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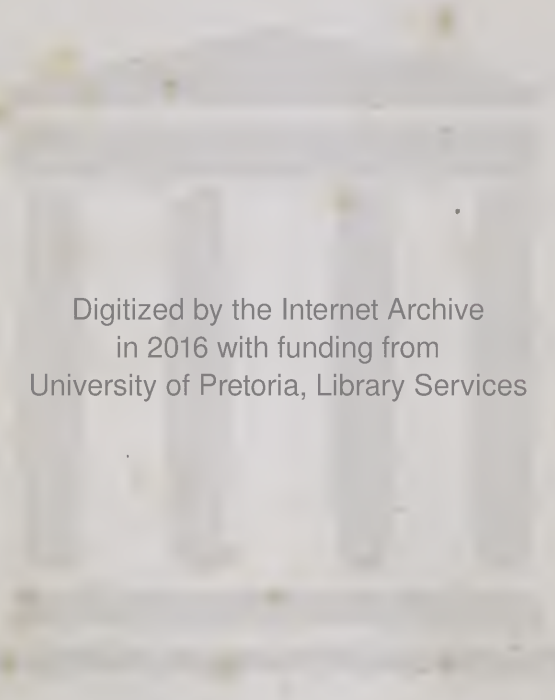
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THE JESUITS.

Are we venturing beyond prescribed limits, upon forbidden ground? Do our readers stand aghast that we head this article with the name, feared where not respected, of that mighty brotherhood beneath whose influence thrones have fallen and proudest monarchs have trembled, on whose dominion, in the days of their power, truly the sun never set, whose learning, and energy, and piety, from their earliest institution, have scarce been equalled, and yet at the mention of whose name many of the most pious of Christians have shrunk, and yet shrink, as they would from contact with the vilest and most detested reptile. Let us venture to investigate this apparent contradiction,—not in the harsh spirit of fanatical hatred, not with that contemptuous scorn which ever redounds on the scorner, but with the calm moderation of those who seek in honesty a faithful knowledge of their fellow-men, their fellow-workers in the great work of civilization.

It is, indeed, a sad experience, that in matters of such momentous importance as those connected with the subject of our present essay, men prefer the guidance of blind prejudice to the light of truth and reason,—where we should strain our charity even beyond the usual bounds, we are the most narrow-hearted and unjust. Ought we not to be unwilling to believe that an order, who, for three centuries, have held an influential position in the Christian Church, could have

been constantly actuated by nought else than the principles usually attributed to them; principles, when considered without reference to their objects, disgraceful to them as men, and which would prove hypocrisy and irreligion in them as priests? And yet we seize ever with avidity upon the most wretched slanders, and glory and triumph, because our brethren, our fellow-men are painted in the blackest hues of guilt and shame. Because their opinions differ from our own, we asperse their motives; where we should endeavour to convince, we rage and foam, and are lost in a blind detestation of those whom we will not understand, nor give an opportunity of understanding us.

It is well to read with attention the opponents of the Jesuits,—to admire the enthusiastic indignation that flashes in every page of Michelet,—to calmly peruse the bold and uncompromising invective of Quinet,—but let us beware lest we place implicit faith in these men, conscientious though we believe them too to be; in their anger they must have closed their eyes to the truth,—in the wanderings of their reason they must have substituted imagination for fact.

Where we venture, as not being of the order, to criticize their proceedings and examine their history, it is our duty to do so with calm reflection and in the sincere hope that by investigation our prejudices may be uprooted. Their every act we should construe favorably, their maxims, where in our power, and where we are not withheld by the immutable dictates of justice, with charity; and thus doing, at the opening page, at least, of their existence, we may congratulate ourselves upon success,—we may feel confident, at least for a short time, that our anticipations will be more than realized.

What can be more noble than their origin? What more interesting and attractive than the life of their great chief? A youthful soldier, of chivalrous courage and high aspirations, is wounded in the defence of his native land against the invader. He is borne to his father's castle. There, to while the tedious hours of sickness and solitude, he demands books. The Scriptures, till then new to him,—the Lives of the Saints are brought. Zealous and enthusiastic he labors in this wealthy mine with marvellous courage and perseverance. At length he has risen from his sick-bed, a warrior still, but he has cast away the sword; his ambition is no longer to emulate the knights of chivalry and romance, he aspires to be ranked among the highest saints of the church.

We, who, when asked for the foundation of our faith, point proudly to the pale Augustin monk, bending over the chained Bible at Erfurt, and there assuaging his thirst for truth,—we, who gaze with admiration on the zeal of this monk, his toils, his devotion,—we, who think we behold the divine direction of Providence in his success,—what must we deem of the man, who, having commenced his mission with the study of the same divine word, having advanced with equal zeal, with equal energy, with equal devotion, alone placed a limit to that success, and sustained the fabric of the ancient church rapidly falling beneath the fierce onslaught of the innovators? Where was the truth, in LUTHER or in LOYOLA? But let the deeds of their disciples tell.

To return. The worldly soldier lives the life of an anchorite; the proud Castilian is clad in the garb of humility; a barefoot pilgrim he seeks the holy shrine. Meanwhile self-inflicted torments, fastings and flagellations are the portion of the zealot,—he denies himself for days the luxury of a bare crust. We may smile at this, or we may deplore it,—we may call it the madness of a superstitious devotion,—at least, we must confess it to be sincere. And it must not be forgotten that this was no weak sinner trembling beneath the frown of a confessor, horror-stricken at the awful denunciations of a priest who unveils the enormity of his offences, who thus impelled, thus worked upon, would expiate his crimes on earth to gain a pardon hereafter; this was a master-mind, a sovereign genius formed to sway and to command, self-subdued, or at least by no mortal agency subdued, from the proudest aspirations of earthly ambition and splendor to the vileness of a mendicant subsistence, and the humble obedience of a servant of the church.

His vow has been fulfilled,—he has bent the knee at Jerusalem. We now see him suspected by the Inquisition in his native land, and punished. But the flame of his zeal is not quenched. Severe study, unremitting fervor, an irreproachable life distinguish him at the university, whither he had betaken himself, the better to be perfected in his theological pursuits. His piety, the power of his thought, the enthusiasm of his discourse, have fascinated the souls of his immediate companions. They are his subjects, the slaves of his will; in their mysterious chief they behold one, at whose might the power of the world shall tremble.

The scene is shifted. At Venice eight men meet, having travelled on foot from the various lands of Christendom, to

receive the orders of their Lord. He appears. He shows them the pontiff tottering on his sacred throne,—the holy church of the apostles, torn by dissensions within, nearly shattered by the fierce assaults of enemies without. The word of power is spoken. They shall heal the wounds of the church ; it shall be theirs to hurl from the vantage ground the new Titans who have dared to scale the heaven of papal authority ; they are the antagonist force of the Reformation. That unparalleled revolution which “ united against the pretensions of the church, Saxon Prince and English King, Teutonic Chivalry and Burgher Independence,” is to be stemmed by the genius of one man directing the efforts of eight devoted followers.

Yet more : not only shall they conserve the church in Europe, they shall create a church in India, in Tartary ; in the wilds of America they shall raise the standard of the faith. Theirs at length heroically to obey the long neglected precept, to go forth into all the world and preach the Gospel unto all nations. To each his task is appointed. To one of high birth, of proud ambition, to Francis Xavier the glorious work of the missions is assigned. The command is given and humbly obeyed. In the Arabian deserts, beneath the scorching sun of India, in the snows of Tartary, on the inhospitable shores of Japan, the voice of the holy man is heard, “ pray God, pray God !” Oh, it is, indeed, a delight while throughout Christendom the soul is sickened, the eye is blinded, with blood streaming from Christians and shed by Christians in the battles of pious hatred ; to turn aside and rest our view on the lands of the Heathen, there to behold at least one man, a man of peace, after the example of the apostles preaching the doctrines of love. Truly this man deserved that he should be called by the noble title of one of the society of Jesus.

It would, indeed, be a grateful task to dwell upon the missions of the early Jesuits. The martyred Francis Xavier himself and his devoted successors afford instances of heroism unparalleled in history. They penetrated where others shuddered at the entrance gate ;—they endured the pains of martyrdom, while their compeers in Christianity disputed about the trifling distinctions of petty doctrines. If it be a boast among the Protestants of this age, that the world is covered with men, who humbly walk in the steps of the apostles, seeking to convert the heathen to the faith,—if it be truth that the extremities of the earth are enlightened by the

toils of Christian laborers from the shores of the reformation, it is no less truth, that to the Jesuits we owe the bright example. They are the teachers,—we the disciples here. We dare not rob them of their pre-eminence gained by sufferings and martyrdoms in all the lands of the old and new world.

But the hatred of the name of Jesuit has infused poison even here. The accusation is weak as it is false; that their missions were planned for the sake of the wealth of the East and of the West, by means of which their objects in Europe might be better secured. That, afterwards, this great work was sometimes perverted to these base uses, we believe cannot be denied, but that this was the intention of the missions, that their first martyr perished for the sake of this paltry wealth,—that men ardent as in the early times of pure Christianity, “poetic souls full of the sweetest love,” went forth to certain death, and for this vile reward,—we cannot however prejudiced we may be against all that savours of Jesuitism, for an instant believe.

At their rise,—during their decline,—even now,—dare we judge with this harsh judgment of unfeeling prejudice the youths destined for their distant missions, in the college at Rome already marked out for death, knowing and glorying in the knowledge that they shall meet with destruction at the hands of the savage nations to whom they would bring the truth of salvation? Why not here, as we would in all cases but this, indulge in admiration of their heroism, their disinterestedness, their devotion?

While yet on this subject of missions, while it is yet in our power to afford what approaches to unqualified praise, let us advert for a moment to the great experiment of the Jesuits in Paraguay. The sneer at the ambition of a religious order, which attempted to found an independent temporal empire, the searching for unworthy motives here also, we leave to those who cannot penetrate through the mists of petty prejudice, who cannot see beyond their own horizon of fear and hate. We may not disguise our satisfaction, that, while European settlement and Christian colonization have constantly, even up to the present period, been accompanied with rapacity and bloodshed, a noble exception is to be found to the details of shame, although that exception be due to the Jesuits. They first taught in America that a European was not of necessity a bloodthirsty robber, but that the dictates of civilization were those of humanity. Theirs was no extirpation of a noble and polished race;—no murders of kings

and princes, for the sake of gold, were by them perpetrated as by the Spaniards in Mexico; they came to men scarce exalted above the beasts of the field, in a state of savage anarchy, and they showered on them the blessings of social order and security; beloved and hailed as benefactors, they dwelt in a land which they had made one of happiness, while elsewhere the curse of his Gods was invoked by the Indian on the head of the palefaced violator of his home.

Here they proceeded in their career of well-doing until expelled by the insatiate avarice of Pombal and the government of Portugal; their towns and villages were destroyed, the land was ravaged, the peaceful inhabitants were hunted to the woods and mountains, and their paradise became a desert, as has been the fate of nearly every portion of the earth where the Portuguese have set foot as conquerors.

But we must not be misunderstood, as we have referred to the settlement of the Jesuits in Paraguay with approbation, to approve of the system which inculcated blind obedience and servility there as well as in Europe. Their maxims and principles, as will appear when we refer to their attempts at power in Europe, we by no means regard with favor; these principles inherent in their constitution were at all times inculcated when the society possessed power, and with the ignorant savage who could not but admire and almost worship his benefactors, they might be productive of temporary benefit, but in Europe, in the conflict of opinions where freeman met freeman, their influence could not be otherwise than baneful and malignant.

To their conduct in Europe we must now turn, but we do this with reluctance, for there were enacted dark scenes, scenes still of devotion, and energy, and earnestness, but, strange contradiction, of intrigue, and falsehood, and crime; and these in the strenuous endeavour of the Jesuits to effect their primary object, the preservation of the ancient church and the destruction of the heretics. But, although it will be our duty to condemn their policy as but too frequently false and immoral, yet in spite of the heavy amount of crime for which Loyola and his successors and disciples must be held responsible, there is much in the peculiar circumstances of their position, much in the holy cause which they thought they espoused, to unite us to regard their enormities and offences with somewhat of pity as well as of indignation.

It has already been said that we cannot suppose Loyola himself otherwise than sincere,—sincere in his endeavour

for the sake of God's church to encounter and overcome the giant force of the Reformation. But how to pursue this grand purpose? Recollect he was an enthusiast, an ardent enthusiast for antiquity. "Though I should live a thousand years," are his own words, "I shall never cease to combat these innovations in letters and in religion to the death." Alas! that these innovations in religion could not be resisted, except by far greater and more destructive innovations in morality;—alas! that these self-styled zealous upholders of religion were compelled to seize, as their most successful weapon, on moral scepticism.

We do not think it difficult to trace the workings of a mind like that of Loyola. It has been said, and although most humiliating to human straining after perfection, there is much truth in the remark, that "when a man sets seriously to work to argue with his conscience, there is scarcely any error into which he cannot seduce her;" if this be true of mankind generally, how much more certain is it when applied to the case of an enthusiast for a particular object. He sees but the goal,—he is persuaded,—he believes by inspiration, that it is his solemn duty to God, to man, to himself, through dangers and difficulties to attain to that goal. All other considerations are cast to the winds; it matters not how, but the race must be run and the prize gained.

This was the position of Loyola. His one grand thought was, the church must be preserved, the enemy must be destroyed, and by him. But what the weapons to secure the triumph of this high resolve? Honest and straightforward zeal and undaunted courage would first suggest themselves. But the enemy were powerful and confident, flushed with victory, and victory obtained through these very weapons of zeal and courage. To struggle with them with these alone, could not ensure success. But the battle must be fought and won; the cause was holy, and the holiness of the cause will hallow all means. Loyola's better feelings must have struggled against this conclusion, to which he felt himself compelled to come, a conclusion subversive of all morality. He too was racked with doubt, as the mind of Luther was tormented by misgivings,—with this distinction: that the reformer doubted whether he might attack a church, sacred to him from its antiquity and former holiness; the Jesuit doubted and resolved for the defence of that church which he deemed yet holy, to crush the divine principle

within, the *Deus in nobis*, all the pure feelings of natural religion. But he knew that these feelings were most powerful in the mind of man; therefore, his disciples must be fettered in blind obedience. To secure this obedience, each man must be a spy on his brother, a system of mutual distrust was needed and was established. Truly their object was high and noble, but how degrading the means! Passive obedience, the slavery of the mind! Oh, more gladly should we hail years of the unbridled licence of anarchy and wild revolution, than that mankind should for one day bow under this more than Eastern despotism;—in the one there must be good, for there is, at least, a vital spark; bend before the other, and like the victim that gazed on the Gorgon's head, you are changed to lifeless stone. Your mind shall be, said Loyola with his dying gasp, "*perinde ac cadaver*," even as a breathless corpse: the body in death rots and is corrupted, and is food for worms, and the dead mind too retains not its former state, but decays and is contaminated, and is fed upon by the vilest thoughts of degradation and vice.

And if it be intelligible that Loyola, the sincere enthusiast, bent his strong mind beneath the influence of these immoral, nay, unnatural convictions, we can scarce wonder that his immediate disciples, ardent as himself for the good cause, yielded to the superiority of his genius, and fervently subscribed their faith to the doctrine, that in the cause of God, the cause of the church, and, what soon with them was inseparable from the cause of the church, that of their order, the holy end would ever sanctify the basest means,—still less may we be surprised, that his more distant followers, sincerely religious men, from their youth educated in this system, should esteem it holy and incorrupt.

But we, who behold these things through a far different medium, who cannot conceive religion except in unison with the purest morality, see here a lamentable corruption, and from this corruption of the natural feelings of truth, we cannot wonder that the horrible doctrines of casuistry, that monument of the disgrace of human intellect, should have been adopted, if not first enunciated by them. It is not our intention to fatigue our readers with a repetition of the doctrines of probabelism, mental reservation and intentions. Disgusted with them ourselves, we shrink from the loathsome task of parading them to view.

And what must here be the inevitable result? What must be the history of these men, zealous and ardent for re-

ligion,—or for what with them personified religion,—their order,—and sceptics in morality, where it seemed to oppose the glory of that religion and that order? Must it not of necessity be, as foretold by one of their chiefs: “We have entered the fold like lambs, we shall rule like wolves, like dogs shall we be driven forth, and like eagles be renewed in our youth?” Into what land have they not penetrated with the meekness and gentleness of holy Christians? In the days of their power, the glory of their church and order, their zeal for their opinions demanded all the horrors of persecution and intolerance; the free-born mind of man could not but rebel against this slavery, and they have been outcasts from their most cherished realms; their very church for forty years expelled them from her bosom, and yet up to the present day they have never ceased to labour at their task with youthful energy.

Their doom has been that of Sisyphus. No sooner was their summit almost gained,—the hope of their toil on the point of fulfilment,—but some unseen power has hurled down their stone;—they appeared crushed by the fall,—the world believed them destroyed,—but again, with the same patience,—the same unwearied exertion, has their toil been recommenced, to be again within the point of success,—to be again thrust down to apparently hopeless defeat.

It would be unjust, while seeking to explain this strange fatality, to omit that much is due to them in the cause of education,—that we are largely indebted to them in literature and the sciences. Their merit must, indeed, have been great to have drawn, from the wisest and most severe of judges,—a Protestant too, living in an age of controversy and religious hatred,—the following eulogy: “Education, that excellent part of ancient discipline hath been in some sort revived of late times by the colleges of the Jesuits,—of whom, though, in regard to their superstition, I may say, “*Quo meliores, eo deteriores,*” yet in regard of this, and concerning some other points of human learning and moral matters, I may say, as Agesilaus said to his enemy Pharnabazus, “*Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses.*” To this let us add the testimony of one of our own age, who may rank and be named, even near Bacon,—Sir James Mackintosh, one who, indeed, has proved, that with the most exalted talents can be united the utmost toleration for the opinions of others.

“The most famous constitutionalists,—the most skilful casuists,—the ablest schoolmasters,—the most celebrated pro-

fessors,—the best teachers of the most humble mechanical arts,—the missionaries who could most bravely endure martyrdom, or who with most patient skill could infuse the rudiments of religion into the minds of ignorant tribes or prejudiced nations, were the growth of their fertile schools." Their loss was most powerfully felt at the period of their suppression in Roman Catholic countries,—for to them, and to them only, as by far, the most learned of the religious fraternities,—had the education of youth been confided,—and there were no teachers to supply their place. Especially the lovers of classical lore are bound to them in obligations that can never be cancelled.

Whence then their strange doom,—that men looked on them with fear and suspicion,—that their fall was hailed with joy by all? Because, with all their zeal, and learning, and devotion, in the most sacred cause, that of religion, they had no light in common with human kind. On the one hand Jesuitism upholding the standard of mental slavery, and its consequence, mutual distrust,—on the other, the free mind of man with the banners of pure morality and truthful confidence.

And hence too, whenever they have sought, with their principles, to unite with freemen,—to extend over them the hand of patronage, or to reach to them that of fellowship,—what has been the result? Unlike the prophet of old, he sought to curse, but blessings followed,—but where they have seemed most anxious to bless, curses and destruction have flowed; kings honored with their confidence expelled their thrones; our own James II. chased from his kingdom by those who had just felt the woes and afflictions of rebellion and revolution; and but yesterday, Charles X. from mere suspicion of their contact, for their former deeds were present in men's minds, exiled from the scarcely regained palace of his ancestors. The nations of their choice have fallen;—Spain in the nineteenth century, her glories but a memory of the past, is sunk to the vileness of a semibarbarous state;—theirs was the rule in France during the long despotism of Louis XIV, and the rebound from that period of depression and death of soul was infidelity and atheism, and the most dreadful convulsion that has disgraced the annals of civilized Europe.

But, while men were to bend beneath that principle, "that all must yield to the glory of the order,"—themselves could not escape its baneful influence; they, themselves,

were compelled to submit to degradation in this self-worship. And this is in a matter where unqualified praise has been awarded them. It has been said that union, firm, and compact was theirs,—the name of brother of the society was not with them a mockery. Though their hand was against all the world, and all the world against them,—their bond of brotherhood was strong and unbroken. But let us pause. Here too the glory of the order, like an evil genius with its icy wand, froze every warm feeling, every kind emotion of the breast. The sad example of this casts a yet blacker gloom over their sufficiently black story. When the refugees from Portugal,—when the houseless wanderers, the noble and the pious, the aged and the infirm, whom the unbending rigour of Charles had chased from Spain, came to what they fondly deemed the haven of their rest,—the Roman shores,—how were they received? There ruled their general. Rezzonico was but a puppet, and Rini, in fact, held the keys of Peter,—in the embraces of their brethren they shall reap the reward of their privations. Grievous disappointment! The roar of cannon was the reply to their lamentations. Could a society, proud of its wealth, whose career for two centuries had been one of power, receive to its bosom naked wretches, despoiled of their all, beggars and outcasts? Though they be brethren, it matters not, the glory of the order is not to be sullied by so vile a humiliation. This is, indeed, a heavy charge against the Jesuits. The poet makes it a boast even of fiends that faith was among them most sacred in adversity and affliction:—

“ There is not one who hath not left a throne
Vacant in heaven, to dwell in darkness here,
Rather than to see his mates endure alone.”*

But here a union of Christians insult and spurn with cold brutality, those who had been their brethren in power and in wealth,—but who, in vain, may claim brotherhood in poverty and want. But soon the knell of the scorers was also tolled. Clement XIII died. His successor Ganganelli signed the bull for the suppression of the order of Jesuits, and then the bond of misfortune re-united those whom the ties of love could not bind.

We have done. It was no part of our intention to trace the history of the Jesuits in regular and minute succession. Such an attempt would have required far more leisure

* Byron.

and ability than we could bring to the task. If by this rapid, yet we hope impartial, sketch, we have succeeded in disarming some prejudice of their enemies,—or on the other hand, have weakened the bigotry of their adherents, we shall be satisfied. This we know, that we have endeavoured to regard them with charity and yet with justice. We have claimed for them sincerity, in what they believe a good and great work,—and sincerity must cover a multitude of offences. We have praised largely, and have been compelled to censure strongly,—but while we feel that where we did praise, praise was most assuredly due, we feel also that in our censure nothing has been set down in malice. The system we have blamed; but against individuals we have not designedly said a single word.

The Jesuits are now again “renewed in their youth.” To their energy, since their re-establishment in 1814, is due the Catholic revival of this century. We trust and hope that in this the nineteenth century, should they again possess power such as they formerly wielded, it will by them too be acknowledged, as now by most protestants, that persecution is a weapon of weakness, and impotent against the convictions of mankind. Although the Reformers themselves scarcely knew what was the spirit of the Reformation, although they too persecuted for conscience sake,—that spirit was one of toleration and free enquiry. The light of truth is not spread by Smithfield fires staining the heavens with their lurid glare. Falsehood will perish in its own corruption, but oppression cannot crush the eternally true.

“Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 Raised by thy breath can quench the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.”*

If the present Pontiff be as men tell of him, (and do not his acts show it?) pious, and charitable, and tolerant; the prospects of the Roman Catholic Church are bright indeed; but let the most able and powerful order in this church also learn toleration and charity,—destructive as these may seem of their fundamental principles;—let them zealously preach their doctrines, without abusing their success, and then only can they become in truth, as has ever been their aspiration, the pride and honor of the ancient church of Imperial Rome.

E. B. W.

* Gray.

MY FIRST CAMPAIGN.

BY SHEVERUM SHAKO, ESQ.

(Continued from page 394.)

CHAPTER III.

Were I called upon to describe that delectable place, Graham's Town, after the pithy style of our geographers, under different heads, I should do it somewhat as follows:—

Graham's Town,—the capital of the Eastern Province, and centre of swindling, snobbishness, and civilization.

Vegetable Kingdom.—Fruit and vegetables both scarce. European articles of produce entirely neglected;—hempseed, in particular, uncultivated,—a circumstance much to be regretted, considering the number of rogues there unhung.

Wonders of art.—The English church, built in the chastest style of *Barnhouse* architecture. This building may be considered as rivalling the famous falling towers of Pisa, inasmuch as it has been threatening to come down for a long time, without doing so. Also the pump in the centre of High-street, Government House, and the enormous knocker on the door of the parsonage.

Natural curiosities.—The funny little lady who always makes a point of laughing in church, and the no less funny little gentleman who exhibits himself, mounted, on state occasions, in a peculiar uniform, all green and tinsel,—a sort of cross between a Cape Corps' man, and a travelling tinker.

Animal kingdom,—chiefly composed of parvenus and apprentices. The species gentleman (with a few exceptions) well-nigh extinct, but a spurious breed, included by naturalists under the head of "*genus homo snobiensis*," by the natives called "genteel young men," found flourishing in great abundance.—For the ladies—

But no—they have some pretty faces among them too, those Graham's Town girls; in fact, there was scarcely one out of three whom I would have objected to kissing, which for a modest man like myself, is a great deal to acknowledge,—I shall say no more about them.

As to Port Elizabeth,—that, if you will, is a town after my own heart,—men hospitable,—ladies pleasing,—oysters delicious!

But I grow sentimental,—(who would not, thinking of hospitality, oysters, and ladies, in a place where all three are alike scarce?) Besides, it is high time that I should come to something more “germane to the matter.”

At the end of my last chapter, if I recollect rightly, gentle reader, you left me reclined, after a long “trek,” *sub tegmine fagi*, amidst sweet smelling flowers, and all that sort of thing, with a pretty view before me, the which I described to you as graphically as might be,—awaiting, too, the arrival of a carbonaatje, whereon to gratify my rampant appetite.

We will suppose this over, the oxen inspanned, the men fallen in, and the whole once more in motion.

Our party, as a glance will tell you, is a heterogeneous one. That square-built ruffianlike Englishman yonder, the happy proprietor of the turned down shirt collar, hang-dog look, and brace of pistols, is one of the “Cape Town volunteers,” or “Baron’s own.” They owe this latter appellation, partly to their being old acquaintances of that worthy gentleman, at least in his official capacity,—partly to his strenuous efforts in their organization, by which piece of patriotism, if report says truly, he lessened his labours as police magistrate, by at least two hours a day from the date of their embarkation. The dapper springy little fellow, with the merry monkey face, straw hat and ostrich feather, to whom he pretends, doubtless with a design on his good-nature and tobacco, to be listening so attentively, and who, flattered by the condescension, is putting himself so much out of the way, to make himself *unintelligible* in English, is a Hottentot of the genuine stamp, probably from one of the missionary stations.

That other copper-colored personage in their rear,—there can be no mistaking him;—his picturesque “tooding,” with the red handkerchief peeping out from below, wide trowsers, and crafty Asiatic look, proclaim him to be of the Malay corps, or Alexandrine phalanx, so called from the patronymic of their gallant commander. The remainder, with their black glossy faces, and Glengarry caps, are a choice collection of that respectable breed of baboons, the Liberated Africans. They are strapping fellows, though, notwithstanding, and,

being right well commanded, will, doubtless, prove useful enough, when required.

But I hear a horse's hoofs behind,—who can it be? Ah! my friend Jim Poodle. Jim is an original, reader, I must introduce him to you. Yes, who *but* an original, indeed, would think of wearing such an extraordinary sugar-loaf hat,—much like a crushed camp-kettle, but not so becoming. Then the personal appearance of the man—his tangled sandy hair—enormous head—large staring gooseberry eyes—squat misshapen figure, bearing strong resemblance to a Polynesian idol, rough-hewn out of a block—and stunted supporters thereto, short and bandy, like the two arms of a parenthesis, jammed close up together without a sentence between.

Jim is one of the silent sort, always engaged

“In high communings with his own great soul,”

as the poet hath it. He has now ridden by my side at least an hour “by Shrewsbury clock,” without uttering a word. At length, however, he ventures on a rather bold assertion as to the state of the weather. He says solemnly, with the air of a man labouring under a great discovery :

“Oh, Crikey Bill! This *is* a fine day.”

Perhaps you may observe nothing extraordinary in this statement, good reader. Allow me to assure you, on the contrary, that eccentric as he is, this short sentence reveals one of his greatest eccentricities.

The fact is that Poodle was never known, even by his most intimate friends, to say anything whatever without adjoining the aforementioned Crikey Bill!

I may here observe, *en passant*, that expletives, like adjectives, seem to admit three degrees of comparison.

Gentlemen, when they require any aid of the kind, generally conjugate the verb “damn” with certain nouns and pronouns thereto appended in the nominative and subjective.

As for instance, if my handsome friend ——— (I leave the Cape Town ladies to fill up the blank,) happened to be bowled out at Cricket, by a ball from which he should have scored six, he would doubtless give utterance to a simple “d—n it”! If he was jilted by a coquette, (from which most unpleasant way of getting out of the scrape, may the gods defend him!) he would have recourse to the stronger G—d d—n it! If he lost his favorite nag, as being the greatest evil of the three, he would make use of the second with his orbs of visions annexed thereto; thereby arriving at the superlative degree, beyond which no gentleman, un-

less like St. Enculphus, he is a connoisseur in these things, will ever wish to go.

Ladies, in like manner, work upon the word "gracious!" *Par exemple*:—if the pretty Miss C——, (there are some thousand and one Miss C——s extant *all pretty*,—so I am safe from the charge of personality,) happened to look round in the street, at a well-looking stranger, and very provokingly caught *him looking round too*, in this case she would give vent to her vexation in a plain "gracious!" If in a lamentable fit of absence of mind, she discovered herself walking past the Club in a strong South-easter, to the great delight of a cluster of "odious fellows," grinning in the portico, she—would "hold down her gown," you will suggest? Yes, and say "goodness gracious" into the bargain, not in the mildest tone imaginable either. But, by way of climax, supposing she received a visit from an Indian, whom she had long suspected of "serious intentions;" flirted with, too, very furiously the night before, and after an hour's *tender tête a tête*, just as she was ready with the modest reference to mamma, usual on such occasions, he *quietly rose* and wished her *good morning*; under these aggravating circumstances, of course, her feelings could find no other resource than a desperate "*Oh, goodness gracious, me!*" These two little words, tacked to the beginning and end of the phrase, would make all the difference in the world. In short,

"The strength of language can no farther go."

So delicate are the shades of distinction, that a philosophic mind may discern in these matters; but Poodle never troubled his head with such refinements. Whether late for dinner, or wounded by a bullet, he never ranged beyond his "Oh, Crikey, Bill!"—always delivered, too, in the same solemn, deliberate manner; but if you knew his story, despite an occasional smile, you would pity him as I do.

Jim, though one would hardly suppose it, had been a *beau* in his time, as gay a little mote as ever flickered in the world of fashion,—the oracle of Port Elizabeth,—the very D'Orsay of Uitenhage. But his career, though bright, was brief;—alas! he fell in love! The young lady,—as young ladies will do,—albeit far from smitten herself, encouraged the little being's affection to a certain point, and thought it rather a good joke. So it was—for *her*.

His passion at length reached its height. Long had he looked unutterable things, but in vain; his unsophisticated

angel had never studied the language of the eyes. He determined boldly to declare his attachment, and, accordingly, taking an opportunity when they were alone, tortured his countenance into an expression of intense agony, indicative of either burning love, or a bad cholic, according to the imagination of the beholder, solemnly fixed his large eyes on her countenance, seized her hand, and gasped out, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Oh, Crikey, Bill! I love you!" The dainsel, however, far from entering into the pathos of this declaration, so beautiful in its simplicity, burst out into a loud laugh, rushed out of the room, and left our friend in solitude, to meditate on the levity of the sex in general, and his own fair one in particular.

This being the point of the jest, she enjoyed it amazingly, but, as to him, poor fellow! he never recovered from the shock. Beneath all his eccentricities there lay a current of deep and gentle feelings, such as do the highest honor to humanity. His reason, indeed, was slightly shaken, yet he shewed it not, as most would, by bursts and wild vagaries. Patiently and with resignation did his mild spirit bear its lot, but all those emotions, once his blessing, now his bane,—his bright hopes,—his cherished love,—his past joys and present grief,—became centred in an all-absorbing melancholy. The rainbow had vanished from his sky, but left its cold grey cloud to overhang him with its gloom. Renouncing all his former harmless gaieties, he would pass whole days in retirement, addressing none, neglecting even the common wants of nature,—then, as the shades of night set in, wander disconsolately about certain spots, the scenes of by-gone favours, trivial in themselves, yet treasured still by him with all a lover's fondness.

About this time the war broke out, and, partly, from recklessness, partly, in the hope that the stirring vicissitudes of a campaign might, partially, at least, divert his thoughts from their present unhealthy channel, he offered himself for an appointment in a Burgher Force, then being levied. His services were accepted, and it was thus that we were thrown together.

For the rest, he was the son of a Frontier Farmer, one of the many, who, from prosperity and ease, had been thrown upon the world ruined and homeless by the late Caffer depredations.

Such was my companion, Poodle, now riding by my side, with all his usual taciturnity. On the present occasion,

however, his silence was rather agreeable than otherwise. I should tell the reader, that, during this period I had been deeply engaged in studying Robertson's History of Scotland, an odd volume of which I had picked up somewhere on the road. I was particularly struck with his account of the unfortunate Queen Mary,—so much so, that my muse, who is a bustling little body, thought proper to make her the subject of sundry mournful stanzas, which I was at that moment repeating, in my mind, with all a bardling's rapture. This I had done for some time to myself, but, at last, as much

" To cleanse my bosom of the perilous stuff
Which weighed upon my heart,"

as to mark the effect of the communication on my simple-minded companion, I broke the silence.

" Do you know, Poodle!" I remarked, " that I am a great poet?"

I never shall forget his look, as with mouth and eyes wide open, he stared into my face, in unfeigned surprise.

" Oh! Crikey, Bill!" said he, in his usual solemn way,—
" do you mean to say that you can write *real* poetry?"

" Yes," I replied with a smile, "*real* poetry, Jim, pathetic beyond measure,—it would make an attorney weep.—Shall I give you a specimen?"—And, without waiting for an answer, I broke out into spouting the following

STANZAS, BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE DEATH OF RIZZIO.

The blooming rose, who, all the summer through,
Hath upward gazed upon the glorious sun,
Until his light becomes her life, each hue
Blushing into a warmer glow,
When she from him a beaming smile hath won,
White each closed fold, expanding, seems to grow
With joyousness, when he
Looks down upon her shining brightly—
Ah, who then bears all care more lightly—
Who more happy then, than she?

But when the sable clouds of winter pall
The mourning skies—and that dear sun no more
His lov'd and ever lovely light lets fall,
And now no more doth smiling shine,
To cheer her, as he did in days of yore,
Rather than drooping slowly, sadly, pine,
Without his radiancy,
She calls upon the chilly winter blast,
On her young bloom his killing blight to cast
That she at once may wither'd be!

Such was the bliss of *my* brief summer's day
 When my life's sun, my Rizzio, o'er me shone,
 And so that transient beam hath past away :
 Then come—ye wintry blasts of death !
 Since with him all my fleeting joys have gone,
 Blow on me with your rank and blasting breath,
 I would not ling'ring sigh,
 And through long years of hopeless anguish live ;
 Life hath no further pleasures now to give,
 Then come—oh, come—and let me die !

I had finished my recitation, and, with a silly jest upon my lips, looked up into his face. To my surprise a tear was glistening in his eye ;—he dashed it hastily away, and, with a half smothered sigh, relapsed into profound thought. My strains had touched a chord in that broken heart—some single ray of feeling, glimmering through his dark and wandering mind, had wakened it thus to deep and silent sadness !

Yes, he too longed for an early grave, for he too had culled of the fruit, “goodly to the eye, but wormwood to the taste,”—and what was his reward ?—A shattered spirit and a clouded understanding !

I was too deeply moved to speak, but need I say, that I felt more flattered by this simple tribute to my verse, than if it was praised by the Quarterly ?

Still journeyed we on in silence. Night had now set in, and the camp of the division we were to join was already in sight.

The landscape was desolate in the extreme, but a lustrous moon cast its light from above upon the waste, and like woman's charity beaming forth amidst the dark abodes of want, shed a hallowed beauty even over barrenness. In the distance, watch-fires flung their lurid blaze far and wide over the plains, while the white tents, gleaming pale in the surrounding glare reared their forms, here and there, from between them, like ghastly spectres stalking amidst the ruins of a burning city.

It was late ere we reached our destination. The reader may judge that we were not long in going through the requisite preliminaries to rest. The tents were soon pitched. I had delivered my credentials,—been graciously received,—and, after paying a few visits to some old friends in camp, threw myself on my “veldcombers” thoroughly tired. Scarcely, however, had I fallen into a doze, when my peace was disturbed by some one stumbling over my tent-strings. A Job would have blasphemed under the circumstances. I

naturally bestowed, at the top of my voice, an imprecation on the intruder, which he could not but have heard. He took no notice of this, but came round to the tent-door, and commenced a series of inflictions on my servant, in the shape of questions as to the abode of the commissariat. Of course he received no light from that quarter, so I being, by this time, thoroughly awakened, and by nature an obliging young gentleman, called out, for the information of my unknown friend, that he could make no mistake, as it was the only other tent in the place, painted at the top like the governor's. "What!" I heard the voice reply, "a tent like mine?" By Jove, thought I, a pretty debut! It must be Sir Peregrine himself whom I have been consigning to the shades below! And so it proved. Need I say that I was up in a moment, blundered through some excuse, and giving "His Excellency" all the information in my power. He made no allusion to my late "*polite reference*," and we parted after a short conversation, very good friends.

I again lay down to sleep, but was once more disturbed by the entrance of the adjutant of the force I was attached to, to inform me that there was a patrol decided on for the following morning, for which I was to prepare myself.

Every stage in the career of man seems to have some disease set apart to itself. Thus childhood has its croup, boyhood its measles, and old age groans over its gout. The transition, or chrysalis state of "hobbledehoyism," in like manner is peculiarly subject to what poets are pleased to call "bright aspirations." Being myself in *viridi juventâ*,—*id est*, "a Greenhorn," this, too, was my case. My ideas were very sublime indeed. I had read "Plutarch" with tears in my eyes, and taken "Carlyle's Hero-worship" to bed with me,—thought Julius Cæsar a devilish fine fellow, and entertained a high respect for chivalry, the middle ages, and William the Conqueror. In short, like most people at my age I was highly enthusiastic, and had very little doubt that I contained in my own proper person tolerably good raw material for the making of a hero. With these feelings, it will be hardly necessary to add, that I was delighted at so soon opening "my first campaign," and looked forward with impatience to the morrow. How far these anticipations were gratified,—my next chapter must reveal.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANT REFUGEES
AT FRANSCHEHOEK.

Pilgrims rest—your search is over ;
Rest, your stormy flight is done :
Ocean's paths are safely travelled,
And a hiding-place is won :
Safe within the mountain's breast
Rest ye, weary wanderers, rest.

Let the priest and perjured monarch,
Let your faithless brethren rave ;
Let them follow—walls of granite
Stand around you, strong to save :
Priestly curse or kingly spear
Scarce may find an entrance here.

Sigh not for the flowery meadows
That in infancy ye trod :
Lavish nature here hath planted
Flowers as bright, as green a sod,
Whence the zephyrs, soft and calm,
Scatter fragrance, scatter balm.

Here the blithe canary gaily
Tunes her shrillest sweetest throat ;
Never from the prisoned captive
Came so rich, so full, a note :
Every day and all day long,
Flows the current of her song.

Here the golden-gleaming crocus
Spreads its bosom to the sun ;
And the buds of eve unfolding
Welcome in night's shadows dun,
Maiden flowers of modest mien,
Breathing sweetest, when unseen.*

Here from out earth's genial bosom
Chrystal streams are ever gushing,

* The *Babiana* and *Hesperantha*, or *Ixia Cinnamomea* of Thunberg, are the flowers here alluded to. The former, one of the most common Cape bulbs, bears a great resemblance to the crocus. The latter, closed during the day and opening only at the approach of evening, as its colonial name *Avond-bloem*, or *Evening flower*, implies, is much prized for its powerful yet delicate scent, very similar to that of the lily of the valley. On dark nights, when its diminutive blossoms could not be distinguished at a yard's distance, we have often been made aware of its vicinity, and directed to its haunts, by some tell-tale breeze, fragrant with the familiar perfume.

Down the bare majestic mountain,
 Down the verdant valley rushing,
 O'er the desert, dusty white,
 Sparkling far with dewy light.

Here the fig-tree's tender foliage,
 Mingling with the almond gay,
 And the harvest's yellow promise
 Well the planter's toil repay.
 Marked ye not his orange bowers,
 Union sweet of fruit and flowers !

Heard ye not boon nature calling :
 Freely ask whate'er is mine ;
 Clothe each rocky steep with olive,*
 Plant on every slope the vine :
 Rocky steep and sunny slope
 Well shall answer to your hope ?

O'er your native land are sweeping,
 War and superstition's flood,—
 Every holy fane polluted,
 Every hand distained with blood.
 Who of exile would complain,
 Think on this and count it gain.

Weary of the barren desert,
 Weary of the salt-sea foam,
 In this peaceful habitation
 Dwell, nor ever farther roam.
 Safe within the mountains' breast
 Rest ye, weary wanderers, rest.

A. C. L.

* It would be needless to remind the reader that the vine was first cultivated in this colony, by the French refugees. But while our soil and climate have proved to be well adapted to this as to the other common fruits of the South of Europe, no attempt has been yet made to add oil to the numerous resources which our fields and gardens yield. And this is the more to be regretted as the olive, though of slow growth, requires little or no care from the planter, and thrives best on rough hill-sides, where the soil can otherwise be turned to no account. The means of repairing this oversight are simple. Slips of the wild olive can be procured in any number from the hills about Camp's Bay and elsewhere, and these may be grafted with shoots of the cultivated species, a few plants of which, we understand, were brought from Europe some years ago, and produced fruit of excellent quality. We do not know whether these trees are still in existence, nor does it matter much ; as more may be obtained without trouble and at a very trifling expense. When we consider the success, perhaps unparalleled in any other country, with which so many varieties of European and Asiatic fruits have been cultivated among us, it excites surprise that so valuable an indigenous tree should have been overlooked or neglected ; and we are induced to ask whether it would not be worth while, at the expense perhaps of a little present trouble, to secure to the future occupants of this colony a plentiful supply of an article, which has become almost an indispensable luxury of civilized life, and which meets with demand only less general than that for corn and wine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 414 of vol. i.)

CHAPTER V.

American Travellers—Austrian Steamers—Syra—Smyrna—Constantine—Nymphi—The Monument of Sesostris—A Turkish barrack—Ephesus—Mount Timolus—Supetram—Lydia—The Tomb of Alyattes—Surgical practice—Sardis—Acsa—a Turkish Khan—Pergamus—The Amphitheatre—A Greek Wedding—A Turkish Salutation—Mitylene—Earthquakes—Port Olyvia—Steam to the Dardanelles—Tenedos—The Troad—Truth of the Iliad—The catalogue of Ships—Site of Troy—The Dardanelles—Simois and Scamander—The Tomb of Achilles—Alexandria Troas—A Turkish Dinner-party—Assos—View of the Troad—A Bore—An English Library—Return to the Dardanelles—Constantinople.

During my stay at Athens, the Hotel d' Orient was almost entirely occupied by American travellers. We sat down to dinner, a party of twelve, among whom I was the only Englishman. It was in company with two of these transatlantic voyagers, who afterwards accompanied me up the Nile, that I started one fine autumn evening from the Piræus in an Austrian Steamer, and arrived the next morning at the island of Syra, where, after one day's stay we were transferred to another steamer, belonging to the same company, and bound for Smyrna. These steamers, which enjoy nearly a monopoly in many parts of the Mediterranean, are not by any means so comfortable, nor in any respect so well managed as those of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, nor even as the French steamers: and besides the annoyances of sour wine, short commons, and very imperfect accommodation, the detention at Syra, which almost always occurs, whatever may be the direction of the journey, is justly complained of by passengers. It is impossible to go even from Alexandria to Trieste, without being taken out of the way to this most uninteresting island, and shipped, body, goods, and chattels, on board another steamboat. On the present occasion I was detained one day, and on another three, which latter were not the more agreeable for being spent in quarantine.

The town of Syra, as seen from the harbour, presents rather a curious appearance,—that, namely, of a pile of houses heaped one upon another in the form of a Pyramid. This is caused by the town being built on a hill, which, while it gives it rather a picturesque appearance from the sea, renders it extremely inconvenient for pedestrian exercise: and indeed, were this otherwise, one would hardly be tempted to the use of one's legs for the purpose of exploring a modern Greek town of respectable dimensions, or feasting the eyes on a view of which the deserted island of Delos and other of the "Isles of Greece," beautiful in poetry, and, I believe, no where else, form the principal objects.

Utterly destitute of all objects of artificial interest, Syra still maintains the position which it occupied in the days of Homer, as a depot of trade and merchandise, and is now the most flourishing of the Greek islands. Here also are built most of the small boats by which the trade of the Archipelago is principally carried on.

The day after leaving Syra we arrived at Smyrna, which, as the first oriental city which we had yet seen, contained many objects of interest. The city is picturesquely situated in a most beautiful bay, the sides of which, clothed with luxuriant verdure, present a pleasing contrast to the bare and rugged landscapes of Greece. Behind the city rises a grassy hill, the summit of which is crowned with the ruins of an old castle, said to have been the scene of martyrdom of Polycarp. Beneath this are seen the domes and minarets of the mosques, and the tall cypress trees which mark the Turkish cemeteries, while the flags of the different consuls, and the masts of the shipping, which crowd the harbour, serve to give variety to a scene, interesting at any time and to any person, but particularly to one by whom its oriental characteristics of domes, minarets, and cypress groves, are now seen for the first time.

Within, the city is not less entertaining to the novice in oriental manners. But these impressions are of so very temporary a character, that I cannot pretend to recall the glowing description, which I no doubt penned in the journal which I kept at the time, of the turbaned Turks, the veiled and slip-shod females, the black slaves, sellers of sweetmeats and sherbet, the mosques, the cemeteries, and the bazaars. When first I landed at Smyrna, I could not help feeling a kind of reverence for the venerable individuals in turbans, robes, and hoary beards, who walk the street at a slow and

steady pace so different from that which is observed in London or any European town. But before I had been a week in Turkey I could swear at my Turkish guide, if the horses were not loaded or did not go to my liking.

A walk through the town comprised the mosques, bazaars, slave-markets, &c., which, however, are seen to so much better advantage at Constantinople, that I shall abstain from any description here. A more curious sight it is to see how men of all nations, in all their various costumes,—Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics,—pursue their own business or pleasure in this stronghold of the vanity which the Preacher has attached to all human things. I was much amused with an extract, which I lately met with, from some old book of travels, written in the early part of the last century, on this subject. “Strangers,” says my authority “have great liberty here: and the above-said quarter of the *Franks* is crowded with a variety of *European* nations, (the *English* especially who have here a consul,) who speak each their own language, dress, live, and divert themselves after their own country’s manner; perform their *different* worship, sing masses or psalms, pray or preach, &c., every one according to their own country’s *fashion* without molestation, the *Turks* scarce ever coming into this part, unless in disguise, sily to tope wine at taverns there kept open night as well as day.”

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!

The wonder now-a-days would be, if strangers did *not* enjoy the privileges here boasted of; and the Turk is in these days very strict and orthodox indeed, who, if he refuse wine, will not be seduced by brandy.

Smyrna was one of the seven churches, to which St. John addressed his revelations, and has been thought, by some zealous interpreters, to fulfil, by its temporal prosperity, the promises of the apostle. Nothing, however, can be more erroneous, or more injurious to the cause which it is intended to promote, than this twisting of prophecy.

This is also one of the seven cities which contend for the honor of being considered the birth-place of Homer. But in the utter uncertainty which prevails on this subject, I am content to acknowledge the right of one great poet to decide on such a question relating to another, and to me the immortal author of the *Iliad* has ever been and will ever be

“The blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle.”

I saw Smyrna at considerable disadvantage, in conse-

quence of the late calamitous fire by which half the city was levelled with the ground; and the endless lines of camels, bearing stones, beams, and other building materials, rendered walking in the streets a work of difficulty and danger. With a perversity worthy of Turks and fatalists, they are rebuilding the houses of wood, and are constructing the streets as narrow as before.

Shortly after our arrival, my two friends left Smyrna for Constantinople, by another Austrian steamer, and I, seized by a desire to wander over the fields where Troy once stood, and where Hector and Achilles and all old Homer's heroes fought and bled, determined to make the same journey by land; and as I had dismissed *Todoree* at Athens, the first thing was, to provide myself with a *dragoman*. After some trouble I succeeded in engaging the services of one *Constantine*, a Smyrniote Greek, who spoke no English, and very little French, but was recommended as a good cook, an intelligent guide, and a willing servant: and thus prepared, and supplied with three decent horses, (for the Turkish attendants do not, like the Greeks, condescend to walk,) I set out on my journey to Ephesus,—not, however, until I had made an excursion to Nymphli, to see the curious Egyptian monument of *Sesostris*, mentioned by *Herodotus* in the second book of his history, and which answers exactly to the description which he has given of it, except that the sword and spear are in the opposite hands to those in which he has placed them,—a curious proof that the old Greek historian did not know his right hand from his left.

As I did not start for Ephesus till late in the afternoon, the journey occupied two days, and I spent the first night at a small barrack, or guard-house, on the road. It was a long wooden shed-looking building, situated on a bleak plain, and bearing externally a suspicious resemblance to the Greek *khan*, of which I have given a description in the third chapter. From appearances I was not induced to augur very favorably of the prospects of comfort or amusement, but the interior was sufficiently oriental. When I entered, some twenty or five-and-twenty Turks were seated on a matted floor, round the walls of a large apartment, each with a *chibouque* in his hands, and a diminutive cup of coffee before him. A large fire was blazing on the hearth,—for the evening was chilly,—and before it sat a black slave, whose sole occupation appeared to consist in the superintendence of a huge coffee-pot, from which he every now and then

replenished the cups of the smoking and coffee-drinking automata. Another sable gentleman, armed with a small pair of tongs, glided quietly about the room, supplying with small live coals the bowls of such of the pipes as their owners had newly filled with tobacco. The leader of the party received me with a salaam, which I returned to the best of my ability, after which I squatted down on the floor like the rest. The hospitable gentleman, however, insisted on my occupying a three-legged stool near the fire, which was the only thing in the place at all resembling a chair, and having supplied me with a chibouque filled with such tobacco as the faithful only know how to obtain, and a cup of coffee, to the thickness of which habit had already reconciled me, left me to my meditations as happy as any giaour in the dominions of the Great Turk. Constantine now bustled about with his cooking utensils and speedily justified his reputation by the production of a very appetizing repast, which naturally led to another chibouque and coffee, in the enjoyment of which I calmly contemplated the Turks, who, rising one and all, turned their faces towards Mecca, and went through their evening prayers and prostrations, after which they laid by some of the sedateness of their national character, and, while one performed a lively air on a kind of miniature broken-winded guitar, two others engaged in a somewhat boisterous dance, to the apparent amusement of the company. So passed the evening; after which I was conducted to a small side room, generally occupied by the commander of the party, where I sought repose and sought it not in vain.

The road between Smyrna and Ephesus, which I resumed the next morning, though generally pretty, contains no scenes which impress themselves very strongly upon the memory. A ruined aqueduct, or occasionally, the remains of a castle of the middle ages, such as we see on the banks of the Rhine, are the most prominent objects. I remember one of the latter, perched upon a high rock, the summit of which it entirely occupied, in a position apparently of great strength, and still preserving a very commanding appearance. Constantine called it the *Chateau de Chèvres*, and told some absurd story about it which I have since forgotten.

On arriving at Ephesus, the most remarkable object is the great church of St. John, which must once have been a magnificent building, though now "fallen from its high estate," having been first converted into a Turkish mosque, and then, owing, I suppose, to the smallness of the con-

gregation, suffered to fall into almost complete ruin. The present remains contain sufficient proofs of former magnificence. Many will trace in its present position, and in the total extinction of Christianity at Ephesus, marks of the removal of the candlestick, denounced against the Ephesians by the apostle, to whom this church was dedicated. But I have always looked upon these prophecies as threats of present punishment or promises of present prosperity, which have been long since fulfilled.

Of the ancient grandeur of this once great city scarcely any vestige remain. The great temple of Diana, one of the wonders of the world is utterly gone, and the "place thereof knoweth it no more." Of the great theatre where the Ephesians held thier assemblies, sometimes not of the most orderly character, (as described in the acts of the Apostles,) only the semicircular form, which, being natural, cannot altogether disappear, remains. There are two or three large buildings, apparently of Roman construction, still standing in ruins. But a traveller might easily pass through the modern village (for it is now nothing more, consisting only of about twenty houses) without having the least idea that he was near the site of a great ancient city. Diana of the Ephesians was great; but she is now as small as may be.

Whether it was from sleeping in a miserable hovel at Ephesus, or from the effects of climate, or any of the other numerous causes which affect the health, I cannot say; but I certainly lost much of the enjoyment of my short tour in Asia Minor, from illness, which I did not get rid of till after my arrival at Constantinople, and which rendered a style of travelling, not very *comfortable* at any time, extremely irksome to me. It was in no pleasant mood, then, that I turned my horse's head the next morning towards Sardis, and continued plodding along till I arrived at a little village at the foot of Mount Tmolus, where I slept. The next morning I was not much better pleased at having to ascend the mountain by a road little better than some which I had traversed in Greece. I was unprepared at that time for the scene of heavenly beauty to which that rugged road was conducting me.

Nearly at the summit of the range of Tmolus the mountain divides itself into two ridges, which would be considerable hills anywhere else, though at the summit of this lofty mountain they appear as mole-hills. Between these ridges lies one of the most lovely valleys which the imagination of man

ever conceived, or pencil ever drew. Never so much as on that morning did I regret my inability to handle the pencil, and transfer to paper some faint resemblance of the beauties which nature has lavished with most unsparing hand on this most lovely spot. I breakfasted—

“*Patulo recubans sub tegmine fagi,*”

stretched upon a bank of turf smooth as velvet; beside me a pure fountain gushed out in a rippling stream; in front were the sloping undulating banks of the valley, studded with all sorts of graceful trees and shrubs, to which the tints of autumn, which had just tinged their leaves, lent a rich variety; through the midst a gentle stream murmured over the pebbles, which just checked its course, and on its banks might be seen sitting two or three shepherds in Oriental dress, whose flocks were feeding peacefully through the valley. In the back ground the peaks of the mountain rose to heaven; and the glorious sun shone brightly over all out of a sky whose deep beautiful blue was not sullied by a single cloud. Oh, for the pencil of a Claude to render eternal the feelings of that one moment! but it is vain to attempt to describe in words a scene of such surpassing loveliness.

Through such a country I rode all that morning, passing at about noon the little village of Supetram, a collection of huts, where dwell the shepherds, the sole inhabitants of this “happy valley.” Shortly after noon we began to descend the mountain, and soon came in sight of the river Hermus, the Gygean lake, and the numerous tumuli, the largest of which has been described by Herodotus as that of Alyattes, the father of Cræsus.

I halted for the night at a little village, beautifully situated on the north side of the mountain, and had hardly taken my seat and applied the chibouque, which was now my constant companion, to my lips, when Constantine appeared, in company with four or five of the elders of the village, and at length succeeded in explaining to me, in French, not much more intelligible than their Turkish, that one of them had been wounded in a brawl, and wished me to prescribe for his hurt; for it seems they suppose all European travellers to be proficient in the healing art. “You can recommend anything you please, sir,” observed Costantine, (in mercy to the reader, I do not give his speech in his own barbarous lingo,) “he ’ll be sure to think it does him good, and besides we shall leave to-morrow and never know anything further

about it." Acknowledging the justice of this philosophy, I proceeded to examine the wound which was not very severe, but for which no better remedy had been devised than a green leaf. I recommended the substitution of a common poultice as a thing which I thought could scarcely do any harm; and I believe the learned word *cataplasime* completely settled the business. At any rate the cavalcade left the hut with great protestations of gratitude.

The next morning I completed the descent of Mount Tmolus, and entered Sardis, the ancient capital of Lydia. If every step in this country, and in Greece, did not tend to remind us of the changeableness and instability of all human things, so much that the remark becomes hackneyed and bears almost the appearance of affectation, it would be impossible to approach this place, once the capital of a kingdom, and the residence of the richest monarch of ancient times, whose very name has become proverbial for wealth, and has continued so down to our own day, without feeling most forcibly that all things are indeed vanity. The prophecy is in part fulfilled, and the accomplishment of the rest as surely remains behind:

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like an insubstantial pageant, faded
Leave not a rack behind."

Two poor houses are the present representatives of ancient Sardis: of its towers, temples, and palaces, two Ionic columns are the sole remains. They stand in the midst of a wild plain, enclosed in an amphitheatre of hills: no human habitation is in sight,—no mark of civilization is visible,—a wild stream forces its way through rocks and bushes, and seems to chide the trespasser for venturing into such a lonely spot: the site of Sardis is even more deserted than that of Troy. Where Troy stood are cornfields,—where Sardis stood is desolation.

For the rest, some piles of Roman brick-work are shewn as ruins of the ancient city. One of these is called the house of Cræsus, though obviously of much more modern date.

We crossed the river, skirted the sides of the lake, threaded our way among the tombs which are very numerous, and, after a long and tedious ride, arrived at Acsa, the ancient Thyatira, which, though never a town of any great celebrity, appears from the numerous marble fragments which are met

with in the cemeteries, the saccoplagi now used as horse-troughs, and the Corinthian capitals which ornament many of the well-heads in the vicinity, to have contained many buildings of importance, though no remains of these are now visible. The place is now a considerable Turkish town, containing a comfortable khan, very different from that which I have described as a specimen of Greek resting-places. The khan at Aesa is a large square building, surrounding an interior yard, in the midst of which is a fountain. The lower story of the building is build of stone, and consists entirely of stables for horses and camels, (a caravan of no less than 74 of which arrived soon after I had taken up my quarters there.) Above there is a gallery running all round the building, and communicating, by two or three ladders, or staircases, with the yard. And in this gallery are the doors of numerous small chambers entirely without furniture, but generally tolerably clean, for the accommodation of guests. In the court-yard is a kind of covered divan, on which a number of Turks may generally be observed smoking their chibouques or nargilhés.*

Our next stage was to Pergamus, where I was detained two days by the heavy rain, in the intervals of which I contrived to explore such remains of antiquity as the town contains. These are numerous and on a large scale, but entirely of Roman construction. Those most worthy of remark are the theatre and amphitheatre outside the town. The latter is a magnificent work, and would appear, from the ruins which now lie in the bed of the stream, which runs through it, to have stood on one great bridge, extending from side to side of the ravine in which it was built. The theatre also is of very large dimensions, and appears to have been handsomely decorated.

Finding the khan at Pergamus abominably dirty, I took up my abode, while there, in the house of the Greek shop-keeper, who assigned to me a room containing four doors and twenty-two windows, the upper ones not being glazed, and only provided with shutters, which served very imperfectly to keep out the rain. My host was, however, very civil and attentive, and on the second evening requested me to accompany him to a supper which was given in honor of the marriage of a friend of his, which had taken place that morning; and, accordingly, we proceeded to his friend's

* The nargilhé is a pipe similar to the Indian hookah, but much smaller, from which the smoke is inhaled through water or rose-water.

dwelling, where we were received by the bridegroom in person, who grinned most portentously in answer to my congratulations, conveyed to him through the interpretation of Constantine. The supper was spread upon the floor, and consisted of various savoury condiments, highly spiced with garlic. We fell to with our fingers without ceremony, (for knives and forks there were none,) and washed down the viands with copious potations of villainous wine, and reasonably good rakee. The supper concluded, each guest was supplied with a chibouque and a cup of coffee, after which the bride (who was rather pretty for a Greek) was introduced with her attendant maidens, and with them, but without the assistance of the men, went through a very sober dance, to the music of a fiddle and a kind of tambourine, played by musicians both sufficiently drunk. I ought to have mentioned that the room was entirely hung round with various articles of female costume, presents to the bride on this festive occasion. My own tribute, in the shape of a few piastres, was at least equally acceptable. At about nine o'clock we left the "happy pair" to the enjoyment of their conjugal bliss.

On the next morning I bade farewell to my kind host, and when I held out my hand to shake his, to my infinite disgust, he seized it, and, drawing me towards him, imprinted a kiss on my cheek before I had the least idea what he was about. I certainly never in my life felt much more inclined to kick a man, though it would have been the highest act of injustice, for the poor man only used his way of showing his goodwill.

In order to avoid a tedious journey round the Gulf of Adranyt, I determined to proceed from Pergamus to Aivali, a little town on the sea-side, and to cross the gulf from there to Beachram in a boat. But, to my great disgust, when I arrived at Aivali on the morning after leaving Pergamus, I found the wind blowing exactly in my teeth, so that crossing to Beachram appeared to be an impossibility. In the hope that the wind might change, I waited some hours at Aivali, in the house of the English consular agent, who produced a book, in which were entered the names of English travellers who had stopped at Aivali. The last name before my own was that of the unfortunate Sir Laurens Jones, who was murdered a few days afterwards.

As the wind continued to blow steadfastly from the adverse quarter, there appeared to be nothing for it but to cross the

island of Mitylene, and there take the steamer to the Dardanelles and visit the Troad from that point. This course I accordingly pursued, and on arriving at Mitylene, was infinitely disgusted to find, that the steamer which should have called that evening, on the way from Smyrna to Constantinople, had not yet passed, on the way from Constantinople to Smyrna! so that I was likely to be detained for three or four days on the island. I found, however, a kind and hospitable welcome from the English consul, in whose house I remained for three days, when the steamer at length arrived, and carried me on to the Dardanelles.

I found the good people of Mitylene in great excitement and tribulation, on account of some earthquakes which had lately visited the island, and had alarmed the inhabitants to such an extent, that one English family were in the habit of going on board a boat every night, and sleeping about a mile out at sea. Notwithstanding the fear which every body seemed to entertain on the subject, I did not hear that any actual damage had been done.

The weather was so unfavorable during my three days' stay at Mitylene, as to prevent my seeing much of the island; not that I believe there is much to see. One pretty view there is from a height near the town which commands a view of the two harbours of the island,—the one belonging to the town, and the other (Port Olyvia) on the other side of the island.

Though it contains no remains of ancient buildings, Mitylene (anciently Lesbos) was not wanting of celebrity in the days of antiquity. It was the birth-place of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, as well as of Sappho and Alcæus, two of her greatest lyric poets; and was the residence, at different times, of Epicurus and Aristotle. At present the town is inconsiderable, and the island derives its only importance from the quantity of oil produced by the numerous olive-trees, by which it is entirely covered.

