waiting."

Her ear had detected the voice of Lord Eustace Warren, though she might not have recognised him through the disguise he wore. Without uttering another word to the prince, or casting a second glance at him, she took the arm of Lord Eustace, who, without much difficulty, found her brother and sister. They were somewhat astonished at seeing her under the escort, as they supposed, of a perfect stranger.

"May Heaven guide and protect you, dear lady!" said Lord Eustace, as he handed her into the carriage, and disappeared in the crowd.

She told Mary and Arthur that the prince was beside himself, and that, finding an old friend, she had begged him to act as her escort.

"Then, will not the prince come to-morrow, as he promised?" asked Lady Mary.

"I trust that he will never enter my house again," was the answer.

The countess might have saved herself from insult had she made that resolve some weeks before.

On reaching home, it was apparent that something had happened, but the countess was conducted as usual to her room before she had asked any questions. Lieutenant de Bertrand was called out, and then Lady Mary was sent for. The earl had been brought home in a dying state; in a fit, it was supposed. His chief medical attendant had been sent for, and two other physicians. He had himself eagerly signified that he wished to have his lawyer sent for. Till their arrival, the steward of the household thought it advisable not to inform the Countess of Dulwaddle of what had occurred. Physicians and a lawyer, even at that hour of the night, were far more speedily at the earl's door than the parish doctor appears at that of the dying pauper. The former soon acknowledged that they could do nothing except to alleviate suffering.

"Do that, then," said the earl. "Enable me to retain my senses for a few minutes till I have settled a matter of importance."

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The earl's medical attendant administered a potion he had brought, suspecting what would be required.

"Understand, sir," he said, calmly, addressing the lawyer, "I bequeath absolutely everything I possess, landed estates and personal property, to Isabella, Countess of Dulwaddle, with the exception of certain legacies in an attested list in the possession of my steward. I revoke all other wills and testaments. The estates are unentailed. I have no heir. Write quickly. Here, let me sign." The lawyer was writing while the earl was speaking. The physicians put their signatures to the will. "Now let me see the countess."

She soon came. As she saw him stretched on his death-bed, she felt more affection for him than had ever before warmed her heart; her grief was sincere.

"Isabella, had I known you earlier, I might have been a better and a happier man," he said, taking her hand. "My love for you is great. I have done my best to prove it. For your sake I endeavoured to reform thoroughly. I believe I was succeeding. May you, beloved one, for many years enjoy the wealth I leave you, and make a better use of it than I did till I knew you!" He kissed her hand and fell back. "Take her away," he murmured. "She must not witness what is coming on."

No one would willingly have been present in that death-chamber, it was reported.

The countess felt the death of the earl far more than could have been supposed. Lady Talermaine could, however, scarcely repress her satisfaction within the bounds of decency at the thoughts that her daughter was now the undisputed possessor of the unbounded wealth the earl had left. She, however, did not long live to enjoy her triumph, while the earl soon after broke his neck in the hunting-field. Lady Mary was the only daughter who married happily. Of the other three, one married a drunken squireen, another a disreputable foreign baron, and the eldest, finding that no one came to woo her, went off with her brother's footman.

Two years after her husband's death, the countess gave her hand to Lord Eustace Warren, who carried out in a truly liberal spirit the dying wish of the former owner of her wealth—that she would make a good use of it.

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VICTOR HUGO.

How continually this writer plunges into extravagances anything but venial! In attempting to follow the romantic in place of the classic school, as before understood, he runs into the superlative of the improbable, and disregards the natural course of things without stint, if it will suit his fancy. His school affects to imitate Shakspeare in the department of the drama. It affects a horror, too, of the classical writers of poetry in a language certainly the least poetical in structure of any in Europe, and in its own example, avoiding Scylla, falls into Charybdis. With his power it is lamentable to see that he has no idea there can be an extravagance which he may not essay and sanction, no by-road out of the highway of nature that he may not travel, and shield under the term "romantic," to which we must beg to prefix the title of "new"—"new romantic," not that of Shakspeare, but of Dumas and Hugo. If Shakspeare discarded the unities or shifted his scenes from place to place, it was no more than might be conceded to poetical imaginativeness. This was one of the charges of the classic school against him. There is no more of error in shifting a scene from one country to another in the same play than at first imagining the plot to be laid in some distant city. The imagination of an audience picturing Italy, as in the "Merchant of Venice," at the drawing up of the curtain, may with equal illusion follow the characters into Spain if the story be consistent and demand it, because the action may, in the natural course of things, be commenced in one country and followed out in another, nor need it commence and terminate in twenty-four hours. It is not necessary nor natural that in a drama, the action having opened in the attic of a dwelling-house, that it should not be carried on there in one scene, and that the next act or scene should not, while connected with it, exhibit different characters and actions in the lower story, provided the latter actions are combined in the general plot. So far the romantic school coincides with nature, if not with certain rules established in ancient times; but even then they followed nature in the drama, and did not deal with aught but the natural, even in the fury or despair of tragedy. The example of the ancient drama, differently constituted, was no obligation binding upon ours, it is true. The drama of Greece was in many respects different from that of modern nations, as the manners were different, but nature was the same. Hugo might with his power—for power, great power, is his characteristic—have stood at the head of a school that time would not easily let die. Outrages upon nature, good taste, and morals, will never, in days of advanced civilisation, place any writer on the pinnacle of lasting renown. Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire, will still be played with all their unities and starchness for their tranquil excellences. That which only startles the ears of the groundlings in the passing day will not survive the sunset. Extravagances and impossibilities are not the foundations of lasting fame with any writer. The violation of good morals, and details of the deeds of degraded characters beyond all common degradation, uncensured because they startle in the description, which the reader may see is unnatural

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and exaggerated, and coloured with a spurious pity for the vile and debased, are only made to set off the picture. The spurious philanthropy thus becomes a convenience to the writer, for how else could he cover his coarse descriptions? What excuse would he have otherwise for introducing scenes offensive to morals, and opposed to the probable and even possible, such as never really could occur in society? How else could such degrading pictures be presented in the drawing-room, or "on my lady's table," in the pages of romance?

The classic school, then, finds its rival with Hugo, not in the style and character which Englishmen annex to the drama or romantic of Shakspeare, but to a drama that runs wild, defying decency, truth, and nature. The dramatic taste is so low in England, and the style of the pieces most applauded so bereft of anything like an intellectual amusement for an educated person, that there is no fear of the works of Hugo, could they be faithfully turned into English, ever becoming standards. The better drama in England has merged into the dialogues and plots of our native novelists. It is rare that in these the fidelity to nature is outraged even where they may not have the first claim in the ranks of that kind of literature on the score of morality. But in Hugo we have a writer of a most powerful imagination, one of whose distinctions "from all his peers" is that he misuses his abilities and genius in an extraordinary manner, that he corrupts while he makes the improbable current, and would persuade the world that, after all, reason, morality, and even nature's truth, are immaterial.

Take his "Marion de Lorme," one of those licentious women, according to the fashion of the Bourbon time, who was sent into the world to amuse the other sex—a parallel for one of our present "fast ladies," as the crowd styles them. The details of this drama are most improbable, and out of all decency. The object of Marion's first intrigue, Cinque Mars, dies. Of course her deep sorrow for his loss ends in finding another gallant, the second, and then a third, who is sitting with her at the window of her house, Number Two having just quitted her. Seeing four ruffians attack a man in the street, or him whom we designate as Number Two, Number Three goes down to assist in his defence, and both, who had quitted the lady's apartment separately, now return to it together. The last visitor, Number Three, seeing the familiarity with which Number Two treats the lady whom he had just quitted, challenges him. There is a law against duelling, the penalty death, but the two heroes meet and fight, notwithstanding. The lady, hearing the noise, leaves her apartment, not knowing of the edict making duelling a mortal offence, and calls the guard. Number Three is seized, while Number Two, to escape, feigns himself dead. A coffin is procured for the dead man, he being supposed within it for concealment sake, though he actually follows his own coffin, this same man, to the château of an old count, his uncle—of course nobody knowing his person! Thus he escapes the penalty for duelling by a stratagem not very much out of the way, considering how easily such matters may be arranged with pen and ink alone. Number Three, who had been taken to prison by the guard, escapes by the help of Marion, and both join a gang of strolling players, almost in the nick of time to follow the supposed dead man to the old count's château. The dead man, or Number Two, follows in his own funeral procession, and not very generously betrays the lover Number

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Three, while he makes known to him the loose character of Marion, whom the said Number Three had been loon enough to imagine chaste and cold as an icicle. Marion is now discarded. The duel and burying farce are disclosed, and both duellists sentenced to die. The king, Louis XIII., will not pardon them on the merits of the case, but agrees to do so right royally, to please his jester. The Church, in the shape of a notorious cardinal, Richelieu, thwarts the desire of the court fool. The uncle of lover Number Two then secures his nephew's escape by a bribe to the gaoler, but the prisoner refuses to escape unless he can take his late antagonist with him—what heroic generosity! Marion surrenders her person to the cardinal's factotum to bargain off Number Three, and he prevails upon his master to save him, or nearly does so. All at once Number Three is seized with such a fit of morality and such a sentimental love for Marion, though so sullied, that he refuses life, and resolves to die. This being so decided, both duellists are taken to the scaffold. The cardinal, nearly at his last gasp from disease, is introduced on a litter to witness the scene. Marion craves pardon of him for both the culprits, but is refused, and they suffer. Marion then abuses the cardinal, and falls down, in a fainting-fit, for the loss of her two gallants—it may be presumed to rise again as soon as a novel adventure to introduce her can be concocted, and play over a similar farce of mawkish and unnatural profligacy.

Even this dramatic piece, such is the force of genius, possesses passages worthy of a work that might claim a far higher moral end. It displays too much evidence of the abuse of genius, of misused ability and perverted morality, while it is designed to outdo the moral bearing as well as delicacy of the higher French drama. Utterly out of probability, gross, and with no regard to keeping, it would be a libel on the chief of the English romantic school, and the natural truth and chaste beauty of the female characters of Shakspeare, even to imagine his female characters bore in the remotest degree a resemblance to those of Hugo. Shakspeare copied Nature, and did not distort her. Marion made a sensation, however, and as in the French modern school now imitating in England, sensation is the primary aim, and neither the truth of nature nor any care about moral character in the attainment of the object is regarded. This work passed as the product of a man of genius, which no one can deny the author to be, but of genius mischievously perverted in disregard of moral sentiment for momentary effect, of truth and consistency audaciously outraged, of virtue defied, and of a total forgetfulness that, of all men, writers of ability have most to answer in regard to the abuse of the talent bestowed upon them, seeing that they do not operate like the royal satrap, by brute power, or like the politician, by interest or intrigue upon human action, but upon the inner man—upon the immortal spirit for good or evil, for emendation or corruption.

In endeavouring to deracinate the artificial regularity of the classic drama by the new romantics, licentiousness of morals and freedom of language are the adopted instruments, and they are forcibly and plausibly defended. Shakspeare must not be blasphemed by such imputed imitations, because he exceeded not "the modesty of nature." Where are female characters more beautifully drawn?—or where is virtue more respected in place of being made a mockery, or treated as if it were of no value, than by the English poet? In Shakspeare, a licentious charac-

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ter is described, in low or high station, strictly after nature, and with consistency of action, not exalted at the expense of virtuous feeling, here treated as a matter of no moment. The profligate were not the heroines of the English poet. If it be replied that Marion was of the common description of the women of her country at that time, we do not credit it; she was only one of too many exceptions. The polluted imagination of the writer should not be suffered to obtain credit for such an unfounded excuse, such an untrue and unpardonable insinuation. Solitary intrigues might be numerous enough in the Bourbon court, but in relation to the plurality outside it was too incredible, even for Gallic profligacy. It is true that the kings and courtiers of France, the admired of too many of their day of that class in England, and for the restoration of which régime, with all its crimes, England commenced a sanguinary war—it is true that no court, from the earliest period of history, was outdone by the Bourbon in acts of polished despotism, in the affectation of honour, in degrading licentiousness, and those varnished manners which follow the most unjustifiable courses with a courtier's smoothness of action and tongue of velvet. Victor Hugo forgets that what may raise the admiration of the depraved by the exhibition of their sympathies in his specious details, may, and will, give him the applause of the depraved alone. Is it not far better for one of his talents rather to obtain the applause of the discriminating and wise, now, and for the unborn ages, than to be quoted with shouts by the open-mouthed demoralised? Is it not better to bear an unimpeachable character in writings transmitted to future generations, than, if noted at all, appear only (with a lamentation) in a parenthesis, for misused talent, and a disregard of moral bearing? He may depend upon it that, as time continues to advance, the virtues will not deteriorate in the market. If they declined in Rome under the Emperors, they only shifted their quarters, and never more beyond a very narrow limit will a boast be held out of the glory of immorality, except where a Louis XV. or a Tiberius may rule, however extensively it may really prevail. The instances are few, indeed, in which vicious characters make a merit of their debasedness in the face of society at large, for, though they have an irresistible propensity to be profligate, they seldom venture a solitary sentiment in their justification. This feeling will increase with the extension of knowledge, as the extravagant in the drama will diminish, for we are at present alluding to the romance and dramatic writers, as well as to the poetical. Hugo is undeniably one of no mean order, though "he abuses the king's press." He is one who merits something above the mere adaptations of an unbridled imagination to every-day scenes and characters. We should expect him to rise in "the accommodation of the shows of things to the desires of the mind," even far beyond this "visible diurnal sphere." Hugo's poems would merit a separate notice, filled with lugubrious and despairing passages, egotisms, and extravagances as they are, as well as beauties. For some minds nature has no life; all is stamped with the gloomy foreboding of death—of an event as natural as that of birth—a condition under which we live, move, and have our being. Would Victor Hugo prefer never having had an existence, never to have seen the orb of day, nor owned a human brotherhood? We think not, though, like all reasoning men, he would not live the same life over again. By-the-by, this last feeling and the fear of death seem

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to be insolvable contradictions, on which the more we meditate the more we are at fault as to the origin. We hold it a strong point in the prospect of a future existence, though drawn from an every-day fact.

But to the drama. Hugo's "Roi s'Amuse" partakes in all his faults, in all his coarseness of subject, in all the Gallic disregard of female virtue and character, in all the pollution as to choice of subject. It is a history of a monarch's adventures among the lowest of his viler subjects in the capital, during which, degrading himself, he takes a false name to revel unknown among the profligate in the filthiest haunts. By few sovereigns, with all the incapacity and profligacy among the race that have yet appeared, could so mean a taste have ever been exhibited, except, perhaps, with one most "high and mighty prince," James I., when fuddled,* or his next successor but one, who used to dissect infants, that hopeful head of the Church, Charles II., arm in arm with the moral Rochester. Hugo's king seduces the daughter of his own Fool, who plans his assassination in return, and hastens to have the gratification of seeing the royal body covered up in a sack. Of course the Fool intends afterwards to run away, taking his ruined daughter. Then comes one of Hugo's incidents still more foreign to truth and probability. In place of the adventuring monarch, the poor girl is stabbed, put into the sack, and handed to her father, who, desirous of a peep at a dead king, finds his daughter, with just life enough left to tell her tale and expire! The consequence is, that the father, as he well might, goes out of his senses, and this performance, ridiculous enough as a melodrama, is to be deemed akin to the romantic of Shakspeare! A drama altogether fit for a brothel, on the score of immorality and want of common decency of subject. Where among the anomalies that passed muster in England two or three hundred years ago, among our dramatists, are similar glaring inconsistencies visible, such utterly absurd and improbable fictions, with all their coarseness, the latter even in Anne's reign? We allude to the subject. If the French Shakspeares are delineated by their works in this way, we must be ten thousand times more contented with our own. Read the beautiful romantic of Shakspeare. Consider the differences in colloquial language, from our time, and in manners, among our rough forefathers, and is there one reader who does not blush at the comparison of Hugo's heroes and heroines, with his chief male and female characters, in an age so much farther advanced? It is the comparison of pollution with purity, of putrefaction with the freshness and bloom of the morning of human existence. This piece was forbidden on account of some undesigned political allusions, or what the audience interpreted to be so on its first representation. Here we must remark that Hugo in politics appears, not from his averments so much as from his career, to be in most respects an anythingarian—but his political inconsistencies are not our affair.

We have seen what are the subjects selected by this writer for the plots of his dramatic pieces. We have noted the female purity of character in one of them, and the kingly amusement of royal visits to the

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* The ladies complained that they could not visit the court and come away without nameless insects in their dresses, such was the filth in Whitehall, and James himself was half his time muddled with the bottle, becoming, too, a woman-hater contemporaneous with his accession to the English throne.

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lowest dens of infamy, with all the fair dames of a court never the chastest in Europe at his beck. How complimentary to the royal taste! It is true, a devotee of monarchs without regard to character, a wholesale advocate of divine right, Edmund Burke, most eulogistic of the Bourbons, cruelly says: "Kings are fond of low company." However true this may be as to fools and jesters, it can hardly be true of the lowest and most degraded of the sex, at least in the case of Francis I., surrounded by countless beauties of rank. No matter, the King Francis perjures himself in seducing his jester's daughter, to whom he promises marriage! She did not know his person, of course, a very likely thing! Would it be likely that she never beheld the sovereign to whom her father was Fool? Let the reader examine the subjects of these two pieces, and the pruriency that it will be supposed influenced the choice.

In "Lucretia Borgia" we have the same characteristics displayed in the choice of a subject still more exceptionable. The Gallic dramatist of the new romantic school that would be, selects a topic still more odious, battening on the most revolting theme that could be placed before an audience, and almost without a match in recorded, or rather imaginary, depravity. To this is added the same unscrupulous disregard of possibility in the action in like accordance with good taste. It would seem as if the drama were designed to hold up to vice, not nature and truth, but that which can best be selected to disgust virtuous feeling and corrupt an audience—at least the ignorant and unsuspicious part. To render vice familiar is to proffer a strong temptation to commit it. A crime so rare as to be unrivalled in history, it betrays and argues a bad taste to select only for the purpose of exhibition, to make it a matter of laudation, or even to treat it venially. There is always an attempt by this writer to rest a main point in his tragedies, as before observed, upon some act which is next to impossible, or some character out of all social keeping. He would have no scruple in bringing Birnam Wood to Dunsinane in reality, if he could get it upon wheels. He must have not the tragic so much as the monstrous and improbable for his themes. He loves to deal in that which nature refuses to place in sequence of common action, and to have recourse to revolting subjects, because, perhaps, they startle the ears of the groundlings. The tale of the Borgia is every way revolting. A tragic story, simply so called, would not suit. As if this writer, with his power, had not genius enough to create an interest unless he would startle by the extreme viciousness of the characters he selected, and not by his own skill in description. Cæsar Borgia was the son of Pope Alexander VI., one of "God's vicegerents," who had, of course, been sworn to celibacy. His mother was one of the Pope's mistresses, named Vanossa, by whom he had five children. The Duke of Gandia, the brother of Cæsar, and one of the five, fell in love with his sister Lucretia, in which he became the rival of Cæsar the Pope, who, in consequence, had him assassinated. This incest produces a son, according to Hugo, whom he names Gennaro, and who by accident seen by his mother, she falls in love with him, and follows him disguised to Venice. He feels a sympathetic attraction towards her—a sort of "spiritualist" affection, as present times have it—but has no idea who she is! He detests the real Lucretia for her crimes, and defaces her arms over the gate of the palace of her fourth husband, Don Alphonso. She solicits vengeance, and Gennaro is secured.

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She determines to witness his condemnation, which she makes her husband swear shall take place, while her husband, who knew of his wife's previous attachment, and is jealous, has determined to send both out of existence, but previously plays the hypocrite in a scene of affected tenderness. His jealousy is further excited, until he can no longer restrain himself, and he gives her the choice to die by the dagger or the bowl. She selects the poison, and asks to be allowed to take it herself, while a concealed assassin is ready to despatch Gennaro. The lady and her gallant are left together, as he supposes, intending thus to spend their last moments. The lady manages to outwit her husband, for she holds an antidote against the poison. She informs Gennaro of his position. He reproaches her bitterly, but takes the antidote. Then he talks with affection of his mother unknown, and apologises for profaning her name before such a wretch as Lucretia. His words are daggers to her, but she gets him to drink down the antidote, tells him how to escape, and gives him her blessing, for which he ungratefully returns her his curses, and she faints.

By some cause Gennaro does not leave Venice. We know not how Don Alphonso reasons in the interim, balked in his design. Gennaro joins some friends at supper at the Negroni Palace, next door to that in which Lucretia resides! Very likely, just after his escape! The party are enemies of Lucretia, and it is formed only for a trap to ensnare them to their ruin. Don Alphonso, the husband, does not here make his appearance. The revelry commences, and then Lucretia enters with a gang of monks, who chant funeral dirges, during which she gives the supper-party the information that they are undone, that their end is near, for they have supped upon poison, and that they must quickly have recourse to a confession of their sins. In the interim a door is opened, displaying a room or gallery, in which are seen five coffins for the unfortunate guests; but there were six guests, including Gennaro, who had joined the entertainment without an invitation. This Lucretia did not know, and he is now seen with her in an apartment adjoining. She informs him he is poisoned, and desires him to save himself by taking some of the antidote he had used before. He finds there is only a little more than enough to preserve the life of one. He refuses to take it alone, and snatches up a knife to inflict vengeance on the authoress of the crime. She sues for pity; Gennaro will not be moved, and, as a last refuge, she makes known to him that he is her brother's son. He pauses, he hesitates, being her nephew, as he imagined, when the moans of his dying companions reach his ears, and, relapsing into his former fury, he stabs her, when she confesses in her dying agonies that, "like Nero, he has slain his mother."

Whether the events are natural and possible or not, whether they are anomalous, and even out of the past or present course of things by being of a character most flagitious, if that probability which ensures the illusion of a dramatic work, and affects the mind, though its truth be discarded, and tragedy consist in the invention of monstrosities that never did or could exist, it was no matter; the effect once produced is not by holding the mirror up to nature, but to what is out of nature. "Not to show virtue her own feature—scorn her own image, and the very body of the time its form and pressure"—but to startle by the unnatural, exaggerate the deformity of vice, and amuse an audience by pictures without morality

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or a natural coherence, unless, indeed, it be a moral object to apply the grossnesses of the most revolting vices invention can embody to win a name by increasing the profligacy of the age. There is no one credits as a fact the story of Lucretia Borgia as thus painted—we mean no trustworthy historians. What matters it if audiences can be startled by a violation of truth and virtue, and the applause of sullied or of ignorant minds be obtained? The idea of imitating Shakspeare, who follows nature in his painting, and for the age in which he lived was as free from the flagrant vices of the new school to which we allude as his impersonations and language have remained unimpeachable, is a false idea. His is all nature's truth; the school we thus censure is founded upon a style of painting as unnatural and untrue as it is grossly immoral. We must protest against the new romancers blaspheming Shakspeare under the pretence of following his example, and making him a partner in their monstrosities. They are *sui generis;* let them grow and entwine their own laurels as well as wear them. The power and genius of Hugo are worthy of something better than his labours show in portraying things that could not be embodied save in an imagination that sports under promptings abhorrent to good taste and morality.

Read the "Hans d'Island" of this writer! What is there in it of truth? What monstrous exaggeration! What a wandering from nature into the wild, and unnatural, and anomalous, and absurd! It is low and vicious, because, what is depressing to every generous emotion that aspires to harmonise the show of things with lofty and virtuous aspirations, must be so characterised, however well painted and vigorously sustained in the composition. In writers of genius, we have at least to expect what is natural, pure, and true. This is one of the most monstrous of Hugo's works; little, indeed, calculated to instruct or elevate those who are used to the perusal of the writings, and who are well read in the romantic school that existed in England before the present Gallic super-romantics undertook the task of flinging past writers of imagination, and all truth and consistency, into the shade. A momentary excitement is now made, the aim being to startle the unreflecting at any expense to nature or veracity. The moderate potation will not serve, that which enlivens and strengthens, the madness of intoxication will alone answer, in which the disordered brain perverts by distortion or multiplication all the vision may chance to discover before it. The school is a low-minded one, calculated to corrupt by the painting of vicious character, and the familiarity with crimes which it magnifies and sketches without reprobation. Are the minds of youth, of female youth more particularly, in the boudoir, or the drawing-room, to be reconciled by such writers to an acquaintance with the gross vices from which they should shrink from the perusal, and to be imbued with perversions of all which is consistent with fact and morality? Are the heartless courtesans of the Bourbon princes of the past, the heartless abandoned, not simply immoral, but heinously profligate—are such characters and their actions to become the study and amusement of the unpolluted minds of innocent girls just "come out?" as the phrase designates it. Greatly must they improve in perusing the characters of such court harlots, no doubt, and of male characters that merited the galleys. If well-known vices, rendered yet more vicious by description, selected apparently for the facility

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with which crime and vice may be deeper coloured by fancy than it is ever seen to be in reality, and in the happy ignorance of the unsuspicious, as if chosen for the purpose of corruption by such deep, and unfaithful, and unnatural colouring—if these are aims and works of the new romantic school, they do not belong to that of Shakspeare. Marion, or the Borgia as depicted by the author, may be the Juliet, or Ophelia, or Cordelia, of the school of Hugo, but can no more be that of Shakspeare than either can be depicted a member of a Holy Family. We must not have Shakspeare libelled or degraded by either a French or English writer. Hugo is no more of Shakspeare's school than he is of that, with all its stiff rules and starchness, of his own country's classic—that, for example, of the beautiful, and tender, and virtuous Racine, or that of the noble Corneille.

"But you have not noticed 'Hernani?'" it may be asked, one of Hugo's first works—one of his works the least out of nature. We cannot notice any of his works at the length we could desire, because the task would occupy too much space. "Hernani" was the writer's first work in his path of defiance to the old classic school; in opposition to which the new romantics, if they would fain class Shakspeare among them, must not have the concession. Shakspeare, if he created a monster in Caliban, placed him in the part designed he should appear, in that character and out of humanity. The school of Hugo transforms men and women into monsters only by their vices, and asks credit for the faithful delineation of them as natural and elevated existences.

"Hernani" is Hugo's more reasonable and natural work. It was his first, and therefore, perhaps, the most decent and consistent with truth. He could not keep within such bounds. He must plunge further into exaggeration. He must needs progress in a romanticism of his own, or that of the new French school. We have shown that he has made a progress which must soon exhaust even the manifold resources of infamy, as subjects for adding to the notoriety of the Gallic romantic. The school, it must be confessed, marches *à grand pas*. It is painful to see genius such as that of Hugo neutralised by a desire for momentary notoriety acquired by such means. We can assure him that we can neither afford to have Shakspeare travestied, nor brutalised. Nor can we tolerate his mistake of taking the superlative of the offences in criminal courts for the sublimities of tragedy, as if they were the more effective for the extravagance of their characters and the vulgarity and profundity of their flagitiousness. We do not think Hugo rightly comprehends the great dramatic poet of England, nor the true character of the grand and beautiful, because, in his conception of those characteristics, we have the extravagances of vulgar crime in place of the audacity of superior minds occupied with objects, in motive at least, far above the characteristic criminality of the degraded of both sexes, however disguised ultimately by factitious amendment.

The latest work of Hugo exhibits all his faults, with his remarkable powers. It is as wild, anomalous, inconsistent, and untruthful to nature, though not as immoral in one sense as some of his other works. It has the merit, too, so peculiarly his own, that he does not hesitate to serve his purpose, and that continually, by making his characters act as they never would naturally act, just as if, by so doing, he would surprise his

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readers into wonder and approbation. This the dullest comprehension must see would be next to impossible in the natural course of things.

"Les Misérables" has been praised to the utmost tether of those diurnal critics and trading artists that deal their laudation in proportion to the balances of the advertising accounts of publishers. The Whig *Edinburgh Review* has dealt with it in just terms, and the Tory *Quarterly*, as of old, has taken a view just the reverse of its political antagonist, as might be expected, dealing out laudation on the writer and his school. It is an unhappy thing in some cases that the editor of a review should be a mortal man, and that thus it should become necessary to replace one when another dies out. The new editor, whoever he may be—all the world formerly knew who were the editors of reviews, not by mere name, but by their distinguished talent—the existing editor, in his eagerness to combat the opinions of the *Edinburgh*, as of old, upon all and every topic, must needs laud "Les Misérables" and its school. Political antagonism was to be expected as of old, when we used to read the *Quarterly*, its politics aside, for its excellent criticisms on classical works, and the *Edinburgh* for its metaphysics and political economy. This has ceased to be the case. The distinguished men of those days of the two parties are now no more, but the political animosity, the thing of least consequence to literature, influences still. The masters of French tragedy, Dumas and Hugo, themselves and their dramas, were most "particularly damned," to quote an applicable asseveration of the fashionable and royal Tenth Dragoons in the old time. The *Quarterly* enumerated twelve of their works, and then consigned them, in its anti-Gallican antipathy, to a different fate from that lofty elevation now apportioned to them, and those of Hugo more particularly. Editors should possess medium memories in all events, and in their eagerness to cross right or wrong the opinions of an antagonist, remember that a conviction of themselves in their own pages is awkward, especially when political acrimony can be fairly presumed to be the cause; and the strong anti-Gallicism, always so conspicuous in the *Quarterly*, yields before its stronger anti-Scotian antipathy to Whiggery, to which antipathy even its slanders of Napoleon I., and everything French for a long term of years, at length gives way.