The journey from Mitylene to the Dardanelles in an Austrian steamer, which coasts the whole way, affords a fair view of the Troad. We passed between the island of Tenedos and the main land, which, seen from this point, presents the appearance of a vast plain, which was doubtless the battle-field of the Greeks and the Trojans. On one of the lower hills, on the back of this plain, nearly opposite Tenedos, and about where the ruins of Alexandria Troas now stand, I suppose Troy formerly stood. Tenedos presents the

appearance of a hilly and rocky island, which would well have concealed the Greeks from the view of their adversaries, as described by Virgil. The "hollow ships" of the Greeks, I presume, lay between the main land and the island.*

I am quite sensible that this is no place for the introduction of a critical dissertation on the Troad; more especially, as my own opportunities of personal observation were very small. But as the subject has been treated of by others who never visited the Troad, perhaps I may be permitted to express my firm conviction, that a careful survey of the country would fully confirm the general truth of Homer's geography. I do not propose here to enter into any discussion on the questions of the individuality of Homer, or the integrity of the Homeric poems, but simply to express my belief, that the Iliad is the work of one man, who was well acquainted with the country where the events which he describes took place, and that those events are founded in general historical truth. It is observable, that many of the fables which subsequent writers have grafted on the "tale of Troy divine," were utterly unknown to Homer,—such as that, for instance, of the immersion of Achilles in Styx by Thetis, and his consequent invulnerability; † and there is every reason to suppose, that the single passage, in which the story of the judgment of Paris is alluded to, ‡ is an interpolation: stripped of these and other similar stories there is nothing in the history of the Trojan war, as related by Homer, which might not have its foundation in real history; and the manner in which he constantly alludes to circumstances which had occurred in the earlier part of the war, (the action of the poem being confined to the tenth year,) as to matters of known history, renders it almost certain that they were so received by his hearers and readers. § Neither is it at all probable, that the rapsodists, who recited the poem, would have commanded the attention of their audience, if they were recounting only the

* The reader, who is not interested in classical criticism, may omit the four next paragraphs. They were written before the appearance of the article on Grote's History of Greece, which appeared in the last number of this Magazine, and I at one time thought of expunging them, in consequence of the coincidence, which is, however, remarkable, that article having been written by another hand. On the whole I thought it best not to make any special alterations in my "Recollections" for the benefit of the Cape public.

† See II. Φ 568.

‡ See II. Ω 28.

§ See II. A 139. & v 89.

deeds of imaginary heroes. It may further be observed, that if the story of the Trojan war were altogether an invention of the poet, it is in the highest degree improbable, that he should have chosen for his subject a part only of its history,—“the wrath of Achilles and the fulfilment of the will of Jove.” The Trojan war occupied ten years, and the action of the Iliad is comprised in about fifty days. Assuming, therefore, the general truth of the story, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that the poet who undertook the relation of a tale intimately connected with the most remarkable event in the history of his country, would think it necessary to make himself acquainted with the place where this event had occurred, and the topography of the country in which it was enacted. And this is rendered next to certain by the surprising geographical accuracy which he has displayed on another occasion.

In the celebrated “catalogue of the ships,” in the second book of the Iliad, which is introduced as an account of the Greek forces who joined in the war against Troy, we are conducted from Bœotia, Phocis, and Locris, the provinces nearest to Aulis, where the muster of the fleet was held, regularly round the Peloponnesus from Athens to Elis, thence to the islands of Ithaca and Cephallenia, and thence to Ætolia and Thessaly: no single place being mentioned out of its proper geographical order, with the exception of Crete and some other of the islands of the Ægean Sea, which appear to be introduced parenthetically after the mention of Ithaca, and the other islands West of the Peloponnesus. And it must be remembered, that this catalogue was composed at a time when such information could not be obtained by casting the eye over a map, and that judging from the accuracy with which the characteristics of the different races are distinguished, there can be little doubt that the author must have travelled over the whole of the ground here described. Such was the historical and geographical authority of the catalogue, that a dispute between Athens and Megara, for the possession of Salamis, was settled by a reference to it; and it is treated by Thucydides, the most scrupulous of historians, as matter of undoubted history.

That a writer, so careful in matters of history and geography, should have introduced this detailed description of Greece into a poem, the subject of which he had himself invented, and the scene of which was laid before the walls of a city which never existed, appears utterly incredible. It would

be a fair presumption, under the circumstances, that his description of Troy and the adjacent cities of Asia Minor is equally true, even if we possessed no means of identifying the points described. It may now, therefore, be interesting to endeavour to fix, from the data which Homer has given us, the relative positions of the hostile armies.

The catalogue of the ships already noticed is succeeded by a list of the Trojan forces, which we may naturally suppose to have been composed upon some fixed plan like the former, and which may therefore afford some assistance. The forces supplied by the city itself and its immediate territory, and led by Hector, are first mentioned, and next, the Dardans and other tribes dwelling near the Hellespont; then the Thracians, Ciconians, and other allies from Roumelia; returning to Asia Minor, the Paphlagonians and other north-eastern tribes are mentioned, and the enumeration concludes with the Mycians, Phrygians, Mæonians, Carians, and Lycians. In this description the city of Troy itself is the central point, and being situated north of the Mysian territory, and south of those first described as bordering on the Hellespont, could only occupy a position either in the midst of the plain opposite Tenedos, or on one of the low hills at the back of it, immediately under Mount Ida. There can be little doubt that the latter position would be preferred for a fortified city, and, indeed, we are told that there was only one point where it was easily assailable.* All things seem, therefore, to combine with the tradition which guided Alexander to the position of Alexandria Troas, and which has assigned to the principal ruin there, though obviously of much more modern date, the name of "Priam's Palace." Such being the position of Troy, we may suppose the Greek ships to have been moored along the coast opposite Tenedos, and their encampment to have been formed in front of the ships ranging north towards the mouth of the Scamander, which empties itself into the sea at the southern extremity of the Hellespont. Supposing Agamemnon's position to have been in the centre of this line, we may easily imagine his stepping from his tent on to the "Scamandrian plain," and hearing the "hum of men" and observing the fires before the walls of the city.

But if I have obtained a reader who has felt sufficient interest in my wanderings to follow me thus far, it is fair that I should show some consideration for him in return, by con-

* Z. I. 434.

tinuing my journey. The town of the Dardanelles is situated nearly half way up to the strait on the Asiatic side, and in passing up the strait I could not doubt the sense in which Homer has applied to it the term *broad*; for it has altogether so much more the appearance of a river than of a branch of the sea, that there can be little doubt that the poet so considered it. The use of the epithet *αγαρρῶος* *swift-flowing*, (in Il. B. 845) renders this the more probable.

At the Dardanelles I was again obliged to throw myself on the hospitality of the consul; for about a week before my arrival there, nearly the whole town had been levelled with the ground by a most disastrous fire, and no lodging could be obtained for love or money. Indeed, such of the inhabitants as could not be received in an old barrack in the neighbourhood, were living in tents among the ruins of their late dwelling. I had no reason, however, to regret the necessity which obliged me to have recourse to the kindness which is ever open to English travellers. That evening I spent with Mr. Charlton, and the next day proceeded by boat to his country house, on the bank of the Hellespont, where he kindly allowed me to pass the night.

The next two or three days I spent in riding over the whole plain of the Troad, and visiting the different sites which the caprice of various writers on the subject has fixed on for the position of Troy. In the course of this trip I had occasion to ford the Scamander, and (I suppose) the Simois more than once. They are now but insignificant streams, not worthy of notice except for the great events which have occurred upon their banks.

I also, of course, visited

“That mighty heap of gathered ground
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,”

and which tradition has fixed upon as the tomb Achilles, the hero of the Iliad. It is a huge sepulchral mound, similar to that of Alyattes and the others about Sardis, except that it is surmounted by a heap of stones placed there by successive pilgrims. I, of course, added one to the heap, which I considered less as a tomb of a dead hero, than as an altar raised to the immortal memory of the greatest poet of antiquity.

I visited also the ruins of Alexandria Troas, of which I have already spoken. Some of them are on a very large scale, and they are very extensive, the wood for miles round

being strewn with fragments of stone and marble. In a quarry, near the town, lie seven massive granite columns, one of which has not been quite cut out of the rock; and in a little bay, supposed to have been the harbour of the ancient city, lie two others of similar dimensions. Several masses of stone have been converted by the Turks into huge cannon balls, which lie strewn around in great numbers.

By the kindness of our consul at the Dardanelles, I had been furnished with letters of introduction to the Turkish governors of the different towns in the Troad. I had occasion to use only one of these at a small town, of which I have forgotten the name, about half way between Alexandria Troas, and Beachram, the ancient Assos, which occupies the most southerly point of the Troad. I was received at the gate by a black slave, and by him ushered into the presence of the great man, whom I found seated on the floor of his apartment, surrounded with papers and apparently full of business, alternately expelling from his mouth a huge whiff of smoke, and dictating a few words to his secretary who was seated beside him. The utmost respect was paid to my credentials, and I was placed upon the divan, supplied with a chibouque and coffee, and after a short formal conversation with my host through the interpretation of Constantine, presently two or three more Turks dropped in, and preparations were made for dinner. A stool about a couple of feet high, was placed in front of the divan, and upon this was deposited a small tray, round which were arranged plates for the different guests. The governor took his seat upon the divan, and placed me on his right hand, in the same situation of honor. The rest squatted on the floor. Constantine proposed to provide me with a knife and fork, but I thought it better to be a Roman while at Rome, so I c'en fell to with my fingers like the rest. I confess, however, that I was somewhat scandalized, when an old greybearded gentleman on my right, apparently thinking that I did not get on fast enough, helped me from the dish to something resembling a pancake with his own hand. Dish after dish of most indistinguishable viands, was placed upon the tray, and of every dish each person was expected to take a little. At last I was fairly beat, and was obliged to call for water,—for the Turks seem to have no idea of drinking at meals. The dinner concluded, my companions went through their evening payers, after which nargilhés and coffee were produced, and so the evening passed away. I forgot to mention, that both before

and after dinner a black slave went round with a brass basin and poured water over the hands of the guests,—an operation, which, considering the nature of the repast, was very necessary on both occasions.

The next day I rode to Assos, where are some ruins of no great interest, the most perfect of which is a small theatre; there are also several Greek and Roman inscriptions. The thirty Doric columns, arranged as a fence, mentioned by Mr. Murray in his hand-book, I could nowhere either see or hear of.

Not having been well since I left the Dardanelles, I determined now to return thither and proceed to Constantinople by the steamer, which was to touch there the next morning. In order to effect this, it was necessary to make a forced march, and, accordingly, we left Beachram early that morning, in the hope of reaching the Dardanelles before night. In order to accomplish this, we took the shortest route along the hills immediately under Mount Ida, the road being, for almost the whole way, enveloped in the pine forests for which Ida was celebrated. even in the days of Homer.

I remember one turn of the road disclosed to me unexpectedly, the whole of the Trojan plain, watered by the streams of Simois and Scamander, and studded with the tumuli, which cover the bones of the heroes who fell in the Trojan war. Beyond was the island of Tenedos, and the dark-blue waters of the rolling sea, into which the broad Hellespont might be seen rapidly to pour its waters. I drew in my bridle and stood gazing on the scene. From such a situation—then how different!—did Helen point out to the aged Priam the various warriors of the Greek army, as they came forward to battle from the hollow ships; and at that moment, the scene was recopied for my mind's eye with the shades of the heroes who have passed away,—Agamemnon the king of men, Hector with the dancing plume, Achilles swift of foot, Ajax with the seven-fold shield, the loud-voiced Diomed, and Ulysses wise in council,—all those mighty heroes whose names the “sacred bard” has made immortal. And I saw the scenes, which will make that ground famous to the end of time, again acted over till corpses strewed the plain, and Simois ran red with blood. And shall I lose my character for classical enthusiasm if I confess that my thoughts wandered to the great poet of modern time, to whom alone old Homer must yield the palm, and turned to his Ulysses with those noble speeches:

“Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down;” &c.

and

“Time has, my lord, a wallet at his back,” &c.

Such were my thoughts,—not to be fully described in words, for what words *can* describe the feelings with which one gazes upon a scene such as that which was then before me? Those who have stood on the plain of Marathon, on the Acropolis of Athens, and on the plains of Troy, will remember what their feelings were, and eke out my poor description with their recollection. Some such thoughts, however, were passing through my mind, when they were interrupted by a hideous expression which Constantine was always using, but which never seemed to me so barbarous as at that moment: “Nous *póterons* aller,” he exclaimed, “monsieur, nous *póterous* aller plus vite,” and the vision which had just been before my mind’s eye faded away and was no more seen.

We reached the village, where Mr. Charlton’s country-house is situated, so late, that it was quite impossible to proceed to the Dardanelles that night. I, therefore, determined to presume upon the hospitality which he had already shown me, and make his house my habitation for the night. Here, therefore, I dined; and having been shewn to my bedroom, dismissed Constantine, with directions to call me at four o’clock the next morning.

There were some books in the room, and no one who has not travelled *en cavalier*, in a country where books are not to be found, knows what a luxury it is to meet with a few English books. I selected a volume of Byron; and on the banks of the Dardanelles what could I read but the bride of Abydos? I was soon deeply immersed in the volume; and now for the first time could I exclaim with the poet,

“Oh yet! (for there mine eyes have been
These feet have pressed that sacred shore)
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,
Believing that each hillock green
Contains no fabled hero’s ashes,
And that along the undoubted scene
Thine own “broad Hellespont” still dashes.
Be long my lot; and cold were he
Who there could gaze, denying thee!”

Certain it is that the poetry possessed such attractions for me, that I continued to read till the candles went out and then, tired out with a long day’s ride, and a long night’s reading, threw myself on my bed and slept.

I was dreaming about Achilles when an odious voice again interrupted my reflections, and some such speech as the following sounded in my ears. "*Monsieur, monsieur, monsieur ! les chevaux sont pris ; il faut lever tout de suite ; vous pourrais monter monsieur ; monsieur, nous pourrons aller ; le bateau à vapeur sera parti, il faut lever, nous pourrons aller ; monsieur, monsieur, monsieur !*" Sorely did I grunt, growl, and grumble, but perseverance carried the day. I rose at last, despatched a hasty breakfast, and with my head full of confused ideas about Hector and Andromache, Selim and Zuleika, mounted and set on. The moon was shining brightly over

" ——— the dark blue water
That mildly flows and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles :"

But she had given way to the light of day before we reached the town, and I dismounted at the door of the consulate just in time for a second and more ample breakfast. This bodily repast was succeeded by a mental one, of a different character certainly from that of the previous evening ; but, if truth must be owned, scarcely less interesting ; it consisted of ten or twelve numbers of Punch, Galignani, and the Illustrated London News, and I confess I read Mrs. Caudle's last lecture with as much pleasure, though of a different kind, as I had experienced, on the previous evening, in reading the ever-new verses of Byron. I will not, however, slander myself by saying, that I felt the same degree of pleasure in looking at the pictures of Her Majesty's progress up the Rhine in the illustrated newspaper, as I had in gazing on the plains of Troy.

Thus the time passed away pleasantly enough, until the steamer came in sight, and I bade farewell to my kind entertainer, and started for Constantinople. We sailed past Sestos and Abydos, famed for the loves of Hero and Leander, and, in less romantic times, for the bridge of Xerxes, past the castles which guard the entrance of this strait, one of the doors of the Mediteranean, into the sea of Marmora. That night I slept on board the steamer, and the next morning, again at 4 o'clock, I was called by Constantine, as we were rounding the Seraglio point, to see the entrance to the Golden-horn and enjoy the first view of the beautiful city of Constantinople.

EUPHROSYNE.

A TURKISH TALE.

CANTO II.

To turn to many a vanish'd year,
 When pleasures bright and friendships dear
 The youthful heart hath fondly known,—
 Now, oft renew'd in memory's tone,
 As lingering retrospect, — fraught
 With all the past, in tender thought, —
 Dwells on the things which then entwin'd
 Their rainbow colours o'er the mind ;
 Made brighter by each smiling dream
 Which hope pourtray'd on fancy's stream,
 When, all that early love could fling
 Round passion, rose on rapture's wing,
 And time display'd a gorgeous dress
 As charioteer to happiness, —
 And life's path open'd to the view,
 A scene of dazzling charm and hue ; —
 Such are the visions bright of youth,
 Oh ! they would almost mar that truth
 Which says, " the syren pleasure but beguiles,
 " To flee at last, and cheat us with its smiles."

And, thou, oh beauty, in thine hour
 Of adoration and of power,
 Seated upon enchantment's throne,
 With the world's homage made thine own,
 Or rear'd within some humbler bower,
 Screen'd as the lily's tender flower
 Beneath some gaudy plant, whose stem
 O'ertops its virgin-diadem, —
 In light or shade, — enrich'd or poor,
 Wilt say, that thou art still secure
 From crafty deed or subtle wile,
 To rob thee of thy maiden-smile ?
 Albeit thy fond votary's prayer
 Denotes thee, all his bosom's care,
 And passion's glow, and rapture's sigh,
 Assures, thou art his Deity, —
 Wilt say, that every other harm
 Thou canst defy, and scorn alarm
 From spoiler's snare, or tyrant's arm ?
 And, that when love, its chain hath wound
 The one devoted heart around,
 That kindred stern, allied to him,
 May not still snatch the goblet brim,
 With sparkling joy, and amidst frown

And malice, dash the chalice down ?
 Wilt say that anger cannot crush,
 The sweetest rose that decks the bush,
 Or deadly vengeance when avow'd,
 Envelop not in sable shroud ?

The star will set,—the flower will fade,—
 The loveliest landscape has its shade,—
 However brilliant be the light
 Which shines to make the noon-day bright,
 And hope is there to bless a scene
 So rich in smiles, and so serene ;
 Yet who can trust on this frail earth,
 To crown one future hour with mirth ?
 For will not hope display its form
 And strive to lighten care and gloom,
 Like to the rainbow of the storm
 Which shines above some destin'd tomb ?
 And, oh, how oft amidst its shell,
 When smiling and enchanting most,
 To find the thing belov'd so well
 And cherished, the next moment, lost !
 As some fair bark with gentle motion
 Now gliding o'er the sunny ocean,
 By sunken rock or whirlwind's breath,
 Is hurried to the depths beneath.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Evening's bright sunbeam richly falls
 On Yannina's fair lake and halls,
 And pouring forth its golden light,
 Glows on Metzoukel's towering height,
 Whilst not a ripple o'er the lake,
 Does gentle zephyr's breath awake,
 Where purple shadows now imprint
 The beauty of their radiant tint,
 As the reflected mountain's side,
 Shines on the mirror of that tide.
 'Tis lofty Pindus crown'd with snow,
 Which sparkles in its virgin glow,
 Ting'd with those rays of roseate hue,
 That make it lovelier to the view,
 Blending the earth around and sky
 In nature's sweetest harmony ; *

* The following is Dr. Holland's description of the extraordinary magnificence of the view, which lay around and beneath him. "On the one side was the deep basin and Lake of Yannina, with the surrounding plains and mountains ; the palace and minarets of the city seem overhanging the waters of the lake ;— on the other, the profound valley of the Arachus, which may be traced far into the distance between the great eastern front of Metzoukel and the towering central heights of the Pindus chain, dazzling with snow. Both as regards singularity and grandeur, I have seen few spots in Greece comparable to the scene from this spot." Hobhouse in his tour through Albania, gives even a more imposing account of its beauty and magnificence.

Amidst this bright and beauteous scene,
 Fair Yannina, the mistress queen,
 With shining minarets and towers,
 Rises above her orange bowers ;
 Seated like beauty, with her zone
 Of gems, upon enchantment's throne.
 Until the sun's fast fading beam
 Wanes, feebly glimmering on the stream.
 And twinkling stars but ill requite,
 The loss of that all-glorious light,
 When soon, as if to soothe the heart,
 For evening's splendours which depart,
 Behold the charm of sweet repose.

 Woos nature to some soft retreat ;
 The bulbul seeks its favorite rose,
 The lover his belov'd one's feet,
 And kneeling at a shrine so fair,
 There offers up his fondest prayer !

But Mouctar, by his sire's command,
 Is gone awhile to distant strand,
 To quench the torch in Freedom's hand,
 And bind the limb with heavier chain,
 Which strove to light its shrine again.—
 Although his spirit deeply felt,
 To think his arm the sentence dealt,
 Oft had he wish'd the hour would cease,
 Which brought such mournful pangs to Greece,
 But Ali's will the mandate gave,
 And all around must be his slave,
 And whate'er Mouctar-wished to be.
 Alas, he could not yet be free !

Reclining in her favorite bower,
 Herself its loneliest, loveliest flower,
 Euphrosyné mourns that fate has parted,
 The newly-plighted and true-hearted.
 Oh, dark indeed is joy's eclipse,
 When to the last embrace of lips,
 Is mingled too the trembling sigh
 Of parting love's despondency :
 To see the flower which joy once cherish'd,
 With scatter'd leaves and fragrance perish'd,
 Strewed o'er the bier those hopes entombing,
 Which cheer'd the soul when brightly blooming,
 Yet all that hope, (in whose frail trust,
 We built up dreams that fall to dust,)
 E'er fram'd to charm us with, then leave
 The bosom, life's lost peace to grieve ;
 And all that feeling ever wrung,
 From tortured hearts to madness stung
 By fickleness in female breast,
 Which made its worshipper distress'd,
 Cause not such suffering as the knell,
 Of that one word, " Oh, fare thee well !"

Of that one simple, love-lorn, word,
Which, howe'er faintly breathed, or heard
Carries an anguish to the soul,
Like to some dear friend's funeral toll

* * *

It was not breathed,— it was not spoken,
But in the Pacha's breast 't was known,
That sullen look was hatred's token,
And told his heart's relentless tone :
That tender tie must soon be broken,—
The thought arose in him alone.
Yes, it arose to mar his rest,
And inwardly was thus express'd.
" What ! he, successor of my power,
Thus to espouse,—and in that hour
Blast all my hopes, whilst I the sting
Must bear, which all his follies bring ?
No, rather be my race accur'd,
And Eblis with his fiercest flame
Around me in wild horrors burst,
Than see her linked to Ali's name.
What ! puling, feeble, love-sick boy,
To be a slave for female toy,
And waste thy energy and years,
In whispering love to woman's ears ?
But know my caution soon will sever
Those tender ties of thine for ever
Aye, yonder rolls the lake's dark tide,
Whose waters shall espouse thy bride,
And the pale moon-beams be the light
To sanctify her marriage-rite ;—
The owlet's screech shall be the voice
Unto her partner's clasp to wed,
And the cold night-wind, then rejoice
And welcome to yon downy bed,
Where with the lilies of the water,
Earth may compare its boasted daughter,
And murmuring waves a requiem keep,
To lull her to her bridal sleep."

Many a soul who courted strife,
Where war is stern and bloodshed rife—
Many a form whose heart of stone,
Had scarce one throb to feeling prone,
To whom all creatures 'neath the sun,
And the world's self alike were one,
Alive to no emotion dear,
Pity's soft thrill or sorrow's tear,
But bred, the sons of careless fate,
To harsher joys impassionate,
And foremost in each feud, of all,
Where wrath is urged by rapine's call,
These, even these, his bribes have spurn'd,
And 'gainst his threats rebellious turn'd ;

In vain has power, or love of self,
 Aroused man's nature 'gainst itself,
 To lift a hand on one so fair,
 And blight the bloom of beauty there.
 Nor could that voice of subtle force,
 Nor promis'd wealth, (man's chief resource
 To tempt the foulest ruffian-hand,)
 Lure the most pliant of his band ;
 Tho' some were there, who oft had been
 The tools of many a bloody scene,
 It was, where men in sternest fight
 Were leagued against their fellow's might ;
 Yet these same hands that oft before,
 Were rais'd in strife and red with gore,
 Shrunk to assign to direst slaughter,
 Thy fair, young form,—Achaïa's daughter !

Oh, there are looks, whose loveliness
 Is blended with celestial charms,
 So fair, so pure, as to possess
 A power, which even vice disarms,
 As if it had a spell assign'd,
 By virtue's heavenly light enshrin'd,—
 And could a consciousness impart,
 To raise compassion in the heart !
 Such was Euphrosyné,—such her look,
 Which, tho' of mortal birth, bespoke
 The soul divine, with female grace
 Breathing in that angelic face ;
 And well might guilt's impetuous slave,
 Or passion's wild, licentious son,
 Who could the force of conscience brave,
 Be meek before thee, loveliest one,
 For where thou wert, there seem'd to shine
 A star to guide to mercy's shrine.
 But in the vast volcano's frame,
 Who can impede the fiery glow,
 Which bursting from its breast of flame,
 Threatens the smiling plains below,
 As rolling with resistless force,
 The boiling lava takes its course.
 Who can assuage the billow's foam,
 Which dooms the wanderer of the wave,
 Within the loved sight of his home,
 To have that shore become his grave ?
 The wolf which prowls along the wold
 Will snatch the yearling from the fold,
 Its nature being to delight
 In a blood-thirsting appetite.
 Nor in the vulture does the note,
 Warbling within a linnæ's throat,
 The furious ravening allay,
 Which riots in that bird of prey.
 But unto man, of all earth's tribes,
 The one alone where Heav'n inscribes

Its image,—he is surely blest
 With reason's powers beyond the rest ;
 Yes, unto him the Godhead gave
 A heart to hope,—a soul to save,
 Thro' passion's troubled sea to guide
 Life's course and stem its treacherous tide.
 But all that reason e'er could urge,
 Too oft is drown'd in passion's surge.
 Where interest sways and power extends,
 Suffice for man to gain his ends,
 By pride, ambition, vengeance driven,
 Unmindful whether Hell or Heaven.*

* * * *
 * * * *

As rising o'er yon fairy isle,
 Where orange boughs their breath diffuse,
 How sweetly those fair columns smile,
 Ting'd with the sunset's golden hues ?
 Hallow'd by time's immortal wand,
 Their Doric grace inspires the heart
 With the past glories of a land,
 When genius wooed the form of art,
 Sacred to Dian was that shrine,
 By poesy, made classic ground,
 Where fancy would each spell combine
 To shed a magic charm around,
 That goddess whose celestial power
 Reign'd in this consecrated bower.
 Behold her, seated by the wave,
 Of bow and quiver dispossess'd,
 Bending her polish'd limbs to lave
 In the cool stream which soothes to rest,
 Whilst sportive nymphs,—a virgin-throng,
 Tho' not as beauteous as their queen,
 With swanlike grace and choral song,
 Perfect the bright enchanting scene ;
 Imagination lights this dream,
 But what says freedom to the theme ?

* " The proofs of a ferocious and vindictive temper are spread over every page of Ali Pacha's history. His personal artifice was one of his most alarming traits. To cozen with a form of fair words was his habit and delight. It was said to have been a principle with him, never to allow any one to go discontented from his presence ; in illustration of which it was not uncommon for him to adopt a peculiar kindness of manner towards those whom he had determined to sacrifice. The unhappy victim quitted him, satisfied and secure, and a few minutes after, his head was severed from his body. Such was the effect of his character among the Greek families of Yannina, that a sort of undefined terror hung over them, a perpetual sense of insecurity and a fearfulness of even committing to the walls the sound of the voice on any subject connected with their despotic master ; his very name used to be uttered with apprehensive alarm." Such is Dr. Holland's opinion of this extraordinary man.

Oh, Hellas, glorious clime of yore,*
 Whose solitary fanes still mourn
 O'er thy departed grandeur,—o'er
 The sons in bondage held forlorn ;
 Can the bright past a dream inspire,
 As if still throned amidst the nine,
 Apollo tuned his heavenly lyre,
 And hallow'd there his Delphian shrine ?
 As if this land of loveliest charms
 Still listened to his magic strain,
 And lulled in peace or led to arms,
 One spirit breathed o'er Greece again ?
 Ah, no, in vain a mystic spell
 Strives some bright vision to create !
 In vain the minstrel's harp-strings dwell
 On ages, big with freedom's fate !
 He feels each mournful chord, he moves
 Like sorrow's dirge o'er one it loves ;
 Or, as when o'er the cold pale form,
 Whose voice is mute,—whose spirits fled,
 Undying hope should strive to warm
 The ashes scatter'd round the dead.

* * * *

But hark ! what music fills the breeze,
 And wantons thro' those orange trees !
 What fairy shadows brightly gleam,
 Caught by the sunset's glittering beam ?
 Are they not Grecian forms which wreath
 Their twinkling feet in dance along ?
 Are they not Grecian lips which breathe
 Those mirthful sounds in choral song ?
 Such art as nature's grace inspired,
 When youthful Theseus' ardent glance,
 With Ariadne's beauties fired
 From Delos brought the Cretan dance,
 And pleasing to the present hour,
 The priz'd Romaïka imparts †
 In each Arcadian village-bower,
 A charm enliv'ning to all hearts ;
 Oh, yes, their votive joy to night,
 Gives homage to fair Cynthia's rite,
 And proves a country's love remains,
 Tho' checked by power and bound by chains.

* The ancient Hellas, as described by most of the old authors, such as Herodotus, Homer, Aristotle, &c. in which the most ancient of Greek oracles, Dodona was situated, is more or less directly connected with the country surrounding Yannina. Aristotle particularly speaks of this region as the ancient Hellas, inhabited by those who were then called Græci, but now Hellenes.

† "The claim of the Romaïka, to a classical origin, appears to have some reality. Its history has been connected with the dance invented at Delos, when Theseus came thither from Crete, to commemorate the adventure of Ariadne and the Cretan Labyrinth. It has now become national throughout Greece. The reader may recollect Homer's beautiful description of the dance on the shield of Achilles, which corresponds in very minute circumstances with the modern Romaïka."—*Vide Holland's Tour, Vol. 1, page 242.*

And who is she, whose queenlike grace
 Displays the goddess of the chase,
 In all her radiant form and face ?
 It is Euphrosyné, who presides
 As Dian's glorious counterpart,
 Whilst round her, each companion glides,
 Disporting in their mimic art,
 Not the bright muses as they roved
 Round Helicon's enchanted mount,
 Nor nymphs in Tempe's vale beloved,
 Nor Naiads of each classic fount
 Could boast of lovelier looks than those,
 Who, now in beautiful array,
 Beneath the young May-moon, which glows,
 Idolatrize this festal day.*

* * * * *
 The dance has ceased,—the song is o'er,
 The revels of the eve are done,
 And freighted from that islet-shore,
 Their happy bosoms, one by one,
 Cluster around Euphrosyné's side,
 To cross the lake's pellucid tide ;
 Altho' the crescent-orb has set,
 The glorious stars still shine above,
 Chaste as the forms which there are met,
 Soft as those eyes of virgin-love ;
 And whilst that stilly stream along,
 The slight bark hears the lovely train,
 A hymn to Dian is the song,
 Their gentle voices wake again.
 With such sweet visions round them flung,
 And such an eve of pleasure pass'd,
 The fond,—the beautiful,—the young,
 How little dreamt they, 'twas their last !

* * * * *
 What shadowy thing is that which floats
 Across yon Caique's gentle track ?
 So motionless, yet oh, so black ;
 Already has it scared the notes
 From those sweet pretty warbler's throats,
 As when some hovering bird of prey,
 Preparing for a deed of wrath,
 Around the dovecote winds its way,
 Fluttering each trembler in its path.
 Deceptive is the gazer's sight,
 When peering thro' the folds of night,

* It is at all times customary with the Greeks of the present day, who regard the splendid relics of the ancient temples of their country with profound veneration, to commemorate in them some of the festivals dedicated to the deities of old, such as those to Diana, Ceres, Bacchus, &c. Those held in honour of Diana, or Vesta, were attended by unmarried females only.

And yet as if prophetic tongue
 Within each breast a sentence rung,
 Some sudden fear arose to dart
 Strange tremors thro' each maiden's heart.
 They spoke not nor could terror tell,
 Why deathlike on the ear it fell,
 For strong imagination's sway,
 Will often bear the mind away
 With the false visions which arise,
 Working strange phantoms in our eyes,
 Disarming reason, 'till the soul,
 Becomes enslaved by fear's control,
 And harrowing with its ghastly hues,
 All nerve and faculty subdues.

But there are deeds, which men will dare,
 That Satan would be loth to share,
 For, are not life's most blighting sands,
 Those fiercely strewn by human hands?
 Enough, another moment sees

That blackened mass in motion, starting
 Like some curld monster's energies,
 Stretching its venom'd claws, and darting
 Across the trembling wave, to grasp
 Its victim in its hideous clasp.

Vain is that cry of terror,—vain
 The struggles of the boatmen twain,
 Blacker than tempest's sable wings,—
 Fiercer than when the tiger springs,—
 Keener than ravenous shark or spike,—
 Swifter than falcons when they strike,—
 Like Eblis in his spectre-bark,

Riding upon the Stygian waters,
 One face is recogniz'd, tho' dark
 Shadows surround that "man of slaughters."
 Hark to that burst of anguish, hark,
 "Oh God!" 'twas all fair Helle's daughters,
 Utter'd from forms, whose fond arms clinging,

Clasp'd one another in their fears,
 Whilst yet that piercing cry was ringing
 Upon the reckless monster's ears,
 That fearful wild wail,—woman's shriek,
 Far echoed from the stricken group,
 Who powerless, let their murderer wreak
 His vengeance in one vulture-swoop,
 As, plunged beneath the gurgling wave,
 Each lovely victim found a grave.*

* * * *

* The positive cruelty of Ali's disposition admitted of no palliative. The anecdote of the sixteen females, who were drowned by him in the lake of Yan-nina, at the same time, is alluded to by Dr. Holland in his travels thro' Albania and Thessaly, in the years 1812 and 13, as having actually occurred at the period when he was there. His statement runs thus:—"The relation which I heard, was, that the jealousy of Mouctar's wife, exerting her influence upon the mind

Lone fisher of the tranquil stream,
 Reclining in thy slender skiff,
 And toiling 'neath night's starry beam,
 Was it the echo of a scream,
 Reverberate from yon hanging cliff,
 Which made thee fix thy startled gaze,
 Striving to pierce that dusky haze?
 And why so hastily dost veer
 Thy little boat 'midst those tall reeds,
 Hiding thyself in sudden fear,
 As if some ghoul of vampire-deeds
 Harrow'd thy blood, and hovered near?
 See where it comes that shadowy mass,
 Straight where thy fragile shallop lies,
 Thou canst not flee, and it must pass
 And peer, perchance with searching eyes,
 Lie down beside thy silent oar,
 The lake is full five fathom deep,
 Tho' scarce that distance from the shore;
 Lie still as if thou wert asleep.
 There sits a ghoul of mortal mien,
 More terrible in tone and glare
 Than ear hath heard or eye hath seen,
 And as thou answerest him,—beware!

Concealed beneath his folded net,
 All tremblingly the fisher lay,
 And as the caique on its way,
 Until their prows had nearly met,
 Glided into that reedy bay,
 One sullen voice was heard to say,
 Some words the serf could ne'er forget.
 That voice was Ali's,—what was said,
 He told, but on his dying bed;
 For tho' suspicion oft is just,
 Yet who will tyrant dare to trust,
 And madly his resentment brave,
 Whilst smiling on his victims' grave!

* * * *

And thus they faded, e'vn as flowers.
 Balmy in fragrance, bright in hue,
 That now adorn life's fairest bowers,
 Yet leave no trace where once they grew;

of the vizier had led to the catastrophe; but I cannot answer for the accuracy of the story. It may already be known to some of my readers, though with some variety perhaps in the narrative of the event." Vide his *Tour*, vol. 1, page 281. That the narrative is correct, admits of no doubt, the circumstances having been detailed by others—when the Doctor says, therefore, that "he cannot answer for the accuracy of the story," (he being in Yannina at the time,) it is clear, that it is not the fact he doubts, but that he alludes solely to the cause or crime which occasioned such an atrocity, and to the detail of circumstances attending its execution.

Without a mourner, save the sigh
 Of the low night-wind murmuring by,
 No kind memorial where they fell,
 And none to waken sorrow's knell :
 Thus beauty dies, and soon forgot
 Is she, who charmed some happy spot,
 And what was once of loveliest bloom
 Is scarce remember'd in the tomb ;
 For feebly do the feelings play,
 When prizing those of yesterday,
 The present all that ever gave,
 A thought to pride or pleasure's slave.
 Yet are they happier in their sleep
 Than those who live, perchance to weep,
 Albeit, time may soon estrange
 The heart, which vowed it could not change,
 And memory no more point its finger,
 Where the fond thought once loved to linger,
 But in the hour of pleasure past,
 Find that remembrance breathed its last.

L.

THE END.



IN AND OUT OF BUSINESS.

We divide the World into two grand lots, the *Ins* and the *Outs*, as it regards business ; nor do we exempt from the former, any Professionals, such as Parsons, Clerks, Physicians, Lawyers, Musicians, Teachers, &c., but throw them into the lump, since the slight shade of difference only turns on the delicate pivot, and particular, that *these* make a sale of *Wit*, and those a sale of *Ware*. An equivalent in cash is received for both, so that at last we find ourselves centred in one simple commercial Idea,—the *Buyers* and the *Sellers*, or the *Ins* and the *Outs*.

We find that the man *in* business is a descendant of Job, for his troubles hang thick upon him, and his comforters are few and backward. As he creeps up-hill, and advances, friends run after him with their purses, but as he descends, and declines, they help to roll him down faster, and kick him when he is down. A man *in* business may be in luck's way, and keep a *cash* book, and he may be one of ill-luck, and keep a *scrape* book. He is a *chance* child, and his shop is a *lottery*. He has all the cares of life upon his shoul-

ders,—pounds, shillings, and pence, for a daily prospect, and bills, bankruptcies, or “concentrations” for a dream. He is a *ready reckoner* personified, and a *multiplication table* identified,—*figured* in his speech, and deals out his periods by the pound, and his sentences by the foot. He is a bundle of technicalities, which none but *the trade* can decipher, and carries a petition, or *an order* in his eye—persuasion on his tongue—anxiety in his countenance—and hope in his smiles; and must continually possess, an “open face, and a close thought.”

Like the old *tempter*, he is fair spoken, silky, and fascinating, whilst a purchase is afloat; but when that is completed, turn back suddenly for your umbrella, or stick, and you will find the look is not at all the same, but has relapsed into the old, rigid, and gloomy shades of calculation.

A man *in business*, is always in a hurry; hold him for a few minutes by the button, and he will exclaim “I must be off.” Examine him closely, and with all his shrewdness, and caution, you will not be long in discovering where he lives, what is his trade, and how it answers. He may dissemble on occasion, but *commerce* is not the school for a secret, and he is easily thrown off his guard; for talk about Snuff and he will naturally slide, turn, and expatiate on Tobacco if his interest lie there.

A man *in business*, does not sit like another man; he is always peeping, and prying, and “*popping the question*.” He looks through your table cloth, to see if it be cotton or linen; or he is at your coat-cuff to discern its quality, and is anxious to know “where you may have bought it, and if any more of the cloth be left.” He wants to know what you gave for your boots, and what they charge for your hats. He turns your knives, spoons, and forks for the stamp, and finishes his second course, before you have ended the first. There is something peculiar in his voice, for it is harsh, loud, and rapid, and his conversation generally ends in——— *a bargain*. But a man *in business*, is happy and industrious,—his occupation is a paradise; he is generous and hospitable, “a good natured fellow;”—“Mirth is of his crew;” he has few *fancied* evils, and his health is better than that of others.

A man *out of business*, is peevish, and dissatisfied, and the Gout soon takes him in *toe*. He is always complaining but not without cause; for his imaginary troubles—as they are termed—after all, are real ones to him:—it is right

reasoning if on wrong data, (as our philosophers have it, when speaking of insanity,) for so long as he has the feeling he will have the fancy; and although "thought is the first effort of life, and sensation and action the second," still a change of sensation will sometimes produce a change of idea. A man *out* of business, is not always a man out of trouble; he is a fish out of water, for the true element of the soul is *activity* and occupation. He may be said to live in pleasures, but pleasures do not at all times live with him. Often, when he has nothing to do, he has nothing to laugh at; and ease and irritation will wear a man out sooner than labour and fatigue. Tie and bolster him up on a chaise lounge, and in an easy chair, and—like a dog—see how soon he will get the mange or something worse.

A man *out* of business is a man out of order—like one sitting by the stream of existence, who gets rubbed and scrubbed with every tide that passes; whereas did he but float with the mass, he would find less resistance and difficulty. He *must* either *sail* or be agitated on *shore* (for the billows will reach him) he may, if he do, and will, most undoubtedly, if he do not.

A man *out* of business—who has long been *in*—(what the world calls *retiring*,) has not retired from uneasiness, but chosen the most expeditious mode of producing it. For with all his leisure, and amusements, he has monotony for a plaything. A rapid succession of changes, being no change at all, or like flying by steam through villages, where the houses are barely discerned, much less appreciated, from the transitory nature of the inspection.

And thus as within a nut-shell, we define the "*in* and *out* of business," and the reader can make his choice accordingly.

SAM SLY.

Cape Town, 1848.

ROADS.

“ But we soon found upon this occasion, as we do upon many, if we look the right way for it, that a pleasant route pleasantly passed over, is only a blessing *de plus*, and that neither years, miles, nor costs, are to be regretted, if we lose not our way as we go.”—*Travels, and Travellers.*—

What a delightful thing is a good road, and how pleasant it is, on a fine refreshing day, with a cheerful companion by one's side, to travel along it upon some pleasurable excursion, —with the sun, shining cheeringly bright,—the breeze, deliciously soft,—and the sagacious steed snuffing up the morning air, and showing, by its free action, that its spirits are in accordance with all around;—the very idea is exhilarating.—Who, if he has not already been alive to this enjoyment, would not hope to experience it,—whilst who could wish to reside continually in a country, where the non-existence of “roads,” would deprive him of such a luxury?

Now, good reader, in heading this sketch with the professional title of “Roads,” you are not to imagine, 'ere you have read ten lines of it, that I am about to give you a treatise on road-making,—bringing McAdam, and Tetford, and Parnell, in contraposition, and entering into a long detail of their best modes, and materials;—no such thing; I leave all this to the Civil Engineer;—such a dry exposition might only tend to allay the desire of furthering *a system* of establishing good roads. My wish is, and my endeavours will be, to arouse the mind to the enjoyment, and more especially, the usefulness, arising from its advantages, and leaving the method and the execution to those who understand it, to excite you to join cordially in the means of promoting its benefits.—

There are very many among us, who, not having lived in South Africa all our days, have fortunately experienced in Old England, the delights of a good road, and may, therefore, fairly stimulate those who have not hitherto enjoyed its luxuries, to endeavour and obtain them.—

Previous to entering into the more serious, and utilitarian part of the subject, let me, however, preface it, with some of my earliest remembrances connected with travelling, when, released half-yearly from the restraint of a Public School, I found my place already secured, to return to that

spot of our most cherished endearments, Home,—sweet Home. What bright associations and fond recollections of the past, does not the retrospect of this period of life revive, and such, reader, may have been the current of your early happiness also.—With me, the memory of the scene forcibly exists, when hastening thro' London, that vast labyrinth of human joys and sorrows, I entered the yard of the Old Spread Eagle, in Gracechurch-street, surrounded by its treble tier of galleries, which had existed since the days of good Queen Bess, where the first object, which usually met my sight, was the old coach from London to C—, drawn out for its stout team of horses, and jolly good humoured Coacheè, with well remembered rubicund face, carefully examining its wheels and axles,—then pulling out his huge, silver watch, (none of your modern gew-gaws, but with a tick as loud as a trotting horse,) looked to see that the ostlers were not behind time, when, as I advanced to meet him, I was hailed with the cheerful sounds, “ Ah, master Launcelot,—looking out for me, I guess,—holiday-time, ha?—place taken,—all 's right—left squire and family well,—take a snack I suppose,—five minutes to spare, so make the best of it young gentleman,”—and with this honest salutation Harry French went towards the Coach Office, leaving me to dispose of the said five minutes in as dexterous a way, as the appetite of a hungry lad of thirteen usually manages to turn them to account.

“ Only one minute more, sir,” says the smiling waiter in a half-whisper, at seeing a tit-bit of double Gloucester still in dispatch on my plate, the remains of what he had put before me three minutes previously. “ Mr. French is ready to mount the box.” “ Aye, aye, Jim,” was the reply,—“ all quite right,” as with alacrity, unsurpassed, the meal was consummated, and, ere the five minutes had expired, I found myself perched on the roof of the “ Times,” immediately behind my friend the coachee, who, turning round to see that all were seated according to the “ weigh-bill,” (nine outsides,) gave a nod to the four ostlers standing ready, rug in hand, to draw them off the sleek nags, which being done, away we started, threading the narrow part of Leadenhall-street, with consummate skill, between hackney-coach and coal-wagon, until the broader opening of Whitechapel saw us fairly on our way to Essex.

Soon are the rows of buildings and terraces left far behind, until green fields and hawthorn hedges bound the

sides of the road, and onward rolls the pleasant "Times." at the rate of nine miles an hour, with Harry French calling out now and then to one of the pranksome leaders, "Ah, you jade, Betsy;" or to the near-wheeler, "Come up, old Nelson," as gently applying the double thong; he then turns to the gentleman by his side on the box, in the drab surtout and Barcelona tie, who, being a stranger to that part of the country, has inquired of him to whom some splendid mansion, with its fine park, (which we are now passing,) belongs.

Such is my retrospect of earliest impressions in having good roads to travel upon, and the pleasure arising from hearing an occasional humourous story, or strange incident, related by one of the fraternity of old English coachmen, the contemporary of our friend, Mr. Richard Weller, of Pickwickian celebrity;—nor do I say too much in expressing my belief, that there are few Englishmen who have not their minds alive to the remembrance of some cheerful scene of this sort, when seated by the side of the well-known chronicler of the road of 20, perchance 30, years standing, they have listened to many a quaint remark, or pleasant tale.

Again, half a year has glided past, and it is now New Year's Day,—we are in London, on its joyous anniversary.—Look at that bevy of boys running pell-mell down Cheapside so as to arrive in time at the Mansion House. What sight is stirring? Sure enough, there it is:—behold that line of mail-coaches, with their drivers and guards in spick-and-span royal liveries, and the horses decked out with red-berried holly.—Again, it is eight o'clock on the same evening, the hour has just chimed from St. Dunstan's, and the said coaches are now drawn up in Lombard-street, in front of what was then the General Post Office. On a sudden numerous footsteps are heard, when, out rush the coach-guards, bearing the leathern mail-bags, which are no sooner deposited under lock and key in the hind boot, than away they start to all parts of the kingdom. But the night has turned out foggy, and well-trimmed as the lamps are, the damp vapour has rendered them almost useless. How then will it be possible for them to proceed without danger? Good reader, that question is speedily replied to. Are not the roads broad and smooth? Yes. On they journey in safety, depositing their mail-bags in each town and village, so that when morning arrives, as the trader opens

his shop-windows, the professional man his office, or my Lord and Sir John sit down to their brisk fire, or crisp toast, the well-known single rap of the postman is heard, or post-boy with swift-trotting nag, is seen, bearing letters and newspapers.—And now, tell me, good folks, is there a more pleasurable or momentous thing in existence than the Post? And how has all its expeditious transport, and its regularity, been effected? Why, by roads; men, women, and children, all bless the benefits arising from having a good road; aye, friend, though it be even a turnpike one; for do not all participate in the advantages of hearing speedily (if necessary) from dear friends and absent relatives? And is it not the means, moreover, by which the world is able to communicate every circumstance that affects its fortunes or feelings, its hopes, prospects, or condition?

But I forget we are in South Africa, were it may be amusing, if not instructive, to take a retrospective view of the last four years.

I shall not readily forget my first trip to Stellenbosch on my arrival in this Colony, when, seated in that antiquated wooden conveyance called “the Courier” forsooth, or stage-wagon; I was jolted along at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour, nearly pitched at every furlong into the lap of a fat Dutch *vrouw*, redolent of snuff, who was one of my *compagnons de voyage*; seated by her side on the same hard bench, which did not seem to inconvenience her rotundity of figure, but being myself a lean man, like Cassius, was any thing but agreeable, I repeatedly wished that the bench could have transferred some of its hardness to the road.—Upon my inquiry of an Afrikaner present, why such a description of vehicle was used, I was told, it was exactly suited to the country. My reply to this was,—“Then change the country; make roads, good roads, and you may then use carriages with springs, and travel quickly and comfortably, not at this snail’s pace.”—My colloquist only shrugged up his shoulders, and I understood him to say, that as his grand-*papa* and great grand-*papa** had been satisfied with what existed, they were good enough for him.

Having at this moment a good view of Sir Lowry’s Pass, which had been previously pointed out to me, I alluded to the vast improvement, and facility afforded to the boer in bringing his produce to Cape Town. In this he seemed to

* The Afrikaner always uses this patronymic.

acquiesce, but with constitutional phlegmatism, as I remarked that no expression of impatience on his part, or the fat *vrouw*, was manifested in our ten hours' journey over 25 miles. Happy expedition!

Previous to the year 1843, South Africa had had two undertakings in road-making completed of some important extent; the one at Fransche Hock, the other at Sir Lowry's Pass. The latter deserves especial mention and praise. The gallant General, under whose administration this useful work was accomplished, had already devoted much of his attention at Mauritius to improvements of this nature, and had the satisfaction, prior to his quitting that fine island, of seeing it intersected by good roads through every fertile part, where the produce had formerly been carried on the backs of slaves. He recommenced his endeavours in this country of furthering a system of internal communication, but remained only long enough to complete the one, which bears his name, and which, it is to be hoped, will be kept in a state to prove the benefit he intended and bestowed on the Colony.

From this period up to the year 1843, little was done, and nothing to any extent. A line of hard road, contemplated across the Cape Flats, and, as I understood, talked of for the last twenty-five years, still remained in its primitive condition of deep sand, being the only track (for it did not deserve any better appellation) from a popular capital and sea-port, into the interior of a flourishing country,—and yet no individual had had the energetic intellect to grapple with the capability of constructing a hard road, and surmounting its difficulties,—each beholder admitting the feasibility, yet resting supine, like the man who would not try to ascend the mountain, but thought it must lower itself to him; and thus would the Flats have remained, when lo! unexpectedly, “a change came o'er the spirit of the dream.” Fortunately for the Colony, the year 1843 brought a *master-mind** into it, and in two years from that period, the result of what energy and ability can do was self-evident.

Stellenbosch is no longer a day's journey to those who cannot ride on horseback. Carriages of every description are now seen rolling expeditiously along a good hard road. Parties of pleasure now start on a pic-nic to Eerste River in the morning, a distance of 25 miles, to return again by

* The present Secretary to Government.

night-fall; whilst the "Prince Albert" Stage, on easy springs, and of gainly shape, performs its journey in less than half the time of our antiquated, bone-setting friend, the "Courier," an improvement in travelling which the Afrikander's great grandpapa, of Van der Stell's time, could he arise from his grave, would contemplate with astonishment indeed.

Much as the old colonists of Dutch descent, are to be praised for their frugality, perseverance, and industry, it can not be denied, that they require a little of the engrafting of the spirit of British enterprize. It was doubtless the amalgamation of this same spirit on the part of the pilgrim fathers, amongst the earlier Dutch settlers on the shores of the Hudson and Swuykill, which made the United States of America what they are at the present hour. Ever seeking extension in agriculture, internal improvement, and commerce, they have now super-added wealth and importance.

It is true, that in England, about a century since, the journey from London to York was only accomplished in six days, a distance which is now travelled in six hours; execrably bad roads were the primary cause of this tediousness; and although the mighty magician *steam* has been productive of the last result, (one which I fear is still removed several centuries from South Africa,) nevertheless, with increase of population, and capital, which it is to be hoped, may gradually take place here, there is no reason why the march of improvement, once having been quickened, should not, in due course of time, cause this country to be intersected by good travelling roads in every direction. The great drawback hitherto, has been the formidable ridges of mountains, (like the colossal vertebræ of huge mammoths,) lying parallel to extensive and fertile plains, thereby cutting them from all carriage communication; these obstacles the present government seem energetically and liberally determined to overcome.

Need it be added, as regards the economy of time, how much is to be gained by having good roads; and yet, how few are ever alive to the reflection, that of all treasures time is the most valuable, and that, if wasted or misspent, it is never to be regained. How much hitherto must have been wasted in South Africa, by having tedious and bad road communications. But it is seldom too late to profit, when the mind is thoroughly awakened to the truth and advantages of any sound system. No country can thrive without

its internal routes of land and water-carriage; the former the more necessary where nature has been a niggard of the latter. The present road-system which has been in operation since the year 1843, speaks for itself. The Cape Flats, the Houw-hoek, Cradock's Kloof, or rather, "Montagu Pass," (now so called in honour of the talented individual, whose energy and ability planned and led to the completion of these grand undertakings,) the numerous bridges over rivers, whose sudden floods after heavy rains used to occasion so much danger and delay:—the extensive works now going on at Mostert's Hoek and the Zuurberg, all these important improvements indicate that the same energetic mind is still alive in the prosecution of this system, and that it is now for the colonists to acknowledge the immense benefits arising from it, especially, by adding their hearty co-operation in its advancement, for is it not the means of inducing an increased population to throng wherever new lines of road extend in a new country,—now, by opening out some rich valley or plain beyond a hitherto impassible chain of mountains, thereby giving life and scope to extended agriculture, (for the crops can then be conveyed to a sure market,) or by affording easy intercourse between separate communities, by which frequent means of observation tend to enlarge the mind, and lead to speedy improvement in every thing that gives impulse to commerce, the arts, education, and society.

One word more in conclusion. Do nations or individuals ever become great by wars, and dominion alone? Certainly not. Eighteen hundred years have passed away since the first Cæsar lived, to whom a long line of mighty emperors succeeded, many of whom caused those splendidly solid works to be constructed, which still exist throughout Italy, Spain, Gaul, and even Britain, and it is to such things, ay, *to the very stone viaducts* which time has as yet spared, that their names are indebted for more lasting renown than to the record of their victories, now mixed up amidst the confused mass of war's transitory triumphs and hallucinations. Again let it be asked, for which will Napoleon, the Cæsar of the modern world, be most admired by posterity?—for his military skill and daring ambition, which made all the earth wretched, or for the magnificent road of the Simplon, which his genius planned and caused to be made? There is but one true test of greatness, *that*, which leaves its works to benefit mankind.

A LEGEND OF BOHEMIA

FYTTE II

And in this way continued our Baron's affairs,
(Not, as novelists say, "for the lapse of some years,")
For, in matters of etiquette, Satan's precise,
Though in other proceedings he's not over nice;
And one morning, at breakfast, his visitor said,
"Our time, noble sir, has most pleasantly sped,
And although, from my heart,
It much grieves me to part,
I must go. At what hour does the early train start?"

"Alas!" said the Baron, "my much-esteemed friend,
What you say is too true,—all things *must* have an end;
And although you could never have taught me enough
Of your art, yet I think that I *am* "up to snuff,"
Though yet I regret that you leave me before
I'm "quite up to trap;" its a deuce of a bore;
So don't hurry away,
But another year stay,
And I'll send for some more of those weeds from Pontet."

"Indeed, my good lord," thus the stranger begun,
"Nought could please me so much, but it ain't to be done;
Most gladly would I our late studies pursue,
But, at present, I've really got so much to do,
That, just now, believe me, my hands are quite full.
But don't be cast down, my good friend, take a pull
At the Burton; although
Without doubt I must go,
You shall still be kept "up" in the magic you know.

"To-night, ere the dread hour of midnight, repair
To your turret above;—sit still and don't stare,
And be sure you remember in time you arrive.
And, when the clock strikes "one," why, just look alive,
Take out your "Chubb's patent," and open the door,
And you'll see—what you never yet saw there before.
Recollect you obey
Every word that I say,

Or, as sure as my name's —, hem! you'll rue this same day."

Having given this caution, the stranger arose,
(While the Baron looked queerly, and then blew his nose,)
And, having once more made a tender adieu,
Disappeared, while the room smelt of brimstone — a few!
And the Baron retired, to muse, and to wish
For the night, then drank soda and hock like a fish,
And then took a nap,
Just to get up an ap-
Petite for his dinner, whatever might hap.

Midst the darkness of night, and the hurricane's roar,
 (For it turned out the same as the twelvemonth before,)
 Did Von Something Veldt, near the hour of one,
 Walk up to his turret, although 'twas no fun,
 But, bent on obeying the words of his friend,
 He slowly the staircase began to ascend,
 While his breath it came thick,
 And he felt very sick,
 For he thought he was going too far with Old Nick.

At last, when the hour of midnight had tolled,
 Far back on their hinges the massive doors rolled,
 And Von Something Veldt scarce his senses could keep ;
 For he felt so tremendously " all of a heap,"
 On a pedestal placed, stood a damsel as fair
 As you'll meet with in Paris, Berlin, or May Fair,
 And she stood on one toe,
 Like what—I don't know,
 Unless Fanny Elsler, or else Cerito.

As she smiled on the Baron, a feeling quite new,
 Overpowering all others, pervaded him through.
 But long in amazement he had not to stand,
 For, disdainful the use of his proffer'd right hand,
 Like thistle down floating, or anything light,
 She prang from her perch and contrived to alight,
 In a manner quite neat.
 At Von Something Veldt's feet,
 Like the leap in the " Peri," that folks called so sweet.

As the thunderstruck Baron bent lowly his knee,
 Said the beautiful vision, " Most noble, you see
 The instructress your lately departed friend meant,
 When he said that ' a competent person was sent.'
 But this further caution permit me to give,
 That whatever time in this castle I live,
 For a year or a moon,
 You mustn't get spoon-
 Ey, or else, on my word, I'll be off very soon."

To the castle's best chamber the Baron conducts
 The beautiful stranger, and, further, instructs
 His household to be (and sincerely he felt)
 As respectful as to Mrs. Von Something Veldt ;
 But although one and all his directions obey,
 Yet many (especially the feminines) say,
 As they turn up the whites
 Of their eyes, and look frights,
 " Who is that young person in flesh-coloured tights ?"

Tradition relates, that, (as was to be feared,)
 From the hour that this second stranger appeared,
 O'er the spirit of Von Something Veldt's dream a change
 Soon appeared, and contributed much to derange
 All the good resolutions he'd latterly formed ;

And although all the neighbourhood threatened and stormed,
 They failed to affright
 Him, who told them they might
 Go somewhere—not mentioned to people polite.

And so, for the space of a calendar year,
 By the Danube's fair waters, did this naughty pair
 Still continue their ways, until every one
 Agreed in declaring that "such goings on
 Were very improper," and thought some one should,
 Report to the Emperor how these matters stood,
 (Though the truth to confess,
 'Twas no more or less
 Than a plan to get Von Something Veldt in a mess.)

However, before all their plans were arranged,
 The aspect of things was uncommonly changed,
 For the hours and moments had vanished so quick,
 Since the Baron's first magical friend "cut his stick,"
 That the same anniversary came round again,
 "In thunder, in lightning, in storm, and in rain,"
 And the valet next day,
 When he went on his way
 To shave Von Something Veldt, found the devil to pay.

A very strange odour pervaded the room,
 And a thick vapour shrouded each object in gloom;
 And when to examine the chamber they came,
 As queerly-blue burnt the torches' bright flame,
 They found, as they fearfully turned o'er the "*things*,"
 Some flesh-coloured tights, and a pair of gauze wings,
 And a card, which said "We
 Are off, don't you see,

The Baron and Baroness—P. P. C."

From that hour to this does no traveller pay
 To those turrets and pinnacles, mould'ring and grey,
 A visit; but this same tradition is told
 (With some few additions) by some peasant old.
 And when "Young Bohemia" is found to incline
 To "inhibited arts," the old coves take the "shine"
 Of them preciously out,
 For no one dares doubt
 The finale, and so they mind what they're about.

MORAL.

In these wiser days, we all know that a tale
 Is nothing unless we can somehow avail
 Ourselves of the story, a moral to find,
 Which is pleasant, at least to a well thinking mind;
 And, to keep up the practice, I here annex *mine*,
 Which is short, like all other good things, in one line,
 "Don't sit up late at nights;
 Avoid the new lights,
 And shun natural magic and flesh-coloured tights."

DIRK VAN SPLINTER,

A LEGEND OF THE DEVIL'S PEAK.

NOTE.—The outline of the following narrative is contained in the journal of the Reverend Barendz Weiland, private chaplain to Jan van Riebeeck, the founder of this flourishing settlement. The journal, commencing on the 8th of April, 1652, and ending on the 27th Nov. 1659, is written in the purest and most classic Dutch, but in such a crabbed, undecipherable hand, as to have fairly posed the industrious compiler of the "Records," and given us, a born Dutchman, a world of trouble to understand. The MS. itself is now deposited in the Dessenian collection, forming part of the S. A. Public Library, where the curious reader may see it, upon application to our friend, the Librarian.

H. v. P.

In former times, when we were young, (we remember Governor de Mist,) a story *always* commenced at the beginning. At the present day, it is usual to commence in the middle. A three-volume "Tale of Fashionable Life," now-a-days commences thus,—"Very true," continued Lady Augusta Fitzflunks, "but Mr. Trevor's remarks to Amelia were," &c. &c. We expect to live long enough yet, to see a tale commence, (if the expression be not a bull) at the end. Indeed, the present generation of novel readers, especially young ladies, are quite prepared for the improvement, for all the dear creatures, whom we know, invariably read the last chapter first.

A relict of the past, we shall be pardoned for beginning our tale at the beginning. The metropolis of Southern Africa is built, as all the world is aware, in a sort of valley, seated between the sea, and the remarkable group of mountains, whose three principal sub-divisions are respectively distinguished as the Lion's Hill, Table Mountain, and the Devil's Peak. The latter was known to the early navigators as James' Hill and the Sugar-loaf, until the arrival of the illustrious Jan Anthony van Riebeeck, the first governor of this great colony, when our worthy Dutch ancestors, being most grievously incommoded by the South Easters, which, they observed, always proceeded from a thick white cloud, originating on the Sugar-loaf, and thence gradually spreading to Table Mountain, which it covered like a cloth, named the

Hill de Windberg, and the cloud the Tafellaken (Tablecloth.)

This same cloth is one of the sights of the Cape, and has exceedingly puzzled the whole tribe of philosophers, who have invented a dozen ingenious theories, accounting for its formation upon philosophical principles. They were all equally plausible,—and the Cape public might, to the present hour, have believed that this superb, but highly inconvenient phenomenon, was produced by mere natural means;—in fact, “that the air being saturated with moisture, became condensed by heat, and thus formed the cloud,” had not the invaluable MSS. of the Reverend Barendz Weiland fallen into our hands, and enabled us to give a rational solution of the formation of the famous Table-cloth, and a veracious statement of the surprising circumstances, which caused the Windberg once more to change its name for the ominous one it now bears :—the Devil’s Peak. If, as we proceed in our tale, any doubt should be felt respecting the testimony of our hero, Dirk van Splinter, let it be recollected, that none can attach to the evidence of the Reverend Barendz Weiland, who solemnly declares, that *he* believes every word, and who now lies buried in the Nieuwe Kerk of Haarlem immediately under the great organ.

We fear our long exordium has tired thy patience, gentle reader. Pass we on, therefore, to an account of our hero, the event that brought him to the Cape, and the manner and circumstances, under which he made the great meteorological discovery which we now hasten to relate.

Dirk (or more correctly Diederick) van Splinter was, at the time of our narrative, some five-and-forty years old, and one of your bluff tough Dutchmen, who care not a fig for Lucifer himself, when their mettle is fairly roused. He had been brought up to the sea, and had spent the earlier part of his life in the West Indies, “trading,” as he himself stated, but at what particular place, his friends could never discover. He had, to say the truth, in their opinions, a singular knowledge of all the keys and unfrequented islets, of the Spanish Main, and had been to places where no honest ship had ever been seen, (at least when manned with her own crew,)—and as he returned to his native town of Rotterdam, with his physiognomy rendered rather grim by a most suspicious scar, looking very like a sword-cut, and with his left hand minus two fingers, amputated in a most unscientific manner, and evidently not by a surgeon,—why, they came to the conclusion, that the doubloons, which he brought, ap-

parently in great quantity, and spent very freely, had been earned more bravely than honestly. Dirk, indeed, was wont to tell of a voyage, in which he had touched at El Dorado, and where he took gold on board as ballast; but they sagaciously remarked to one another, that it was singular he had never gone there a second time;—from all which they drew sundry further uncharitable conclusions, highly derogatory to Dirk's character.