"Les Misérables" is styled an extraordinary work. It really is so, if thus denominated for its display of high talent wasted, and the natural course of things outraged. Are the productions of this powerful, wayward, immoral writer, for ever at war with truth and simplicity, with nature and consistency, to be considered by its admirers as of that school to which Shakspeare belonged? We think not, because the author has very little indeed in common with the Bard of Avon but his dissimilitude with the classical, dignified, and over-polished school of his own country. M. Hugo may imagine that he imitates nature like the great English poet, or others of those who have written in his manner, while he distorts it. He is unnatural, improbable, and, where the verity of nature should be preserved, most false and unfaithful. His characters, virtuous as Marion among females, and as pure as those we might name among the male sex, are no more like those of Shakspeare than an eagle is like an alligator.

But to return to "Les Misérables"—the work of a writer of so vigorous

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a fancy, and gifted with such a genius, never surely perverted both, nor committed such gross mistakes as he has done, by intermingling the most striking scenes in powerful language with the improbable, immoral, inconsistent, unconnected, and incoherent. Likely enough to attract the attention of the groundlings, and astonish those who have no taste nor judgment, but who are for the most part proof against the writer's real merits,—such may be charmed with scenes or passages which set nature at defiance, endeavour to reconcile what is irreconcilable, and startle by novelty. Unhappily they are not a few who find in the wildest melodrama of the present degraded stage of England what they imagine is the perfection of the art, because it is commensurate with their stinted knowledge and low scale of taste. The weak and powerful, the minute and vast, the half-formed and sketchy, the magnificent and paltry, the possible and impossible, are jumbled together, to make up a finale not worthy of the labour bestowed in collecting them. All this is done to create an interest based upon characters and acts of the vilest hue, the heroes of which, by a miracle, are made to simulate amended criminality, and excite a spurious pity, in the course of which scenes utterly out of all keeping with consistency, or possibility as to fact, are linked together in a connexion so weak, that to it

> The spider's most attenuated web
> Is cord and cable.

A hungry thief named Valjean, a peasant, steals a loaf, and for that comparatively venial offence is sent for seven years to the galleys. For different attempts at escape he has the term increased to nineteen years. With some francs, the fruit of his earnings in gaol, he is at last set free with a convict's passport, stamping his character. No one will shelter him. The gaol and the dog-kennel equally repel him, and, by hyperbole, he cannot sleep in the starlight, for the stars hide themselves behind the clouds, of course to show him their antipathy! A good bishop shelters him, and he repays the charity of his benefactor by robbing him, having, we presume, run through his stock of francs. He is pursued and taken. The bishop, to shelter the thief, tells the police the white lie that he gave the rogue his plate, and bids him employ the product of his robbery in becoming an honest man. This rare specimen of truth-telling by a mitre and the purple, informs the thief Valjean that he has bought his soul of him. The purchase-money exchanged for the soul, as we presume, being spent, Valjean next robs a poor Savoyard of two francs. No reason intervenes for Valjean's sudden penitence, unless it be that he gets back his soul. Without rhyme or reason he becomes all at once penitent, and, determining to be honest, he also determines to turn manufacturer, whether upon the capital he filched or how obtained does not appear. He turns bead-maker under a false name, and realising a fortune, becomes mayor of the place where he resides, builds hospitals and founds schools, all which time he fears he shall be discovered as the enlarged convict, though he has changed his name and become saintly in his views. A grisette, and her illegitimate child are left destitute, the child under the care of an extortionate wine-shop keeper, that the abandoned by her seducer may labour herself to support it, and she procures work with M. Madeleine, but is turned adrift by the intrigues of a reli-

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gious devotee. She is forced to sell her teeth and hair, and to live by street-walking. She gets insulted by a blackguard fellow, scratches his face, and is sent to prison, from whence the peasant, now the thief-mayor and bead-manufacturer, gets her freed. She dies soon afterwards. The mayor, all this time a manufacturer and public character having authority, and always in public before a lynx-eyed police, nobody ever recognises as Valjean! He promises the mother, on her death-bed, to protect her child. So blind are the public, that, until this generous manufacturer, who has sold his soul to a bishop, who must have lived long years under the noses of the police in peace and unmolested to attain a fortune and civic honours, sees that a person has been arrested as Jean Valjean, charged with being the once noted convict and thief. So high-wrought all at once becomes the real Valjean's sense of honour, that he cannot bear an innocent man should be mistaken for himself. He goes off to the seat of justice and surrenders himself. He had previously secured his large fortune by hiding it in a forest. From the transport that conveys him to his chains, we presume, he leaps overboard, and is thought to be dead. He now reappears at the town of his mayorship, hues and cries notwithstanding, and carries out his promise about protecting the child of the poor street-walker from the cruel wine-seller, as usual unrecognised by the police! This child, named Cozette, her protector being now pursued by the police, that after so long a time seems to have discovered his whereabouts, gets with it into a convent, from which it was a puzzle how to escape. From thence he does, however, escape in a nun's coffin (coffin concealments are old stratagems of Hugo's), and he narrowly escapes burying alive. All this is done by the assistance of the old gardener of the convent, to which he, by the same aid, contrives to return, and serve as under-gardener, while the child is contrived to be placed in the convent school. For a long time the police remain at fault as usual, and in the vicinity of the convent as elsewhere. The girl grows fast to maturity, while Valjean's nineteen years in the galleys, and we may add at least as many more in accumulating a large fortune as a manufacturer, and notoriety as a mayor, if nature had not travelled awry, must now have been pretty well advanced in life. As to his non-recognition, whilst acting as an assistant-gardener in the midst of the police, it must be put down as an accident such as favours a rogue very seldom indeed.

The girl Cozette supposes Valjean her father, who is now known as M. Leblanc. Walking at the Luxembourg, a new character appears on the scene, who meets Cozette there—a half-starved advocate called Pontmercy. A platonic love commences, and the most innocent of meetings take place through broken railings. In the next attic to this new character, Pontmercy, lodges a fellow who lives by writing begging-letters, who, not at all wonderful in the round of M. Hugo's probabilities, turns out to be the keeper of the former wine-shop where the mother of Cozette had placed her child, and who was so extortionate. This man from his wine-shop had entered the army, and was a sergeant at Waterloo, where he met with a dead body, as he supposed, and was most likely about to rifle, if French sergeants ever turn plunderers on the field. This body was that of Pontmercy, then a colonel, the father of M. Pontmercy of the amatory railings. The wine-dealer, formerly called Thé-

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nardier, but now the letter-beggar Joudrette, having endeavoured to victimise Valjean (now M. Leblanc), plans to murder and rob him, but the concoction of the plan is overheard by M. Pontmercy, who gives information to the police. He then learns to his horror that this Waterloo sergeant, thief, and greedy boarder formerly of Cozette's infant, was the preserver of his father's life. Here is a dilemma of course between duty and gratitude. The police, however, settle the matter by breaking in and seizing Joudrette, while M. Leblanc, who has no great wish to encounter the police himself, escapes, getting to the ground from an upper story by a rope-ladder. It will be seen that all the primary contingencies, however improbable and unnatural, have their secondaries at perfect convenience.

New troubles assail Valjean, *alias* Leblanc, on finding out the love affair between Cozette and Pontmercy. The latter engages in the insurrection at the funeral of Lamarque in 1832. The inspector of police, that had often before sought to hunt down Valjean, is condemned for a spy, and saved by Valjean. In a barricade affair all are killed but Valjean, who at such a moment is so directed by his usual invisibility to the agents of justice, that he is cool enough to take up the body of Pontmercy, which still has some signs of life, and escape with it into a sewer, as if the act were possible at such a moment for one survivor surrounded by enemies. At the entrance of the sewer he sees Thénardier, who is deceived by the hope of plunder to open the sewer-gate, of which he has the key, designing to give Valjean into the hands of the head of the police, who is hard by. The latter lets Valjean, *alias* M. Leblanc, escape, and then becomes so touched by his dereliction of duty, that he drowns himself, with a similar sense of honour, we presume, to that of the royal cook who threw himself upon his own sword because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner. Thénardier, villain as he is, gets twenty thousand francs from Pontmercy, and emigrates; for in this work all the sympathy is with scoundrelism, under affecting sympathy for the scum of society as a justification for making such heroes of the tale. In the mean while, young Pontmercy, safe out of the sewer, and forgiven by his relatives, is married to Cozette. Valjean settles six hundred thousand francs, out of the profit of his bead-making, dug up for the purpose, we presume, from its *cache* in the forest, upon the grisette's illegitimate. To possess such a degree of philanthropy it is almost worth while to undergo penal servitude. The marvellous marriage does not end this strange, inconsistent jumble of a story, or rather of stories, for there is enough to make a dozen, if nature and probability go for anything, or if the author had been as fortunate in his display of a single and simple incident as he is in concocting others link by link, attached to the first at setting out. We have said the tale does not end here. Pontmercy and his parentless bride become elated with their position, cannot tolerate the galley-slave Valjean, who has made them purse-proud, and they charge new offences upon him. The tender nature of the benefactor to this precious pair cannot stand their ingratitude. Valjean, so sensitive by his past habits, languishes away, from meeting with conduct too much for his habitual susceptibility, and is laid upon his death-bed. The ungrateful pair then repent and implore his pardon. He gives them his blessing, and dies like a saint.

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Such is an outline of this immoral, incongruous, unnatural story, as inconsistent as the wildest brain ever concocted. In every part, truth, probability, and simplicity are violated, while virtue and vice are confounded. Every reader not a lunatic must see that the events stated to have taken place never could do so by any chance in human affairs, that they are out of all nature and fitness, and that this new romantic school of drama and romance no more resembles the romantic drama of Shakspeare or of Calderon, or the tales of the English or Germans, written in the modern romantic, than it equals the Arabian Nights in extravagance and in want of harmony with truth and nature. The drama and romance of the author—the designation of the present work being of the former class—are up to certain mark as in the verisimilitude of their details, and in an adherence to truth, nature, and moral effect exactly the same, however different on other points, beside their unnatural character, improbability, and extravagance.

We are not strangers to the fallacious pleas of sympathy for the vicious, and to that false pity which is put forth as the excuse for the frailties of one sex and the vices of the other, but in reality for a make-weight to cover powerful descriptions of vices, startling from novelty, and creating false sympathies. Appeals are thus made to our compassion to cover what else could not have currency or be admissible by good taste, while, besides familiarising vice, it is innocent, through numerous anomalies, of imparting any acceptable acquisitions of a pure character to amuse, instruct, or elevate the mind of the reader.

That a powerful genius should pervert the true course of things, and for the sake of surprising cease to paint nature and fact, preferring to have recourse to unfaithful delineations of exaggerated vices, seeking to cozen unworthy sympathy by an untruthfulness of portraiture, is lamentable, and positively injurious to morals. Hugo has ability for nobler, more elevated, and more endurable results. The present work wants moral feeling, veracity, good taste, and a respect for public morality. Before long this school will disappear, but we fear not without leaving evil effects. Detached scenes, however powerfully worked out, will not do alone, if their high colouring pass them current for the moment. In the mean while, trading speculation will push them, as it does the objectionable works of our own country. In proof of this fact, one speculator has just reprinted, and is circulating, the infamous work of Monk Lewis, which every right-thinking person had hoped was forgotten, not that we would lower the *morale*, power, or genius of Hugo to such a standard. We only mention the fact to show how little, in the present day, the moral effect of any work is regarded as to circulation, opposed to the chance of lucre, as we see besides in the constant publication of the lowest and most immoral French works, destitute of the ability of Hugo, or of his motive, as we are bound to take it from himself, for we only deal here with his perversion of talent and its consequences.

The rich but sombre verse of Hugo is as much abused as his prose. If there be one thing more than another which disgusts us in those gifted with a poet's power—the "poeta nascitur non fit"—it is the treatment with levity of that Awful Being who rules the universe in the

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misuse of the talent he confers on a few miserable mortals; that Being for whom Bacon, Milton, Newton, and Locke felt such a reverence, whose name Newton and Halley would not pronounce with hats upon their heads. The light treatment of the Deity by some of the modern French school, and Hugo is no exception, disgusts us, and proves that with the vast majority of mankind there is no right conception of the Ruler of the Universe as obtained from the stupendous works of nature, to go no further. We need not quote from the most unpoetical of languages any proofs of this. The French writers of our time abound in levities and sentiments enough to prove the point. We are the more pleased to escape a task repugnant to our feelings, because in a notice of "Les Contemplations," by the same author, we have already noticed his levities, querulousness, and, we almost believe, doubts respecting the Great First Cause so common in his native land.

We cannot find space to extend our observations further. We can only lament that this irregular, highly imaginative, and powerful writer has not attended to a chastening of the powers he possesses, but persists in running wild out of nature's track. He might have given us something much more worthy his powers, more natural and consistent with existing nature. The schools of novel and romance pass away like the fashions in dress. We can remember half a dozen. Such works are mere luxuries, of which a few only survive, when founded strictly upon the truth of nature. Our distempered social existence, in the mass, is of a low intellectual character. We want works that will assist by giving representations of scenes and actions that elevate the desires and create honest aspirations to make us better and more worthy in our present social state. This can never be achieved by representations contrary to nature's truth, by arousing sympathy for the criminal, nor by making innocent readers familiar with vicious scenes and characters, in which the crime and individuality of character are out of keeping with truth, and the acts described by the writer are exaggerated beyond recorded facts of the like nature, to startle by impossible novelty, and excite an unwholesome and morbid sympathy.

CYRUS REDDING.

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THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

O MIGHTY leagues of dreary, pathless main!
That rend and wrench the continents apart,
Eternal thought has forged a vital chain,
To knit with ours Columbia's throbbing heart.

The trackless sea no longer trackless seems,
And dreadful, pitiless waves no longer dread,
When mind from either shore can flash its gleams,
And wake response through ocean's silent bed.

No dark mischance, nor cumbrous toil to make,
The croaking heart and craven soul despair,
Could baffle sturdy natures to forsake
Their conquering task, or their vast plans impair.

For victory cometh not with dreamy ease,
But hoards its favours for the battling strife,
When through the mists of doubt th' undaunted sees
The hope triumphant, dawning o'er his life;—

And clutches at it with unyielding might,
Striving and wrestling for the glorious prize,
Until he stands upon the granite height
Of firm success, that dazzles craven eyes.

O heritage of man, eternal thought!
Whose fruits can lessen toil and lighten care,
A wider love on earth it will have wrought,
Since he can flash its meanings everywhere.

Above the tempest's moan—the sea's wild cries—
Above the shrieks of war—the plaints of kings—
A whispering voice in deathless accents flies,
Sweeter than perfume borne on summer's wings;

Like youthful hopes, untainted, glad and free,
The wingèd words we send across the main,
To tell the world in their own melody,
That kindred nations are no longer twain;

But girt in angel bonds of peace and love,
An adamantine chain of harmony,
Which sacred fellowship and good will wove,
To bless the now, and glad futurity.

A test of brotherhood, dear friendship's plight,
An earnest compact of the time to be,
When mind alone shall wage its bloodless fight
With ignorance, and gain the victory—

When blood-stained War shall vanish from the earth,
And nations grasp each other tenderly
With loving speech, that Britain signals forth,
Heralded to-day across the sea.

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IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE,"* &c.

Book the Fifth.

RIEN QUE TOI.

CHAPTER XI.

"THE SERPENT'S VOICE LESS SUBTLE THAN HER KISS."

The fishing hamlet lay under the shadow of a great sea-worn, red-brown, sullen cliff, that had the mists of the dawn still on its rugged forehead, and the foam of the uprising tide now angrily splashing its feet; a mighty fortress of rock, that would break from its gloom to a wonderful beauty when the sun should come round to the west, and the glory spread over the waters. There were but four or five cabins, dropped in amongst the loose piles of stone and the pale plumes of the sand grasses; huts low nestled, and hidden like the nests on northern beaches of the sea-hovering tern. And these, few as they were, were deserted the men had been out two days and two nights with their boats and their nets—out far beyond where craggy Ischia lay, and their woman-kind were alone left, with children like Murillo's beggars, wild haired and ruddy cheeked, and with naked limbs of a marvellous mould and grace, who lived all day long waist-deep in water, and slept all night long on a wet soil, and not seldom crushed the seaweed between their bright hard teeth in the sheer longing of famine, and yet who, with all that, might have thanked God, had they known it, that they were born by the water's width and to the water's liberty, instead of in the stifling agony of cities, where human lives breathe their first and their last, never having known what one breath of ocean wind blows like, or what the limitless delight of an horizon line can mean. The women were fine animals—and nothing more. Those who were young were splendidly coloured and built; those who were past youth were sear, and yellow, and scaly as the fish they smoked and hung to the beams of their huts for the winter's fare. They said little, comprehended less. The shine of silver made their eyes glisten, but they could give nothing in return for it. Of the boats, there was not one left; not the craziest craft that ever was hauled high upon a beach to be broken up into firewood; nor of the boys did one remain of years enough to handle a rope or hold a tiller. Here, on this barren shore, there was no help; the great freedom of the sea stretched there as though in so much mockery; it would yield nothing—save a grave.

He stood on the narrow strip of yellow sand, with the ripple of the high tide rolling upward and over his feet, and looked over the sweet, fresh, tumultuous vastness of the waters as men, when camels and mules, and even the hardy sons of the soil, have perished one by one in their rear, look over the stretch of the desert where no aid is to be called, no

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change can come, except the aid and the change of the death that shall leave their flesh to the vulture, their bones to the bleach of the noon.

All he had done had been in vain.

Reaching the sea, they were as far from liberty as when the monastery's doors had closed them in; unless some vessel could be chartered to bear westward before the day should be at its meridian, they must turn back, and share the wolf's lair, the hare's terror, the stag's life of torture, when on every breeze may come the note of chase, when every curling moss and broken leaf may bear a mark to bring the hunters down. An intense agony came on him as his eyes looked blindly out at the grey waste, with the sun's first rays reflected in a broad crimson trail across its gloom. The desire of his heart was come to him, and with it had come also to him an exceeding bitterness passing any that his life had known. That which he had coveted with so passionate a longing was granted him, and it brought with it a terrible penalty. The weight of a sickly dread, never before then known to the fearlessness of his nature, oppressed him; a dread that had its root less in her physical danger than in the darkness that shrouded all knowledge of her real fate, all knowledge of her past and of her future.

And even for her mere bodily peril, her peril from the chains and the cells of the government, he could do nothing; he could defend her to his last breath with such strength as one man could bring against thousands —that was all. There was not a sail in sight, as far as his eyes could reach over the water line; it might be two or three nights more yet, as the women told him, before the fishing-boats would come in; to leave her for the length of time needful to traverse the coast in search of some other sea-side hamlet was impossible; he saw no course but to retrace his steps to her, and leave the choice of their retreat with her. These people were miserably poor, and would do what was asked of them for the sake of the glitter of gold; they were bold, too, and willing to offer such shelter as their miserable cabins could; at the worst, it was possible that they might rest undiscovered under the refuge of these lonely rocks until such time as the fishing fleet, returning, should give them means to sail westward, or send a vessel with orders to the yacht.

He stood there some moments, looking seaward from the beach, his head sunk, his thoughts very weary; he was condemned to the torture of inaction, the deadliest trial that can be fastened on high courage and on eager energies; he turned swiftly as he heard steps lightly passing along the pile of rough loose stones that made a sort of stairway from the high ground, down between two steep and leaning sides of rock; he looked up in anxious hope of welcoming some boatman who could help him to a vessel; as he did so, the morning sun, shining from the east, that faced him as he turned, fell full upon his head and throat, and on his tall athletic limbs, loosely clad in the linen folds of the fishing-dress. Standing thus, catching the brightest glisten of the morning beams, the barcarolo dress served little to disguise him, and through the mist-wreaths that still hovered round all the upper border of the shore, his eyes, ere escape or avoidance was possible, met those of the man above upon the broken tiers of cliff.

They were the keen blue serene eyes of Victor Vane.

For a moment they looked in silence at each other, met thus, face to

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face, in the coolness of the young day, in the solitude of the unfrequented shore. On the one side amazement was sincere; on the other, it was to perfection counterfeited. Then, with an easy supple grace, the man, in whom Erceldoune's instinct felt a foe, swung himself downward from ledge to ledge, and dropped upon the sands beside him, with the common courtesies of a carelessly astonished and complimentary greeting.

"I came to bathe; I am staying for a villeggiatura not far from this," he said, as his words of welcome closed. "It is a wild shore here, and unutterably lonely. You are yachting, I suppose?"

"No."

Erceldoune thought nothing of what was asked him, of what he answered; he thought of her alone. This man was her friend, her guest, her associate; could he be trusted with her secret? Could he be trusted to assist her flight? And, if not trusted with it, could he be held back from the knowledge of it?

"Not yachting?" pursued Vane, carelessly still. "I thought that fisher-costume was surely a sailor's dress. May I ask what brings you, then, to this world-forgotten nook?"

"I came to get a boat, and a boat's crew if I could."

"Ah! you have lost your way? There is a dangerous landslip hard by——"

Erceldoune crushed his heel down into the wet loose sand; a gesture that was not lost on his companion.

"I know the coast well. I merely need a boat—of what kind matters little. Can you help me?"

"I grieve to say no. My friends' residence is some way from here; and, besides, they have not even a pleasure skiff; they care nothing for the water. But you would not put out to the open sea in a mere boat?"

"Why so?"

"Why! Because I fancy no man would who was not weary of his life, or——"

"I am not weary of mine."

"Pardon me, I was going to end my sentence with—or one whose life was menaced on the land."

He spoke the last words gravely, gently, meaningly, with an emphasis that left no doubt of their personal application. Erceldoune's forehead flushed with a hot dark rush of blood; a tempestuous shadow came in his eyes; he turned abruptly.

"Explain that phrase?"

"Nay; translate it yourself, if you will."

"Not I. I am in no mood for enigmas, and have no time for them. You had your meaning; out with it!"

He spoke between his clenched teeth; a fiery misery possessed him, and a great longing to wring the truth out of this man who cross-questioned him, if he wrung it by force with a hand on his throat, and a heel on his chest.

Victor Vane looked him steadily in the eyes; a serious, compassionate, candid gaze that silently rebuked his passions and his instinct of antagonism.

"I am sorry you trust me so little," he said, briefly.

Ornamented protests would have forewarned and forearmed his listener,

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whom the simplicity and manliness of the reply put off his guard; they made the loyal, generous nature that they dealt with repent as of some craven sin of false suspicion; rebuke itself, as for some ignominy of cowardly injustice. Moreover, Erceldoune saw that he knew much—how much it was best to learn at once, let the learning cost what it should.

"He has eaten at her board; he has enrolled himself her friend; he cannot turn traitor to her; he cannot play false to a woman!" his thoughts ran swiftly, in the tumult of a thousand emotions. It seemed to him so vile a thing, that to suspect even his rival of it looked base to him.

"Let us waste no words," he said, rapidly, while he stood facing the new-comer with the challenge of his gallant eyes testing the truth of those which met them. "Time is life to me, and more than life! You guess rightly so far. Answer me two things. What do you know?—and why should you be trusted?"

"The latter question, I imagine, one gentleman should scarcely put to another!"

"That may be. I am in no temper for these subtleties. I know nothing of you except through rumour. Such rumour would not incline me to place confidence in you. You used strange language; you seem aware of my present peril. Simply, say what it is you know."

Victor Vane, with a dignity that had in it the compassionate forbearance of one who respects and pities another whose insolence he can afford to pass over and extenuate, seated himself on the lowest stair of rock, and answered, without hesitation, in a grave and regretful accent:

"Sir, I forgive your innuendo on myself, since the extremity of your peril may serve to excuse it, and I believe that this peril has fallen on you through a rashly noble and generous action. We have met here singularly enough. I do not know—positively—anything of your actions or position; but I should be half a fool did I not divine much of both. Briefly, we are both acquainted with a fair revolutionist, who has been made a prisoner of the royal executive. I heard, late last night, that she had been rescued from her captivity—rescued by a man in a fisher dress, who displayed the most reckless chivalry in her defence, and even implicated himself so deeply as to use violence to Giulio Villaflor, whereby Monsignore lies now in danger at his Benedictine monastery. I heard this; such news soon spreads, specially to Court and Church; and I heard also that both soldiers and sbirri are on the track of the fugitives, who are known to have made their way seaward. Now can you wonder that it needs no great exercise of intelligence to recognise in you the barcarolo who despoiled Church and State of their captive, and to conclude that the vessel you stand in need of is to be employed in the service of Miladi Idalia, for whom, living or dead, both Church and State would give as weighty a reward as the full coffers of the one, and the lean treasures of the other could afford to yield? Scant penetration is requisite for such a discovery; every sailor on the coast will make it with me in a few hours' time. It is not a little thing to free a political prisoner, and to leave a mighty prelate half dead amongst his own monks."

He spoke perfectly quietly, his eyes, with an unusual melancholy,

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looking straight and calm into the eyes of the man before him;—eyes that said without words, "You see—she and you are in my power. One word from me, and both are lost!"

Erceldoune gazed at him, answering nothing; his chest and sides heaved like those of some magnificent forest animal caught in the toils of the trapper. He cared nothing for his own life; he would have sold it dearly, content enough, if he died worthily; but she——For her he had no strength; for her he had no courage; for her he could see what he would never for himself have sought; for her the grave was horrible to him, and had its sickliest terror.

To parry facts with lies, to turn aside discovery with subtle feints, was not in him; to deny that which he knew to be a truth never even passed his thoughts. This was another calamity, another danger—the darkest, perhaps, that could have come on them; but his instinct was to brave and meet it, not to slink from it under a poltroon's mask of falsehood. He went with a single step close up to his companion's side, and stood above him.

"Grant your conclusions right—what then?"

"That is rather for you to answer. Your future is a very hazardous one."

"I did not speak of my future, but of your course. What will it be?"

"Do you insinuate that I should betray you?"

"I do not insinuate; I ask. If the world may be believed, you have not been always noted for your fealty."

"Coarse language, and not over-wise——"

"I cannot stop to refine, nor yet, perhaps, to reason. Tell me how I am to deal with you. As friend or foe?"

"Sir, that is scarcely the way to learn. Diplomacy would not dictate such rough-and-ready questions."

"Possibly. But I am no diplomatist."

"I imagine not. No one would suspect you of it."

"Spare your satire. Give me a plain answer."

"Not a popular thing, commonly."

Erceldoune shook with rage. This play of words was to him in his extremity as the tickle of the whip's light lash is to the caged tiger in its wrath. He flung himself away with an unconscious violence.

"Do your worst, if you choose to do it. Go and turn traitor against the woman at whose table you sat, and under whose roof you were welcome! Adventurers fitly end in renegades."

As he turned his back on the other, and moved across the sand to retrace his steps to her, Vane rose and silently followed him, and touched his arm with the slight velvety touch of a woman.

"Wait. You mistake."

Erceldoune paused; and looked him full in the face.

"Show my error, and I will confess it."

Vane smiled a little, in compassion. This nature, so warm, so bold, so frank, so free from every suspicion, so willing to avoid every injustice, seemed to him so pitiable in its simplicity; its naked strength, that could so easily be pierced; its unselfish impulses, that could so easily be duped; its creed of truth, that was followed so blindly and so recklessly!

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"You wrong me," he said, with that tranquil dignity which had again replaced the ironic frivolity of his usual manner—"wrong me greatly. Think but a moment, and you will yourself see how. The cause for which Madame de Vassalis has been arraigned is mine; would it be likely that I should find favour with Court or Church, even were I base enough to seek it? She is the life, the soul, the inspiration, often the treasury, of our projects, the Manon Roland of our Girondists; is it not palpable that what strikes at her must strike at us? Besides, leaving every such reason aside, can you believe that, as a guest, I should harm my hostess; as a man, betray a woman? Rather do me some measure of justice. Believe, at least, that I can have some admiration of your fearless chivalry, some sympathy for your generous daring; quixotic I may deem it, but reverence it I must."