They were wise enough, nevertheless, to keep their surmises to themselves, as Dirk's temper was none of the sweetest under cross-examination on these points; besides the doubloons, however acquired, were good gold, so they drank Dirk's liquors, and borrowed the aforesaid doubloons in the most friendly and cordial manner possible, and made no further commentary upon his account of his voyage to El Dorado, than quietly thrusting their tongues into their cheeks when Dirk happened to look another way.

Things went on agreeably enough for some time after our hero's return to his own country; but the wealth of El Dorado itself could not sustain a continued drain; still less could the pickings brought by Dirk from that golden region and so liberally squandered. And so it was—Dirk made the discovery that he had reached the end of his purse—and his friends, curiously enough, also made a discovery at the same time, viz: that it was exceedingly wrong to keep company with a man who had such a dubious reputation. They speedily made ample amends for their former inconsiderate conduct, by cutting Dirk wherever they met him;—his last ducat and last friend disappeared simultaneously; and thus did Dirk receive an instructive moral lesson in exchange for his money.

Dirk bore his change of circumstances with that wonderful practical philosophy, for which our countrymen are celebrated, and which invidious foreigners vainly attempt to stigmatize as "phlegm." He turned his attention to the new settlement of the Honorable the Dutch East India Company at the Cape of Good Hope, where magnificent prospects were held out to all inclined to settle; and, having engaged to work his passage out as assistant gunner on board the good ship the "Hof van Zeeland," he embarked on board that vessel, and, after a prosperous passage of four months, the good ship being a quick sailer, arrived in Table Bay on the 21st of June, in the year of grace 1653.

Dirk arrived at a fortunate moment for promotion. His

Excellency Dr. van Riebeeck, the senior merchant and governor of the colony, had just completed an exceeding strong fort, called "De Goede Hoop," in happy anticipation, doubtless, of the present mighty castle into which it has expanded,—the ornament and safeguard of the city of Cape Town.

The new fortress was built in the most solid manner of sods and clay, and was the astonishment of all the neighbouring Hottentots. It mounted four frowning 2-pounders, to keep off the savages, was surrounded by a broad muddy ditch, in pleasing reminiscence of the canals of Holland, and was for a long time considered impregnable; until one dark night, when it sustained a furious assault from an enemy, whose attack had never been contemplated—the lions,*—prompted by the unlawful desire of abstracting a flock of sheep, the property of His Excellency, confined within the walls. In this felonious attempt they would certainly have succeeded, but that their leader, miscalculating his powers, and the height of the ramparts, sprang clean over the fortress, tumbled into the ditch on the other side, where he lay in the mud for an hour or two, roaring, as the Reverend Barendz Weiland hath it, "even like a bull of Bashan," frightening the women and children into fits, scaring the whole garrison from duty, and even discomposing the nerves of the illustrious Van Riebeeck, who, with the whole troop, took refuge in the powder-magazine. The gunner, being ordered to turn out, and fire his pataeroes at the enemy, flatly refused, for which mutinous conduct he was then and there cashiered, and, on the following morning, was first soundly flogged, and then keel-hauled,—the ever-to-be-revered van Riebeeck considering this method of punishment to be little short of divine institution, and of marvellous efficacy, and therefore practised it on every occasion.

A successor to the refractory bombardier being required, to take charge of the warlike stores of the fortress, Dirk presented himself, was recommended by the Schipper of the "Hof van Zeeland," and, finding favor in the eyes of His Excellency, was duly installed in the vacant post. It was a pleasant sort of a sinecure, something like a berth in the Mixed Commission Court. Dirk's chief occupation was, drawing his salary once a month and the tompons of his

* Vide Van Riebeeck's Journal for fuller particulars of this occurrence.—ED.

guns on state occasions, which, in those patriarchal times, were few and far between; but, even as a dog, according to the proverb, may get choked with too much pudding, so Dirk began to tire of the comforts of an indolent life, which, in truth, was somewhat expensive, for, having no other way to kill time than by smoking, no other resource save his pipe, Dirk consumed the better part of his pay in tobacco.

We have stated, that Dirk *said* he had been to El Dorado; whether he had, or not, is now an idle question, which I, the writer, cannot verify, nor you, gentle reader, disprove. At all events, in common with many a wiser man of that generation, Dirk devoutly believed in the existence of such a place. He would ruminate for hours over his pipe,—a curious old article, of Spanish make, the sole memento of his West Indian career,—on the probability of Southern Africa containing as much gold as Guinea: a fact which was finally settled to his satisfaction by a sermon of the chaplain, who, dwelling on the riches of Solomon, and the fine gold of Ophir, with great learning and eloquence, proved incontrovertibly, that Ophir was the unknown land lying between Cape Point and Algoa Bay.

The upshot of Dirk's cogitations was, a determination to make a diligent search for the precious mineral, amongst the range of mountains, at whose base nestled the infant settlement.

Having obtained a day's leave of absence from the fort, with strict orders to be back an hour after dusk, our hero resolved to commence his researches upon the Windberg, as the first in order, and nearer the fort. Accordingly, one fine morning, in the month of December, the Cape June, Dirk sallied forth upon his expedition, a stout staff in his hand, his pipe and tobacco in one pocket, his rations in the other, and a keg of genuine unadulterated Schiedam slung over his back. The journey up-hill was hard work to a man, accustomed to the flats of Holland, or the deck of a ship, but a draught of the good fragrant liquor strung his nerves, and the scenery was something to gaze at. It was a lovely day, and all around was in unison with the weather. The piebald fiscal sang cheerily from the top of the lofty thorns, the *bok-ma-keeri* hopped amidst the underwood, uttering loudly, and not unmelodiously, the singular notes, which have given it its trivial name,—the turtle-dove cooed from the thicket. The Socotran aloe lifted its graceful scarlet spikes above the surrounding ever-greens,—the beautiful Africanders

waved in the breeze, covered with a profusion of fragrant pink blossoms,—the charming Cape heaths rung their bells musically with each breath of air,—and the magnificent Protea proudly lifted its goblet-flowers, filled with natural honey, affording rich draughts to the brilliant little sugar-birds, the humming birds of Africa, that darted from flower to flower in all the glory of metallic green back, violet front, yellow throat, and scarlet gorget, glittering in the sun-shine like gems, and making dull the golden green hues and peacock-eyed wings of their statelier rival, the large swallow-tailed butterfly. Dirk was no natural historian, and honored the sweet flowers and bright birds with but brief attention; still he was charmed, and diligently persevered in his toilsome journey over the rough stones, until, at last, he reached the uppermost peak of the mountain.

Dirk seated himself to rest his tired limbs, and survey the truly sublime view which met his gaze on every side;—even the unsympathetic soul of Dirk was moved at the sight.—Transport thyself with me, Reader, to the spot where the gold-seeker was seated, 3000 feet above the surrounding plains, and see what Dirk then saw. In the nook of open ground, so immediately beneath his feet that it seemed as though he could toss a pebble into the great square, was the fort, surrounded by the dozen houses which at that time constituted Cape Town. To his right was Table Bay, looking like a large horse-shoe, of liquid blue, with Robben Island at its mouth, a dark object fringed with a border of white surf. The further side of the bay was bounded by the light blue hills of Tygerberg, and the darker one of Blueberg; and, in the extreme distance, the fantastically serrated peaks of the Stellenbosch mountains closed the view.

Facing Dirk was the long sweep of the Lion's Hill, stretching itself like the animal whose name it bears, the Company's flag streaming from its loftiest height; to his left, Table Mountain raised its tremendous wall-like front, looking like a fortress built by Titans, with the wreck of smaller hills: while the whole group was girdled with a belt of mighty forest-trees, consisting of the iron-wood, the yellow-wood, the stink-wood, or Cape mahogany, and the silver-tree. The trees have long since disappeared before the hand of man, except the last,—the most beautiful, but the most useless; to which circumstance, perhaps, it is indebted for its preservation.

The prospect from the back of the peak was not less

grand, and far more extensive.—The mountain ran precipitously down, till it met the tracts of land where now stand the villages of Wynberg, Plumstead, and Claremont,—but at the time we speak of, a wilderness, giving shelter to the unwieldy rhinoceros, the lordly lion, and the crafty leopard.

Dirk's frugal meal was soon dispatched, and his search after the precious metal commenced.—Long and diligently did he persevere, under the influence of the "*sacra fames*," in his toilsome task; but, alas! not even a grain of gold-dust rewarded his pains.—He gave the Windberg up as a profitless undertaking, and prepared for his return.—Tired with his bootless exertions, Dirk took a gulp or two from his keg, and laid himself down to enjoy a refreshing siesta.

He must have taken an over-dose of the generous spirit, for, when he awoke, he found it was long after sunset. Here was a pleasant predicament; not only was he in danger of a keel-hauling, but afraid to stir from the top of the hill, lest he should encounter the wild beasts which roamed about the base. Night was fast coming on, commencing with that duskiuess, neither day nor night, which at the Cape supplies the place of twilight, and to which Table Mountain added a darker hue, as it stood out in sombre relief against the starry sky, in all the gloom and grandeur of wood and rock, casting a broad black shadow upon all around.—The moon was just rising, and faintly tipped the more prominent projections of the mountains, serving only to make the darkness of the rest more apparent.

Dirk sat and listened in moody thought as the wind moaned and whined through the silver trees, with that sighing, melancholy sound peculiar to the pine family, and which once heard can never be forgotten; while the limber trees bent themselves gracefully to the puffs of wind that rushed down the hollows of the mountain, changing alternately from a silvery to a frosty white, as the branches waved to and fro, displaying now the upper, and now the under side of their beautiful leaves.

Dirk, we said, was a bold man, and feared nothing he could see or grapple, but, as the rising wind howled and whistled through the trees in louder cadence, and the baboons shrieked from the crags and precipices of the mountain, he could not restrain that feeling of vague, indefinite fear, which will creep over the heart of a man in Dirk's dreary situation; and the stories he had heard in his youth of spirits and gnomes, weir-wolves and wood-demons, rushed

across his memory with appalling freshness, until in his disturbed imagination he beheld them running and leaping amidst the wood, and heard their fearful cries proceeding from the deepest gloom, and dreaded to look behind him, lest he should encounter a pair of huge eyes glaring at him from the dark.

“Donder!” cried Dirk, “there’s no standing this. I must take one mouthful more.” The keg was raised to his lips, and kept there some minutes; and, when laid down again, the owner’s features bore satisfactory testimony to its soothing virtues. Dirk next lighted his pipe, and smoked in deep thought for a quarter of an hour, and then took another long, long draught. “Oh!” said he, as he drew breath, “I feel a Dutchman again, and wouldn’t care to meet de duivel himself; I’d twist his horns for a stiver!”

“Would you?” said a husky voice a little above him.

Dirk thought his heart was making a frantic attempt to leap up his throat, as, on raising his head at this unexpected reply to his remark, he beheld a something, more like a large baboon than anything else, perched on an elevated rock opposite, and staring at him with eyes, which put Dirk fearfully in mind of those he had a short time previously beheld in imagination. A moment restored him to his natural courage, and he sturdily rejoined,—“Yes, I would! and what does it matter to you?”

“Oh, nothing,” rejoined the other, carelessly; “only when one gentleman trespasses on another’s property, he may as well be civil.”

Dirk felt somewhat non-plussed at the idea of any gentleman possessing landed property on the uppermost peaks of the Windberg; and still more at the charge of intrusion brought against him.—“Your property!” said he, “yours! Who the devil made it yours? Why, this is part of the settlement of the Good Hope, founded by the Honorable the East India Company, under a charter from their High Mightinesses the States General.”

“The Honorable Company and their High Mightinesses be d——d together;” replied the stranger, very gruffly: “I was here long before the United Provinces ever had a foot of land at the Cape.”

“I suppose, then, you are one of the crew of the wrecked ship *Haarlem*,” said Dirk, who began to think his new acquaintance a runaway sailor.

“No, I’m not,” was the brief rejoinder.

"Perhaps you came with the English skipper, Lancaster, in the *Royal Elizabeth*?"

"No, I didn't."

"Then you were with one of the Portugals?" said Dirk, as a last guess.

"No, I was not."

"Donder! friend," said Dirk, "where the deuce, then, did you come from?"

"Why, what's that to you, Captain van Splinter? or Rhynertz, if you prefer your older and more celebrated name."

Dirk's astonishment was boundless. After a pause, "You know me, then, comrade?" said he inquiringly.

"To be sure I do; I have myself been on the Spanish Main with the Free Boys."

"Come down here," said Dirk, "and let me see your face."

His newly-found friend obeyed. From the quantity of rocks his progress was somewhat circuitous, and Dirk, who eyed him intensely, was struck by the evident care with which he avoided turning his back upon him, even when the nature of the path rendered that position almost unavoidable; but, thinking it proceeded from an excess of politeness, he made no remark.

In a few minutes they were face to face.—The stranger was a diminutive man, of a withered antiquated appearance, aquiline nosed, long-jawed, swarthy cheeks, and wore a peaked, grizzly beard. His head was covered with a high-crowned hat, and his garments were faded, and cut after the fashion of the preceding century.

Dirk stared into his countenance for full ten minutes, in a vain attempt to recognize him. "I think you said, comrade, that we have met before?" addressing the old gentleman doubtfully.

"We have, and on the Spanish Main, Captain," he repeated slowly and significantly.

Dirk seated himself on the grass, and motioned to the stranger to do the same. He did so, but previous to taking his seat, he put his hand behind him, as though to feel for something he wished to avoid sitting upon, and Dirk fancied he saw, in the shade, a black snake-like object, with a dull fiery head. "Hollo, friend!" said he, pointing to the object, "you seem to be in my present line of business: is that a lighted match you have brought with you?"

"What's that to you," said the old gentleman very snappishly, and the thing which had attracted Dirk's attention suddenly whisked out of sight.

Dirk thought this very singular, but took no further notice. In a few minutes he resumed the thread of the discourse.

"Excuse a natural curiosity, comrade, but in whose ship did you serve?"

"In your's, Capt. Rhynertz."

Dirk treated himself to another very hard stare at the old man, who bore it with the most imperturbable gravity, and puzzled Dirk more than ever.

"I saw," he continued, "your two fingers snipt like carrots, by that peppery Don, off Puerto Rico."

"Curse him!" said Dirk, looking at the mutilated members, "but I served him out in return," he added, with a thoughtful air, as if speaking to himself.

"You did, Capt. Rhynertz," said the old man approvingly, "he went to the fishes to brag of his feat."

Dirk either did or would not hear this remark, but observed, with sudden enthusiasm, "Ah! she was a fine prize, that *San Sebastian*. She was full of good stuff;—but the boxes in the cabin,—do you remember them?—filled to the brim with solid gold chains, and crucifixes, and similar trinkets;—and then, the bags full of broad red doubloons—G—! it was a sight!—"

"Dirk van Splinter," interrupted the other hastily, "don't swear! I'll have none of that language in my presence."

"Donder en bliksem!" exclaimed Dirk in utter astonishment, "what is the matter? Oh! I suppose you must have been my chaplain;" and he laughed obstreperously at his own wit.

"Comrade!" said the other fiercely, "you shall not utter *that word* again in my presence!"

"I'll say what I like," retorted his antagonist; "who the blazes are you to tell me what I shall say?"

This reply, instead of increasing the wrath of the stranger, seemed to mollify him; in fact, he appeared to like it, and merely observed, "Well, well, I must make allowance for the weakness of a friend;—but let us change the subject, and have a friendly pipe."

Dirk's pipe was soon in full play; the stranger meanwhile drew forth a most singular fancy article. It was of brass and in the shape of a viper, the body forming the stem, and the distended jaws the bowl of the pipe. Having filled the

mouth of the reptile from a small pouch, and rejecting Dirk's proffer of a light, he quietly put his hand behind him, and brought round the mysterious snake-like article, which had once before attracted Dirk's curiosity. The fiery-looking head was applied to the bowl, the stranger sucked at the pipe, and in another minute the contents were alight, sending forth thick clouds of smoke; the thing, whatever it was, with which it had been ignited, disappearing as suddenly as before.

We have omitted to state, that Dirk and his companion were now seated in the crater-like hollow, between the Peak and Table Mountain. Here Dirk sat in moody silence, puffing, and thinking who the stranger could possibly be, and of whom, to tell the truth, he began to stand in awe. The object of his thoughts was equally taciturn, and Dirk, having exhausted his ideas in a thousand fruitless conjectures, resolved to watch his companion, and wait until he renewed the conversation.

The stranger, meanwhile, sat quietly enough, and as he smoked and puffed away with a continuous vigor, Dirk remarked that the smoke, which issued in great quantities from the grotesque bowl, instead of resolving into thin air, hung thickly and heavily over his head like a canopy. He redoubled his exertions, and ere long Dirk saw, that the smoke began to assume the appearance of a solid white cloud, which rapidly increased in volume and bulk, until it filled the hollow in which they sat. The stranger puffed harder than ever, and the cloud increased, until it fairly hid the Peak, as it were with a night-cap, and, ultimately, assisted by the rising breeze, drifted towards, and soon overspread, like a gigantic cloth, the neighbouring heights of Table Mountain, concealing all the upper part from Dirk's view.

Somehow or other, Dirk felt no surprise, but gazed in silent admiration upon the beautiful spectacle. The cloud (for it was the famous table-cloth) had not yet assumed the flat appearance it presents during the fury of a south-east wind, but consisted of a lofty heap of vapour, piled in chaotic confusion, one heap upon the other, all of the most snowy whiteness, and glittering in the rays of the moon with the lustre of Parian marble, forming a glorious contrast with the dark granite mountain, which served as its pedestal.

The south-east wind soon began to blow keen and cutting from the cloud. "Come," said Dirk at length, breaking a long silence, "it is very cold, take a drop," and he

pushed the keg towards his companion. The latter, having taken a pretty long pull, handed it back to Dirk, who was not long in following the example. "Pooh!" said he, spluttering, as he placed the keg down again, "you smoke villainous stuff, comrade; the mouth of the keg has actually got a brimstone flavour through mere contact with your lips! Ah, the good liquor! how it warms one!" and he took another pull, despite the alleged brimstone flavour. He began to feel in remarkably good humour, and broke out, in a loud roaring voice, into snatches of one or two nautical ditties. "Ah, comrade, do you remember the old song—

"Oh, the Buccaneer's life is bold and free,
And he lords it over the foaming sea;
He sows and he reaps on the flowing wave;
His home when alive, and when dead his grave."

"No, confound it, that's not it; that's too sentimental. Ah! now I have it; and, comrade, mind the chorus—

'Then blustering Don,
Why, why put on
A look as lofty as thy head?
Draw forth thy purse—
Come, quick disburse;
Those dollars white, and doubloons red,
Were coined for us!'

Chorus, comrade, chorus—

'For we be peers of the rolling sea,
Dost think it was made for losels like thee?'

Dirk was, in fact, getting fuddled as fast as he well could, and his companion also, for the keg passed and re-passed with wondrous rapidity, and grew lighter and lighter at the end of each peregrination. "Come, old boy," said Dirk, with a slight hiccup,—“let's hear you now.”

The stranger, who was almost as hilarious as his friend, took his pipe out of his mouth, and struck out as follows, in a somewhat nasal tone, but most insinuating manner, nodding his head, and twitching his limbs with a friskiness utterly incompatible with his venerable appearance:—

"I live in a glorious distant clime,
And I laugh at the feeble hand of Time;
For a thousand years may flit away,
And I heed them but as a passing day.

I live in the midst of royal pride,
 With a host of slaves on either side ;
 While crowned kings, once served on knee.
 Now bend those crowned heads to me.

And the wealth of my realms cannot be told,
 For its rivers are formed of molten gold,
 And its soil is decked with golden flowers,
 And its sky is filled with Danaëan showers.

Then come with me to that happy clime,
 And laugh, like me, at the hand of Time ;
 Oh, come with me to my golden towers,
 And dwell with me in my blazing bowers !

Oh, come with me —— ”

The song was here suddenly brought to a close. Dirk had been listening with a dreamy sort of attention ; when, all at once, he caught a glimpse of that which had attracted his notice on two previous occasions, viz: the mysterious something with which the singer had lighted his pipe. It was behind him, moving about with a brisk undulating motion, as though it were keeping time with the song. Human curiosity could hold out no longer. With a total recklessness of consequences—the result of his deep potations—Dirk hastily seized his cudgel, and, swift as lightning, let fall a thundering blow upon the unknown object, at the very moment his companion had just commenced the fifth stanza of his song. Simultaneously with the blow, the singer leaped up as if he had been shot, uttering a yell that nearly split Dirk's ears, and must have been heard for many a mile. As he stood upon his legs, Dirk distinctly saw the object of his curiosity, dangling, *like a tail*, from the small of the old gentleman's back, quivering under the united influence of the fury of the owner, and the smart of the member itself, for there was every appearance of one of the joints being dislocated. The dull red of the extremity was now changed to a bright unnatural hue—the eyes of the old gentleman literally “ flashed fire,” and his open mouth looked like a furnace.

Most unpleasant suspicions darted across Dirk's mind as he remarked these ominous indications, and he mentally ejaculated “ *Donder!* it's *de duivel* himself!!!”

But his temporary terror gave way the next minute, as his exasperated acquaintance yelled, “ You infernal piratical thief! I would take you by the neck, and claw the heart out of you, did I not know I was robbing the gallows of its due! You picaroon!—you buccaneer!—you—” and to add greater

force to his threat, he thrust his brazen pipe into his mouth, and shook his right fist at Dirk with mute eloquence.

Hemel! could the soul of a man, much less that of a *Dutch*-man, endure such a torrent of abuse with patience! In a fit of ungovernable fury Dirk dashed his fist, with all the energy of his stalwart frame, slap into the face of his recent acquaintance. His bony knuckles alighted on the serpent-pipe, and drove it with resistless force down the throat of its master, the bowl sending forth a hollow clattering sound as it came in contact with his teeth. Another fearful yell, which completely sobered Dirk, accompanied by a flash of fire, issued from the lacerated throat;—every thing danced before him,—the air swarmed with hideous shapes,—a clap of thunder shook the mountain,—and a stunning blow, dealt by an unseen hand, laid Dirk senseless and prostrate on the earth.

* * * *

On the following morning the carcase of Dirk van Splinter was discovered by an exploring party, sent in search of him, lying amidst the bushes, several hundred feet below the hollow where he had met the stranger.—A hearty shake and a dram soon restored our hero, who gave a short account of the occurrences of the preceding night. The whole party hurried up to the scene of Dirk's adventures, where a most satisfactory proof of his veracity greeted their eyes; his pipe and the keg (empty) lay in the midst of a patch of burnt herbage.

On the return of the party to town, Dirk was summoned before His Excellency and Council, where he repeated his narrative. "And pray," said the Governor, "who was your friend?"—" *De Duivel*, I suppose," said Dirk briefly.

The Governor pondered a moment or two—"The Council may retire for the present,—I would speak with the chaplain," said he.

The Council did retire, and posted itself with all its ears, at the doors of the council chamber. Their laudable curiosity unfortunately could catch nothing save a string of unconnected sentences from His Excellency, such as "infernal lie—burnt grass? pooh! hot ash from pipe!—whole keg of gin—empty—drunk—reports—injure young colony—keel-hauled," &c. &c. while the milder tone of the chaplain broke forth with "enemy of mankind—Protean shapes—Satan let loose—seven devils—burnt grass—coincidence—Flying Dutchman, &c."

After a long conference, Dirk was called in again. "Hark

ye, friend!" said his Excellency, "there's your warrant as corporal in charge of the forces, and member of the council," (members of council were as easily picked up then as now,) "but if ever I catch you repeating that cock-and-a-bull story of your smoking match with old Scratch, I'll cashier you and have you keel-hauled."

[* * * * Here a few lines are wanting in the MS.]

"Nevertheless," adds the Reverend Barendz Weiland, "I believe all that corporal van Splinter says he saw."

And so do all sensible men;—for though government from the days of Governor van Riebeeck, to our time, perversely persists in calling the mountain in all official documents "the Windberg,"—the good citizens of Cape Town devoutly believe the marvellous adventures of Dirk van Splinter, and, fortified by the authority of the first Colonial Chaplain, never speak of the hill where Dirk met the strange smoker by any other name than the Devil's Peak.

H. VAN PLAAKS.



LINES,

Written after visiting the Battle-field of Victoria, by moonlight, the night after the action. Two friends, returning, address an old man going thither:—

Nay, old man, go not to that field,
 Unless your heart is to pity steeled;
 For all the treasures once in Spain,
 I would not view that field again.
 But, oh! I ventured out to see
 If any living there might be,
 I passed along,—all silent, dead.
 They rested on their grassy bed;
 And, oh! it was a fearful sight,
 To view that field in the lonely night!
 Just one, wild, wandering glance I threw,
 And closed my eyes to shun the view.
 A murmuring sound stole on my ear,
 It seemed the sigh of some one near;
 I called, but no reply was given—
 A soul had winged its flight to heaven.
 Again, again, a low strange sound;
 'Twas the blast of night that swept the ground,

Lifting those plumes, all bloody and low,
 That late had waved high on a warrior's brow.
 Many a tender mother's care,
 And many a lady's love, lay there.
 There was one spot, where something bright
 Was glittering in the pale moonlight:
 Oh! holy Virgin! who might be
 Unmoved that mournful sight to see;
 'Twas a warrior youth, whose golden hair
 Was lightly waved by the dewy air.
 A broken sword beside him lay,
 It failed upon that desperate day.
 The moonbeam, resting on his face,
 Gave it a sad, unearthly grace.
 Slumbering he seemed, but he drew no breath;
 His sleep was the heavy sleep of death.
 Then old man, go not, &c.

D. O'F.



THE DANCE COLONIAL AND THE FESTIVE SCENE.

We thought the last number of the Cape Town Literary Magazine a shade too serious,—so we handed to our friend the Editor a few notes, which we had strung together carelessly, in the form of a letter to our friends at home. The subject happened to turn upon balls,—and, having now touched up a sentence or two, to make it more euphonious and rounded,—we give it thus to our friends in print, instead of as a “ship-letter” marked 8d.—Having, lately, had a twinge or two of gout, we go to a ball more in the light of a looker-on, than as a dancer.—However, we yet feel great pleasure in seeing the many smiling faces around us, trying to be as happy as possible, and to make the most of their time in the way of business too.

You will ask, what business can be done at a ball. Ah! my gentle friend, come with me to the ball-room, and I can soon point out to you, how much business goes on quietly, in every corner of the room.

First, however, sit down quietly, and hear my division of balls into separate heads.

Well then, we have the Balls at Government house. Those are of course private to a great extent, and not to be canvassed; and further, they are quiet affairs, with some etiquette, more polish, and they are stamped with a degree of *haut ton*, which excludes the expression of character you see at public or subscription balls.

Next come balls, at the houses of private persons.—These also are select—and not to be rashly touched.—But the balls which I allude to are those at public rooms,—whether merely subscription,—or in honor of a particular person,—given by a club, &c.

These kind of parties are open to observation and remark, and in them you see the spirits at their highest flight,—the freedom from restraint, and the excess of dancing, eating, drinking, together with the grand business of the evening,—carried on by the young folks, or encouraged by manœvering mothers.

Here too *gents* have admission at half a guinea, or a guinea, a head; and wherever they appear—you may be sure of sport.

Of course, you are aware, my love, that the grand object of young people is to dance,—of dancers to get partners,—and, if possible, to make those—partners for life.

With this end in view, and as the proper steps towards it, pic-nics are to be got up, boating parties, visits to Menageries or Fêtes, strolls in horticultural gardens, drives, rides, *et tout cela*. Then dinner parties, and the piano, the album, and chess, or draughts,—boxes of curiosities, &c. are to be shewn, and the parting

———— such sweet sorrow
That they could say goodbye until to morrow !

But come Caroline, come along to the subscription ball. Let us see who are there before us. Have we our tickets? All right,—shake out your embroidered skirt,—take my arm, and hold your fan half open. Here we are at the entrance door. Let us stand for a moment by that pillar, festooned with wild flowers and rare blossoms. Hear the crash of the band, and see the various couples take their places. What extraordinary costumes,—what discrepancy of dress! Look at that man, with curls on his shoulder, and a bushy beard beneath his chin, his shirt's wrists turned back over his coat, his elaborate frill, and massive chains,—pulling that gentle girl round the room, reckless of the consequences. See him now on that lady's foot,—now brushing the epaulette of that

unlucky major,—now here—now there,—and all for ten and sixpence.

If any yet be so fool-hardy
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
 If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No honor's got by such a main ;
 Although the *bear* gain much, being bound
 In honor to make good his ground.

There is a quiet-looking stranger,—an Indian civilian, on leave for his health. How gently he glissades along the polished floor,—how carefully he leads his fair partner,—touching no one,—in no one's way. See how his dark eyed partner confides to him her bouquet, which he touches to his lips, unlike that grinning thing beyond, wrapt up in self, who talks loud,—throws out his elbows, and acts for the benches, in his every look. See that tall handsome soldier, in a staff uniform, conversing with a party of young military men in the various costumes of Dragoon, Light Infantry, Royal Engineer, and Artillery. How much at home they look ;—you will see them, shortly on the different sofas, sitting by the prettiest girls in the room, waiting for a quadrille.

Now see that individual coming down the room, leaning on the arm of his comrade? Look at their heavy black scarfs, with miniature knob kerics* of mosaic gold, standing in bold relief from their chests! Look at those fearful waist-coats, a yard of curtain pattern, taken from “the store” at first cost,—deceptive varnished boots, without the legs; and, by the side of the straps, see the white stocking appear. They know it not,—they come to have the worth of ten and sixpence,—and rather than not dance every set, they seize on old maids, children, dowagers,—'tis one, they go to dance.

Now hear them: “I say Bill,” (these *gents* always address one another by an abbreviated Christian appellation!) “I say, Bill! that's a devilish fine gurl, that Emmar; I should'nt mind sticking up to her; I'll ask her to dance.”

He had sold her half a dozen cambrick pocket handkerchiefs that morning.

“Haw, haw, haw!” says his friend. “She smiled at me, in the Gardings to-day as I was *laying* on the benches.” (Gents always say *laying*.)

The idiot! she had laughed at the air with which he drew from his thick lips, the imitation Havannah which vied with his brown hand,—as, thinking he was doing the thing heavy,

* Knob Kerie, a weapon used by the Kafirs in warfare, like an exaggerated breast pin.

he puffed the smoke into the faces of the innocuous passers-by in the public walk.

“By the way, John! who is that gal; I rayther like her.”

“Oh! she’s a daughter of “Snissum and Wartle”—came out by the Eurydice—(no accent on the last syllable)—she’s consigned to us—coffee and ’ides—we’ll make a good thing of it.”

“Was there a *ball* up this evening!”

“Yes, they say it’s the bishop,—he was to come by the Cassy-ope-ya.”

“Had they *made her down*?”

“No, not *as* I’m aware of. I believe she missed stays, and stood out again, or *somethink* of that sort.”

“Oh, yes! she’s consigned to Filgee and Treck.”

“Any other noos?”

“Oh, dem the noos! we’ll have a glawss of Champeene,”—and off they go as happy as gents.

How handsomely decorated the rooms are, my Carry! see the wreaths of myrtle, prickly pear, date, orange, palm-leaves, and the numerous creepers, and the lotus, aloë, roses, carnations, &c. How very beautiful! The perfume is quite refreshing.—There is considerable taste displayed in the adornment of public ball rooms in the colonies.

I have seldom seen anything more brilliant than the decoration at the public rooms at Calcutta. It is more like the romantic picture of a fairy tale, than cold reality, consisting of admission tickets,

“Such as rend the heart (purse) strings.”

The gorgeous chandelier—the waving flags—the gay costumes—and the fine band.

Hang this gout! I would be twenty-five again,—the merriest reveller in hall and bower.

“What a pity you have not here” said I to a friend, who saluted me, “the terraces and verandahs of the far East. How easily might that young damsel stray from the glance of anxious maternity, and by the gleam of the pale moon might she hear the whispered vows of her gallant partner.’”

This, this, my lad! is a soldiers life:
He marches to the sprightly fife,
And in each town, to some new wife
Swears he’ll be ever true!

Come, we’ll take a turn through the rooms, and see how the old and young amuse themselves. What a number of card-tables! Is it possible that those young men take the

trouble to dress, for the sake of spending their evening at play?

No, no, my dear! some play a rubber to while away the time,—others because they think it looks well,—and a few because they have not many acquaintances, or possibly the ladies with whom they wished to dance, are engaged till the next set. But see that man! he loves play for itself,—it is his passion,—he is not at rest except at the card-table. Do you call that rest? See his quivering eye, his contracted brow! Surely he cannot be happy. He is, now, losing; yet he will sit there, in hopes that luck may change. Oh! come away, the sight makes me sad.

There is a handsome woman! See her coming up the room, followed by a train of admirers! How very lady-like!—Such perfect ease!—There is a something about her, which none but a high-bred woman can possess.

See, next to her comes a sprightly little girl, leaning on the arm of an honest sailor. See how she taps his arm with her fan.—See

“The languishing eye, through the eyelash, that peeps
Then looks downward, and timidly glitters—
Thus are eyes drilled in order, the same as the fan,
With manœuvring, each skill can devise
And she's a poor gunner who can't kill her man
If she levels his fate from her eyes!”

Mais, allons! let us thread our way to the upper end of the dancing room, where the kind old ladies sit for hours patiently, smiling on the young people and their enjoyments.

That is a handsome throne for the ladies patronesses, on the dais;—how very good of them to remain throughout a long evening, scarcely partaking of its pleasures. Ah, there is a young gentleman bringing his mother a glass of lemonade!—How tenderly she thanks him. He sits down at her feet to chat with her;—I am sure that is a good son,—a young Aristogeyton.

Come along, ha, ha! here's a bit of advice.

That lassie has been dancing too often with Captain R—. See her prudent mother:

Daughter, you're too young to marry,
'Tis too soon to be a wife,
Yet a little longer tarry
Ere you know the cares of life.

How the pretty thing pouts!—She's full sixteen, and thinks she may judge for herself, and Captain R— is *such* a love!

More uniforms!—A French naval officer, he has just been waltzing, and is leading his partner to the refreshment room.

“Je vous assure, ma belle charmante, je connois votre cœur bien mieux, que vous ne le conuaissez. Quand je regard vos yeux brillants,—et l' expression——” Now what is that fellow at, my dear, unless he's making downright love?—I saw my little girl laughing in her sleeve. Perhaps she thought of the “business” that is carried on at Balls. They are the *marchés aux cœurs*.

There appear to be between 300 and 400 persons present, but such a mixed company, that,

Save
Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,
Whom you may bow to, without looking grave,—
The rest are but the bore of public places.

Just hear that couple.

“Oh, there's no doubt of it,—she has accepted him;—I have heard it from Binks to-day.”

“Law! after all the attention he paid Miss Fricandean. I saw him walking with her,—oh, yes,—and I saw her give him a nosegay at Charingcross, the milk punch shop.”

“How vile!—I couldn't marry such a man!”—(titter)

“No—couldn't you?”

“Well—I wonder!—but I dont think they'll be happy;—she looks as if she had a temper of her own.”

“Yes, I think she has a large assortment of that on hand. Oh, here is a *gent*, a friend of mine;—may I introduce you?” &c. &c. &c.

We had seen enough of that *assortment*, so we passed on, and now again the band struck up merrily, and

Some, in full dance, with ardor burn,
And swim, and glide, and wander,
While others, waiting for their turn,
Sneer, smile, and deal out slander.

“Dear me! how very much undressed Mrs.—— is!”

“Yes, poor thing!”—said the other, who had a very slight figure, “she is a *sight*,—but they say it is not her fault.”

“Why?”

“Ah! she says Mr.—— does not allow her sufficient pin-money—!”

The supper rooms are now thrown open, and, in a moment, the tables are filled. You perceive some particularly elegant looking people,—a number of handsome uniforms,—a few lovely girls,—and a collection of individuals, that make you wonder how the devil they got there!

The supper is plentiful. What are the wines? Inferior; but, lord! they do as well as the best; people must not be particular on such an occasion.

Now, creep in here quietly next me, and let us observe.—See that fellow with the peas on the end of his knife!—That's a surgeon next him—he'll have a ease in a moment!

See Dobbs, how he eats;—turkey, blancmange, cold pie, and truffles off the same plate,—and hobnobs in champagne, hock, and sherry, as they are at hand,—all for ten and sixpence.

What's that he tells Hobbs? "It is a *prime blow out*." Hobbs is going to propose "the ladies!" Wait one moment. Has he the impudence?—Egad, he's up—with a

"Littleton, will you support me?"

"Gentlemen! fill up your glasses. Let us drink the health of the lovely beings, who have this evening shed the lustre of their peerless charms on our crowded halls, and by their gentleness and charms, softened the flinty bosoms of the patrician lords of the creation into mute respect and spontaneous passion. (What is the fellow at?)—Let us see them now in our minds eye,—as we may see them from our sculptured stoep,—ere the bright rays of effulgent morn have burst Aurora's roseate bars,—disporting in the briny waves, and laving their alabaster forms in the cold dilution of the unfathomed ocean, like playful mermaids, in the green-hued surf; while—while—(go on—go on)—while—Oh hang them—they wont hear me."—That's not to be wondered at.

There are really a number of very superior looking persons present; but there is a fearful set-off, in those odd-looking people, scattered here and there, evidently out of place; and the attendants, though numerous, are in inharmonious costumes; that is a pity.

Who is that pertinacious individual, who pops his everyday countenance over every lady's chair, asking her to take lemonade?—That—oh! that is Higgs.—He thinks he is "witehing the world with noble *waitership*."—And, lo! behold "the Snooks," with tablets half concealed beneath his bunch of grapes,—taking notes of the entertainment for the Editor of the "Penny Smash," who may be seen behind the screen, informing that pretty servant-maid that the *doo-tong* is more easy and graceful than the old one-two-three. He supplies "Snooks" with a copy, gratis.

The band has now struck up the Lancer quadrilles. What a number of ladies dance it very well. The gentle-

men are not quite so *au fait* at it, and yet they are all perfectly happy, killing time—and all for ten and sixpence.

Pray, who is that very tall man, whose admiration of that fair widow is so undisguised?—Oh! Scrutator. Her dress is doubtless of the latest fashion, and the bouquet of camellias and rare jessamines is outvied by the transparent whiteness of her bosom.—Let us hear them.

“Dear, Mr. Scrutator! you seem to admire this bouquet very much. Did you ever see anything so beautiful!”—His eyes were fixed on the rare beauties before him.

“See any thing so beautiful! Never, madam, since I was an infant!”

And now the dance proceeds most merrily, although the rooms grow empty, and the carriages are heard rolling away in quiet succession.—Half-an-hour more and the crowd is gone; but still the band plays promiscuously, and a few determined waltzers yet remain. A Dragoon Captain is seen whirling with a Light Infantry Ensign; an Artillery Lieutenant with a Middy; and a select few imbibe at the supper-table, with a resolution worthy of a better cause.

One half hour more, and the lights burn dimly; the morning’s sun peeps through the windows,—a few stragglers wander home, and, on their way, ring indignantly at an oilman’s store, and loudly call for brandy and water.

“ ’Tis true they next morning have pains in the head,
That bad liquors will always impart.
But how many sly codgers sneak sober to bed,
Who next morning have pains in the heart.”

VIATOR, q q.



AN APOLOGY.

We should probably be affording no great delectation to our readers, if we were to enlighten or mystify them, as the case may be, by a statement of our views on the monetary crisis in England. We have, therefore, the less hesitation in indulging our constitutional laziness, by the exclusion of our customary political review from the present number of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Magazine.

It is in vain that the most persevering quidnuncs strive to feel an interest in any other political subject than that above alluded to. Austria might garrison all the towns in the Papal Dominions, Abd-el-Kader might be taken prisoner, the war between Mexico and the United States might come to an end, Louis Phillippe might die, Lord John Russell might resign, Mr. Roebuck might make a civil speech, or Colonel Sibthorp a sensible one,—and none of these surprising events would create so much sensation in England, as the state of the funds and the fluctuations in the share-market. And no doubt these subjects do possess an interest of no slight or unimportant kind: but we have never loved to dwell upon the dark side of a picture, upon which we are able to throw no ray of light, and a darker prospect it is not easy to imagine, than that which would be presented by a political survey of England at the present moment. We therefore prefer to leave this painful subject to the collective wisdom of the nation which has been summoned to deliberate upon it, at a period earlier by two months than usual: very seldom has there been an occasion, on which the prayers of the people should be more sincerely offered up to heaven, for a blessing upon the efforts of their rulers, to secure prosperity to a suffering country.

Judging, however, from the accounts which we receive from England, both in private letters, and the public papers, there is little room to hope for any present amelioration. The nation must suffer for its collective improvidence, as so many individuals have suffered and are suffering. We have sown to the wind, and must reap the whirl-wind; we must be content to pass through the furnace of affliction which our own folly has prepared for us.

That the convulsion which is now producing such dire effects in England, can entirely pass away without affecting the interests of British subjects in this or any other portion of the empire, however remote from the metropolis, is not to be hoped. Comparatively speaking, however, we are in the position of spectators at a bull fight, a tournament, or a gladiatorial exhibition: the danger is chiefly in the arena, though we may not escape scatheless. The best then we can hope is, that the sufferers will learn to view their folly in its proper light, and that the distress which a variety of causes have combined to produce in the present year, will be the foundation of a sounder system, and a more hopeful prospect for the future.

And now having explained to the reader as far as we are able, our reason for sparing him the usual infliction of a political disquisition, we have a few words to say on that least graceful of all subjects—ourselves. In the natural gratification which we felt at the sight of the goodly volume which was the result of our labors, we, at the conclusion of last year, thanked our readers and subscribers for the kindness which we had received at their hands. Our thanks were really due and they were cordially paid: and having corrected the last proof of our preface, and felt our labor of love closed for two months more, it is not to be denied that we indulged in an extra glass to the success of our undertaking, and retired to rest, in a high state of satisfaction with ourselves and all the world. But with the morning came reflection and soda water: we weighed ourselves in the balance and were found wanting: we took a jaundiced view of society in general, and pronounced our much cherished volume of the night before, a piece of monstrous humbug. In the medium between our excessive self-exaltation of the evening, and our equally excessive self-humiliation of the following morning, probably lies the just verdict which an impartial public will pronounce upon our volume: but in the mean time, these mighty fluctuations in our own estimate of our worth, have set us seriously to thinking, how far we have kept our bargain with our subscribers, and the result is that, in now apologizing for one breach of faith, we think it best to make a clean breast of it and plead guilty at once, to all our short comings.

We promised then (turn, reader, if it please you to our introductory address) first to present occasionally in a condensed form, the substance of “ponderous tomes of history,

biography, and learning." It must be confessed, that we have rather failed in accomplishing this undertaking, and we have heard complaints in some quarters, that our reading is of the more frivolous class: it may be so: but certain it is that one attempt which we have made in this direction, was not received with any great degree of approbation, and many of our readers agree with us, that in this hot weather a man may manage to travel through a novel, or a poem, when a sermon or a lecture would put him to sleep.

It has been hinted to us, though we do not altogether plead guilty to this imputation, that we have paid too little attention to subjects of local interest: considering the paucity of such subjects, we have in our own private opinion done pretty well. Not only have we chosen for our comments the state of Education, and the prospects of the Public Library and the Robben Island Establishment, but we have in the present number contributed to the antiquarian history of the colony, by explaining the origin of the name of one of the remarkable mountains in the vicinity of Cape Town. The history of the colony which we promised at the same time is in progress and may shortly be expected.

One promise, the non-fulfilment of which we most regret, is the introduction of occasional articles on the works of the standard writers of earlier ages of English literature. These articles have been withheld in order to make way for others of more immediate interest, but we still hope to find a corner occasionally, for contributions on subjects connected with the higher walks of English literature.

"Occasional letters from England and India" were also promised, and have not appeared. But with reference to the former, we can assure the reader, that we have open for his inspection, a very interesting epistle from Col. Maberly, stating, that there is a ship letter addressed to us, at the General Post Office St. Martin Le Grand, which may be procured by the transmission of one and four pence, so that we shall probably be able to supply our friends with a little stale news before long.

Now in proportion as we have failed, in any degree, in carrying out the views with which we started, are our thanks due to those who have stood firmly by us, notwithstanding our de-merits. Thus are we elevating the character of our readers at the expence of our own. Some one has written:

To err is human, to forgive divine.

Now it appears to us, that the gentle reader has an admirable opportunity of assuming the divine character: if he will not do so, let him take the other alternative:

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

The inference is obvious.



LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.

THE acting drama is generally considered to belong rather to the province of Art than that of Literature; nor is it wonderful that such should be the case, when we consider the extent to which poetic beauty and literary merit have been sacrificed, in English theatres, to stage clap-trap and scenic effect. We cannot, however, consent to exclude the plays of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, (all written for the stage,) not to speak of authors of more modern date, from the realm of Literature, and it is always a source of gratification to us, to hear of any step being taken, which renders an English theatre a proper temple for such divinities. The revival of Shakspeare's *Macbeth* at Sadler's Wells Theatre, of which we have received accounts since our last, is a step in the right direction, and ought to be viewed as an event of no slight importance in the literature of the day.

In "the good old times of glorious Queen Bess," our unsophisticated ancestors did not consider Shakspeare's plays to require any scenic adornment. Pure poetry was enough for them; they were content to be *told*, that when Brutus and Cassius appeared upon the stage, the stage represented Rome,—that when Hamlet, or Othello, appeared before them, the scene was in Elsinore or Venice. As we became more refined, we became more *exigeant* in these respects; nor have we any fault to find with the spirit which required, that Shakspeare's dramas should be accompanied with all that Art could do to illustrate them, and confirm the dramatic illusion, for surely they are worthy of it. But it so fell out, that when all art, and literature, and refinement, were subverted with the monarchy, our men of taste imbibed in

foreign lands ideas of art, wholly at variance with those which had obtained in elder times. The direction which was given to English dramatic literature at the Restoration, vicious as it was, is only now being departed from. The frivolous followers of Charles II. could not endure the *tedious* soliloquies and *wearisome* action of the plays, which their fathers had applauded. A profane hand was laid upon the works of the greatest of English poets, and not only was no popular indignation excited by the act, but public applause followed it. To this day we may rue the consequences of this profanation; but we happily have found the sense to reject many of the odious sacrileges, which the critics of those days sanctioned. Of the boldest of these innovations we may mention one or two, which deserve to be remembered among the "curiosities of literature." William Davenant undertook to *improve* Shakspeare's *Tempest*; Colley Cibber *remodelled* Shakspeare's *Richard III.*; Garrick produced a new version of *the Taming of the Shrew*; Nahum Tate, the desecrator of the Psalms, *adapted King Lear*. There is something so edifying in this worthy's preface to his disgusting work, that we cannot forbear quoting it. "It is," says he, speaking of Shakspeare's sublime tragedy, "a heap of jewels, unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder, that *I soon perceived* I had seized a treasure." Ugh! one is almost tempted to quit the subject in disgust.

In a time when such perverted taste was sanctioned by popular applause, it was not likely that *any* of the greatest works of the greatest of poets should escape altogether scatheless. It was to John Dryden and William Davenant that the task of degrading the great tragedy of *Macbeth* was confided by their evil genius. Shameful as it is, their *improved version* of the play had held possession of the stage up to last year. To Mr. Phelps, the enterprizing lessee of Sadler's Wells Theatre, belongs the honor of restoring Shakspeare's *Macbeth* to the English stage. For the first time since the downfall of the monarchy in the person of Charles I., this master-piece of genius has been displayed to an English audience, in the form in which it was produced by its inspired author. The success of this meritorious undertaking was as complete as might have been expected. It was found that the absence of the singing witches and the inappropriate music detracted, in no respect, from the absorbing interest of the play. And if we may judge from the accounts contained in authorities of the most various characters,—the *Times*, the

Athenæum, the Sunday Times, Douglas Jerrold, the Spectator, the Examiner,—Macbeth was never so effectively acted as upon the occasion alluded to.

We may appear to be dwelling too long upon a subject which may possess little interest for many of our readers; but we do so, because a return to correct taste in one branch of literature, appears to us to be symptomatic of a similar revolution in other departments. Viewed in this light, the improved aspect of dramatic affairs in England is most cheering. It was, some little time ago, fashionable to talk of the "decline of the drama." The evil has worked its cure, and there is no room for such observations now. The two patent theatres are still given up to operas and promenade concerts; but the drama has found other temples, and Mr. Macready at one theatre, Mr. Phelps at another, Mrs. Warner at a third, and Miss Faucit at a fourth, are devoting their great talents to the interpretation of Shakspeare. The encouragement afforded to such revivals as that of which we have spoken, naturally gives an impetus to contemporary talent, and we observe with pleasure, that Bulwer Lytton, Sheridan Knowles, Douglas Jerrold, Sullivan, and Marston, (the author of the *Patrician's Daughter*, by far the most poetical drama which has been written within our recollection,) either have produced, or are engaged in the production of new plays. Such a state of things in the dramatic world cannot fail to lead to improved prospects for undramatic poetry, and for literature in general, and we expect shortly to quit the realm of common-place, and to announce the appearance, in our own day, of authors entitled to take a permanent place among the contributors to English standard literature.

But, alas! when we turn from the accounts which have reached us to the works which we have actually received at the Cape, how great is our disappointment! It is as well to speak out at once, and to confess, that there must be something radically wrong in the management of our Public Library. In the course of the last two months scarcely a volume has come to hand, worthy of even a passing notice, while a long list might easily be made out of books which *ought* to have been sent. It is, therefore, highly desirable, that the committee should endeavour to make arrangements to secure greater regularity and attention on the part of their London agent. To shew that we do not speak without cause, we may mention, that there are no less than three new novels by James, the Scott of our age, which have not yet arrived in

the colony,—*Russell, The Castle of Ehrenstein, and The Convict.*

Of the books which we *have* received, the one which bears the most enticing title is Medwin's *Life of Shelley*. But a perusal of the book leads to nothing but disappointment, which is the more provoking, as it abounds with proofs, that with the exercise of a little care and attention, Capt. Medwin might have produced not only an amusing, but a valuable volume. As it is, his statements are so constantly at variance with those which we have met with in the works of Moore and Leigh Hunt, and even with those contained in Mrs. Shelley's occasional notes to her husband's works, that it is impossible to place much faith in the narrative, especially as Capt. Medwin scarcely ever quotes his authorities. The slovenliness of the style is just what might be expected in conjunction with the careless and inconsiderate narrative, and many of the sentences are absolutely ungrammatical. The infection has also communicated itself to the printers, and it would appear that some pages have never been revised at all.

In many places Capt. Medwin has been misled by that excessive veneration for the subject of his memoir, which is so frequent a blemish in biographical works. For example, he denounces Shelley's expulsion from Oxford for publishing an atheistical pamphlet as "monstrous and illegal," not bearing in mind, that, whatever may be the merits or demerits of the law, there was no greater hardship in enforcing it against Shelley, than against any other person. To this day there can be no doubt, that a conviction of infidelity would ensure expulsion from either of the universities. Captain Medwin's comments on Lord Eldon's decision in the case of Shelley's children afford another instance of this feeling.

On the whole we regret that we cannot report so favorably of this work as to say, that it supplies the desideratum which it was intended to fill. A *Life of Shelley* is still required, and Leigh Hunt is the man who ought to write it. Until the appearance of such a work, the reader may gain some amusement, though not much trustworthy information, from a perusal of Captain Medwin's volumes. The most amusing parts are the anecdotes sprinkled through the work, relating to Shelley's most distinguished contemporaries,—Monk Lewis, Southey, Moore, Byron, Hogg, Rowland Hill, Keats, Horace Smith, Leigh Hunt, Malthus, Washington Irving, Hobhouse, Campbell, Rogers, and Hazlitt.

Among the few works received from England, another that seems worthy of notice is, Duncan's *Travels in Western Africa in 1845 and 1846*. In the preface to his book Mr. Duncan gives a modest and straightforward account of his career. It appears that in 1822 he enlisted in the 1st Regt. of Life Guards, and obtained his discharge under the late good conduct warrant in 1839. He then obtained the appointment of master-at-arms in the Niger expedition, of which we perceive he has contributed an interesting account to the November number of *Ainsworth's Magazine*. Mr. Duncan was one of the *five* survivors of the *three hundred* men who formed that fatal expedition. Mr. Duncan himself did not escape without a severe attack of fever, which permanently injured his health. But, being naturally of an adventurous spirit, he was not deterred from prosecuting his researches in the interior of Africa, and, accordingly, in 1844 he started upon the journey, of which the volumes under our notice contain an account, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. Duncan succeeded in penetrating as far as $13^{\circ} 6'$, North latitude, and $1^{\circ} 3'$, East longitude.

The book contains an immense amount of information on the Geography and Natural History of Africa, and is written in a straightforward and manly style, which at once commands credit. The manners and habits of the natives, their superstitious observances, the peculiarities of the country and climate, their effects upon the people, the natural peculiarities of the different districts, the zoology and ornithology, have all been noted by the author with care and attention. The result is before us in two volumes of *Travels*, as entertaining and agreeable as we have often met with. The following account of the execution of four traitors, in the dominions of the king of Dahomey, is a fair specimen of the style in which the manners of the African nations are described :

“ They were all young men of the middle size, and appeared to be of one family, or at least of the same tribe of Mahees, who are much better looking than the people of the coast. Each man was gagged with a short piece of wood, with a small strip of white cotton tied round each end of the stick, and passed round the pole. This was to prevent them from speaking. They were arranged in line, kneeling before the King. The head gong-gong man then gave four beats on the gong, as one—two, and one—two, the upper part of the gong-gong being smaller than the lower, and thus rendering the sounds different, similar to our public clocks in England when striking the quarters. After the four beats, the gong man addressed the culprits upon the enormity of their crime and the justice of their sentence.

During this lengthened harangue the gong-gong was struck at short intervals, which gave a sort of awful solemnity to the scene. After this, the men were suddenly marched some distance back from his Majesty, who on this occasion refused to witness the execution. The men were then ordered to kneel in line about nine feet apart, their hands being tied in front of the body, and the elbows held behind by two men, the body of the culprit bending forward. Poor old Mayho, who is an excellent man, was the proper executioner. He held the knife or bill-hook to me, but I again declined the honour; when the old man, at one blow on the back of the neck, divided the head from the body of the first culprit, with the exception of a small portion of the skin, which was separated by passing the knife underneath. Unfortunately, the second man was dreadfully mangled, for the poor fellow, at the moment the blow was struck having raised his head, the knife struck in a slanting direction, and only made a large wound; the next blow caught him on the back of the head, when the brain protruded. The poor fellow struggled violently. The third stroke caught him across the shoulders, inflicting a dreadful gash. The next caught him on the neck, which was twice repeated. The officer steadying the criminal now lost his hold on account of the blood which rushed from the blood-vessels on all who were near. Poor old Mayho, now quite palsied, took hold of the head, and after twisting it several times round, separated it from the still convulsed and straggling trunk. During the latter part of this disgusting execution the head presented an awful spectacle, the distortion of the features, and the eyeballs completely upturned, giving it a horrid appearance. The next man, poor fellow, with his eyes partially shut and head drooping forward near to the ground, remained all this time in suspense; casting a partial glance on the head which was now close to him, and the trunk dragged close past him, the blood still rushing from it like a fountain. Mayho refused to make another attempt, and another man acted in his stead, and at one blow separated the spinal bone, but did not entirely separate the head from the body. This was finished in the same manner as the first. However, the fourth culprit was not so fortunate, his head not being separated till after three strokes. The body afterwards rolled over several times, when the blood spurted over my face and clothes.

The most disgusting part of this abominable and barbarous execution was that of an old ill-looking wretch, who, like the numerous vultures, stood with a small calabash in his hand, ready to catch the blood from each individual, which he greedily devoured before it has escaped one minute from the veins. The old wretch had the impudence to put some rum in the blood and ask me to drink; at that moment I could with good heart have sent a bullet through his head. Before execution, the victim is furnished with a clean white cloth to tie round the loins. After decapitation the body is immediately dragged off by the heels, to a large pit at a considerable distance from the town, and thrown therein, and is immediately devoured by wolves and vultures, which are here so ravenous, that they will almost take your victuals from you.

We might, perhaps, have chosen a more agreeable subject for extract, but a perusal of the volumes will repay the reader.

We have spoken of the paucity of books lately received from England at the Public Library, and it is impossible to acquit the English agent of carelessness in this matter. It is really important, however, that the claims of this most valuable institution should be impressed upon the minds of all classes of people in Cape Town. Until within the last year the committee has been enabled to keep up a regular supply of the principal standard works published in England. But this will no longer be possible, unless the number of subscribers is considerably increased. Out of a population of 22,540 souls, in Cape Town, there are not 200 subscribers to the Public Library.

It has been suggested with some reason, that if greater facilities were given for subscribing for a limited period, such an arrangement might conduce to the advantage of the institution. On the other hand, it is dangerous to extend too liberally the privilege of taking books out of the Library, as experience teaches us, that the privilege is very likely to be abused, not only by the loss of the books, but by the volumes being defaced by scribblers, who consider their absurd marginal annotations of more importance than the text. To look through the library copy of Carlyle's *Cromwell* is really disgusting: and we recollect, lately, in turning over the pages of an old and favorite novel,—*Henrietta Temple*,—to have met with the following doggrel :

“ Armine beware
A woman's smile
Is like the serpent
Full of guile.”

And again, at the end of another chapter :

“ Armine beware
Miss Temple's spell
Winds round the heart
Like flames of hell”!

Lines, of which the author was so proud, that, determined to avoid the dangers of Indian rubber, he wrote them legibly in ink!

But to return. In the dearth of books from England it is pleasant to be able to announce an offspring of the Cape press, which is really deserving of one good word. A few days ago we were favored with a copy of a work on *Moral Influence in Education*, by Mrs. Campbell, and from the *glance* which we have been able to bestow upon it, since we received it, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be

deserving of general circulation. The authoress is evidently an enthusiast, and is devoted to a system of her own, which is not altogether so original as she imagines it to be. She certainly, however, entertains views on the subject of education, which, if they could be carried out in practice, would have a tendency to elevate both the educator and the educated.

These appear to be the two great objects which Mrs. Campbell has in view, and she seems to consider that the latter is only to be effected by means of the former. To a certain extent she is, we should say, unquestionably in the right, but she appears to us to have carried her opinions on this point a little too far; not that it is possible to elevate too highly the character of the educator, but that it does not, in reality, stand so low as she represents it: we are further inclined to doubt the judgment displayed in some of her plans,—such as the rejection of grammars and spelling-books, and the substitution of the study of history and nature on an extensive scale. We are ourselves believers in the system of learning by steps, and while we fully acknowledge the propriety of encouraging a system of enquiry, we would make *language* the first subject of study, before turning the attention of pupils to those subjects, a correct knowledge of which can only be acquired *by means of language*. In the same manner we would teach history and geography *by steps*. A view of the history of the whole world, or of the aspect of the entire earth, could hardly fail, in our view, to puzzle the student previously unacquainted with the minor details. On these points, therefore, we differ from Mrs. Campbell, but we do so with diffidence, as from one, who has, evidently, studied with earnestness the subjects of which she treats. The result of her efforts we shall be glad to hear of, and should they lead to the complete success she anticipates, we shall cheerfully retract our expressed difference of opinion.

Perhaps the determinate spirit with which extraordinary men have invariably planned and carried out great principles, has never been more distinctly developed, or more promptly carried into practice, than in the proceedings which have been immediately before us since the publication of our last.

Sir HARRY SMITH, who, by his brilliant services in India, has raised for himself a lasting monument, and established his rank as a soldier with that of the first Generals of the age,—who, in his former residence in this Colony, during times of pressing emergency in a former Kafir war, rode almost un-

attended through the Colony to its Eastern Frontier, and there, with a rapidity and decision scarcely paralleled by the rapid movements of Wellington or Napoleon, raised an army mainly of civilians, and in an almost incredibly short time, put an end to the war,—this same general, now that within the last month he has again visited the colony, in the high character of Governor and High Commissioner, has again, 'ere that month was closed, declared war at an end : although on his arrival here war and devastation were raging wildly and mercilessly along the whole Frontier, and robberies and murders of a fearful nature were of common occurrence, and must be fresh in every one's memory, yet within one month after his arrival, war was at an end.

That Sir Harry Smith left England with a fixed determination to put an immediate end to the Kafir-war *by some means*, whether peaceable or forcible, is clear ; peace, certain and lasting peace he seems to have determined on ; and whatever might be the immediate cost, *the result*, a *permanent* result alone, was the thing he meant to enforce. This, let us hope, he has accomplished, although the time for so vast a result, is incredibly short, still let us hope it is, in fact, accomplished.

But to come more directly to the point, it is our present intention to allude to, and lay before our readers an account of some of the arrangements and precautions which this accomplished General decided on, even before he set a foot on the shore ; from which it will be seen that Sir H. Smith, though a General of no common strata, did not hesitate to summon to his aid civil, and with it, scientific talent, as well as that of the military.

Before leaving London, Sir Harry Smith having heard that some of the newly invented American India-rubber Pontoons were in the possession of Government, and placed with the Royal Engineer establishment at Chatham, he went direct there to see them, was at once struck with the facility with which a raft, by their means, could be formed, and requested the Colonial Secretary of State to apply for them for him.

As we are not aware that any description of these India-rubber Pontoons has yet been given to the public, we shall allude to them more particularly than it is our custom to notice such matters generally, especially, as we consider them admirably calculated to suit the purpose to which Sir H. Smith contemplated employing them.

Each Pontoon is formed of three canoes, united together in such a manner as to form one whole, and each of these Pontoons can be paddled or rowed about without the least chance of being capsized, and will carry from fifteen to twenty armed men; on two of them being rafted together, they will support nearly double that number, or a six-pounder field piece. Probably there is in existence no other bridge equipment equal to this for the requirement of the service on the Cape Eastern Frontier. The simplicity of construction and facility of management may be imagined, when we state that the whole of each Pontoon may be packed in a box three feet long by one foot six inches broad, and two deep, and may be carried with ease from station to station, by a few men.

Sir H. Smith's request to have these Pontoons for service at the Cape was at once complied with, and the whole apparatus, with the necessary hawsers, shear-lines, and other rope-gear, was ordered to be embarked for the Cape, under the charge of Capt. Howarth, R.E. under orders for the Cape; and it is believed that the same officer has charge of a Galvanic Battery and apparatus complete, constructed on a principle similar to the one at present at Chatham, which we believe, was used frequently in the destruction of the Royal George at Spithead. Of this, however, it is unnecessary we should give any description,—as the General, who it seems, could brook no delay, considering such apparatus necessary for *immediate* use—had scarcely landed, 'ere it appears, he requested Major Faris, the Commanding Royal Engineer, to have prepared for him a Galvanic Battery, of sufficient strength to ignite gunpowder at a distance of 300 yards. This duty Major Faris ordered the completion of, and *within ten days*, the battery under his immediate superintendence was completed and forwarded to Sir H. Smith on the Frontier.

The plan chosen by Major Faris was that of Professor Wollaston, and the battery is similar to the one used so effectually by Capt. Hutchinson, R.E. in blowing down an immense portion of the Round-down-cliff, between Folkestone and Dover; a part of the stupendous works effected to complete the London and Dover railway.

The battery is composed of twenty zinc and a similar number of copper plates, so arranged that the copper plates entirely surround the zinc. The former are of sheet copper, one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness and 11 inches long by 8 inches

in breadth, are kept $1\frac{1}{8}$ inch a-part. The zinc and copper plates are united by copper wires soldered to each plate, and twisted together above the battery, and placed so that each pair encloses a partition between them, and that each cell of the receiving trough contains a plate of copper and a corresponding one of zinc,—the copper encircling the zinc, and each presenting a similar amount of surface to the acid.

The zinc plates are 10 inches long by 7 inches broad, and $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in thickness,—and although encircled, they are kept separate from the copper plates, by slips of wood, fitted into each end of the copper plates, these slips having grooves, into which the zinc plates slide.

The plates are connected together and attached to a strong frame of common deal, so as to allow of their being let down into the trough or lifted out of it simultaneously.

The trough is made of stout common deal, the interior dimensions are,—4 feet long by 1 foot broad, and $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep, and it is divided into 20 compartments or cells; each cell being fitted for the reception of one pair of plates; each compartment is two inches broad; and to render the vessel perfectly water-tight, it is covered with several coats sealing-wax, dissolved in spirits of wine. Such an apparatus is called the Trough Battery.

It admits of any number of these troughs being conjoined. This is done by connecting the extreme plates with slips of copper, or copper wire, taking care to preserve throughout the whole series the same order of alternation of plates, by connecting the zinc end of one battery with the copper end of the next. The battery belonging to the royal institution is of this description. It consists of 200 separate parts, each part is composed of 10 pairs of plates, and each plate presents a surface 32 square inches, the whole number of double plates is therefore 2,000, and the aggregate surface 128,000 square inches.

In the present case there are 20 pairs of plates, each pair presenting a surface of 300 square inches, the aggregate surface, therefore, is 6,000 square inches, or something less than one-twentieth of the surface presented to the acid by the battery of the royal institution.

The conducting wires, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, were in the first instance, well stretched and carefully cleaned with sand-paper, they were then covered with a composition consisting of eight parts of pitch and one of tallow, and one of bees'-wax; each wire was then wrapped over with strong

cotton tape, and so on until the wires were completely covered, so as to prevent the possibility of contact: they were then secured together by strong cotton tape, in the same manner as before.

The isolation was thus rendered complete, and for convenience, the wires formed one rope.

The solution used was diluted sulphuric acid, in proportion of one of acid to twelve of water.

The bursting charges used in the experiments were $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter by 5 inches long; the wires were passed into them, the ends being fixed in a piece of wood, which was passed to the bottom of the cylinder; the wood being used to keep them separate, about an inch apart, and the connexion of these wires was established at the point where ignition was desired by very fine platinum wire.

Priming wires, that is, *short wires* of the same thickness, and distinct and separate from the conducting wires were, for convenience, used, and these were connected with the conducting wires by a simple twist, or, by being wrapped in connection with them, by a thin copper wire,—or finally, and which was considered the most effective,—by small copper screw-clamps.

This battery was ordered on the 8th December, and on the 14th, *within six days*, the first experiment was tried, when it was found imperfect, as, though it made steel wire red-hot, it failed to ignite gunpowder,—this was believed, and was found, to be owing to the wire made use of being of too large guage.

On the following day, a finer description of steel wire, and some platinum wire was with difficulty procured—and then, in order that the explosive power of the battery, and the distance at which it was available, might be fully tested, Major Faris caused numerous experiments to be made with fine steel, as well as with platinum wire, at the distance,—first of 200 and afterwards of 300 yards,—and in each case, without failure, the ignition was perfect and the explosion instantaneous;—and finally, small bursting charges were lodged in small mines at a distance of 300 yards,—and in this case also the explosion was instantancous and perfect. Thus then, the necessary perfect isolation of the conducting wires and the general efficiency of the whole battery and apparatus, ordered only seven days previously, was established.

Professor Wollaston's plan was selected, by the Commanding Royal Engineer, we believe in consequence of its simplicity and the comparative easy manner with which it

might be constructed, and because the materials necessary for a more complicated battery were not available.

By the merciful intervention of Providence, Sir Harry Smith has not been called on to make any further use of the machinery placed at his command, than merely to shew the Kaffir Chiefs how well he is prepared to enforce obedience to his supremacy, should they fail to comply with the engagements they have entered into. Fortunately for them,—for the whole Colony,—and for its Governor, who has so often professed that horror of war innate to all good men: fortunately we say for all—war is, apparently, at an end—and the time, we hope, is far distant, when it will be renewed.

That the destruction of life and property of our fellow-men, is a sin, and a grievous sin, *per se*,—there can be no question, and this we earnestly hope, will be firmly impressed not only on the uneducated and uncivilized Kaffirs—but on their neighbours and rulers also. The district of British Kaffraria is to be populated almost entirely by soldiers, and the position of a soldier is, in any case,—and in this especially,—by no means an enviable one.

With this digression—if remarks can be so called, which inevitably grow out of the subjects we have been considering—we close our imperfect notice of the apparent wishes, determinations, and accomplishments of a General whom we cannot but admire,—because we believe him to be a peace lover and one who will never revert to the horrors of war until war is forced on him.

And who can venture to doubt that he does, as he professes, abhor the very thought of war. When we bear in mind that he was one of the instruments engaged in the most prolonged and devastating war ever waged upon the earth.—A war that ended in a fearful and fitting retribution;—when the most magnificent genius of modern times, was, within the short space of twenty-five years,—a famished ensign in an unpaid army,—monarch of the most powerful empire that has existed since the day of Trajan,—and finally, a chained and solitary captive on a barren rock in the remotest pathways of the ocean!

This was a period thickly strewn with vicissitudes, and one which cannot be passed over lightly,—there is much food for wholesome contemplation; and if the rulers of our times will only study its lessons, with the solicitous humility which their magnitude and solemnity demand, we may hope to

become rich in that wisdom which grows out of the grave of folly,—strong in that virtue which springs out of the recoil from sin.

And now, Residents in the Cape Colony,—let us tell you—and let us hope you will appreciate it:—One subject of congratulation is open to you—the appointment of an officer, to the post of Governor and High Commissioner, who requires no *new* victories, no more warfare over a prostrate people, to establish his fame:—and whose experience here, and firmness of character, afford, we trust, the promise of a happy dawn to the whole Colony, especially to that portion of it, which has for years past, been the vantage ground of robbery and bloodshed. It must be something of congratulation to know that all eyes may now be fixed on this man, as the arbiter of happiness or misery.

Ecce iterum, some discontented reader will exclaim, at seeing our present number close with a theatrical address. Such, however, is not the “courteous reader,” to whom we address ourselves, and those who have a true taste for poetry, will not regret the introduction of the following lines, the work of a valued friend, who has often contributed to our pages.

ADDRESS,

*Spoken at the Garrison Theatre, on the third representation of the
“Merchant of Venice,” specially performed on the arrival of
His Excellency SIR HARRY SMITH, Bt. G.C.B.*

Whilst generous plaudits at our humble art,
Still seem to ring their echoes on the heart,
As here, of late, the Thespian muse inspired,
Owned your warm praise, and more than pleased, retired:
Perchance our patrons wearied at the sight,
May quaintly say, “what, more last words to night?
What, still discoursing on the pound of flesh,
And serving up the dish with nothing fresh?”
We ask for grace, tho’ surely to entice
Great Shakspeare’s verse may claim your suffrage thrice,—
But ’tis not this,—behold a newer star
Shedding its lustre upon victory’s car,
Now leads us here to hail with welcome’s sound,
One, whose bright name the world re-echoes round!
Hark, as fame’s trumpet speaks the brilliant call,
Its notes of triumph ring with “Aliwal,”
Whose hero deigns to honour with his smile
Our “soldier-stage,”—tho’ humble is its style;

Yet, in that one appeal his heart will blend,
 A warrior's always is the soldier's friend ;
 Thus do the brave, whene'er war's conflicts cease,
 Entwine their laurels with the palm of peace.

When classic Greece dawn'd forth in earlier time,
 And the world foster'd genius in its prime,
 When art by nature nursed divinely smil'd,
 Haply the drama rose, its favorite child,
 Amidst the many votaries it won.
 Valour sprang forth and call'd himself her son ;
 Anon in battle's strife, the minstrel's tyre
 Would warm the warrior with heroic fire,
 And thence, from age to age, the spirit ran
 Thro' the bold Saxon race, and Gaelic clan,
 When, lo! immortal Shakspeare caught the spell,
 On which a Briton's pride delights to dwell,
 Mark how his magic strain its charm instils,
 When Henry's war-cry, or brave Hotspur's thrills ;
 Now is the time, this memory to bear,
 When a victorious chieftain comes, to share
 Those dangers stern, so often shared before ;
 Let all then aid him on the Afric shore,
 And nobly striving 'gainst the foeman's scourge
 Cry, " God for England,—Harry,—and St. George !"



TO CORRESPONDENTS.



Correspondents not otherwise replied to, will find communications lying for them at the Printing Office.

R., V. V., & Wilkins received.

"The Misogynist" will receive as early attention as a gentleman with such a very ungallant title deserves.

C. W. is declined with thanks. The subject is not suited to our pages.

"Aucturus." We shall be happy to see the MS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, care of Mr. B. J. VAN DE SANDT DE VILLIERS, No. 2, Castle-street, Cape Town.



No VI. will be published on SATURDAY, the First of April.



THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE LITERARY MAGAZINE

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THE FIRST OF APRIL.

One of our most valued contributors, in sending us from the country a communication for the present number, about a fortnight later than the period which he had previously fixed upon, accompanied it with a letter from which the following is an extract :—

“ If my default should put you to any inconvenience, or cause any difficulty in getting the April number out in proper time, you can advertise as usual, and when your subscribers apply for their copies, you will only have made *April fools* of them.”

We did not acknowledge the propriety of giving our friends “ the compliments of the season ” in quite the free-and-easy style here suggested ; but the remark set us thinking on the origin of the curious custom of “ selling ” on “ All Fool’s Day ; ” and although our researches have not led to any very copious information on the subject, the reader may not be displeased to learn the little that we have collected.

On looking into one or two antiquarian works, with a view of ascertaining what the most industrious investigators of this kind of learning had written on the subject, we were surprised to find how completely the origin of this old custom is involved in obscurity. There is scarcely any of our popular antiquities which has not been so thoroughly elucidated by successive writers, as to need no further illustration ; but on the present subject almost every writer has a different theory. One refers the custom to the Rape of the Sabines, which is supposed to have taken place about this time, according to the Roman Calendar ;—another finds its origin in some ancient Druidical ceremonies ;—a third refers us to the time of the Deluge, and derives the custom from the first

fruitless errand of the dove out of the Ark,—thus making Noah the first April fool;—and a fourth, with less of plausibility than profanity, refers the custom to the passion of our Saviour, in whose bootless journeys from Annas to Caiaphas, Caiaphas to Pilate, Pilate to Herod, and Herod back to Pilate, this strange custom is supposed to have originated.

The last of these explanations, if they can be so called, is to be found in Bellinghen's *Etymology of French Proverbs*, and appears to have been suggested by a fanciful idea, that the word *poisson*, in the phrase *poissons d' Avril*, (the French equivalent for April fool,) is a corruption of the word *passion*. In the absence, however, of any more satisfactory explanation we should prefer to leave the matter in its present obscurity.

To some writers on the subject the above phrase *poisson d' Avril*—*April fish*—appears to afford the most satisfactory explanation of the custom under consideration; and Mr. Douce, an antiquary of no mean repute, does not hesitate to pronounce, that it “is certainly borrowed by us from the French, and may, I think, be deduced from this simple analogy. The French call them April fish, (*poissons d' Avril*) i. e. simpletons, or, in other words, silly makarel, who suffer themselves to be caught in this month. But as with us April is not the season of that fish, we have very properly substituted the word fools.”

The above would certainly appear to be the most reasonable, though not perhaps the most agreeable interpretation of the custom of making April fools, were it not that the great antiquity and almost universal prevalence of the practice, seem to require some more ancient and, so to speak, some more catholic derivation. For not only has the custom been prevalent for many years in England, France, Scotland, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden,* but it is beyond all question, that it has been practised from time immemorial among the Hindoos,—which is a very remarkable instance of the almost universal spread of popular superstitions.†

The singular coincidence between the Huli festival of the

* Instances of the practice in all the countries named in the text, will be found in *Brand's Popular Antiquities*.

† I recollect being much astonished, at a small town in Asia Minor, by a Greek, the master of the house where I had spent the night, throwing an old shoe after me as I rode away in the morning; my guide informed me that it was “for luck.” The practice is, I believe, prevalent in many of the country districts of England and Ireland.

Hindoos, and the celebration of All Fools' Day in England, has been noticed by many writers on this subject, but is most clearly stated in the Asiatic Researches, in a paper communicated by Colonel Pearse, May 12, 1782. The paper occurs at p. 33 of the second volume of that work, and the reader who takes an interest in these matters, will find it worth while to consult the original; meanwhile the following extracts will answer our present purpose:

“During the *Huli* when mirth and festivity reign among the *Hindoos* of every class, one subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointments, and raise a laugh at the expence of the person sent. The *Huli* is always in *March* and the last day is the greatest holiday. The origin of the *Huli* seems lost in antiquity; and I have not been able to pick up the smallest account of it. If the rites of *May Day** show an affinity between the religion of England in times past and that of the *Hindoos* in these times, may not the custom of making *April fools* on the first of that month indicate some traces of the *Huli*? I have never yet heard of any account of the origin of the English custom; but it is unquestionably very ancient and is still kept up even in great towns, though less in them than in the country. With us it is chiefly confined to the lower classes of people; but in *India* high and low join in it; and the late *Shujaul Daulah*, I am told, was very fond of making *Huli* fools, though he was a *Musselman* of the highest rank. They carry it here so far, as to send letters, making appointments, in the names of persons who, it is known, must be absent from their house at the time fixed on; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given.”

The coincidence between the Indian and English customs is, no doubt, very remarkable, and certainly appears to indicate an identity of origin; at the same time it must be remembered that such points of resemblance are very apt to mislead, and to appear to prove much more than they really do. That there is a great probability that the *Huli* festival and the All Fools' Day ceremonies are referable to a common origin, appears a plausible conjecture after reading the above extracts. But it, by no means, follows that the latter were *derived* from the former. As well might we conclude that the festivities formerly celebrated in England on *May Day*, were derived from the festival of *Bhavani*, which as Colonel Pearse has shown in the paper above quoted, had many points in common with the English feast; whereas almost all English antiquaries are agreed that the *May Day* ceremonies are derived from “a certain pagan worship, which,” as the learned

* He is here alluding to some remarkable points of resemblance between the English celebration of *May Day* and some Indian ceremonies, held at the same time of the year, pointed out in an earlier part of the paper.

Budgell (writing in the *Spectator* No. 365, April 29, 1712) observes, "I do not think fit to mention."

Is it not then equally probable that the ceremonies practised on the first of April, may be referable to a similar source? There can be little doubt that all, or nearly all of our old popular customs are more or less derived from ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church: and most of our readers are doubtless aware that that church, whether from a lingering love of Rome and Roman superstitions, or from a desire to lead their pagan converts gradually into the fold of christianity, adopted, with such alterations as seemed to suit their purpose, many of the pagan ceremonies of ancient Rome. Among those which were thus honored by Christian adoption was the ancient festival of the *Saturnalia*.

This festival was instituted, as its name imports, in honor of Saturn, the deity who presided over the golden age. Its first institution, like that of the English April ceremonies, is veiled in obscurity, and we are assured by Macrobius, (*Saturn* lib. I. cap. 7.) that it was celebrated in Italy for many years before the building of Rome. This festival was celebrated on the 14th day of the kalends of January, that is to say on the 17th of December, and though it at first occupied only one day, it was afterwards extended to a considerably longer period, so that it may be looked upon as answering, in point of time, to our Christmas and New Year celebrations. And upon examining the accounts contained in the classical authors of the ceremonies celebrated at this festival, we shall find many points of resemblance which seem to justify the opinion that there is a coincidence in other points besides that of time. We find for instance that during the *Saturnalia* it was customary for friends to send presents to one another,—answering to our christmas boxes and new year's gifts; and that, besides the general festivity which reigned at this period, all schools were closed, and there was a general vacation. In other points it resembled the modern carnival, particularly in the general freedom which was recognized, and the universal equality in memory of Saturn's golden age. This was carried so far that masters allowed their own slaves to assume an equality with themselves, as we read in Horace *Sat.* ii. 7, where a slave is introduced talking familiarly with his master *Libertate Decembri*.

The reader who is versed in antiquarian lore is well aware that a similar subversion of the orders of society was universally practised in England on New Year's Day, before the

Reformation,—not, indeed, in the relations of domestic life, but in the relations between the priesthood and the people. The liberty in dealing with sacred things which was allowed by the priests of those ages is almost inconceivable, and the reader who is acquainted with any of the old mysteries or miracle-plays will be able to call to mind innumerable instances of what we should now consider gross profanity, but what was then considered as a religious ceremony. We should gladly have extracted a few passages from some of these extraordinary compositions, as specimens of the earliest kind of English dramatic entertainments, (especially as they are not generally accessible, having been printed only by the Shakspeare Society for the use of its members,) did we not fear that we should shock the feelings of our readers by quoting even the most decent of them. It must suffice therefore to mention, that not only do the scenes occasionally represent heaven and hell, but the patriarchs, the apostles, and even the deity himself, are constantly introduced on the stage. In one of the Coventry Mysteries entitled “the descent into hell,” the soul of Christ and Belial are the interlocutors.

But it is still more surprising that the priests who sanctioned and even acted in these performances, should have given their approval to the new year ceremonies, (which are generally supposed to have been derived from the *Saturnalia*), the direct and necessary tendency of which must have been to bring the priestly character itself into contempt. A very full account of these ceremonies is to be found in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, and is introduced by the learned author as follows:—

“From this polluted stock (the ancient *Saturnalia*) branched out a variety of unseemly and immoral sports; but none of them more daringly impious, and outrageous to common sense, than the *Festival of Fools*, in which the most sacred rites and ceremonies of the church were turned into ridicule, and the ecclesiastics themselves participated in the abominable profanation.”

Our space does not allow us to insert a full description of this singular and profane ceremonial, and it is the less necessary to do so, because every reader will call to mind the familiar account of it given by Sir Walter Scott in the *Abbot*. The name however naturally suggests a connection between the Festival of Fools, and the ceremonies of All Fools' Day.

It is true that we do not find, in any of the descriptions of this festival, that the custom of making fools, as is now done on the first of April, formed part of the ceremony, but this is by no means a singular case. We may mention as a

parallel instance, that nothing is said by Brand, or, so far as we are aware, by any of our popular antiquaries, of the custom of sending Valentine letters on the 14th of February, though many other customs formerly peculiar to the day, but now obsolete, are preserved by them; so that it is quite possible that the practise of making fools may have had its origin in the general buffoonery which reigned during the fools' festival, without having found its way into the books of the antiquaries in connection with that feast.

A more serious difficulty appears to present itself in the circumstance that the fools' festival was always celebrated either on new years' day, or on some day near the beginning of January; but,—not to dwell on the circumstance pointed out by a correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1766, who, strangely enough, wishes to connect the custom with the slaughter of the innocents, that “our year formerly began as to some purposes and in some respect, on the 25th March,” and that it is not unlikely that some of the new year ceremonies might have been repeated about that period,—it is also observable that the particular days for the celebration of particular ceremonies were frequently changed as better claimants for the honors of the days originally appropriated to them in the calendar of the Roman Catholic Church sprang up; so that it is far from unlikely that a portion of the new year ceremonies originally celebrated at Christmas, (at which period of the year the Romish calendar, and even our own is very crowded,) and derived from the Roman Saturnalia might have been transferred to a period of the year, which appeared to have some connection with the time at which it was originally celebrated. Of all the conflicting opinions on this most perplexing subject, the above appears to us to be the most satisfactory.

It may be thought that our remarks on this subject are little better than a waste of time, ink, and paper. So be it. But we love these old customs for their very antiquity, and, moreover, believe that the sports and pastimes of a nation are not without their value, as illustrative of the character of a people. And in this country we ought to cherish all such old English customs as are suitable to our seasons. We cannot gather round the fireside at Christmas, dance round the Maypole on May Day, or celebrate our mid-summer festivities in July. Let us then write our Valentines in February, and make fools of ourselves in April: *dulce est desipere in loco.*

MY UNCLE'S TALE.

“And so Frank,” said my uncle, “you have volunteered into the Burgher Levy, and start on Wednesday for the Frontier? I hope you will like it; but I think you will find Kafirland very different from Surry,—or Rondebosch either, the extent of your travels, I believe, in this part of the world. Your poor mother is in an awful way about your undutiful conduct, as she calls it.”

“Never mind uncle,” I replied, “too late now to repent: here I am like a dutiful nephew, at all events, come to dine with you, bid you good bye and ask your blessing.”

“Well, my boy, if *that* were of any use to you, you should have it,—but come, candidly confess, you would prefer a £20 note to the blessing?”

“Well uncle, you know I am pretty candid, and to a straightforward question always return a plain answer. I must admit, that, much as I should esteem the blessing, I should prefer the tin;—yet,” I continued, looking very modest, “twenty pounds is a large sum—besides I do not like taking money from a relative (!); so, if it's all the same to you, I should prefer your rifle above both the blessing and the note.” (It was one of Egge's best, and had cost the old gentleman £75 a short time previous.)

My uncle smiled good-naturedly. “Well, Frank,” said he, “old soldiers, despite the popular opinion to the contrary, are sometimes gammoned; so you shall have the rifle and my hearty blessing into the bargain;—but come in, my boy, and take your meal, the last, perhaps, we shall share together, for you are bound on an expedition, where you have not only a savage enemy to encounter, but killing privations to endure, which will try your constitution severely,”—and the old gentleman sighed heavily,—“I don't know what will become of your poor mother, if anything should happen to you, my boy, nor of me either.” His voice became slightly tremulous, his eye dim,—in fact, my worthy uncle was becoming sentimental. However, he soon recovered himself, blew his nose fiercely, slapped me on the back, and said: “Done right, Frank, done right; I'd have done so myself were I in your place,—so put your trust in Providence, my boy, and the chapter of accidents; and now for dinner!”

Our quiet meal (for my uncle was a bachelor) was enlivened by various Peninsula anecdotes, of "hair-breadth 'scapes," diversified by sundry episodes on the propriety of wearing flannel, the advantage of donning two shirts in cold weather, &c.; and very minute instructions relative to the preparation of carbonatjes, all of which I shall pass over.

Dinner being ended, I expressed a wish to see my acquisition. "Dolly!" said my uncle, "fetch me the gun-case lying on the top of the drawers in my bedroom." In a few minutes down came Dolly. I may as well mention as a passing remark, and for the credit of my uncle's establishment, that "Dolly" was a Malay man, or *boy*, to use a colonial phrase, of some five and thirty years old, his name being doubtless a corruption of the Arabic *Abdallah*, (servant of God,) the Malays of the Cape having a passion for these orthodox Musselmaun names, but which they usually contrive to metamorphose in the most ludicrous manner.

My uncle took out the several parts of the beautiful instrument of slaughter, put them together, and handed the implement to me. "There Frank, there is not a better in the Colony." I surveyed the gift with rapture, admired its well-poised stock and twisted double barrel, and as the locks flew back with a clear vigorous click at the slightest touch, I could not refrain from bringing the piece to my shoulder and crying out, "I hope I shall have a chance of knocking a rascally Kaffir over."

"Frank," said my uncle, "do your duty when called into the field; but never, my boy, shoot a fellow-creature because you have a good gun. The act which has occasioned me the bitterest regret, was that of shooting a 'rascally Kafir.' I would give all I am worth to forget the day."

I looked enquiringly at my uncle. "It is a prosy tale, Frank, but you shall hear all about it under the trellice, where I take my usual after-dinner glass and cigar."

To the trellice we accordingly adjourned, and my uncle having mixed his glass and lighted his Havannah, commenced his narrative.

"I suppose, Frank, you don't remember Breton's commando? Of course you don't, you could not have been born then. However, you have, perhaps, heard of it. The Kaffirs had got up a private row amongst themselves about grass, or water, or something of the sort; we, that is, the government interfered without being asked, and took the side of the party which was, as well as I can recollect, in the wrong.

Our regiment the —th was ordered up from Cape Town, and we set off in great spirits. To us, I am ashamed to say, it was all the same which side we helped, though I may plead in extenuation that we knew absolutely nothing of the merits of the case. Still less did we know of the nature of the service and the state of the country we were about to enter. The greenhorns from home fancied they were about to invade a land abounding in milk and honey, where monkeys gambled amongst cocoa-nut groves, playfully pelting each other with nuts,—and where splendid maccaws flew from branch to branch; and even we, veterans, pictured to ourselves a land like sunny Spain and longed to be off. Well, up we went;—how wofully we were mistaken I shall leave you to find out when you get among the pathless jungles and endless ravines of Kaffirland.

“Our regiment had a lot of hard work, saw plenty of service, and shot a number of Kafirs, including, I strongly suspect, almost as many of our allies as of the enemy, and not a few women. We got through the campaign successfully, having expelled the men from the territory, taken all their cattle, and burnt their crops, so that, between shooting and starvation, the population of Kafirland was pretty nearly decimated.

“Towards the close of the war, I was sent, in command of a party of Mounted Burghers, to escort a supply of provisions for the troops, to be brought by wagons from Algoa Bay. I was ordered to meet them at the Drift of the Zwartkops River on a certain day. We arrived at the place of rendezvous on a hot, sweltering, summer day, before the wagons, and having nothing better to do, I allowed the men to off-saddle, and rest till the convoy should make its appearance, while, to pass the time, on my own part, I determined on a stroll along the banks of the river, gun in hand, and try to have a shot at a buck.

“The Zwartkops River was, like other Cape rivers, a succession of pools of water, by the colonists called *Zeehoges*, (or Hippopotamus holes,) often of great depth and size, linked to one another by a slender streamlet of water, so that the whole may not unaptly be likened to a number of large beads loosely strung on a thread.

“In the Eastern Province of the colony, these ‘rivers’ are generally surrounded by a dense underwood, or jungle, consisting chiefly of mimosa, euphorbia, and thorny evergreen shrubs, anything but pleasant to penetrate, but the

banks of the stream are often graced by the wild willow and umbrageous keureboom, affording a grateful shelter to the weary traveller.

“As I walked on, the heat became intolerable, and the shade of the trees near the water appeared so tempting, that I abandoned all idea of sport for the more indolent pleasure of lying on the grass under the willows. At one of the largest and most shaded Zeekoegats I came to a halt, and threw myself upon the green sward. The weather, as I said, was prodigiously sultry, in fact, a small purgatory. Save the gentle ripple of the stream, as it coursed its way towards the broad pool, amidst its bed of shining white pebbles, rounded by the friction of centuries, and the incessant stunning *chir-r-r-r* of the noisy reputed ancestor of the scarcely less clamorous Athenians,—the little goggle-eyed cicada, whose singing powers seemed to expand under the burning sun, not another sound was heard. Not a living creature was to be seen save a solitary speckled king-fisher, perched on one of the overhanging willows, and gazing very intently into the smooth placid pool, as though he were admiring its mirror-like surface and beautiful border of classic lotus, which, shooting up from the utmost depths, unfolded upon the surface of the water the large velvety leaves and blue petals of the flower sacred to Isis.

“I was indolently watching the manœuvres of the feathered fisher, as he every now and then captured a small fish,—first tumbling clumsily off the twig which served as his perch, then rising heavily some few yards into the air, next balancing himself for a minute or two ‘high in mid air,’ and finally concluding the performance with a loud splash into the pool, whence he again triumphantly emerged with an unhappy carp,—when my attention was arrested by a rustling amidst the reeds, which grew thickly around. Concluding it to be some wild animal, I hastily seized my gun, cocked it, and sprang up. As I did so, a Kafir, armed with a few assagais and the never failing keerie in one hand, and holding a cup, made out of a small calabash, in the other, emerged from the reeds within thirty feet of me. Uttering an exclamation of alarm at my appearance, he turned and fled with the swiftness of a buck towards the thickest of the jungle. But swifter was the course of a ball from my gun, which overtook the fugitive before he had sped many feet, and stretched him upon the ground.

“The cry extorted by the messenger of death was answered

by another from the brushwood, towards which the poor wretch had directed his flight, and the next moment a Kafir woman, carrying one child upon her back, and followed by another, apparently not more than eight or nine years old, burst from the bushes, and cast herself frantically upon the earth, alongside the wounded man. I hurried up to the group,—the man had been shot through the body near the spine, which had been struck by the ball, and was evidently mortally wounded. The convulsed features, the tufts of grass torn up with a dreadful energy, evinced the agony he suffered. “Water, oh God! water!” he cried in the Kafir language, of which I had picked up enough to comprehend him. Horrified, speechless, I took up the little cup he had dropped in his flight, hastened to the river, filled it, and returned to the sufferer. Unable to sit up, the woman raised his head, as I held the water to his lips. Ere he could drink, a gush of blood suddenly flowed from his mouth—his heavy breathing all at once ceased—a shudder—and all was over:—the spirit had fled, and the living man had become dull clay.

“I stepped aside to contemplate the scene. At my feet lay the dead Kafir, the features bearing witness to the intensity of his dying agonies. He had been a young man, and though still displaying much strength and vigor in his make, had evidently suffered much from hunger and fatigue. His frame was gaunt, and he wore the ‘girdle of famine’, while his brass rings and other metallic finery were tarnished and covered with verdigris.

“But the woman, his wife and his children,—how shall I describe them! They had suffered even more than the dead man from the privations of hunger and thirst. The woman was haggard and emaciated, the child at her back seemed a hollow-eyed spectre, and that by her side a living skeleton. In reply to my enquiries, I found that it was the *third day* since they had eaten anything but gum, and the *second*, (and this in a burning climate too) since they had tasted water,—and I—God forgive me!—had shot the husband and father in his attempt to procure his family a few drops of water!

“Soon after the wounded man had breathed his last, one or two of the escort, guided by the report of my gun, galloped up with the intelligence that the wagons had arrived, bringing instructions for me to proceed on my route without a moment’s delay, and I was thus compelled to abandon the unhappy family to their fate. As I slowly prepared to depart, I could not help turning round to survey them once

more. The widow knelt by the side of the body, and spoke to it in the soft musical tongue of her native land,* and bent her head to listen, as though the dead would reply to the voice he once loved to hear. She grasped the once muscular hand, and raised it—it returned no pressure and fell again heavily across his breast ;—she wiped the bloody froth from the cold, rigid lips, and moistened them with water from the ground, but all was vain ; and when the last spark of hope was extinguished, and she became convinced that her protector was, indeed, gone for ever, burst into low heart-rending lamentations, in which the cries of the widowed mother blended sadly with the feeble wailing of her fatherless children and smote me keenly and bitterly to the heart.

“ And this was the work of my hands! Oh Frank, I cannot tell you what I felt!”

My uncle, in his excitement, stirred his brandy and water with his half-smoked cigar, drank it off, ashes and all, and resumed :—“ Years have passed since that day, Frank and I cannot forget it. I know what you would say, my boy,—that I only did my duty,—perhaps I did—that the Kaffir was an enemy who might have done much mischief,—perhaps he might—and so, my boy, I try to persuade myself; still, Frank, the small still voice of conscience will combat my arguments, and tell me that there was no necessity to shoot the poor savage, (who by himself could have done no great harm,) and often and often, in my sleep, I fancy I hear again the cries of the woman and her children, rising in appeal to heaven against the slayer of her husband, and their father.”

* The Kafir Language is liquid, flowery, and soft.

THE PAARL.

Lives there the man, whose soul, with passion torn,
Looks round for peace, and finds itself forlorn ?
Or breathes there one by fierce ambition fired
To spurn at rest, by others most desired ?
If such there be, oh ! place them here awhile,
Where all things wear their softest, loveliest smile,
And they may learn from this still, tranquil spot,
What nature teaches, and what books can not.
Yea ! both may learn that true content abides
Near the deep vale and lonely mountain-sides ;
Far from the world and noisy town she flies
To flowery solitudes and open skies ;
Where hills and meadows breathe a holy calm,
Peace to the restless, to the sorrowing balm ;
And morn and eve alike have power to please
With sweet vicissitude of toil and ease.

Warmed at the thought, my languid spirit burns,
Towards thee, dear vale, with empty longing turns ;
Like some loved tune, some old familiar rhyme,
Floats back the memory of that happy time,
When led by chance, and wandering, fancy-blest,
I roamed thy tangled walks, a three-days' guest.
Once more I see thy mazy river flow ;
Once more I feel thy cooling breezes blow ;
Once more I climb thy rocks, and sink to rest
In the deep hollow of their sheltering breast ;
Before my feet the murmuring brooklets sing ;
The windy groves their dappled shadows fling ;
And every sight to Fancy's eye endeared,
And every sound that listless Fancy cheered
Rise thick and fast, till memory's vision free
Of airy fabric, seems reality.

Do I, indeed, with waking eyes behold
The village loved and visited of old ?
Or are the forms that crowd the peopled air
An empty dream, a pageant false as fair ?
I do not dream—known every hill and vale,
Seen at all hours, by noon and twilight pale ;
Yon rocks, o'er which in varied beauty play
Morn's silvery vapours, evening's golden ray ;
Yon mountain-range, half seen, half lost on high,
A dim dark mass against the nightly sky ;
All, all are here, as once I saw them stand,
Serenely beautiful and calmly grand.

Stay, lovely vision! sweet illusion, stay!
 And thou, fair fancy, moralize my lay;
 Give me the artist's touch, the poet's eye,
 To fix each fleeting beauty ere it fly;
 Purge my gross view of all that would obstruct
 Its clearer vision, purge me and instruct;
 Aid me to pierce through nature's outer dress,
 And comprehend her hidden loveliness;
 To read the ocean's signs, the stars on high,
 To penetrate the depths of earth and sky;
 And in each leaf and humble flower to trace
 Art more than human, more than earthly grace.

Be it the hour of mid-night, when the hue
 Of ether deepens to its softest blue;
 How, while the lower mountain's misty height
 Seems all one moving sea of silver light,
 Mingling their shadows on the plain below,
 Distinct and clear, the moonlit summits glow,
 The white sands fluctuate as with noon-tide heat;
 And lo! between them and the mountain's feet,
 Broad fields, and houses sleeping in the shade,
 By the thick pine-tree's sombre foliage made,
 Or softly twinkling through the breezy leaves,
 Where greener oak a lighter network weaves;
 Issuing from thence along the winding rill,
 Across the bridge, and past the rustic mill,
 I take my way, and boldly front the hill.
 High rides the moon, but all below is dark,
 Save where the glow-worm sheds a feeble spark;
 Around all silent, save at times the sound
 Of frequent acorn dropping to the ground.
 But look! the East is reddening into day;
 Low sinks the moon, and shines with fainter ray:
 From stream and valley, thick with dewy bloom,
 Soft breezes rise, all freshness, all perfume;
 With fearless spring the bounding chamois* pass
 To browse securely on the lower grass,
 The timid Grysbeek stoops to drink his fill,
 'Ere glance the sun upon the darkling rill;
 Seen for an instant, in an instant gone;
 The playful rabbit † leaps from stone to stone.
 One after one the signs of life appear,
 And distant sounds are stealing on the ear;
 The bird ‡ of jetty neck and golden throat

* The Klip-springer is meant, which, in its general appearance and habits, bears a close resemblance to the Chamois of the Alps.

† The Hyrax Capensis, or Rock-rabbit. This differs but slightly from its congener, the Hyrax Syriaeus, or Coney of the Scriptures.

‡ The Bok-ma-kara, or ninety dollar bird, as it is sometimes called. The orthography of the former name is as yet, we believe, unsettled, and perhaps ought to remain so—as it is but an attempt to put into syllables the note of a bird which varies greatly in different months.—Of the latter name we have never

First starts the echoes with his ringing note ;
 Then the brown linnet * warbles, and the shrill
 Canary's whistle and the robin's trill
 Blend with the voice of doves, that coo unseen,
 In thickest fir of melancholy green.
 But day advances, and noon's sultry fire
 Hath hushed the music of the feathered choir ;
 Now the blithe cricket † silent all-too-long,
 Wakes into mirth, and pours a broken song ;
 Now from some low-roofed eave the grim baboon
 Leads up his flock beneath the eye of noon ;
 Around his steps the frolic young-ones play,
 Now follow close, now turning frisk away,
 Pausing awhile to dig some juicy root,
 Or strip the woodland olive of its fruit,
 By slow degrees they reach the mountain's brow ;
 There sit and chatter in a fearless row,
 And perched where never human footstep came,
 Howl back defiance to the gunner's aim.

Thus while around all living creatures keep,
 A cheerful vigil, or a peaceful sleep,
 Stretched on the ground, beneath some shady tree
 I lie, and gaze on heaven's blue vacaney ;
 Or trace with curious eye the crooked scrawl,
 Where the slow crab and slower tortoise crawl ;
 Or mark the new-piled heap, the new-sunk hole,
 Work of the porcupine or miner mole ;
 Or watch the soaring kite, the lazy flock,
 And the shy lizard basking on the rock ;
 Or note the snake, late sleeping in the grass,
 Uncoil his speckled folds and slowly pass :
 From bough to bough the murmuring bees explore
 Spring's early sweets and summer's waxen store ;
 And I with them each various blossom trace,
 More eager than the honey-making race ;
 And not a flower that drinks the mountain-dew,
 Or digs the thirsty plain, escapes my view.
 Easier to count the sand upon the shore,
 Than write their names or tell their numbers o'er ;
 Proteas brightly-glistening skirt the way,
 While birds of brilliant sheen more bright than they,
 Hover all day amid the sugary bowers,
 And lightly suck the pure ambrosial flowers.

heard any satisfactory derivation given. But the bird itself is common, frequenting even the gardens of Cape Town, and must have attracted the admiration of every one who has an eye for brilliant colours, or an ear not too delicate to be gratified by its piercing, though most musical, notes.

* A small brown bird, almost the size of a wren, with a whitish breast, speckled like that of a thrush, passes under this name from some supposed resemblance, either in note or plumage, to the European linnet.

† This insect, whose merry chirp must be known to all who have ever passed of an evening near the Government Gardens, is more generally, but with less propriety, called the grass-hopper.

Geraniums too of odorous leaf are there,
 With those whose blossom scents the evening air ; *
 And many a bloom by poets yet untold,
 Shy hesperanth and flaunting mari-gold ;
 Fair bells with snowy fringe and purple eye,
 And mallow moist, and amaranthus † dry ;
 And that self-watered plant, ‡ whose leaves at noon,
 From the hot air distil a dewy boon ;
 Lilies beside ||—not such, indeed, as claim
 An English birthright with their English name ;
 Unlike that native lily of the vale,
 So sweetly scented and so pearly pale ;
 Or that which in our cultured walks we rear,
 The rose's rival and perhaps her peer ;
 But mingling either's charms, the snow-white bloom,
 The queenly stature, and the rose perfume.
 Heaths of all sorts at every step abound,
 "That proudly rise or humbly court the ground ;"
 Various in colour as in shape unlike,
 Their's the white bell, and their's the crimson spike.
 Hardly less fair along the steep hill-side
 Iris § calls forth her many-tinted tribe,
 That the rich livery of the rainbow wear,
 And all the fragrance of the Indies share.
 But these I leave, for now the sun is low,
 And the long shadows lengthen as I go ;
 From peak to peak the hues of sunset spread,
 And opening flowers a sweeter incense shed ;
 Forth darts the beetle with his droning hum ;
 The wakeful owl is now no longer dumb ;
 The fire-fly glancing through the bushes dark,
 Lights and relights her momentary spark.
 Fast and more fast the evening shades descend,
 And evening sounds in sweet confusion blend ;
 The herd-dog's bark that tells of danger near,
 The bat's shrill shriek, the cricket's noisy cheer,
 And louder frog, that from the rush-girt home
 Gives to his watery mate an answering boom--
 Admonished thus, I homewards bend my way,
 Where from yon window streams a guiding ray ;

* The perfume of the night-scented geranium is, perhaps, surpassed by that of no other flower. There are, besides, one or two wild species of this family, well-known to gardeners, and much prized for their sweet-scented leaves.

† The everlasting flower.

‡ The ice-plant, (*mesembryanthemum*.)

|| There are several wild bulbs which share this name. But the one here alluded to is that late-flowering sort, commonly called the red lily, though its colour is the last quality by which it should have been described, as this varies greatly, being sometimes wholly pink, sometimes white streaked with pink, and sometimes of a spotless white.

§ The family of the *Tridax*, (so named in allusion to the richness of their colours from Iris, a rainbow,) comprises several beautiful South African genera. Some of the species most common in this part of the colony, are better known under their Dutch name of *Africander*.

And now once more I stand upon the plain,
 And now my steps the peaceful village gain
 Beloved retreat! where no rude cares molest,
 But peace sits brooding on her charmed nest;
 Where hope and fear to narrow bounds confined,
 Neither depress nor agitate the mind,
 But gentle thoughts and soft emotions wake,
 Calm as the ripples on a summer lake.
 Where age is cheerful, and where youth is wise,
 And manhood open and without disguise;
 Where every maiden acts a natural part,
 Nor learns the shifting fashions of the heart;
 Beloved retreat! where wrath is seldom seen,
 And busy scandal never taints thy green,
 Where friendship spreads a sheltering tree and tall,
 Bears buds of promise and matures them all,
 Where love's sweet blossom blooms without a thorn,
 And all conspire to succour the forlorn;
 While heaven approves, and angels move above
 With guardian wings to shield the place they love.

Dear smiling vale, thy peaceful charms impart
 A quiet, long-untasted to my heart;
 And did hut fortune and my wish agree,
 Here would I dwell, nor even part from thee;
 Here would I linger—but my time is past,
 On thy green vineyards I must look my last;
 One little hour, and left for evermore
 Each sound that pleased, each sight that charmed before,
 Pleasant to others, hut unheard by me,
 Must the breeze waken in each leafy tree;
 And rustling oaks and purling brooks combine
 Their soothing notes for other ears than mine.
 The river "winding at its own sweet will,"
 The shady walk, the heath-empurpled hill;
 The barren rock in pomp of mists arrayed
 Lovely by day, by moonlight lovelier made;
 The low white cottage with its terraced walk,
 Where careless age and happy lovers talk;
 And loftier building, whence in measured time
 Comes the sweet music of the Sabbath-chime;
 The graceful willows whispering o'er the pool,
 The grassy playground of the village-school;
 The orchard's bending store, the gardener's bloom,
 Where rose and myrtle breathe a mixed perfume,
 And oleanders,* prodigally gay,
 Wave their bright blossoms by the dusty way;
 All these were thine, and thou, sweet vale, had'st power
 With some new charm to vary every hour;

* This handsome and common shrub is known in the colony by the name of Ceylon rose, having been introduced from that island by the Dutch.

But now from these, from all that won the heart,
Or pleased the eye, so fate ordains, I part ;
Yet pause a moment, with reverted view
And lingering steps, to breathe a last adieu.

Beautiful spot ! may all in future years
Be but the shadow of what now appears ;
O'er thy green hills may no Sirocco fling,
The scorching influence of his fiery wing ;
No blight consume, no locusts pour their tide
Of swarming myriads o'er thy vineyard's pride ;
But every season may thy fields unfold
A new luxuriance, fairer than of old ;
And white-robed peace and plenty's open hand
Scatter their blessings on the smiling land.
Full be the stream that through thy valley flows,
And gay thy hedges with the white wild-rose ;*
Bright may the moon her course above thee run,
Sweet rise the east, sweet sink the westering sun ;
Still may each cottage seem a home of love,
Each field a garden, and each street a grove ;
Still may the mountain's close-encircling arms
Shield thee from summer-heat and winter's loud alarms.

* The Macartney briar, is so common in the hedges about the Paarl, that in that locality it may well be called the wild-rose.

A. C. L.

SLAVERY AND THE EMANCIPATION.

“Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer, as a Christian is?”

If Shakspeare could in former days put this reasoning into the mouth of a Jew, assuredly a like train of argument was of force, but few years since, in our colony, in respect of another class of the family of man: we mean, while the rights which in this country none now deny to belong equally to every member of the human race, were still refused to those of their fellowmen, whom the colonists held in bondage. The demon of intolerance which formerly subjected the Jew to the most unrelenting persecution, and which in yet earlier times taught him to persecute while it was his to bear the sway of earthly might over the Christian; the same horrible sentiment which age after age has influenced men's minds to attempt to extirpate from the face of the earth those of their fellows who differed with them, not in their conceptions of their duty to each other as the created beings upon earth's surface, but in the thoughts which they had been led to conceive of that portion of religious duty which concerns man in his relationship to his Creator:—this curse of human society has had here too its reign,—nay, and yet reigns, as even now in the countries of higher civilization whence we have our origin, and from whence we have derived our institutions. It yet reigns. But, happily, its power is here, as elsewhere, rapidly yielding to the giant might of education,—education, sanctified to man's true enlightenment, by the holy influences of that christianity, which, while it abates not a tittle from the divine precept to man, “to love God with all his his soul,” forgets not the other command of no inferior authority, “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”

It has been often said that ignorance is the mother of intolerance and of persecution. Therefore it is, that knowledge alone—that christian education alone—can conquer bigotry:—therefore, that the star of persecution has been from age to age waning in glory, because from age to age,

holier conceptions of christianity have shed their influence on men's minds, and men have become from time to time more sensible of the true value of that single line of christian learning, well rendered by a modern poet,

“ *Pure love is more than hope, and holier yet than faith.*”

Here too, then, as we have said, has intolerance had its reign.—Would, we could say, that its reign were entirely of the past! Yet, here also has christianity exercised her sublime influences, and, by her teaching, men have become daily more convinced of the duty of toleration. Slow was the progress of this conviction in Europe,—the very centre of enlightenment. As remarked in a late article in this Magazine, the reformers themselves were, by no means free from the stain of intolerance,—were but too apt to exercise the *power* of persecution whenever it was placed in their hands. Their successors in the government of the churches, or in the care of the political institutions, of the several countries of Europe, have ever in a greater or less degree subjected themselves to the same condemnation, and even now man's right to perfect freedom is an admission but partially made in many of the countries of Europe.

But the change that *has* taken place, the reformation of opinion on the subject of man's religious and political liberty,—to what must we trace its origin? In this country as in Europe, undoubtedly to the progress of education. Fifty years ago, in this country, but one church was permitted to exist other than that of the Calvinists; and not unfrequently was its condemnation proclaimed from the pulpits of the latter. Now it is far otherwise. Now the ministers of the various Christian sects in the land would shrink from pointing the finger, the one at the other, and condemning each the other as the representative of a fallen church. So also has a reformation taken place in this country, in the consideration of the equality, or otherwise, of the various races of men in their relationship to each other,—a reformation attributable alone to the enlightening influences of education. Twenty years ago public opinion in this colony was not what it now is on the subject which we have chosen for our present remarks. Slavery was, as it is now called in another country, one of the “institutions” of the land; and few indeed dared then to announce the doctrine of man's *right* to his liberty. In those days “Philantropist” was a by-word; “Abolitionist” a term of reproach among all ranks in Cape society. The equality in political rights of

the slave with the freeman was stoutly denied ; if we may not add that his communion with him in eternal interests was far from admitted. *Now*, where is he that regrets the emancipation ? Who now, in this country, denies either the right of every class of men of whatever descent or color, to perfect equality of political freedom,—or, what experience alone could teach, who now denies the *policy* of granting that freedom to those who had it not ? What was the emancipation itself but the victory of education ? Let us trace in few words, its history in this country. Slight, indeed, and unimportant were the signs by which the coming event of now glorious immortality was seen in its approach to this land. Not twenty years ago, its first dawn appeared in the distant horizon,—soon to break forth with the splendor of the morning sun shedding the glorious light of liberty upon all who had it not, enlightening to the due appreciation of its value and importance the souls of those who already held it in their possession. One of these signs was the formation of the association afterwards well known as the Cape of Good Hope Philanthropic Society. On the 27th of June, 1828, a few Christian men met at the house of one of their number in Cape Town, to consider what share they could take in the movement then made in England for the abolition of slavery, anxiously to deliberate, if absolute emancipation were really impossible, what lay in their power to do for the amelioration of the slave's condition. The *right* to freedom of every man upon God's earth, his communion of eternal interests with themselves,—these had long been the conviction of their inmost souls. But small was their array. What were they among so many ? How could their convictions influence the multitudes walking in ignorance, or in carelessness, regarding this question of mighty import ? Rather had they to exercise the greatest caution lest these multitudes should suspect them of an intended interference with their rights as slave-proprietors. Our readers will pardon us for introducing a short extract from the address put forth by these men to the Cape public. It is important to notice the guarded nature of their avowal of their intentions and their objects. They speak not as if slavery had no more than ten years' life in the land ; as if scarce four years more would tell of the bloodless victory, noble in its very bloodlessness, gained over the callous souls so long indifferent to the bondage of their fellow men, by the gallant band who had raised in England the standard of philanthropy, and

rested not until the English legislature and the English nation had made an offering at the shrine of religion and of humanity, not merely of the declaration of every man's freedom throughout the dominions of Britain, but had sacrificed also, in generosity to those who had been compelled by the customs of their country to hold property in human flesh, the means for the purchase of this freedom.

The following is the extract to which we have alluded :—

“In the British House of Commons feelings of a determined nature were displayed in the last debate upon the amelioration of slavery. A distinguished and leading member declared that he should bring forward a motion after Easter :—“*for nothing of importance had been done by the Colonies ; and, if they had moved at all, it was an imperceptible movement.*”

“This society has, by its institution, given a redeeming pledge in behalf of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope :—the question now is, whether, by the full support of all parties to this or any similar association, whose object may be to cause *slavery gradually to melt away like snow before the sun*, this Colony will satisfy the mother Country that the amelioration of slavery is here in active progress.”

It is well to observe the mildness of this appeal. All that these good men dare even to hope is the *amelioration* of slavery :—its *abolition*, they seem to think, must be a work for future generations. A *gradual* fulfilment of the wishes of their heart is all they dare anticipate. Small, indeed, is their expectation of the nearness of the great consummation of their labor of love !

Humbly they prosecute their work :—their object being merely “to aid deserving slaves and slave children in the purchase of their freedom.” The education of the children whose freedom they purchased, was one of their means of proving, by a fit example, the superiority of a free to a slave population,—then still a matter of doubt or of argument. From day to day their ranks were increased ;—soon a more general interest was taken in the condition of the slaves, and when at last the news of success of the abolitionists was received from England, the friends of emancipation were neither small in number nor insignificant in repute. There was opposition, it is true ;—there were dissatisfaction and discontent, variously caused ;—at the foundation of all there still lay ignorance, and, with her, her daughter intolerance denying still the first principles of human equality. Further and further were the ranks of the opposition diminished.—The great day of anxiety to the friends of the mighty experiment that was to be made, fast approached.

The first of December 1838 came. In peaceful rejoicing it passed away. The dark night of bondage was ended, and the bright day of freedom begun in the land.—Happy then were those who had labored in this task,—and who now beheld not merely in the freedom of the bondmen, but in their evident worthiness of that freedom, the just requital of their labors!—Nine years have passed since then:—and the education of experience has removed every appearance of repining, almost every vestige of regret, for the former days when our sun shone not yet upon a land of freemen.

But even now, the results of the emancipation have not yet been seen in the full bloom of their beauty. We recollect well, viewing in company with a member of the noble band of former days, who could tell of the strife for the freedom of his fellow men in which he had been engaged, one of the schools in which the children of the newly freed slaves found an immediate asylum:—"these children are they," said the old man, with emotions such as are known only to benevolent minds, "for whom the emancipation was of real value:—their fathers have been brought up in slavery and it is now too late for them to learn wherein their position as freemen differs in its more lovely features from their former bondage. These little ones will know, as our own children will know, in future days wherein true liberty consists." Well might he have added in the words of the motto which we have prefixed to this article. "For have they not eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, passions,—are they not warmed and cooled by the same summer as our children are?"

We have thus far endeavoured to fix our readers' attention upon education as the cause of the emancipation, and in another form, as its consequence. If their intellectual superiority banished intolerance from the bosoms of those who first planned the emancipation, their teaching served to convince their fellow men. Thus it was not until higher conceptions on the subject of man's liberty had been adopted in the country, that the emancipators triumphed. Then through education the slaveholders had to be reconciled to the change; then the education of the slaves and their children again was to make them worthy of their freedom. All this, has at least partially been accomplished. May like success attend all attempts made in the political or religious world for the removal of intolerance or intolerant prejudice; and more than all, may the promoters of

these attempts ever bear in mind that their great weapon is education,—the training up of the human mind to the due performance of man's duties, and the due fulfilment of his responsibilities.

One word on the hope that may be entertained of the future total abolition of slavery in the world, and we have done. The noble sacrifices of the English nation in its attempts to prevent the disgraceful traffic in human flesh, which, with the progress of education, has now become confined to the most degraded of society's outcasts, will cause its name to be held in high honor by future generations. The self sacrifice of so many of the best and bravest of her officers, victims of the duty which they have been called upon to perform in the service of humanity, is a trait of noble character highly elevated above that which in former years earned the soldier his immortality. We speak not here of the policy of the peculiar attempts at present made, or their probable success:—but it is impossible to forbear giving expression to a feeling of deep respect for a nation so actively employed in such a duty,—for her officers whose devotedness to the death have been so often shown in this cause. May it not be hoped that while this devotedness in the sacred cause is now shown by a nation in which education has flourished, it will also be a distinguishing mark of those of this country and of other countries, who have been admitted to the like advantages of education;—and, particularly, that a noble band will soon appear in the educated children of those whom the generosity of the British nation have freed from bondage, ready and devoted in every way for which success may be hoped, to attempt the utter abolition of all human slavery from the surface of this earth.

F. W.

ANNIE MAXWELL,

THE GIRL WHO WISHED TO BETTER HERSELF.

BY MRS. WARD.

“Come Carry, are you ready?” said Mr. Halton, the young rector of Witcherly, to his newly married wife, who was dressing to accompany him in his walks to visit the poor of his parish.

“Here I am,” she answered, hurrying down the staircase, at the bottom of which her husband had stood for some time, alternately drawing on a glove and looking at the clock ticking in the hall.

After many affectionate apologies on her part, for keeping him waiting, and some playful but wholesome reproofs from him, at his bride’s dawdling propensities which she denied, and “more last words” to the housemaid in the lobby, which Caroline said were necessary,—the happy pair—I do not use the term with the *Morning Post* signification—walked on down the road, and over a stile or two, at which Caroline laughed and *would* be lifted over, and across some corn fields into a shady lane, at the end of which the village commenced.

“Now,” said Mr. Halton, “when you were a visitor in this neighbourhood Carry, you used often to say, you wondered how all these poor people could be so happy. You will be able to judge for yourself. It used to give me great delight to hear you and others, whose opinion is worth having, descant on the happiness of my people;—(there was something touching in the young clergyman’s epithet of “my people;”) and I felt a sort of pride, a proper pride I hope, in being their guide and protector; I think I may call myself so. I have often said, dearest, how much more joy we find among these simple cottagers than among those who mix with the world. A very common-place theory this is, and usually considered merely theory, but I will prove it good. Nothing you know like practical illustrations of philosophy, as your little brother said the other day to Jemina, when he guillotined her doll after reading the history of the French revolution. Some, like Harry, do a

great deal of mischief with their "practical illustrations," but instead of trying to do too much, we should strive rather to *improve opportunities*, which Providence lays before us, lest by straining after fresh objects we lose sight of those which *seem* trifles, but which in time greatly swell the sum of human happiness or misery. "Think too," said the young husband, fondly pressing his wife's arm, "how much happier my people will be now that I have you to help me."

Caroline's lips had been opened at the commencement of what she was at first inclined to consider "a lecture," but his last words made her heart swell with love for him and anxiety for those over whom he watched as one worthy of being "The Lord's anointed."

It is a common custom with authors to "spin out" their pages with digressions on the "beauties, harmonies, and sublimities of nature;"—without any wish to do this, I cannot refrain from touching on the pleasures of this morning walk. Somebody has said that Cowper's line,—

"God made the country but man made the town,"

is a fallacy. Whether it be or not, we all know very well what Cowper means; he has made the impression he wished, in expressing himself as he has done.

Mr. Halton uttered Cowper's words, and his wife felt them as they stopped to rest under the shadow of a kindly elm which threw its branches from one hawthorn hedge to another.

"The country does sound strangely pleasant to me," said Mrs. Halton, after they had stood for some minutes in thoughtful silence.

"Ah, how well I understand you!" replied her husband, "the country *sounds* pleasant. People think it dull and wearisome and monotonous. How much more so is a town! Hark! at the saucy blackbird, he has been so used to see me pass this hedge twice a week for the last three years, that I fancy the vagabond means to welcome me now. What a noise that young monkey Dickey Hammond is making, frightening the birds from yonder cornfield. The rogue is playing marbles, and shouts at the top of his voice, that old John may fancy he is in the field, instead of on the other side of the hedge. That boy makes me uneasy sometimes: he is a fine creature, but rather too 'smart' for his age, and his mother makes too much of him, and does herself harm among her neighbours by boasting of Dickey's talents. All the time he is saying his catechism in the church, she will

sit looking at him with pride shining out of her eyes, while he never thinks of the *matter* about which he is gabbling and looking round for admiration at the same time. 'A little learning' is said to be 'a dangerous thing.' In some cases a 'little learning' is better than too much; but let us walk on; the poor people must have had their dinners. Ah, there is old Margaret sitting in her window. I will shew you how pleasant a 'little learning' is to this aged woman."

"Well," thought the young bride, as she ascended the broken but cleanly steps of old Margaret's door-way, and turning round to scan the premises, saw before her a sort of court overgrown with tall grass, only enlivened by two or three staring hollyhocks, and bounded by a high dead wall, "I cannot help wondering what can make this poor creature happy."

This was Caroline's first visit to the paralytic woman of eighty-nine, who sat at her window looking out upon the tall grass and dead wall.

"How d'ye do Margaret?" said Mr. Halton, drawing his chair beside her. "I have brought my wife to see you."

Caroline Halton in her bloom, formed a strange contrast to old Margaret, as she extended her hand to her, and took the stiff paralyzed fingers in her own. "Sit down, my lady, if you please," said the cottager, "your good gentleman does not run away from me in a hurry when he comes to see me." To Caroline's kindly queries touching her mode of life, she answered as well as she could, for she was very deaf. A few well-worn, but not soiled books were on the window beside her. "I am so thankful ma'am," said Margaret, "that though I am not able to move about myself and keep my house as clean and comfortable as it used to be when I was young and strong, that my sight is left me. I can see to read, ma'am, without spectacles. God is very good to have spared me my sight."

"Yes," said Mrs. Halton, "and you must now feel the comfort of being able to read. Do you read much?"

"I cannot read very well ma'am," replied Margaret, "I am forced to spell a many of my words; but I can manage to read the bible. I am used to that, and it comes easy: in my day, folks like me just learned enough to read their bible and I don't know but what I am better off than knows a little, than them that knows a great deal, and goes a looking after worldly knowledge; unless God Almighty gives them brains to make it worth their while;"—the truth of the old

creature's quaint remark struck Caroline very forcibly, but she went on with more questions.

"Who helps you?" said she to Margaret.

"Oh, a chance neighbour, though I should not say a chance one neither, for the Lord sends help through them. My neighbours are all kind to me, you see their grandmothers and I were used to each other years ago, and now they serve me for love of them."

So here was this paralytic creature of eighty-nine eking out comfort and content from what would have seemed to most people very sorry materials. Helpless old, poor, paralytic, with no prospect of bettering herself on earth, she not only looked forward to the happiness of the next world, but found and bestowed joy in this. The secret lay in her own inwardly satisfied heart, and the *use* she made of her religious principles. When the Haltons took leave of her and applauded the spirit of thankfulness, she said "Ah, go and see Mrs. Lynch, she is blind, and has an idle worthless daughter who grumbles at being obliged to help her."

They did go to see Mrs. Lynch, and heard her as they entered, speaking angrily to that daughter. She went on talking after they had passed the threshold of her door, as she was unprepared for their approach,—she was too intent on scolding Mary.

Mrs. Lynch was an unhappy woman, and as is too often the case, her unhappiness was the consequence of her own folly. Her husband had been a rich farmer, and her children had all been brought up, as she fancied, like ladies and gentlemen. Farmer Lynch had been ruined by his sons' extravagance, and when he died, *by his own hand!* he left them nothing. One son enlisted in a dragoon regiment in India, and finding that in that country he could lead a life suited to his habits, he remained there. Another was transported for forgery, and a third was to be found in the gin palaces in London bearing a desperate and reckless existence. Mary, the daughter Mrs. Lynch was now scolding, had eloped when seventeen with a traveller, who, when he had spent the two hundred pounds which her father had given her to furnish the "nice small house at Kennington," told her he had another wife, and she might either go home again free, or get him transported for bigamy, he did not care which, so long as he got rid of such a lazy, conceited, dawdling tawdry nuisance. Poor old Lynch took his daughter back again without reproaching her for the past. Sour

however by disappointment, and idle from habit, she was a constant source of worry to both father and mother, and though the night before he destroyed himself Farmer Lynch had kissed her tenderly and begged she would be "kind to her mother for her unfortunate father's sake," she never thought more of his injunctions.

Sally Lynch was "banging about" as her mother said, and wearing her to a thread with her ill humour, but when peace was for a time restored by the entrance of the Clergyman of the parish, Mrs. Lynch, after her unsatisfactory answers to his kind enquiries, turned up her sightless eyes to Heaven and clasping her hands said, "I have this day heard something that has made me thankful."

Caroline listened wondering what could be the cause of thankfulness to one who looked so wretched.

"My miserable son George is dead!"

So the last drop of comfort to be found at the bottom of the widow's cup of bitterness was bestowed, in the death of her once favorite child,—“I shall now lie down and die in peace, for if I had left him alive, I could hardly have rested in my grave for fear of his coming to the gallows. And now,” she continued peevishly, “if folks were only as kind to me as they are to Margaret Lane, I might get Sally into some place if she would go; she does so worry me: but I have nobody to help me, and she does nothing for me without grumbling and threatening to leave me.”

Caroline was not sorry to leave this abode of misery; her husband remained to read to the blind woman and she made her way to a cottage not far off, where Mr. Halton had begged her to wait for him. In the window of this cottage sat a most cheerful looking old woman knitting, with a solemn faced cat beside her. Caroline had paid her one or two visits already.

“You must be warm after your walk ma'am,” said Mrs. Dally, “how the sun is shining, it is quite a merry day out of doors. What a blessing is this fine weather.”

“How famously you have got on with your knitting!” said Mrs. Halton taking the homely work up, and doing a few stitches, at which Mrs. Dally laughed heartily.

“Oh dearie me, ma'am, yes, we have had such rainy days lately, fine times for knitting. I love the sunshine, but sometimes you know ma'am we must have rain: if it was always fine we should not care for the sunlight and that is the reason, I tell my grand-children, that he loves to make

himself scarce in England. I have heard of countries where he shines for months, burning up the earth and teaching people that we may have too much of a good thing."

More philosophy in the cottage, thought Mrs. Halton; "you seem very happy Mrs. Dally," she observed, after watching the old woman's smiling healthy face, "do you ever feel dull?"

"Oh dear, yes ma'am, God forgive me! I do weary sometimes; yesterday, for instance, I had not any more worsted, or I should have finished my stocking and begun another, and the day was unksome, and it rained hard; we could not get out to work, though, the beans wanted cutting. I was quite merry though when my little grand-child Johnny Lewin came home from school, and read me a story out of his prize book. Ah! there is Mr. Halton, God bless him! Well you are the happy lady to have such a good man. *My* husband is a good one, so I know the value of one." How could Caroline be otherwise than pleased at this comparison, homely as it was.