Erceldoune heard him, swayed against his judgment, influenced against his instincts. The tone of the appeal touched that knightly temper of trust and of liberality that was always dominant in him; he hated this man, but to let his hate prejudice him to injustice seemed very vile in his sight; he thought that he owed a wider measure of justice, a more generous extension of tolerance, to an enemy than a friend; where his impulses set him against, there he felt that his honour should more closely strive for fairness to, a foe. A code that had in its results, perchance, a folly unutterable, yet had in its root a magnanimity and a majesty scarce less great, and such as men would do well to strive after in giving judgment. "Trusted, even a scoundrel will quit his baseness. And—if he has ever loved her, he can hardly be a traitor to her," his thoughts ran as he paused there, and heard the measured sweetness of his rival's voice. And on those thoughts he spoke, making the error that costs so many dear—the error of gauging another character by the measure of his own.

"If I wronged you, I ask your pardon. Your jests fell sharply on a heart so sore as mine. You have our lives in your power; for her sake, hold them sacredly. All the help you can give us is silence. I thank you for your promise of that. Farewell!' And forget my words if they did you an injury. They were spoken in passion and haste."

For the moment the words touched his hearer; awoke something of shame, something of admiration, something of compassion, that had no scorn in it, but a dim instinct of honour for the noble madness that believed in him, for this self-rebuke that was spoken so generously, content to take blame rather than to hold to an unjustified suspicion. All the cruelty of jealousy, all the pitilessness of hatred, all the unmerciful heartlessness of craft, were in him against the man whom he instinctively knew that the woman he coveted loved. Yet they were for an instant stilled under the vague emotion that woke in him—that emotion of involuntary homage which even the shallowest and the basest natures will at times yield reluctantly to the greatness of a brave sincerity. But it was very fleeting with him; too fleeting to change the hard set purpose that had possessed him from the moment when his knowledge of his rival's temper had made him at once divine who had been the deliverer of their mistress, and had sent him seaward to trust to hazard for the accident that should bring him across the fugitives' path.

He stretched his hand out.

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"That was very nobly said." And in those words he spoke but what he truly thought. "Sir Fulke, we may surely be friends?"

Erceldoune looked steadily at him, and did not take his hand.

"Pardon me—my friendships are few, and I add to them rarely. Aid *her*, and no friend shall be so close to me as you."

"You speak strongly. Is Madame de Vassalis so dear to you, then?"

"Judge by the risk I have run for her."

"True! You are not the first——"

"The first for what?"

"Well—the first who thought his life will last for her. And—forgive me the question, I have known her so long—what does she say to you for it?"

"I fail to apprehend you."

"You do? I mean, what reward does that fairest and most fatal of sorceresses promise you if ever you escape the dangers you have incurred for the sake of her eloquent eyes?"

He saw Erceldoune's grasp tighten on the hilt of the weapon thrust in his sash, and his teeth close on his lips under his beard.

"Her insults are mine," he said, curtly. "By what right do you use such a tone?"

"By what right do you constitute yourself her champion? It will be a thankless office."

"By the right of a man to defend his wife's honour."

In the deep shadow of the overhanging cliff he did not see the ashen colour to which the fairness of his listener's face faded; in the tumult of his own thoughts and passions he did not hear the quick, sharp catch of his companion's breath. The tranquil gaze bent on him lightened an instant with a tiger's hunger to kill; the look soon passed; Vane laughed a little, very softly, very slightly.

"Ah! Miladi must think her jeopardy very imminent. She never proffered so heavy a bribe before."

Erceldoune's hands fell on his shoulders, swaying him heavily to and fro.

"What do you dare to mean by that?"

"Simply what I say. If she bribe so high, she must think her peril equal."

"Why? Am I so loathsome?"

"Certainly not. You are a magnificent man; just the man for a lover. But marriage——"

"Finish your sentence. Marriage——"

"May be a word on her lips, but will never be a chain upon her liberties."

"You dare to mean——"

"Release me, and I will tell you what I mean. I do not speak for any threats of force."

Erceldoune slowly let go his hold, and stood before him with the morning sun-gleam on his face that was stormily flushed, and wore the look on it that comes in a dog's steady gaze when a leash holds him back from his antagonist. His rival's eyes met his serenely; in the calm

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transparent depths there was an unspoken pity that made his blood glow like lava.

"In a word—I mean this. She has bought you with syren words; do you dream how many she has bought likewise before you, and—destroyed?"

"I know that no man living shall insult her name to me unpunished."

"Ah! you will stop my lips with a blow? You can, if you choose; you have ten times my strength; but honourable women do not need such tragical defence. And, let me ask you one thing only before you refuse to hear me."

"Ask it."

"Who fired at you in the Carpathians?"

In the warm glow of the summer dawn Erceldoune's limbs grew chilly with a sudden sickly cold. He did not answer. He divined the drift of the inquiry; and, knowing what he now knew of her recognition of his assassin, he could not bring his voice to speak of it.

"You do not know! You should do so. Did you ever ask this woman who is to be your wife?"

His chest heaved heavily with hard-drawn breaths; his memories were with the evening just passed by, when the sunset had shed its ruddy hues on the face of the slumbering Greek, and she had bid him spare that worthless life with a passionate force of supplication to which she had never stooped when her own existence had been in jeopardy. But he was too loyal to her for his answer not to rise hot and instant to his lips.

"Ask her? Would I do her so much outrage?"

"Yet no one could tell you so well."

"What! you are vile enough to say——"

"The villany is not *mine!* I say that the Countess Vassalis can tell you better who is the man that sought to take your life than can any one else in Europe."

Erceldoune heard in silence; he felt giddy, blind, heart-sick; his knowledge of her association with the Greek was lying like a dead weight on the indignant scorn with which he would, without it, have flung back the insult offered her; the remembrance was upon him of her intercession that had screened the criminal from justice, of her conjuration that had interposed between the guilty and his retribution, of her agony of shame and of terror that had broken and bent her haughty nature like a reed.

"You lie," he said, savagely, unwitting what he did say, seeking only to defend her at all hazards. "She *never* knew;—he is her foe not less than mine."

"Ah! she has spoken of him, then?"

"What if she have?"

"Nothing. Only she is still less scrupulous than I imagined. She said he was her foe, did she? What other things did she say of him?"

Erceldoune's hand seized him by the linen of his vest, and shook him as a strong grasp will shake the slender stem of a larch-tree. His mouth was parched; his words came slowly and incoherently:

"You will make a brute of me! You have some hellish meaning hidden—speak it out, if you have a man's heart in you. What would you dare bring against her?"

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Victor Vane freed himself with difficulty, and moved slightly aside; but there was no anger in the serenity of his voice, only some pity and much patience.

"I have nothing hidden; if you hear me, you will know as much as I know. I see your error; many have made it. You have thought in such divinity of form divinity of soul must dwell. Scores have made your mistake, and died for it—as you may before the game is out. Miladi has had many lovers, and—dead men tell no tales."

He paused; his rival's hand was on his mouth, and the steel tube of a pistol was pressed against his forehead.

"Another syllable like that, and, by Heaven! I will shoot you with the lie on your lips."

Courage had never been lacking in him; his eyes looked up none the less tranquilly into the dark, flushed, haggard face above him, though the cold ring of the weapon pressed its mark on his skin.

"Of course you can if you choose. I am unarmed. You will oblige your sovereign mistress too. I know many of her secrets."

Erceldoune's arm fell to his side; he shivered through all his frame; he could not use violence to a man without the power to return it; he could not force to silence words which, if he refused to hear them, he would seem to know were true in all their shame. He dropped the pistol down on the sands between them, and crossed his arms on his chest.

"Say your worst. Our reckoning shall come later."

"Well, my worst is—the truth. You love this woman; but you are not in her confidence; you never will be."

He saw a quiver of pain break the wrath on his listener's face, and he saw that the bolt had struck home.

"You believe everything she tells you? I never found the man who did not credit what she chose to make him. You worship her, but you worship your own ideal in her. I have seen scores do that. I doubt if a man can look long at her, and see clearly, unless he has known her well, and comes forewarned to her—as I came. Well, you have thought her a mistress for 'Shakspeare's self;' you have seen her in great dangers; you have imagined her foully wronged; you have cast away all your heart on her, and now are casting your life away after it. And you do all this without ever having asked yourself and the world what a woman must be who, titled, is yet out of society; who, young, yet recklessly defies all custom; who, rich, can summon round her none but men, and those men adventurers or conspirators; who shelters your assassin in her Turkish gardens, yet affects all ignorance of his identity or vicinage; and who, driven at last to speak of him, tells you he is her foe, yet omits altogether to explain why, if so, she has so long shielded him from your discovery and the law's justice. You love, and therefore you are blind. Yet is it possible that even the blindness of passion can be so utterly dark that you have never remembered all these things?"

The black blood gathered in his listener's face; he kept his passions down, because, for her sake, he held it best to hear all her calumniator would bring against her, but they well-nigh mastered him, rising the darker and the stronger for the keen pang of *truth* that every shaft of the abhorred words stung him with—truth that she had herself placed it beyond his power to refute.

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"Go on," he said, in his teeth. "You called yourself her friend, I think?"

The rebuke was bitter, yet it did not move the man it lashed.

"Scarcely so much," he returned, quietly. "Her acquaintance—indeed, her associate in not a few political matters—but scarcely her friend. Miladi's friendships are too perilous. Look you; I *had* a friend once, an Austrian, though I bear Austria no love. We had been lads together in Venetia, and the war-lusts failed to divide us. I think he was the brightest and the bravest nature I have ever known. Well, in an evil hour he fell, as you have done, under the eyes of Idalia. He had a military secret in his keeping; a secret, granted, that was of import to Italy, so perhaps you will deem what she did was justified for Italy's sake. I might have done, had I not known him from his boyhood; I might have done;—who touches politics fast grows a knave. Simply, she made him worship her—as she makes you; sunned him in her smiles, leant her lips on his, let him lie in Eden for a while, till sense and judgment were both gone—as yours are gone. Then, while she promised him her beauty as its price, she stole his secret from him—bought it with those caresses you believe are only yours—and, when his honour was yielded up to her, turned him adrift with a laugh at his weakness. Ah! that is Miladi! So—I saw him shot one sunny summer dawn; with the balls in his throat, fired by a volley of his own cuirassiers. Politically, we owed her much; personally, I never in my soul could trust the woman who betrayed Hugo.

Erceldoune shook through all his limbs; the spasm not alone of rage but of a more cruel emotion. The tale had too close a likeness with her own self-accusing confession, her own keenness of remorse, not to bear a terrible burden of possibility with it—a hideous surface of truth which made it impossible it should be cast away as calumny. Yet through the dizzy misery that came upon him with the words he heard he grasped one thought still foremost of all—to defend her, and to cast back every aspersion thrown on her, as though no doubt could ever rest with him, as though she had never bade him believe the worst of her that the world could tell.

"Is that all you stayed me to tell?" he said, briefly. "It was not worth your while. I have no heed for libels."

"It is *not* all. I know well that my words are wasted, and that you think me a slanderer for them: that is a matter of course. Hugo thought me the same when I told him what the tenderness of his imperial mistress would prove worth. I never knew any man saved whom her smile once had doomed. I will not strain your patience longer; let us keep close to one fact—the attempt upon your life. You deny the association of Idalia with that crime?"

"I deny it—utterly."

His voice had a harsh vibration in it like the tone of one who speaks under unbearable physical suffering. He denied it in her name; but whilst he did so there ate like fire into him the remembrance of that shame, that horror, that remorse, that passion, with which she had looked upon the Greek, and held him from his vengeance. With his last breath he would have declared her guiltless; with his last thought held her so;

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yet the shadow of guilt fell on her, and he could not drive from her the taint and the tarnish of its reproach.

"You do? She is indebted for your chivalry," resumed the slow, sweet voice of his companion. "I see how little you must ever have heard of the finest mistress of intrigues that Europe holds, to yield it so unhesitatingly. Now bear with me a moment while I ask you why you are so certain that she had no share in the attack made on you?"

"Ask yourself. You know her."

"And you mean that none who do can doubt her being the proudest and the purest, as well as the fairest among women? Ah, but then I have passed by that stage; *I* knew her by repute long before I ever saw her face. Your reasons, then, for thinking her both innocent and ignorant of your attempted assassination are these: that she was on the spot at the time you were shot down; that she saved your life, and concealed the action even from yourself, allowing it to be believed that Moldavian herdsmen rescued you; that you chased the leader of the band as far as the gardens of her villa at Constantinople, and there lost sight of him, though the walls of the gardens were so disposed that he could only have been concealed within them, if not in the house itself; that she invited you to spend many hours alone with her in her Eastern hermitage, and so spent them that she found little difficulty in making you believe her all she would; that she then sought to throw you off by leaving you abruptly without any clue to her movements; and that when you persisted, against her wish, in seeking her, you found her, first the associate, and a little later the fellow-prisoner with the men of that very party of extreme liberalists to whom you have always attributed the murderous onslaught made on you. These are your reasons for holding her innocent of all treason to you; they would not be very weighty evidences in law and in logic."

As the chain of circumstances uncoiled link by link in the terse, unadorned words, it seemed to tighten in bands of iron about the heart of the man who trusted not less than he loved her. His face changed terribly as all the force of meaning and of circumstance arrayed itself against her, and the vague doubts, that he had strangled in their birth as blasphemies against her, stood out in unveiled language. A dogged, savage, sullen darkness lowered on his features; it had never been on them before then; it was a ferocity wholly akin to his nature, hardened and embittered by the knowledge of his own powerlessness to repel or to refute the evidence arraigned. They were but facts which were quoted—facts not even distorted in the telling; the inference drawn from them was the inevitable one, however his loyalty to her disowned it. He felt driven to bay; he was fettered to inaction by the knowledge that on him alone her safety hung; he was weighted to silence by the memories which thronged on him of her own acts and words; of that poignant remorse which had sunk so deeply into her nature, of that self-condemnation which had so unsparingly condemned her. Yet amidst all he never hesitated in her defence, and his eyes fastened on her accuser with a steady unyielding gaze.

"I am no casuist and no rhetorician," he said, in his teeth. "You are both. Once for all—no more words. If you have been her friend,

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you are a traitor; if you have been her foe, you are a slanderer. Either way, one word more, and I will choke you like a dog."

"An unworthy and a coarse threat. What falsehood have I told you yet? I named but facts."

"Your outline might be fact. It was your colour was the lie."

"I think not. I can prove to you that your mistress was in the secret of your assassins."

"And your motive in that?"

The lion-like eyes of Erceldoune literally blazed their fire into those that met them with unchanged serenity. There were volumes in the three words; all of distrust, disbelief, hatred, and scorn that his heart held for the one who had turned counsellor to him. Their sting pierced deep; but the wound of it was covered.

"My motive is this. A party with which I was to a great extent associated, yet from whose measures I very often dissented, implicated me by their extreme opinions in many courses that I utterly disapproved, and implicated my name still oftener unknown to me. I am entirely against all violence and all fraud—not from virtue—I do not affect virtue—but from common sense. Politically, much is permissible——"

"I am not inclined to hear your creed. I make no doubt that it is an elastic one! Your motive?"

"You pass it in your haste. I endeavour to explain it. I became entangled in earliest youth with men whose association has been the greatest injury of my career. I have never been able wholly to free myself from their influence, but I have long ceased to countenance their more unscrupulous intrigues—not from virtue, I distinctly say, from policy. It is a lack of sagacity that produces all crimes; nothing else; except an excess of animalism, which produces the same results, because it amounts to the same thing."

"Spare your ethics! Your motive?"

"Springs from the inability of my late associates to discern the kinship of crime and foolishness. When I first heard of your robbery, I had my suspicions; I was baffled in my inquiries; I believed that men with whom my name was connected were concerned in it, but they feared that I should learn their complicity, and for some time succeeded in concealing it. Recently—indeed, the day before the affair of Antina—I found my suspicions right. I am ashamed to say that I have traced that melodramatic villany to those who call themselves of my party, although I have fully and finally broken off all collusion with them. In a word, I have felt disgraced that men with whom I have been allied should have been capable of such an outrage, and so much reparation as can lie in the acknowledgment is of course your immediate due. I care little how you revenge yourself, so that your vengeance may be the executor of mine for the deception passed on me. Moreover, in learning the truth of the crime you suffered from, I learnt what you have a right to know, since you believe the Countess Vassalis worthy the surrender of your own life, which is probably the cost you will pay sooner or later for your loyal efforts to save her."

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ENMITY EVEN AFTER DEATH.

A TALE.

FROM THE DANISH OF THE LATE PROFESSOR B. S. INGEMANN.

It was in the winter of 1813, in the year that the academic building of Sorö was burned down, which was afterwards rebuilt by King Frederick VI.; in one of the villas standing a little way back from the ruins of the academy a pleasant evening party was assembled. The conversation passed at last to the subject of ghosts, in which the old pensioner, Inspector X., was particularly strong, and which was his favourite topic. It was a disagreeable road homewards which he and the whole party had to traverse; they had to pass the ruins with the still standing cloisters, which supported the old monastery chapel, and through the dark alleys of the monastery close by the churchyard. This had given a somewhat superstitious turn to the conversation.

Several very awful ghost-stories were told, and the inspector was quite in his element. As usual, people laughed at first, and no one was inclined to seem so weak as to evince the smallest disposition to admit the possibility of such deviations from the known laws of nature and the experience of the generality of human beings.

"I would venture to wager, however," said the inspector, "that there is not one person here present who, after hearing all these stories, will be willing to go alone past the chapel for the dead and through the alleys of the cloister when the clock is about to strike twelve."

All the younger gentlemen laughed, and each of them asserted that he was willing to prove himself courageous enough to do it.

"Do you know the story of the two singing spectres behind the railing of the chapel, and the terrible apparition of a watchman at the gate of the churchyard?" said the inspector, with a mysterious air and a peculiar smile.

"No; do tell it to us—do tell it to us," cried all the young ladies. "Such a tale must be most dreadfully amusing."

"May I ask if it is a tradition, or a composition in the shape of a romance?" inquired an elderly gentleman, the quiet historian, Professor N., and wiped his spectacles in order to watch narrowly the old inspector's countenance, which appeared to him to be hovering between irony and extreme earnestness.

"I cannot give up my authority," said the old man. "You will hardly suppose that I dreamt the story, and yet you will yourself perceive that there can be no actual historical grounds for it. That the ghost-story in question might have an admissible psychological foundation, I venture to maintain. Supposing the possibility of what are called apparitions, it seems to me a matter not out of the order of things, if I can find a clue to it in a spiritual condition continuing after death."

He was asked to explain himself more clearly.

"If I could think any disclosures respecting departed spirits possible,"

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he said, "especially at fixed periods, and most frequently with repetitions of the same actions, I must seek the reason of this in a kind of mental derangement, or in some passion bordering on madness, which, as a fixed idea, is rooted in the unhappy soul of one departed, and exercises such influence over him that he has lost all power to seek for himself peace and salvation in a higher state of existence."

"What! crazy spirits? Souls, that after death are deranged?" cried the historian, laughing. "Then you look upon our honoured planet as a madhouse for the spirit world!"

"Yes, partly so. Why not?" replied the inspector, with his ironical smile. "We might perhaps with reason so denominate our globe, if only in regard to our pretended wisdom, and the philosophical madness or folly under which we all labour more or less. But to keep to the exception from our every-day madness, which we call apparitions, the idea of their insanity, or state of furious passion, was entertained during our heathen ages. Do you remember the tradition mentioned by Saxo,* and given in the Sagas, about Hedin and Hogne, who every night were awoke from their sleep in the grave by Hilde's magic songs, to renew their frenzied strife, after death, through centuries? One truth even the pagan Scandinavians felt deeply—that it is only love which procures blessedness, but that as long as hatred and bitter enmity rule a spirit it has no peace, and cannot be at home in any higher and better world, but must be forced back to the proscribed sphere from which it was not able to raise itself on the wings of all-redeeming love."

The old man had now entered upon his spiritual theory, and quoted the legends in the Edda about the dead Svafa's return to Helge, and the mother's return to her forsaken children, in the ballads of the middle ages, as a proof that "love itself, in its noblest form, can lead souls astray from their highest home when they lack resignation to the decrees of Omnipotent love, but would plan for themselves, and fall from God's everlasting kingdom in an insane craving after what they had loved upon earth."

"But the story—the ghost-story!" cried one of the young ladies. "What you say about love is excellent; but we wish now to hear about something very frightful."

"Well, I have mentioned ghosts," replied the inspector, "but I have really nothing to tell that is very circumstantial. What, according to my opinion, seems remarkable in the story to which I allude, is the sure enough unauthenticated but matter-of-fact occurrence which is placed in combination with it, and gives it what I call its marvellous probability. I will only tell it if you will all agree, for a moment, to admit with me the possibility of a passion or a strange madness which, as a fixed idea, can govern souls even after death, and drag them back to that place which they regard in the same complaining, sinful mood, wherein they had passed from one cloudy existence to another without any but a deep-rooted bitter feeling——"

"Tell us the story—the story!" cried all the party, quite out of patience. "We shall believe enough; only go on."

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* Saxo Grammaticus, the celebrated ancient Danish historian, who died in A.D. 1204.

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And at last the inspector began:

"When the full moon is at its highest elevation, and, a few seconds after midnight, casts its white flood of light over the railings towards the west upon the southern portion of the chapel for the dead, close by the old church of the monastery, whilst there falls a sort of shadow over the ruined wall on the western side of the burned-down academic building, there may sometimes have been remarked behind the railing around the dead chapel two protruding skulls, from whose fleshless jaw-bones, with their shining white teeth, a smothered chant seems to issue. That sound, however, is only heard at the moment when the watchman cries 'Twelve o'clock' in the midst of the cloister alleys, and only when he is singing the four significant lines of his midnight watch-song:

'Twas at the midnight hour
The Saviour's birth took place,
Who came with mighty power
To save earth's fallen race!

The sound which is said then to come from the two skulls would appear to be like an exceedingly melancholy and, at the same time, appallingly terrible repetition of the above-mentioned words, and the tones of the watchman's song, especially the last line, of which the words 'fallen race' are principally heard.

"Many sensible people will, doubtless, assert that these two skulls are, in reality, only two pieces of white plaster upon the inner moonlit wall of the chapel for the dead, and that the presumed chant of the dead must be the echo of the watchman's song cast back to that part of the ruins which face the outlet from the cloister alley. At the same time of night, especially on Christmas-eve, some may have seen a shadowy form behind the railed enclosure at the churchyard gate, near the dark alley. They will have seen in that phantom form the outline of a gigantic watchman, who gazes about him with flaming eyes through a death's head, and in his skeleton hand holds a long rusty watchman's mace, which he thrusts through the railing of the churchyard gate at passers-by. This also has been sought to be explained as an optical illusion, namely, as an effect of the moonlight upon the churchyard, and the shadow, or reflexion, of the large old oak-trees near the iron gate.

"These explanations, however, cannot deprive the phenomenon of its import and extraordinary connexion with the narrative to which it is attached—at least, in the opinion of those who take an interest in it. But the echo and the play of the moonbeams are very convenient explanations for such as feel it uncomfortable to enter into any speculations respecting preternatural spheres."

"These are explanations, nevertheless," remarked the historian, "for which we prosaic people must be very thankful, and with them you yourself destroy the assumed operation of the supernatural in the phenomenon."

"I do not agree to this," said the inspector. "The story to which these apparitions form a sequel is short and simple, but its historical source, as I said before, I must beg permission to withhold."

By the request of all present, he then related as follows:

"In the old time of the academy, when only youths of aristocratic

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birth were admitted to it, two young noblemen were studying there; I cannot give their names. They were brothers, and belonged to a very distinguished noble family, who are now extinct. One of the chapels in which the dead were buried had belonged to this ancient family; it has now passed into the possession of another race. The coffins of the first owners of the chapel must have been deposited under its floor. No monuments erected to their memory have ever been found. With their riches and splendid establishment, as well as from their being extremely handsome and very fascinating in manners, these two young noblemen made a great sensation; but they were by no means renowned for religion or good morals. They passed for wits, and lived in that jovial period when the pietism from the days of Christian VI. was banished from the higher classes with sneering and ridicule, but was still, here and there, adhered to among the poor, where, however, it frequently assumed a very dark character. The strong contrasts which marked that time of transition showed themselves also in this matter. In the great world it was looked upon as the highest proof of talent and genius to make merry over everything that had the slightest appearance of devotion or propriety, while the scoffed-at pietists, going to the opposite extreme, denounced and forbade every symptom of joyousness and pleasure in life. Amidst the many who had been led away by the prevailing giddiness and recklessness was mentioned, with due blame, a daughter of the old watchman of the grounds attached to the monastery. She was an uncommonly beautiful girl, and had been brought up in the strictest manner by her old father, who was a rigid disciplinarian, and belonged to a religious sect noted for their hypocrisy and spiritual presumption.

"The young girl had been seduced by the eldest of the two gay brothers. In her disgraced situation her father treated her most harshly, and she died a lunatic.

"Her last words to her father, when she was dying, were assuring him that the holy of this world would not get on better after death than the unholy and the polluted. The old watchman was known for his herculean strength. He was moody and reserved. His thoughts dwelt night and day on revenge—revenge on his daughter's betrayer, who, he considered, had not alone deprived her of honour, reason, and life, but had destroyed her soul, and plunged her into everlasting death, by ridiculing her faith and enticing her from the community of the holy. He knew that one of the brothers was the culprit, but not which of the two was the guilty one, and he bestowed his glowing hatred upon them both. He had, however, promised some of the better inclined brethren of his sect that he would not take vengeance himself, or lift a hand against either of the reprobate brothers, until he obtained a sign from the Almighty, and with a safe conscience could exclaim, 'Go to hell in God's name!'

"Thus he cherished his hatred and his revengeful feelings under a mask of piety, endeavouring to hide them even from himself, and he was never more edified than when, in an assemblage of godly folks, everlasting punishment in hell was spoken of, and the misery which awaited the ungodly, who died in the midst of their sins, and without repenting of their reckless career.

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"The two young noblemen, meanwhile, continued, without the slightest check, their gay life. They had a tutor, who did not attempt to restrain in the least degree their wildness and youthful arrogance, but frequently himself shared in their night revels. Often at midnight, or rather towards early morning, when they were returning home from their nightly expeditions in search of amusement, they went dashing through the town as if on runaway horses, shouting and singing wild songs; in consequence of which they sometimes had small conflicts with the town watchmen. But the old watchman of the grounds of the monastery, whose gigantic strength they well knew, and who they also knew bore a deadly hatred to them, was the one with whom they most frequently engaged in strife.

"When they rode through the cloister-gate to leave their horses at their stable, they often saw the stalwart old man standing quietly, but looking extremely gloomy, at his post, with his heavy mace in his hand. He always gazed at them with a threatening expression of countenance that sometimes brought them to their sober senses, and occasionally caused the eldest one to feel a cold tremor run through his veins.

"In order, if possible, to mollify the childless old man, the young nobleman, who was conscious of his own guilt, had often sent him rich gifts, without, however, expressly stating from whom they came. None of these rich gifts had the sullen watchman refused to accept, though he only bowed in silence to the messengers who brought them; and he took the money to the priest, in order that it might be distributed among the poor, but always given with this condition, that they should pray for peace to the pious, and well-deserved punishment to the ungodly.

"The younger brother never could resist the pleasure he took in scoffing at the old man about his holiness, especially when, once in a way, the watchman had indulged in a little larger potations than usual, and stood very stiffly at his post, in order to conceal his indiscretion.

"All such annoyances increased the hatred which rankled in the old man's breast towards both the thoughtless brothers, who, as if on purpose to vex him, generally went singing by him on their return from the stables, attended by their tutor and a groom. Thus matters had gone on for more than a year after the death of the watchman's daughter.

"One Christmas-eve came both the young noblemen, a good deal intoxicated, from a feast in the neighbourhood, where there had been so much drinking that the tutor had been left behind in a state of insensibility, and the groom had fallen from his saddle into a ditch. Without their hats, and with their cloaks flying behind them, the two young gentlemen had galloped through the town, laughing, and roaring not very harmonious drinking-songs. As they rode through the cloister gate, the old watchman was just crying 'Twelve o'clock!' Probably not remembering that it was Christmas-eve, or not caring, in their wild folly about the double fault, they rushed after him, repeating the song respecting the Saviour's birth in a jeering tone, whilst the youngest of the brothers at the same time gave the watchman a slash across his fur cap with his riding-whip.

"'The measure is full!' muttered the watchman. 'In God's name, go now both of you to hell, and sing thus about your Saviour until doomsday!'

"Uttering this malediction, the old man laughed for the first time

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since his daughter's death, and swang his heavy iron-pointed mace against the fair, well-formed brow that was nearest to him. The eldest brother fell from his horse with his forehead crushed in from this murderous blow. Then commenced a desperate struggle between the younger brother and the furious watchman, and blow after blow fell on each side from the death-dealing mace and the butt-end of a fowling-piece, until both the combatants lay senseless on the ground, and a few hours afterwards were both dead. From the little that could be gathered from them in their dying moments, however, what had led to this triple murder became evident. They had all three thus passed away without prayer or sacrament, and in the midst of the most bitter and wicked feelings.

"To these details, and to the frivolous repetition of a song relating to the birth of our Saviour, now attaches itself an at least psychological possibility of the two young men's proscribed state after death, until a better condition of their souls can be attained. The severe Nemesis of the tale has not either bestowed peace on the avenger of his daughter, the dark, gloomy old man, until he shall have forgotten his cherished revenge, and believed, with a clear conscience, that he had acted by God's will.

"If you think fit now to explain away the supernatural in what I have related, as optical illusions, these terrible images still remain in a symbolical light, and show the misery of hatred and bad passions in the soul. Perhaps a love, which is greater than all hatred, may in time mercifully remove this spiritual madness, and rescue the soul at doomsday."

When the old inspector had finished his narrative, the party broke up. The watchman at that moment cried "Twelve o'clock!"

"Look out when we pass the chapel of the dead and the churchyard gate," said one of the young gentlemen, jestingly, to one of the young ladies, who had listened with great eagerness to the story.

"I rely upon your courage and protection," she replied, catching hold of his arm.

The other young ladies followed her example as long as there was a manly arm unsecured. No one appeared to like going alone past the chapel and the gate of the churchyard. The watchman cried the hour again, and it seemed to the girls as if the end of his song was really repeated from the lonely chapel. The gentlemen laughed, but when they were passing the gate of the churchyard, they looked sharply and uneasily towards its railings, and involuntarily redoubled the speed of their steps through the dark alley. They walked more slowly, however, when they had left the alley, and lingered in the clear moonlight. One of the gentlemen reached home that night in a joyful state of mind, for he had managed to engage himself, *chemin faisant*, to the companion of his walk.

The inspector followed the rest of the party at a little distance with his singular smile on his lips, but started and stepped quickly aside as the tall form of a watchman crossed his path close to the gate of the churchyard.

It was the real watchman of the grounds of the academy, who had just finished his midnight song, and saluted him with a cheerful "Good morning!"

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EUROPEAN AND CHINESE DIVINATION BY GEOMANCY.

THE pretended science of astrology taught that future events could be foretold by the position of the heavenly bodies, and was divided into two branches, natural and judicial. To the former belonged the predicting of natural effects, as changes of the weather, and other atmospheric, volcanic, or generative phenomena; and to the latter the foretelling of moral events, as if they were ruled, directed, and even originated by stellar influence; thus alluded to by Democritus junior:

Quod me tibi temperat astrum.

Chaldea and Egypt disputed the quasi honour of having given birth to astrology; but such arguments have, after all, little practical advantage, and if we extend our inquiries, it will probably appear that India and China, more particularly the latter, might, with a fair chance of success, enter into the contest.

So infatuated were the ancient Romans with astrology, that its professors were enabled to hold their ground against all the edicts of successive emperors to expel them from the city. These men, under the specious name of mathematicians, were in reality very often the organs of communication at political crises, as we may surmise, for example, from the memorable warning given to Cæsar.

The same superstition has prevailed in almost every modern nation, and the French historians tell us that in the time of Catherine di' Medici astrology directed the most trivial actions of daily life, while in the reigns of Henry III. and IV. such predictions were the common theme of court conversation.

Geomancy, the sister spurious science, and evidently that alluded to in the story of "Aladdin," and perhaps even in that of "Tobit and the Angel," was a species of divination performed by means of *points* and *lines*, originally made by casting pebbles on the ground (as Cadmus sowed his combatants!), and afterwards by marking and pricking dots upon paper, and forming therefrom a judgment of futurity, or deciding any proposed question, physical or moral.

These dots and lines represented the stars, elements, &c. &c., and in this respect bore a certain affinity to the formulæ of astrology.

Amongst the last of its serious cultivators appear the names of Oughtred, the eminent mathematician, who died in 1660, and of John Bishop, whose "Marrow of Astrology" was published in 1688.

Cornelius Agrippa wrote a tract, "De Geomantica," but he had afterwards the honesty to repudiate it; and the art was in high repute in Chaucer's time.

There was another variety of geomancy introduced by Almadul the Arabian, in which the oracles were simply the natural rents and fissures in the earth, and this kind is supposed by Polydore Virgil to have originated with the Arabians.

But, to return to the early works on geomancy, may be mentioned 'La Geomance du Seigneur Christofe de Cattan, Gentilhomme, Gene-

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uois." À Paris, pour Gilles Gilles, Libraire demeurant deuant le Collège de Cambray, aux trois Couronnes. Avec privilège du Roy. 1571.

This volume contains the whole system of mediæval geomancy, and is illustrated with numerous astronomical diagrams; it also embodies substantially the materials of the so-called Earl of Essex book, of which presently, and appears, at the same time, to be based on the Chinese system.

This straining to penetrate the veil of the future seems, like the effort to interpret dreams, to have for its object not only the gratification of curiosity, and the acquisition of a knowledge superior to that of our neighbours, and thus an advantage over them, but the stumbling upon of some evidence of the purely *spiritual* which shall at once be recognised and acknowledged by the corporeal senses. The mind inspired by faith readily receives the conviction of eternal life, but the Sadducee, groping for truth, cries out in his distress, "Help thou my unbelief," "for he may equally desire *that* which he cannot believe, and might even accept the doom of penal fires," than submit to the degrading thought that, on the extinction of his animal life, a *practical* annihilation should take place, namely, the resolving of mind and matter into their elementary principles—*eternal*, no doubt, but without memory, volition, cohesion, or, in short, any individual corporate existence.

Coincidences often become the adopted parents of the most absurd theories, yet in themselves they may be, after all, the occasional glimpses of a system, and not the result of so-called accident. They may be brought about by occult means with almost mathematical certainty, tempting us sometimes to doubt, and sometimes to believe the more strongly, in an overruling Providence.

Coincidences, indeed, are scarcely more remarkable than some of the results of abstruse calculations mentioned by the author of "Footfalls on the Boundary of another World."

From matter to spirit, and *vice versa*, is, indeed, but a perpetual oscillation of ideas. Either subject pursued with our finite perceptions of its limit, results in a turning of the scale; and the astrologer or geomant becomes at once under altered circumstances the modern *spiritualist*. But when we say *modern*, we must be allowed to assume that the *rapping* spirits were recognised so far back as the thirteenth century, for old Florence, of Worcester, tells us that in 1273 an evil spirit "caused great alarm at a ville called Trouville, in the district of Rouen, by rudely *rapping* with hammers on the walls and doors. He spoke with a *human* voice, although he was never visible, and his name, he said, was William Ardent." This spirit haunted the place mentioned, "from the feast of All Saints', until after the purification, uttering many lascivious and scoffing speeches. At last he went away at Septuagesima, saying that he should return at Easter, which *he never did!*"

The story of "Urban Grandier" contains similar incidents, which, however, were amply explained, much to the discomfiture of his designing persecutors; and at the same time teaches us the expediency of discountenancing speculations on the supernatural, when a powerful priesthood is ready at hand to make us "pay our footing," and give us the alternative of adoption, or destruction.

We now come to the Chinese for information, so let us hear what they have to say.

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"The last that we have to notice of the canonical works of the Chinese," says Sir J. F. Davis, "is the 'Ye-King,' which is a mystical exposition of what some consider as a very ancient theory of creation, and of the *changes* that are perpetually occurring in nature, whence the name of the work. The system may doubtless be extremely ancient in its origin." . . . "The arithmetical diagrams of Fo-hy, as we find them in the 'Ye-King,' bear some resemblance to the mystical numbers of the Greek philosopher Pythagoras, who, although he enlarged the bounds of science, appears to have allowed his speculations to be perverted by dreams of mysterious virtue in certain numbers and combinations." . . . "This the Chinese call the 'Pa-kua,' or eight diagrams of Fo-hy," . . . "and speak of the origin of all created things, or the *premier principe matériel* (as it has been called in French translations), under the name of Tae-keih." . . . "This is represented in their books by a figure which is thus formed. On the semi-diameter of a given circle describe a semicircle, and on the other side describe another semicircle—the whole figure represents the Tae-keih,* and the two divided portions formed by the curved line typify what are called the Yang and Yin (Jan and Jin—male and female), in respect to which this Chinese mystery bears a singular parallel to that extraordinary fiction of Egyptian mythology, the supposed intervention of a masculo-feminine principle in the development of the mundane egg. The Tae-keih is said to have produced the Yang and Yin, the active and passive, or male and female principle, and these last to have produced all things." . . . "This dogma of materialism, however ancient it may be in its first origin, became especially cultivated, or, according to some, originated,† in China during the" (latter?) "Soong dynasty." . . . "At length, under Yoong-lo of the Ming dynasty, and in the fourteenth century, a joint work was composed, by name 'Sing-lo-ta-tsuen,' a complete exposition of nature, in which the mystery of the Tae-keih was fully treated of." . . . "Numbers themselves" (say the Chinese) "have their genders: a unit and every odd number is male, two and every even number female." . . . "This notion pervades every department of knowledge in China."

Thus, it appears, not only do these mystic Chinese figures *resemble* the *numbers* of Pythagoras, but they are absolutely identical with the mediæval European geomantic figures and numbers, the *forms* being simply changed by the substitution of points or asterisks for the mathematical lines of the former. A reference to a drawing of the Pa-kua, or

* The mystical cosmogony of the Pa-kua, as symbolised on an ancient bronze medal found in 1861 at Tien-tsin:

OBVERSE.

In the centre is supposed to be a representation of the mundane egg, with its dual principle, and surrounding it are the eight primary combinations. The whole bears the name Tae-keih.

REVERSE.

1. A cock. 2. A dog. 3. ? 4. A rat. 5. ? 6. A hyæna. 7. ? 8. A buffalo. 9. A serpent. 10. ? 11. ? 12. ?

On this side are representations of twelve distinct genera of the animal kingdom, but whether they be intended for signs of the zodiac, or as figures typical of the purely astrological twelve houses of heaven, I am unable to determine, not having had sufficient knowledge of the Chinese language to be able to read the ancient works of that strange people on this subject.

† Evidently an error, to judge by ancient bronzes.

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Tae-keih, so common on all objects of art in China and on ancient bronzes of a period long prior to the Christian era, will be sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical.

Swedenborg seems to have caught at the same mystery or fancy from an opposite direction, when he asserted that the Ten Commandments were so *numbered* because the figure 10 implies the "be all and the end all"—a symbol under which the whole creation, moral and physical, or spiritual and material, is perfectly represented, and exists under all their endless changes and combinations, as the initials (so to speak) of eternal and divine law.

In the volume said to have formed a portion of the library of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, we find what is not usual in such works when of any antiquity—a roll of answers or responses, probably calculated by one of the astrologers of the period, and which seems to be identical with what has been called "Napoleon's Book of Fate." The latter, again, in its mutilated form, has been often reproduced by the English press, such inquiries, however, as refer to battles and political events being excluded, thus giving it the air of a spurious reproduction.

In making these remarks, it is not our purpose to recommend such works in the scientific and enlightened nineteenth century; but, as indicating an ineradicable *peculiarity* of the human mind in all ages, and under every condition, they present a point of interest which ought not to be passed over without notice.

In a manuscript copy of the work already alluded to occurs the following note on a fly-leaf:

"In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, after the execution of the Earl of Essex for high treason, his library, with his other effects, being confiscated and sold, this book was a part of his library, and was purchased from thence."

Memorandum in the original manuscript, of which this is a correct copy. R. G. S. 1823:

Preface and example.

Table showing the significations of the twelve celestial houses and their affinities.

Nature of the figures.—(Under this heading is a category of all human thoughts, sufferings, pleasures, hopes, and material objects in the world, and embrace the headings also of every department of science and art then known. In short, a table of principiæ.)

Properties of the figures.

1. Universal intention of the asker.
2. If the asker shall obtain aught of king or prince.
3. If justice shall be obtained before a judge.
4. If the asker shall obtain wealth and riches.
5. If the asker shall obtain his wish or desire.
6. If the marriage proposed shall be brought about.
7. On pregnancy, and whether the birth is male or female.
8. If the sick person shall recover or die.
9. If the asker shall have children.
10. If the city besieged shall be taken.
11. If things stolen or lost shall be recovered.

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12. If the journey or voyage proposed shall be brought about.
13. If the absent person shall return.
14. If the prisoner shall be delivered.
15. Whether the year shall be dry or rainy.
16. If there is anything hidden in the place supposed.
17. Of buying, selling, and other business, if profitable.
18. Of an army arrayed for battle, whether they shall proceed forth.
19. Whether the army shall proceed to the place proposed.
20. Of two armies engaged in battle, which shall have victory.
21. What is the nature or description of things hid in a certain place.
22. If the pilgrim shall accomplish his pilgrimage.
23. Of two fighters, which shall prevail.
24. If provision shall be dear or cheap this year.
25. What shall be the general fate of the year.

The following explanations occur in the preface:

"Seeing as before that this little book containeth but eight principal chapters, there being but eight figures of even numbers in points, such are these—

2	2	2	1
2	2	1	2
2	1	2	2
2	1	1	1
1	1	1	2
1	1	2	1
1	2	1	1
1	2	2	2

[N.B. The numerals represent the numbers of dots or lines, and thus also mark, for brevity's sake, the distinction between the sexes of the original figures.]

And these may and must be judged, and the other eight figures of odd points, such as—

1	2	1	2
2	1	2	1
2	1	1	2
2	1	1	2
2	1	1	2
2	1	1	2
2	1	2	1
1	2	1	2

may not be judged whenever they arise in the judge of the figures.

"If one of the witnesses be of even points, the other must be the same, for of two even cometh even; and if one witness be odd, the other must be odd also, which will produce an even figure for the judge, so that the fifteenth figure must always be even.

"Number all the points of the fifteen figures, adding thereto the points of the sixteenth figure, which is made of the first figure and the judge, and if the number of all amount to 96, it shall neither be long nor short, &c.; and if the number of points exceed 96, according to the surplus, judge the delay of whatever is asked; and if the number be less than 96, then shall the performance be in a short time.

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"*Example.*

"If the desired wish shall be obtained:

2	2	2	2	1	2	1	2
1	1	2	1	1	2	2	2
2	2	2	2	1	2	1	2
2	1	1	1	2	2	1	2

2	2	1	1
2	1	1	2
2	2	1	1
1	2	2	1

Witness { 2 1 2 1 } { 2 1 2 1 } Witness

Judge
2
2
2
2

"*Answer.*

"He shall obtain his request by his own hands, and that in a short time."

"To each question in the margin of the Oracle are three figures, *i.e.* two witnesses and the judge. The latter is always an even number.

2	1
1	2
1	1
1	1

1
1
2
2"

It will be observed that the eight primary *male* figures, when united with the corresponding *female* (precisely as the Chinese have it), result in the number 16, which taken as $\frac{1}{6}$ = the mystic 7, while if we multiply the same 16 by 4 we arrive at $64 = \frac{6}{4} = 10$ (another mystic number, according to Swedenborg).

It will also be remarked, that the numbers in detail of the figures comprising one of the examples of an inquiry which we have given, amount to 96, the two figures of which are again resolvable into the 15 combinations required to produce these points, while the 12 houses of the astrologers' heaven multiplied by 8, the original mystic series, produce 96.

Thus it seems that a vast number of changes are made on certain initial figures; but whether, in their turn, the latter rule the mutations of the material universe, is a very different question.

Throughout China there are customs and superstitions, as may be

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supposed, more than ordinarily suggestive, and which seldom fail to carry the mind of the stranger back to the remote past, and yet leave it there groping in the pregnant obscurity, for that wonderful lamp by which our present somewhat arbitrary chronology has yet perhaps to obtain so much.

Unfortunately, during the plunder of the emperor's summer palace, near Pekin, in 1860, it is said that the most ancient and valuable manuscripts were destroyed; but it is to be hoped, if not actually expected, that in the larger cities of the more exclusive provinces, traces of man's earlier history may yet be discovered—possibly inscribed on the much-prized jade-stone tablets or bronzes.

The various forms of the same idea, so often sculptured and depicted on sacred, and sometimes on ordinary, objects, have a world-wide notoriety; but *here* it is not uninteresting to trace the corruption in this particular instance, as to a certain extent it suggests how ancient meanings become perverted, and are at length made by remote posterity, data for erroneous hypotheses. Thus, the winged globe of the Egyptians is also found in China, on temples and tombs, but its varieties are much more common, and, accordingly, we find the globe painted red, as representing the sun, while clouds, tapering off laterally, are substituted for wings; and also, even foliage; still, however, preserving the same arrangement.

Much of the occult lore of the Arabians and Persians appears to have been derived from these remote Celestials, and it is not difficult to trace a connexion between the superhuman being—powerful, but not immortal, and eminently profane—which we term genii, from the Persian word "Jin," with the Jin or Yin, which, in Chinese, means a native of that empire, or, to speak more accurately, one born within the Great Wall of China, and the present boundaries of China proper.

The Chinese cosmogony, as we shall hereafter explain, is based on the myth of the mundane egg; but they have many subordinate myths, which may possibly, under the mystery of "numbers," contain the substance of the knowledge possessed by what we now call pre-historic man.

For instance, the unicorn, phœnix, dragon, and tortoise, are styled "the four Sing," or celestials. The dragon, again, is of three varieties: the "Lung," or Lord of the air; the "Lee," which rules the watery element; and the "Keou," (cow?) which dwells in marshes, meadows, and mountains. The Lung is supposed to have nine representative forms combined in itself, and thus reminds one of the Platonic idea of a grand archetype: these are the camel, deer, rabbit, cow, snake, frog, carp, hawk, and tiger; while, in harmony with the same perfect number of *nine*, there are *eighty-one* scales covering its back. It is perfect in power and knowledge, and has but one defect—like Destiny, it is *deaf*.

The Keou has four legs, and is *exactly* thirteen feet long.

Again, the *five* Celestials, or genii, who founded the present city of Canton, are described as having made their appearance dressed in garments each of the five* primitive colours, and riding on five rams, each of which bore in its mouth a stalk of grain with *six* ears.

It is noticeable the evident importance attached to these arithmetical

* In China.

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figures, in connexion with the struggle in the national mind, between the extreme of materialism and superstition; which latter, probably, in consequence of the charm of so remote an origin, was the fountain whence the astrologers of all times have derived their perverted wisdom.

To enter more fully into the history of these Chinese dragons, and of their *gallinaceous* phœnix, rising above the universal *ocean* with a new world in its beak, and, in this respect, so different from the aquiline phœnix of Arabia emerging from *fire*, would lead us into an unnecessary digression; a few remarks, however, may not be out of place.

Mythology has, indeed, been almost the only source of the numerous theories which from time to time have been advanced to account for the origin of ancient nations or races; while the Mosaic history of our present world, which has formed a starting-point in the general inquiry, affords but few guides by which we may penetrate the remote past of China.

In its infancy, the science of geology was by many erroneously supposed to be at variance with the scriptural account of the mundane creation; but we are now supplied with data, sufficient to satisfy most minds, that there is nothing substantially incorrect in the sacred writings on this obscure subject.

The myths of the earlier races of man bear a remarkable family resemblance; the Hindoo, Persian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman, all tend to the same primitive sources of knowledge, the general purity of which, although so much discoloured, geology daily confirms by her silent but convincing evidence.

In Hindoo mythology, we find in the incarnation of the god Vishnu a singular correspondence with the order of creation, as taught by the science in question; while the *nine* incarnations already accomplished of the same god, and his revivification as Juggernauth, imply one common source of knowledge in "the beginning," or a generally diffused knowledge at some bygone historic, but *intermediate* period.

One ought not to forget, however, that these Hindoo myths are notoriously of subsequent origin to the pure system of the ancient Brahmins —so say all writers; but, on the other hand, may not the latter have been eliminated from the former, which again may have had a purely material origin, which the priesthood sublimated into a spiritual code?

The author of "The Testimony of the Rocks," speaking of the oolitic period, remarks: "In the cretaceous ages, the class (reptilian), though still the *dominant* one, is visibly reduced in its standing; it had reached its culminating point in the oolite, and then began to decline, and, with the first dawn of the tertiary division, we find it occupying, as now, a very subordinate place in creation." . . . "I refer, of course, to the ophidian or serpent family." The author then proceeds to a description of the Phœnician fables, and allusively to the great serpent of the Scandinavians, and the Python of the Greeks. There are two nations, however, to which no reference on the subject has been made, although their claims to antiquity probably yield to none, not even to the Egyptian; but these remote empires of China and Japan are, unfortunately, but little known even now to Englishmen, except through the burlesque narratives of superficial observers, the fallacious pleasantries of "Elia," or the evident mistranslations of interpreters.

The "Curio hunter" of Canton, or of Nagasaki, constantly discovers

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pictorial designs on works of art or objects of common use, which indicate some tradition or current romance; but to him they are as meaningless as probably would be the Laocoon to Prince Kung. Here, for example, is a Japanese warrior in bronze, casting a missile or hurling a rock bigger than himself at some strange "Saurian" or "Chelonian." His horse shivers with affright on the narrow bridge that spans a foaming torrent, but we ask in vain "What does it mean? Who is this wonderful St. George of the 'Day Spring?'"*

Then we find noble candelabra entwined with snakes, which seem to have revelled in primeval mud; but they have *legs*, which, although certainly not long, save them, at any rate, from the historic degradation of the race!

No, we never see in Chinese art the pure Ophidian. The imperial dragon himself is represented with barbules, which bespeak slimy "proclivities;" and the golden tortoise working his way through golden reeds, and the red pterodactyle stretching his leathern wings, indicate a higher ancestry.

A writer in the *Conjuror's Magazine* (a somewhat remarkable periodical, to have appeared and maintained itself for at least two years, so late as 1792), professing to quote from Plutarch, thus discusses the influence of spirits on matter:

"Truly the nature of spirits is so ordained, that, if we will speak accurately, they can move no bodies; for a spirit is not the cause of true and adequate motion, but only to direct certain motions of bodies, or that it can excite to motion bodies of a certain kind, which is manifest from the disposition of our own soul, which cannot move by its own proper strength or power any body out of its proper place, neither hath it the power of motion in all the parts of its own body, for it cannot at pleasure either augment or suspend the motion of the heart, arteries, or intestines, neither can the immediate or proximate will of the soul move any joint or muscle of the hand or foot, but by some other intervening agent, whose motion he can direct and command. From which we may understand that spirits are not creatures moving by their own proper force; a promiscuous, free, and necessary faculty of moving in bodies is not fitting to them, but rather restrained by certain modes, conditions, and limits."

It is these supposed spirits, with their inability to give the initiative impulse, that mortals have sought to enlist in the direction of their lives and affairs.

The poetic myths of Circe and her enchantments, and of Comus and his "midnight crew," have been repeatedly realised in history; and it was when Rome became most corrupt, and in the most dissolute periods of the English and French courts, that these spurious sciences were most cultivated. But the patronage of astrologers by Richelieu was the means of encouraging, indirectly, the growth of true science, and amongst the professors of these arts we find names to which civilisation is much indebted. Indeed, it is by no means certain that speculations of this nature are, even in themselves, unprofitable. The sportsman does not walk up to the sitting pheasant and blow out its brains; the pure air of the moors, the silence of nature, with its ever-varying aspects, are no mean portion

* "Weih Noo"—Day Spring—a name of Japan.

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of his occupation and enjoyment, and certainly, though not to be "bagged," the least profitable.

But it is significant, that in the majority of instances recorded in history and literature generally, the motives for seeking the agency of spirits in the management of human affairs and in unveiling the future, have not been religious or "political." The desire of fame and power, no doubt, has stimulated an exploration of "the unseen," but the prevailing incentives seem to have been "avarice" and "love," perhaps the two most powerful passions of the human heart; and, moreover, the two which often go hand in hand, if we are to believe the sarcastic Frenchman: "You may purchase the semblance of affection, nay, even its reality."

The "philosopher's stone," and the "love philtre," have been probably more diligently sought after than any other problems. In "Romeo and Juliet" we find an apt description of one of those mediæval medical students, whose real labours were, unlike their philtres, so inadequately appreciated; and in the story of Lord Surrey and the vision of the fair Geraldine, we perceive the weakness of human nature, which still looks for support to "Egypt's broken reed."

Even in the copy of the periodical above referred to which fell into our hands, the only deficient pages in about one thousand, were four, which, on reference to the index, we found must have contained receipts for love philtres of the usual description, patronised by neglected and idle youth. Yet the reference "To procure love" might lead one to suppose that the *Conjuror* of 1792 had discovered the psychological key by which admittance is gained to the secret thoughts of others, and which is often used, unfortunately, not for good, and not under the direction of pardonable motives, but in that cold spirit of profitless curiosity which impels busy-bodies sometimes to inspect a neighbour's furniture, although they may have no intention of attending the auction. We have all, however, more or less the wish to inspect the inner life of each other, nor can we be blamed, so long as vulgar inquisitiveness enter not into the motive.

But to return to the professors of magical arts. While obtaining a livelihood through the superstitions of the vulgar, and exaggerating what perhaps really were sufficiently inexplicable secrets of nature, these studious men were certainly not intent on the acquisition of wealth. They were working the tunnel of ignorance, through which the road of civilisation was to be carried, and, dying in the midst of their labours, they have left us many a good guide, while, at the same time, the great ages attained by most of them indicate, at periods when longevity was the exception, habits which might have earned respect in ancient philosophical Athens.

The Maji—the Samians, who "worshipped the host of heaven"—and others of whom we read, may have had some idea of the plurality of worlds in connexion with our spiritual future. In the days of the Apostles, the books of "strange arts" which were burnt may not have been unique; and the enchantments of the lady in the suggestive romance of Apuleius are, at the present day, almost equalled by skilful jugglers.

It seems difficult to understand why Virgil (except on account of the "Sortes Virgiliani") should, in the middle ages, have been regarded as a

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magician, and what led our old chroniclers to publish such libels on the head of the Church as we find in the history of Pope Gerbert.

Pythagoras, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Menander the Samaritan, with his peculiar theory respecting angels, and Simon Magus, could not properly be placed in the same category with the more homely conjuror, who deals with cards and dice, expounds the dogmas of palmistry, or professes to call up the dead by burning substances impossible to be obtained.

The account of the apparition at Endor, and the apocryphal story of Tobit and the Angel, are almost inexhaustibly suggestive, and it is probably in vain for even the "most enlightened" to say that such an apparition was not a matter of fact, or that there was not some strange virtue (even now existing) in the fumes of the broiled fish.

Michael Scot, in the thirteenth century, was greatly esteemed by the Emperor Frederick II., and Leonardo da Vinci was as much regarded by royalty on account of his occult knowledge as for his artistic genius. Michael Nostradamus was an eminent physician as well as "magician," and Dr. Faust is said to have expiated in a great measure his poetical offences against Marguerite by his labours in introducing printing. Other eminent physicians and astronomers were classed in former times as the companions of Satan's emissaries, and the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries produced quite a galaxy of so-called conjurors. In the latter, we find Holland, who died in 1636, aged 85, Jonas Moore, Van Helmont (ob. 1644), Mark Duncan (ob. about 1664), Henry Welby (ob. 1636, æt. 84), of a well-known Lincolnshire family, John Bushwell, and the celebrated William Lilly (ob. 1681). John Hutchinson, Topham the pugilist, Forman, Partridge and Harrison, Bland, Gyles, and Case, belong rather to the eighteenth century. It is remarkable that Ireland should, so far as we are aware, have only produced one modern conjuror, namely, Valentine Greatrakes, who was born there in 1628.

Drs. Dee, Fludd, and Kelly flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, while France had her "Merian," "Gaffard," the oriental scholar, and sometimes companion of Richelieu, "Morinus," &c. Then in the same century we find "Argol" the Neapolitan, John Damascene, Abbé d'Auteroche, "Placidus de Titus" of Bologna, "Campanella," the Calabrian monk and attendant on Richelieu, &c.

Merlin, Thomas of Erceldoune, and Major Weir with his wonderful stick, open up the subject in various other directions, not necessary here to touch upon; while the great Swedish spiritualist has astonished the world with his genius, and perhaps his folly:

> *Charms* are but nonsense,—*nonsense* has a charm!

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," makes frequent allusion to the occult arts, whose influence was so extensive in his own day, not, indeed, in forming men's political schemes, but in the narrower social circle; and there can be little doubt that these arts were held in estimation only so long as they were persecuted in their professors, by a Church that resented any encroachments on its peculiar privileges, and that when they were flourishing in England under the Stuarts, they had lost their dangerous character, and had become simply the ministers of *sensuality* in its *mystic form*.

The author of a recent and interesting work on the "Literature of

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Dreams," touches incidentally on the astrological and geomantic* works of the present day; and a reference to the *Correspondents'* column, in the majority of humbler current publications, will satisfy the most incredulous, that, notwithstanding the advance of true science, and the general improvement, as is supposed, of morals, there is a vast amount of superstition still prevailing amongst all—even the well-educated classes.