From Mrs. Dally's they strolled across the village green, past the pool where Dickey Hammond was lingering under pretence of coming there for a drink, but in reality to play with Annie Maxwell. A pretty, fair, shy thing was Annie Maxwell; there was a certain grace in her curtsey in spite of her shyness, as she opened the garden gate leading to her mother's cottage, where Mr. and Mrs. Halton were going. On entering they found a very happy group just risen from dinner. Maxwell, the father of the family, a Scotchman by birth, but English by education, was a market-gardener. A comely healthy pair he and his wife looked, as they stood among that crowd of little children, five sons and two girls. "How dreadful!" some people would have said, on looking at such a little set of "steps and stairs."

"Ah, Maxwell!" what at home to-day later than usual? "I have brought you my wife," said Mr. Halton, introducing Caroline with an air of satisfaction, far more pure and sincere than if he had presented her to courtly people in a crowded room.

"You are welcome ma'am," said Maxwell, and his wife wiping a chair with her apron, curtseyed a mute salutation.

"What a fine family," observed Mrs. Halton, "but what will you do with such a number? five boys! how will you provide for them all."

"Ah, ma'am," answered Maxwell, "I am just the man that should have a number of boys,—I want them all, I can tell you, and I am very lucky to have work for them. Then as to the girls, their mother will soon want rest, and they'll be by to help her. Annie looks a delicate thing for hard work, but we must live in hopes."

Annie did look a "delicate thing for hard work." Maxwell's cottage was the last Mr. and Mrs. Halton visited this morning, and after leaving it, as they stood again under the old elm tree, to listen to the saucy black bird, Caroline proposed having her once a week at the rectory to instruct. She had already one or two pupils, but there was something so engaging in Annie Maxwell's appearance, that Mrs. Halton already felt a great interest in her. Almost out of place, she said, looked that fair pretty, gentle-voiced girl among her five sturdy brothers; the youngest girl was the infant.

"Don't spoil her Carry," said Mr. Halton, "give her useful instruction, but *do not teach her too much.*"

Fully disposed however as Mrs. Halton was to abide by her husband's injunction, Annie Maxwell proved herself such an apt pupil, that her preceptress took unusual pleasure in teaching her, and the child soon outstripped her fellow pupils.

As she stood reading one morning to Caroline, Mr. Halton looked in at the open door, and listened for some time. As soon as the task was over, and when Annie had gone into the kitchen to take her usual refreshment before she started homewards, he opened a conversation with his wife, respecting her protégée.

"She does you infinite credit as a pupil Carry," said he,—
"What do you intend to make of her—a governess?"

"My dear William, how can you imagine I should be so unwise, as to wish to place her in any station where she would be out of the line of life in which her own family move."

"She knows already a good deal more than Emma, your own confidential maid," said Mr. Halton.

"Emma has had none of Annie's advantages answered his wife."

"I doubt," said Mr. Halton, "whether we may call them advantages. Emma is an invaluable servant to you, keeps her own accounts perfectly well, makes your dresses admirably,—at least," he added with a kind smile, "they look to

me better made than any one else's; and when you were ill in the winter, and I was called away, she was able to read prayers to you as well as, nay better than many others, for you have often remarked, what a musical voice she has. To my mind Emma knows quite enough, not only for her own comfort, but for other people's, and as I feel it my duty to speak the truth, I must say that you may do too much for Annie. Why, I found her the other morning with a French grammar in her hand. I hope you are not teaching her French?"

"The fact is, William," said Mrs. Halton, "she seems to have a taste for it, and had taught herself a good deal of the language before I was aware of it.—You know Mrs. Spencer's Swiss governess takes great notice of Annie Maxwell, and—"

"French is bad enough," said Mr. Halton, laughing good humoredly: "it seems to me to be quite lost time; you had much better teach her to make shirts; but I fancied yesterday when she was helping you in the green house, that I heard you giving her a lesson in botany!"

"Oh, no, my love, only reading to her the Latin names on the tickets for the plants."

"Well dearest, I had well nigh said do as you please, but I can hardly allow you to do that, for with all your kind-hearted intention, I must say; it would be much better to allow Annie to keep up what she has learned, but to begin training her in earnest for the station of life in which she is to move."

Very little passed more on that subject.—Her husband's wish was Caroline's law, and the result of the conversation was, that on the day Annie was thirteen, she was taken into service at the rectory, being placed under the guidance of Emma, Mrs. Halton's confidential maid.

Annie Maxwell was comparatively strong to what she had been as a little girl, but still unfit for hard work, so that she was chiefly employed at her needle, occasionally helping in the routine of pickling and preserving. The poultry was especially under her care, and occasionally she assisted Mrs. Halton in the arrangement of her green-house and flower garden. Never associated with persons of vulgar minds or coarse habits,—for her mother was one of "nature's gentlewomen," and her father's employment as a gardener was one that improves rather than destroys a naturally fine mind, Annie at sixteen was a ladylike as well as a pretty girl. Her

taste for dress was fortunately directed into a proper channel by her wise mistress, otherwise there might at times have been too lavish a display of pink ribbons in her bonnet at church. Her old playmate Richard Hammond was her declared admirer, though not admitted to the rectory as such. He was groom to the squire of the parish, and Annie and he occasionally met, but never by stealth. He dared not even to have proposed this, for he knew what her principles were too well; but the pair were young and full of hope, and looked forward at no distant period to "bettering themselves."

When Annie was nearly seventeen, Emma and John,—butler, footman, and factotum, all in one,—chose to marry, after ten years courtship, and set up house-keeping by taking one of Mr. Halton's farms, and Annie expected to succeed Emma in her place. Her mortification was extreme when she found that Jane, the housemaid, was to be installed in the post of honor, and she shewed her vexation so unequivocally, that Mrs. Halton asked her the cause of it. Unaccustomed to dissimulation she did not hesitate to confess, that she had expected promotion; but her mistress reasoning kindly with her, endeavoured to shew, how unjust it would have been to have placed her at the head of the domestic establishment before Jane, who had discharged her duties well and ably for twelve years, and was now a woman of thirty years of age.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Halton felt keen regret shortly after this, at Annie telling her mistress, she had some thoughts of leaving her service, as she thought it was time to "better herself."

"Better yourself Annie," exclaimed Mrs. Halton, "and where *can* you be better than where you are?"

"Oh! she could get a lady's maid's place in London, with Squire Stratford's mother."

"A lady's maid's place in London! Had she considered well what she was going to do? Had she thought what a wretched thing it would be to leave every one she had been accustomed to all her life, and go among strange people and strange customs? For London and the country were as different from each other as two separate nations."

"Yes, she had considered all this,—but Mrs. Stratford was a very nice lady, and Annie had always heard a lady's maid's was a very easy place. Mrs. Stratford did not go out a great deal, and did not live in London all the year round;

in the autumn she either went to the sea-side or to a jointure house in the country. The house-keeper too, was a nice woman, and had spoken to Annie herself on the subject, indeed, everything had been arranged, and she only begged to know if Mrs. Halton wished her to finish her quarter, or if she would allow her to go to Mrs. Stratford next week. The servants were all going up to town, and she should be able to get everything ready."

The warm-hearted generous Mrs. Halton sat down on the foot of the bed, after her ungrateful protégée had left her, and "had," as she expressed herself afterwards to her husband, "a hearty cry." After all her care, trouble, patience, and anxiety, to be forsaken by one for whom she had done so much. She desired Annie not to think of sacrificing her own wishes for the sake of "accommodating" Mrs. Halton—as she would have a great deal to do, and would perhaps like to spend a day or two at home with her family, before she left them to go so far away.

Annie's father was very angry with her, and her mother sorely distressed. It was hard to say whether Annie herself suffered much at parting or not, though some of the good-natured villagers affirmed, that when her youngest, and sixth brother toddled after her with the last geranium in the garden, that she seemed to struggle hard to conceal her tears, and walked up the lane with her handkerchief to her eyes.

As Mrs. Stratford's barouche, filled with servants, baskets, and boxes, passed through the village on its way to town, Annie leaned out of the window. As she kissed her hands to her parents, she stifled her grief at leaving them, with the reflection that she was borne off in a very smart carriage, and was going away in the capacity of a London lady's maid. As yet she had not dreamt of the troubles likely to accrue from mixing with the great world, nor did she imagine that the barouche would cease to charm as soon as she became accustomed to it. Her letter to her mother from London was full of delight. "She had been to see a play with Mrs. Crawley, the housekeeper, and Mr. Lennard the butler, and had walked in Hyde Park, and her lady had given her a nice silk bonnet, and she wished she could have sent her mother a shawl, but she could not afford it, for Mrs. Crawley had told her it was necessary to be smart, and had persuaded her to buy two new muslin dresses. Richard Hammond had come up to town with his master, who was staying in Grosvenor Place, at Mrs. Stratford's, and the house was

full of servants. She did not mix much up with the rest, her lady was very particular, and liked Annie to be constantly in her dressing room, &c. &c."

It was very true that Annie had enjoyed her walk in Hyde Park, and her trip to the play, but she did not tell her mother how she was shut up at work from morning till night, nor how peevish and selfish her mistress was, nor how impertinent the young squire wished to be whenever he met her on the staircase, taking liberties with her in his mother's house, which he would not have dared to offer when she was in service at the rectory, nor her dread lest Richard should hear of his master's conduct on these occasions from some jealous housemaid peeping over the bannisters of the lofty staircase, nor of her difficulty in getting to church, nor of her return from thence through crowded streets, filled with strange people; such a different walk it was from what she had been accustomed to all her life, when side by side with the good Emma she had followed Mr. and Mrs. Halton to the rectory, through a world of freshness and fragrance, and holy quiet, the quiet of a country Sabbath that strikes people who live in great towns so strangely. No sound of carts, nor of the implements of husbandry, nor of "noisy children just let loose from school," nor of boys playing leap-frog, and pitch and toss, nor of the ploughman whistling or uttering his cheerful invocations to his horses, nor of team bells chiming long, owing to the slow measured paces of their wearers. The very sheep have holiday, for their warriors, the dogs sit at the steps of hall-doors on sundays, watching their masters and mistresses, depart for church, but never venturing to follow them. No sound of carriage-wheels coming round from the stables, none of the gardener's spade and the usual accompaniment of his monotonous chaunt in the minor key. All speaketh of rest, and the unvarying tone in the solitary bell of the small church maketh the silence more apparent, and halloweth it! Sunshine is pleasant on the sabbath, but when the rain-drops patter against the window-pane and on the leaves near the house, the drops, more distinct on this day than on any other from the quietude of all around, we raise our eyes from our book, and with thoughts directed by that book to God, we lift them upwards to the sky and meditate solemnly on "Him who hath his dwelling above the clouds," and "sendeth forth refreshing rains upon the earth."

Neither did Annie tell her parents of the hours she passed

alone in Mrs. Stratford's dressing room, nor how that lady finding she wrote a good hand, made her copy out receipts, which wounded the housekeeper's pride mightily. Even her education seemed to serve her an ill turn, for Mrs. Stratford had a fancy for being read to sleep, and being an indolent woman, and yet anxious to pass for a well informed one, she was glad to profit by Annie's capabilities. So night after night had the poor lady's maid, whom her former playmates were thinking very happy and highly honored, to sit by her lady's bed side, and read pages and pages of poetry and reviews of new works, which Mrs. Stratford would not take the trouble to read herself. At first she had thought it would be great recreation to go amongst the other servants, but alas! Richard Hammond was beginning to be very attentive to a shewy still-room maid, with a loud voice and a bold manner, and the butler had begun to admire Annie herself, who could not bear the sight of his red face and portly person; whereupon Mrs. Crawley, the housekeeper, began to look jealous, and found a thousand ways of annoying Annie. "Lady Anne," they called her in the servants' hall, with a sneer.

Annie would hardly allow to herself how much she was disappointed in her long treasured expectation of "bettering herself," but sometimes as she looked at the dingy trees and dirty sparrows in the now faded park, she could not help giving a sigh to the fresh fields, rich foliage, and bright birds of her native village. Very irksome, indeed, her life soon became to her, and very sad it made her to see her old playmate and once true lover given up to drinking with the under footman, or flirting with the still-room maid. Mrs. Stratford was not unkind to her in her manner, but she seldom spoke to her unless she was obliged, and when Annie complained of her head, her mistress never offered her anything to do her good. Annie often thought of Mrs. Halton coming to see her after she was in bed at the rectory, when she felt poorly, and of her master tapping at the door, and telling his wife to make her take her gruel while it was hot. Still she would not confess all her disappointments and repentance in her letters; her mother only noticed with pleasure in every one she wrote, how she dwelt more and more on the affection she bore towards her own family and the good Mr. and Mrs. Halton, and of the obligations she owed them all for having early instilled good principles into her mind.

In less, however, than a year after she had been with Mrs.

Stratford, Annie Maxwell wrote in great spirits, to say, she had met with an opportunity of "bettering herself" still further. She had "been so fortunate as to get a situation as lady's maid to my Lord Splatterdasher's daughters, the Lady Blayers. Mrs. Stratford was very sorry to part with her, and Mrs. Crawley seemed so too, but the life she led in Grosvenor Place, did not suit her at all, it was too sedentary. Now at Lord Splatterdasher's she should have little to do, except to dress the young ladies, for Lady S. had her own woman. She should be able to take as much exercise as she pleased, and in the winter she should have an opportunity of seeing her parents and brothers and sister, for Lord Splatterdasher had a place near Witcherly, where he was going this year, to spend Christmas. There would be great doings at Witcherly Park."

A few words she said about Richard Hammond. "He was not so steady as he used to be, but London was a dreadful place for young people," Annie's eyes were beginning to be opened, "and if he once got back into the country, and if good Mr. Halton would only talk to him, she hoped he might be made good for something yet."

Annie Maxwell's poor mother could hardly read her daughter's letter for her tears; she would have given much to have had her home again, and if she could not have been restored to her place at the rectory immediately, she might have regained it in time. Mrs. Maxwell was a relation of Richard Hammond, and had been so used to him from the time he was "little and played on her door-step with her eldest boy," that her sorrow was divided between him and her child's unsettled position. Accustomed as she and her husband were to their cottage, their garden, and "their own people," it was misery to them to think of Annie making her uncertain way among strangers, in the distant chaos of London,—strangers, with, probably, no religion themselves, and indifferent to Annie's, provided she possessed "good moral principles." They were particular about that for their own sakes.

The poor gardener's wife put up her work for that day and dressing her youngest children took them with her to the rectory. She found Mr. Halton at home and told him her cause of sorrow: he called his wife into his study, and she, taking some blame on herself in the matter, inasmuch as she had to use Mrs. Maxwell's term, rather "set up" Annie, determined on writing to the girl herself; but ere the letter could reach London Annie was under Lord Splatterdasher's

roof, having quarrelled with Mrs. Crawley, rejected the red faced butler, and been hurried away by Lady Splattendasher's "own woman," who wondered "how she could demean herself so far as to shake hands with Mr. Stratford's groom! a tipsy vagabond he was, and not worth looking at by one who had book learning enough for a lady!"

"Very true," thought Annie, "I remember once hearing Mrs. Halton say that education had more to do with making people gentlemen and ladies than mere birth. I certainly should have been thrown away if I had remained at Witcherley." She sighed—"I wonder how my father's garden gets on and if little Harry can read yet,"—she was picturing little Harry toddling after her up the road, with the last geranium in his hand, and her mother following him weeping at parting with her daughter, when Mrs. Green gave a furious ring at Lord Splatterdasher's hall-door. A supercilious looking footman smirked in Annie's face, as he admitted her and Mrs. Green, and he whispered something to the latter which made her as she expressed herself "go into a fits." An introduction to the "first table" at my Lord's followed, and Annie was astonished to find so much discontent amid what to her seemed so much splendour. The gas shed a garish light on the well-filled table, the viands and the wines were as good, as far as she could judge, as any she had ever seen on the rectory table at Witcherley, but far more profuse, and when she recollected her mother's thankfulness for broth and jellies sent to her by Mrs. Halton when she was sick, she could not understand what made the very smart ladies and gentlemen she now saw so full of discontent. When she was shewn to her wretched attic, she sat down upon the crazy tent-bed, wondering how such a piece of furniture could have come into my Lord Splatterdasher's house,—so different to the clean and white curtained couch at Witcherley rectory. It would have been an inexplicable puzzle to Annie had she not been squeezed into a somewhat similar one in Grosvenor place.

Her duties were not to commence till the young ladies' maid had taken her departure, and poor Annie remained a good deal secluded in her nutshell of a room in order to avoid Miss Bailey's significant toss of her head, whenever she met her successor, and her insolent hints to her fellow servants, that they need not expect "Miss Maxwell" to associate with such as them, for "she was a young lady as set up for being *much* better than she should be." When Annie's duties did commence, she found her life much more

toilsome than it had been at Mrs. Stratford's. There, at least, she had her rest at night after certain hours, and as Mrs. Stratford was not an early riser, she could sleep in the morning till seven o'clock, but at my Lord Splatterdasher's it was not unfrequently five in the morning, before she had put aside the young ladies' dresses, then there was coffee to get for them, and the cook being a cross-grained person, Annie seldom troubled her to make it. Many successive nights did our heroine spend in lady Maria's dressing room, fully employed in altering trumpery, new stringing bandeaux, wreathing flowers in different forms, or making up coques of ribbon, to put on robes that very night, when they returned from one party only to prepare for another. Often as she sat there quite alone, and only startled now and then from her thoughts by the footmen quarrelling in the distant servants' hall, so loud, that she could hear them though, over their cards, she went back, in fancy, to the peaceful village she had left with a view to "better herself." Had she done so? Ah, there is the question! What would Mr. and Mrs. Halton say to see her now,—pale, haggard, and worn out with late hours? What would her father and mother say, to hear the language and see the conduct she was becoming familiarised with more and more every day! She shuddered. Richard she now seldom saw, unless he came in, by chance, when she happened to be at supper in the servant's hall, and then he was generally intoxicated, and so coarse and impertinent in his remarks, that he made her blush for very shame. Still she had not forgotten her old affection for him. They had been playmates together in her own happy home; they had shared each other's little gifts, they had been beloved by the same friends, they had been brought up among the same people, and were from the same place, and this last circumstance creates a tie even where no affection has previously existed.

Richard's conduct made Annie very sad, it preyed upon her mind, and thus with everything to make her dejected, no wonder her health failed, and she grew pale and languid. One source of satisfaction she had, one blessing: Mrs. Halton had taught her the true value of truth and honesty. The education she had received was in one respect advantageous, but there is no knowing what effect it might have had if Mr. Halton had not made his wife pause before she had gone quite beyond what her protégée was entitled to

learn. "Entitled to learn forsooth:" such a person as Miss Bailey would have said, "and why is not one woman entitled to learn as much as another." Miss Bailey was quite a person of the liberty and equality class; that is, she considered herself as much entitled to subservience as the young ladies she served; not that she would have condescended to others as much even as these young ladies, she only thought of the law of equality as it elevated her to the position of those above her. No one loved it better than Miss Bailey, indeed she had loved it so well that she had lost her place from quarrelling about it with "my lady's own woman." Annie, however, had been early taught the law of subordination; her father often gave his sons examples of it by pointing out the bees in his garden with their queen at their head, placed there by God's will and wisdom, and the ants in the fields working under the direction of their rulers, and many other instances of God's will, that some should rule and some should serve, shewing them how men should be guided in their conduct to one another by that reason which draws the great line between men and brutes; reason making man comparatively a free agent, and therefore a responsible being. Then would the good Maxwell descant with a simplicity, which made his philosophy pleasant and beautiful, on the regularity of all things in nature.

Annie often pondered on these remembered things, and longed—oh! how she now began to long—to be once more among her "own people."—Still the idea of getting on in the world, kept strong hold on her mind. Her wages were excellent, and her perquisites numerous, but these latter created a jealousy on the part of Mrs. Green, who never benefited much by "my lady's" cast-off clothes. Lady Splatterdasher was more prudent than her less experienced daughters, and got her mantua-maker to take many a soiled dress off her hands, towards the payment of her bills. The young ladies got into debt, for they knew their father would "settle everything" for them. At last there was a prospect of Annie's once more visiting Witherley. Young Lord K——, Lord Splatterdasher's eldest son, intended going to Witherly Park to shoot, and his sisters were to accompany him. Lady S. was ordered to Brighton by her physician, and Lord S. was detained in town on business, so the young people looked forward to a world of enjoyment in the autumn. No one shared their delight more than Annie. They were quite amazed at the improvement in her looks; moreover,

the London season was drawing to a close. She was not kept up quite so constantly or so late at night. Some pang she felt, at being obliged to take home so poor an account of Richard Hammond, but the idea of seeing her parents and friends soon superseded every other, and she wrote to her mother, telling her the day, and as nearly as she could guess the hour they should bait the horses at the village post-house. A few latent ideas perhaps too lay within the recesses of Annie's bosom, on the grandeur of her entrée into Witcherley, on the rumble of the young ladies travelling carriage, with Mr. Lewis my Lord K.'s own gentleman, a very fine gentleman indeed, who gave Annie to understand that he condescended extremely in conversing with her. Indeed, to say the truth, he admired her very much, but she, albeit given to charity, rather doubted his principles, and moreover, could not all at once forget her first love Richard. Women cling most pertinaciously to old affections, however the objects of them may have forfeited right and title to be remembered. Poor Annie!

"Look," said she to Mr. Lewis, as the carriage reached the hill-top overlooking the village, "there is Witcherley church. We are a long way from it. I should hardly have recognised it, if I had not known where to look for it; there are two large poplars near the rectory gate; and I can see the road that winds just above the house. Ah, I declare here is the carrier's cart, and old Thomas with it; poor old man, the last time I saw him he was on this very spot." Annie nodded and nodded to Thomas, somewhat to Mr. Lewis's disgust, but the poor old man looked up at her bewildered, never dreaming of seeing Annie Maxwell, especially on a barouche box behind four posters; indeed, old Thomas stared so long, and was so much taken by surprise, that he was fain to hurry out of the way at last, lest he should have been driven into the ditch by the dashing post-boys.

The day had promised to be fine, and Annie had anticipated that her father, and mother, and brothers, and sister, and all their neighbours would be at their garden gates to see her go by in style. Affection however, had really a great deal to do with such anticipations, and the little vanity that lurked within, was only the result of late associations since she had "bettered herself." Poor thing, it was well that after all her temptations she had withstood, the nonsense,

may the vice she had witnessed, and yet retained her good principles—weakened they were, but only weakened—not destroyed. A terrible shower came on before they got to the end of the stage, and before they reached the posting-house, Annie was nearly drenched with rain. Mr. Lewis was safely wrapped up in a capacious mackintosh, and with an affectation of gallantry was holding an umbrella over his companion; but as, in reality, he had no intention of taking care of any one but himself, she received no benefit from the said umbrella, but the drops that fell from it. In this condition, and with her head bent down to avoid the driving rain, she did not see, till it came close to the carriage, her father's comfortably covered market cart. There were her father, and three of her younger brothers. They drew up merely for the pleasure of looking at her, for they did not venture to address her; the youngest boy received a reproof from Maxwell, because he called out to Annie, that she "had much better get down from that wet carriage box, and take shelter in her father's snug cart." He had not been in the world, happy boy; he had yet to learn, that, *those who profess to know how to live, had rather get wet on the box of a fine carriage, than keep themselves dry in a covered cart.*

Annie really was delighted at seeing them all, and would have got down to join her family, but luckily for Mr. Lewis's equanimity, the postillions cracked their whips and the horses went off at full speed, leaving poor Maxwell, so far from being dazzled at his daughter's *elevated* position, very uneasy, lest she should be laid up with severe cold, after such a wetting. One thing he did rejoice at, Annie had seemed unequivocally glad to see her family, and that very evening as soon as she had dressed the young ladies for dinner, she slipped away to pay her long-hoped-for visit to her old beloved home. It was two miles across the fields, but she thought nothing of walking through them alone.—On reaching the lane she stopped under the elm tree, to take a look at the familiar places of her childhood. It was getting dusk and she did not distinguish two once well-known cows and their milk maid, till they came near her, and the said milk maid looked fairly perplexed as to how she was to behave, when the well-dressed Annie stepped forward and held out her hand to her old playmate Mary King. The villagers who were sitting outside their doors after the labors of the day, came forth with tenfold joy to greet her,

when they saw her side by side with the farm dairy maid, and her father quite unprepared for her appearance so soon after her arrival at Witcherley Park, stopped in front of a neighbour's house where he had met her, and blessed her, ere she proceeded, in the face of her old friends.

The evening had turned out remarkably fine, and Mr. and Mrs. Halton returning from one of their village tours came suddenly upon the group assembled round Annie. They were touched with the greeting she gave them, and walked with her to meet her mother who was coming along the village-road to meet her. We pass over that meeting and when Maxwell took his hat down to escort his child back again, the rector and his wife proposed going round that way to the rectory. These two kind friends scanned their early protégée narrowly as she took her bonnet off in her mother's cottage. They had quite forgiven Annie's ingratitude: perhaps joy at finding her still the same in affection towards her parents, superseded all personal annoyance at the manner in which she had left them "to better herself."

Alas! every body remarked how much Annie Maxwell was altered in appearance. The next Sunday at church, she felt a pang when the rectory servants walked past her as they were leaving the church-yard and turned through the gate she had so often opened for her old Master and Mistress. How many reminiscences did her visit to the village-church call forth! Two years had elapsed since she had left home, it seemed much more, yet there was the blind and aged Abraham Wells, sitting in his accustomed place, close to the porch; his hearing had become more acute than ever since the loss of his sight, and though his place was distant from the pulpit, not a word escaped him. Where he sat too, he could hear the wind rustling over the grass, and he had a conceit "that he knew the sound of a particular tree whose branches waved over his favorite son's grave." Annie felt melancholy when she heard Mr. Halton's well-remembered voice, but she nearly burst out in tears at the commencement of the psalm in which her father's fine manly voice rose distinctly above the rest, and her little brothers chimed in with the other children, and after the service was over, and she saw the little creatures gathered round their pastor to say their catechisms, she fancied herself and Richard Hammond standing side by side in the circle watched by her mother and his.

But although Annie was very sorry when the time came for leaving the neighbourhood of her old home, she resisted all attempts on her mother's part to dissuade her from returning to London,—she could not make up her mind to give up her handsome wages, numerous perquisites, and the style of life to which she had become accustomed. True, her home shared her affections with the world, or she fancied it did, and she still looked forward to laying by something comfortable, and since Richard was no longer worthy of her, perhaps she had some idea of “bettering herself” by marrying Mr. Lewis.

Once more she passed through Witcherley on the barouche box, but before she left it, she wrote a letter, thanking her kind mistress for all she had formerly done for her and expressing her regret for past faults.

“I had rather she had stayed at home than written,” said Mrs. Halton.

Spring brought round its usual season of dissipation in London and the Lady Blazers were as much out, as ever. Annie now felt the want of rest severely and her health began to decline seriously, but she hesitated to confess it; she felt unwilling to return to the poor costage, to be a burden to her parents—as she fancied—till at last the young ladies told her that she was too delicate to be useful to them and might seek another place. It was too late to do so,—Annie felt unequal to encounter more strange faces,—she longed at last for home and wrote to her mother to say that her health was not so good as it had been, that she thought change of air would be beneficial, and if they would have her she would be with them the following week.

“*If they would have her!*” The father was inclined to quarrel with the expression, but the mother soothed him, and the good rector and his wife proposed that Annie should occupy her pleasant room at the rectory. So when she drove up to the inn-door, good Mr. Halton was waiting for her in his gig. Sad indeed her appearance made him, and as they drove in at the rectory gate, he felt quite sorry for her parents, who stood at the open door waiting to receive her.

“Oh, my child, my child!” cried the heart-stricken mother; “I might have known what would be the consequence of your going back to London. Ah, Annie! if you had only taken my advice and—”

“Mother don't reproach me,” said poor Annie with a burst of sorrow,—“God knows, I repent bitterly of not having

taken it from the first and staid with good Mrs. Halton ! Even the money I was saving to bring home has been spent in doctor's bills, for I tried to conceal how ill I was from the young ladies, for fear they should send me away."

"Never mind the money, my poor girl," said her father, we do not want it, and it is no use talking, now you have come home, of what has been ; I am thankful you have come back to us as good as you went, and not spoilt by the bad company you have been in. God bless you, and spare you to us !" But her poor mother, who stood crying bitterly, shook her head, and Mr. and Mrs. Halton turned away in tears themselves, for they saw traces of decline in Annie Maxwell's pale and faded face. She thanked them over and over again, for their kindness which she so little deserved, and when Mrs. Halton and her mother accompanied her to the small but cleanly room she was to occupy, she thought how much her opinions had been altered by circumstances since she had last seen it. So peaceful, yet so cheerful it looked with a green and clustering vine struggling for admittance at the latticed window, and a saucy robin peeping in ; there was the sheep-bell tinkling in the paddock beyond the pretty flower garden, and the gardener beneath, whistling "Bright Chanticleer," after his old manner, as he moved the fresh grass between the gay flower beds. The hay-wagon was winding down the road, bearing above its fragrant burthen a crowd of laughing children and singing women.

Annie stood at her window, looking out and listening with a heavy heart, yet struggling with her feelings ; for Mrs. Halton had left her with her mother, who was watching her child with an anxious eye. When she was preparing to depart for the cottage, Mrs. Halton begged she would remain with her daughter. The next day Annie felt better, but having read something of her destiny in the concerned eyes of the village apothecary, a cleverer man than many who have risen to eminence, she felt a feverish wish to get home before it was too late. The Haltons would gladly have kept her, but entreating them "not to think her ungrateful this time," she said, she wished as long as she remained in this world to be near all her family, under her father's roof,—the poor cottage. Thither then she was conveyed, and soon afterwards took to her bed ; and when the kindly neighbours found that the garden-gate was locked, they knew she must be too ill to see any but her own people. Mr. Halton was there

every day, and seldom without his wife, who after her long visits was seen walking through the village with her head bent down, evidently weeping. Mrs. Hammond was one of the few villagers permitted to visit Annie, rather against Mr. Wilson's the apothecary's will, till he found his patient looked and wished for her coming. Richard Hammond had returned to the neighbourhood, well nigh ruined by his intercourse with the world. Several times it was said, his master had threatened to turn him away for his misconduct, but he was such an excellent groom, that Mr. Stratford overlooked many of his faults on this account.

"It is strange," said Annie Maxwell, one bright August morning, "how well I feel, I shall get up to-day and sit in Mrs. Halton's nice easy chair in the window. What a delicious warm day! How gay everything looks! How pleasantly busy, not as in London overwhelmed with toil, and anxious from the consequences of exertion. Ah! there are the wise bees father used to shew us as examples when we were little. Hark! how that shot mars the pleasantness of these sounds! Who did mother say it was?" asked Annie quickly of her sister.

"Richard Hammond most likely, she says, for when he has not got anything else to do, he likes to have a shot at the sparrows."

The name of her old lover stopped the current of Annie's happier feelings, and turned them suddenly into another channel. When her mother came into the room, she found her up and seated at the window, but with tears stealing down her face.

"Why, how is this Annie?" said Mrs. Maxwell, "I thought you were going to do great things to-day; see, there is Mrs. Hammond coming through the gate, and see how your father is smiling as he lets her in; do not disappoint them; cheer up! think how much better you are, even Mr. Wilson is surprised at you."

Annie dried her eyes and smiled as her father brought Mrs. Hammond up to her pleasant chamber window, and there were great wonders expressed among them at the change for the better that seemed to have taken place.

Seemed!—Alas it was all seeming. A violent fit of coughing came on and they were obliged to close the window. After this, being much exhausted, she lay down, and Mr. and Mrs. Halton coming in, they remained with her till evening.

Just as they were going away, Mr. Wilson paid the cottage a second visit, the rallying in the early part of the morning had surprised him, and he felt fearful it might only be the precursor of a decided change for the worse. However, he found his patient very calm, and again sitting at the open window, with the bright sun shining in upon her, and shedding a glow upon her young sweet face. He and the Haltons left her then, they saw no cause for apprehending immediate dissolution, but as they walked down the garden-path, the invalid looked wistfully after them, while tears—the slow unchecked tears of weakness—again rolled down her cheeks. Now loud gay voices drew near as if approaching the gate, people singing in chorus. They were Mr. Stratford's game-keepers, with dogs which they had been training, and Richard Hammond leading the way, singing louder than them all, and evidently under the influence of drink; but at the gate of Maxwell's garden he paused, and lingering behind his companions, looked across it at the house. He saw Annie at the window—he tried to open the gate—it had been locked at the Haltons' departure—he sprang over it at once and advanced up the walk. Mr. Maxwell went forward from his door to meet and check him, but Richard arrested his intended remonstrances, by saying, in a sobered voice "forgive me, Mr. Maxwell, the sight of your daughter has brought me to my senses at once, and I hope she will speak to me, although I do not deserve to stand among you." No further words passed—Maxwell turned back at once—Annie saw Richard enter the house, and as her father opened the door of her room, she stretched out her arms towards it. She could not speak, but her beseeching looks and gestures shewed her anxiety for the admittance of her recreant lover. His mother rose to let him in, and he standing at the threshold, hesitated whether to advance or not. Those outstretched arms bespoke his welcome, and drawing near he knelt down at the feet of his dying love, his early playmate. Not one word could he say, he could do nothing but weep, and kiss the thin hands extended to him. Paler and paler, weaker and weaker, became the sickly girl. "Richard Hammond," she murmured at last, "for your mother's sake repent, or rather pray that you may have strength to repent, for you cannot do it yourself: think of me sometimes, and when you hope that I am in Heaven, as I am sure you will, think of meeting me there,—for my sake then—I being dead

—but more especially for your mother's, since she is left to your care, look back upon your past life, and pray for help to reform the future. I thank God," she continued, raising her eyes which shone with that unnatural light which so often precedes death in consumptive persons, "I thank God, that He hath left me my faculties till the last, and that, among those who are with me in my dying moments, I am permitted to bless you with them. Bless you all, and may you be consoled when you remember, how happy my death is made by the sight of Richard Hammond at his mother's side. Think not, my dear parents, that I dwell more on the idea of Richard than of you; remember how much more joy there is in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over those who need no repentance,—at least none like his."

After a pause which was broken only by the sobs of the children, who could not restrain their anguish, Annie said, "I wish good Mr. and Mrs. Halton had not left us, they would have been glad to have seen the last of me."

It seemed as if her wish had been anticipated, for they suddenly appeared at the gate with Mr. Wilson: they had heard in the village that Richard Hammond had gone into the Maxwells' cottage, and all justly fearing the effects of such a visit, resolved on retracing their steps immediately. They saw by the young brothers' face who let them in, that there was a change, and looking in at the window they fancied poor Annie was quite gone. But on their entrance she raised her head, smiled as she looked from them to her lover, who held his mother in his arms, and casting her eyes slowly and earnestly round the little circle of friends, with which it had pleased God to gird her last moments, her lips moved inaudibly, and even with a prayer upon them,—her head fell back, her eyes closed, and the soul left the body on the invisible wings of a gentle sigh!

"Mother, mother, don't let them take sister away," said Annie's only sister on the morning of the funeral. "Oh, mother! what shall we do for want of our Annie?"

"Let us thank God," said the father in a solemn voice, "that this time she has left us for a better and a happier home." And all kneeling down, Richard Hammond and his mother among the group, the father gave thanks to God for having made her his own, who might, but that she had been early taught the truth, have been lost in this world and the next.

That evening as they all sat within the house, grieving naturally, and naturally too wishing that Annie had been contented to remain at home instead of seeking change, Mr. Halton came among them, and when he had spoken words of comfort to them all, he asked Richard Hammond how he would like to serve him instead of Squire Stratford, in whose house there might be what the world called pleasure, but where none could say there was peace. Thanking him, Richard Hammond at once profited by this opportunity afforded for a change of life, and was a faithful servant to his best friend for many years. Annie Maxwell's last words had made their due impression on him, he was never again tempted to mix with the evil associates he had met during his period of service at Mr. Stratford's, and clinging fondly to the memory of his early and innocent days, it appeared as though he was anxious to renew them as far as he could, for he married Annie's younger sister in the course of time.

Contented with their lot, for the lesson of poor Annie's repentance had been impressed on the memory of all her family, they strove to make the most of what they had by industry and honesty. Their farm was one of the most thriving in the country, and when Maxwell and his wife grew old, it was a great thing for them to leave the management of the market-garden to their industrious sons, and sit down to rest in the porch of Richard Hammond's old-fashioned farm-house, or beside the blazing fire in his hospitable chimney nook. Sometimes, even in their happiest hours, the parents would give a sigh to the memory of poor Annie, and her history was so often referred to in the little circle, that the young members of it were made familiar with the moral relating to it, and never dreamed of uttering a wish to "better themselves."

MOONLIGHT IN NORTH AMERICA.

Lines from an unpublished Tragedy.

The glassy lake gave back the silvery ray
Of the cold moon ; the breezes scarcely stirred
The light-wreath'd snow-flakes of earth's dazzling vest ;
The ice-hung trees might shame Golconda's gems ;
And on their boughs far other beauty shone
Than the bright blossom of the early spring,
Or the dark foliage of their summer's pride,—
Or when, with fruits of generous autumn bent,
They yield their treasures to the laboring swain.
A thousand diamonds glitter'd on the trees,
And showed a jewelled forest, and if e'er
The softest breezes did but stir the air,
Fragile and bright, they fell, a shower of gems.
Earth wore a snowy mantle, and the sky,
With scarce a cloud to shade its blue serene,
Was gemm'd with myriad hosts of circling worlds.
O'er the blue vault the mystic northern light
Streamed upwards ; in the moon's unshaded ray,
Scarce seen, but when some passing fleecy cloud
Tempered, but not obscured her brighter beam ;
Or far and wide, over the snowy plain
It cast a lurid glare, as if a host
Of startled demons to the sky uncoiled
A thousand meteor torches.

On the lake

We were a merry crew ; with laugh, and jest,
And shout, and wild hurra, we swept the ice,
In circling labyrinths, here figures rare,
And strange device, traced by the ringing skate,
And there two names were deftly joined in bonds,
Alas! as soon to melt and pass away
As was the love of those who bore the names.
Thus sped we gaily on, and then, anon,
When chil'd and wearied with the tightened skate,
Swift back to shore we flew. And there, beneath
The shelter of a lightning-riven pine,
Blazed a red flame, and gathering round its heat,
A joyous bright-eyed group of gentler forms
Than ours there stood, who gaily bade us welcome ;
And then with song and laugh swift sped the hour,
And there in simple joyous mirth we plied
Our harmless revels ; and then forth again
Out on the lake we sallied, but not now
With merry shout, and wild and boisterous glee,

For on each careful arm there hung a weight
 More precious far than had that weight been gold
 From torrid Ashantee, or wealth of Ind ;
 And trusting for support on me there leaned
 The brightest of the fair amid that throng
 Of bright and beautiful ; and as my skill
 Guided her footsteps on the treach'rous way,
 She smiled and thanked me. How my youthful blood
 Bounded with warmer throbbings in its course,
 As to her ear I poured the faltering tale
 Of all my love, and with a fluttering heart,
 Waited her answer. Trembling she replied—
 With what a rapture on her opening lips
 I hung (and longed to press her to my heart,
 And feel the bliss of love returned) and heard—
 “ *My eye, I guess it is tarnation cold!*”

ICHABOD LEATHER STOCKING.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VI.

Burford's Panorama of Constantinople—The Seraskier Tower—Position of Constantinople—Bulgurlu—Pera—The Hotel d' Angleterre—Misseri—Caiques—The Palace of Belisarius—The Seven Towers—The Sweet Waters of Europe—The Cisterns—The Hippodrome—The Bosphorus—The Cemeteries—The Howling Dervishes—The Dancing Dervishes—The Bazaars—A Turkish Bath—The Seraglio—The Mosque of Sultan Achmet—St. Sophia's.

I had originally commenced the present chapter by some highly encomiastic remarks on Mr. Burford's panorama of Constantinople :*—a work of art which could not under any circumstances fail of exciting the admiration of the beholder, but which made perhaps a deeper impression on my mind than it otherwise would have done, from the circumstance of its being seen by me but a short time after I had feasted my eyes upon its original.

I remember myself standing on the balcony at the top of the Seraskier Tower, from which the panorama was taken,—

* Exhibited about three years ago in Leicester square, London.

by the same token the old sergeant, or whoever he is, insisted on my smoking and drinking coffee with him,—here Turkish hospitality begins and ends. Before me lay the whole city with the numberless gilded crescents, that crown its minarets glittering in the sunshine. The massive pile of the seven towers, the leaden domes of the bazaars and khans, the tapering minarets, the tall dark cypresses, the seraglio and its gardens, the still silvery waters of the golden horn with the shipping of every country under heaven lying at anchor, the princely palace of the Russian Ambassador, the peaceful valley of the sweet waters of Europe, the entrance to the Bosphorus with the tower of Leander* rising from the water, and beyond, the green hills of Asia all lay stretched before me like a fairy vision. When raised so far above it as not to be sensible of the hum and confusion of a great city, there is something unreal in the scene which adds an indescribable charm to its exquisite beauties.

The vision that prompted the Emperor Constantine to make choice of this spot for the site of the new metropolis of his empire was much more reasonable than visions usually are. A glance at the map will shew how admirably the city is placed for purposes of trade, commanding as it does one of the great passes from Europe to the East and all the internal trade of the Mediterranean and Black seas. For military strength the position is almost unequalled; being defended from attacks from the sea, by the narrow straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and from assaults by land by the snow-covered summits of the Balkan.

But the Seraskier Tower, though the best suited for a panorama, does not afford the most beautiful view of the city and its environs. From a hill called Bulgurlu, which overhangs Scutari, the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, a view may be obtained which, while it embraces nearly all the points seen from the Seraskier Tower, includes also a considerable part of the sea of Marmora, and the whole of the Bosphorus, from Constantinople to the Black Sea. Thus seen, the Bosphorus presents an appearance much more beautiful than it wears to one floating on its waters in a caique. As seen from Bulgurlu, the houses, palaces, and mosques, which crowd its sides, and give it the appearance

* A small tower built on a rock just at the entrance of the Bosphorus. The name of the Tower of Leander is a strange misnomer, and was probably invented by some one who did not know the difference between the Bosphorus and the Hellespont.

of a vast street, bear no relation to the richly wooded hills and silver waters which form its real attraction: from Bulgurlu, we see the Bosphorus as nature made it: from its waters we see its banks as the hand of man has deformed them. Besides from Bulgurlu the eye can follow its meandering channel from the walls of the city, to which it wafts its riches, as it winds round the Giant's mountain to the Cyanean rocks, the black Symplegades which mark its junction with the Euxine: all its beauties, which it takes hours to examine in succession, are here drunk in by the eye in one intoxicating draught.

But it is time that we should descend and enter the city; alas! that we should ever do so, and learn how different is the internal filth from the external beauty of the place! There is, however, at least, one spot within the walls of Constantinople, where an Englishman may find that *comfort* which is said to be the peculiar characteristic of his country. Landed, therefore, on the quay of Galata, let us pursue our way up the narrow streets, through the kennel and the gutters, to Pera and the Hotel d'Angleterre. We are received at the door by James Misseri, a character well known to all oriental travellers, the Misseri of Lord Lindsay and Eothen, and (which is more to *our* purpose,) the Misseri of the Hotel d'Angleterre, Pera. Having himself travelled, I believe, over nearly the whole globe, and speaking with the tongue of every nation under heaven,* Misseri has contrived to collect all the best customs of all the different countries which he has visited, and to bring them all together in his hotel at Pera. Thus his furniture savours of the Turkish and the English, his cooking is a happy mixture of the English and the French, with every now and then a Greek or Turkish dish, for the sake of variety. The attendance is like that of the best hotels in Switzerland; and in the saloon may be found English, French, German, and Greek newspapers. The customs of his guests are as those of cosmopolites, each consulting his own taste and comfort more than ceremony and appearance; so that, as at dinner all sorts of liquors, from Champagne to beer, were to be had at will, so after the cloth was removed, the chibouque, the nargillé, the meerschaum, the chicroot, and the cigar were all held equally admissible.

* He speaks, I believe, *thirteen* languages.

Pera, the suburb in which Missseri's hotel is situated, stands, as its* name imports, on the opposite side of the golden horn to that on which Stamboul or Constantinople proper is situated. It is the Frank quarter of the city, and here all the Christian residents live under the laws of their own countries administered by their respective ambassadors, each of whom has (or had until they were destroyed by one of those disastrous fires by which Constantinople is so frequently visited,) a palace in this quarter; among which that of Russia stands pre-eminent. An English palace was in the course of erection when I visited Constantinople, but as far as I could judge, it will not be equal either in situation or appearance to that of Russia. Pera itself being inhabited entirely by Europeans, has nothing oriental in its character, but is like a second-rate French town.

In order to reach Stamboul, in which all the objects of interest as well as the bazaars, baths, &c. are situated, it is necessary to cross the Golden Horn, over which there are two bridges of boats, one of which was opened by the Sultan in person, while I was at Constantinople. The caiques, however, which ply at the mouth of the harbour, and are rowed some by one, some by two pair of skulls, are more generally employed. These boats are sharp at both ends, like canoes, and are profusely decorated with carved work, and as they shoot along in great numbers backwards and forwards across the harbour, form a very picturesque object in the scene.

Arrived at the opposite side of the harbour, one or two days may be spent pleasantly enough in sauntering about the narrow streets, and observing the numerous objects which present themselves as novelties to a European eye. First you may observe the slow and steady pace of the inhabitants whose pride has not been removed by their national degradation. Next a hook-nosed Jew will shuffle by with his eyes bent on the ground, and his fingers moving in calculation of the gains and losses of the day. Females in yellow slippers and white *yashmacs*, or veils, from the aperture in which two large black eyes shine with the brighter lustre for the concealment of the other features; now and then one of the higher class, wrapped in a black silk mantle, mounted on a donkey, and attended by a black eunuch; or, perhaps, even seated on a ricketty conveyance resembling a miniature of the Lord Mayor's equipage; next will pass a Dervish with long flowing hair; from a minaret hard by is heard

* *πέρα beyond.*

the deep chant of the Muezzin announcing to the faithful the hour of prayer; in front is the sepulchre of the family of a deceased Sultan, through the bars of which may be seen the monuments, each surmounted by a turban, indicating the rank and age of the deceased; while at a grating near one of the attendants of the tomb is serving out to rich and poor alike little brazen cups of pure water. Presently passes by a long string of canels loaded with merchandize; at the door of each house is seated the owner, holding to his lips the ever-present chibouque; and from every corner is thrust forward the head of one of those mangy curs which infest the streets and act as the scavengers of Constantinople.

One of the first places I was taken to visit, (for I delivered myself up into the hands of Constantine, to take me where he would,) was an old ruined building called the Palace of Belisarius, which I found occupied by a number of filthy unwashed Jews; a circumstance which of itself inclined me to leave it as soon as possible. It is only interesting as it presents a different view of the city from any which I had previously seen; and Constantinople is worth looking at from every possible point of view.

I went next to the Seven Towers, a huge irregular pile of building, which occupies one of the angles of the triangle formed by Stamboul; one side being formed by the Golden Horn, one by the sea of Marmora, and the base by a wall extending from the Seven Towers on the edge of the latter to the sweet waters of Europe, which are situated at the extremity of the former; the Seraglio-point being the vertex of the triangle. The Seven Towers appear to serve Constantinople for much the same purposes as the Tower of London does our metropolis, as a fortress, a magazine for arms, a state prison, and a treasury for the royal mosques; from the highest point the view extends over a great part of the sea of Marmora as well as across the city to Galata and Pera, and to a part of the opposite coast of Asia. My visits to these places are chiefly remembered in connection with the invariable pipe and coffee which the Turks think it a duty to offer on every occasion, and I always thought it *my* duty to accept.

I rode along the wall at the back of Constantinople, from the Seven Towers to the valley of the Sweet Waters where the Sultan has a summer palace and a park, in which his highness was riding in solitary dignity, attended by two black slaves on foot. The country around the Sweet Waters

is very pretty, and has something of the character of an English park; the ride from thence to Pera is also very pleasant, and the visit to the Seven Towers and the valley of the Sweet Waters forms a very agreeable day's excursion.

Constantinople contains but few memorials of ancient Byzantium; nor are those few of any great interest. As instances of the excessive labor, which must have been employed in the public works of the city, the most remarkable are several enormous cisterns supported by a great number of pillars (one is known as the cistern of a thousand and one columns): some of these are still used as receptacles for water, others are now occupied by a number of silk weavers who pursue their labors in this melancholy region.

But the most remarkable relic of the ancient city is the Hippodrome, or horse-course, a great oblong enclosure in which the horse-races and other games were held, and which was the scene of several of those numerous and fatal popular tumults so frequent in the history of Byzantium. It is now occupied by three pillars or monuments: the first of which is an Egyptian Obelisk, now raised on a pedestal on which are represented (as on that in the Place de la Concorde, at Paris,) the machines by which the immense mass of stone was moved and raised: next is a square pillar formed of blocks of marble, (now very much dilapidated,) on which is a Greek inscription of the time, I believe, of the Emperor Theodosius. The third and most curious of these monuments is a brazen column about fifteen feet high, representing three serpents coiled around each other: in its original state the heads were extended in different directions, and it is said to have supported the sacred tripod at Delphi: the trunk alone however now remains, all the heads having disappeared: one of them is said to have been struck off by Mahomed II. the Turkish conqueror of Constantinople, on his first entrance into the city.

Employment may be found for another day in passing, in a caique, up and down the Bosphorus, the sides of which are formed by hills beautifully clothed with wood, and crowded with palaces, mosques, and villages. Nearly all the European Ambassadors have their summer residences on the banks of the Bosphorus, and almost all the richer inhabitants of Constantinople retire here during the summer months. This has caused numerous villages to spring up on its banks, which, as I have already observed, give it, to rather an unpleasant degree, the appearance of a street: in

all other respects the scenery is most beautiful. The succession of mountains, woods, valleys, &c., is, however, such as would scarcely admit a verbal description, even if written on the spot, still less from memory: it must therefore be left to the reader to imagine all that he can most beautiful in this style of scenery, and he may be sure that his imagination will not exceed the reality. The scenery of the Asiatic is more beautiful than that of the European side: here also is the Giant Mountain, which rises very boldly from the water's edge: not far from the same spot is the village of Unkiar-Skelessi, the scene of the celebrated treaty of that name: and the Sweet Waters of Asia, a lovely valley, superior to its European namesake. On the European side, near Constantinople are the residences of the pachas in attendance on the court; and one palace was pointed out to me as that to which the dowager sultanas are consigned on the death of their husband to spend the rest of their lives in probably sincere mourning for his loss. Poor things! with no subjects to interest them, no news, no gossip, no shopping, no Mr. Caudle,—their condition is truly pitiable.

The favorite promenades in Constantinople are, strangely enough, the cemeteries. These tall dark groves of cypress which spring up in every quarter around the city, though well suited for serious and pensive contemplation, are curious places for sport and relaxation, and it has a very queer effect to see the old Turks sitting with their chibouques and nargilhes, and sipping their coffee, and the gay Franks in all the glory of silks, satins, and velvets, promenading up and down among them. Sometimes into the midst of such a scene a funeral procession will intrude, and though the boisterous cries of the hired mourners, and the rapid pace at which the bearers carry the body to the tomb, in order that the soul may taste of bliss the earlier, accord as little with the solemn nature of their employment as do the frivolous conversation and light laughter of the promenaders with the scene in which they are held, such an intrusion seldom fail to cast a gloom over the gay party, and send them home earlier than usual.

The sights of Constantinople are so various, that I scarcely know in what order to present them to the reader; the exhibitions of the Dervishes are among the most curious; those of the howling Dervishes take place at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, which is about a mile across at this part; those of the dancing Dervishes at Pera, not far

from Misseri's Hotel. The former are the most remarkable.*

They are held in a small circular building devoted to the purpose. The principal of the sect takes his seat upon the floor, and the Dervishes are ranged in a semicircle at a short distance all looking towards the Sheik. The latter utters a rather lengthy prayer, or invocation, to which his followers utter a response answering, I believe, to our *Amen*. The Sheik then pronounces in a distinct voice, a profession of faith, which I believe, may be simply interpreted, "God is great." Instantly the whole body of the Dervishes rise up and repeat the words, at first in a reverential tone of voice; but as they warm with the subject, and change the mere repetition into a chaunt, the effect is wholly different; the only sound which is distinguishable is "Allah-lah-lah-lah-lah," which with each repetition increases in rapidity, so that after about a quarter of an hour's performance, the din is inconceivable; "lah-lah-lah-lah" is all that can be heard, while each of the performers seems to be vying with the others in his efforts to produce the unmeaning sound with the greatest rapidity. The old Sheik has the best time of it; for he still sits like the conductor of an orchestra, bowing his venerable head at each successive "lah," and occasionally uttering a stentorian monosyllable by way of encouragement. The enthusiasm which the Dervishes feel in this very peculiar method of doing glory to Allah is most remarkable. On the occasion of my visit to Scutari, I am certain that the performance must have exceeded two hours in duration, throughout the whole of which time some thirty Dervishes, clothed in long robes and grotesque sugar-loaf hats, were perpetually chaunting "lah-lah-lah-lah," the Sheik still nodding his head like a Chinese chimney-ornament, and occasionally giving vent to a vociferous "lah," which never failed to increase the ardour of the performers. It reminded me very forcibly of the vociferous invocations of the worshippers of Baal. "Oh Baal, hear us! oh Baal, hear us!" and of the persevering worship of the followers of Demetrius, the silversmith, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians, great is Diana of the Ephesians."

The great physical exertions of the Dervishes were, for a time, actually painful to witness, until at length they worked themselves into such a state of phrenzy, that their perpetual

* They greatly resemble, if I am rightly informed, some of the celebrations of the Malays in this colony.

“lah-lah” sounded more like the motion of a steam-engine than any sound produced by human beings; no less than three of the performers were carried out in a state of insensibility, and I am told that this is far from being an unusual occurrence.

When the Dervishes had been asseverating the praises of Allah, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, for about two hours, the Sheik at length took pity upon them, and taking down from the peg above him a huge tambourine, well provided with bells, and all implements of noise, commenced beating it in a frantic manner, with a noble disregard of all principles of melody. All the Dervishes immediately followed his example, and for about a quarter of an hour the din was inconceivable,—“lah-lah-dong-ding-lah-dong &c.,”—even the noise of the tambourines was not sufficient to cast any discredit upon the character of the howling Dervishes.

But when the tambourines were laid aside, and the howling was at length concluded, the ceremony was not yet at an end. Whether the remainder consisted of a juggling performance, equally worthy of the religious objects professed with what had gone before, I am not able to say; but if it did not, I can only characterize it as worthy of being classed with the human sacrifices which are said to have formed a characteristic feature of the Druidical ceremonies. It should be understood that the spectators of these *entertainments* (having previously put off their shoes from off their feet, the place whereon they stand being holy ground,) are ranged about the area in which the performance takes place, in a sort of cloister, above which is a gallery, carefully covered in from the glances of profane eyes, for the accommodation of pious females who may thus observe the elevating means of obtaining the felicity to which they must not themselves aspire.

At the period of which I speak, the Sheik rose and coming into the centre of the apartment, called from among the crowd two or three small boys, who were made the victims of the cruelty, or, as I willingly believe, the instruments of the jugglery, of the order. One had a skewer stuck through his cheeks, another had live coals placed in his hands, a third carried one on his tongue, and thus supplied they were sent round the apartment among the vociferous howls of the Dervishes.

At this stage of the ceremony I became disgusted, retired

from the building, replaced my boots, betook myself to my caique, and returned to Pera; where a few days afterwards I witnessed the performance of the dancing Dervishes, which, though not more reasonable, is certainly less disgusting than that above described. Here, the Sheik, after the usual prayers, places himself in the centre of the room, and the Dervishes arrange themselves around him in two circles, one within the other. At a sign from their leader the dance commenced; each circle revolving slowly round the centre, and each Dervish (so to speak) round his own axis. Their eyes were fixed upon the floor, the right hand pointed to heaven, the left to the ground. The motion at first, was very slow, but it gradually became quicker, until at length they reached a degree of rapidity which would make the most accomplished waltzer envious. Round and round they swept, each maintaining his regular distance from his comrades, and each advancing round the Sheik with the same rapidity with which he turned his own body. Their heavy robes swung round as lightly as an opera-dancer's gauze petticoat, and their strange hats, like four-and-ninpenny wide-awakes, which have lost their rims, and been reduced to a pulpy consistency by a recent shower, added to the absurdity of the scene. When they were at full speed, the Sheik raised his hand, and each Dervish was in a moment motionless as if he had never moved,—only, however, to resume his motion at a similar signal,—and all, doubtless, to the great glory of Allah.

We cross the Golden Horn again; again we thread the narrow streets, and in a few moments we find ourselves at the entrance of a Turkish Bazaar. It would be tedious to attempt a description of what has been described so often. Let it suffice, therefore, to say that the bazaars of Constantinople are long narrow covered streets, at the sides of which are ranged stalls about three feet from the ground, at or on each of which is squatted the merchant, pipe in hand, his wares being ranged in shelves around him. These are professors, from whom the most finished English student of the art of humbug need not disdain to take a lesson. Here may you buy Brousa stuffs, fresh from Manchester,—ancient armour of Brummagem manufacture, and real Turkish Otto of Roses in French scent-bottles. As you enter you are assailed with vociferous cries of “signore, capitano, &c.” but, after all, the chief attention is paid to your dragoman, who, by the way, is the

biggest humbug of all, and according to a tariff recognized by the fraternity, receives at least 25 per cent. on all your purchases. If you shew a disposition to buy you are invited to squat upon the raised floor of the stall. If, as you receive, through your interpreter, the second-hand praises of the article in question, your interest appears to increase, the seller generally hands you his pipe, which leads to coffee as a matter of course. I got a good deal of the produce of Mocha and Latakia very cheap in this way.

At last you come to the bargain. The merchant demands double what he intends to take,—and you, in return, offer half what you mean to give, and after a discussion, proportioned in its duration to the importance of the transaction, you come to the actual price received and given, which is usually about four times the value of the article. You then walk on, your dragoman returns for his pipe, or his cap, or his handkerchief, which he has forgotten, receives his percentage, and rejoins you, and you retire from the bazaar with the proud satisfaction of having been sold a bargain. I bought many pipes and nargilhés, and papooshes, and tarbooshes, and embroidered handkerchiefs, and other things, all which are long since at the bottom of the sea. But when I got home, I had the satisfaction of telling my friends of the handsome presents I intended to have given them.

Tired, one day, with my walk through the bazaar (I visited them almost daily) I was seduced, in a weak moment, into a Turkish bath. At this moment my very bones ache at the recollection. Never if I live to be three score years and ten, shall I forget how the barbarous bath-man cracked every joint in my unfortunate body, made my elbows meet behind me, pulled my shoulders out of their sockets, filled my mouth with soap, and dislocated my ribs. These are painful reminiscences, but my persecutor was a Turk, and the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. But when the trial was over, and, wrapped in a loose robe and reclined on a sofa in the outer saloon, I imbibed the fragrant coffee and inhaled the cool vapor from the nargilhé: that was indeed delightful. It was perhaps worth while to pass through such a purgatory to taste of such bliss after it.

My stay at Constantinople was drawing to a close and I had not yet seen its greatest sight—St. Sophia. None of the royal mosques can be entered without the sanction of a Firman, under the sign manual of the Sultan, and this instrument can only be obtained at an expence of twenty

pounds. It is usual therefore to make up a subscription at the hotels, and, when the sum required is collected, the whole party issues forth together, each man followed by his servant, armed with a large pair of slippers which can be worn over the boots—this compromise being accepted by the Turks in lieu of the actual denuding of the feet. The firman also gives admission to the seraglio,* or palace of the Sultan, when his highness is absent, and thither we accordingly first turned our steps. Neither the seraglio nor its gardens have the slightest pretensions to magnificence, or beauty: the latter are laid out formally in the French style, the former has been built in patches by successive Sultans, and has, of course, no appearance of unity of design. The interior is scantily and not handsomely furnished, and the only objects of ornament are a great number of small French clocks, of which the Sultan would appear to be particularly fond, and some inferior prints,—for his highness is an enlightened Turk, and does not altogether forswear graven images, under the idea that he will be called upon by the prophet to endow them with life. The whole will not bear comparison with a palace in any second rate European capital. We passed out of the precincts of the seraglio under the lofty gate-way from which the Sublime Porte derives its title.

We passed next to the mosques. Of these only one—that of Sultan Achmet—has any pretensions to architectural beauty. This is really a graceful building. It is oblong in form and has six minarets, one at each corner, and one in the middle of each of the longer sides. It is, I believe, the only mosque in the Turkish dominions which is thus supplied, the largest number of minarets in other cases being four.

St. Sophia's, the principal mosque, is a very heavy building, and by no means attractive in its outward appearance; but the interior, as seen from the high gallery that surrounds it, is perhaps the most imposing in the world. In saying this I only state the impression which was made in my own mind by the magnificent spectacle. Some visiters are disappointed; but their expectations must, I think, be very extravagant.

I cannot tell to what to attribute the overpowering sensation of awe, which is caused by the contemplation of the interior

* The vulgar idea that this word is synonymous with *harem* is quite erroneous.

of St. Sophia's. I am not sure that it is not the majestic simplicity of the building, and the utter absence of all minute ornament. There is no attempt at decoration: probably, the architect felt, that, in such a structure, all ornament would appear meretricious. I do not know the exact dimensions of the building. Gibbon states it to be about 243 feet in breadth, and 269 in length; and 180 feet from the highest point of the dome to the pavement. This dome is, I believe, an architectural wonder. The circle on which it rests is 115 feet in diameter, and the depth of the dome is only about 19 feet.

One circumstance there is, which may seem very trivial in description, but is very annoying to the eye of the spectator. All the worshippers spread their carpets and turn their faces in a line, not parallel with the walls of the building, but nearly diagonal. The reason of this is, that the building—which was originally a Christian church—stands due East and West, whereas the Turks, in their devotions, direct their faces towards Mecca.

The church of St. Sophia, originally reared by Constantine, was destroyed by fire, as was a second building raised upon the same site. The present structure is the work of the emperor Justinian, who boasted, on its completion, that he had conquered Solomon. It was in the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, that St. Sophia was converted into a Moslem mosque. On the 29th May in that memorable year, the last emperor of the East, Constantine Palæologus, fell, in defending the capital city of his empire, and Sultan Mahomet II. entered Constantinople as a conqueror, in defiance of Christianity, and laid the foundation of that mighty empire, which now only exists by the sufferance of the Christian powers of Europe. On that day there reigned in Constantinople, from morning until evening, all the horrors which usually attend the capture of a besieged and resisting city. On the evening of that day the voice of the muezzin sounded from one of the high turrets that supported the dome of the great church of the city, and summoned the faithful from their work of carnage to the performance of their religious rites. Straight from the doing of many a dark deed they hurried through the portals of the temple; loaded with spoil and smeared with blood, they came to do honor to the Deity, before whose judgment seat they had that day sent so many souls, innocent and guilty; and amid the clashing of armor, and the shouts of the victors, and the shrieks of the con-

quered, there arose from beside the high altar of the church of St. Sophia, the deep clear tones of the conqueror, proclaiming the profession of the Moslem faith:—"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God!"