Troyes (and its worthy publisher, M. Nicolas Oudot, "Rue Nostre-Dame, au Chapon d'Or Couronné") seems to have been pretty famous in its day for dream-literature.

"Raphael, not the archangel of that name, but the 'astrologer of the nineteenth century,' published, in 1830, 'The Royal Book of Dreams,' 'from an ancient and curious manuscript, which was buried in the earth for several centuries, containing one thousand and twenty-four oracles or answers to dreams, by a curious yet perfectly facile and easy method.' . . . The fatal objection to the reception of the narrative of the finding of the volume in a broken-down Somersetshire court-house, in the summer of 182—, is that of the modesty of the title-page. Truth would have been bolder, more pushing—possibly, in a whisper we may say it, even more impudent. Mark down ten lines of ciphers, without counting them, so that the number may be (as far as the diviner knows) left to chance, and, as it were, at random—no matter how roughly they are made, for therein lies the secret—that the occult principle of the soul shall so guide or counsel the dreamer (or diviner) and control his hand, that he shall mark down those signs alone which will convey a true answer. The ciphers in each line are afterwards to be counted, and indicated according to the oddness or evenness of their number, a single cipher (0) standing for odd, and two (00) for even."

At the present day absolute truth is required, if not always obtained, and, in the search for it, we perhaps often injudiciously discard without investigation as puerile and worthless what, after all, although affording no true knowledge, may occasionally direct or suggest a better clue, as exemplified in Bacon's "Wisdom of the Ancients."

There is a fashion to laugh at all ancient superstitions; it may be a convenient mode of getting rid of the trouble of investigating them, but there is a large class in society who do not dare to think for themselves, who believe that it is injudicious to allow the female members of a family to discuss doctrinal points, and who are fond of "laying the flattering unction to their souls" that their own unbelief in "the mysterious" is an evidence of superiority, and that those who believe in the so-called supernatural must be of necessity weak-minded—allowing, however, such modern exceptions as Dr. Johnson, the two Emperors Napoleon, Sir Walter Scott, and others scarcely less eminent.

Lord Bacon makes a shrewd observation on the subject, when he says, "There is a superstition in avoiding superstition . . therefore care should be had . . that the good be not taken away with the bad."

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* The principle of ascertaining the signification of a dream by means of ciphers had been explained—although its application was not identical with that we have just seen—in a book published at Troyes in 1654, and entitled "Le Palais des Curieux, où l'algèbre et le sort donnent la décision des questions les plus douteuses, et où les songes et les visions nocturnes sont expliquez selon la doctrine des anciens."

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ROMANIA.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

When the so-called "Roumain" nationality is made the subject of study, it is at once found that it is united to the rest of Europe by two bonds—first, its language, which, descending from that of the Dacians of old, is incontestably of Latin origin, notwithstanding numerous corruptions from surrounding dialects, and, secondly, its physiognomy, which reminds one of Italy or Spain. But all moral and intellectual traces of parentage have disappeared, and the East has profoundly seared the Moldo-Walachs with its laws, manners, habits, and especially its faults.

If in view of a future Dacian kingdom on the lower Danube, which shall embrace both banks of the river, the Bulgarian as well as the Moldo-Walachian, it is deemed convenient to group the two latter provinces under the title of Roumania, it is manifest that unless we wish to Frenchify all antiquity, that the name should be Romania or Rūmania. The Orientals—Turks as well as Walachs—pronounce Rome, Rūm; but it remained for the widely diffused French language to make such corruptions as Roum and Roumania acceptable to educated statesmen and the press.

The Romans of Dacia preserved, be it remarked, their warlike spirit and the sturdy virtues of their ancestors up to the sixteenth century; but with the seventeenth century the influence of the Greeks migrating from Constantinople became predominant, and in the eighteenth century the Fanariot princes completed the corruption and demoralisation of the country. The Russian occupations, which succeeded with very brief intervals between each from 1769 to 1854, did the rest. The celebrated organic regulations tended by a well-conceived process of assimilation to absorb the Danubian principalities into the dominion of the Muscovites. During the long reign of the Fanariots, the Boyars, or native aristocracy, became completely Greecicised—it is impossible to say Helenised—but still the social seal, moulded more on the European than the Asiatic type, became more deeply impressed with Muscovite than with Byzantine features.

Society is, in reality, in a tentative, an experimental, and transition state. Finances, justice, administration, organisation of property, relation of classes to one another, are all alike undecided. The peasants, as in Russia, and even, strange to say, in some parts of Ireland where serfdom has never existed, entertain the undisguised hope that the lands will come to them, without either purchase-money or compensation. When reforms

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are adopted, the promulgation of such are left, as in Russia and in Turkey, to persons in power hostile to their being put in force. As in Turkey, and in Greece also, the English and French never can enjoy the same influence as Russia, for the latter stands forth among all the Christian nationalities of the East as the apostle of the "Great Idea"—that is, the overthrow of the Ottoman empire, while the two first-mentioned powers are ever ready, instead of befriending Christian nationalities and enabling them to establish themselves as independent bulwarks between Russia and an effete Muhammadanism, to expend life and treasure in supporting the latter, out of pure jealousy of Muscovite predominance. The system adopted to thwart Russia is a mistake; it should be based not on the perpetuity of a corrupt and moribund Islamism, but upon a gradual emancipation of the Christian, and more especially the European, populations. Every step taken in Romania and Servia brings them nearer to this point, and for every step gained the debt of gratitude is due to Russia—not to the political supporters of the Crescent *v.* the Cross. The youth of Romania conceive themselves to be embarked in the same cause as Italy—as in that of all oppressed nationalities—and they believe themselves to be ready to follow the flag of the first adventurer who would lead them to the walls of Constantinople!

The population of Romania represents a total in round numbers of four million souls—two million five hundred thousand in Walachia, and one million five hundred thousand in Moldavia. Among these are three hundred thousand Tziganis, or gipsies, two hundred thousand Jews, and one hundred thousand strangers (Slaves, Hungarians, Germans, Greeks, Armenians, and others). The number of individuals of the same race dwelling in Transylvania, Bessarabia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia is supposed to amount to as many as in Romania itself, and would hence present a grand total of eight millions. Many western states of a secondary order do not number half such a population. If, then, it is argued by M. G. le Cler, the question of the European equilibrium should ever found its interest in a Latin monarchy—a kingdom of Dacia—such could be founded upon a very respectable footing.* The population of the Principalities divides itself into fifty thousand nobles (so called); clergy, one hundred thousand; citizens, one hundred and twenty thousand; peasants, three million one hundred and thirty thousand. The Romanian nobility is of recent date. Up to the end of the fifteenth century, the profession of arms alone conferred nobility. Every man-at-arms was called Boïer, from *Bovis herus*, according to some, in reference to the old Roman colonists, who warred in chariots drawn by oxen; others derive the word Boyard simply from baï (vellum). After the fall of Constantinople, the Greeks, who had taken refuge in the Principalities, induced the reigning princes, Radu IV. in Walachia and Stephen IV. in Moldavia, to constitute a new nobility by converting positions at court into so many titles, just as was done at the court of Byzantium. It was thus that the new nobility became almost solely Greek or Fanariot. These corrupt adventurers married heiresses, assuming, at the same time, their lands and their names, or dispossessed small landowners by fraud or violence. The fra-

* La Moldo-Valachie, ce qu'elle a été, ce qu'elle est, ce qu'elle pourrait être. Par G. le Cler. Paris: E. Dentu.

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quent change of Hospodars, both during the last century and this, abetted the increase in this class of nobility. Notwithstanding the brief duration of the reign of some of these Hospodars and Kaimakams, their children not the less arrogated to themselves the title of "Princes"—till the distinction, as we have often had occasion to see, is in the Principalities themselves regarded as without significance, just as "Bey" is in Turkey. This feeling of discredit, which attached itself to the descendants of ephemeral Hospodars, was still further increased when the influence of Russia procured, as it often did, the appointment of creatures who had no heraldic quarterings—who were, indeed, of the most vulgar extraction. The few remaining mos-neni, "born of ancestors," descendants of the old military nobility, look, indeed, with contempt upon the new aristocracy.

The middle classes consist of those who have had a liberal education, and who are engaged in the learned professions, and of native merchants and tradesmen, or the sons of European merchants settled in the country. This class is enlightened, but restless, intriguing, vain, and demoralised. The peasantry constitute the real basis of the population. They have ever retained a character for piety and for assiduity in agricultural labours, and they have held by the traditions and the language of their fathers. It is to their patient resignation, to their faith in the permanence of the Roman race, to their confidence in a better future, that the preservation of whatsoever nationality remains is due; but it must be admitted that the peasant wears the outward signs of long-suffering, of privations, and of rude service; he has become gloomy, taciturn, egotistical, brutalised; his food consists mainly of boiled maize without seasoning, and a portion of dried meat on feast-days. His most common indulgence is to get drunk upon the abominable raki of the country.

The Jews are here what they are in Poland and in Germany. The gipsies are divided into three classes: the sedentary and travelling musicians, the artisans, farriers, kettle-menders, &c., and the vagabonds. The social condition of the country, apart from the peasantry, may be judged of by the simple fact that out of a population of one hundred and twenty thousand at Bucharest, eight thousand are foreign traders, three thousand drivers (Russians, Transylvanians, or Hungarians), three thousand Jews, and three thousand gipsies. Thirty thousand individuals of both sexes (Germans, Transylvanians, and Albanians) are engaged in domestic service. The Boyards increase the number of their attendants by claiming the services of their peasants. Thus a house tenanted by a father, mother, and three daughters, has been known to contain sixty-two attendants. This is owing to each attendant having his or her own separate duties, beyond which they never go. The height of luxury is to have an Albanian, or Arnaut, garbed in his red and gold-embroidered jacket, his white-plaited skirts, and his sword, dagger, and pistols in his waistband. Such an attendance, with teachers of all descriptions superadded, is out of all proportion to the fortunes of these pretentious yet poverty-stricken Boyards, who, despising the details of housekeeping, are too frequently hurried into permanent and irremediable ruin. Servants rob their masters, and such is the universal state of demoralisation of the country that the tradespeople foster the practice. The indifference of the Boyards in regard to business-matters is carried by the lower classes

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to a horror of work of any kind. The ladies are dressed by milliners from Paris, but these can find no workwomen. The women, so skilful in arranging their hair, do not know how to sew; tailors are employed here as needlewomen. Work is supposed to dishonour woman, and the result is that prostitution is authorised by the law after twelve years of age. As it is in the cities, so it is to a certain extent in the country. The rites of the Greek Church are sadly opposed to all industry, whether agricultural or otherwise. The Greek calendar contains one hundred and fifty feast-days, upon which all manual labour is interdicted, and one hundred and ten days of strict fast. Thus the orthodox lose upwards of a third of the year, the national wealth suffers as well as individual prosperity, and the people become impoverished, weakened, idle, and dissolute.

The Romanian language is supposed, like the Langue d'Oc in southern Gaul, to be a continuation of the language of the people—lingua Romanesca—rather than of the Latin of the Augustan era. There exists a close analogy between the Romanian language and that of the troubadors of Provence. So also with regard to the Catalan and the Castilian. An inn in the Carpathians is still called a posada. Ask a peasant of Walachia whence he comes. "Eŭ sunt Rūmanū," he will reply, equivalent to "Ego sum Romanus." The preservation of the national language has been in great part due to two saints of the Greek calendar—Cyril and Methodius—who, deputed by the Emperor Michael III. and the Patriarch Photius among the Dacians, adapted the Greek character to the Latin and Slavonic words, and, constituting an alphabet of thirty-eight letters, printed the holy books in the language of the proselytes. This alphabet is still called the Kyriliac, and has been in use for the liturgy ever since the eleventh century. It is also used in official despatches and in some of the newspapers, but the general tendency is to return to the Latin alphabet. M. de Pontbriant, who has published a dictionary of the Romanian language, says that out of one hundred words sixty-nine are of Latin or Roman origin; fifteen, Greek; five, Hungarian; four, Turkish; and two, German.

The Greek Church of Romania is in communion with the Patriarch of Constantinople, and hence deems itself to be orthodox. The Russo-Greek Church is termed schismatic, and notwithstanding reiterated efforts on the part of the Muscovites, abetted by the higher clergy and the Boyards, to effect an amalgamation, the national good sense has always effectually precluded such, as they see in it an anticipated absorption of their race. None are admitted into the Romanian clergy unless well made, and more or less handsome. It is a rule that the papas or popes should impose respect and sympathy by their outward aspect. All have long beards and hair, and both are divided from the centre, in imitation of the type of the Saviour. They wear a long black robe and black cap, and bishops and archimandrites, or priors of monasteries, wear the same costume, only that they have a long veil suspended behind from their caps. Unfortunately, they are extremely ignorant. It is very rare indeed that they can read their national manuscripts. The town priest mixes himself up with family intrigues, and becomes the creature of the rich man who feeds him. In the country, he is a peasant like the rest; he cultivates the land, and labours as he can for the support of his family.

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If he marries, however, it must be before his consecration; nor can he, if a widower in orders, take a second wife. There are six bishoprics in the two provinces, seminaries have been founded in some of the dioceses, and a commencement of education has been instituted; but as yet it suffices to be the son of a papa, or to know how to read, to be eligible to the ministry. The archimandrites are elected, as in the primitive church, by the monks and clergy, and the bishops again by the archimandrites; but as the latter have to be recognised by the Porte and the Patriarch, and as nothing is done at Constantinople without bribery, the episcopacies fall to those who can spend most money. Formerly, the metropolitans of Bucharest and Jassy presided over their respective legislative assemblies. but since the union of the two principálities into a common Romania, the Bishop of Bucharest takes the lead, and entitles himself primate, Church service is intoned in a monotonous, nasal cadence; and the ceremonial is mainly limited to genuflexions and crossings. The funeral ceremonies are peculiar. When a sick person is about to die, a consecrated taper is placed in the hand of the moribund, and at the moment of death a fearful shouting is set up to terrify the demons and prevent their getting possession of the soul of the deceased. The body is then washed, dressed in its best clothes, and laid out in state. It is conducted in a similar formal and open manner to the grave, preceded by a band of music, and the hearse is decorated with flowers and flags. Death is indeed looked upon as a joyous release. "Who," asks M. le Cler, "is in the right, the Christians of the West or the orthodox Christians?"

The worst feature of Romania is a prevalent immorality. The Koran authorises a plurality of wives. It is worse in Romania, at least in the towns. Conjugal virtue is disregarded; illegitimate unions are established on all sides. It is the perpetuation of what is known in Constantinople, the Levant, and Egypt, as the harems *à volonté*. There is no spirit of domesticity, no love for the family; with the Mussulmans under the tent as in the palace, at all events, the family groups itself and develops itself under a common parent. With the Romanian facility of divorce is one of the plagues of the country. The canon law permits only three divorces, but the clergy are so lax that money can procure any number. It is true that sometimes a minister of conscientious feelings insists upon the letter of the law, as once happened in the instance of a young and pretty personage, barely twenty-two years of age, and who appeared at the altar with a third husband. The papa deemed it to be his duty to warn her, and to intimate that she could not take a fourth, and that she must learn to content herself with the third Providence had sent her. "You are wrong, father," was the reply; "my first marriage was null and void, for it was with my cousin."

The social relations of people and clergy may be judged of by the following anecdote:

A wealthy prelate was one day engaged in celebrating the nuptials of a young couple. The bride was so fair that the heart of the dignitary was completely thrown off its balance. Instead of officiating, all he could do was to contemplate so many charms, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he so far mastered himself as to mutter the sacramental words which delivered her over to the arms of another.

But the sacerdotal heart was touched to the quick; the prelate's

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appetite and sleep failed him alike. At last his emissaries brought word that means failed the young couple, just as much as their aspirations to luxury and expenditure increased. Of all Jupiter's metamorphoses the Romanian Danaës are most sensible to the shower of gold. Such was the stratagem employed. The worthy prelate was so liberal that the young couple could not refuse his benefactions. The style of their dress, their furniture, and their equipages soon attracted attention. Bad tongues—those of the envious especially—whispered scandal, and the name of the protector was bruited abroad.

The husband, who belonged to a liberal profession, received sundry intimations that he must succumb to public opinion. The doctor (for such he was) intimated, in a serious conversation with his wife, that she must break with the prelate. To effect this, it was resolved that she should go to the country. The prelate's happiness had lasted a year, and he was inconsolable. He wandered everywhere in pursuit of the lost sheep. The husband was at length affected by so much grief, he yielded so far as to grant a last interview, and let out the secret as to where his wife had taken refuge from the sacerdotal ardour. The prelate hastened thither as fast as his horses could take him; but scarcely had he arrived than the husband came in armed to the teeth. He reproached the prelate for his vile attempts to seduce an honest woman, and swore that he should not leave the house alive unless he disbursed fourteen thousand ducats. The prelate had only ten thousand in his strong-box; he was constrained to send a valet for them, and to sign an acknowledgment for the remainder. This done, he took his way back, confused and disconcerted. The most absurd part of the story is, that the note of hand for four thousand ducats was presented next day, and duly honoured; nay, there were not wanting those who declared that after the last shower was expended matters were made up, and things returned to their old course.

The monasteries of Romania present many peculiarities, and no one can be said to know the country who has not visited them. The religious communities all belong to the order of St. Basil, and the monasteries were founded to help the indigent, to aid the sick and the incapable, to endow poor girls, to give hospitality, and to aid in disseminating education. Except occasional hospitality shown to the wayfarer—after a most niggardly fashion—all these original intentions of the foundations have become utterly disregarded. Their wealth is now solely devoted to the support of luxury, and of the vices that spring from it, or to gratify personal ambition.

There existed until very recently two kinds of monasteries: those called "National," the revenues of which were spent in the country, and those termed "Dedicated," whose revenues were spent in the localities in which they were placed, more especially at Mount Athos, at Jerusalem, in Alexandria, and at Constantinople. The former have been recently made known to us by several travellers, but by none more pleasantly than by the Hon. Robert Curzon. A sum estimated at fifteen million francs was thus taken annually out of the country, and public opinion protested loudly and unanimously against this spoliation. The foreign monks, however, held by their long tenure, the support of the Patriarch at Constantinople, and of Russia. A long and fierce debate ensued, but it was

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settled at last by the Legislative Assembly, which secularised the monasteries on the 12th of December, 1863. A whole series of similar establishments, including hospitals and colleges, were administered by the eldest son of the ex-Hospodar Bibesco. Government determined such an administration to be exceptional, and appropriated the responsibility to itself. To such an extent had the abuse of monastic establishments grown in the country, that two-fifths of the whole of the lands were in the possession of the "National" monasteries, and one-fifth in that of the "Dedicated," placing, in fact, three-fifths of the whole territory in the hands of the clergy. The sites of these monasteries are selected partly for safety, partly for beauty. They are, for the most part, situated on islands, which stand in the centre of a lake, the lake again being surrounded by a forest. The houses of the monks, each with its own garden, the hostelries for visitors, and, above all, the churches with their sparkling domes, group most picturesquely on these holy islands. Those which are situated in hilly regions are like the celebrated monasteries of Mount Athos, not less remarkable for their picturesqueness. While the monasteries are peopled mainly from the peasant class, the convents are, as in other countries where the monastic system is still in vogue, for the most part recruited from the wealthy middle class, or from the nobility. But they are not so much convents as old communities of canonesses. The nuns have their own habitations, can marry up to twenty-five years of age, can go out where they please, or receive company at home, and have music and repasts, with servants to attend upon them. Travellers can, it is said, claim hospitality for three days in either monasteries or convents; and although no doubt the system, already sapped to the basis, is destined to fall before the progress of enlightenment, there can be no question but that in olden times, when the country was ravaged by banditti, and villages and hostelries were few and far between, these islanded or rock-built asylums occupied the first place among institutions consecrated to public welfare.

With such a people as the Romanians, the theatre naturally constitutes the chief building of their capital. All kinds of stories characteristic of Oriental peculation are current in connexion with this pride of the Principalities. It is said, for example, that seventy-five thousand trees were cut down in the monastic forests for its construction; that five millions of bricks were manufactured, but not being hard enough, they were sold off and bought up again at three times the price they brought, and that a quantity of zinc was brought from Vienna for the roof, which, being stored away until wanted, was eaten up by oxygen. Two companies, one Italian and one native, are attached to this theatre, and play alternately. But at times, just as at Moscow, all kinds of nationalities—Hungarian, Austrian, German, and American—star it on this motley stage. A German and a French company have tried their fortunes at Bucharest, but with little advantage to their respective treasuries. In winter-time, what are called masked balls are given at the theatre, at which the ladies walk about in dominoes, holding one another by the hand, while the gentlemen sit on benches contemplating them! At the German theatre things are a little more dis-Orientalised, and people dance as in Europe. The society is not very select, but there are youth, vigour, animation, and beauty as an offset. Private entertainments are exceedingly rare; of late years,

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indeed, political animosities have run so high, that they may be said to have died away altogether. It is to be hoped that, under the hereditary rule of the Hohenzollerns, a better state of things will be inaugurated; but as one of the causes of paucity of entertainments lay admittedly in paucity of finances, it is rather hard upon the Romanians that the Porte, so greedy of purses, should have made a stipulation of the recognition of the new suzerainty, that the amount of annual tribute should be doubled! The burden of such an exaction will fall upon the people, who will have to be doubly taxed—a proceeding which is neither favourable for industry, progress, or even recreation. It has often been remarked by travellers that the Romanians are not hospitable to strangers. The explanation of the fact lies in this, that their out-of-door and their interior life are at variance. Out of doors all is show, pomp, and luxury; in-doors the reverse is the case, and people do not like making a parade of the "*res angusta domi.*" This state of things is the more to be regretted, as the young ladies are remarkably beautiful—combining, in fact, all the best points of the Greek physiognomy, tempered by an Italian or Spanish tinge. It must be remembered, too, that not half a century ago these now well-dressed, well-mannered, graceful, and exquisite beauties were as ill-dressed and as awkward as any inmates of a Constantinopolitan harem; and if, as Christians, they were admitted to an official reception, it was to sit down on their heels in the presence of smoking old bearded Boyards.

Justice is administered in Romania primarily, after the patriarchal fashion. Every Sunday, after divine service, a court is held by three elders, presided over by the papa, who decide cases by no other code than that of common sense. This in villages; but every chief town of a district has its court of justice, appeals against whose verdicts are heard at courts of appeal at Bucharest, Jassy, and Krajova, or Craïova; and there is also a high court of justice held at Bucharest. Civil cases are left to a jury to determine; criminal cases to the court alone. There are plenty of barristers, but few solicitors or notaries, and the code of laws is very imperfect; altogether, the judicial condition of the country is open to much improvement. It is often difficult to get the judges to attend to their duties, and complaints of venality are rife. It is, in fact, a common saying in Romania that justice is sold, not dispensed. Much of this tendency to calumny must, however, as in regard to social questions, be traced to the profligate and unprincipled character of the calumniators. The allocutions of the Hospodars testify, however, to the fact of a want of respect for the laws of the country on the part of some judges. It is especially, as is too well known to European consuls residing in Romania, in matters of debt that the laws are most lax, and that the most gross prevarication is practised. Bankers and merchants, to whom large sums are due, often wait till their debtors are in some other country to have them arrested. The same calumnies are current against the police and magistracy as against the courts of justice. M. le Cler relates, for example, as authentic, that in 1864, under the first Prince Couza, the neighbourhood and even the suburbs of Bucharest were ravaged by banditti. The gendarmerie succeeded in capturing them during a festivity at a public-house, and they were taken before a magistrate, who arranged the matter with the chief of the banditti for six hundred ducats, one being given to each of

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the gendarmes. Thus it is that in Romania, as in Greece, the gendarmerie and the banditti are said to live in harmony with one another.

The commerce of Romania is as yet only that of an agricultural and pastoral people. Mr. Powell, an Englishman, has founded an establishment for the preservation of meat at Galatz, which supplies the French, Italian, and English fleets, and even the Austrian army, but the chief commerce is in cereals, the transport of which is mainly monopolised by the Greeks. We have explained recently, in an article on modern Greece, how it is that by joint action and interest, and a studious economy, the Greek boatmen can outrival those of any other nation in the coast trade of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Marseilles is the chief market for the corn shipped at Galatz and Ibraila, but agricultural science is at so low an ebb in Romania, that it never fetches the price of the corn from South Russia. Yet is the soil infinitely more fertile than that of Russia, the Principalities being for the most part one immense alluvial plain, stretching from the Danube to the Carpathians, and watered by several fine rivers, the chief of which are the Aluto, or Olto, the Argis, and the Jalomitza. The finest plains of France or Belgium, the fat valleys of Piedmont and Lombardy, and the richest soils in Algeria, are inferior to the arable lands of Romania. The alluvium presents, indeed, an almost continuous depth of from four to five yards from the banks of the Danube to the hilly districts. It is never manured, and if planted with wheat, before being exhausted by two or three crops of maize, the straw is so long, and the ear so heavy, that the whole topples over, and never comes to maturity. And yet, strange to say, not a fifth of the superficies of this soil is under cultivation. A corner of Europe, possibly more favourable for agricultural pursuits than any other, is at present the most neglected. And wherefore this state of things? The Romanians, like the Turks, the Hindhūs, and other Oriental nations, know that if the workmen of the West were to get a footing on their soil, they would soon supersede the natives. They not only interdict, then, the sale of lands to strangers, but they forbid the employment of foreigners as labourers. No matter, also, to what extent a landlord may be in debt or over-mortgaged, the creditors cannot seize his lands. This adherence to the Turkish system, which fosters idleness and encourages dissipation —this wall of China, as M. le Cler calls it—will inevitably fall one day before progress.

Strange to say, horticulture is in as backward a state in Romania as agriculture. What few gardens and conservatories are to be seen at Bucharest belong to Germans or other foreigners. There are actually around the metropolis itself but three or four pleasure-gardens, and not more market-gardens that are deserving of the name. The vineyards receive some attention, but the wine is made somewhat as it was in the times of the Patriarch Noah. The forests are so extensive, especially in the Carpathians, that no attention is paid as to how the wood is cut. The mineral riches of the same chain, carefully utilised on the Austrian side, are disregarded by the Romanians. The cultivation of the mulberry for silk was introduced for a time with the happiest results; but it has fallen off like every other thing—the merchants having, M. le Clerc asserts, acted with an utter absence of common honesty. The only manufactures at present at work are for stearine candles, coarse cloth, and tanneries.

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The peasants manufacture their own clothes, shoes, and harness, and that after the fashion in which we see the Dacians represented on Trajan's column.

The prostrate condition of Romania is, however, to be traced to political evils quite as much as to social. For over a century and a half the Principalities have been wrung by the Turks, by the Fanariot princes, by their own native Hospodars, and by the monks. It is a proof of the extent of the natural resources of the country, that it has not been utterly exhausted by so many spoliations. Those who wish to thoroughly comprehend the devastations to which Romania has been subjected under the exactions of the Turks, the requisitions of armed interventions, and the necessitous conditions of its own princes, can refer to the able works of MM. Vaillant, E. Regnault, Ubicini, Chanoi (nom de plume of Prince Ghica), and Le Clerc. Those who have seen and know the country, need no books to enable them to understand that the present social state is the leaven of political dependence, as much as of local mal-administration, and that while the Romanians are indebted to themselves for what progress they have made, they have to blame others for whatever they are in arrears.

The convention of the 19th of August, 1858, inaugurated a new state of things: an honest organisation was, it was said, to supersede organised robbery. Unfortunately, France, whose system of responsible accounts, matured by the much-abused M. de Villèle, is tolerably satisfactory, but whose system of taxation is by no means adapted to every condition of society, was appealed to to organise the political and military reformation of the country. From 1860 to 1862 the Principalities were invaded by a whole host of *officiers d'intendance militaire* and of *bureaux;* as also of officers of the staff, artillery and line, who were ready to set everything in order with the wand of the magician. The mission met, as many a mission to Turkey and Persia has encountered, no direct hostility; on the contrary, every apparent willingness to adopt each successive suggestion, but an indescribable indifference—"a strength of inertia," as it has been aptly termed, which all Orientals know to be more fatal to interference from without than any amount of open hostility. There is nothing more easy in individual life than to receive advice, to bow to it gratefully, and to neglect it utterly. The Orientals practise this system as a nation with the perfection entailed by long habit. Add to this, from the lowest to the highest, every one's private interest was implicated in the settling of accounts, and such as date anteriorly to 1861 never have been balanced, and probably never will be.