Will the cross ever again replace the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia? Will the Christian creed be again proclaimed from its altar more peacefully than it was displaced? Time alone can show. But no Christian can set his foot within its walls, and bear its history in his recollection, without inwardly praying that it may be again dedicated to the service of that purer faith to which it was originally devoted.



AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

The following characteristic letter of the talented Madame JUNOT, Duchesse d'Abrantes, addressed to her husband, in Portugal, will be read with interest. It was intercepted by the Outposts of Marshal Beresford's Army, taken from a peasant, endeavouring to convey it to its destination.

Salamanca, 15 Jan. 1811.

Mon Ami!

Depuis vingt-huit jours je t'ai rendu père d'un second garçon, et tu l'ignores encore, puisque depuis cette époque toutes mes tentatives pour te faire parvenir une lettre ont été infructueuses. Deux fois l'armée du General Drouet a essayée d'entrer, et deux fois elle est revenue. Sera t'elle plus heureuse cette fois? je l'ignore! Mais avec quelle ardeur je prie le ciel que du moins cette lettre puisse te parvenir! Il y aura demain trois mois que nous sommes séparés, et depuis ce moment tu dois être privé de mes nouvelles, comme je le suis des tiennes. Je pense donc, en jugeant ton cœur d'après le mien, que tu éprouveras un sentiment de bonheur bien doux, en apprenant que ton amie est heureusement accouchée d'un fils, que tu desirais tant, et que les suites de cet événement ont été aussi heureuses qu'il était possible de la desirer, malgré l'affreuse position dans laquelle je me trouvais.

J'ai appelé notre fils Alfred, puisque nous voulions lui donner un nom qui commença par un A, j'ai joint celui de Michel, a cause de

ton pere ! Il ressemble singulierement a Napoleon, mais, je crois, qu'il sera plus fort que lui ; il a des beaux yeux bleus, une charmante petite bouche, et un peau comme du satin. Pauvre petite ange ! Quand recevra-t'il la premiere caresse paternelle ? Quand pourrai je vous serrer tous deux contre mon cœur, et oublier sur le tien les trois mois affreux, qui viennent de s'écouler ! O mon ami ! le desires tu aussi ardemment que moi, ce moment si heureux, auquel je ne puis penser sans que mon cœur batte avec plus de force, et sans que pour quelques instants au moins ma peine ne soit adoucie ? Mon ami ! pourquoi douterai je de ton cœur ! N'est il pas entierement a moi ? Ne m'as tu pas dit, repeté mille fois, que j'étais celle que tu preferais a tout ? N'est il pas vrai, que tu m'aimes, que tu m'aimes d'amour ? Redis le moi encore—redis le moi toujours—qu'il ne puisse me rester aucun doute ! tu ne sais pas combien *même le plus leger* serait cruel ! Mais je n'en veux point avoir, je ne veux croire que toi. Si c'est une illusion je veux la garder, ne la detruire pas, car elle est maintenant necessaire à ma vie.

Il y a des instans ou ma tête est bien malade, plus encore, peutêtre, que mon cœur ; mais cela tient je crois à la position dans laquelle je me trouve, habitant d'un tombeau environné de morts et de mourans, privée des nouvelles du seul ami que j'ai au monde,—loin de mes enfans, il y a en verité des momens, ou la mort est mille fois preferable à un parcil état.

Le pauvre Monsieur Eugene Montesquieu est ici, &c. &c. &c.



THE POET FATHERS OF ENGLAND.

In Mrs. Lawrance's Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England, of the 12th century, she has devoted one chapter especially to the subject of the POET FATHERS OF ENGLAND, and the Lays of the Trouvères, listened to, and patronized, by the beautiful Adelaïs of Louvain, and Elinor of Aquitaine, both of whom repaid, with the richest gifts and brightest smiles, those learned men, who laid their more finished works at the royal feet. The following remarks are extracted from her work on this interesting subject :—

“Comparatively obscure as the mediæval period may be considered, yet in it may be found the elements of all that has made England and her Literature what they are. Our popular literature has claimed it as her own, and not merely the historical plays of Shaksperc, but the ancient ballad,* even the nursery tale, have associated with our

* Chevy Chase, for instance.

earliest recollections the names of our Cœur de Lion, our Henrys, and Edwards, and invested the memories of our Maudes, our Elinors, and our Margarcts, with an interest, which the queens of a later period often fail to excite. But of them, all, the wife of the first Plantagenet, the mother of Cœur de Lion, the beautiful heiress of the seven fair provinces of Aquitaine, (that splendid dower which added a third lion to the shield of England, and is borne to this day on the royal arms.) awakens, perhaps, our brightest recollection. As the patroness of literature, her name deserves the highest station. In her court, the poets of the Langue D'Oc, and of the Langue D'Oil, sung in friendly rivalry together, and beneath the sun-shine of her smile, chivalric romance burst forth."

Of all the *trouvères* of this period, the most celebrated was Maître Robert Wace, whose fame rests on his "Brut d'Angleterre," and his "Roman du Roi." The former was presented to Elinor in 1155, and is said to have been done in presence of a court, held for that special purpose, when Maître Wace was accompanied by other minstrels, aspirants also of the royal favor.

1

Queen Elinor of England sat upon her regal chair,
The high in birth, the great in fame, the fair in looks were there,
No pageant of a monarch's court e'er found a nobler train,
Than that around the heiress rich of princely Aquitaine;
For there was seen the Templar bold, with valiant heart and hand,
And many a knight whose faith and fame yearned for the Holy Land,
That cause for which the proudest kings their armies forth had led,—
That soil on which the noblest blood of Europe had been shed;
But it was not to honour these, this pageant had been called,
Nor see the bravest of the land, with knight-hood's crest installed.

2

Around the royal lady's chair, there shines a gorgeous sight;
Beneath her throne are forms of love, with their soft eyes of light,
And merry pages standing nigh, with boyish hearts and wiles,
(Save when the stately presence awes,) leering at maiden-smiles;
And wherefore all this bright array, assembled round their queen,
So rich in brilliant panoply,—so beautiful in mien?
Soon shall thy wonder cease,—for hark, the trumpet sounds a call,
And busy men-at-arms prepare, and opening thro' the hall,
When, lo! with flowing locks, and robes, a small time-honoured band
Advance and bow,—say, who are they?—the *trouverses* of the land.*

* The celebrated *trouverses* or *trouveurs* of the 11th and 12th centuries, have been styled very properly by Mrs. Lawrance, "the Poet Fathers of England," when referring to those of our countrymen, who succeeded the first composers of romance, who followed William the Conqueror to the English land, and introduced the art. The term *trouveurs* literally implies *finders*, in Provençal changed to *troubadours*.

3

Then,—not alone that royal lip, now welcomes with its tone,
 But a buz of homage from all hearts, is echoed round the throne;
 Ay, thus in olden times arose the tribute genius gained,
 The loud applause, and largesse bright, the poet's theme obtained;
 The monarch sought the minstrel's art, to hear of glories won;*
 The lordly baron, of the deeds, performed from sire to son;
 The soldier-knight, that valour's praise might prompt to feats of arms,
 The ladye fair to list to strains of love's and triumph's charms,
 Let school-men vaunt the treasures, which to other lore belong,
 The spirit of the loftiest truth, flows from the child of song!

4

Who forward steps and knels,—with gaze fixed on his sovereign's
 face.

A whisper of delight is heard,—'tis gentle Maistre Wace,
 He speaks,—he chaunts aloud, unto Plantagenet's fair dame,
 And from his fam'd "Brut d' Angleterre,"† recites a nation's fame,
 How, erst in bright Caerleon's vale, the royal Arthur crowned,
 Stood forth amidst his valiant knights, who graced that table round,
 Knights of the loftiest chivalry that ever wielded sword, [poured,
 Oh, well might England vaunt of Bard, who such romaunts had
 Whose sire with old Duke William fought, on Hastings bloody plain,
 Inspired by all the warlike notes of Taillefer's wild strain!‡

5

Oh then another theme inspired, burst from the Trouvere's voice,
 Which kindled pride in Elinor, and made all hearts rejoice,
 'T was in the praise of three brave sons, but mostly, of the three,
 He, who for noble prowess famed, should "Cœur de Lion" be;
 Already in the minstrel's soul, prophetic visions rose,
 Of one, soon destined to become the terror of his foes,

* During the reign of our Norman Kings, the minstrel was a regular officer in the royal household; the word being derived from "ministrellus," an officer or servant. Many of the most powerful and wealthy barons entertained one of these followers. He was expected to unite with the talent of versifying those of music and recitation. The after-history of this order of men in England became very obscure, as Mr. Ellis observes, in his history of early English romance.

† Maistre Robert Wace, author of the celebrated "Brut d' Angleterre, and of the "Roman du Rou." The former poem may be considered as the first romance of chivalry; and although the historical parts are a free translation from Geoffry of Monmouth's Chronicle of early British Kings, all that relates to the renowned Arthur and his court, is purely from the Trouvere's fine imagination, the fame of which has firmly established Master Wace, as one of the most celebrated writers of the 12th century. It was at Caerleon, as he informs us, a romantic spot on the river Usk, in South Wales, that Arthur constructed his round table.

‡ Taillefer was the minstrel, (or *jogulator regis*, as Berdic, his brother-bard is termed in Domesday Book,) who attended William to the field of Hastings, and is said to have been the first who broke into the English ranks, whilst singing the *Chanson de Roland*, a famous metrical romance on the fatal battle of Roncevalles. The father of Wace, was one of the minstrels also, who accompanied the Conqueror, and took part in the fight

And as he warmed upon his theme, the Queen in rapture cried,
 "Largesse, I grant thee, Maistre Wace,—thy words have touched my
 pride,
 Tho' Gaimar's verse to Adelais, that young and beautous Queen,
 Was rich in lore, it could not boast thy *gai saber*, I ween."⁶

6

Oh, worthy was the bard indeed, of all the guerdon gained,
 And well did Elinor requite, the power of song attained, [famed, †
 For she, whose blood had sprung from one,—a monarch-minstrel
 Felt all the Sire glow in her heart when Chivalry was named,
 For had she not, a youthful bride, and in a cause divine
 Followed her first lord to the field thro' holy Palestine! ‡
 'T was then that spirit filled her soul, which soon was found to run
 In the bold veins of Richard's breast,—her dear,—her warrior-son;
 And well did he, in after years, the honoured bearing prove
 Of one, who feels, and holy keeps, a mother's tender love. §

7

Ay,—worthy was the bard indeed of all the guerdon gained,
 And has not all his bright romance to please us still remained?

* Adelais of Louvain, called "Aliz la belle," the beautiful consort of Beauclerc, was a distinguished patroness of literature, and her court became the general resort of every literary character of the age. She introduced the spirit of emulation, as regarded letters, so much, that many of the nobles, and even ladies of her court, aided in their cultivation. Geoffroi Gaimar was the celebrated trouvère of her reign. It was at this period that the important separation between the trouvère and mere jongleur, became general, and the poem no longer the rude production of the wandering minstrel. Adelais was highly complimented by the anonymous and graceful writer of the poem entitled "le Voyage de St. Brendan," but not more so than by Henry of Huntingdon, in a Latin epigram, of which the following is a translation:—

"What crown wouldst choose, oh fairest one? Why seek for thee, the gem?
 Jewels will fade upon that brow, nor glow the diadem.
 That gorgeous clothing hence away, by nature thou 'rt so drest,
 That she herself can add no more, but owns thee, loveliest;
 Hence gems and pearls,—aye, hence, sweet queen, their fading lustre see,
 They add no beauty to that brow, but borrow light from thee!"

Vide *Laurance's Memoirs*, page 68.

† The grand father of Queen Elinor, was that famous William Duke of Aquitaine, whose name stands first on the lists of those warrior-minstrels, who successfully cultivated the art of the *gai saber*, or language of the troubadours; the literal meaning of *gai saber*, being merry learning.

‡ Elinor's first husband was Louis the VII. of France, whom she accompanied, when a bride to the Holy Land; but, became very shortly after divorced from him. Incontinence on her part, was said to have been the cause for this separation, but this account has rarely been credited, since it is scarcely probable that she would have become the wife of Plantagenet so soon after.

§ Richard, afterwards Cœur de Lion, was Elinor's favorite son. The history of her lamentations at his captivity, proves how dearly he was beloved by her,—her letters to the sovereign Pontiff and others, to intercede with the emperor which are extant, show, what were her sufferings. He appears to have been equally attached to his mother.

A wild and beauteous dream was that of Arthur, and his band,
Whose rich, fictitious splendour spread its light o'er every land,
When famed Caerleon's fabled court was known from west to east,
And homage by each king was showered, and frankincense by priest,
Whilst even Rollo's* feats grew dim before the deeds of one
The mirror of each noble thought and virtue's knightly son;
Oh, more than rhymes for pleasure's ear, those poet fathers strewed,
Mingling their rays to earn our praise,—the glorious, with the good!

8

The Anglo Norman baron sought to win the minstrel's powers,
Till Avalon became his joy and Tintagel's bright bowers; †
No more the home-sick exile felt his sorrows or his pain,
Beguiled by fancy's beauteous song from thinking of Bretagne, ‡
He heard of courteous Gawain's grace, of feats by Tristrem, sung,
And of Sir Launcelot, the brave, yet gentlest there among
That bold unrivalled chivalry so brilliant in romance,
Till the round table and its knights arose in magic trance,
And who, of all that gifted band, held learning's foremost place,
When other bards to song aspired,—but honoured Maistre Wace!

9

Yet still there were, 'midst those, who now a *trouvere's* mantle wore,
He, whose rhymes tell of Norman Dukes, the rival-bard St. More;
Here Guichart de Beaulieu § was named,—well-noted for his lay,
To holier theme of verse inspired,—cured of an evil day;
And shrewd Le Fresne, who conned all things with philosophic brain,
And wit, and graver wisdom mixed, to grace his minstrel strain,
With Helis du Bourron, who writ, to please young Henry's heart,
Of Tristan's death,—and Gautier Map, skilled in the rhymer's art;
Oh, well might Britain boast of these; and Aquitaine's high dame
Pronounce those poet fathers now, the heirs of lasting fame. ||

* Rollo, the Dane, who invaded and so devastated the coast of England. He is the hero of many of the ballads of the *Scalds* of the north. He carried with him his domestic bards also.

† The beautiful and richly wooded Isle of Avalon, where the fancied death of Arthur is described; although his re-appearance after, is alluded to by the poet. His famous sword, Caliburn, was said to have been manufactured here. Tintagel is another spot famous in this romance.

‡ Bretagne is recorded as having been the native country of romantic fiction, according to Mr. Ellis' statement, as adopted by Mr. Leyden in his able introduction to the "Compliment of Scotland." It is said that the lays and music of the land, when sung to its exiles, had as powerful an effect in producing grief, as the celebrated "Ranz de Vaches" on the Swiss peasantry.

§ Beaulieu wrote a poem entitled "Le Sermon de Guichart," which is supposed by the Abbé de la Rue, to have been the production of one, who, in his youth was foremost in evil, but, became reformed, if our chronicle speaks true. Helis, du Bourron and Gautier Map, two other noted Trouveres. The former wrote the "Morte de Tristan," at the request of Prince Henry.

|| Benoit St. More, Guichart de Beaulieu, Simon le Fresne, Helis du Bourron, and Gautier Map, all co-temporaries of Maistre Robert Wace. Plantagenet is said to have patronized the first, out of opposition to Elinor's predilection for

With tribute high to bard and song, the queen her parting gave,
 Whilst echo moved the lips of all the beautiful and brave ;
 Not only there on valour's brow shone chaplets of renown,
 But bright romance was seen to rise, bedecked with laurel crown,
 By genius wooed, the art divine went forth through every land,
 To strike the harp in learning's cause, and wave its magic wand ;
 And thus again arose that sweet enchantment to beguile,
 Which first inspired " the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"*
 Heroes and poets to one race, alike in soul belong,
 'Tis glory prompts the warrior brave, and fame the child of song.

L.



MEASURE OF AN ARC OF THE MERIDIAN OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

TO DETERMINE THE FIGURE OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

By T. MACLEAR, Esq.

Although a detailed description of the methods pursued for discovering the form and dimensions of the planet we inhabit, scarcely comes within the scope of this journal, some notice of them, in a popular way, may not be uninteresting to the Cape public, particularly when they are told, that the southern end of Africa has been suspected, for nearly a century, to be flatter and nearer to the centre than the surface in the corresponding latitudes in the Northern Hemisphere, and that to this suspicion we are indebted for the operation now brought to a conclusion.

We propose to take a cursory glance at the subject from the earliest records referring to it, to show how it advanced in improvement, in close connexion with the improvement of knowledge in Astronomy and Mathematics (in fact it is a branch of the former): and when we shall have described the operation at the Cape, we will point out how far a

Wace, after these royal personages quarrelled, which occasioned St. More, being called the rival bard. His works, which still exist, are the history of the War of Troy, and of the Dukes of Normandy. I refer the reader for a further account of Le Fresne's best work, "Le Dictionnaire du Clerc, è de la Philosophie" to Mrs. Lawrance's Memoirs,—page 296.

* Homer, the father of heroic verse, styled by Byron,—

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"

and which he selects out of the several places recorded as the true spot of the poet's birth.

thorough knowledge of the figure of the earth bears on the prosperity of a maritime country, and that the large sums expended in the pursuit by several countries, have not been devoted alone to the gratification of curiosity.

In the early ages, when Astronomy consisted in observing the rising and setting of the sun and stars, little interest was taken in the form of the earth: but some assumption became necessary on this head, when an attempt was made to discover the motions of the planets; for the distance between the position of the observer on the surface, and the centre of the earth, when a planet was at or near the horizon, would cause an apparent displacement of the planet, which in the case of the moon would sometimes amount to near one degree. In the western horizon the moon would appear to have fallen back, and in the eastern horizon to have advanced; and the amount of this change, (which has no connexion with her motion round the earth,) would be proportional to the earth's semidiameter and her distance from its centre: this displacement is called the Moon's parallax.

The first general notion of the figure of the earth, would be derived, perhaps, from eclipses of the Moon. The circular edge of the earth's shadow would indicate that it was cast by a sphere, but would not afford a clue to its dimensions, while the variation in the breadth of the shadow, in successive eclipses, would indicate, *ceteris paribus*, that the distance between the earth and moon was variable.

Eratosthenes seems to have been the first who attempted to discover the dimensions of the earth by actual measurement, and his method is curious, as an example of the state and resources of astronomy 230 years before our era. He remarked, that on the day of the summer solstice (corresponding to our 21st of June) the edges of a deep well at Syene, in upper Egypt, threw no shadow on the bottom, viz. the sun seemed to be in the zenith or exactly over head: and that at Alexandria, at the same season, the sun was seven degrees twelve minutes ($7^{\circ} 12'$) distant from the zenith as determined by a style, or gnomon fixed in a bowl. He supposed Alexandria and Syene to be in the same meridian, viz. due South and North of each other, and he supposed the distance between them to be 5000 stadia; hence 5000 stadia on the earth's surface, corresponded to $7^{\circ} 12'$ in the Heavens, and by the rule of three, 360° , or the circumference

of the earth, was 250,000 stadia. In the present day we are not acquainted with the length of a stadium expressed in any known measure.

The next attempt was by Possidonius in the time of Pompey the great. He observed at Rhodes that the star Canopus just touched the horizon, and that at Alexandria, it's altitude was $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. He supposed the distance between Alexandria and Rhodes to be 5000 stadia, hence by the rule of three he obtained 240,000 stadia for the circumference of the earth. This measure is not so good as the former, because of the refraction at the horizon, which would apparently elevate the star half a degree, and because of the uncertainty respecting the distance between two places separated by sea.

We are not aware that Ptolemy made any measurement. He assumed the length of one degree to be 500 stadia, but we are ignorant upon what authority.

The overthrow of the Alexandrian school was followed by the dark age, when every thing save mischief seems to have been neglected. But in process of time the works of the Greek astronomers found their way to Arabia, and in the year A.D. 814, Abdalla Almamoun selected a spot in the plains of Mesopotamia, from whence he ordered two companies of astronomers, one to go northward and the other southward, until each company had advanced one degree in latitude from the starting point, measuring the distances by rods. One party found the distance 56 miles of 4000 cubits each, the other $56\frac{2}{3}$ miles. The length of the cubit is not known, but is suspected to be about 18 inches, the estimated length between the elbow and end of the middle finger. The great discrepancy between the two results shews the uncertainty of the work, and the last, which is nearest the truth, is much too small.

The next measure was in Europe, and seven hundred years after the Arabian measure.

Fernel, in the year 1528 observed the sun's meridional altitude at Paris on the 25th of August. He then went northward about the distance of one degree, and on Aug. 29 he observed the sun's meridional altitude. The distance was computed from the number of turns made by the wheel of a carriage and was found to be 56,746 toises. This measure is far preferable to any of the preceding; yet its error is above 300 toises,—or 2000 feet.

A *toise* is now supposed to be 6.3945925 English feet.

Fernel's measure was succeeded after an interval of 90

years, by one which was remarkably well planned, and may be regarded as the first that had any pretension to accuracy. We will be more circumstantial in the description of it, because the great modern operations are founded upon the same principle. It was effected by W. Snell, in the year 1617, between Leyden and Alcaer, and Alcaer and Bergen op Zoom. The principle is this: if a chain of connected triangles is formed between two points, the contiguous triangles having one common side and if the inclination of the first side at one point, to a right line joining that point with the other extreme point be known, the length of that right line can be calculated. It is presumed, of course, that the lengths of the sides of the triangles should be known also.

To obtain the lengths of the sides of the triangles it is necessary to measure one of them from which the others can be computed. The measured side is called the *base*. Snell ran a chain of triangles as near as practicable between his points, but instead of the inclination of the first side to the other point, which he could not see because of its great distance, and which was not wanted, he obtained by astronomical observation the inclination of the first side to the meridian passing through his first point, which was required. Thus he observed the sun, noting the exact time of observation; then turning the instrument to the nearest angular point, (station) he had the angle between the sun and the station.

Having the time, he could compute the sun's distance from the meridian, (Azimuth), and having the angle between the sun and the station, he had the Azimuth of the station; viz.: its inclination to the meridian. He had all the angles of the triangles, and these being connected he derived all their inclinations to the meridian from the first. Now if we conceive a perpendicular from the meridian to the nearest station; with the inclination and distance he could calculate the distance on the meridian between his first point and the point where the perpendicular touched the meridian, and so on for all the others. The sum of the meridional segments was the whole length of his meridional arc.

Nothing seemingly could be more correct than this plan, for the base might be chosen on the most level ground, and the triangulation continued the measurement with as much accuracy over an uneven surface as over a flat one. Thus the measurement on the surface was free from the principal difficulty and source of error. By astronomical observation at the extreme points he obtained, as heretofore, their dif-

ference in latitude, and from the ratio of this difference to the meridional distance, the length of a degree. Snell's unit of measure was a *perch* of twelve feet. He found the distance between Alcmaer and Bergen op Zoom equal to 33,930.2 perches, and the difference in latitude $1^{\circ} 11' 30''$. Hence the length of one degree was 28,473 perches. Between Leyden and Alcmaer the result was 28,510 perches.

He compared his standard perch with the French standard toise, by which he obtained the length of his degree expressed in toises, and could compare it with Fernel's measure near Paris. His 28,510 perches were thus found to be equal to 5,510 toises. Fernel's result was 56,746 toises. Muschenbroek, in the year 1729, re-observed Snell's latitudes, and he discovered that the length of one degree should have been 57,033 toises, owing to a mistake in the measurement of one of the angles by taking a wrong signal. Snell's measure as corrected by Muschenbroek, is known to be very near the truth.

With the advancement of knowledge, other methods for attaining the same end, suggested themselves, correct in principle, but more or less difficult in practice. Thus, supposing the earth to be a sphere, then the depression of the horizon, below the level of an observer on the top of a mountain, would furnish the means for calculating the earth's semidiameter, if the height of the mountain was known. Edward Wright tried this plan from the top of Mount Edgecombe. He observed the depression of the sea horizon, from which he inferred that the semidiameter was 18,312.621 feet. The horizontal refraction vitiates the result. Besides, the elevation of the mountain is small compared with the Earth's semidiameter, and a trifling error in the estimate of the elevation, would produce a large one in the result. But to return. Richard Norwood, on the 11th of June, 1633, observed the sun's meridian altitude near the Tower of London, and on the 6th of June, 1635, at York, which gave him $2^{\circ} 28'$ for the difference in latitude. He measured the distance on the ground with a chain; part of it he paced, which he said he could perform with considerable accuracy. The result was 61,199 fathoms, or 367,194 feet for the length of one degree.

About the same time Riccioli measured a small arc between Bologna and Modena in Italy; but it is unworthy of confidence.

In the year 1669, Picard measured an arc between Sour-

don, near Amiens, and Malvoesine, near Paris. It was conducted on the trigonometric principle of Snell, and although an error was committed, amounting to six toises, (discovered in 1739,) in the measurement of the base, the arc on the whole, far exceeded in accuracy all preceding measures. His observed difference in latitude between Malvoesine and Sourdon was $1^{\circ} 11' 54''$, and between Malvoesine and Amiens $1^{\circ} 22' 55''$. The corresponding terrestrial arcs were 68,430 and 78,850 toises respectively; and the degrees 57,064 and 57,057. Taking the mean equal to 67,060 toises for one degree, it was 60,812 fathoms in English measure, or 364,872 feet.

At this period the gigantic mathematical powers of Newton were unravelling the laws of the Universe. The moon's parallax was known from observation, viz. the *proportion* of the earth's semidiameter to the distance between the centres of the earth and moon, from this Newton could calculate the force of gravity on the moon. Also the time occupied by the moon in describing her orbit was known from observation, from which he could calculate the *absolute* mean distance between the centres of the Earth and Moon. But the latter distance and the moon's parallax would furnish the earth's semidiameter, and the semidiameter thus calculated, if the theory of gravity was true, should agree with the semidiameter derived from actual measurement. Newton wished to apply this test. It seems that he was not aware of Norwood's nor Snell's measurements. He, therefore, assumed one degree to equal 60 miles; but the semidiameter from this disagreed with the semidiameter from theory, which led him to suspect that the theory of gravity might be defective, he therefore laid it aside; but on receiving the result of Picard's measure, he resumed his calculations and found his theory established.

But Newton went further. He shewed from the properties of fluids, that a fluid mass rotating about a centre would not assume a spherical but a spheroidal form, because the particles composing the mass would have a tendency to approach that part of it where the pressure downwards was diminished by the whirling round the axis; much like a stone in a sling pressing to escape, with a pressure proportional to the velocity of the sling. Therefore, each particle would assume a position depending on the ratio of the *force of gravity* to the centrifugal force, and the just demands of other particles pressing on all sides under the same influences.

Taking into account, that each particle would attract all other particles, in proportion to their relative masses and distances, the result of the combined forces would be a state of equilibrium, (the forces supposed to remain constant,) and the form spheroidal.

To apply this theory to the figure of the earth, he undertook to calculate the form of equilibrium on the supposition that the earth had been a homogeneous fluid mass; and found, that on that supposition, the diameter from pole to pole, would be to the diameter at right angles to it at the equator, in the ratio of 229 to 230; or that the later would be longer than the former by $\frac{1}{33}$ th part.

The principal numerical elements for the calculation, were the force of gravity at the surface of the earth and the velocities of the several particles (their centrifugal forces) derived from their distances from the polar axis. The force of gravity is derived from experiment. A body is found to fall from a state of rest, nearly 16 feet in the first second of time abstracting all resistance, and then has acquired a *velocity* of 32 feet, in round numbers. 32 feet is the unit of the force of gravity at the earth's surface. And the spaces fallen through are proportional to the squares of the times. Thus a body in three seconds of time will fall through 144 feet. This rapid acceleration of velocity is the reason why a person can jump from a height of 6 feet with impunity, but not from 60 feet. With respect to the centrifugal force. A particle one mile from the axis, would move through rather more than six miles in twenty-four hours, while a particle on the surface at the equator would move through 24,889 miles in the same period.

But to turn to our history. A wide field for speculation was now opened. It was pretty obvious that if one point of the earth's surface is nearer to the centre than another, the force of gravity must be greater at the former than at the latter, which was put to the test by Richter, in the year 1671. He found that his clock which was regulated to mean time at Paris, lost two minutes each day at Cayenne. Now, for a constant length of pedulum rod, the number of vibrations depends on the force of gravity. Richter's pendulum rod was of the length to vibrate seconds at Paris, viz.: the time of each vibration was one second, and its length had not been altered. At Cayenne each vibration was rather more than one second, consequently the force of gravity was not so strong there. By theory, Cayenne being nearer to the Equator than Paris, it's distance from the centre was greater,

consequently the experiment bore out the truth of the theory.

The theory, however, met with an unexpected check by the result of a new measurement in France. J. Domenic Cassini, commenced the measurement of this arc in the year 1684, but owing to some delays from a political cause it was not finished before the year 1701. He employed Picard's base line, and he carried the triangulation on to Collioure. Another chain of triangles was carried northward to Dunkirk, where a new base was measured, and a second new one at Perpignan. (By base, as before mentioned, is always meant, a side of one of the triangles, measured with rods, which serves for the calculation of the others of a connected series.) The difference in latitude between Paris and Collioure was $6^{\circ} 18' 57''$, and the meridional distance on the ground, 360,614 toises; whence one degree was equal to 57,090 toises. Between Paris and Dunkirk the difference in latitude was $2^{\circ} 12' 9''.5$, and the meridional distance on the ground, 125,468 toises; whence one degree was equal to 56,960 toises. Thus the degrees seemed rather to diminish than to increase towards the pole, the contrary to what should result from the theory of gravity.

It might appear at the first blush, that the greater length for one degree would imply a greater distance from the centre. So it would for a circle, but not for an ellipse,—the demonstration of which need not be given here.

A perpendicular degree, that is, a degree perpendicular to the meridian, was also measured between Strasburg and St. Malo; but the astronomical part of the work was not sufficiently accurate. The result, however, supported the other.

The French Government determined, if possible, to clear up the matter by the measurement of a degree at or near the equator, by which the small inevitable errors of measurement that tell so strongly when the arcs differ little in latitude, would have little comparative effect, by comparing a degree where the length should be shortest, with one where it ought to be much longer from theory. Accordingly, in the year 1735, a powerful corps of scientific men sailed for Quito. The leaders on the part of the French were, Messrs. Bonguier, Goden, and Lacondamine, also a physician who was a naturalist, a surgeon, and four others. On the part of the Spanish Government (in whose territories the measurement was to be made)—Don J. D'Uloa and George. The account of their labours and of their resources, under difficulties and privations from locality and temperature is the most

extraordinary in the history of science. The measurement was effected in the valley between the two chains of the Andes, from Tarqui on the north of the Equator—southward to Colchesqui. Their lowest station was a mile and a half perpendicular height, above the level of the sea and in some parts one station was a mile *above* another. Some expectorated blood, caused by the rarified air at such elevations, and occasionally their personal danger seemed so great, that public prayers were offered in Churches for their safety. On one occasion, from the severity of the cold and snow, they were abandoned by their attendants. On another they were in danger of being murdered in a mob riot. Of course they quarrelled a little among themselves, that was human nature: and as if to crown their difficulties, and notwithstanding the preparations before leaving France, they had the mortification to find the astronomical instruments not fit for the purpose: and the discovery was not made until they were put up for use. In this dilemma they set to work to construct new ones and they succeeded admirably. We chance to be in a position to estimate the talent and perseverance that surmounted such difficulties. Ordinary men would have given up the task as hopeless, but high principles in search of truth, are embued with a degree of moral courage and determination that cannot be secured by enactments or enforced by coercion.

As far as practicable each leader measured independently the same angles and base lines, and always with a witness, and neither communicated his results until each had finished. And wherever a discrepancy occurred on comparison, that part of the work was repeated by both. Thus an additional stimulus to proceed with caution was in constant action, and “cooking” impracticable. The north limit of their arc was Tarqui $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of the equator. The southern limit Colchesqui, $3^{\circ} 4' 30''$ south of the equator. Near each of these points a base line was measured, of 5259 toises at the former, and 6,272 toises at the latter. The meridional distance between the North and South points was 176,945 toises, reduced to the level of the lowest station, and the corresponding difference in latitude, $3^{\circ} 7' 1''$. Reduced to the level of the sea, the length of one degree proved to be 56,748 toises.

To obtain the height of the lowest station above the sea, for the calculation just mentioned, Bonguier descended to a little island in the Emerald river, where he remained six weeks with three Indians, watching for an opportunity to

make the necessary observation,—under a scorching sun, the torment of insects, his provisions carried off by tigers, from whom he thought himself secured by the river, and he was thus reduced to subsist on a little fruit, and whatever fish he could catch. During the time those lofty mountain tops were enveloped in cloud, except Pinchincha for about a minute, and a neighbouring peak, on two occasions, for a few minutes, which enabled him to obtain the necessary data.

We may, perhaps, return to anecdotes connected with this measurement on some future occasion. The narratives of Bonguier and La Condamine furnish an ample stock for both amusement and instruction. On the completion of their work the parties separated to return to Europe, each by whatever route he liked best. Lacondamine reached Paris in the year 1745, just ten years from his departure. Bonguier had returned some months before.

To leave nothing undone that could be done, the French Government sent another party of Academicians to Sweden, consisting of Mauperteus, Clairant, Cameus, Lemonnier and Onthier. They reached the Gulf of Bothnia in July 1736, expecting to be able to use the Gulf Islands for trigonometric points, but finding them too low and near to the shore, the valley of the river Tornea was chosen.

In this measurement the cold and birds of prey, together with the frequent fogs on the hills increased the difficulties and much impeded the operation. The river being frozen the base line was measured on the ice. The northern extremity of the arc was a mountain called Ketti's, the southern near Tornea. The difference in latitude $0^{\circ}57'29''\cdot6$, and the distance 55,023 toises, whence one degree equalled 57,422 toises. They also made experiments with the pendulum. The same was done by Bonguier at the equator, and they agreed in showing, that gravity increases on advancing from the equator to the Pole.

While these two measures were going on, the one at the equator and the other in Sweden, J. Cassini, Cassini de Thury, and the Abbe de la Caille were re-measuring the French Arc. They employed new and more accurate instruments than those formerly in use and they adopted every precaution and check that could be thought of. Leaving the elder Cassini at Paris, his son Cassini de Thury and Lacaille measured the old chain of triangles to Orleans. There taking up new points they measured on to Bourges, where they measured a base line, and erected an Observatory

for astronomical observations. On calculating their work, a considerable discrepancy was discovered between their result and the result for the same distance if it was calculated with Picards base. This circumstance was immediately communicated to the Academy of Sciences without comment. (Picards base for the same distance had been employed by Cassini the elder in 1784.)

Triangulating on to Rodes they measured another base there, and found the value of one degree from the distance between Bourges and Rodes less than from the distance between Paris and Bourges: also, by *calculating* the length of the base line at Bourges from the base line at Rodes, through the chain of intervening triangles, they found that the calculated length of its corresponded with the measured length. The accuracy of Picard's base was now suspected. From Rodes they triangulated on to Perpignan. The last interval gave a result for the value of one degree, in accordance with the distance between Bourges and Rodes, and still less than the degree between Paris and Bourges. They next measured an arc of longitude between a mountain named Sette in Languedoc and another named St. Victoire in Provence. The difference in longitude was ascertained by the simultaneous observation of the light from explosions of gunpowder. The result corresponded with the result from the meridional measures.

The strong suspicion now attached to Picard's base required that it should be re-measured. Previous to doing this, La Caille returned to Bourges to measure the base there for the third time. Also a new one near Dax, and another new one near Bourdeaux. On calculating the length of any one of the base lines from the measured length of any of the others, the calculated length always agreed with the measured length. Hence all the base lines were proved to have been measured with equal accuracy.

La Caille having joined the elder Cassini at Paris, they conjointly re-measured Picard's base, employing iron rods, that the measure might be made with the same metal of which the standard toise was composed. Their result was *six toises shorter* than Picard's determination. On applying this error, (about 36 feet) to the triangles between Paris and Bourges, the length agreed with La Caille and Cassini de Thurys' measurement; and the segments of the whole distance between Dunkirk and Peripignan, in succession, shewed a gradual and pretty regular decrease in the length

of each degree, on proceeding on the Equator. The game was now up, and the theory of gravity triumphed. It may be proper here to notice, that a Base line being short, compared with the meridional arc to be derived from it, a small error in the measurement of the base produces a large one on the Arc. Thus, 6 toises error on a base of 5 miles in length, would produce 600 toises, or about 1,800 French feet of error on a line of 500 miles.

The comparison of the Peruvian Arc with those measured in France and Sweden, left no doubt respecting the spheroidal figure of the earth. The comparison of the Peruvian with the French arc gave for the difference between the polar and equatorial semidiameters of the earth $\frac{1}{13}$ th part of the whole. That of the Peruvian with the Swedish arc $\frac{1}{13}$. The former is now known to be the nearest to the truth. The Swedish arc has been re-measured since, but it would appear from the accounts given of both measurements, that difficulties of locality and climate were unfavourable to the necessary degree of accuracy.

Fortunately at this period mathematical analysis and geometrical measurements were journeying together.

Maclaurin proved that the oblate spheroid is a form of equilibrium, and that the ellipticity is $\frac{1}{3}$ multiplied into the ratio of the equatorial centrifugal force to equatorial gravity; which applied to the earth is $\frac{1}{3}$ into $\frac{1}{289}$, equals $\frac{1}{867}$. This refers to a homogeneous mass. Clairaut proved that the sum of the ellipticity and the ratio of the whole increase of gravity to the equatorial gravity is $\frac{1}{3}$ multiplied into the ratio of the centrifugal force at the equator to the force of gravity. Also that the increase in length of degrees and of gravity in going from the equator to the poles, varies as the square of the sine of the latitude.

In the year 1747, Bradley discovered the "nutation" of the earth's axis, viz. the slow oscillation of the axis, the effect of the moon and sun's attraction on the protuberant part of the Earth. This beautiful phenomenon is a demonstrative proof of the spheroidal form of the Earth. It was referred to by Newton as a consequence of his theory, but not noticed before the sifting system if Bradley proved it by observation.

In the year 1750, an arc was measured between Rome and Rimini by two Jesuits, Fathers Boscovich and LeMaire. Their base line was measured on the Via Appia and another at Rimini for verification. The meridian distance over a

mountainous country was 123,221·3 toises, and the difference in latitude $2^{\circ} 9' 47''$, when, the length of one degree reduced to the level of the sea was 56,979 toises and the mean latitude $42^{\circ} 59'$.

The same year the French Ambassador at the Hague applied to the States General for permission to send an Astronomer, (the Abbe De La Caille) to the Cape of Good Hope to make astronomical observations, and delivered a memorial of some length specifying their nature and importance, headed by a couple of pungent lines as follows :

“ Il determinera exactement la vraye position de ce fameux Cap, sur laquelle les plus célèbres géographes différent d'environ 100 lieux.”

The memorial then goes on to describe the kind and value of the observations and winds up thus :—

“ Il n'y a aucune dépense à faire pour la construction des instrumens : elle consiste toute dans la traversée et dans la nourriture du M. de La Caille seul, pendant environ une année. Il n'a besoin d'aucune aide, d'aucun domestique ; il restera en pension dans le lieu que l'on luy indiquera, la nature de ses observations n'exige qu'un séjour tranquille dans un même lieu, et tout lieu sera propre pour y établir ses instrumens. Les Hollandais, qui ont accordé à Mr. Krossieck la permission d'entretenir au Cap un Astronome Russe, destiné à exécuter précisément le même projet dont il s'agit icy, ne peuvent raisonnablement la refuser au Roy pour un Astronome de son Academie, que se tiendra exactement dans le lieu qu'on luy assignera, soit dans le fort, soit dans l'intérieur des terres, ce projet regardant d'ailleurs le bien commun de toutes les nations.”

The states general granted the request, and the Prince of Orange wrote to the governor at the Cape (Tulbagh) desiring every assistance to be given to La Caille. Most of the correspondence and the resolutions of the states general are extant in the records of the Colonial Office at the Cape. La Caille arrived at the Cape on the 19th of April 1751, and took up his quarters at No. 2, Strand-street, then in the possession of Mr. Bestbier (now the property of J. Searight Esq.) and immediately set about the erection of his observatory in the court-yard, the governor supplying people and materials from the garrison.

During his sojourn, he remarked the favorable aspect towards the north for triangulation, which was confirmed by personal inspection on the occasions when he accompanied Bestbier to the Groene-kloof posts, and as one of the objects of his mission was the determination of the moon's parallax, which would be vitiated by an erroneous assumption of the earth's radius at the place of observation ; moreover anxious to prove the curvature of the meridian in the southern

hemisphere; he drew up a memorial setting forth these points with a short history of what had been done elsewhere, and submitted it to governor Tulbagh. His Excellency afforded him the facilities he desired, and told off M. Muller, the Engineer of the fortress, to assist in, and to witness the measurement. Accordingly, on the completion of the main object of his mission to the Cape, La Caille set out with Mr. Bestbier on the 9th of Sept. 1752 for Picketberg, where he arrived on the 14th, and commenced operations at a place called Klip Fontein, close to the north west base of that range. Triangulating back towards Cape Town he measured a base line in Zwartland in the neighbourhood of Uyle kraal and Coggera, thence he triangulated to Cape Town, where he arrived on the 23rd of October. The whole was performed with a degree of celerity, incompatible with the refinement and accuracy expected in our days.

On the 26th of October he was on a visit to the Governor, which he thus records in his journal. "*J'ai été au Rondebosch invité par M. le Gouverneur ; il m'a mené voir le Jardin du Nieuwland, avec le maison de plaisance qu'il a fait bâtir l'an pîssé. J'y suis retourné le 3me Decembre, j'ai vue une grande nombre d' Aloès de différentes espèces qu'on cultive dans le Jardin du Rondebosch, par curio ité. Le Nieuwland est un grand Jardin d'on on tire les légumes pour le rafraichissement des vaisseaux de la Compagnie. Il étoit assez en désordre quand je l'ai vu, mais on va travailler à le rendre un de plus beaux des environs.*"

With respect to the arc of the meridian, it consisted of two large triangles formed by the stations on Klip Fontein, Riebceks Casteel, Capoc Berg, and his Observatory in Cape Town, and two small ones which connected the base line with these. The base was measured with wooden rods, each of 18 feet in length, which were daily compared with his standard iron toise four times, to detect any change from temperature or other cause. His toise was of the same construction with those employed in Pèru and Sweden, and had been carefully compared with the artist's standard. The angles were measured with a three feet quadrant, similar in construction to the one he used in France, when conjointly with the Cassini's he re-measured the elder Cassini's Arc.

On his return to Cape Town he calculated his observations, and found the difference in latitude between Klip Fontein and the Observatory in Cape Town, equal to $1^{\circ} 13'$,

17½", and the meridional distance, reduced to the level of the sea 69,6691. toises. Hence the length of one degree was equal 57,037 toises.

Surprised at this result, which, instead of being shorter, was as long as a degree in France, at the latitude 43° 30' he revised his calculations in the expectation of detecting some error, but in vain. He next suspected the possibility of having miscounted a rod or two when measuring the base. To discover if he had, he provided himself with a cord of 30 toises in length, with which he started for Zwartland on the 2d of November, and ran up the line, and found his piquet at every fourth cord, with the exception of three which had been removed or sunk, but on going on he found one at the 8th; in short, he thus assured himself that there was no error in counting. He then contented himself with the remark, "*Un observateur n'est tenu que de répondre de l'exactitude de ses mesures, et non de leur resultat.*"

We shall have hereafter to refer to the particulars of this measure; in the mean time, it is only necessary to state, that if the Cape arc had been measured by any one less celebrated than La Caille, perhaps little notice would have been taken of it in the discussions of the figure of the earth. But his celebrity and probity as an astronomer, added to his practical knowledge, did not justify this, and it continued a stumbling block to the discussions, labeled with a hope that an attempt would be made ere long to remove it. What has been done we hope to place before our readers in the order of date.

La Caille took notes of anything remarkable he met with in natural history, and the character of the natives generally. His account of the dimensions of a Hottentot he saw is worth extracting from his journal.

"31 Juillet. J'ai mesuré la hauteur d'un Hottentot d' environ 25 ans : elle étoit de six pieds, sept pouces, dix lignes. Il étoit nuds pieds et nue tête; il arriroit de la campagne en courant devant un chariot attelé de boeufs pour le conduire; il étoit gros à proportion de sa hauteur."

No doubt such a giant among the Hottentots was scarce then; decidedly so now.

(To be continued.)

THE SPECIAL SESSION.

Since we last wrote, news have been received from England of the meeting of the new Parliament and its special session before Christmas. This meeting was looked forward to, for many reasons, with peculiar interest. In the first place there was a "crisis" for the legislature to dispose of: then it was a new parliament, and there were new members and old members returned after a temporary absence: there were besides some questions of importance which it would be necessary at once to dispose of: and lastly, parliament had been summoned at an unusual period of the year.

This latter circumstance, perhaps, tended more than any other, to promote the interest felt by the public in the first meeting of the new parliament. It was generally felt that the Premier would not have ventured upon this bold step, if there were not work to be done which must be done at once. In the multifarious changes which "our venerable constitution" has undergone in the course of years, the *prerogative*, formerly the sole property of the crown, has been distributed among various portions of the community. The Premier has got the best share, and Lord John Russell, has given a late instance of his disposition to use it, by forcing a heterodox bishop on an indignant church,—a step by which his lordship has gained as much honor and glory as he would have got disgrace, were it not that he is a *liberal* minister. Had it been Peel instead of Russell, and Pusey instead of Hampden, when would the outcry have ceased?

But to return. A share of the prerogative which the Barons wrested from the unwilling hands of King John, upon the plain of Runnymede, has descended to their present representatives: and when the Speaker, at the commencement of a session, claims, on behalf of the commons, liberty of speech, freedom from arrest, and free access to the sovereign,—he might further demand, that parliament shall not be summoned to meet before January, nor kept sitting after August. This is part of the prerogative of noble lords and honorable gentlemen, and the minister must be a bold man, who ventures to summon his parliament in the middle of October.

In the present instance, however, it was felt that no such

petty discontent could be allowed to interfere with the interests of the nation. Not only were there new and untried legislators anxious to rush into the arena, and only waiting to pour out the vials of their oratory upon a long-suffering house,—not only was there Feargus O'Conner ready to swamp the house with Irish history from the days of Brian Boru, and earlier ; and Messrs. David Urquhart and Chisholm Anstey, impatient to rush like bloodhounds upon the devoted Palmerston ; but, even the old hands felt that the "Condition of England Question" had assumed a form of more than ordinary importance ; so that as far as was apparent at the opening of parliament, Lord John had not, by his sudden summons, justified Sydney Smith's celebrated sketch of his character.

But with the Royal speech the mystification began. Every one, of course, had settled in his own mind, that the ground which would be assigned for the special assembling of parliament at this unusual period of the year would be the financial crisis. Such was the pressure for money in London in November, that ministers had felt themselves justified in suspending for a limited period, the operation of Peel's Banking Act, and authorizing the Bank of England to issue notes to a larger amount than was warranted by the quantity of bullion in their coffers. Had this permission led to an infringement of the law,—and there was a general impression abroad that it had done so,—ministers would have been liable to impeachment for this stretch of ministerial prerogative ; it was, therefore, both their interest and their duty to call parliament together, at the earliest possible period, and to obtain an act of indemnity ; and that this was the real object they had in view, no one, for a moment, doubts. But, contrary to their own and to general expectation, the law was not broken : at the time Lord John Russell and Sir Charles Wood wrote the letter to the governor and company of the bank, which has been made the subject of so much discussion, confidence was already being restored, the worst was over ; and the disposition thus manifested by government to afford seasonable assistance to the mercantile community, worked its effect at once ; the notes which had been so clamorously demanded were no longer needed, and the law of 1844 remained unbroken.

Here was a pozer. Ministers could scarcely ask for an indemnity for an act which they had not committed ; this might do very well in College Green, but it was not to be

thought of at St. Stephen's. Yet it was absolutely necessary to give some reason for the special session. The difficulty was overcome by a reference to the state of Ireland; the insecurity of life and property, and the utter disorganization of society, in that most miserable of countries, was certainly a subject of sufficient importance to warrant the special assembling of the legislature, if, indeed, all hope of effecting the amelioration of that unfortunate country, by legislative enactments, ought not to be abandoned in despair. After carefully studying the subject in all its bearings, weighing well everything that has been already done, and the miserable results of the most carefully organized measures, one is almost driven to the conclusion, that, as a leopard cannot change his spots, or an Ethiopian his skin, so an Irishman cannot lay aside his turbulent and discontented character; that as you cannot gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, so can you look for no good results from the moral culture of an Irishman.

But we would quit, for a moment, the cause *assigned*, for calling together the new parliament in November, and give a few more words to the *real* one. Though, in consequence of the circumstances above stated, it was impossible to assign the financial crisis as the cause of the unusual period chosen, it was equally impossible for the session to pass over, without some debate taking place upon this subject. We do not propose to enter upon a discussion of the financial question at present, and simply for the reason assigned in our last number. *Adhuc sub judice lis est*. The result of a parliamentary discussion was the appointment of a select committee, to enquire into the causes of the recent financial pressure. The immediate pressure being now over, it is wiser, perhaps, to await the result of the investigations of this committee, than to hazard any conjectures now. That the difficulty was the result of a complication of many causes, no one doubts; and perhaps, after all, it may be found to be less a financial than a commercial question.

In the mean time, it would be a fatal error to suppose that the danger, because mitigated, is past. In all probability the same causes which produced the panic of 1847, are still at work: beyond all doubt they have yet to be felt in distant British possessions: at this moment many a ruined family, many a bankrupt merchant, many an insolvent tradesman, many a broken speculator, is bewailing the result of the late dreadful season: and those who in their ex-

uberant joy at the present amelioration, declare "that the crisis is over;" that honest and fair traders were never in danger, and thus make dishonesty a synonyme for misfortune, act a cruel and a heartless part. The danger is *not* over: and if we would not see a recurrence of the calamity, it is above all things essential, that we should guard against a recurrence of its causes.

That these will be fully sifted and carefully examined by the committee we do not doubt. Whether parliament will act unanimously upon the result, is a more doubtful question: it is to be feared that party feelings may intervene, and prevent a straightforward course of conduct. But however it ends, investigation must be good. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*: in the end truth will out: all the ministers in Christendom cannot withstand it.

Leaving then the financial question to the wisdom of the committee, we proceed to chronicle the doings of parliament. The next great subject, of course, was the state of Ireland: and on this subject Lord John Russell introduced a measure of moderate coercion, which, we believe, will prove almost valueless. One or two wise provisions it did contain: and of these the wisest, in our judgment, is making the additional police, that the Lord Lieutenant may deem it advisable to send into any district, paid by a rate to be levied in that district, thus making it matter of *interest* with the people to keep their neighbourhood free from crime: in future "a bold peasantry, their country's pride," will not send for a professional murderer from Tipperary or Roscommon, without calculating, in addition to the price of the murder, the cost of their share of the extra police.

This may be of some service, and every method is to be tried; but the case is a very disheartening one. It is really sickening to wade through the hideous details of systematic crime, which have stained the public prints during the last six months. Every day added one or two to the fearful catalogue: stipendiary assassination was a common crime: the best landlords in the country were killed by hired murderers: and these crimes were not redeemed by even a show of bull-dog bravery: they were as mean as they were murderous,—as dastardly as they were destructive.

A tabular statement of the murders committed in Ireland during the period alluded to, would be a frightful document. Happily, it is not necessary for our purpose to state all the cases as they occurred, one after another. The dreadful

state of things to which we are alluding, is too much and too sadly matter of notoriety for figures of arithmetic, to be necessary to prove our statement true.

From the dreadful catalogue we select one case—not on account of anything peculiar in its character, but because being, by accident more generally known, it may be alluded to without the necessity of a minute statement of particulars: and we willingly spare ourselves the painful task of recording circumstantially the murder of Major Mahon.

The circumstances—as far as they are necessary for our purposes—may be very briefly related. Major Mahon was acknowledged by all who knew him to be among the best of Irish landlords; but he had the misfortune, how we have never learned, of giving some offence to the Roman Catholic priest of his parish. On the Sunday after mass he was denounced by that priest from the altar: on the Wednesday, if we recollect rightly, he was shot. A few days afterwards was uttered the infamous speech of Archdeacon Laffan, in which that venerable preacher of iniquity declared such acts to form rather an amiable trait in the Irish character. It was natural, he said, it was right, that a starving man should hide himself behind a wall and shoot the first man in a decent coat who happened to pass by; true, a cowardly Saxon, however poor, would not do it, he had not the courage, he dared not. The Saxons can pretend to no comparison in this respect with the venerable Archdeacon's "excitable" countrymen.

With the circumstances of this case before us,—and there are many other parallel cases,—we pronounce with deep regret, but with a firm conviction of its truth, our decided opinion, that for a vast proportion of the crimes now committed in Ireland, the Roman Catholic Priesthood must be held responsible: and that it is only by placing their body more under the control of the civil power, that we can hope effectually to stay the progress of crime; we are not arguing from a single case,—this very speech of Archdeacon Laffan's has been minutely vindicated in the public papers by Archbishop McHale.

That Archdeacon Laffan and Mr. McTierney, the Priest who denounced Major Mahon are amenable to the law, as accessories to the murder of that unfortunate gentleman, does not, we think, admit of a doubt: and it is not very creditable to the law officers of the Crown in Ireland, that these reverend offenders have not been brought to trial: but what

we desired to see is a measure to prevent (and not to punish) offences such as those to which we are adverting.

In an article entitled "Good coming out of Evil," which appeared in our first number about a year ago, we entered very fully upon a statement of our views with reference to the position of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. Of what we there stated we desire to retract nothing. The opinions which we held then are the opinions which we hold now. We did indeed then prognosticate the coming of a brighter day for Ireland, which has not yet dawned upon the benighted land. But our expectations were founded upon a belief that the Maynooth Bill would be followed in process of time by measures for endowing and establishing the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. While the people of Ireland continue to be the subjects of such dictators as Archbishop McHale and Archdeacon Laffan, the regeneration of the country appears impossible. But such wolves in sheep's clothing should be driven out of the flock. In the English Church it is well known that such men could not exist; why then in the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland? Simply, because, from an absurd idea that it is their duty to force upon the nation a church, in the tenets of which it does not believe, government deprives itself of that legitimate power over the priesthood, which it ought to possess, and which it might employ in promoting the best interests of the country. An old philosopher is recorded to have said: "Let me make the ballads, and you may make the laws,"—the plain English of which is: "Place in my hands the springs which move a people's *feelings*, and whatever may be the form of government, under which they nominally live, I will be their governor." So it is to-day in Ireland with the Roman Catholic priests; and so it might be with the government to-morrow, if they would venture on an endowment of the Roman Catholic Church.

With the exception of the passing of the Coercion Bill for Ireland, and the appointment of the Financial Committee, the acts of the special session have not been numerous. The act for the removal of the Jewish Disabilities, has been read a first time, after an interesting debate, in which Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Goulbourn, Mr. Law, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Disraeli, and Lord George Bentinck, distinguished themselves. The bill passed its first reading with a large majority. Sir Robert Inglis gave notice of his intention of opposing it at every stage: but the bill must pass,

and be recorded as one of the triumphs of the principles of true liberality and justice, which will in after years do honor to our age.

For the coming session there is work enough in store: In addition to the subjects already alluded to, there are—our national defences,—the navigation laws,—the amendment of the poor law, &c., for the serious employment of our legislators. Heaven grant, that when they separate in July or August, the condition of the country may prove, that they have not met in vain!



LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.

At the risk of a repetition of the scurrility with which we were honored on a former occasion, we think it necessary to say a few words more on the condition of the Public Library. That any man of moderate education in Cape Town, can be actuated in his remarks on this subject by any other motive than a desire to promote the interests of the institution, it would be absurd to suppose; and as all men who have learned to read, have a direct interest in the welfare of the institution, we deem no apology necessary for touching upon a subject, which is of public importance, and on the merits of which the public are the only proper judges.

Our complaint is, that the library is not properly supplied with new books,—that it is not so well supplied as it has been within our limited experience,—that the new books which *are* sent out here are not those which a proper agent would select for a popular library, after looking through the literary advertisements,—that a preposterous sum of money is spent upon Magazines, advocating the tenets of particular sects, and not of public interest,—that the London agent is evidently careless, frequently not sending even the periodicals till very late in the month, and neglecting favorable opportunities,—and that the Cape Town Committee appear to be apathetic on these subjects: that is our only quarrel with them. We name these matters now, with regard to the management of

the Library, because the general meeting of the subscribers will be held in the course of the present month, and it is to be hoped, that the Committee will feel the necessity for affording the fullest information as to the financial position of the Library, and that, if they do not, some subscriber will be found bold enough to demand it. Our decided opinion is, that, unless the debt to Mr. Richardson be so large, as to render it necessary for the committee to keep in good graces, on any terms, and at any cost, his services ought to be dispensed with immediately.

If, again, the debt of the Library be so large, as to render the purchase of all the books one would desire to see sent out impossible, at least let all needless expense be at once relinquished. Writing simply from recollection, we can name the following works, which are constantly lying unused on the Library table, viz:—*The Evangelical Magazine, The Christian Lady's Magazine, The Eclectic Review, The Christian Observer, The Annals of Natural History, The Civil Engineer's and Architect's Journal, The Literary Gazette, The Metropolitan Magazine, The Mirror, The World of Fashion, The London Edinburgh and Dublin Philosophical Magazine, &c.* The Library also receives, we understand, duplicate copies of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and of Blackwood's and Frazer's Magazines. All these might be dispensed with at once, and the saving thus effected would not be inconsiderable. We would here observe, that, in the above list we have included, amongst much trash, the titles of some professional works, which may, for aught we know, be valuable. We have done so, simply, because they are always to be seen lying on the table of the Library.

There is one other point to which it is necessary to advert, in connection with this subject. The matter being one of very general interest, has naturally given rise to some correspondence in the newspapers; and among the writers, two or three, who sign themselves subscribers to the Public Library, have been very constant in recommending a reduction of the subscription, and the opening of the room in the evening. With the first of these propositions, we candidly confess, that we have no sympathy. We consider that access to such a collection of books, and the privilege of removing them to one's private residence for perusal, is very cheaply purchased by an annual subscription of £3.; and we question very much, whether there be many, capable of appreciating the value of the Library, who are in reality deterred from

subscribing by the amount of the subscription. We speak simply our own sentiments,—the sentiments of a lover of books. We would rather go about in a shabby coat, or drink water instead of wine, than forego the privilege of subscribing to the Public Library; and those who are too needy to save £3 in a year, by some such sacrifices as these, would be equally unable to subscribe if the subscription were reduced to £2 or £1.

Notwithstanding, if there be a general feeling among the subscribers that the position of the Library would be improved by an alteration in the subscription, the experiment ought to be tried: and the proper occasion for testing this feeling, will be the general meeting about to be held. Let any subscriber, who may be of opinion that the subscription ought to be reduced, come forward and propose it. Meantime, we would suggest, that if any alteration be deemed advisable, the terms of subscription might be thus arranged: First, let there be a first and second class of annual subscribers, as at present, and on the same terms: then, create a third class, who might pay a subscription of £1 annually, and be entitled to the privilege of reading in the Library, but not of removing books: (why should the Library, in difficulties, allow inhabitants the use of its room and books during the day gratuitously?) Then establish a system of quarterly subscriptions, for the benefit of those who may not remain a year in the colony, and let these quarterly subscribers be also divided into three classes, with privileges similar to those of the corresponding classes of annual subscribers, at a rate of, say £1. 15s. and 10s. a quarter: this latter arrangement would, we believe, be found very beneficial.

It is to be observed, that all these suggestions are made on the supposition, that the Library is deeply in debt. This has been asserted publicly, and not contradicted by authority: we must therefore for the present assume it to be true. If it be not so, let us at once get rid of Mr. Richardson, appoint a new agent, purchase good books, and prosper as heretofore.

But, it must not be forgotten, that whether the funds of the Library are in a flourishing state or not, the present paucity of subscribers is a disgrace to Cape Town. We could easily prepare a long list of names of inhabitants, who ought from station, education, and fortune, to support this, the noblest public institution of our town. There are many, very

many, who, if they felt the interest which they ought as long residents to feel in the welfare of the city, would not, as they do, withhold their support from an establishment, which is better calculated than any other to elevate the character of its inhabitants. Such men should be shamed into becoming subscribers. Mr. Fairbairn has done good service, by printing a list of the subscribers, and thus showing to the public those who do *not* subscribe: such a list should be published monthly.

With regard to the proposal of opening the Library in the evening, the main difficulty appears to be, the increased expense: but for this, every one would be glad to see additional facilities afforded for reading. We think the Committee might with advantage cause an estimate to be made, of the additional expense which would be caused by this arrangement, and if our suggestion of the third class of subscribers should be adopted, we certainly think, that the experiment ought to be tried.

The members of the Committee of the Library, with most of whom we enjoy the honor of a personal acquaintance, will, we feel certain, acquit us of any attempt to dictate arbitrarily to them what they ought to do, or to underrate the motives which induce them to perform gratuitously the duties which they have undertaken. But, because they discharge those duties without fee or reward, we cannot feel ourselves precluded from offering such suggestions as may occur to us, for promoting the welfare of an institution, in which we have an equal interest with them.

Our duty of reporting upon the current literature of the day, is fast becoming a sinecure, for Mr. Richardson so pertinaciously withholds the supplies, that we have very little to report upon. Only one small parcel has reached us, since our last, and that does not contain many works of extraordinary interest.

Amongst them perhaps the one which will be most generally read, is Alison's *Military Life of the Duke of Marlborough*. The readers who are acquainted with this eloquent writer's "History of Europe during the French Revolution" will need no further inducement than his name, to take up any volume which bears it on its title-page. It is curious that Mr. Alison, who has written the most voluminous historical work, that has appeared for many a long day, is so seldom spoken of, as an historian: the reason we take to be, that every reader is charmed by the eloquence of his style,

and remembers his work rather in connection with its literary merits, than its historical accuracy. As an historian he is, we believe, trustworthy, but he will take his place, in English Literature, rather with Burke and Macaulay, than with Hume and Mackintosh. The present work is written with great care, and is evidently the result of much historical research. Mr. Alison is not an habitual hero-worshipper, but he warms, with his subject, and his admiration of the great duke, into his best and most eloquent style. The general reader may not be aware, that the whole of Marlborough's correspondence from 1702 to 1712 was lately discovered in London, and edited by Sir George Murray. This collection forms the groundwork of Mr. Alison's volume, and out of it he has constructed a most ably written book. We are unable to give a long specimen, as Mr. Alison's paragraphs lead so agreeably and so naturally one into another, that we should be tempted, were we to commence, to transcribe whole pages from his volume. The following summary of the results of the Battle of Blenheim is preferred, not on account of any superiority to other portions of the book, but because its length is manageable.