A good deal has been accomplished, however, and Romania possesses a regular army of some eighteen thousand men, including seven regiments of infantry, one battalion of rifles, two regiments of lancers, one regiment of gendarmerie, one battalion of engineers, one regiment of artillery, two squadrons of military train, one company of labourers, two of infirmary-men, one of discipline, and four of marines for the flotilla of the Danube. The irregular troops number twelve thousand. They are divided into dorobantz or trabans, and graniceri or frontier guards. The dorobantz are a kind of gendarmerie; each man and horse, like the cossacks in Russia and the mounted radifs in Turkey, is supported by a village or by a certain number of families. He has to serve ten days out

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of thirty—the remainder being supposed to be devoted to agricultural labours. The costume is the old national garb—the original of the Hussar. The service of the frontier guards is indicated by the name; they also do duty as custom-house officers, and as a sanitary cordon. The dorobantz and the graniceri, vigorous fellows, trained to fatigue and exposure, constitute the only true military force in the Principalities.

The great point in which Romania still remains more Oriental than European is in the absence of proper respect for the sex. It is impossible to be in the society of the better classes without being at once made painfully sensible of the fact. Women are neither esteemed nor respected. They are sought for if wealthy, and pursued if young and pretty. They revenge themselves by their irregularities. They marry young, at from thirteen to fourteen years of age, live fast, and age prematurely. A woman is deemed old in Romania at twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. The clergy countenance immorality by facilitating divorces. The ladies of the demi-monde everywhere take precedence, by their impudence, of respectable females. Nor are the men more favoured than the other sex. Dissipated from early youth, they are equally prematurely aged by the enervating passions of gambling, drinking, and debauchery. Gambling is indeed with the Romaniots a positive frenzy. Whosoever has not seen them seize the cards with nervous, febrile, tremulous anxiety, knows them not. They pass days and nights at play, forgetting everything, dress and food, duties and responsibilities, parents and friends, staking lands, houses, horses, equipages, furniture, jewellery, nay, they would play their wives and children, but that no one will accept the stake. Gambling has invaded all pursuits—the administration, the magistracy, the army, the mercantile community. Fortunes are made and lost daily. The Jews profit by the exchanges. A social plague scarcely less serious than the corrupt relations of the sexes, it will disappear, it has been said, only with the last ducat of the last Boyard.

It is thus that the Romanian passes his life in intriguing, dissipation, and gambling, with a cigarette ever in his mouth. He is old at forty, positively decrepit at fifty. There is neither time nor will for business; and hence how easy it is to comprehend why all love of domesticity is extinct, why probity in affairs is so rare, and the payment of debts rendered impossible. The taste for study, the pursuit of letters and science, professional, mercantile, or manufacturing skill, uprightness in the magistracy, integrity in principle, morality, and finally religion, are all sacrificed at the same shrine. In a society so constituted there are no intellectual resources, not even subjects for conversation, the latter being limited to prurient *doubls entendres* or the latest scandal. And yet there is no want of a certain cunning, of astuteness such as belongs to both Russian and Greek alike, and which all over the world displays itself to the greatest perfection in usury and in gambling. The woman, as things are, is better than the man in Romania, and that in the threefold relation of intelligence, education, and heart. Married to a German or European who will treat her well, she makes a faithful wife and an excellent mother.

The Romanian appears outwardly to be excessively mild, almost cold and apathetic, and yet he is easily roused. Two Frenchmen, going out one day to fish for frogs—reptiles that are looked upon by the Moldavians some-

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what with the same feeling as in England—and further insisting upon cooking them at a neighbouring public-house, were set upon by the peasantry and severely maltreated. Other two Frenchmen, venturing in a boat to inspect certain Naiads who were bathing in a river, were set upon by the fair nymphs, who upset the boat and tumbled the impertinent intruders into the river. Servants and serfs are still habitually ill treated, and often most cruelly beaten. In fact, they are said, hyperbolically, to receive more blows than wages. Sometimes they receive a note for the aga, as a police-officer is called, Turkish fashion, to administer so many blows of a stick. In this case it is the custom, if possible, to get some one else to carry the note. A coachman was once beaten to death by an irritated husband because he would not say whither he had driven his lady.

Where there is so much ignorance, prejudices and superstitions flourish, as may be imagined, in rankness. The people believe in fantastic monsters, in fairies, and in the evil eye. Witches play a great part in rural life under the name of *babas*, while the papas rival them in their extraordinary exorcisms. Tuesday is so unlucky a day that no business or undertaking is commenced on that day.

The contrasts presented in such a country are very striking. The men of better rank are well-mannered, intelligent, amiable, and polite to strangers. To their peasants and servants they are the most tyrannical masters it is possible to conceive; they are idle, dissipated, and vain to a degree. The women are fair to look at, graceful, and well dressed; talk to them, and their voices are as coarse as their powers of conversation are limited. The middle classes are the most industrious and the best informed, but they are boastful, venal, unprincipled, avaricious, and as immoral as the upper classes. The peasantry are patient, laborious, and attached to the family, but so ignorant and superstitious as to be indifferent to progress. In the capital of the country we find, according to M. le Cler:

"A prince without a palace, a clergy without morality, an academy without members, a library without readers, immense streets without houses, splendid habitations by the side of the most miserable huts, magnificent promenades with open cloacas, plenty of water and no fountains, rivers without bridges or quays, a municipality without head, a police without policemen, roads unmended, courts of law without justice, intrigues without love, divorces with no restraint, wives without husbands, husbands without wives, families broken up, the sons with the mother, the daughters with the father, fortunes buried in debt, lands mortgaged for more than their value, noblemen without a halfpenny in their pockets, embroidered clothes and no linen, splendid furniture and empty wardrobes and pantry."

Nay, if we were to take our author to the letter, when our own experience leads us to know how much exaggeration is superimposed upon a foundation of truth, Romania is a land loaded with heavenly gifts, and wanting in everything to render them available. No navigation—that is, in the hand of strangers; no roads, consequently no transport; all natural produce of an inferior quality, all manufactured articles, even to bread and wine, the same. Fuel is dear, meat is bad, vegetables coarse; everything is detestable, save the fish and game, and these are not to be

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procured, as they are eaten up by the monks. The very fruit is eaten green and unripe, and were it not for certain preserved provisions and wines exported from the West, a Parisian of taste would perish of want in the metropolis of Romania!

Notwithstanding these adverse features, Romania presents many points of promise to the future. Its misfortune is to be placed between two antagonistic powers—Russia and Turkey—and to be treated occasionally as a shuttlecock or football. If incapable of establishing its own nationality, it would be best protected by Austria, especially if that power is driven to strengthen itself in the East in proportion as it loses ground in the West; at all events, it is not in the nature of things that Christian people with high aspirations should remain for ever under the dominion of the Turk. The Dacia of olden times comprised Bulgaria as well as Walachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia—that is to say, the right bank of the Lower Danube as well as the left. A Dacian monarchy, called that of Walach-Bulgaria, was founded in the twelfth century, and lasted until the thirteenth, when internal divisions caused a separation of the duchies of Walachia (1241) and of Moldavia (1293). A fatal alliance was brought about by war with Hungary between Mircea, Duke of Walachia, and the Turks in 1393, and between Bogdan of Moldavia and the same power in 1513. The consequence was the creation of a tribute for protection, its augmentation in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the acquisition by the Turks of the fortresses on the Danube, the tribute being further actually doubled in the present year under an hereditary Hospodarship. This, however, is no more than was done when the vice-royalty of Egypt was reluctantly conceded to be an hereditary power.

The decline of the Principalities dated from the imposition of Fanariot princes—unprincipled Greeks, who had been known to trade as pastry-cooks and vendors of lemonade in the Fanar before they were sent to rule over the Romaniants. It was the insufferable state of things brought about by Turkish and Greek spoliation that led the natives to appeal to the Russians in 1711. The Muscovites, tempted by the fertile plains of the Principalities, crossed the Pruth for the first time, and their occupation of the country dated, a second time, from 1769 to 1774, a third from 1789 to 1791, and a fourth from 1808 to 1812. Bessarabia, which constituted one half of Moldavia, was incorporated with Russia by treaty of May 8, 1812. The acquisition of this important province gave to the Czar a permanent hold upon the mouths of the Danube. Previous, however, to this last act of dismemberment, the ancient kingdoms of Dacia and Mœsia had been long falling to pieces. The Turks had annexed the most extensive territory of all—that of Bulgaria; the Hungarians had got possession of the Banat and of Transylvania; and, in 1777, the Austrians obtained the concession of the Bukovina from the Turks, who had no power to make over a territory which never permanently belonged to them.

The struggle for political supremacy in the Principalities between Russia and Turkey attained its zenith after the acquisition of Bessarabia by the former. An attempt, however, to constitute a Russo-Greek Hospodarship under Ypsilantis, in 1821, failed, from the opposition of the peasantry; and the Turks, disgusted at the treachery of the Fanariots,

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appointed Sturdza, a Romanian, Hospodar of Moldavia, and Gregory Ghica, a Greek, Hospodar of Walachia.

The Russians, determined not to be thus checkmated, invaded the Principalities on the 7th of May, 1828, and occupied them until the month of October, 1834, when the war with Turkey was brought to a conclusion by the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi. In the interval they had introduced eight different codes, which embraced all branches of the administration; the great fault of which codes were, that they were most beneficial to the Boyards, and cast back the peasants into hopeless serfdom. Although Russia had provided that no Hospodars should for the future be named by the Sultan without the consent of Russia, the election of Sturdza and Ghica was confirmed, and it was supposed that the Boyards had played into the hands of Russia, as they had before into those of the Fanariots. But intrigues, insurrections, and revolutions succeeded one another, attesting how little parties were agreed as to the domination of either one power or the other. The Russian occupation in 1853, and that of the Austrians from 1854 to 1857, failed alike to bring about a solution to a state of things which will probably constitute yet for some time an open sore in the most vulnerable extremity of Europe. In the mean time, an emigration of Romanians to Paris, consequent upon the revolution of 1848 and 1849, had, in the language of the French, "revealed the existence of a forgotten and unknown nationality." The Romanian language and poetry came into fashion; it was "discovered" that it was really of Latin descent, and, what is more to the purpose, the treaty of Paris of 30th of March, 1856, recognised the autonomy of the Principalities, and placed them under the disinterested protection of the Western Powers.

The same treaty stipulated that the laws and statutes in force, more especially the organic law introduced by Russia, should be revised, and the people consulted in order to found the basis of a new administration. This was virtually introducing a constitutional state of things. Divans or assemblies, composed each of one hundred members, of whom seventy-five were Boyards and twenty-five peasants, were accordingly convoked at Bucharest and Jassy, and a commission appointed by the protecting powers to guard the popular interests. Of four wishes formulated by the divans, two were accepted: first, the admission of the Romanian autonomy; secondly, the establishment of a constitutional rule. Two were left over for consideration: first, the union of the Principalities; and, secondly, the election of a foreign prince as Hospodar. The two latter have since been brought about by the force of circumstances, but the "autonomy" of the country is as yet theoretical. It is true that the Mohammedans never conquered the country, that its sovereigns never alienated their functions, and that the claim to suzerainty on the part of the Sublime Porte, and to nominate the Hospodar, sprang out of an offensive and defensive alliance, aggravated by the moral and military degeneration of the Romanians; and yet she refused to acknowledge the election of a foreign prince as Hospodar, although his nomination was collectively supported by the protecting powers, except on the condition of the poverty-stricken countries paying in future a double tribute! It is, however, a comforting reflection that time and the progress of events

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will do justice to the absurd pretensions of those who conceive themselves to be the worthy descendants of the Amuraths and Suleimans of old.

All countries are not prepared to enjoy the benefits of constitutional government. It requires a certain training and experience—a stern education in the lessons of self-control and self-sacrifice. It will be seen from what we have said of the demoralised social condition of Romania, and above all from the prominent egotism, selfishness, cupidity, and want of principle, that it was the country least of all adapted for such a refinement of civilisation. The system has as yet been attended by nothing but successive intrigues, hostilities, and political disorganisation. The Boyards monopolised at the outset all parliamentary power, and established a real oligarchy. Intestine struggles were inaugurated from the first day, and have ever since kept growing in intensity. It is utterly impossible in a nation of place-hunters, just like modern Greece, ever to get the opposition to work with the executive—measures are never regarded as such, or taken on their own merits—it suffices to be out of office to be in the opposition, and no further idea of the public weal is entertained than that of getting into office again. It is a question if such is not a very common error of constitutional governments. But in Romania this is carried to a disgraceful extent. For four years no budget has been voted, all public works have been in consequence suspended, credit sacrificed, and business interrupted, all because the opposition wish to hoist the executive out of power.

In 1851 a project was discussed for putting Moldo-Walachia under the sovereignty of Austria—a project objectionable in one sense, owing to the unprogressive character of the Austrian government, but wise in another, as presenting the best shield that could be opposed to Russian and Turkish encroachments. It is questionable if it would not have been better than the Prussian domination, which has turned up with the wheel of time in the person of a Hohenzollern, Prussia being so far removed geographically from the Lower Danube. The union of the two Principalities under an hereditary chief found, however, most favour with the people. But both projects met with opposition from various quarters; the latter from the Porte, who was supported from jealousy by Austria, and from the mistaken political dread of weakening Turkey, by England.

The Romanians proceeded, notwithstanding, with the election of Couza, the descendant of a Greek merchant of Trebisond, but a naturalised Romanian, commandant of the Moldavian militia, and some time prefect of Galatz; and ultimately the protecting power confirmed the will of the people for union in the person of an almost unknown Boyard of the second order, on the 6th of September, 1859. The position of the new prince was anything but satisfactory. He was, it is true, the first chief of the united Principalities, but he had two capitals, two assemblies, and two ministries to rule; in fact, two different states, each with two opposed parties. There is no doubt that Prince Couza did his best to conciliate and amalgamate parties; he was ever travelling, moving about, working to the utmost of his power and strength; but need it be said with what results? Without a new system and an improved morality, an angel would fail in Greece or in Romania. The prince has fallen, and an

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hereditary foreign prince has succeeded to the throne. The task before him is immense, but it is not insuperable. To the last the faults of Prince Couza were that nothing was done to revive the credit of the country, and the loans were too onerous for the people to bear. A factious hostility still suspended all public works, especially railroads. The peasants refused to pay for the concession of lands, which they claimed as their own; tobacco, which the Romanian prefers to bread, was too heavily taxed; and the mistrust of foreigners was upheld by the ever-dominant Greek-like duplicity. These errors, in the position of the country, can be easily rectified by a prince of western European origin.

It will be a far more difficult task to train the Romanian up to a wise and legitimate idea of what a constitutional government is. His ideas upon that subject are not so much those of a student of a De Lolme, as those of the most uneducated demagogues of all countries, who look upon constitutional rule as everything for themselves. It will require to reform manners, to proscribe venality, to extirpate corruption, punish extortioners, limit divorces, reconstitute the family, reorganise all things, courts of justice, army, public instruction, even to the clergy, introduce respect for the laws, and keep down rebellion. The Romanians themselves are fully aware that all these reforms are wanted before their country can be extricated from its false and fallen condition. They look around among themselves, and they admit that their own native princes are exhausted in the struggle. They then look abroad, and they select for the herculean task a foreign prince, but they have little or no faith in his success; they know their own vicious propensities; every one wishes to see his neighbour reformed, none care to reform themselves. Will other nations have more confidence in the success of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern? If the protecting powers will give him encouragement to act with a strong hand, and aid him against the rapacity of Turkey, the influence of Russia, and the insurrectionary tendencies of his own people, there may still be some hope for the regeneration of Romania.

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CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

I.

It is justly remarked by a celebrated metaphysical French writer, that if there is a class of people in the world more pernicious than another to the happiness of their fellow-creatures, it is the class denominated *les gens médiocres*. The decidedly ugly almost always yield unqualified admiration to the beautiful; the positively stupid regard splendid talent as an ignorant Indian may be supposed to worship the sun, the influence of whose rays he feels, though he cannot comprehend or explain them; but persons of middling pretensions, whether physical or mental, are commonly possessed with a mean jealousy towards those whose superiority promises them distinction. Thence we continually see people of second-rate intellect condense all their limited powers of mind in a system of low cunning, by which they try to reduce every one to their own level—a sinister cast of character which often acts most fatally on the happiness of the gifted individual whom fate has placed within its reach. The evil offices proceeding from this envious disposition can only be surmounted by the powerful impulse of natural genius, aided by a certain combination of circumstances, that rouses the oppressed object to shake off by a strong effort the leaden weight by which he, or she, is crushed into the grovelling track of those earthworms of humanity.

There is an iron energy in the masculine mind that renders it less likely to be paralysed by this malignant influence. Man goes abroad in the world, and struggles with his fellow-men on a wide and open field of action; but for the woman of talent the case is very different; she revolves within a narrow sphere, and her greatest foes are often close at hand, ready to shed the mildew on the opening flower, and extinguish the spark of genius ere it kindles to a flame.

It is an almost unerring rule that where the intellectual capacity is greatest there exists likewise the most acute sensibility; those powers of imagination which grace and ornament the bright moments of life also deepen those of despondency and grief, laying the possessor open to the attacks of the covert enemy, who, under the mask of mediocrity, is always much more dangerous than one of higher powers. He, however much he may fear and hate in the spirit of rivalry, nevertheless cannot fail to appreciate what he so well understands. But woman's greatest foe is woman, whose evil feelings are not generally confined to herself, but are exerted on those of the other sex over whom her craft has obtained an influence; therefore, however insignificant the reptile be, let the eagle intellect beware its sting, nor ever forget that *the fatal viper of Amyclea was the smallest of all serpents*. Pertinent to the above observations will be found the following little history of one of those sensitive plants of genius, who by a train of adverse circumstances was thrown into the power, and nearly wrecked on the quicksands and under-currents spread around her by the cunning and malevolence of *les gens médiocres*.

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Christina Drummond, the mother of my heroine, was the youngest of a family of several sons and daughters, and found herself an orphan at an early age, left almost alone, her sisters being already married—rather poorly—and her brothers dispersed in the army and navy, the professions in former days generally selected in Scotland for the ill-provided descendants of ancestors who had originally held a certain position in their native country. In a cheap boarding-school—where Christina's small portion had obliged her friends to place her as an assistant—she seemed destined to consume her days; but she was young, and in early life disadvantages are felt comparatively lightly. It is true that the gentle and sensitive girl bloomed less vividly, and laughed less merrily than formerly, representing an apt type of some rare and delicate plant removed from the rich parterre in which it had been carefully tended, into a cold and meagre earth, where it droops and degenerates, though it still lives on. But thus to die was not *her* fate, for a revivifying sun—in the shape of an old rich man from India—unexpectedly shone out on the frost-nipped flower, and soon transplanted it from its ungenial soil to the sheltered and decorated garden of gay life. It is true that Mr. Douglas—the gentleman in question—was nearly sixty, and Christina only eighteen, but he was polished and intellectual, and besides being a handsome man for his age, was the head of his house, having since his return home succeeded to the hereditary entailed property, and was in consequence the possessor of a large fortune. He met with her at her sister's in Edinburgh, during the Christmas holidays, was struck with her graceful and gentle manners, and charmed by the sweet voice with which she sang her plaintive native melodies. In short, he thought her just suited to be an amiable and attentive wife to an old man, and money being no object with him, he made her an offer of marriage. So far was Christina from even dreaming of a refusal, that she could hardly believe it possible such good fortune should be hers; she had formed no early attachment, and her ideas of her own attractions were but humble. She was, besides, depressed and harassed with anxieties about the future, and shrank from the vulgar quarrels and jealousies so constantly recurring among the set with whom she was doomed to pass so much of her time. Thankfully and joyfully, then, she accepted Mr. Douglas's proposal, and soon found herself installed the mistress of a fine house in Charlotte-square, with a handsome carriage and plenty of servants at her command. Some months of infinite pleasure and contentment followed her marriage; her husband was kind and attentive, her connexions and friends adulating, and she likewise became a person of some consequence in the fashionable world, where before she was unknown, or, if accidentally seen, passed carelessly by, or shoved aside as *a nobody*. Now, therefore, her state was comparatively one of bliss; but there is no rose without a thorn, so poor Christina was soon doomed to be pierced by hers, for her husband quickly began to show symptoms of jealousy. Her improved looks and gayer spirits rendered her an object much more attractive than he had at first considered her, and the kindly gentleness of her nature expanding in consequence of the easy position in which she found herself placed, her society became universally courted.

Mr. Douglas was subject to attacks of gout, which required the greatest care and attention lest it might prove fatal; he therefore was often

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obliged to keep himself warm and quiet at home, which of course rendered him unable to accompany his young and admired wife to the many gay scenes where her presence was earnestly solicited. Instead of forbidding her to go out without him, he adopted the part of being morose and fretful, without assigning any cause for his discomposure, thus allowing to ferment in secret a temper naturally difficult and irritable, becoming every day more intractable by increasing infirmity and the galling consciousness that he was "mated, not matched." The affectionate Christina could not at first imagine what was the matter, and tried by every possible means to soothe and conciliate him; then, as the truth dawned upon her mind, she feigned that her situation—for she was in the way of becoming a mother—rendered visiting disagreeable and fatiguing. It was all the same thing; if she avoided displeasing him in one way, she roused his suspicions in another, and made him attribute to deceitful and interested motives her endeavours to please him. She was scoffed at and turned into ridicule in presence of their mutual acquaintances, and in private desired "not to grin and show her teeth to the fellows!" nor "to sing her love-lorn ditties to her sentimental friends." In short, nothing she could do, or leave undone, succeeded in giving satisfaction to her domestic tyrant, and the suspicion and irritability of the old man grew so intolerable as almost to make her regret the uncomfortable boarding-school which she had renounced to take possession of her apparently brilliant, yet in reality wounding, position.

The pure and warm heart, however, always finds comfort somewhere, and Christina found hers in the near prospect of the birth of her child, so she bore with unshaken equanimity her husband's variations of temper, studying to avoid doing or saying anything that might chance to irritate him, and conscious of being guiltless of intentional offence, busied herself in preparation for her approaching confinement. At last the happy moment arrived, she became the mother of a fine boy, and in the delightful task of nursing him forgot or disregarded all the petty annoyances inflicted by his father. In this respect, however, her situation improved considerably, for Mr. Douglas, proud and happy in having a son to inherit his name and fortune, became milder and more attached to the amiable woman whom fate had given him as a partner. His jealousy was almost forgotten in seeing the manner in which she devoted herself to her infant, or if remembered, it was only shown, by way of a variety, in reference to this new tie, in which, he insinuated, she forgot the stronger one that ought to bind her to him. At such, or similar, speeches Christina only smiled as she played with and caressed her darling, or hushed him to sleep on her bosom, thanking Heaven mentally that her husband had at last found so inoffensive a channel in which to discharge the stream of ill humour that she now so plainly perceived must flow in some direction, little dreaming how this concentration of affection on her child would tell upon the happiness of after life.

Three years passed over, during which time the old man's health visibly declined; and when at last he was summoned suddenly hence, his gentle wife scarce knew whether to be glad that his sufferings and her trials had ceased, or to be sorry at the loss of a husband who had left her in a state of affluence, besides having appointed her one of the guardians to her boy, whose dawning mind and endearing smiles promised to gild

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her perspective of life with light and love. It was thus, at the early age of three-and-twenty, that Christina found herself a widow, in possession of wealth, beauty, and good health; but, with all these essential attributes to happiness, she continued devoted to her first source of joy, and, without hesitating, dedicated herself to her infant treasure. She watched over his early years with unintermitting tenderness, and then, with unceasing care, followed up and aided his first steps in education. When at a more advanced age he was removed by the authority of his other guardians from her immediate control, and was placed at a great public seminary, she fixed herself near, in order to be ever at hand to fill his leisure hours with pleasure, or to tend him when sick; but there is no good without its concomitant evil, and whilst the fond mother thought only of her boy, the boy began to think only of himself.

John Douglas was a very handsome, masculine lad, full of health and energy; his animal spirits were high and his temper good; but, from never having almost had a wish ungratified, he had no sympathy whatever with those who were less fortunate. He laughed at "long faces," as he called them, and rushed off in search of amusement whenever the restraint of school hours was past. He did not at all shine in the way of learning; but what did he care? he was heir to five thousand a year, and was always sure of finding some schoolfellow ready for a bribe to supply —when it was practicable—whatever flagrant deficiencies might occur either in his lessons or exercises. When, as it sometimes occurred, he could not escape punishment for idleness or any wild escapade he might have committed, he underwent it with such good-humoured indifference, that even his masters could scarcely be angry. This, to a person of acute discernment, would only have been indicative of great physical force and defective sensibility of character, but among his schoolfellows and teachers he was considered as a fine, dashing, manly fellow, with an excellent temper; and as for showing tenderness of heart, why he had nothing to try it—he had everything he wanted—a tear had scarcely ever wet his cheek, and he was so strong, as hardly to know—beyond the maladies incidental to childhood—what even the word "headache" meant.

In the midst of his growing selfishness, however, he apparently preserved much love for his mother; in her elegant home every person and everything was subservient to his will and pleasure. He was also proud of her, for, besides that softness of maternal affection which led her to cede her own inclinations to his on all subjects, he felt that she possessed much more grace and beauty than the mothers of most of his companions could boast. She was, therefore, not a person calculated to elicit the unamiable points of his character; and if he were guilty of anything she might have been obliged to blame, her temper was so unsuspicious, that he easily contrived to conceal it from her. At last he went to Oxford, and Christina withdrew herself in this her truly second widowhood to their country-seat in East Lothian, where she lived in the blessed perspective of his periodical visits at the vacations, when he generally joined her, accompanied by some of his college friends. This was the happiest period of her life; her natural taste led her to prefer the quiet of rural scenes, and her liberal jointure supplied her with all the luxuries which render a country residence so pleasant. Her door was ever open to

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friends and relations; her kind and generous heart surrounded her with old and helpless dependents on her bounty, and even with favourites among the brute creation, all of which filled up her time and occupied those thoughts which were unconnected with her son, that star of her life.

He, meanwhile, passed his college life very pleasantly, and if he were quite undistinguished there, he at least committed no glaring faults; he associated with young men of a certain rank, but did not imitate their follies, though he never censured them. He sometimes even lent money when the being repaid was not a hopeless case, although it was remarked that he occasionally protested to have run short of funds when applied to in some desperate emergency. In short, he proved himself "a good kind of steady fellow enough," and all his friends felicitated him when the period approached which was to put him in possession of his fine fortune. Christina likewise joyfully anticipated the happy day, and busied herself at Birkhill with many preparations to celebrate the great event, which would restore her darling son to her for a little time before his being married to some "charming woman"—which she decided *must* be the case; but she soon found that she was destined not to wait quite so long as she expected for a daughter-in-law, for just at the time he was to have set out for Scotland, she received a letter from him apprising her of his approaching marriage with the sister of one of his college friends, the daughter of the Honourable Mr. Cleveland.

II.

The unexpected intelligence of her son's approaching marriage at once surprised and saddened Mrs. Douglas; she felt that there was something unkind, which she neither liked to reflect upon nor endeavoured to explain to herself. She sought consolation, however, in repeating the hackneyed saying of "everything being for the best," and hastened to arrange all the preliminaries for the instalment of her successor at Birkhill. Another letter soon arrived, in which John apprised her that he would remain in England until he was of age, then marry, make a short tour, and bring down his wife to take possession of *her* country-seat—his mother having generously offered to renounce her life-lease of it. This was not to be misunderstood, and Christina was obliged to look out immediately for a new abode, and accordingly established herself in a small house in the neighbourhood, leaving for the use of her son and his wife the handsome furniture of Birkhill House, besides farm-stocking, carriage, horses, &c., which were all hers by her marriage settlement. There was great weakness of mind in this, but it was only an additional link to the chain of long-existing habit; her whole life had been devoted to promoting the welfare of her son; in him centred all the pleasure and hope she had near at heart in the world; and she thus sought to mark more strongly her devotion to his happiness, flattering herself thereby to conciliate her daughter-in-law and make her for ever a friend.

The important day at length arrived, and with a beating heart she saw the carriage drive up to the hall-door, to which she descended to receive the new-married pair. The pretty, pale, fashionable-looking bride entered, leaning on the arm of her husband, to whose shoulder her head

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scarcely reached; Christina stepped forward to welcome them. The lady turned her large blue eyes upon her with a cold and surprised look; then raising them to her husband's face, audibly asked if "that was the housekeeper?" John Douglas blushed scarlet as he introduced his mother, and his manner to the latter was mixed with an expression of confusion and shame in presenting her to his wife.

With a forced smile, the pretty little bride made a constrained appropriate speech, extending, as she did so, a tiny hand, without the slightest approach towards either a pressure or a shake, and then moved on, Christina following them into the drawing-room in a state of mind quite indescribable; nor when fairly there, did anything occur to relieve the depression of her spirits. The young lady threw herself on a sofa in an attitude of languid indifference, and as her husband leaned fondly over her, seemed hardly to hear his questions as to how she liked the scenery and the house and grounds?—at all events, giving him but little encouragement to continue them, saying that she thought the view very bleak as they came along, and that she felt chilled to death with the breeze from the sea. Then glancing coldly round the room, she observed, that "perhaps the house would be well enough when it was properly furnished," but by no other words or looks than those exchanged in the hall did she honour her mother-in-law; at last she rose to retire to her dressing-room, still hanging on her husband's arm, and Christina was left alone. A sterner spirit would have felt indignation, disgust, or profound contempt for the puppet whom the foolish young man had brought into his father's house to supersede her; but hers was a spirit all gentleness and love. A few bitter tears fell, it is true, and for an instant there was a slight swelling of offended dignity, but that mood quickly passed off, and a feeling of painfulsurprise succeeded, accompanied with the cruel conviction that her darling son had not mated himself with one likely to make him either a more amiable or a more happy man. The gong at last sounded, and the footman came to announce that dinner was on the table; but no Mrs. John Douglas made her appearance, and, after waiting for some time, Christina opened the drawing-room door with the intention of going to her son's dressing-room, in order to ascertain if anything was the matter, when, to her surprise, she beheld him in the act of descending the lower flight of stairs with his wife, elegantly dressed, in his arms! When she reached the dining-room she found her already placed at the head of the table, with her husband beside her; she was speaking to him in a babyish manner when her mother-in-law entered, and, without vouchsafing her any notice whatever, continued in an affectedly playful way, "Now, Johnny, since you have been so kind as to carry your tired little wife down-stairs, you must likewise take care of her at table, assist her to help dishes, and give her something nice to eat."

"I am bound in duty to do what my Bessy orders," answered he, most meekly. And forthwith he began to try and find something dainty enough for her delicate palate; but this proved to be a very difficult affair indeed. She pronounced the soup ill made, the vegetables not well boiled; one dish was overdone, another too much underdone; some had either too much seasoning, and others not enough; in short, nothing pleased the finical fair one but her husband, and with him she appeared abundantly

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contented, giving him the softest looks and sweetest smiles imaginable, mixed with pretty little bon-mots, to catch the inspiration for which she always appeared to be upon a most unnatural stretch. The transit up-stairs was performed in the same interesting manner in which she had descended, much to the edification of those of the servants who witnessed it, Christina's old footman indignantly exclaiming, when he returned to the servants' hall, "Hoot, sirs, that's a queer bit wifie the master's gotten! When the leddy gaed doun to meet her at the ha' door, in she cam 'like wha but me,' flingin' her head in the air, an' swoopin' into the drawing-room as if we war a' draff an' sand below her feet; an' whan she cam doun to denner naithing wad ser' her but maister John maun carry her in his oxter like a bit dall. I am thinking that she's a wee bit daft, puir thing! The Lord save us! but it's unchancy to hae gotten sic a sprigmadenty wee body for a gude dochter to the leddy!"

Mrs. John Douglas appeared no more that evening, and Christina only saw her son for a few minutes at tea, when his manner was constrained and cold, with an assumption of dignity which she could not understand. Upon rising to quit the room, in order to return to his wife, he gravely gave his hand to his mother, and in doing so observed that, "as Bessy was very delicate, it would be unnecessary to trench more upon her time and attention at present, but that she would always be happy to see her when well enough to receive visits;" and in the same condescending manner inquired whether he would order the carriage to-night or to-morrow morning to convey her to Westmain's Cottage, her new abode. Christina had intended to go home on the following day, but she felt this a hint for immediate withdrawal; so arming herself with passive courage she requested it to be got ready immediately, and going up-stairs assisted her maid in putting all her things into the boxes, and in half an hour descended to the drawing-room to bid her son good-bye. He was not there, however, so she contented herself with ringing the bell, and leaving compliments for Mrs. John Douglas with the footman, and then went down to the hall to see if the carriage was packed and ready for her departure. She was just preparing to step into it, when her son unexpectedly made his appearance from above, and presenting his hand to assist her, in a formal and dignified manner, made a speech for his wife, expressive of her regret that she was so overpowered with fatigue as to be unable to come down-stairs to bid her farewell. The carriage drove off, and thus Christina left a home in which, as mistress, she had so long exercised the rights of hospitality; where she had passed so many tranquil and happy hours in receiving the desolate and succouring the unfortunate, and which, she felt, she never would again enter but as an unwelcome visitor.

On arriving at Westmain's Cottage she found all cold and unprepared for her reception, her housekeeper not having expected her till the following day. Love makes all things easy, however, and the worthy woman and old James the footman contrived in a few minutes to kindle fires and cheer their chilled-looking and much-beloved lady by every means in their humble power. Christina was chilled, indeed—chilled in heart; and when she at last laid her head on her pillow it was but to steep it in tears. The morning, as usual, engendered lighter thoughts and more lively hopes, and she endeavoured to persuade herself that the

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coldness with which she had been met by her son and daughter-in-law had arisen from some accidental cause, with which she was unacquainted. Two days, however, passed without any further notice; but the third brought a formal call from the new-married pair, and thus their intercourse continued for several weeks, interspersed with one or two elaborate and uncomfortable dinner-parties. A deep sadness sank down upon Christina's spirits; life became flat and joyless, for her son was completely changed; no confidential intercourse took place, and his conversation, when with his mother, was completely filled up with anxieties about his wife's delicate health, and an extreme and ill-disguised vanity as to the new and noble set of connexions into which his marriage had brought him. The lady herself always appeared just the same as she had done at first, full of refinements, fidgets, delicacy, and heartlessness, startling her gentle and natural mother-in-law with occasional flashes of wit and sarcasm, always far-fetched, it is true, but occasionally very bitter, particularly when touching her new country and its inhabitants. She neither expressed nor evinced gratitude nor friendship towards Christina, but took all her endeavours to please her, and sacrifices made to promote her comfort, as an indisputable right. Her husband was her slave, but it was a slavery that pleased him; he attended on her in all her variations of health and temper, and sacrificed everything to humour her slightest prejudice and whim. She was his senior by several years, and by superior knowledge of the world, and excessive cunning, obtained a power over him in which a woman of an age suitable to his own would probably have failed. She first began by weaning him entirely from old associations; she taught him to have no pride or pleasure in anything disconnected with herself and her relations; his natural prudence in matters of interest was fostered and fortified by her continual observations as to the necessity of increasing fortune by every possible means, in order to ensure consideration in the world, and to give him weight with the distinguished and titled set among whom his marriage with her had given him a place. Above and beyond all, she pointed out—in a sweet and caressing way—how indispensable it was to keep his own family connexions at a distance, with the exception of an old and wealthy aunt, who viewed things in pretty much the same light as they did themselves, and had, accordingly, a great partiality for her rich nephew and his well-born wife. She was a sister of old Mr. Douglas's, the last of her family, and from living very penuriously in the country had amassed some thirty or forty thousand pounds, of which she was the mistress to dispose as she liked at her death. She was flattered by her nephew and his fastidious wife coming to pay her a visit—an honour done to no one else of the set—and by their being at the expense and discomfort of living at an inn during the time they took to cultivate her acquaintance. She was particularly charmed by Mrs. John Douglas overcoming her natural delicacy of health so far as to walk with her all over her grounds, and entering *con amore* into all her farming speculations, at the same time speaking prettily with her as to her ideas of rigid economy, and agreeing so cordially in her opinion of the absolute necessity of taking good care of money when one was happy enough to be possessed of it. The visits of the other members of the family only served to strengthen her predilection for her new connexion, for outrageous at the cool impertinence of

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the "fine Mrs. John," as they called her, they never ceased to inveigh against her enormities of rudeness to the old lady, in hopes of leading her to be of their own way of thinking; but it had a quite different effect. Mrs. Macnaughton—for so she was called—was a bad-tempered woman, and generally acted by the rule of contradiction; she was quite aware that those worthy folk had an eye to her succession, and she laughed at them in her sleeve. Christina alone had always been properly attentive to her, without any interested motive whatever, but, like many violent and capricious people, she despised her sister-in-law for that gentleness which was in such strong contrast to her own character; she only saw great weakness in her softness and generosity of disposition, and so far she was quite right, although unfitted to appreciate the higher qualities with which that loving nature was endowed. She enjoyed the mortification she so distinctly read in the saddened countenance of the disappointed mother, and had no scruple in taunting her with the requital she experienced for her devotion to her son, vaunting at the same time the superior attention and deference the admirable couple paid her, to whom they were under no obligation whatever. If Mrs. Macnaughton had ever been a mother, this, perhaps, would not have been the case, for, with all her faults, she was by no means one of *les gens médiocres;* but Heaven having denied her the pains and pleasures of maternity, she taught herself to consider as folly the anxieties raised in the minds of others by those amiable and natural feelings. She had much more wisely—as she thought—centred all her enjoyments in the possession of that wealth which gave her consequence, and it was simply the *possession* in which her enjoyment consisted, for she laid little of it out either upon herself or any one else. So things went on for more than a year, during a great part of which time the exclusive Mrs. John Douglas became entirely invisible from the interesting situation she was in, when she seemed to fear that the glance of any plebeian eye might have bad effects on her refined organisation, and cause her to bring into the world an infant unblest by the superior mental and physical endowments which adorned its distinguished maternal ancestry. When the great event of a son's birth took place, it caused more alienation than ever with the father's connexions; the lady's sisters came to attend her before and after she performed this great feat; brothers and cousins filled the house, or carried off the happy husband to pay visits at lordly mansions; and so completely dazzled did John Douglas become with the aristocratic society in which he now moved, that he actually felt ashamed of his own comparatively humble pedigree. His more coarse and vulgar relatives laughed at this assumption of consequence, although secretly envying his distinction of position, and prophesied that his pride would have a fall one day when he was not expecting it. Christina grew sick at heart; the cavilling of her own relations, the haughtiness and rudeness of her new connexions, and the complete estrangement of her son, preyed upon her spirits and undermined her health. For a few years she struggled on, making excursions from time to time, or paying visits to different people of her own set; but no change of home scene relieved the weight on her heart, and from sympathy and condolence she shrank, as from the emanations of ill-concealed triumph, like a slight sheath put on a sharp sword, and thrust into the hand with the intention that the edge should cut through and wound.

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In this state of concealed and cruel suffering, Christina happened to meet with an old schoolfellow, the friend of her infancy. Miss Scott had just returned from the Continent, where for some years she had been resident. Her means were very circumscribed, and she found that in Paris there was some resource for the poor; in that gay town she was not looked down upon by rich acquaintance and relations; there she could enjoy a little relief from the cares which are entailed by indigent circumstances. She could even give lessons in an accomplishment which had been the amusement of prosperous days, to eke out her humble means, and yet not lose caste, or be considered inadmissible by the set in which as a gentlewoman she was entitled to take her place. In telling her early companion her reasons for preferring to reside abroad, she all at once observed:

"But, dear Christina, why don't you make a start over to Paris, to cheer you up? I am sure it would do you good; and with an old friend like me to arrange everything for you, you could be at no loss. Make up your mind and accompany me there in a fortnight, and leave all those silly selfish people to their own heartless ways."

It was the first time Miss Scott had ever touched upon the jarring string of poor Christina's heart, and she started on finding that her kind and cheerful friend had known so well to read what was passing there. She shrank, however, from the idea of leaving her native country for even a short space of time, until she was decided to do so by finding that her son, his wife and children—for they had now also two daughters—had gone suddenly off to the Continent, Mrs. John Douglas declaring that her health required change of scene and the warm climate of the South to restore it. Their town and country residences were advertised to be let furnished on long leases, and Christina, thus feeling quite divorced from the shadowy ties which had hitherto bound her to Scotland, agreed to accompany Miss Scott to Paris, on condition that her friend would make her house a home as long as she continued to reside abroad.

III.

Established in handsome apartments in Paris, Christina soon began to feel as if in a new world; the cloud which had hung over her mind became gradually dissipated by the brightness and hilarity that reigned around her. Her judicious friend, Miss Scott, smoothed all difficulties, prevented all impositions, and her liberal jointure of fifteen hundred a year more than supplied the luxuries of life, and gave her the consequence which everywhere attends the possession of wealth.

Although past forty, Christina was still a very pretty woman, and when dressed in the new and elegant fashions of Paris, her quiet deportment and extreme gentleness of manner gave her almost the appearance of youth. The improvement in her looks even surprised herself, and she felt a glow of irrepressible pleasure when she gazed in the mirror and saw the change from the pale, depressed, worn-out, old-fashioned image it presented on her arrival, to the still lovely and refined-looking figure now reflected in it. There are feelings of which no one can ever be entirely devoid, so it is not surprising that poor Christina should feel soothed and

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gratified by the conviction that the mother of John Douglas stood quite on a level in external advantages with his conceited fine-lady wife and her haughty connexions, who had so studiously sought to make her feel herself their inferior in everything. She had always had a great talent for music, and in her earlier and happier days used to sing with infinite pathos and expression; this taste was now a source of extreme enjoyment, and she became not only an assiduous attendant on all public amusements of the kind, but had private concerts at her own house, although never exhibiting personally. Miss Scott's distinction as an excellent *pianiste* had brought her into acquaintance with all the musical world of Paris, and thus enabled her to assemble *artistes* of first-rate talent, as well as private performers of superior merit. Christina's unaffected manners, and long habit of presiding over a large establishment, combined to make her receive with peculiar grace, and rendered her an immense favourite with her foreign guests; in this manner she became the centre of a delightful circle of gratified friends and admiring acquaintances.

Among many professional musicians who embellished her *soirées musicales* with their superior talents was Ascanio San Isedora, a young Italian of a noble but impoverished Sicilian family. He had come to Paris in hope that his splendid voice would enable him to make his way in the world as a public performer, and ensure him independence in after life; but he was unknown and friendless, and found the path of musical distinction crowded with eager and able competitors, supported by high and powerful patronage. For present support he took to teaching, and in that way became acquainted with Miss Scott, who presented him to Christina. Her kind heart melted with pity when she understood the difficult position in which he was placed, and her attention was further fixed by his youth, his extreme beauty, and those attractive and insinuating manners with which Italians, beyond other men, are so eminently gifted. But with all those remarkable natural endowments Ascanio possessed a crafty and subtle spirit, and from the moment he perceived the extreme and absorbing interest with which he had inspired the amiable and wealthy widow—reputed much richer than she really was—he determined to strain every faculty to possess himself of independence by a more speedy and surer route than by waiting for and watching the precarious smiles of fortune. He therefore became an unfailing attendant at her musical parties; his fine bass voice was tuned to tones expressive of love, despondency, and despair; his intensely dark eyes followed Christina as the leading-star of feeling, hope, and life; and so completely did he possess himself of the key of her character as soon to raise in that gentle and pure mind a host of thoughts and sensations until then unfelt and unknown. How often our greatest misfortunes arise from the very best feelings of our nature! Whilst indulging in pity for the poor and friendless youth—young enough to be her son—she admitted an interest absorbing and profound, which the cunning adventurer knew but too well to turn to his own account. Having no real sentiment of love in his heart, he was better enabled to counterfeit it; he sighed, sang, looked pale and flushed by turns, and with *real* and intense jealousy he watched every man who addressed the apparent object of his worship. Sometimes he spoke impassionedly and unguardedly, as if hurried away by an irrepressible burst of feeling; at other times he sat sunk in a gloomy

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silence, expressive of hopeless despondency, or absented himself from the house, until Christina became sick with anxiety and fear. She was an object of calculation to many more than to him, and to some men of a suitable age she was one of real interest and preference; but so completely did the crafty Ascanio contrive to absorb her, that every other aspirant to her favour seemed either insipid or presumptuous. She had never loved before, her young heart had met with no sympathy in her old and irritable husband, and her feelings of purity and duty had always been too strong to permit a shadow of preference for any other man, even had the manners of her country allowed advances towards a woman so surrounded by the halo of truth and innocence. When she became a widow her affections continued fixed where her loveless destiny had originally made her place them—on her son—and now that he had thrown her far and for ever from him, no wonder that she admitted compensation in the apparently hopeless devotion of the attractive and gifted being with whom fate had brought her in contact. It is said that "a woman who hesitates is lost," and so it proved with Christina, although in a different sense than that to which the saying is applied.

Ascanio succeeded in his daring enterprise, and after a few months' exquisite acting and manœuvring, he carried his point, and became the husband of the yet lovely and wealthy widow. Time flew on, and Christina continued sunk in a dream of love, the more deep that it was delusive. What cared she that respectable friends and acquaintances withdrew from her society? had she not all she could wish in the devotion of her youthful husband? She listened to the exquisite tones of his deep voice with entranced attention, she gazed with profound admiration on his matchless beauty, and the natural loving weakness of her nature led her to confide in the most unlimited manner herself and her affairs to his guidance and management. From this unnatural state of self-deception, however, she was at last cruelly awakened. During the years of her widowhood she had saved from her liberal jointure about ten thousand pounds, which he had never mentioned to her son, intending in after life to lay it out in judicious presents to his younger children.

Ascanio persuaded her to raise this sum from the funds where she had placed it, and permit him to invest it in a more profitable manner. Having possessed himself of the money, and of everything valuable she had, he decamped one morning without leaving a word of intelligence as to where he was gone, or the slightest clue as to his future intentions. Who can conceive the horror and amazement of this weak and confiding woman when she found herself forsaken by the man she had so entirely trusted, and at a moment, too, when even heartless husbands often exhibit some sympathy with the most uninteresting of wives—for she was again about to become a mother? Horror-struck and frozen, she looked the image of despair, and for a long time could scarcely realise her situation to herself; she felt that she had received her death-blow, that her heart was broken, and that although her end might not be immediate, yet that it was not far off. Nothing remained in the world to live for, except the helpless little creature to whom she was about to give birth; but with that idea came a keen pang of agony. With whom could she leave this lonely scion of her ill-starred marriage?—who would

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charge themselves with this evidence of her disreputable infatuation? The money that would have rendered the unhappy child independent was gone with its worthless father—whose flight she now perceived had been precipitated by her avowed intention of its application—and the perspective of her infant's life was all poverty and darkness. Suddenly a light glanced across her mind: in the hope of surviving its birth for some time, she would insure her life, and by the sacrifice of two-thirds of her income secure its future independence. This idea revived her energies; there was something yet to bind her to existence—at least, till her child grew up—a powerful motive to induce her to save her health and strength to the utmost; then when the little one no longer required her maternal care to watch over the perils of infancy, let her prepare herself to die; for of what use could the countenance of a poor, weak, erring creature like her be in after life to this poor child? How had her care thriven with her son to whom she had dedicated her youth and heart? Since her second marriage he had completely cast her off, swearing that he would never see her again, or hold any further communication with her; but when she was dying, she trusted he might hear her prayer, and grant protection to the helpless one she was leaving. Sometimes there arose in her dreary mind a mournful hope that the Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, might see it good to take them both hence when the eventful moment came; then John would have her jointure, the world would go on as usual, she would soon be forgotten, and occasion no more feelings of any kind either of grief or anger. This, however, was not to be; Christina not only lived to give birth to a daughter, but to make, in apparently restored health, her proposed sacrifice in order to ensure the future independence of her child. Miss Scott, now rich by an inheritance, attended her throughout her confinement with devoted interest and kindness, trying all she could to soothe and sustain her; but Christina had a feeling of insurmountable repugnance to receiving the attentions of this constant friend, who had argued strongly—perhaps too warmly—with her against her marriage with Ascanio, and she wished to leave Paris, the scene of her short-lived happiness and everlasting disgrace. Yet for two years longer she lingered on in France, in the vague and scarcely-allowed hope that the father would return and receive his child, to shelter and protect her when her mother was no more; but as no Ascanio ever returned, the drooping Christina felt that it was a sacred duty to try and interest some one for the innocent, helpless creature whom she felt sure she must soon leave behind her in a world of wickedness and sorrow. Hers was a truly maternal nature, and rousing all the energy left in her clouded intellect and broken heart, she determined to return to Scotland and throw herself upon the mercy of her eldest sister, Mrs. Macintosh—the only one of her relatives now remaining there—and to whom she had always been the most attached. Mrs. Macintosh was the mother of grown-up daughters, and Christina had ever proved herself the kindest of aunts before her unfortunate second marriage had given this respectable, but common-place, family just cause for displeasure, and consequently interrupted all kindly communication. They were coarse people, it is true, but coarse people had sometimes more heart than refined ones, as she had found in her son and

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daughter-in-law's case, so she decided to throw herself on their mercy, as her strongest and almost only hope. She therefore sat down to write, and, after many efforts, succeeded in composing the following letter, which she despatched accordingly, when she convinced herself that she had said all that she felt it was proper and right to say:

"Do not, my dearest Barbara, throw my letter aside upon seeing the signature, but read, with some feeling of early years, the few words addressed to you by a sister who will not be long in the world to offend or trouble any one. I am dying, dear Barbara; I know I am—not by any declared distemper, but by some slow consuming cause by which I feel myself gradually but certainly sinking. Had I no one to think of but myself, this conviction would be anything but unwelcome; but I shrink with horror from the thought when I gaze on my poor child—for I am again a mother, Barbara, the mother of a daughter. The father forsook me just before her birth, taking with him everything of value I possessed, and the money which I intended to have been a portion for this helpless infant; but it was only a just retribution for my weakness and folly. I felt it then, I feel it now; you cannot say so more strongly, and condemn me more decidedly, than I do myself. My life all throughout has been one of great and unpardonable weakness, though, except in this last unexampled act of infatuation, I always sought and prayed to do what was right; but I do not seek to excuse myself by saying that the error has been in my head, not my heart; *that* alone remains to be my excuse before the great tribunal where we must all at last appear. Hear me, then, my dear sister; by a great sacrifice of present advantages I have secured an independence for my poor little girl, and I should like to leave her in hands that, for her mother's sake, will watch over her infant years. I am therefore anxious to return to Scotland once more, in order to end my days beside you; to settle in some country place where I shall be near you, and arrange what is best to be done for the little delicate being I must leave so soon. I cannot hope for anything from my son now so far away, and so completely estranged from me and mine, and whose last communication was of a nature to prevent all application to him for protection for his sister, except, perhaps, at a moment when no unkind answer can agitate me more. Write to me soon, then, dearest Barbara, for no time is to be lost in settling, as far as I can, what remains for me to do in the world I feel vanishing before me; and whether your answer comes in kindness or displeasure, believe me ever your affectionate sister,

"Christina San Isedora."

An answer came in due course, honest, kind, and comforting; in which no reproach was made about the past, but inviting Christina to come and join the family at their little country residence on the banks of the Tay, near Dunkeld, where they had just gone to spend the summer, and where Mr. Macintosh, who was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, joined the circle from time to time when his profession allowed him sufficient leisure. With the least possible delay Christina prepared to leave France, and, with her darling in her arms, bade adieu to that city where she had lived through such varieties of happiness and

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misery. Her faithful friend, Miss Scott, attended upon her to the last, and with eyes swimming in tears, marked in her own mind the difference in the pale, melancholy, attenuated, but elegant form before her, from the lovely, attractive, and confiding woman she had felt so proud of presenting to the gay and sparkling circle which had so eagerly welcomed her. Deeply did this faithful friend regret in her secret thoughts the well-meant counsel she had so heedlessly given her early companion, to induce her to cast her cares upon the world, and seek in a foreign land an alleviation for the disappointments of domestic life. That Christina should have married again, she thought, would have not only been right, but, in her situation, very desirable; yet the infatuation that had induced her to throw herself so foolishly away upon a young penniless adventurer, Miss Scott's masculine good sense could never fully comprehend, so difficult it is to understand the secret springs which actuate the mind and feelings of another. Thus, whilst she loved her old friend deeply, and admired her greatly, yet at the bottom of her heart she felt a pity bordering on contempt for that feebleness of spirit that had led her first to act so imprudently, and then to sink so entirely under the consequences of her infatuation. While she kissed the tiny little infant she took from its mother's arms when bidding her farewell, a feeling of deep depression came over her—a foreboding fear that, in the cold clime of the north, and in the prejudices of her coarse though respectable relatives, she might not meet with the tender care and delicate attention necessary to rear to a happy future a plant which, from its singular precocity and premature sensibility, appeared to give the promise of those acute feelings and brilliant talents often so perilous to the possessor, even in the walk of life the most sheltered from the dangers and storms of the world.

The carriage at last drove off, and the broken-hearted and humiliated woman rolled along the gay and busy streets of Paris, utterly unconscious of everything but the caresses of the little creature on her knee—now rather more than two years old—and who, with her large eyes fixed on her mother's face, kept kissing away the streaming tears that rolled over the pallid and sunken cheek, as if with the instinctive perception that with herself alone lay the balm for the sorrow which caused them to flow.

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ZIG-ZAG PAPERS.

By Francis Jacox.

"Not at Home."

A VEXED QUESTION.

To report yourself, by the lips of a servant, Not at Home, whenever, being at home, you don't care to be seen, is conventionally accepted as the commonest, if not the whitest, of white lies. What the degree of whiteness may be, or indeed whether so innocent and symbolical a colour can properly be predicated at all of so ugly a monosyllable as the word lie, is a vexed question. No question, perhaps, is more vexed in the every-day casuistry of everybody's conventionalism. To deal with it casuistically, with a view to its definite solution, is far from our present intention. In treating of it at all, we do so, not on ethical grounds, or with a clear moral purpose, but merely as affording scope for a perhaps suggestive, and at any rate recreative, series of literary illustrations. At the same time, the ethical element will, necessarily, be involved throughout—if it do not, indeed, constitute the one sole underlying point of interest.

Had a man like Martin Luther been asked whether it was allowable for a householder to "deny himself" to unwelcome visitors, what may we presume would have been his reply? Thousands of good people will probably, with one accord, and without a moment's deliberation, cry shame on you for making a query of it at all: Luther, they will tell you, would have scouted with vehemence of indignation, the bare notion of any such barefaced lying. But we are far from sure of that. True, we may not have Luther's opinion on that particular species of home-made white lying. But we know that Dr. Henning once proposed this question to him: "If I had amassed money and wished to keep it, and a man came and asked me to lend him some, might I with a good conscience say to him: 'I have no money'?" "Yes," replied Luther, "you may do so with a perfectly good conscience; for all it means is—I have no money I wish to part with."* *All it means is*—a most convenient and comprehensive formula, plastic and elastic exceedingly, the application of which to the denials that morning-callers are so familiar withal is too obvious to need any process of proof.

In treating as a popular fallacy the maxim that the poor copy the vices of the rich—"the force of example is so great"—Charles Lamb mentions, as something quite exceptional, his knowledge of a lady who was "so scrupulous on this head, that she would put up with the calls of the most impertinent visitor, rather than let her servant say she was not at home, for fear of teaching her maid to tell an untruth; and this in the very face of the fact, which she knew well enough, that the wench was one of the greatest liars upon the earth without teaching; so much so, that her mistress never heard two consecutive words of truth from her in her life.

* Tischreden, 64.

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"But nature must go for nothing: example must be everything. This liar in grain, who never opened her mouth without a lie, must be guarded against a remote inference, which she (pretty casuist!) might possibly draw from a form of words—*literally false, but essentially deceiving no one*—that under some circumstances a fib might not be so exceedingly sinful—a fiction, too, not at all in her own way, or one that she could be suspected of adopting, for few servant-maids care to be denied to visitors."*

No such pleasant sophistry would have imposed on so much sterner a moralist, and less attractive an essayist, as Samuel Johnson. When Boswell first had the privilege of inspecting the Doctor's rooms in Inner Temple-lane, his chief interest naturally was in the two garrets over his chambers, which contained his library—a dusty and confused heap of books. The place, to Boswell at least, seemed very favourable to retirement and meditation; and Johnson told him that he went up thither without mentioning it to his servant, when he wanted to study secure from interruption, for he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was. "A servant's strict regard for truth," said he, "must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial, but few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for *me*, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for *himself*?"†

Austere moralist as Molière's Alceste may be, even *he* can exclaim against Célimène's too facile accessibility,

> Quoi! vous ne pouvez pas, un seul moment de tous,
> Vous résoudre à souffrir de n'être pas chez vous?‡

"Am I a liar?" asks David Hume, "because I order my servant to say I am not at home when I do not desire to see company?"§ David only put the question as an absurdity, to point his argument on a more serious subject, and coupling with it the query, Did ever one make it a point of honour to speak truth to children or madmen? He is standing up for what he calls an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which, says he, it is impossible to pass through the world.

"The Duke of .... called," we read in Byron's Journal. "I have told them forty times that, except to half a dozen old and specified acquaintances, I am invisible. His Grace is a good, noble, ducal person; but I am content to think so at a distance, and so—I was not at home." The same day's diary comprises this noticeable entry: "Sharpe called, but was not let in—which I regret."‖

The reader of Swift's Journal must needs have noted the extraordinary frequency of denials therein referred to. One time Swift waits on Harley, and, being denied by the porter, "I suspected every word he said," writes Jonathan, "though the fellow told me no lie." Of this porter it was that Jack Howe told Harley, "that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner." Swift denied himself wholesale

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* Last Essays of Elia, Popular Fallacies, No. v.
† Boswell's Life of Johnson.
‡ Le Misanthrope, ii. 3.
§ Hume to Colonel Edmondstone, 1764.
‖ Moore's Life of Byron, ch. xix.