“Thus by the operations of one single campaign was Bavaria crushed, Austria saved, and Germany delivered. Marlborough's cross march from Flanders to the Danube had extricated the Imperialists from a state of the utmost peril, and elevated them at once to security, victory, and conquest. The decisive blow struck at Blenheim resounded through every part of Europe: It at once destroyed the vast fabric of power which it had taken Louis XIV., aided by the talents of Turenne, and the genius of Vauban, so long to construct. Instead of proudly descending the vale of the Danube and threatening Vienna, as Napoleon afterwards did in 1805 and 1809, the French were driven in the utmost disorder across the Rhine. The surrender of Traerbach and Landau gave the allies a firm footing on the left bank of that river. The submission of Bavaria deprived the French of that great outwork of which they have made such good use in their German wars; the Hungarian insurrection, disappointed of the expected aid from the armies of the Rhine was pacified. Prussia was induced by this great triumph to co-operate in a more efficient manner in the common cause. The parsimony of the Dutch gave way before the joy of success: and the empire, delivered from invasion, was preparing to carry its victorious arms into the heart of France. Such achievements require no comment: they speak for themselves, and deservedly place Marlborough in the highest rank of military commanders. The campaigns of Napoleon exhibit no more decisive or important results.

The parallels between the characters of Frederick and Napoleon, and those of Marlborough and Wellington, in the later chapters, are well conceived and ably written, but

the chapter on the treaty of Utrecht is a day too late, as the interest of that subject appears to have passed away.

The mention of Mr. Alison's name reminds us that he occupied the chair at the last annual meeting of the Manchester Athenæum, on which occasion he delivered a most eloquent address, from which we would gladly make one or two extracts, if we could at this moment lay our hands upon the paper in which it is reported. The subject chosen was the connection between literature and commerce; and the speaker proved, that the two always go hand in hand together, by examples from the history of all nations, ancient and modern. We strongly recommend our readers to search for the speech in the English papers for the last two months; a perusal of it will amply repay them for the trouble, and it contains a lesson, which might not, perhaps, be altogether thrown away on the mercantile community at the Cape.

The only other work to which we think it necessary to allude is Mr. Barrow's *Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir Sydney Smith*, by Mr. Barrow, a son, we believe, of Sir John Barrow, whose autobiography we noticed in a previous number. We have read this book with so much interest that we cannot refrain from a word or two of praise, notwithstanding our sense of its occasional failings. It is pleasantly, not elegantly, written, in an easy rather than a correct style. The best we can say of the author, is, that he appears to take a deep interest in his subject, and keeps himself modestly in the back ground. The great attraction of the book is found in the letters, which passed between Sir Sydney Smith and many of his most distinguished contemporaries. It would not be fair to the author, however, were we to select one of these as a specimen of the book. He must be allowed to speak for himself. We have, therefore, chosen the following account of Sir Sydney Smith's escape from the Temple Prison in Paris, in which, though the major part is by Sir Sydney himself, there is enough of the author's to give the reader an idea of Mr. Barrow's style.

Many different plans had been suggested for Sir Sidney's escape, but none of them appeared to be feasible, without incurring the greatest hazard of being defeated, in which case all future attempts would be hopeless. Two years of confinement had nearly expired, when Sir Sidney decided in his own mind that the time was come, when something of a decisive character should be undertaken. He had friends, as has been shewn, in whose fidelity and ability he had the highest confidence—M. de Phelypeaux, his old servant Bromley, and a young man well known to him, and his lady, who went under the name of L'Oiseau. As secrecy was to be observed, and M. de

Phelypeaux and M. de——were familiarly known at the Temple, two other gentlemen, friends of theirs, and men of high courage, accepted the office with pleasure and alacrity.

“At this time,” says Sir Sidney, “a proposal was made to me for my escape, which I adopted as my last resource.* The plan was, to have forged orders, drawn up for my removal to another prison, and then to carry me off. The order being accurately imitated, and the real stamp of the minister’s signature procured, by means of a bribe, nothing remained but to find men bold enough to put the plan in execution. With this order the two gentlemen came to the Temple, Mr. B—in the dress of an adjutant, and Mr. L—as a military officer. The keeper having perused the order and closely examined the minister’s signature, sent for the register or griffier, “and,” says Sir Sidney, “I was ordered to be called.” When he informed me of the orders of the Directory, I pretended to be very much concerned at it, but the adjutant assured me, in the most serious manner, that the government were very far from intending to aggravate my misfortunes, and that I should be very comfortable at the place whither he was ordered to conduct me.”

“The register then observed that six men, at the least, from the guard must accompany me; and the adjutant, without being confused, acquiesced in the justice of the remark, and gave orders for them to be called out; but, on reflection, he addressed me, saying, ‘Commodore, you are an officer, I am an officer also; your parole will be enough. Give me that, and I have no need of an escort.’ ‘Sir,’ I replied, ‘if that is sufficient, I swear on the faith of an officer to accompany you wherever you choose to conduct me.’” [Here Sir Sidney’s marginal note is—“which I might well do, as he was going to conduct me to those, who would conduct me to the coast, to embark for England.”]

“The keeper now asked for a discharge; the register gave the book, and M. B—boldly signed it with a flourish,—*L. Oger, Adjutant-General*. Meanwhile I employed the turnkeys, and loaded them with favours, to prevent them from having time to reflect; the register and keeper accompanied us as far as the second court, and at length the last gate was opened, and we left them after a long “interchange of ceremony and politeness.”

When the pretended officer of the guard came in to receive his prisoner, the poor little lady, Madame Boniface, who was not in the secret, became greatly alarmed, and was only quieted by Sir Sidney making her a sign that all was right.

* The story of Sir Sidney’s imprisonment in the Temple, and of his escape from thence, has been told more than once, and, his intimate friends say, though generally true, circumstantially incorrect; the one here given as to the mode of his escape, is taken from the *Naval Chronicle*, considered by the Sidney family (and for the best of reasons) as most correct. A pamphlet of a few pages taken from this, I consider to be the one intended for adoption by Sir Sidney, for the following reasons:—First, because in that pamphlet he has merely changed the third personal pronoun into the first; secondly, because he had added corrections and explanations in the margin in his own handwriting; and, lastly, because the pamphlet was put up among the papers which he has called “Materials for *Memoirs of my Life*.” Besides, it is well known that the long paper of the “*Imprisonment*” in the *Naval Chronicle*, is the production of Mr. Spencer Smith, as most of the others are in that periodical.

When the day of Sidney's escape was fixed, at eight in the morning, the turnkey entered with his hat on, which he had never been in the habit of keeping on his head. He appeared much embarrassed and affected, and said, "*Monsieur, on vous demande en bas.*" Sir Sidney Smith was reading his Spanish edition of Gil Blas, and looking up, said, "*Mais qu'est que c'est donc.*" The turnkey said, "*On vous dira cela en bas.*"

The poor man had a fearful misgiving about the fate of his prisoner, as few of those ordered to be transferred had been again heard of. He asked him where he was to be transferred to. The turnkey replied, "To Fontainebleau;" and then Sir Sidney Smith said, "Oh, that is not far! You will come and see me there won't you? and my things, books, &c., you can send after me; there is no occasion to take them with me to night." The turnkey promised to go and see him, and to have his things safely conveyed to his new prison.

"The frame of mind in which I was," says Sidney, "when I started from the Temple prison, strongly impressed with the conviction of the time being come, for the plan of French operations being put into execution, and the consequent necessity of its counteraction, may perhaps be evinced by the lines I left pencilled on the inside of my prison door.

" Qui a peur du mal
A déjà le mal de la peur !
Qui espère le bien,
A déjà le bien de l'esperance."

Sir Sidney Smith descended; and a *fiacre*, taken from the nearest stand, was at the door. Phelypeaux was inside, and Tr—— on the box; and the different parties who had their parts to act were also in attendance. Sir Sidney Smith stepped in and they drove off. At a very short distance from the Temple the coach ran up against some person, which made a confusion. Phelypeaux touched Sir Sidney Smith to get out, which he did, and mixed with the crowd. He conducted him to the house of ———, one of the Clermont Tonnerre family, which had been previously arranged. Pasquier, the late president of the Chamber of Peers, was there playing whist. He remained there for the night.

The following which is introduced *a propos* of Sir Sydney's investiture with the order of the Sword, is a favorable specimen of the anecdotes which are sprinkled liberally through the book.

At the close of the battle between the Swedish and Russian flotillas, the former commanded by the king, and the latter by the Prince of Nassau, Captain Sidney Smith approached his majesty, to make him the report of a successful operation he had directed in the centre of the line, against the largest ships of the Russian force, and also of an effort he had made to organise the Turkish prisoners, released from captivity by the surrender of the Russian galleys, in which they were employed at the oars.

The king was standing on an insulated rock, without shrub or shelter, and observing Captain Sidney to feel the cold on this bleak position, after the heat of the day, his majesty addressed a soldier of his guard nearest to his person, saying "Give the Colonel your cloak." The man with the characteristic *naïveté* of a Swedish pea-

sant, answered, wrapping his cloak round himself, "I want it myself, sir." The king, with his wonted good humour, said to his page near him, "Bring the Captain a cloak," which being brought and put over his shoulders, the king, observing the star of the Order of the Seraphim thereon, added, "because it is cold, for," said his majesty, "if I did not use those words, you would have been regularly invested, by my order, with the Order of the Seraphim, as a nobleman of the court of Spain would be made a grandee of the first class, if the king ordered him to put on his hat, without that qualification of the order, to be covered, being added. It is not the Order of the Seraphim, but that of the Sword I destine for the colonel." The negotiation relative to the latter followed, and we have seen it confirmed, as above, at home.

From the above extracts every reader will be able to judge for himself, whether he will be repaid by perusing the volumes *in extenso*.

We had hoped to lay before our readers, in the present number, some details regarding the newly discovered anodyne, chloriform. We are not aware, however, that any experiments of importance have been tried in Cape Town; and it would be useless to extract accounts from the London papers, which have been long before our readers.

The public will, doubtless, have observed with pleasure, that there is at length some chance of the proposed Botanical Establishment, in the Government Gardens being commenced, and that it is likely to be placed under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Adamson—unquestionably the fittest man in Cape Town for such a purpose. His Excellency Sir H. Smith has given every encouragement to the proposal, and a commission is to be appointed to report upon all matters connected with the subject. It is also proposed, to purchase the plants belonging to the estate of the late Baron von Ludwig, and Government has expressed an inclination to defray half the expense, provided the price be reasonable, and the other half can be raised by public subscription. Such a subscription should be immediately set on foot. It is also hoped, that a botanical lectureship will be established in connection with the Garden. This would be one of the greatest real improvements to the town which it is possible to imagine, and ought to meet with the cordial support of the press and the inhabitants. It is not necessary to do more than direct attention to Dr. Adamson's very able memoranda on the subject, which appeared in the two last numbers of the Cape Town Mail.

We should be ungrateful indeed, were we to allow this opportunity to pass, without paying our humble tribute to the memory of the late Baron von Ludwig. All honor to the man, be he who he may, who cultivates science in the uncongenial soil of South Africa. The late baron's garden has long been one of the sights of Cape Town, and would, owing to the liberal admission of visitors, have been a means of improvement to many, had it been more conveniently situated. We did not enjoy any personal acquaintance with the late Baron, but we know, that there was no effort ever made in Cape Town, to promote Literature, Science, or the Arts, which did not receive his cordial support. Such a man is worthy of all praise anywhere, but here he is invaluable.

Another subject presents itself, in connection with the public improvements, now in progress in Cape Town and its vicinity.

As the proposed re-opening of the once admired carriage road round the Kloof has been, for some weeks past, one of the chief topics of conversation amongst the inhabitants of Cape Town, we consider it entitled to some remarks, and the more so, as we have a personal interest in its completion, it being within the reach of every person living in the Town, and affording to all visitors at the numerous residences at Greenpoint, a pleasant continuation of their afternoon drive, instead of returning to Town amidst the whirls of dust, which, borne on the wings of the South East wind, deprive the devoted inmates of their carriages or the desperate equestrian, of anything like comfort on that part of the road from the Race Course to the Parade.

To our view, the pleasant groves of Rondebosch and Wynberg, with their rows of waving pines, are so difficult to reach during the summer months, in consequence of the prevalence of this same unsparing wind, which hurls in the teeth of its unlucky victims, showers of stones,—that we have often felt astonished at the Kloof-road being allowed to remain impassable for carriages, and only to be ridden round by a bold rider, on a sure footed horse,—because we consider, that the beautiful undulating grounds in the vicinity of the Round-house and Camp's Bay, ought to be the site of summer residences for those who require the healthy sea breeze, and who wish to enjoy the decided benefits of salt water bathing.

The distance from Cape Town to the Round House, which

we consider the focus of this beautiful drive, will not be more than 20 minutes, in point of time,—on the completion of a satisfactory road,—and no one can deny that the visiter is amply repaid by the magnificent view which breaks upon him as he crests the hill. The immediate foreground is prettily diversified with plantations of oak, poplar, and fir,—the rock bound coast, with the breaking waves, is a perfect middle distance,—and the wide expanse of the blue sea,—dotted with the tiny fisher's craft,—or bearing on its bosom the ships of distant lands, is terminated by an horizon more gorgeous, at the setting sun, than we have ever seen in any other clime.

Compare with this the barren spots in "Merrie Englands," where thousands spend their summer months, and enjoy during the "long vacation" perfect happiness in driving to the depth of the horses' girths the cumbrous wagon, from which they throw themselves into the sickly-hued and weedy waters, and return in red slippers through the sandy streets to their first or second floor, and lying on their sofas, "hear fresh oysters cried," or industriously imbibe deep draughts of generous ale.

But to return to our more immediate subject, we beg to offer the earliest suggestions respecting the consequences of this road being completed. We look on it as indisputable, that houses must at once start up, sweet pleasant spots with hanging gardens and rich flowers, that the supply of water, which we believe, to be plentiful, will accommodate a tiny village; but we want more, we wish some few hundred acres of the rising grounds from Camp's Bay to be planted with the oak and fir, and aloe, which will impart to the scene the richness and comfort of complete rurality.

This will be matter of trifling expense, and we think, should be carried out by the owners of the soil, who would be amply repaid for the outlay by the increased value of the land, which they might then allot for residences and gardens, to those who seek for healthy air, and the other advantages to which we have referred above.

We may then eagerly look forward to the rapidly approaching time when vain regrets for the past pleasures of the kloof, and "Lord Charles' coach and four," will be exchanged for the daily comfort of a refreshing drive, which, considering its length, is scarce exceeded by any that we now remember to have seen.

We have received another communication on musical matters from our friend NN. which time and space have obliged us to postpone. The following, however, being of immediate interest, is included in the present article, by the kind permission of the author:—

“It may perhaps not be out of place, to conclude this number with the sad intelligence, of the loss to the musical world, of one of its greatest ornaments. On the 4th of November, 1847, died Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Born on the 3d of February 1809, at Hamburg, the son of a respected and wealthy banker, he had the benefit of excellent teachers, among whom Zelter stood highest in note, by his correspondence with Goethe. At his tenth year, already, he performed in public at Paris, and in his seventeenth, had composed his overture to the “*Summer Night’s Dream*.”

“When he had finished his studies at Paris, he made a three years’ journey through England, France and Italy, which made his name generally and honorably known.

On his return to Germany he gave several concerts for charitable purposes; in 1835 he was director at Leipsic, where he conducted the well-known subscription concerts at the Gewandhaus; the orchestra of which, under his guidance, has become one of the most finished and perfect in Germany: he also founded here the “*conservatorium of music*.” Afterwards he was director at Berlin, and in 1841 again at Leipsic. In the spring of last year he was in England, where were performed, under his own conducting, his overtures to “*Elijah*” and “*Paul*.”

He composed only one opera, “*The Wedding of Gamacho*,” but it is said, that a second, founded on Shakspeare’s “*Tempest*,” had just been finished, when his career, at the zenith of his fame, was alas! too early arrested by the cold hand of death.

We believe, that only a few of his piano compositions and songs have reached the Cape; we hope, however, that it will not be long before his beauties and merits may be better known to the musical circle of South Africa.

Our readers are aware, that a proposal has been brought before the public of this colony, for introducing into Cape Town a work of art on a very large scale. It is our business, of course, to treat this question artistically only; and so viewed, and with no reference whatever to the political bearings of the subject, we are clearly of opinion, that Cape Town is not fit for the reception of an equestrian statue. What is to be the site? On the parade, we are told, in front of the Commercial Exchange. But it appears to us strange that this very suggestion has not pointed out, what is really wanting to make this city worthy of the name, before we can introduce such works as equestrian statues. We want public buildings. With the exception of the new Roman Catholic church, which is not yet completed, there is not a decent

public building in the town. We want a handsome Commercial Exchange, Public Offices, a Cathedral, a Custom House, a Library, a Theatre, Schools, Markets, and a Hospital. These are the objects to which public attention may most usefully be turned, and any one of these, if simply inscribed with the name, and dedicated to the honor of Sir Harry Smith, would be a worthier tribute than all the statues in the universe. When these objects are gained, works of equal elegance, but not equal utility, may properly follow.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that, owing to the illness of the author, we are unable to publish in this number the continuation of "My First Campaign."

"Philobiblon" will find that his suggestions are noticed in the concluding article of this number.

"Beta." This is a trifling alteration, and not an improvement of one of Bishop Heber's Hymns. It is left for the author at the printing office. We do not desire any such assistance.

"Censor" is thanked: but we cannot enter into newspaper controversy.

A. Z.—We do not answer such questions: you had better apply to Sam Sly.

Correspondents not otherwise replied to, will find communications lying for them at the Printing Office.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, care of Mr. B. J. VAN DE SANDT DE VILLIERS, No. 2, Castle-street, Cape Town.

No. VII. will be published on THURSDAY, the First of June.

AGENTS IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

At <i>Graham's Town</i> ,.....	Mr. J. JAFFRAY.
„ <i>Port Elizabeth</i> ,	„ W. RING.
„ <i>Swellendam</i> ,	„ G. RATTRAY.
„ <i>The Paarl</i> ,	„ I. J. DE VILLIERS.

Though much desired, no Agencies could as yet be established in any other part of the country, on account of the difficulty of procuring sure and regular transmission.

THE
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No. 7.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

CHEMISTRY.—ITS RELATION TO AGRICULTURE.

THE attention of the public has recently been called so frequently to consider the question of "The Education of the Masses," and this by gentlemen of such eminent ability and standing in society, that it may well be believed, one who is little known feels diffident in venturing to recall attention to this most important subject.

Yet, I submit, that, having an object in view, the moment we have convinced ourselves, that it is attainable or approachable, that moment it becomes an object not only of reasonable desire, of sober hope, but (if for the public good) of positive, paramount, pressing obligation to all who have the power in any one line to promote it, however inconsiderable that power may be. The course of some writers may be conspicuous and brilliant, that of their fellow-labourer humble and obscure, but the common cause in which they are engaged is alike to all. "It is,"—says a noble writer:—"It is the noblest cause which can engage the energies of man;—it is the cause in which good men of all ages have spent their strength;—it is the cause in which Christ himself laboured, while on earth, and the path is wide enough for all to walk upon without jostling each other." Can it, therefore, be wondered at that any individual, however obscure as a writer, should be desirous of giving his humble aid to so good a cause.

After this short, but necessary prelude, I proceed at once to the point under consideration:—Practical Elementary Education.

The schools at present in existence may, if I mistake not, be divided into two classes.

The one in which nothing whatever is taught, save the *ordinary rudiments* of reading, writing, and arithmetic,—the mere foundation;—the superstructure is altogether omitted:—and consequently it would be quite as consistent to argue, were argument admissible in such a case, that when the foundation of a house is laid, *the house is built*,—that, when a sack of wheat has passed through the miller's magic hands the bread is made,—or that it is better to rebuild the said foundation, however firm it may be, than to add the superstructure,—or finally, that the first inaccurate unshapen beginning or original of anything, is a completion of the whole thing,—as to contend that the rudiments, the first principles, the primary elements of education, are education itself.

And yet, some call *this* education!

In others, those of a higher class, it is asserted that here, as in our grammar schools in England *it is with manifest justice* contended, that useful knowledge is almost excluded.

To shew how much, nay, how completely,—time is lost, in the latter, as in the former, would be an easy task, as I have before me a copious synopsis, shewing the daily routine business for a week, of one of the most celebrated schools in England; but this would be useless and unnecessary;—suffice it to say, that I am assured the schools here are managed on a principle even worse.—I may, however, add, I well recollect that in one of the most favoured and famous in Britain, but one half-hour in a week was given to anything English,—and *that* to modern history *only*,—“one half-penny worth of bread to all this intolerable deal of sack.” With the exception also of a sprinkling of mathematics, all the rest was Latin and Greek, Greek and Latin over and over again, without pause or change, without end; and at similar schools of a less pretending description, Latin is still the order of the day, and I may add, that with extremely few exceptions, our provincial grammar schools in England are daily falling behind in this age of advancement. Latin,—Latin,—Latin,—scarcely any branch of a superior order but Latin, is taught at these seminaries, while there, as here—*here especially,—the bulk of the boys instructed in*

them, are designed for the common mercantile and trading businesses of after life.—Not that mere word language has not its use even in the case of the dead languages: it is useful, or it may be useful under some possible circumstances, to know the ancient Chaldee term for “table;” but it is infinitely better to know how to make one; or how to give directions for one being made, so that the work shall be properly performed.

Having spoken hitherto almost exclusively of education as it too commonly is, it is time I said something of education as it might be; and in this spirit, I submit for consideration, that the teacher should begin with the existing experience of the child, and evolve out of it by the most gradual progression, what it is most necessary he should know. It is good, rely upon it,—to begin with the realities which are in a boy and around him, and make known to him what he cannot see by means of that which is before his senses. For this reason, I suggest the propriety of introducing *models*, in all possible cases; nor is this by any means a new idea, Models* were several years ago prepared for this special purpose, and in some of the best schools in the immediate neighbourhood of London; in some of those in the largest provincial towns in England, and in Scotland generally, I am assured they have been applied with the most perfect success; and this not merely in instilling an easy, pleasant, and *practical* as well as theoretical knowledge of the elements of the sciences, but even of geography. But if I am not altogether mistaken and misinformed, I fear they are but little used here, nay, almost unknown.

One glance at a good model, will stand in place of the most tedious description:—a drawing is but the ghost of an object, a description is but its shadow;—but the perception of the thing itself, rivets the attention, and fixes the principle firmly on the memory.

A model may be examined in all its parts;—it may also be *set in motion*—when another and most important element is introduced, of which words and drawings can give little idea.

But even *practice* may be—and sometimes is—applied

* This apparatus, suited to every branch of science, consists of a variety of models to illustrate gravity, friction, motion, the mechanical powers, the compound forces, the inclined plane, wedge and block, or capstan, pile-driver, pulleys, &c. &c., as well as geography,—and is prepared for the well-known publishers to the London University, Taylor & Walton.

more extensively than either schoolboys or their parents wish. Can any one have forgotten how copiously it was administered, by the head-master of the celebrated Dotheboys Hall Seminary,—Boz must have had in his minds eye, if he had not actually come in contact with, some such old-fashioned schoolmaster as one I well recollect in my native county,—whose mode of instillation was celebrated—tho' certainly not for the elegance of his style, but rather for what Roger Ascham would have called, his "*great beatings.*" Some such party must have flitted across his comprehensive brain, when he described Mr. Squicers—"Now my boy"—says the erudite and liberal schoolmaster "now my boy, spell winder,"—"w, i, n, win—d, e, r, der, winder,"—responded the pupil,—“that's a good lad ; *now*, go and *clean it*,—*practice makes perfect.*”—So it *was*, and for aught I know, at the present moment, *is*, with the gentleman I have alluded to ; with a slight variation.—It is but justice to him to say *window* would doubtless have been his orthography—but there the variation ceases,—whether it were window, horse, boots, or harness,—“go and clean it,” would be the invariable climax,—if “stones”—“go to the field and pick 'em,”—if damsons or apples—the variation a trifle more extensive, “go and gather them, eat as many as you like, *but pocket none*,” and so on. Practice of such a nature, may, I candidly admit, be carried too far.

The next consideration is of rather a delicate nature, but still it is one I think it necessary to allude to,—I do so submissively and I hope respectfully,—yet advisedly. It is too common a custom for parents, especially those who have lived much in the country, away from a town, and almost without society,—save, of course, their immediate neighbours, and those of their own caste,—to argue that “real knowledge,”—(which I have already sufficiently alluded to)—is unnecessary and useless. The sciences are even laughed at and ridiculed by many of our old-fashioned farmers, men of the highest integrity, and in many cases proverbial for their plain, unequivocal mode of speaking:—to hint at a science,—chemistry, for instance—to a congregated few of them, would be to insure “roars of laughter,”—and to attempt to convince a man so wedded to ancient customs—however excellent his disposition may be,—that, some knowledge of chemistry may be useful, even to a farmer, would be quite a waste of time and labour ; yet, if youths intended for future farmers, were so far initiated in its mysteries, as to

be able to read and comprehend Liebig's excellent works on "Chemistry in its application to Agriculture,"—"Organic Chemistry," &c. &c.,—they would surely profit by it in after life, aye, as much so as the now wealthy and even titled engineers, manufacturers, and millowners in England have done.

Since the important discoveries of Lavoisier, Chemical Science has made the most rapid advances. Every stage of its progress has been marked by a corresponding improvement in arts, manufactures, and agriculture. In the course of this progress *organic chemistry*, which, half-a-century ago, was almost unknown, has been cultivated in Europe generally, and especially on the continent, with a zeal and success corresponding with the importance of the subject,—and among the gentlemen who have contributed most to its success, Professor Liebig, the author of the works I have alluded to, deservedly holds the most distinguished rank.

To the excellent works of the above eminent writer I now beg to direct the careful attention of all who feel interested in agriculture, "that honorable employment," so well described by Mr. Borchers, at the late Agricultural Meeting in the Commercial Exchange.

"If," says Mr. Borchers, "if with justice and propriety (and can this be doubted?) husbandry has been placed at the head of human arts,—if amongst the ancients it was considered a very honorable employment—if it was once the highest praise that could be bestowed upon a person to say of him, that he had well cultivated his spot of ground—if history furnishes us with examples of some of the most illustrious and noble-minded men having, in the intervals of public business, applied themselves to the cultivation of this highly useful art,—surely, no man of proper feeling, and taking an interest in this Colony, can be indifferent to this Society, or refuse to lend it his helping hand,—its objects being to make the soil more productive and abundant in the fruits of the earth, and to support and meet the good and industrious farmer in the various pursuits he may attempt for his own advantage and the benefit of mankind at large."

When we add to this, the proper feeling, and high encomiums of that good man, who seems to join heart and soul in every thing tending to the good of the colony,—who has never yet refused to sanction and promote all just claims, whether applying to the public advantage, or mere individuals,—the Governor,—who since his first landing here in that high character has hitherto maintained it, not, as was by many supposed, as an Autocrat, or Dictator, but as one who allows and encourages freedom, and a free extent of all just rights, authority, power, and patronage, there

seems to be good reason to hope for a decided improvement in the agricultural prospects of the colony.

Sir Harry Smith spoke long and well in favor of the great advantages to the community at large resulting from agriculture.

To these high authorities I particularly direct attention, and to write pages on this subject would be an easy matter; but to enlightened farmers this would be unnecessary, and to others, I fear, useless; as the major portion of them are so wedded to "old fashioned ways," that they deprecate all improvements, consider them encroachments, and serve them, as the Americans served their state debts,—*repudiate* them. "Things have gone on well enough for hundreds of years without all this bother, and why not now?"!

Notwithstanding this, which I know to be a general feeling, I shall proceed on the principle I named at the commencement of this article.

Professor Liebig, in his "Agricultural Chemistry," page 112, says:—

"In addition to the general conditions, such as heat, light, moisture, and the component parts of the atmosphere, all of which are necessary for the growth of all plants, certain substances are found to exercise a peculiar influence on their development. These substances either are already contained in the soil, or are supplied to it in the form of the matters known under the general name of manure. But what does the soil contain, and what are the components of the substances used as manure? Until these points are satisfactorily determined, a rational system of agriculture cannot exist. The power and knowledge of the physiologist, of the agriculturist and chemist, must be united for the complete solution of these questions; and, in order to attain this end, a commencement must be made."

Now, though it is by no means necessary that the practical agriculturist should possess an extensive knowledge of chemistry, it is yet highly desirable that he should be acquainted with the nature of the substances which are indispensable to the growth of the plants which he cultivates, and the sources whence they are derived. Without such knowledge he will be continually liable to fall into error, and incur consequent loss whenever he finds it needful to have recourse to extraordinary means for increasing the fertility of his land, and must also constantly suffer from the mismanagement and misapplication of the means he derives from the ordinary sources.

The *manufacturer* is obliged to make himself acquainted with all the *materials* which he uses as well as all the conditions which are essential to the production of the articles he makes, and

he is perfectly aware, that unless he provides those materials, and complies with the needful conditions, *his object cannot be effected*,—but this being done, the result is uniform. The farmer, if actuated by similar forethought, would doubtless ensure the same constancy of effect in raising the produce of the earth. Nature, however, provides the latter, in many instances, and in this colony especially, so bountifully with the means of insuring his object, that he feels a less pressing necessity for making himself acquainted with them beyond the most ordinary operations; so that, when the means become exhausted, and the produce consequently fails, he is at a loss to assign the real cause and apply the proper remedy. The necessity for exertion, however, is strongly felt; a something is wanting, and blind experiment supplies the place of knowledge and discrimination; the deficiency may or may not be supplied,—the results of the experiments are conflicting, and all is confusion and error. All this error might be avoided, and a comparatively constant beneficial effect produced,—saving the varying influence of seasons which, here however, is far less felt than in Europe,—by obtaining a knowledge of the nature and properties of the substances which enter into the composition of plants, and the sources from whence they are derived, and acting upon such knowledge.

Nothing, however, can be obtained without some labour and application, and those who would read and profit by, or desire that their sons should profit by, the admirable works of Professor Liebig, must first make themselves,—and cause those sons to be made,—so far acquainted with the rudiments of chemistry, as to understand the names and general character of the several elements concerned in vegetation. This being attained, they will find these books full of the most important communications upon every subject calculated to throw a light upon the operations of agriculture generally, and the phenomena of vegetable and animal life.

Part I—"On the Chemistry of Agriculture"—treats of the chemical processes in the nutrition of vegetables, in which it is shewn that carbon with oxygen and hydrogen, the two latter in the proportions which constitute water, form the *great mass of the substance of all plants*.

Woody fibre, starch, sugar, gum, &c., are such compounds of the elements of water with carbon. Other vegetable substances consist of carbon with oxygen and hy-

drogen, in which the former (oxygen) is in excess.—Most of the organic acids are of this nature.—In a third class of vegetable substances, hydrogen is in excess. These constitute the fixed and volatile oils, wax and resin.

The juices of vegetables contain organic acids, generally combined within organic bases, or metallic oxides,—for metallic oxides exist in every plant, and may be found in its ashes after incineration. Nitrogen forms a portion of the elements of plants, and those substances formed by the union of this other organic element always contain sulphur. Now, whence do plants derive those substances *by which their bulk is continually increased* until they arrive at maturity? This can only be known by an enquiry as to the substances of which they consist. By far the principal part of these substances are derived from the air. The atmosphere consists principally of oxygen and nitrogen. The former in proportion of about 21 to 79 of the latter. It also contains carbonic acid gas in the proportion of one part (by weight) to 1,000, with a very small *but variable quantity* of AMMONIA.* Plants by means of their leaves extract the two latter from the air, and give out pure oxygen, while they imbibe water from the earth by means of their roots.

In the organs of the plant the carbon and the elements of the water are converted by a new arrangement into woody fibre and other organic substances. The mineral substances which constitute the ashes when wood is burnt, “are conveyed into the plant in the water taken up by the roots. These substances though very small in quantity, compared with the other parts of the plant, are nevertheless essentially necessary to its growth.”

After refuting, by the most conclusive arguments, the opinions which have hitherto prevailed amongst chemists of the manner in which *humus*† contributes to the nourishment of vegetables, the professor proceeds to the investigation of the origin of carbon.

“Now, whence did the first vegetables derive their carbon? and in what form is the carbon contained in the atmosphere?”

“These two questions involve the consideration of two most remark-

* Liebig Ag. Ch. Vide. p. 44.

† Humus is vegetable matter in a state of decay. That dark mass which is found immediately beneath the grass in all old pasture lands, is humus blended with the finer particles of the soil. By the action of air and moisture humus is slowly converted into carbonic acid gas, and in this way affords food to the roots of young plants.

able natural phenomena, which, by their reciprocal and uninterrupted influence, maintain the life of individual animals and vegetables, and the continued existence of both kingdoms of organic nature.

“One of these questions is connected with the invariable condition of the air with respect to oxygen. One hundred volumes of air have been found, at every period and in every climate, to contain 21 volumes oxygen, with such small deviations that they must be ascribed to errors of observation.

“Although the absolute quantity of oxygen contained in the atmosphere appears very great when represented by numbers, yet it is not inexhaustible. One man consumes by respiration 25 cubic feet of oxygen in 24 hours; 10 cwt. of charcoal consume 32,066 cubic feet of oxygen during its combustion, so that a single iron furnace consumes annually hundreds of millions of cubic feet; and a small town like Giessen (with about 7000 inhabitants) extracts yearly from the air, by the wood employed as fuel, more than 551 millions of cubic feet of this gas.

“When we consider facts such as these, our former statement, that the quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere does not diminish in the course of ages*—that the air at the present day, for example, does not contain less oxygen than that found in jars buried for 1800 years in Pompeii—appears quite incomprehensible, unless some cause exists capable of replacing the oxygen abstracted. How does it happen, then, that the proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere is thus invariable?

“The answer to this question depends upon another, namely, what becomes of the carbonic acid produced during the respiration of animals, and by the process of combustion? A cubic foot of oxygen gas, by uniting with carbon so as to form carbonic acid, does not change its volume. The billions of cubic feet of oxygen extracted from the atmosphere, are immediately supplied by the same number of billions of cubic feet of carbonic acid.

* “If the atmosphere possessed, in its whole extent, the same density as it does on the surface of the sea, it would have a height of 24,555 Parisian feet; but it contains the vapour of water, so that we may assume its height to be one geographical mile=22,843 Parisian feet. Now, the radius of the earth is equal to 860 geographical miles; hence the

Volume of the atmosphere=9,307,500 cubic miles.

Volume of oxygen . . =1,954,578 ,,

Volume of carbonic acid =3,862·7 ,,

“A man daily consumes 45,000 cubic inches (Parisian) of oxygen. A man yearly consumes 9,505·2 cubic feet. 1000 million men yearly consume 9,505,200,000,000 cubic feet (Parisian).

“Without exaggeration we may suppose that double this quantity is consumed in the support of respiration of the lower animals, and in the processes of decay and combustion. From this it follows, that the annual consumption of oxygen amounts to 2·392355 cubic miles, or in round numbers to 2·4 cubic miles. Thus, every trace of oxygen would be removed from the atmosphere in 800,000 years. But it would be rendered quite unfit for the support either of respiration or combustion in a much shorter time. When the quantity of oxygen in the air is diminished 8 per cent., and the oxygen thus abstracted is replaced by its own volume of carbonic acid, the latter exerts a fatal action upon animal life, and extinguishes the combustion of a burning body.

“The most exact and *trustworthy* experiments of De Saussure, made in every season for a space of three years, have shown, that the air contains on an average 0.000415 of its own volume of carbonic acid gas; so that, allowing for the inaccuracies of the experiments, which must diminish the quantity obtained, the proportion of carbonic acid in the atmosphere may be regarded as nearly equal to $\frac{1}{1000}$ part of its weight. The quantity varies according to the seasons; but the yearly average remains continually the same.

“We have reason to believe that this proportion was much greater in past ages; and nevertheless, the immense masses of carbonic acid which annually flow into the atmosphere from so many causes, ought perceptibly to increase its quantity from year to year. But we find that all earlier observers describe its volume as from one-half to ten times greater than that which it has at the present time: so that we can hence at most conclude that it has diminished.

“It is quite evident that the invariable quantities of carbonic acid and oxygen in the atmosphere, must stand in some fixed relation to one another; a cause must exist which prevents the increase of carbonic acid by removing that which is constantly forming; and there must be some means of replacing the oxygen removed from the air by the processes of combustion and putrefaction, as well as by the respiration of animals.

“Both these causes are united in the process of vegetable life.

“The facts which we have stated in the preceding pages prove that the carbon of plants must be derived exclusively from the atmosphere. Now, carbon exists in the atmosphere only in the form of carbonic acid, and therefore in the state of combination with oxygen.

“It has been already mentioned, that carbon and the elements of water form the principal constituents of vegetables; the quantity of the substances which do not possess this composition being a very small proportion. Now, the relative quantity of oxygen in the whole mass is less than in carbonic acid; for the latter contains two equivalents of oxygen, whilst one only is required to unite with hydrogen in the proportion to form water. The vegetable products containing oxygen in larger proportion than this, are, comparatively, few in number; indeed, in many the hydrogen is in great excess. It is obvious, that when the hydrogen of water is assimilated by a plant, the oxygen in combination with it must be liberated, and will afford a quantity of this element sufficient for the wants of the plant. If this be the case, the oxygen contained in the carbonic acid is quite unnecessary in the process of vegetable nutrition, and it will consequently escape into the atmosphere in a gaseous form. It is therefore certain, that plants must possess the power of decomposing carbonic acid, since they appropriate its carbon for their own use. The formation of their principal component substances must necessarily be attended with the separation of the carbon of the carbonic acid from the oxygen, which must be returned to the atmosphere, whilst the carbon enters into combination with water or its elements. The atmosphere must thus receive a volume of oxygen for every volume of carbonic acid, the carbon of which has become a constituent of the plant.

“This remarkable property of plants has been demonstrated in the most certain manner, and it is in the power of every person to convince himself of its existence. The leaves and other green parts of a plant absorb carbonic acid, and emit an equal volume of oxygen.

They possess this property quite independently of the plant; for, if after being separated from the stem, they are placed in water containing carbonic acid, and exposed in that condition to the sun's light, the carbonic acid is, after a time, found to have disappeared entirely from the water. If the experiment is conducted under a glass receiver filled with water, the oxygen emitted from the plant may be collected and examined. When no more oxygen gas is evolved, it is a sign that all the dissolved carbonic acid is decomposed; but the operation recommences if a new portion of it is added.

"Plants do not emit gas when placed in water either free from carbonic acid, or containing an alkali that protects it from assimilation."

It is one of the most remarkable and beautiful instances of the economy of Nature, that the functions of plants and animals have a reciprocal action, by which each supports the existence of the other. By respiration animals consume oxygen by combining it with carbon as carbonic acid; while on the other hand vegetable life is supported by decomposing carbonic acid and renovating the air by the liberation of oxygen, which would otherwise prove poisonous to animals. The redundant vegetation of tropical regions liberates immense quantities of oxygen, which—I quote high authorities—flowing off to temperate zones, supplies the greater waste, and inferior production of oxygen in those latitudes, while the returning currents carry back the carbonic acid gas, produced by combustion and respiration in the populous and colder countries. *There now no longer exists any doubt that the immense strata of mineral coal found in various parts of the world owe their origin to the action of vegetable life at a very remote geological period.*

"The various layers of wood and mineral coal, as well as peat, form the remains of a primeval vegetation. The carbon contained in them must have been originally in the atmosphere as carbonic acid, in which form it was assimilated by the plants which constitute these formations. It follows from this, that the atmosphere must be richer in oxygen at the present time than in former periods of the earth's history. The increase must be exactly equal in volume to the carbonic acid abstracted in the nourishment of a former vegetation, and must, therefore, correspond to the quantity of carbon and hydrogen contained in the carboniferous deposits."

The enormous quantity of carbon contained in the strata of coal having been derived from the atmosphere, it follows that the quantity of carbonic acid gas existing at the period of the formation of mineral coal, was much greater than at the present time, which, together with a higher temperature, will afford an explanation of the rapid vegetation by which they were evidently produced.

The decomposition of carbonic acid and emission of oxygen by the leaves and green parts of plants, take place during the day, both by the direct action of the sun's rays, and also, but in an inferior degree, by that of diffused light. During the night, on the contrary, plants absorb oxygen, and give out carbonic acid gas,—this fact will explain to the majority of my readers, how it is, that it is unhealthy to have plants in a sleeping room, carbonic acid gas, in volume, being a deadly poison. This latter fact has led some philosophers to doubt, whether, eventually, plants do, upon the whole, purify the air.*

The decay of vegetable substances is the source of humus, that matter which imparts a dark colour to the soil—and referred to in note, p. 218. This decay is a slow combustion, by which the organic parts of plants are separated, and are resolved into water and carbonic acid.

“ A very long time is required for the completion of this process of combustion, and the presence of water is necessary for its maintenance: alkalis promote it, but acids retard it; all antiseptic substances, such as sulphurous acid, the mercurial salts, empyreumatic oils, &c., cause its complete cessation.

“ The property of woody fibre to convert surrounding oxygen gas into carbonic acid diminishes in proportion as its decay advances, and at last a certain quantity of a brown coalylooking substance remains, in which this property is entirely wanting. This substance is called MOULD; it is the product of the complete decay of woody fibre. Mould constitutes the principal part of all the strata of brown coal and peat. By contact with alkalies, such as lime or ammonia, a further decay of mould is occasioned.”

The professor next proceeds to shew that the carbonic acid produced by the slow and continual decay of humus, is supplied to the roots of young plants, before those organs more especially appointed for absorbing it (the leaves) are sufficiently developed. The stirring the soil round the roots facilitates the action of the air upon the decaying matter, and thus accelerates their growth. As the leaves expand, carbonic acid is imbibed, both by them and the roots, and when the organs by which the plant obtains food from the atmosphere are matured, the carbonic acid of the soil is no longer required. The roots, however, must continue to take up the proper food of plants during the continuance of their life.†

* See Liebig's Agricultural Chemistry, p. 22—29.

† “ When the food of a plant is in greater quantity than its organs require for their own perfect development, the superfluous nutriment is not returned to the soil, but it is employed in the formation of new organs. The continued supply of carbonic acid by means of a soil rich in humus must exert a very marked in-

But I must cut short these details, though too deeply interesting to be omitted without regret, and so condensed is the matter, as to baffle all attempt at satisfactory abstraction. I can therefore, only *allude* to the general contents of the remainder of this most valuable work, and then proceed directly to the point at issue. This is,—so far as the science of agricultural chemistry is concerned,—a subject of overwhelming importance to this colony,—I allude to the cultivation of the vine, and the wine produced here.

Having shewn the organic elements of plants, tho' perhaps not sufficiently clearly for general readers, whom I must refer to this book of Liebig's, I shall proceed to take a rapid view of the inorganic substances which are no less essential to their growth and structure.

When vegetable substances are burnt, a considerable quantity of ashes remain, consisting of varying proportions, in different plants, of alkalies and alkaline earths, silica, and iron; the alkalies and the alkaline earths are metallic oxides, and are combined with sulphuric, muriatic, phosphoric, and carbonic acids, forming sulphates, muriates, phosphates, and carbonates. The silica is generally united with potash, forming silicate of potash. These substances, which are necessary to the growth of plants, are no less needful to

fluence on the progressive development of the plant, provided the other conditions necessary to the assimilation of carbon are also present. At the side of a cell already formed another cell arises; at the side of a twig or leaf, a new twig and a new leaf are developed. These new parts could not have been formed, had there not been an excess of nourishment. The sugar and mucilage produced in the seeds form the nutriment in the young plants, and disappear during the development of the buds, green sprouts, and leaves.

“The power of absorbing nutriment from the atmosphere, with which the leaves of plants are endowed, being proportionate to the extent of their surface, every increase in the size and number of these parts is necessarily attended with an increase of nutritive power, and a consequent further development of new leaves and branches. Leaves, twigs, and branches, when completely matured, as they do not become larger, do not need food for their support. For their existence as organs, they require only the means necessary for the performance of the special functions to which they are destined by nature; they do not exist on their own account.

“We know that the functions of the leaves and other green parts of plants are to absorb nutritive matters from the atmosphere, and, with the aid of light and moisture, to appropriate their elements. These processes are continually in operation; they commence with the first formation of the leaves, and do not cease with their perfect development. But the new products arising from this continued assimilation are no longer employed by the perfect leaves in their own increase: they serve for the formation of woody fibre, and all the solid matter of similar composition. The leaves now produce sugar, amylin or starch, and acids, which were previously formed by the roots when they were necessary for the development of the stem, buds, leaves, and branches of the plant.”—*Lieb. p. 32.*

animal existence; and in this we have a striking instance, in addition to thousands of others, of the admirable economy and harmony of nature.

All this is clearly and beautifully elucidated;—the author then goes on to shew that, as regards the saturation of the organic acids, bases of one kind often supply the place of those of another, the action being the same, namely, the saturation of the acid; but it is a very remarkable fact, that whatever the base be, it must afford an equal number of equivalents, or quantity of oxygen: and it therefore follows, that the quantity of any particular base required for the saturation of the acid, *must depend upon the greater or less proportion of oxygen which that base contains.* Whenever it is found, as is shewn often to be the case, that such substitutions take place, the quantity of oxygen contained in the bases is constant, notwithstanding those substitutions.

Several illustrations are given of the substitution of bases in trees of the same kind, growing on different soils, showing that the quantity of oxygen is the same in all.

The author then proceeds to shew the invaluable properties of manure, together with the kind made use of, and the mode of applying it, in a country where the best wines in the world are produced.

“The most decisive proof of the use of strong manure was obtained at Bingen (a town on the Rhine), where the produce and development of vines were highly increased by manuring them with such nitrogenous manures as shavings of horn, &c.; but after some years the formation of the wood and leaves decreased to the great loss of the proprietor, to such a degree that he has long had cause to regret his departure from the usual methods, ascertained by long experience to be the best. By the manure employed by him, the vines had been too much hastened in their growth; in two or three years they had exhausted the potash in the formation of their fruit, leaves, and wood, so that none remained for the future crops, his manure not having contained any potash.

“There are vineyards on the Rhine the plants of which are above a hundred years old, and all of these have been cultivated by manuring them with cow-dung, a manure containing a large proportion of alkaline ingredients, although very little nitrogen. All the alkalies, in fact, contained in the food consumed by a cow, are again immediately discharged in the liquid excrements.

“The leaves and small branches of trees contain the greatest quantity of ashes and alkalies; and the quantity of them annually removed from a wood, for the purpose of being employed as litter, contain much more of the alkalies than all the old wood cut down. The bark and foliage of oaks, for example, contain from 6 to 9 per cent. of alkalies, the needles of firs and pines 8 per cent.”

The chapter on vinous fermentation is a masterly produc-

tion of the highest order, in which the true chemical nature of that hitherto mysterious phenomenon is explained with admirable perspicuity, and is eminently calculated to introduce the most important advantages into the art of making wine, which, as generally practised, even in Europe, appears certainly susceptible of very great improvement, by the aid of the new and extraordinary light which has been thrown thereon by this distinguished author. The vinous fermentation, or in other words, the change of the sugar contained in the must of grapes depends upon the presence of gluten, which they always contain. When the "must" of grapes is exposed to the action of air, as in an open vessel, at the temperature of 60° , or thereabouts, it soon becomes turbid, an intestine action takes place, bubbles arise from all parts of the liquor, a frothy head of yeast forms on the surface, and another portion falls to the bottom of the vessel, the whole or greater part of the sugar disappears, and the liquor becomes vinous and intoxicating, that is, the elements of the sugar have undergone a new arrangement, a portion both of its carbon and oxygen have been resolved into carbonic acid gas, which is given off at the surface, while the remainder of those elements of the sugar, with all its hydrogen, have assumed the form of alcohol, which remains in the liquor. The immediate cause of this change is owing to the presence of the gluten, an azotized substance exceedingly susceptible of becoming oxidized by contact with the air, and of undergoing chemical changes. If the juice of grapes be extracted *out of contact with the air*, it may be kept *in perfectly close vessels—FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME,—without undergoing any change:* but, no sooner is air admitted, than the vinous change commences, which I have endeavoured to describe above. Now, this change commences with the gluten, which becomes oxidized by contact with the atmosphere, and the change which it thus undergoes, induces a corresponding change in the sugar with which it is in contact, by which its elements enter into new arrangements, that is, they are resolved into carbonic acid gas and alcohol, as before stated. The action once commenced, it will proceed without further contact with the air, as long as the liquor contains any unchanged gluten, or sugar upon which it can exert its influence. *If there is an excess of sugar, so that the gluten becomes exhausted before it, the resulting liquor remains sweet, as is the case with the rich and delicious wines of Constantia, and some produced in the south of Europe. If, on the contrary, the gluten be in*

excess, as in the instance of the poorer wines produced here, all the sweetness entirely disappears, and some gluten remains in solution. It is the custom at Great Constantia—(and doubtless at the other Constantias also)—where the richest and best wine produced in this colony is made, and where the exertions of the Cloete's to produce good wines are beyond all praise,—to let the grapes become almost raisins, before they are gathered, and the result is as I have stated:—on the other hand, I fear, it is the custom in other vineyards,—not at Constantia,—to bestow less pains, and gather the grapes *before* the *whole* of each bunch is *entirely* ripe,—and hence the result—there is an excess of gluten and a want of sugar.

Even the latter wines, however, may become better, if they are kept in a cool situation in casks, for a great length of time; the excess of gluten becomes slowly oxidized by means of the oxygen which penetrates the pores of the wood, *a process which is called ripening*, and which renders it but little liable to undergo further change.

But if the same kind of wine, instead of being kept *in closed casks and in a cool situation*, be exposed to the air, the consequent rapid oxidation of the gluten would induce an oxidation of the alcohol, by which means it would speedily be converted into acetic acid, or vinegar, and this conversion will be still further accelerated by an increase of temperature.

I should be happy to *quote* the whole of this chapter,—(Cap. ix. Part II. pp. 327—343,)—but, even with the fear of obscurity before my eyes, I am compelled to be brief, as I have already written far more on this important subject, (Agricultural Chemistry) than I at first contemplated.

I must now, therefore, however reluctantly, close this paper, having, I fear, already encroached far beyond the customary limits generally allowed to writers, on scientific questions, in a literary periodical,—and I fear much beyond the limits of my reader's patience, if indeed any have followed my argument to its conclusion:—I may add, however, that throughout, I have been in a great measure guided by, not only the valuable works of the eminent writer I have named, but others, in different pursuits, equally eminent, Professors Playfair, and Gregory, to whose valuable works on chemistry, natural philosophy &c., the world is indebted for much that is now known.

A TRIP TO L'AGULHAS.

To the many who have, from their residence in, and connection with, the metropolis of this colony, been enabled to visit the interior—some in short drives to Stellenbosch, or the Paarl,—others to the towns and villages lying between us and the capital of the Eastern Districts,—and others, yet again, whose energy or spirit of adventure have led them to the wild Karoo, or the plains inhabited by the Ostrich, the Quagga, and the Elephant, or to the region believed to be contiguous to the “Great Lake”—it may appear unimportant to give a sketch of a fortnight’s trip, where the utmost limit reached did not exceed 160 miles from Cape Town. But we hope we shall be able to carry our readers kindly with us, on reminding them that as we have, in the former numbers of this Magazine, gleaned from every possible source information on external topics, for the amusement of our neighbours who have so liberally supported us, so we may now devote a few pages to matters, which, though familiar to the Cape Residents, are as new to our friends in Great Britain as would be the diary of a passenger, by hired drosky, from Tobolsk to Nishni Novogorod, or, by palanquin, from Somnauth to Jellalabad. Thus deprecating criticism by a simple preface to a short journey, having for its object, however, as will be seen, the advancement of a highly useful and humane project, we step at once into our subject, and acquaint the reader that at six o’clock on Monday Morning, the 3rd April, we commenced loading our wagon with the necessary supplies of eatables and drinkables, guns with their adjuncts, dogs, cigars, blankets and skins, and, after the lapse of an hour, the toll gate was passed, and we were on the “hard road” over the Cape Flats, in the following condition.

Eight horses were attached to a machine with four wheels, open in front, and covered with sailcloth like a rustic booth in a country market,—one driver held the reins, and by his side was the proprietor of a whip as long as a salmon-fisher’s rod, of which the handle was a bamboo cane some 14 feet in length. With this he admonished each unwilling horse, whilst the holder of the reins reserved for more pressing emergencies his earnest appeal to their better feel-

ings, by imperatively calling on "Puil" or "Raas" to lead the way through the many streams we met.

The "hard road" extends for 23 miles across the Cape Flats, and being nearly a dead level, renders thus much of the journey easy.

Until 3 or 4 years ago the apathetic population were content to drag over this waste of sandy plain so much of the produce of the interior as sought its way to Cape Town, in wagons drawn by teams of oxen, in number from ten to twenty; the pace of course was wretchedly slow. The present road is equal to any mail coach road in England, and formed a worthy prelude to the later operations of the Central Road Board, which have since broken ground in many parts of the interior, and whose works bid fair to rank first among the public schemes for the advancement of the colony.

On crossing the Eerste River, we fell again into the old track across the plain, through the pleasantly situated village of Somerset (West,) to the base of Sir Lowry's Pass,

"Where, what I consider is very particular
We climbed up rocks that were perpendicular."

The barrier of rocky mountain over which this road was made, (under the supervision of Lt.-Col. Michell, Surveyor General,) was a serious obstacle to internal commerce,—the highest point of the road is about 1,000 feet above the sea, which washes the mountain's base, and about 700 feet above the commencement of the ascent.

From the top, we gazed upon a gorgeous sunset, bathing in warm, mellowed tints the whole of False Bay, and showing in its hazy light, the distant fleet lying in Simon's Bay.

The five or six ox-wagons on the pass presented an interesting spectacle, hanging, as it were, over the cliffs which they cautiously wound round, laden with corn, fruit or poultry.

The first night's resting place was 44 miles from Cape Town. Having "inspanned" at dawn next morning, we journeyed over an undulating country, alternately cresting successive hills, or fording the streams which trickled at their base.

The country is sterile, mountainous, and thinly scattered with trees or houses, until you arrive at Houw Hoek Pass, where the Central Road Board, above mentioned, have completed another of their useful undertakings. The old track passed over the summit of one hill not much lower than Sir Lowry's Pass, and from the first point of decided ascent

to the opposite plain where it sinks, is many miles in length.

The present new road is nearly a dead level, skirting the base of the hill, partly cut through the rock, and in all ten miles in length; it is all trotting ground, and follows the windings of a pleasant valley green with vegetation, and producing the "Palmiet" shrub or tree, of which the bell-shaped hats of the Malay inhabitants are composed.

To the farmers taking their produce to Cape Town these new roads are an incalculable benefit, as the delays caused by the necessary halts to rest the wearied cattle after passing these mountain barriers, and the accidents which occurred en route, were a perfect stumbling block in the way of speedy internal intercourse.

The Road Board has given its attention to the removal of these obstructions, by opening mountain passes, bridging rivers, and forming causeways, on the main road through the colony. There are at present several of these undertakings in course of completion, in addition to those before mentioned, and the road opened in January last in substitution of the Cradock's Kloof Pass, which new road has been christened "Montagu Pass," after the Chairman and Founder of the Central Road Board.

In conducting the operations under this Board, an excellent system has been satisfactorily attempted, viz: the employment of the labor of all convicts, condemned for offences in the colony, to a period beyond three months imprisonment with hard labor; thus equally relieving the revenue from the support of idlers, and obtaining from them work of everlasting benefit to the community which they had injured.

They are, at the same time, instructed in religious and other education, and can by their conduct obtain not only relaxation from the most severe duties—but even rewards—and, at the expiration of the longer terms of punishment,—many have been restored to society with characters regained, and a sufficient sum of money to enter upon a new mode of life with comfort and credit to themselves.

Having viewed with pleasure and admiration this highly finished work and having eaten a comfortable mid-day breakfast at the pretty cottage of the Overseer, we lighted our cigars and slowly jogged along to "Boontjes kraal" where we astonished the honest Boer, its proprietor, by opening a bottle of soda water for his immediate information, and disposing of a bottle of claret and certain wedges of brown bread and "biltong" for our own internal satisfaction.

The worthy Boer's countenance reminded me of Sterne's admiration of his postboy as he greedily devoured the contents of the chaise pocket.

"Heavens! what masticators! what bread!"

The horses having all had a roll and a little water—(I beg not to be misunderstood—South African horses always have a roll—over—, on being outspanned)—were again harnessed—Zaky cracked his salmon-rod, and on we went.

The country still the same—hill and vale by turns, no travellers save those in the long ox-wagons, few houses, and in the clear blue sky an occasional Vulture hovering over the carcase of an ox, unable to continue its journey from fatigue, and dying by the way side.

As evening drew on, Caledon appeared upon our left.

It contains, probably, eighty houses, is pleasantly situated amongst gardens and trees: and on the sides of the adjacent hills are many corn fields, and numerous flocks of sheep.

It would be unfair to the growing civilization of the place to omit that there appeared in the distant winding of a branch road, a live lady on horseback, with hat and skirt, and accompanied by a gentleman.

We sought not to enquire their names, or whence they came,—"like a beautiful dream" she passed, but her presence had relieved the desert of its wildness and brought us back to the capital in thought.

Two, three, four, more hills and vallies, and we pulled up at a comfortable residence—situated on the banks of a stream and sheltered by trees in front, with a vineyard and orchard of considerable extent in the rear.

Here we observed the primitive method which is still continued, of treading out corn by means of horses. A circular floor of smooth compost, guarded by a wall of three feet in height is thickly covered with corn-sheaves, and into this enclosure a number of horses are driven, and kept in active motion. When the grain is separated from the husks, the straw is forked over the wall, and at the conclusion of the entire work, is lighted and burnt down, then thrown into the sheep kraals, or enclosures, where it soon becomes fit to be used in the garden, or for other tillage purposes.

A hearty welcome, and a comfortable dinner greeted us, and, after a sound sleep, we rose early, amid the dim light of morning, in no wise pleased to hear the heavy drops of rain which pattered on the broad leaves of the surrounding poplars.

It was, however, necessary to proceed: and on passing the first hill, the same desert of successive undulating grounds extended as far as the eye could reach. The rain began to fall heavily, and, in short, we began to feel dispirited, but not being *out of spirits*, we imbibed slightly of the store *quem fidus onerarat Achates*, and, after creeping over fifteen miles of roads, like those in Scotland, which

“Had you but seen before they were made.

You'd have raised up your hands and blessed General Wade,” we reached the abode of an excellent Scotch farmer, where quickly “the festive board displayed its share.”

While the horses rested we examined the contents of the various side pockets attached to the wagon, and found that the biscuits had evaporated,—the match-box had resolved itself into its pristine figure of thin shavings, and the matches become non-conductors,—a solitary copy of Ordinance No. 16, of 1847, had become, like Tony Lumpkin's letter, “all buzz,”—the powder-flask was perfectly innocuous, while the corkscrew and the case-knife remained proudly pre-eminent amongst the mass, which,

“Like leaves of the forest, when summer hath blown,”

Our Host on that morning saw withered and strewn.

On again, for three hours amidst the heavy rain, the streams now gushing down the hills, when, just about to cross the twentieth stream, the “Klaas Rivier,” the horses are pulled up, and—

“Master! de rivier is bayang full,—no cross to-day,” welcomes the traveller's ears.

“What is to be done?”

“Ik zal kyk, Sieur!—me go see Master!”

Poor Zaky probed the stream with the end of his fishing-rod, shook his head ominously, and for a moment represented Lord Ullin on the shore, and returns with—

“Groote gat in de rivier, Master! de big tide loop op de klippers—no safe to cross van daag.”

Pleasant position for the “unfortunate and innocent traveller!”

“Napier's dorp niet zoo ver,—wat say de Baas?”

“Fire away!” says the Baas,—“no pleasure in getting drowned.”

The horses are turned round, and another path is sought, whilst the exaggerated motions of the wagon,—as, now the fore wheels, now the hind, sink into the loosened earth,—resemble the action of a ship in a heavy squall.

The morning's rain had flooded every stream into a rushing torrent, and the adjacent plain was a lake for miles around. It became difficult to guide the jaded horses through the channels of the rivers. In fact, with much of chance and some good guiding, in the teeth of the pelting rain, we toiled through some ten miles of flood, straining for a shed or cottage as eagerly as Bluebeard's wife did, when her amiable sister held the telescope, to descry the first glimpse of "any one coming."

The faithful "Dingsdag," with a pertinacity worthy of a higher cause, had swam almost for hours,—the horses were completely tired, and evening drawing to a close,—when the long-expected Napier's dorp came in view.

This not over populated city contained a little church, a winkel, and a house, independent of the mansion of the Predikant. The winkel, however, disappeared during the night's rain; and on the morrow a few men were seen bearing the *disjecta membra teapottium atque crockiorum* to the other house.

The Predikant's mansion was selected as our abode, with no opposition from its owner, as, from the fact of the absence of windows, and of two rooms being filled with water, the proprietor had wisely hesitated to take up his abode in it, before the house should be completed.

It may not be quite fair to spread amongst the numberless readers of this widely circulating periodical the impression, that Napier's Dorp is by no means an interesting capital town; but one is constrained to observe, that beyond the abodes of domestic bliss and little *genii loci*, and the orange trees and garden attached to the parsonage, no peculiar object of wonder,—no monument of natural grandeur, or of rustie art, attracts the attention of the way-farer, or

"Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

It is but fair to tender to our absent host our thanks for a timely shelter, and that is done with heartfelt pleasure, for had he seen us dragging our vehicle by the wheels alongside of his future bed-room windows, and throwing from its seats and floor the saturated garments which we owned, into the aforesaid apartments, he would have, with fatherly delight, appreciated our joy in finding a home after the wretched day we had passed.

Having, with a coin of the realm, bribed an itinerant Hot-tentot to cause a blaze from the wet sticks which he collected, we warmed our limbs and accepted the meal which Mr. Le

Brun good naturedly prepared. It was soup,—and we were told that a fine capon had enriched it, but the bones and flesh of the domestic biped had been surreptitiously removed, and large pieces of dough supplied their place;—its savoury steam constituted the greater part of our repast, then having imbibed a *leetle* brandy and enjoyed the fragrant weed, we wooed the drowsy God.

Wrapped in skins on the bare floor, the mighty Morpheus was invoked but no answer was returned to our prayers; a host of little lively beings, (*genii loci*) maintained their supremacy, and of each of us it may be said in the words of Coleridge

“ A wiser and a sadder man”
 “ He rose the morrow morn.”

of each too, that

Haec ubi de-flea-vit, tolli miserabile corpus imperat— unkempt, uncomfortable, and by no means rested we pursued our course, o'er hill and dale, through field and flood, and as the evening closed we reached the pretty village of Breda's Dorp, where we received a hospitable welcome, a comfortable dinner, and lay in beds of down. Oh! the delicious remembrances!—Next morn the sun arose upon us as we wended our way through an almost interminable lake, and as the glorious orb sunk into the bosom of the ocean, the wreck strewn shore of Struys Bay showed that we were near our jouneys end. Strange to say, that even on that day the sight of a wrecked vessel was one of the first objects on the beach. “ The Barrys” lay over on the strand where a tremendous sea at spring tide had thrown her on the preceding day, and though no lives were lost, it is problematical whether the gallant little bark will ever float again. A stately troupe of ostriches marched past, the full sized birds standing between eight and nine feet high, and their young to the number of 16 trotting by their side. Many quadrupeds and bipeds are yet to be seen in the vicinity, in numbers—the bontebok, duiker, (so called from its motion, ducking as it bounds by) the greisbok, steenbok, hare, and jackal, the ostrich, pauw, koran, dikkop, pheasant, partridge, quail, snipe, heron, duck, gull and numberless aquatic birds, whilst the tortoise, mole, and serpent tribe are numerous, though more concealed.

From Struys Bay to the point de L'Agulhas, the southernmost extremity of Africa, the beach is strewn with fragments of the many wrecks, and by the way side at intervals appear the spar or cross which marks the grave of the ill starred mariner.