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and on system. "Dr. Raymond called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him, without consequence, 'How Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it?' So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him, otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me." Anon, weeks later: "He [Raymond] is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week: Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune." Months later, Harley's mildly mendacious janitor is thus alluded to: "His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you he is an old Scotch fanatic, and the damn'dest liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him: I have trained him up pretty well." Again: "Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me. . . . He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him." And what can beat the following?—"He [Lord Shelburne] desires that he may *not be denied* when he comes to see me, *which I promised, but will not perform.*"

Patrick being packed off, Swift gets a new man, who hardly answers the purpose. "Some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as Patrick in denying me." Three weeks later: "My present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly." *Six* weeks later: "My present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me." But *courage!* Some three months after that we read: "My man begins to lie pretty well. My man knows all I will see, and denies me to everybody else."* This is the Swift in whose Houyhnhnm-land never the meanest servant tells a fib.

Richardson makes it a distinctive characteristic of his *chevalier sans reproche* that he would have no fibbing done for *him* by those of his household. His Sir Charles Grandison is depicted as the one man in the world who is remarkable for his truth, while yet unquestionably polite. Sir Charles censures not others for complying with fashions established by custom; but he gives not in to them. "He never perverts the meaning of words. He never, for instance, suffers his servants to deny him, when he is at home. If he is busy, he just finds time to say he is, to unexpected visitors; and if they will stay, he turns them over to his sisters, to Dr. Bartlett, to Emily, till he can attend them."†

Richardson's great contemporary, rival, and literary torment, Henry Fielding, abounds in allusions to domestic *denials*. When Parson Adams, taking too literally at his word the most insincere of country squires, sends to him to borrow three half-crowns for travelling expenses, his messenger returns with the information (as early as breakfast-time) that the gentleman is not at home. Very well, is the simple parson's reply: but why, child, did you not stay till his return? Go back again, my good boy, and wait for his coming home: he cannot be gone far . . . and besides, he had no intention to go abroad; for he invited us to spend this day and to-morrow at his house. Therefore go back, child, and tarry till his return home.—The boy departs accordingly, but is back again with great expedition; bringing an account that the gentleman

* Swift's Journal to Stella, 1711-12, *passim.*

† History of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. iv. let. xxvi.

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is gone a long journey, and will not be home again this month. Parson Adams is greatly confounded at this message, and says it must be a sudden accident, as the sickness or death of a relation, or some such unforeseen misfortune. But Joseph Andrews, his fellow-traveller, has had the benefit of some London experience in the servants' hall, and has heard "the gentlemen of our cloth in London tell many such stories of their masters." So that, says he, "when the boy brought the message back of his master not being at home, I presently knew what would follow; for whenever a man of fashion does not care to fulfil his promises, the custom is, to order his servants that he will never be at home to the person so promised. In London they call it *denying* him. I have myself denied Sir Thomas Booby above an hundred times; and when the man hath danced attendance for about a month, or sometimes longer, he is acquainted in the end, that the gentleman is gone out of town, and could do nothing in the business." "Good Lord," cries Adams, "what wickedness is there in the Christian world! I profess almost equal to what I have read of the heathens."* Even heathen Fulvia, by the way, in Ben Jonson's Roman tragedy, does not go the length of *denying* her presence in the house, when she declines to be seen:

> Sirrah, if Quintus Curius come,
> I am not in fit mood; I keep my chamber:
> Give warning so without.†

She keeps her chamber; but, loose-living heathen though she be, is above instructing her man to utter a glib mendacious Not at home.

Again, in another of Fielding's novels, we have Amelia hurrying with the utmost impatience to Mrs. James's house, on receiving a message from that lady, announcing her arrival in town—and exulting with the thoughts of presently seeing her beloved friend: but how disappointed and perplexed when "she was answered at the door that the lady was not at home"—having "no suspicion that Mrs. James was really at home, and, as the phrase is, was denied."‡ Amelia's husband, about the same time, meets with a like experience at the door of his good friend the colonel. Not hearing from the latter for some days, Booth is uneasy; and his uneasiness is further increased "on finding that his friend refused to see him: for he had paid the colonel a visit at nine in the morning, and was told he was not stirring; and at his return back an hour afterwards, the servant said his master was gone out: of which Booth was certain of the falsehood; for he had, during that whole hour, walked backwards and forwards within sight of the colonel's door, and must have seen him if he had gone out within that time."§ Subsequent essays to effect an interview are equally vain: the colonel is as inaccessible as the best defended fortress, and it is as impossible for Booth to pass beyond his entry, as the Spaniards found it to take Gibraltar. He receives again the usual answers; first, that the colonel is not stirring, and an hour after that he is gone out. And the porter's brusque demeanour occasions the reflection that the porter at a great man's door is a kind of thermometer, by which you may discover the warmth or coldness of his master's friendship.‖

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* Adventures of Joseph Andrews, book ii. ch. xvii.
† Catiline, Act II. Sc. 1.
‡ Amelia, vol. ii. ch. vi.
§ Ibid., ch. viii.
‖ Ibid., book v. ch. i.

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When Duke Orsino is boring Olivia with his fruitless suit, "Go you, Malvolio," the lady bids the steward; "if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it."* Caritidès complains to Eraste, in Molière's comédie-ballet,

> Mais de vous rencontrer il n'est pas bien facile,
> Car vous dormez toujours, ou vous êtes en ville:
> Au moins, messieurs vos gens me l'assurent ainsi.†

Galopin incurs his mistress's displeasure by telling Climène she was at home—"Diantre soit le petit vilain! Je vous apprendrai bien à faire vos reponses de vous-même." Whereupon the petit vilain proposes to mend matters by "Je vais lui dire, madame, que vous voulez être sortie."‡ In a subsequent scene he denies her to a welcome guest. When Don Juan's dunning creditor, Monsieur Dimanche, is announced by a valet, the latter is reproved by Sganarelle for not denying the Don to the dun. Why didn't you say the Don was not at home? The valet replies that he had tried that game nearly an hour ago—"Il y a trois quarts d'heure que je le lui dis; mais il ne veut pas le croire, et s'est assis là-dedans pour attendre."§ Dimanche will take no denial. So there in the ante-chamber he sits, and will sit—*sedet, æternumque sedebit infelix* Dimanche, until at least the Don will vouchsafe the dun a hearing and a settlement.

Peter Pindar has a story of William Penn and a bailiff in disguise, "dressed like a gentleman from top to toe," who "boldly knocked at William's door, expecting quick admittance to be sure—but no!"

> Will's servant, Nathan, with a straight-hair'd head,
> Unto the window gravely stalk'd, not ran—
> "Master at home?" the bailiff sweetly said.
> "Thou canst not speak to him," replied the man.
>
> "What," quoth the bailiff, "won't he see me then?"
> "Nay," snuffled Nathan, "let it not thus strike thee;
> Know, verily, that William Penn
> *Hath* seen thee, but he doth not like thee."‖

When Bantam, in Douglas Jerrold's best (at least, most successful) comedy, rings the bell to see young Norman about some fighting-cocks, and is told by the servant that Sir Gilbert is not at home,—"I say," rejoins Bantam, "I've heard people say truth lives in a well; if so, I'd advise you to take an early dip in the bucket."¶

Miss Dunstable, Mr. Anthony Trollope's great Oil of Lebanon heiress, contributes a new reading, of an amusing kind, to the white lie in question. To one very undesirable visitor she emphatically reports herself to *be* at home. But she ingeniously fibs by announcing a companion to be with her whom that visitor would shake in his shoes to meet. Mr. Moffat, her black beast of a suitor, has been thrashed in public by Frank

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* Twelfth Night, Act I. Sc. 5.
† Les Facheux, Acte III. Sc. 2.
‡ La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes, Sc. 2.
§ Le Festin de Pierre, Acte IV. Sc. 2.
‖ Peter Pindar, "Penn, Nathan, and the Bailiff."
¶ Time Works Wonders, Act II. Sc. 1.

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Gresham. So, when Mr. Moffat, after recruiting himself abroad, turns up again, and renews his suit to Miss Dunstable, that clever tactician and genial humorist adopts the plan aforesaid, of *not* denying herself, but of reporting Mr. Gresham to be with her. "Mr. Moffat has turned up again," writes the laughing lady to Frank. "We all thought you had finally extinguished him. He left a card the other day, and I have told the servant always to say that I am at home, and that you are with me."* That Frank Gresham is with her? That is quite enough for Mr. Moffat, who remembers *intus et in cute* Frank's swashing blow. Thank you, he'll not come in to-day: he'll call again some other time.

There is a story told† of Sir Charles J. Napier, that while he was dining one day with his family in huggermugger fashion, in a house that was for some domestic reason out of order, a visitor knocked at the door, and asked to see him. "Not at home," said the servant, obeying orders. "Why," answered the rude visitor, "I saw him through the window-blind!" Napier, overhearing this, put his head out at the door, and said, "I tell you, sir, I am *not* at home!"

"Monsieur Aurelly est-il au logis, André?" inquires that monsieur's one privileged visitor; and is answered by André, "Non, monsieur, pour personne; mais ce n'est pas pour monsieur que je dis ça: il faut que vous entriez, vous."‡

Theodore Hook has a good story, in one of his best fictions, of an unfortunate denial, in the instance of a dinner-party given by a manœuvring mother, Lady Gorgon, who, last season, had given general instructions that she was to be never at home to a certain penniless Captain Sheringham. This season, however, has turned the poor officer, who would have made so ineligible a parti, for either of her ladyship's daughters, into a peer of the realm; and in honour of that peer she gets up a dinner-party, to which he accepts an invitation. It is long past the dinner-hour, however, and my lord comes not. After dinner, when the butler is questioned by Lady Gorgon as to the denials he has given to-day, that functionary can remember nobody, besides a hungry foreign baron, except "that Captain Sheringham, who used to call so often last year." "Captain Sheringham!" screams her ladyship; "why, Captain Sheringham is Lord Weybridge, the nobleman for whom we have been waiting; mercy on us, what did you say to him?" "He asked me, my lady, if your ladyship was at home; indeed he was a-coming right in, without asking one thing or another, so I said you was out; and he asked me if I was sure, for he was come here to dinner; and I said I was sure your ladyship was not at home, and that you did not dine at home; and then he made a sort of sniff with his nose, because he could smell the dinner quite plain in the hall; however, I persisted, and so at last of all he said, says he, my lady, 'That's uncommon odd,' and off out he went like a shot." "Why, what on earth could induce you to do such a thing, Stephen?" screams her ladyship.—"Why, my lady," answers the man, "your orders to me when we were in town last year were—says your ladyship to me, says you, 'If ever that Captain Sheringham calls when I am at home,

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* Doctor Thorne, ch. xliv.

† In the Controversial Letters of Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy.

‡ Beaumarchais, Les Deux Amis, Acte IV. Sc. 1.

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say I am out; and if he calls when I am out, and any of the young ladies are at home, say *they* are out; and if ever he calls about dinner-time, as he sometimes does, never let him in.' So I did as I was bid,"* says the man, says he. Just Galopin's apology, in the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes.*

When Bailie MacLucre, in Galt's tale, knocks at the nabob's door—having come up on purpose to London in a trader from Leith—the flunkie tells him, "Master's not at home." "But I kent," quoth the canny Scot, "what not at home means in the morning at a gentleman's door in London; so I said, 'Very weel, as I hae had a lang walk, I'll e'en rest mysel' and wait till he comes;' and wi' that I plumpit down on one of the mahogany chairs in the trance. The lad, seeing that I was na to be jookit, upon this answered me, by saying he would go and inquire if his master would be at home to me;"† and the short and long of it is, that the bailie gets at last an audience of his honourable friend.

Lord Tinsel, in one of Sheridan Knowles's best-known plays, when undertaking to make a man of fashion of the newly elevated Earl of Rochdale, almost starts with the rudiments of domestic denial. Enter man Williams with the announcement, "A gentleman would see your lordship." "Sir," interrupts the monitorial arbiter, "what's that?" Williams repeats his message,

> A gentleman would see his lordship.

And is thus caught up by his master's fashionable guide, philosopher, and friend,

> How know you, sir, his lordship is at home?
> Is he at home because he goes not out?
> He's not at home, though there you see him, sir,
> Unless he certify that he's at home!
> Bring up the name of the gentleman, and then
> Your lord will know if he's at home or not.
> [WILLIAMS *goes out.*
> Your man was porter to some merchant's door,
> Who never taught him better breeding than
> To speak the vulgar truth! Well, sir?
> WILLIAMS *having re-entered.*
> *Will.* His name,
> So please your lordship, is Markham.
> *Tin.* Do you know
> The thing?
> *Roch.* Right well! i' faith a hearty fellow,
> Son to a worthy tradesman, who would do
> Great things with little means; so enter'd him
> In the Temple. A good fellow, on my life,
> Nought smacking of his stock.
> *Tin.* You've said enough.
> His lordship's not at home. [WILLIAMS *goes out.*] We do not go
> By hearts, but orders.‡

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* The Parson's Daughter, vol. ii. ch. i.
† The Provost, by John Galt, ch. vii.
‡ The Hunchback, Act III. Sc. 1.

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When Clive Newcome, returning from Rome to Pall-mall, called at his aunt's in Bryanstone-square, "Mrs. Hobson was from home; that is, Thomas had orders not to admit strangers on certain days, or before certain hours; so that Aunt Hobson saw Clive without being seen by the young man."*

When the Duchess of Dumfries, in one of Mrs. Gore's fashionable novels, embarrasses Mrs. John Watts by making her way into her room, while the very exceptionable Lord Stokesleigh is lounging there,—her Grace, with a ruffled air, begins pouring forth incoherent apologies. "I have really your pardon to ask," she says, "for having taken the liberty to distrust your butler's assertion, that you were 'not at home.' Had he said 'engaged,' I would not have ventured to intrude. It is always better to give the right *consigne* on such occasions."†

There is a naïf entry in Thomas Moore's Diary, one day that his wife was ill, and himself hipped and home-keeping. "While I was at dinner, Lord Lansdowne called; was denied to him; but he asked to write a note, and the maid was showing him up-stairs, so in my alarm lest he should surprise Bess, I made my appearance, and brought him into the parlour, where the little things and I were in the very thick of boiled beef and carrots."‡

What a pregnant passage that is in the life-history of the Abbé Sièyes, when, on his delirious death-bed, a foolish fond old man, fourscore and upwards, he says to his valet, "If M. de Robespierre calls,"—that sea-green Incorruptible having been turned to corruption these forty years and more—"if M. de Robespierre calls, tell him I'm not at home." If to "deny" oneself *be* a white lie,—then, with a M. de Robespierre at one's door, the whiteness surely becomes a very positive quality indeed; and, to pervert or parody the slang phrase, no man can say black's the white of *that* lie.

One of Judge Haliburton's piquant people defends what he considers a very justifiable piece of deception, by putting it into the same class with "what we conventionally call *a white lie*, as we desire our servants to say 'not at home,' when we do not find it convenient to see our friends." An objector takes Dr. Johnson's ground, and contends that, although the custom is sanctioned by the usage of society, and means nothing more than that we are not at home to visitors, yet servants are unsophisticated, and understand things literally. Not amiss is the suggestion§ that it might be better to copy the French in this matter. They say, "Madame ne reçoit pas;" or, "Madame n'est pas visible;" which is at once truthful, and conveys the information that is required.

Small sympathy has modern practice with the principle of one of old time, who said: There shall no deceitful person dwell in my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.

But these are not lies, modern society will contend; or, if lies, such very white ones as to be a little more than kin to truth: as white as wool; as white as a lily; as white as a sheet; as white as snow; or like the *motif* in Meyerbeer's opera, *Plus blanche que la blanche Hermine.*

It was a matter of life and death to Sisera, captain of the host of Jabin,

* The Newcomes, ch. xl. † The Diamond and the Pearl, ch. xxxvi.
‡ Diary of Thomas Moore, Nov. 6, 1818. § The Season Ticket, ch. vii.

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King of Canaan, when, a refugee in the tent of Heber the Kenite, he bade Jael stand in the door of the tent, and enjoined upon her that should any man come and inquire of her, and say, Is there any man here? she should answer, No.

No such constraint supplies *motif* for a modern denial. But modern denials are, as we have said, scarcely allowed to be white lies at all, much less whity-brown ones. They have been characteristically discussed of late by the essayist of all essayists on Social Subjects. This master of his method, who discusses questions of casuistry with so clear an eye and so light a touch, referring to some kinds of white lies which are so very white that they cannot properly be considered lies, but are merely conventional instances of language employed by society in a secondary and not in a literal sense—goes on to assert that not even a Bishop would now-a-days object to his footman saying "Not at home" to an afternoon visitor; and that if the whole Bench of Bishops were to fulminate against the harmless equivoque, their objections would be treated as frivolous and hypercritical. "The obvious answer would be that 'Not at home,' in common parlance, does not mean not at home, but something slightly different. No one who understands English takes it for an assertion as to the bodily presence or absence of the person about whom it is employed; and we have a right to use the term in a sense which, whatever be its primitive grammatical interpretation, has been affixed to it by universal and recognised custom. If the world had agreed that henceforward green should mean black, it would not be the slightest departure from truth to call a black crow green. The most ingenious casuistry would not be able even to find a peg on which to hang an argument about it." The footman, it is contended by the essayist,* neither intends to deceive nor does deceive anybody, and his mistress, for anything one knows, may be looking at one from behind the drawing-room curtains.

Space ascended, in the present issue, for another of these Zig-zag Papers; be the theme and the title,

Literary Society.

Again and again in his voluminous writings does Mr. de Quincey enlarge on the flat and unprofitable character of merely "literary society"—by which society he means all such as, having no strong distinction in powers of thinking or in native force of character, are yet raised into circles of pretension and mark, by the fact of having written a book, or of holding a notorious connexion with some department or other of the periodical press. No society, he explicitly affirms, after long and varied experience, is so vapid and uninteresting in its natural quality, none so cheerless and petrific in its influence upon others. Ordinary people, in such company, are in general, he observes, repressed from uttering with cordiality the natural expression of their own minds or temperaments, under a vague feeling of some peculiar homage due, or at least customarily paid, to these lions: such people are no longer at their

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* On White Lies. (1866).

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ease, or masters of their own natural motions in their own natural freedom; whilst indemnification of any sort is least of all to be looked for from the literary dons who have diffused this unpleasant atmosphere of constraint. They disable others, and yet do nothing themselves to fill up the void they have created. One and all—unless by accident people of unusual originality, power, and also nerve, so as to be able without trepidation to face the expectations of men—the literary class labour under two opposite disqualifications for a good tone of conversation: they are either spoiled by the vices of reserve, and of over-consciousness directed upon themselves—this is one extreme; or, where manliness of mind has prevented this, beyond others of equal or inferior power, they are apt to be desperately common-place. "Another mode of reserve arises with some literary men, who believe themselves to be in possession of novel ideas. Cordiality of communication, or ardour of dispute, might betray them into a revelation of those golden thoughts, sometimes into a necessity of revealing them, since, without such aid, it might be impossible to maintain theirs in the discussion. On this principle it was—a principle of deliberate unsocial reserve—that Adam Smith is said to have governed his conversation: he professed to put a bridle on his words, lest by accident a pearl should drop out of his lips amongst the vigilant bystanders."*

It is not, however, by reserve, whether of affectation or of Smithian jealousy, that De Quincey pronounces the majority of literary people to offend—at least not by the latter; for, so far, he says, from having much novelty to protect against pirates, the most general effect of literary pursuits is to tame down all points of originality to one standard of insipid monotony. On the other hand, he takes a body of illiterate rustics. He bids us listen to the talk of a few scandalous village dames collected at a tea-table; and contends, that, vulgar as the spirit may be which possesses them, and not seldom malicious, still, "how full of animation and of keen perception it will generally be found, and of a learned spirit of connoisseurship in human character, by comparison with the *fade* generalities and barren recollections of mere literati!" Recalling one of his own earliest experiences in literary society—that, namely, which he mixed with in Liverpool circles, and which comprised Roscoe, and Dr. Currie, and Mr. Shepherd of Gatacre (author of a Life of Poggio Bracciolini), and others, of similar calibre,—the Opium-eater mentions it as a striking illustration of the impotence of mere literature against natural power and mother-wit, that the only man who was considered indispensable in these parties, for giving life and impulse to their vivacity, was a tailor; and this tailor, not a capitalist who employed sartorial craftsmen, himself sublimely remote from goose and shears, but one who drew his own honest daily bread from his own honest needle, except when he laid it aside for the benefit of drooping literati, who needed to be watered with his wit.

Elsewhere again, with characteristic emphasis of rhetoric, De Quincey thus paraphrases the warning proverb, "Put not your trust in princes," which has been the farewell moral, winding up and pointing the expe-

* Autobiography of an English Opium-eater: Literary Connexions or Acquaintances. 1837.

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rience of so many dying statesmen: "Not less truly it might be said—'Put not your trust in the intellectual princes of your age:' form no connexions too close with any who live only in the atmosphere of admiration and praise. The love or friendship of such people rarely contracts itself into the narrow circle of individuals. You, if you are brilliant like themselves, they will hate; you, if you are dull, they will despise. Gaze, therefore, on the splendour of such idols as a passing stranger. Look for a moment as one sharing in the idolatry; but pass on before the splendour has been sullied by human frailty, or before your own generous homage has been confounded with offerings of weeds."* The bitterness of disenchantment is painfully manifest in every line of this monition.

To only one other parallel passage from the same author will we refer in passing—to that in which, describing his London intercourse with Edward Irving, he records† the entire agreement that celebrated orator expressed with our author's dislike of common literary society, by comparison with that of people less pretending, left more to the impulses of their natural unchecked feelings, and entertaining opinions less modelled upon what they read.

Most persons of an unsophisticated mind, with any dash of vigour or originality in it, must share in the preference here avowed. A purer type of the literary man than Southey can hardly, perhaps, be named; but to him, too, literary society was altogether offensive. When he first made acquaintance with Charlotte Smith, in 1801, Southey rejoiced in finding her "more humanised, more akin to common feelings, than most literary women,"—and bore witness of her, that, although she had done more and done better than other women writers, writing had not been her whole employment—"she is not looking out for admiration, and talking to show off. I see in her none of the nasty little envies and jealousies common enough among the cattle."‡ His aversion to the cattle did not, however, keep Southey from anticipating with some zest, as the same letter shows, the prospect of dining with Longman on Wednesday, "to meet a few literary friends." They would probably be new to him, he said, and might furnish some amusement—at any rate, he loved to see all odd people.

Possibly his thoughts carried him to the odd people, in the style of a few literary friends, whom Matthew Bramble and his nephew met at Doctor Smollett's rather than of those assembled at Dick Ivy's, who seemed afraid and jealous of each other, and sat in a state of mutual repulsion, like so many particles of vapour, each surrounded by its own electrified atmosphere. Of these gentlemen Squire Bramble remarked, that there is seldom anything extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance; for which reason the Squire fancies that an assembly of grubs must be very diverting. The reunion at Smollett's amply confirms his impression. There are eight or ten "unfortunate brothers of the quill" gathered round the Doctor's board, where they are treated (once a week, and all the year round) to beef,

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* On Wordsworth's Poetry, by Thos. de Quincey, 1845.
† Autobiography of an English Opium-eater: Rev. Edw. Irving.
‡ R. Southey to Charles Danvers, Dec. 21, 1801.

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pudding, potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt beer; and Jerry Melford questions if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals; what strikes him being oddities produced in the first instance by affectation, and afterwards inveterately established by habit.* Odd people of this extravagant type, we may assume to be the only class of literary professionals in whose company Robert the Rhymer could sit with patience. In Smollett's set, it is observable, that there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; that they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miscarry; some droll repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

A letter of Southey's to a distinguished literary friend commences: "I am so completely removed from what is called literary society (which is at this time about the worst society in the world)," † &c. In another, he congratulates himself on meeting Joanna Baillie at Rogers's, in 1831, with no other guests than Sister Agnes, and his own daughter Bertha,—"for, as to literary parties, they are my abomination." ‡ One of the latest entries in Byron's journal runs thus: "In general, I do not draw well with literary men; not that I dislike them, but I never know what to say to them after I have praised their last publication." He makes several exceptions, to be sure; but these have either been men of the world, such as Scott and Moore, or visionaries out of it, such as Shelley: "But your literary every-day man and I never went well in company, especially your foreigner, whom I never could abide; except Giordani, and—and—and—(I really can't name any other)." § One of Byron's biographers lays it down as a general rule, that it is wise to avoid writers whose works amuse or delight you, for when you see them they will delight you no more. Shelley he distinguishes as a grand exception to this rule. ‖

Madame de Sévigné thinks her adored child a deal too innocently good natured when she talks of being afraid of literate wits in company. "Vous êtes bonne encore quand vous dîtes que vous avez peur des beaux-esprits: hélas! si vous saviez qu'ils sont petits de près, et combien ils sont quelquefois empêchés de leurs personnes, vous les remettriez bientôt à hauteur d'appui." ¶ Rousseau complains bitterly of the *cabales des gens de lettres* he encountered in Paris—of their *honteuses querelles*, the want of good faith in their books, their *airs tranchants dans le monde*, and the general offensiveness of their social bearing,—which he, at least, professes to have found intolerable.** Gibbon, who was familiar with literary Paris of Rousseau's time, and who mixed freely with D'Alembert, and Helvetius, and D'Holbach, and Diderot, and Barthelemy, and

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* Humphrey Clinker.
† Southey to W. S. Landor, Aug. 14, 1824.
‡ Southey to Mrs. Hodson, Feb. 7, 1831.
§ Byron's Journal. See the last chapter of his Life by Moore.
‖ Trelawny's Recollections of Shelley and Byron.
¶ Mde. de Sévigné à Mde. de Grignan, Jan. 13, 1672.
** Les Confessions, deuxième partie, l. viii.

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Raynal, and Suard, and ever so many more, reports, that alone, and in a morning visit, he found the artists and authors of Paris less vain, and more reasonable, than in the circles of their equals, with whom they mingled in the houses of the rich.* Alexandre Vinet, by the way, in treating of Fontenelle and his circle, asserts that dignity of manners is much more common among men of science than of literature, because their passions do not furnish the materials for their works. Literary men, he says, live in the world of mankind; scientific, in the world of God. The solitude of the literary man is not a real solitude: among his books he lives with the dead and the living; especially he lives with himself, and often this is not too good company. Compare the lives of sixty-nine literary men with those of sixty-nine men of science, and the chances are, according to M. Vinet,† that with the latter you will be pleased, with the former disgusted and annoyed.

In one of Schiller's letters from Leipzig, written in his six-and-twentieth year, we find him describing the alluring invitations to Berlin and Dresden that come to him from various quarters, and which it will be difficult for him to withstand. It is quite a peculiar case, he tells his correspondent, half complainingly, half complacently, to have a literary name. "The few men of worth and consideration who offer you their intimacy on that score, and whose regard is really worth coveting, are too disagreeably counterweighed by the baleful swarm of creatures who keep humming round you, like so many flesh-flies; gape at you as if you were a monster, and condescend moreover, on the strength of one or two blotted sheets, to present themselves as colleagues."‡ Berlin, like most other cities, Mr. Carlyle has observed, prides itself in being somewhat of a modern Athens; and Hoffmann, the wonder of the day, was invited with the warmest blandishments to share in its musical and literary tea. "But in these polished circles Hoffmann prospered ill; he was sharp-tempered; vain, indeed, but transcendently vain; he required the wittiest talk or the most attentive audience; and had a heart-hatred to inanity, however gentle and refined." Accordingly we are told that when his company grew tiresome, he "made the most terrific faces;" would answer the languishing raptures of some perfumed critic by an observation on the weather; would transfix half a dozen harmless dilettanti through the vitals, each on his several bolt; nay, in the end, would give vent to his spleen by talking like a sheer maniac; in short, never cease till, one way or other, the hapless circle was reduced to utter desolation.§

We have the attestation of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, when describing an evening spent among the more intelligent tradesmen of Birmingham, that nowhere is more unaffected good sense exhibited, and particularly nowhere more elasticity and *freshness* of mind, than in the conversation of the reading men in manufacturing towns. Thomas de Quincey bears witness that in Kendal especially, in Bridgewater, and in Manchester, he has been present at more interesting conversations, marked by as much information, and more natural eloquence in conveying it, than usually in

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* Gibbon, "Memoirs of my Life and Writings."
† Histoire de la Littérature Française, ch. xii.
‡ Schiller to Schwann, April 24, 1785.
§ See Appendix II. to Carlyle's Miscellanies, vol. iv.

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