The coast is bound with ledges of rock on which the waves break in continuous roll, with loud reports, and endless surf.

To ships from India this coast has ever been pregnant with disaster; a slight inaccuracy in the reckoning, has caused many ships to steer a north west course before the point had been doubled, and of course the result was fatal, no beacon warned them of their approach, and in many cases, the Hottentot herdsman of a farmer's flock was the first to find the decaying corpses on the shore.

In the year 1840, a meeting was called at Cape Town, to propose the erection of a light house at L'Agulhas. Amongst the speeches made on that occasion, was a very able one, from a most eloquent speaker, the Attorney General,—who states in the course of his address :

“ I am not quite a twelve-month in your Colony, and yet since my arrival, there have been no fewer than three shipwrecks at this destructive point. I cannot say that I am in possession of sufficient data from which to calculate, with accuracy, the amount of the property lost upon these several occasions,—but it must have been immense. I am persuaded that I am guilty of no exaggeration,—that, on the contrary, I keep far below the mark, when I assert that the cargo of one vessel alone, the “*Northumberland*,” would, itself, have amply sufficed to erect a Light-house upon every headland which requires one, round the entire coast, from Oliphant's River, on the west, to the Keiskamma, on the east.”

The idea has, since that meeting never been removed from the public mind,—and it is now our good fortune, to be able to state that a light house is in the course of erection. The machinery and apparatus have arrived, and ere the close of this year, the lamp will be lighted, to the honor of the colony, and the credit of humanity.

The building presents a face of about 100 feet to the south, consisting of the central tower which will be 87 feet high, and flank walls on each side terminated by minor towers, about 20 feet in height. The stone which is a species of limestone is nearly white, and becomes in time encrusted with a coat of calcareous nature, which renders it impenetrable to the weather.

The apparatus is on the dioptric principle, and of the first class or largest size, made in Paris, by Colonel Michell's directions, by Mr. Henry Le Paute, it will light 270°, the remaining 90° landward being the only portion of the lantern obscured. The edifice presents a very large front to the Southward, to prevent the possibility of its being mistaken for a private building.

The height of the focus of light above the sea's level will be 125° . The distance on the horizon from which it will be seen will be 15 miles; from the deck, making the height of the eye 15 feet, $20\frac{1}{2}$ miles; from a mast head, 100 feet high, $28\frac{2}{5}$ miles.*

The country around is a succession of hills, and, as water is not plenty, the herds of deer are seen at morn and eve coming to the shore, to drink the brackish water of the springs on the sea side. Low brush-wood covers the face of the country, and amongst the branches of the "Taaibosch," a variety of beautiful birds flit and charm the air with melody.

Of them one is preeminently beautiful, its body about the size of a wren, its tail eight inches long, its beak curved, and its gaudy colors glittering in the sun, as it flits in endless movement from flower to flower.

The recent heavy sea had washed up on the shore of Struys Bay an unprecedented quantity of oysters; they are large and very difficult to open, especially when a pocket-knife is the utensil to be used in the operation. The oyster, however, is excellent, and oh! my readers, picture to yourselves the circumstances under which they were greedily sucked in! The morning had been spent by one traveller, in strict attention to the duties which brought him there,—by the other, in walking fifteen miles under a broiling sun, and killing one small buck; the dinner had been "schaapvleesch," lately killed and very tough,—the water was brackish,—the last water-melon finished,—the *genii loci* predominant and omnivorous,—the tent-door closed,—and the bodies of the writer and his talented friend laid on the three deal planks marked C. E. D. in hopeless essay to slumber,—when the fat oysters arrived—

O noctes, cœnæque Deorum!

Suffice it to say, they were speedily despatched, and followed by a heavy sleep, relieved in its monotony by visions of the slaughtered fish, flanked by an array of pepper-boxes, like Macbeth's dagger, "the handle towards my hand," but alas! too visionary to be clutched—too ideal to be true.

* * * * *

The return was an improvement on the outward-bound trip; for, though the same unceasing hill and vale, and the yet flooded rivers had to be re-crossed, the late rains had caused a verdant coat to cover even the white sand; and

* Cape of Good Hope Almanac.

under a sunny sky, and after the rest of two days, the faithful "Dingsdag" led the way, and "Puil" and "Raas" trotted merrily toward the Kaapstad, the six other horses following their leaders in calm contentment.

The farm of Zoetendaals Vallei contains somewhere about 15,000 acres, and embraces within its bounds a lake which appeared more than 300 acres in extent. The property is stocked with game, of the descriptions above enumerated, and, thanks to the hospitable owner, we not only enjoyed a hearty welcome, but a rare day's sporting. After breakfast four horses stood prepared, and each man mounted with gun in hand, and *couteau de chasse* in pouch for a day's buck-shooting.

The guns used here are very heavy, such as Col. Hawker (the object of every young sportsman's early admiration) would employ on the "wash" of Lincolnshire; the charge of powder used is four times that of a snipe-gun, and the shot is very heavy.

The band start forward, and ride up partridges and hares without stopping to waste powder on such trivial game;—each bush is beaten, and the riders go right and left through the long rushes, or palmiet, leaving no spot untouched.

Every sportsman knows the little grassy hollows, where the rain has subsided in a pool, and where the richest grass springs up, whilst on its edges the long reeds afford a shelter for the game in the noonday's heat. In such a place you always find a buck, and it requires no small degree of practice to pull up, as he breaks from his "form," and throw yourself round in the saddle to "cover" him, as he bounds through the reeds or bush.

The country sportsmen are generally first-rate shots; they seldom fire unless their aim is deadly, and, in consequence, the discharge of our host's gun always led us to expect his immediately dismounting, to sling behind his saddle the slaughtered buck.

I think as many as two hundred bucks were seen, and each man returned with his prize, consisting of duiker, greisbok, and steenbok.

The ostriches which appeared in the distance were allowed to pass unmolested, for two reasons,—the first, because the month of April is not the season in which to shoot them, and secondly, because a totally different plan is pursued in obtaining a shot at them. For this purpose a pair of horses are harnessed to a light cart, and driven within range of the

birds; this they allow to approach as near as 80 yards without fear, and a tolerably good sportsman can thus easily sacrifice them, whereas they run from a person mounted on horseback, or following them on foot.

The evening was wound up by obtaining a few snipe on the margin of the lake, and some pheasants in the bushes adjoining the residence of our host.

It would be scarcely fair to omit the testimony due to his present to us, of a bottle of "van de rum." This nectareous fluid strongly resembles curaçoa, and may be safely recommended to travellers as a wholesome, and, if taken in sufficient quantity, an exhilarating beverage.

A portion of another day was spent at Dunghy Park Farm, and two covies of partridges numbering 8 brace and 6½ brace, with a few brace of pheasants in the evening, afforded good sport, added to which we had bagged two brace from the road side, before the dew had left the ground.

In conclusion I may remark, that a genuine system of hospitality prevades the farmers in the interior; they welcome the traveller readily, and though an occasional difficulty presents itself in the fact of the host and his guest speaking different languages, that difficulty does not decrease the appetite, or break the *entente cordiale*.

SCHILDPAD.



AN ADDRESS TO THE RHINE.

The following verses have been translated from the Dutch of BORGER,—a man known to every Hollander, as much for his eminent learning, as for his deep misfortunes. He was the son of a gin-distiller, and had already passed his fourteenth year, when the village pastor, having discovered in him the traces of a mighty genius, persuaded the father to get his son educated, and offered his gratuitous services as instructor, with board and lodging in the bargain. This the honest countryman accepted the more readily, as he had already lost some *kelders* of gin, on account of his son's inattention to every thing save some old books with which his cottage was furnished. The rapidity with which he devoured, as it were, the language and learning of the ancients, is hardly credible. Suffice it to say, that, four or five years after, he had so completely mastered these subjects, that he applied for, and gained, a scholarship in the University of Leyden, to the discomfiture of a considerable number of dandy students, who thought of enjoying a capital lark, upon seeing the Frieslander, in his antique costume, come to be ex-

amed. The very professors were astounded at the manner in which he replied to their questions, as he directed his answers in such a manner, as to oblige them to go on questioning. He was soon installed in the highest offices, and discharged his duties with humble and untiring zeal. He afterwards married, but before a year had passed, his wife died in childbed. This blow he felt severely, but he drowned his grief in the intenseness of his application. He again married, only to be visited by the same calamity; for, in the same number of days he had lived with his former wife, the second followed her dead-born infant to the grave. This shock was too terrible for a constitution already worn by grief and labor. Shortly after this visitation, he wrote the following "Address," which we have, with little justice to the original, endeavoured to versify in English, and, as the prophetic tone of his mournful ditty implied, he was united to his beloved ones before his 35th year had expired.

At last, then, rests the boisterous North,
 Its clattering hail—its storms have ceased;
 Again the Rhine flows freely forth,
 From winter's icy bonds released.
 Its waters lash the ancient banks,
 Where merry folks, in jovial spring,
 To Father Rhine their greetings bring,
 The monarch-stream in Europe's ranks,
 Whose waters, borne from Alpine height,
 Here soothe the shores—there cleave the mounds,*
 The world divide,—and mark the bounds,
 Of monarchs' territorial right.

Here I, too, basked in the sunny beams
 Of bright prosperity's cloudless sky,
 And my heart beat high in the airy dreams
 Of a glorious happy destiny:
 An acre of ground—a cottage small—
 But truth and faith the inmates there,
 Were dearer far to a loving pair
 Than the empty glare of princely hall;
 As, side by side, in the artless shed,
 Or neath the starry roof on high,
 We spoke of God—eternity,
 While thankful for our daily bread.

And now—my hairs perchance I'll count,
 But who shall count my endless tears?
 Sooner the Rhine will back to its fount
 Than this sad blow be effaced by years;

* Alluding to the "dykes" by which a great part of Holland is protected against the seas and rivers.

That blow which hurled a second crown
 From off my sorrow-fated head.
 My God! in Thee I've trusted yet,
 And shall, while still a breath I own,
 To thy decrees most meekly bow,
 Which never smite to wreak ill-will;—
 But oh! 'tis hard to suffer still
 This heavy weight of double woe.

At Katwyk, where the impatient waves
 Wait to embrace thee, noble Rhine!
 There lie in silent, sandy graves,
 My precious offerings at death's shrine.
 I'll weep my tears on thy dark bed,
 Oh, charge thee with the bitter shower;
 The mournful minstrel hath no power
 Those tears upon the tomb to shed
 Of her who ever mourned shall be.
 Thou kind old Rhine, be my express,
 Bear to my dear one's last recess
 These tell-tales of humanity.

Greet, too, the child, whose corpse the earth
 Had folded in its chilly grasp
 Ere she, who to that corpse gave birth,
 Breathed out her last, her dying gasp.
 I've dug my infant daughter's grave
 And laid her (when the mother's doom
 Consigned her to the coffin's gloom)
 Beside the breast which never gave
 The never-needed nourishment.
 I thought, one house belongs to both,
 What God unites, to part I'm loth,
 And in the urn both treasures pent.

Call ye the earth a paradise?
 Who ever here on flowers might stray?
 Not e'en one backward step I'd prize
 Of life's o'er-travelled weary way.
 Thank God, the five and thirtieth sun
 Already shed its summer-ray
 On my spent frame; while each slow day
 In suffering past, I count well-won.
 Time rolls along like thee, fleet Rhine!
 Soft o'er the well-loved tomb-stone glide
 Where my bones, too, shall soon abide
 With the remains that yet are mine.

MARICITA.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOONLIGHT."

CHAPTER I.

In that fertile valley which extends to the right of the *estrada real*, between the ancient cities of Merida and Truxillo, after crossing the Sierra da St. Cruz in the province of Estremadura, lies the beautiful *puebla* or village of Madronera; and truly enchanting to the traveller's gaze, (as if in smiling contrast, to the more barren plain, which he has just passed over), may the view be termed, which is there spread before him.—To the left, and partly in his front, crag towering over crag, the highest point being cleft with an ancient Moorish fortalice, is seen that magnificent chain of lofty hills known as the Puerto de Miravetè, whilst nearer to the sight stands Truxillo, the birth-place of the renowned Pizarro, surrounded by its decayed though picturesque walls and towers, until the landscape, assuming a more verdant and pastoral appearance, gradually slopes down into the rich *vega*, where several villages lie, embosomed in orchards and chesnut groves, amidst whose bowers of green, the tall spire and white walled cottage are seen to gleam forth,—especially at that hour when a golden sunset lights up the prospect with evening's loveliness.

But a few years before the period of our tale, no spot, throughout this once glorious, and romantic land, possessed more blessings for man's enjoyment, than did the smiling *puebla* of Madronera, where nature seemed to present an exhaustless succession of earth's gifts, to render him happy, and the fertility of its fields more than repaid his industry.—There, when the labour of the day was done, would light hearts and glad voices bespeak the peasant's contented lot, and cheering sounds from guitar and castanet fill the mellow air, and invite to mirthful recreation.—There, was the Spanish maiden seen, moving gracefully in the dance to her country's enlivening strains,—her peasant dress, not sufficiently modernized to hide "the symmetry of her twinkling feet and aneles, so small and sylphlike," whilst her admiring swain, with a form en-

dowed with youthful strength and natural ease, accompanied her in the bolero, or more lively waltz. There, time, with a magician's brighter wand, seemed to have bound all things together with a flowery chain, and tinged them of a golden hue, as if the sunny sky above was never to be darkened by a cloud, or reverberate with the thunder clap.—But, *these* came at last; when earth's apparel, garnished with emeralds and gold, was to be crimsoned with gory stains, its vineyards to run, not with the purple grape, but with drops of blood, and its corn-fields to be trampled down by a relentless foe.

Then came tears and sufferings, where mirth and plenty had been.—Then came the hydra war, with its hundred heads, to hold its holocausts,—now, in some populous city, which felt its voracious fangs,—but more frequently and sadly in the once smiling hamlet, where industry was known to have garnered up its wheaten stores,—and where the contributions, demanded, at the point of the sword, swept off in one day the fruitfulness and labour of a year;—leaving but wretchedness and revenge, to fill up the yearnings of many a bleeding heart.

“ Was it for this the Spanish maid arous'd
Hung, on the willow, her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espous'd,
Sung the loud song, and dar'd the deeds of war ?

Yes;—not unavenged were to be the wrongs, which ambition heaped upon her beauteous, her devoted country,—when from the hearts of its sons, and the bosoms of its daughters, Spain, breathed forth one universal spirit of freedom, and, throwing down the gauntlet before the eyes of its foes, shouted forth, with a cry of fearful reckoning, “ *war to the knife.*”

Four years of such afflictions had now visited the offspring of this unhappy land,—when the dawn of the fifth,—that of 1812,—beheld them, with their generous ally, like two gallant barks, still battling against the tempest; still beating up against the surge of the wild ocean that rolled its billows around them. It was now the month of May, of that eventful epoch. The determined foe had just been foiled in his hopes, on hearing of that daring feat of valour which caused the British flag to wave, once more triumphant, on the walls of Badajoz,—yet, ever bent on fresh schemes of dominion, had stretched forth his eagle wings towards the north, little deeming, that a destiny more disastrous would attend him there. The consequence of such schemes was the partial evacuation of the country lying between the Guadiana and Tagus,

as far as the Puerto di Miraveté, whose position covered any advance along the high road, leading to the bridge of Almaraz, for the defence of which three strong forts had been constructed on the Tagus.

This withdrawal of troops did not assuredly escape the vigilance of the British general commanding the corps of observation along the Guadiana, whose gallant exploit at Arroyo Molind's, a few months before, ought to have put the enemy on his guard against so active an opponent. The sequel will however show, by what superior strategem a second surprise of posts was effected, and these strongholds of defence for the enemy's force and supplies totally demolished.

To effect this important object it was necessary that the attacking body should move by a circuitous and mountainous path, as any direct advance leading to the formidable posts of Miraveté and its hill-forts, would call forth additional vigilance and preparation in the foe.—In order therefore to gain any accurate information, and secure a guide acquainted with the intricate and rocky defiles, a careful and guarded reconnoissance was most essential to the success of the plan;—it was consequently, with this view, that, about sunset one evening in May, a horseman was seen advancing slowly towards the village of Madronera. The route by which he came was, evidently, a detour at some distance from the main road,—no doubt, suspecting that the enemy's cavalry patrols might still visit Truxillo, or, advance even as far as Santa Cruz, and thereby foil him in obtaining the information he desired. This individual was a British Officer, who, being employed on the secret service of the army, had been sent, to ascertain the most practicable route for gaining the post of Almaraz unobserved; and as his knowledge of the Spanish language was, a *sine qua non*, in being so importantly employed, he was enabled to use every precaution, by questioning each peasant or goat-herd he met, as he advanced, respecting the position of the enemy,—his strength, occupation, or vigilance,—in whose several replies, he felt the fullest confidence, as to veracity;—for, to the honor of the Spaniard be it said, that, whatever were his failings or errors in the prosecution of that war, which was waged so fearfully, and whatever offers, or bribes might have been held out to him by a subtle foe to induce him to swerve from the path of patriotic feeling,—he was scarcely ever known, to have betrayed one Englishman into the hands of the enemies of his country.

As Howard, (for such was the officer's name), approached

Madronera, (having been assured by a peasant, whom he had recently met, coming from the village, that none of the enemy's patrols had been seen there for some time past), he rode boldly on, and, asking for the house of the Alcalde, speedily found a conductor to it, followed by the staring gaze of all, who happened to be seated at their doors, at that refreshing hour of the evening.

The village functionary, a porsy little man, made to appear more bulky by a huge brown cloak in which he was enveloped, came forward just as Howard had dismounted, when, after sundry courteous salutations on both sides, the latter solicited a private conference.

The request was of course complied with, but, not before sundry mysterious glances had passed between the Alcalde, and a young man who appeared to be his clerk and who, being seated at a desk in the apartment, into which Howard had been ushered, was desired to withdraw. After a quarter of an hour's interview the amanuensis was called back into the room, and directed to conduct Howard to the quarters selected for him, and on his return to proceed and summons one Diego Perez to the Alcalde's presence.

About the centre of Madronera, hard by the church, stood a substantial farm house,—one of the largest in the village, at the door of which sat an elderly man, habited in the usual peasant's dress, and smoking his *cigaro*, on approaching whom,—the guide said to Howard, "Captain, this is your *padroné*,"—then turning to his countryman, conveyed the purport of his mission. There was something more than an air of ordinary civility in the old Spaniard's manner, as he saluted his intended guest, and, begging him to be seated whilst he called some one from the farm-yard to take charge of the horse, said,—“Signor, you appear tired after your journey, and doubtless, are thirsty, the day has been so sultry;—here Maricita!”—when not receiving any reply, he again called out, louder than before,—“what, ho! Maricita,—do you not hear?”

The second summons was more fortunate, when a young girl, made her appearance, and said,—“what is your wish, dear father?” “Bring wine, my child,—and the coolest water from the cistern,—the gentleman has had a long ride and must need refreshment.” The light form turned to obey her sire's command, scarcely raising her soft dark eye as she withdrew, and whilst we leave our host and guest, gradually becoming more friendly in manner, and frank

in their expressions, it is time we should give the reader some insight into the characters already introduced to him.

According to the principles of novel and romance writers, in selecting a hero for their tales,—he is generally described, as being scarcely less perfect in form than Apollo,—with the feelings of a Grandison, and the chivalric bearing of a Bayard, but without aiming at such highflown sentiments, it suffices to say that Howard was a handsome, talented young man,—and a brave and zealous soldier. He possessed moreover, that peculiar charm, (innate, as it were, in some,) of prepossessing each beholder,—which, be it in expression of look, tone of voice, or address,—was so fascinating, as to engage the feelings immediately in his favour. It was doubtless this attribute, which warmed up the old Spaniard, who, on his part,—by his enthusiasm, in speaking of his country's gallant defenders, convinced Howard, by a few sentences, that he was a true patriot at heart.

Amongst one of these laudatory ebullitions, which the reappearance of his daughter did not, in any wise, check, the young officer, as he acknowledged her kind attentions with the words, "*muchissimas gracias*," in a tone not to interrupt the father's narration, had an opportunity of observing the lovely hand-maid, more nearly, as she placed the refreshing draught before him.

Slight was the form of this young being, yet rounded into that exquisite symmetry, as to enchant the sight when contemplating that embodiment of female grace, whilst the sweet, calm face above it, was of that entrancing olive brown whose soft, transparent shade, just revealed the faint blush of some virgin-rose in its early beauty. But, it was from the eye,—that soft, dark eye, beaming from beneath the raven tresses, which curtained her polished brow, that the countenance received its expressive sweetness,—and yet, as the admiring, but respectful glance of Howard was bent towards her,—it could still be seen, that although the spirit breathing through those rays of light, was, by nature, all tenderness and feeling, it could be equally aroused by pride at the offer of a wrong, or alive to indignation at the semblance of an insult.

There was moreover, an attractiveness in her very costume, which displayed her fine form, and was arranged with exquisite taste. It consisted of a light blue boddicc richly braided, falling in tabs around her waist, whilst the black silk petticoat below, ornamented with several rows of crim-

son ribbon, did not descend so far as to exclude from sight the beautifully turned foot and ankle;—added to which, not the least of her charms, was the jet, yet lustrous hair, falling in three well-arranged plaids down her back, and fastened by bows of the same bright ribbon, as her dress.

Such was Maricita, the daughter of Gaspar Diaz, who having waited until he had finished his warm encomiums on Spanish magnanimity and British valour, was directed by him to see that the evening meal was not retarded beyond their usual supper-hour.

Scarcely had a quarter of an hour elapsed during which Howard and his host still continued conversing and enjoying the cool night breeze, beneath the rays of a serene moon, when a young man rode up to the door, and jumping from off his mule, gave it a switch which speedily sent the animal into the farm-yard, then advancing towards them, was about to stop, until perceiving that one was a stranger, would have passed on silently, into the house, had not the old Spaniard exclaimed,—“what, not a good night, Sanchez? How now, has anything gone wrong with thee in thy trip to Jaracejo.”

“Nothing of importance, good uncle,” was the reply,—“but I feared an intrusion, seeing you had a guest.”

“Oh, you young rogue, *that* was not it,—but I forgot,—you have been absent from home at least twelve hours; there, go along now and tell Maricita to be quick with her supper, otherwise there is a gentleman here who will scarce return her a smile, if she delays her housewifery much longer.”

This message proved inconsequential, as the damsel herself made her appearance at the moment, exclaiming, as she observed Sanchez,—“what, cousin, is it you?”—then informing her parent that all was in readiness, the latter as he ushered his guest into the house, pointed to a chamber on the right, telling Howard it was his,—who, (entering to deposit his hat and sword) remarked on its neatness, which he concluded was attributable to the good taste of the fair Maricita.

To those who have never seen the inside of a Spanish *grangero's* cottage, it may not be superfluous to explain that like the old English farm-house, the apartment allotted for the taking of meals, is, in fact, the kitchen or large back-hall where an ample fire-place, admitting of seats for two or three persons on either side of the chimney range, and kept in the

nicest order, evinces an air of homely comfort, often more pleasing than all that riches with their studied luxuries could produce.

It was in such a *sala tresera*, that the party had now assembled at a table, lighted by two iron lamps, where three dishes of brown ware stood, throwing forth their savoury steam, and though the appearance of much oil having been used in the cookery was not quite palatable to a foreigner,—yet, his selection having fallen on one, consisting of fine trout dressed in an *ajuda* (somewhat powerful to be sure,) he soon contrived, after his fast of many hours, to satisfy a ready appetite.

During the meal, old Gaspar continued the same happy pleasantry,—commending each dish to his guest's notice, whilst Maricita became gradually more communicative, in reply to Howard's lively conversation and ready wit, the sole exception to their cheerfulness being the young Spaniard, whose countenance was not the most prepossessing, although the features might be called handsome, and the eye, deep and penetrating, yet with a lowering of the brow and a certain expression about the mouth, which bespoke a disposition of doggedness, and ill-humour.

It appeared however on the present occasion that it was accompanied with more than accustomed reserve, for after two or three attempts on the part of Maricita to draw forth more than a laconic "yes," or "no,"—she said :

"Surely, Ignacio, some evil thing must have crossed your path to day,—perhaps some stray *gitano*, predicting a cloud over your fortunes ; or was it the spirits of the three brave *partidas* from the rock of Jaracejo, where they fell, who appeared calling on you, to defend the strong-holds of our country's freedom?"

"Cousin, you are inclined to be severe as well as witty," was his reply with the same unrelaxed features.

"Not so, but it would ill suit us all, to entertain our guest with gloomy looks and a silent tongue, like yourself."

"Right, my child!" added Gaspar, whilst Howard turned one of his bright smiles on the warm-hearted girl, which being perceived by Sanchez as she smiled in return, did not aid in softening his present temper of mind, as he suddenly appeared to rouse himself, and with a degree of irony, in addressing Maricita, said, "The rock of Jaracejo?—Oh, I had an adventure there to day, I met with an old sweet-heart of your's."

“ Of mine Ignacio ?

“ Yes of your’s.”

“ How excellent!—a thing I never yet coveted.”

“ Yes but you have ;” answered Sanchez, curling his lip into a bitter smile,—“ do you not recollect the French Captain of Dragoons, Duval, who was quartered here for some months, how he used to serenade you,—I will not say with what effect,” looking at the same time at Howard, to imply more than was said.

“ Fie Ignacio ;—I cannot answer for what silly men may do.—I recollect on one occasion when you chose to be jealous of him, that you termed him a sweet-heart of mine,—*but I could not love the enemy of my country ;*”—in saying which she drew herself up proudly, which caused a fresh glow of admiration to thrill in Howard’s breast.

“ Come my children, this is no time for domestic quarrel ;” said the old man,—“ but tell us of your adventure, Ignacio,—did you fall in with any of the enemy’s patrols?”—for Gaspar had had the shrewdness to guess that Howard’s presence at Madronera had something to do, in ascertaining this point.

“ I did, uncle ;—as I emerg’d from the path, leading from La Cueva into the high road near Jaracejo, I heard a sudden tramp of horses, and before I had time to look in its direction, a patrol came upon me, advancing at a quick pace when, whom should I recognize at their head but Captain Duval!”—

“ And what said he ?”

“ Why, on seeing that it was I, he relaxed his stern glance, and, smiling from beneath the thick curl of his moustache, said that he longed to come to Madronera again if it were only to see Maricita, and expected to have orders to extend his patrolling as far, hearing that the English troops were on the move.”

“ And what force had he ?” quickly asked Howard.

“ About a score of men.”

“ Know you where their present quarters are ?”—

“ At the fortified house in the Puerto.”

“ You are doubtless acquainted with all the mountain paths ?”

“ Yes,—that is——”

“ And would not object, perhaps, to become a guide ?”

There was a pause in replying to this,—as the young man fixed his dark eyes on Howard.—

“ Ignacio Sanchez,” said old Gaspar, (looking for the first

time with a stern countenance) "there should be no hesitation in a true Spaniard, to do his country service,—Spain demands it of us all,—and no man at least shall call me by the name of father, who pauses to do so."

"Nor me, by that of wife,"—said Maricita,—with a firm voice.—

At that moment, the doors opened and the Alcaide's clerk, followed by the individual Diego Perez, entered the apartment.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

Pilgrim doubts—Emanuel—Treaty with the Americans—Voyage to Beirout—Beirout—Petty annoyances—Choice of routes—Road along the coast—Sidon—Excavated sepulchres—Lady Hester Stanhope—Fallen Columns—Fountains—The Kasmia—Rustic Bridge—Measurement of Time—Tyre—Alexander's Causeway—The Tyrian Purple—Aqueduct—Ras el Ain—Ras el Abiad—The white Promontory—Watch Towers—The Ladder of Tyrus—Acre—Historical Recollections—Bay of Acre—The Kishon—Mount Carmel—A Bivouac—Greek Cooks—Scenery—A Jewish Dwelling—Mount Gerizim—Nahlous—Appearance of activity—The Samaritans—El Bir—First View of Jerusalem—Traditions—Sir John Mandevil—Convents—Inn—The Via Dolorosa—Streets of Jerusalem—The Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Turkish Guards—The Stone of Uncion—Divisions of the Church—The Sepulchre—Chapel of the Finding of the Cross—Calvary—The Empress Helena—The Mosque of Omar—Siege and Capture of Jerusalem—Tombs of the Kings—Hill of Evil Counsel—House of Caiaphas—Mount Zion—The Brook Kedron—The Mount of Olives—The Garden of Gethsemane—The Valley of Jehosaphat—Bethlehem—The Latin Convent—The Stahle—Gaza—Preparations for the Desert—The Caravan—The Camel—Desert Travelling—The Mirage—El Arish—Quarantine—Change of plan—Transportation.

It has been with me a matter of serious doubt, whether I would include in these "Recollections" any record at all of my visit to Jerusalem. I have various reasons for hesitation on this point. In the first place, I really did so scamper over the ground, that it is a sort of impertinence to pretend to give any account of the Holy City, or the other places which I visited in its neighbourhood; and secondly, having read, upon the spot, the descriptions penned by previous visitors, and felt utterly unable to join in their high-pressure enthusiasm, I fear the quiet tone which I must employ in

place of the rhapsody usual on such occasions, may be misinterpreted by my readers, into a want of "proper feeling," on sacred subjects. The ingenious author of that very clever book, "Eothen," whimsically laments, that he could not excite himself into the same enthusiastic state of feeling, at Jerusalem, which he had previously experienced at Bethlehem: it is my misfortune, that I cannot claim credit for such excitement of mind, at either of these sacred spots; and, though many may think it strange that I should profess to have been affected by the *genius loci*, in such localities, as Olympia and Marathon, and should yet lay no claim to credit for my pilgrimage to Jerusalem: I can only urge in excuse, that in these papers I have endeavoured to express, so much as I could recall, of the feelings which I really experienced in the various countries which I visited; and, that I prefer incurring from others, the charge of want of feeling, than from my own conscience the blame of false enthusiasm.

Thus much I have said by way of excuse, and now I will proceed with my story. I have, I believe, more than once mentioned two American gentlemen, whom I first met at Athens, after my tour in the Peloponnesus. These gentlemen (whom I must in future distinguish as A——. and G——.,) were sitting in the common-room of the hotel D'Orient, at Athens, busily employed in discussing a substantial breakfast when I entered, as may be supposed with a voracious appetite, having spent the night in a boat at the Piræus. They were the sole occupants of the room when I entered; and, observing the bushy beards which ornamented their chins, I took them for Germans, forgetting the Horatian phrase *Mutato nomine de te fabula narretur*. However, they soon broke out into most unmistakeable Yankee language, and, I at once, introduced myself as a sort of half-countryman. We visited the ruins of Athens together, and proceeded in company to Smyrna. Here, as I have already explained, we separated, but at Constantinople we met again; and here it was, that we agreed to be fellow-travellers on the Nile. I was fully sensible of the advantage of having fallen in with such companions, for the chances were ten to one, against my meeting with two gentlemen who had not already made up their party, and I could not have undertaken the expense, or submitted to the dullness, of travelling up the Nile alone. When therefore, A——, proposed to me, at Constantinople, that I should join their party, I, at once, gratefully agreed to the arrangement: but, here arose a great difficulty. I had

made up my mind to visit Jerusalem, and my two friends had no intention of the kind. I was not to be persuaded; neither were they. In despair, I, at last, suggested that they should proceed to Cairo, and, if I did not make my appearance there on a fixed day, should start up the river without me. But even this plan was not feasible. The traveller on the Nile requires, for reasons which I shall explain at the proper time, more servants than the single dragoman who can serve a party, however large, in Greece or Asia Minor. Now, there happened to be at the time, disengaged, at Constantinople, one Emanuel, a first-rate Greek travelling servant, who had served his apprenticeship under the renowned Misseri. This man we proposed to engage, and he was to provide the necessary corps of attendants for our Nile voyage. We were to pay him thirty shillings a day, each, out of which he was to provide the other servants, the boat, and, in short, all expenses. On the strength of this arrangement, Emanuel, proposed to retain the services of one Giorgio, (or, as we pronounced it, Jo-jo,) and a second Todoree, two Greek servants. But, the misfortune was, that if I failed to appear at Cairo on the day fixed, I should leave my unfortunate friends saddled with three servants and a contract, one of the parties to which would be missing. At last, we settled the matter, as follows: A.— and G.—, were to take with them Emanuel and Todoree, and await the day of rendezvous at Cairo: and I, with Giorgio, in the capacity of dragoman, was to follow my own course, and endeavour to meet them on the day appointed.

These arrangements having been effected, I took passage for myself and Giorgio, on board the next Austrian steamer, for Beirout, and sailed accordingly one rainy afternoon from Pera. Everything seemed to conspire to sour my naturally sweet temper. I have seldom seen rain to pelt so perseveringly as it did at the moment when I entered the caique: once on board the steamer, it was impossible to stay on deck, and, as smoking below was not permitted, I was obliged to put out my cigar: it was wretchedly cold, and the miserable thin claret—the only beverage provided—had not any great tendency to promote the circulation: arrived at Smyrna, I had the satisfaction of finding that I had left my favourite chibouque at Constantinople: at Syra, I had the pleasure of spending two days, on board the steamer, lying at anchor, with the yellow quarantine flag floating from her main. After as disgusting a passage as I can call to mind, we landed, one

chilly evening at Beirout. The night was rapidly closing in as we toiled along the wretched approach to the town; and it was in no pleasant mood that I threw myself upon my capote, in a miserable cell in a dirty khan. It was not long before I was asleep: yet, I fear that my pilgrimage to Jerusalem, hardly possesses virtue enough to have absolved me for the expressions of discontent, which I uttered in that short interval. "Why was I such a fool as to come there at all? Couldn't I have gone on, like a reasonable being, with my friends to Egypt? Why must I go marching over the desert like a Bedouin?" and so on: I mention all this, because, absurd as it may appear, I really believe, that these and other little *désagrémens* of the journey, afford the proper explanation of the impressions which I have brought away from Palestine.

However, when I awoke the next morning and found the sun shining brightly in at my little window, I should have had small cause for discontent, had it not been for the fleas, which, whenever a voyager in the Levant is disposed to "get out of bed on the wrong side," as the nurses phrase it, always afford a good excuse for doing so. A bathe afforded the most easy and effectual mode of getting rid of my tormentors, in the present instance, so I made the best of my way to the beach, and after

Bathing in the sea,
I straight returned to coffee and ——

devilled mutton.

Breakfast ended, Giorgio, who, by the way, was a first-rate cook,—I think that in this profession the Greeks are only surpassed by the French,—came to consult me as to the proceedings of the day. There was nothing to detain me at Beirout which, though a considerable town, notwithstanding Sir Charles Napier's destructive attack, has no object of interest which other Turkish towns do not present. Its situation is really beautiful, surrounded by high hills, clothed with verdure, and a plain which from a slight elevation appears carpeted with mulberry trees: but these were not attractions which would warrant a lengthened stay, so my answer to Giorgio's enquiry was: "straight for Jerusalem."

There are two routes frequently travelled from Beirout to Jerusalem: the first by way of Damascus, Tiberias, and the Jordan,—the second, along the coast by way of Sidon and Tyre to Acre, and thence inland to Jerusalem. The former is by far the most interesting road, but the latter is much the

shortest, both in point of time and distance: this, therefore, I reluctantly determined to adopt.

From Beirout to Jerusalem by this road, is about a fortnight's journey on horseback, and Giorgio having provided four sturdy animals, one for me, one for himself, one for the guide, and the fourth to carry the baggage, which was much increased in bulk by a tent, which I had purchased for desert travelling,—we mounted and set on. The road lies almost entirely along the beach, though it sometimes ascends the hills, and pierces the occasional groves in the neighbourhood of some miserable village. Here I would generally rein in my steed, and beg a cup of water, and then again proceed on my dreary way, without a soul to speak to, or any other companion, save Giorgio, and my own discontented thoughts. Towards evening, if I rode so long, I was generally glad to draw the hood of my heavy Greek capote over my head, and wrap its folds round my body; for, as soon as the sun went down, the air was very chilly, and at night, I was usually glad to crouch over the little wood-fire at which Giorgio carried on his cooking operations. So passed my first day's journey, and I found myself lodged for the night in a reasonably cleanly khan at Sidon.

This is now but a small town, nor does it preserve many traces of former greatness; neither does the harbour appear so favorable to shipping as one would expect judging from the ancient mercantile greatness of the Sidonians; though there is, I imagine, no doubt whatever that the place now known as Saide occupies the site of the ancient city. The modern town contains a handsome market-place, Mosque and bath; but sad experience prevented my entering the latter. Many of the streets are nearly covered by the projecting houses and they are all very narrow. Around the town are numerous mulberry trees, as at Beirout, and in the neighbouring mountains are a great number of excavated sepulchral chambers many of which contain sculptures not unlike those in the tombs of Egypt; but none of those I saw were painted, though other travellers speak of having seen such. One of the attractions which Sidon possessed for travellers a few years ago was its propinquity to Djouni, the residence of Lady Hester Stanhope; and the voyager who was fortunate enough to obtain an invitation from that singular character might indeed congratulate himself, for the subject was good for a chapter. Her memory is still preserved among the people of Sidon and its neighbourhood, and some curious stories are

still told of her eccentricities: but her physician has lately so dosed the public with these anecdotes, that they would not now be welcome.

The road between Sidon and Tyre is for the most part very similar to that already traversed; it lies almost entirely along the shore, except where, about six or eight miles from the latter place, it turns inland for some distance, to cross, by a rustic bridge of a single arch, a river of which I did not learn the name, but which is marked in the maps as the Kasmia; hence it returns to the beach and shortly reaches Tyre. This road presents more remnants of antiquity, in the shape of fallen columns, and sarcophagi, and is more diversified by those pleasant fountains of cool clear water which abound in Moslem countries, than that between Sidon and Beirut.

Soon after passing the bridge above-mentioned, we met a mounted Greek journeying in the opposite direction, and Giorgio asked him how far it was to Tyre: "two hours" he replied: I dolfully took out my watch to see how late this would make us, when our friend exclaimed, according to Giorgio: "Oh I say two hours, but with that English clock it may not be more than one."

The once great city of Tyre, where we arrived in a shorter time than we had been led to hope, is now a fishing village, very small, and extremely uncomfortable, in as much as it offers no tolerable lodging for a traveller. The hut in which I slept literally swarmed with vermin: and such an amount of filth as the place contains was never I suppose collected elsewhere into so small a compass. The village, which was formerly insular, now stands on the extremity of a low sandy promontory, the isthmus having been formed by a causeway built or piled up by Alexander the Great when he besieged and took the city: history says that this causeway was formed principally of the ruins of the more ancient city of Tyre which stood upon the main land: but these have long been buried beneath the sand thrown up by the waves and the name of Tsour (corrupted from Tyre) is now the only record of the ancient glory of the place. The children still catch the little shellfish from which the Tyrian purple, so celebrated by all the classical authors, is said to have been extracted, but the art, with many others of antiquity, is lost.

It was very early in the morning when we resumed our journey southwards, and, following the course of a fine old aqueduct, which is rendered still more picturesque by the

numerous stalactites of petrified water, which have been, as it were, arrested in the process of oozing out of its sides, we shortly arrived at Ras el Ain, or the three cisterns, from which Tyre drew its supplies of this most necessary element. The larger of the three basins is octagonal, the two smaller ones square, and the water rises to the surface with such vehemence, that, besides supplying the aqueduct it pours a considerable rivulet into the sea. It is very clear and sweet, and is derived, no doubt, from some spring in the adjacent mountains.

With this, and one other remarkable exception, the road preserves the same character as that from Beirout. The exception alluded to is Ras el Abiad or the White Promontory, a huge white rock which juts out into the sea about half way between Tyre and Acre. The ascent, which is very steep and toilsome, is carried up the face of the rock, the whole of which is of dazzling whiteness. The road occasionally overhangs the sea which lashes the precipitous cliff with constant fury; from the sea to the summit the rock is almost perpendicular: on looking down I was reminded of Shakpere's description of the Cliff at Dover. From the summit is seen the vast plain of Acre to the southward, to the east the mountains of the great chain of Libanus, and to the west the waters of the Mediterranean bounded by the horizon.

As we proceed along the summit of the mountain, for it deserves the name, vegetation begins to reappear and heaths and wild flowers present a pleasing variety. Two or three watch towers, now untenanted, but in good repair, afford convenient resting places. In one of these I took luncheon, which was a very unusual proceeding. The descent of the mountain is by a very rugged and rocky road, anciently known as the ladder of Tyrus.

Evening was already closing in when we had completed the descent, and accordingly we "pricked over the plain" as nimbly as any knight errant of old, but it was dark before we reached our destination, and I was seated on a divan in an unusually comfortable lodging without knowing much of the outward appearance of the town which I had entered.

Next morning I looked forth upon the scene: and cold indeed must be the heart of that Englishman who can gaze unmoved upon the ruined battlements of Acre! Before me lay the scene of some of our country's greatest glories, the plain where Englishmen have fought for Christendom; the water from which the thunders of our navy have shaken to

its foundation the devoted town. Those walls now nearly prostrate and desolate are the same through which Richard of the Lion-heart passed triumphantly after a two years' siege; the same from which Sir Sidney Smith sent back to Europe the baffled army of Napoleon; the same which crumbled into dust before the resistless attack of Stopford. On this battlefield, whether in attack or in defence, England has been alike victorious; and upon this enchanted ground, in the full memory of the heroes who have rendered it illustrious, one is tempted to exclaim indignantly that the age of chivalry is *not* yet gone.

But Acre has probably seen its last siege; it has risen many a time from destruction, but, to judge from present appearances, it is destined to do so no more. Its day is gone by, its glory is departed; and it is now little more than a collection of fisher's huts.

From Acre to Jerusalem occupied five days and was as tedious a journey as I can call to mind. On the first day we rode to the southern extremity of the Bay of Acre, and crossing "that ancient river, the river Kishon," turned inland at the foot of Mount Carmel. A heavy cloud obscured the ruined monastery on the summit of the mountain, and we continued our course through a desolate country, with the rugged chain of mountains on our right, scarcely seeing ten human beings in the course of our day's journey; at evening there was no sign of life or humanity near us, and Giorgio, who had been for some time conversing earnestly with the guide, at length rode up to me, and, saying that he did not know of any town or village in the neighbourhood, proposed that we should pitch the tent and halt for the night. Tired with my long ride I readily assented; the horses were at once unladen and fastened to the trees; the temporary dwelling was soon erected, and Giorgio proceeded to unpack his stores while I stood by, lazily surveying the process and smoking my chibouque. A heap of dry wood was soon collected and a cheerful fire blazed before "the door of the tent." I stroked my beard and felt patriarchal. But the patriarchs never tasted such a repast as I soon saw spread before me. A stew so flavored with savory condiments as to entitle the artist to a cross of the legion of honor; and an omelette—it is well I am writing after dinner, or I should unquestionably quarrel with the cook! Giorgio was certainly a great man: and then the dates served up in a palm leaf, and the brandy diluted with water from a cool clear spring

and then the Latakia, and the probable absence of fleas : that was a happy evening !

Whether it was that it was so dark when we halted for the night that I could not see the beauties of the place where we rested, or that the pleasant repast and refreshing slumber invested it with beauties which it did not in reality possess, certain it is that when I woke at about five o'clock next morning, and stepped out of the tent over the bodies of the still sleeping Giorgio and the guide, it looked to me very beautiful. In front rose the bold face of the rugged mountain, the white tent glittered in the rays of the rising sun, five or six tall palm trees spread their fan-like leaves over a little plot of grass on which lay three of the horses, one standing by as if on guard ; the spring which had furnished my beverage over night supplied the wants of my toilet in the morning, and Giorgio was not a little surprised when I roused him, to find me ready equipped for the day's journey. A eup of coffee and a crust of bread were soon forthcoming, and a wire cover having been carefully adjusted over the bowl of my lighted pipe, so that an occasional shake on horseback could not displace the precious weed, we were soon once more in the saddle and on the road. After about four hours riding we again paused at the door of a small house, in which an aged Jew and his dark-eyed daughter made us welcome ; here we made a more substantial breakfast and having received a blessing from the venerable man, and a sweet sad smile from the lonely damsel, we once more rode on our way.

As we proceeded southward, the road became more hilly, and the mountains which had been visible at a distance to the east ever since we left Beirout, now seemed to close in upon us ; soon the road lay in an undulating valley between the two dark chains of mountains, and in the evening we passed round the base of Mount Gerizim from which Jotham addressed to the men of Shechem the parable of the trees. Soon afterwards we entered the old city of Samaria, now a flourishing modern town under the name of Nablous. Why it is that an inland town, hemmed in by barren mountains, surrounded by no fertile plains, and apparently so situated as to possess no natural advantages, should present an appearance of prosperity not elsewhere observable in the same country, I was too rapid a traveller to conjecture : but so it is, that Nablous (*Neapolis*) is the most business-looking place I saw in the Holy Land. (It must be

remembered that I did not visit Damascus.) The Khan is in decent repair and tolerably clean; the houses are lofty and well built; the proprietors who smoke at the doors look like men well to do in the world, and those who walk about the streets have a look of business. The streets are not so narrow as in most eastern towns, and there is something approaching to European activity within the walls. There are no monuments of antiquity, but in this city reside the small remnant of the ancient Samaritans professing the faith and practising the customs of their forefathers,—a phenomenon among nations,—in the midst of strangers, they have, like the Jews, preserved their nationality to this day.

Another very long and toilsome day's journey brought us to the village of El Bir, where there is a small Khan at which we slept: and on the following day proceeded without any incident worthy of notice. Forms and decorum are not very rigidly observed by travellers, and accordingly the servant sometimes rides behind, sometimes beside, and sometimes before his master. It was past noon on the day of which I am speaking, and Giorgio and the guide were riding before me in earnest converse; I had fallen some distance behind and with the reins thrown over my horse's neck, was musing on many subjects such as the time, the circumstances and the country naturally suggested; we were gradually approaching the summit of a steep hill called, I believe, Neby Samwil: a sound reached me, and on looking up I saw the two Greeks spring from their horses and cast themselves with their faces on the earth. I was soon beside them, and, with feelings of reverence, scarcely inferior to their own, looked down upon Jerusalem.

Apart from the degrading associations which one learns to connect with it, too soon after entering its walls, that first view of the Holy City is indeed solemn and affecting. The place has no natural beauty, on the contrary, it presents an appearance of rugged desolation; only its name and the recollections which it calls up render it interesting to the traveller. It is, as it were, the metropolis of religion; all sects of Christians honour it alike, and it commands an equal reverence from the Mahometan and the Hebrew. Pilgrims from every corner of the earth annually throng its streets in thousands, and in every country and in every language it is known as the Holy City.

And thus the pilgrim should view the holy place; he should behold it from the summit of the mountain, and take

no step further: then he might view the dwelling place of Christ, without connecting it with the degradation of Christians: but I advise no man to enter Jerusalem; he cannot leave it with the same feelings on religion, with which he entered its walls.

There is scarcely a stone in the whole city of Jerusalem, which is not connected with some tradition: you are seriously shewn the spot where the ram was caught by the horns, which Abraham sacrificed in the stead of his son: the place where the cock crew, when Peter denied his Lord: the pool where Bathsheba was bathing, when David first caught sight of her: the house where the Magdalen anointed the feet of Jesus: the house where he healed the paralytic: the cave where Jeremiah uttered his lamentations: the field where Judas hanged himself: the place where Pilate brought forth the Saviour to the people, saying, "Behold the man:" the spot where Simon of Cyrene was compelled to bear the cross: and, as if not satisfied with such melancholy absurdities, they are not content until they have shown the houses of the rich man and Lazarus, in the parable.

I have mentioned all these stories together because I wish to avoid them in future. The conduct of Christians in the Holy City, must be equally painful to the believer, and to the unbeliever; for it is degrading not only to religion, but to humanity also. I have not recorded above one half of the traditions of the same character, which I heard: and I think it probable, that I did not hear one half the number, which are told to most travellers; partly, because I did not lodge in one of the convents, in which they have been generally received, and partly, because I did not chance to visit Jerusalem, at the period of the Easter Pilgrimage, when a Turkish armed guard is found necessary to prevent the different sects of Christians from fighting in the very sepulchre of their Lord. Very thankful I am, that I did not do so.

Before, however, I finally quit this painful subject, it may not be uninteresting, and perhaps not unimportant to show, that these traditions are not of recent invention, and that they used, centuries ago, as now, to be made the sources of profit by the priests. Sir John Mandevil, who was one of those good old English travellers, who went out to see strange countries, in the 14th century, and returned to tell strange tales,

Of antres vast and deserts idle
 Round quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,

And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropopagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath the shoulders ;

recorded in the year 1356, his "voiage and travaile, which treateth of the way to Hierusalem; and of the marvailles of Inde: with other Islands and countryes." Mr. J. O. Hallwell has lately reprinted this old work, and from his edition I extract the following account of Sir John's visit to the Holy Sepulchre. In mercy to such of my readers, as are not versed in the mysteries of black letter, I have somewhat modernized the spelling, though not, I hope, to the extent of destroying the quaint style of the narrator. The account being rather lengthy, I have also been obliged slightly to curtail it.

"In the myddes of the Chirehe is a Tabernaecle, as it were a litylle Hows, made with a low litylle Dore: and that Tabernaecle is made in manere of half a compas, righte curiously and richly made of Gold and Azure, and other riche coloures, full nobly made. And in the right side of that Tabernacle is the Sepulchre of oure Lorde. And the Tabernacle is 8 fote long, and 5 fote wide, and 11 fote in height.....In the left syde of the wall of the Tabernaecle is well the heighte of a man, a gret Ston to the quantytee of a man's Hed, that was of the Holy Sepulchre.....And there is a Lampe that hangeth before the Sepulchre, that burnethe brighte: and on the Gode Friday, it gothe out by him selfe: and lyghteth ageu by him selfe at that owre, that oure Lorde roos fro dethe to lyve.* Also within the Chirehe at the right syde, besyde the Queere of the Chirehe, is the Mount of Calvarie, where oure Lorde was don on the Cros:.....and the Cros was set in a Morteys in the same roche,.....and in the place of that Morteys was Adames Hed founden after Noes flood: in token that the synnes of Adam scholde be bought† of in that same place.....Also within the Mount of Calvarie, on the right side, is an Awtere, where the Piler lythe, that oure Lord Jesu was bounden to, whan he was scourged: and there besyde ben 4 pileres of stone, that alleweys droppen water: and sum men seyn, that thei wepen for oure Lordes dethe.....And without the dores of the Chirehe, as men gon up, 18 Greees seyed oure Lorde to his Moder *Mulier, ecce filius tuus*; that is to seye, *Woman, lo thi sone*. And after that, he seyed to John his Disciple, *ecce Mater tua*, that is to seye, *lo, behold thi moder*; and these wordis he seyed on the Cros." &c.

To return to my own tale, there are three large and wealthy convents in Jerusalem, belonging respectively to the Roman, Greek, and American Churches, and in one of these, as I have already remarked, travellers were wont to seek for lodging. But there is now an *inn* in Jerusalem,

* This mummery is practised by the Greek church to this day.

† That is, redeemed.

kept by an Englishman, and thither we bent our steps. It was tenanted at the time of my arrival, by one other English gentleman, who had shortly before arrived from Jaffa, and from his presence I obtained the advantage of being able to read, upon the spot, Dr. Robinson's valuable work on the Holy Land, which he lent me. He also accompanied me on my onward journey as far as Bethlehem.

The luxury of a clean bed and a comfortable room would probably have tempted me to prolong my repose late into the forenoon, but at an early hour mine host rushed into my room to announce that the Church of the Sepulchre was open, and to exhort me to arise, and at once consummate my pilgrimage. Accordingly I soon dressed and breakfasted, but instead of going straight to the church, I made a slight detour through the streets to reach the gate of St. Stephen, and the commencement of the *via dolorosa*,—the street which leads from the supposed site of Pilate's judgment-hall to the church, and along which our Saviour is supposed to have been conducted to his crucifixion. Every the most minute incident recorded in the Gospel narrative of that memorable walk, and many which the invention of the monks has added to it have here their fixed sites and places, and I well remember when I was trying to force myself into a solemn frame of mind befitting the occasion, being disgusted by my officious conductor pointing out to me the house of Dives.

In preference, therefore, to dwelling on this subject, I may remark, that it is not easy to imagine anything more disagreeable than a walk through the streets of Jerusalem. Every imaginable kind of filth obstructs the streets, one would not suppose that there is a wealthy inhabitant in the town; all classes of men, Jews, Turks and Christians, seem to be degraded below their brethren in other parts of the world: noisome smells are perceptible at every turn: in short, no worse preparation could possibly be imagined for witnessing the solemn scene of man's redemption.

Arrived at the church of the Holy Sepulchre, we pause for a moment to contemplate its outward aspect. This is not imposing, the building being extremely irregular, and there being no attempt at outward decoration: we, therefore, pass the paved court as quickly as the importunities of the vendors of crucifixes will allow, and enter the sacred precincts. Here our feelings are shocked in the first instance, by the apparition of five or six armed Turks sitting and of course smoking on a divan; these are the doorkeepers of the place: but we soon

remember that all sects of Christian men meet in this building as upon common ground, and that some such precaution is of course necessary to prevent their indulging in that spirit of animosity to one another, which is the principal outward characteristic of their common creed: so we pay our tribute cheerfully and pass on.

No sooner had we entered than Giorgio deserted me, and, stepping deliberately forward, prostrated himself upon a slab of marble, which, I was afterwards informed, is the stone of unction (St. John, xix. 39, 40.) No sooner had he finished his devotions here than he proceeded to go through similar prostrations, &c. in other parts of the building, and I soon found that I need look for very little guidance or assistance from him. As I was looking about in some perplexity, I was accosted in Italian by a Roman Catholic Monk, and having succeeded in intimating to him that my knowledge of that language was not such as would enable me to carry on a very animated conversation with him, he made me an offer of his services to guide me round the church, in French, and in this language he succeeded in making me understand the localities of various events recorded in Scripture from the time of Adam downwards, and others which he seemed to consider equally authentic, but which I heard of for the first time. The interior of the church is most curiously apportioned among the different sects of Christians; the Latins, the Greeks, the Armenians the Copts, and many others having their separate chapels; but by far the greater part of the church belongs to the Greeks.

Under the guidance of my new friend, I proceeded through every part of the building, but as I have no inclination to attempt a minute description, and as moreover the principal parts have been already spoken of, much as they are now shown, in the passage from Sir John Mandevil quoted above, I shall proceed at once to the Sepulchre.

This is pretty correctly described by the old traveller as a "tabernacle like a little house with a little door in the midst." It is a small marble building supported by pillars and surmounted by a dome; and consists of first, a chapel containing a large block of stone, concerning which there has been and is a bitter controversy,—the Latins and Greeks concurring, I believe, in representing it to be the identical stone, which the angel rolled away from the door of the sepulchre, whereas the Armenians declare, that it is an impudent substitute, the

real relic having been removed to their convent on Mount Zion; and secondly, the inner apartment leading immediately to the tomb. These are lighted by a great number of silver lamps, which burn night and day. The whole is cased with marble, and what is represented as the actual tomb, is, in fact, a sort of sarcophagus. Words cannot describe the feeling of bitter disappointment which such a sight conveys to the mind of a traveller, who, being unacquainted with the writings of those who had visited the Holy City before him, has pictured to himself the Sepulchre of Jesus, hewn in the rock, and surrounded by the solemn solitude of the garden, "in the place where he was crucified." For myself, I could scarcely conceal the blank feeling of dismay, with which I entered what they represent as "the place where the Lord lay"; and having gone through the requisite genuflections and outward signs of reverence, more out of respect to the apparently sincere feelings of my conductor, than for any sanctity that the place possessed in my eyes, I was glad to escape again into the body of the church.

Without pausing to describe the different sanctuaries, and the sites of the various events of our Lord's passion, we will proceed along the choir of the Greek Church to the Chapel of the finding of the crosses at the Eastern extremity of the building. This is reached by a flight of narrow steps, which lead us down into the subterranean Chapel of St. Helena: this contains nothing worthy of remark, and from it we proceed, by another staircase, to the cavern, where the Empress discovered the three crosses. This cavern, like its ante-chapel, is wholly destitute of ornament. In this spot the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, directed by a vision, is said to have discovered the true cross, or crosses, for the three were found, and hence they were subsequently transported *upstairs* to Calvary. I use the term *upstairs* intentionally, for the Church of the Sepulchre contains also the supposed scene of the crucifixion: and here they show the supernatural rent in the rock, the tomb of the head of Adam, the spot where Abraham was about to offer up Isaac, and lastly the indentical cavities in which the crosses stood.

One word as to the solemnity of the subject and the actual sanctity of the places, of which I have been speaking:—I do not honestly believe that I have stood on the very mount of crucifixion, or knelt within the actual sepulchre of the Saviour. I do not mean to argue this question as very able men have done before me: but to me these traditions carry

their own refutation. I could believe in Calvary and the Sepulchre, but the credulity or cunning which assigns a distinct spot to every minute event recorded in the Scripture narrative, throws discredit on the more credible traditions: and when we remember that previous to the conversion of Constantine, Jerusalem had been, from the very foundation of Christianity, in the hand of Pagans, and that upon the very spot where the church of the Holy Sepulchre now stands a temple of Venus stood, when the Empress Helena was directed there by a vision, there seems to be at least room for doubt. No one, I suppose, now believes in the "invention of the true cross" by the Empress Helena: yet this is, in reality, the only foundation for the various traditions connected with the Church, for history tells us that it was in consequence of that discovery that this extraordinary building was erected: and remembering that to every minute incident of Christ's passion,—the scourging, the derision, the crowning with thorns, the crucifixion, and the interment,—its separate place is given in this edifice, I certainly do not think that a perusal of the Gospels leaves upon the mind the impression that all these scenes could have been included in one building.

Except the great church and the three convents, the only remarkable building in Jerusalem is the Mosque of Omar. When the City capitulated in the year A. D. 637, after a four months' siege by Abu Obeidah, the patriarch Sophronius stipulated that the Caliph should, in person, secure to the inhabitants the peaceable possession of their dwellings and their holy places.* Omar accordingly set out from Medina and travelled as a pilgrim to Jerusalem, where he honorably fulfilled all the conditions of the capitulation. On his demanding from the Christian inhabitants a site for a Mosque, they, in their hatred of Judaism, pointed out to him the site of Solomon's Temple. Omar gladly accepted a position as sacred to Mohametans, as it should have been to the Christians, who have, since that day, been excluded from its walls;—for the Mosque of Omar in one of those holy places of the faithful, which the deniers of Mahomet are still debarred from entering. To the traveller, therefore, the only view of the Mosque is presented through one of the gates of the great court in which it stands, and which forms about one sixth of the area of the city. On this great platform stood Solomon's Temple, and here is now pre-

* See Gibbon's Decline and Fall, Chap. 51.

served the mysterious stone from which Jacob saw the Angels ascending and descending the ladder, and on which is still seen the print of Mahomet's foot where the rock softened when he descended upon it from the seventh heaven. The Mosque itself is rather more graceful in appearance than most Mahometan places of worship: it is surmounted by a cupola of much the same form as that of St. Paul's, but larger; and has four tall tapering minarets. The Mosque El Aksa stands in the same enclosure, but possesses no outward attractions.

A few places there are about Jerusalem which tradition has fixed upon, perhaps with more probability than on others within the town, as being the scenes of events recorded in scripture history. We will proceed through the different gates of the city, and visit the most remarkable.

On the road leading through the Damascus gate by which I had entered the city, is nothing worthy of remark; but about half a mile from the walls, a short path on the left of the road leads to some excavated sepulchres, popularly known as "the tombs of the kings," but generally believed to be the work of the Empress Helena. Within they present nothing remarkable, but the very beautiful sculptured work on the portico (hewn from the rock as at Petra,) would lead us to refer it to a very high period of art.

The next gate—that of Bethlehem—conducts to the Hill of Evil Counsel, where the Jews "took counsel against Jesus, to put him to death!" Here they shew the ruins of the House of Caiaphas! and hence I entered the city by a tedious walk over Mount Zion!

St. Stephen's Gate at the eastern extremity of the Via Dolorosa, leads over the Brook Kedron—an insignificant mountain torrent—to the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Mount of Olives. I did not ascend to the summit of the latter, but gained a sufficient elevation to look down upon the city, and stand perhaps upon the very spot—for of these localities there can be little doubt—on which the Saviour delivered his divine discourse, and pronounced his mournful condemnation of the city which killed the prophets. The garden is a small walled enclosure, with a few old olive trees in the midst, and here the credulous may view the Grotto of the Agony, and the very path by which Judas Iscariot proceeded to betray his Lord.

Recrossing the brook Kedron, we enter the valley of Jehosaphat, a melancholy ravine—a very street of tombs.

To this sad cemetery the aged Jews still throng from among all the nations of the earth, to seek their eternal resting place, in the very spot where they have been taught to believe, that all mankind shall be judged: and beside the sepulchres of patriarchs and kings, arises the humble tombstone of some newly interred Israelite, who claims, by the simple record, a mournful kindred with the great whose greatness has departed.

This was the last spot I visited in the confines of Jerusalem, and the next morning, I turned my face towards the land of Egypt.

I will not attempt to describe the mixture of feeling, with which I quitted Jerusalem. Suffice it, that I was little in the humor to be interested or amused by the stories which are told, of almost every step of ground along the road, and, that after little more than an hour's riding, I stood before the gate of the Latin Convent of Bethlehem. Here I supped, and slept in the refectory.

The "stable," where the event which forms the great epoch in the history of the world took place, is within the convent, and the same mischievous error, which has robbed the burial place of the Saviour, of so much of its sanctity, has been busy at the scene of his birth. Who can recognize in the cavern, smoky with scores of lamps, lined with marble, and choked with altars, the humble shed, where Joseph and Mary lodged, "because there was no room for them at the inn"? The reverence for sacred places which has reared churches over the birth-place and the burial-place of Christ, may deserve praise, if it be sincere; but from the pilgrim it can claim no thanks. But I prefer to believe, that the real scenes of these great events have not been thus desecrated, and that, on some silent hill near Jerusalem, is, still untouched, the sepulchre of the Lord, and his birth-place in some peaceful vale of Bethlehem.

The day of rendezvous was not far distant, and I had a long journey before me: Giorgio also was beginning to get nervous, about his engagements for the Nile: so we were both prepared to set out with right good will: but it is an annoyance, which all Levant travellers have complained of, that the guides can never be persuaded to start upon a long journey till late in the day. On the present occasion I was compelled to wait till nearly 2 o'clock in the afternoon, before starting on a journey, which I had intended to commence at 7 in the morning. And thus the march from Bethlehem

to Gaza, became a three days' business, instead of two. It was a cheerless journey, wholly devoid of interest or comfort, and I often heartily wished for Prince Houssain's carpet, that I might transport myself with a wish to Cairo. The first night I slept in a wretched hovel at a village on the road; the second, more comfortably in my tent, and the third at Gaza.

Here I was forced to remain two days, which were spent in preparations for our desert journey, which, as the patient reader will shortly learn, was destined to come to a "most lame and impotent conclusion." Gaza presents the peculiarity of an inland sea-port town. For, as the Desert is a sort of sea on dry land, and the camel "the ship of the desert," it is here that we secure our berths, and lay in our provisions for the voyage. The sea is not less productive of necessaries for the traveller, and it is impossible to procure upon the way any single article of food, drink, or cooking apparatus. Accordingly, much forethought is needful before starting, and I had many a hearty laugh during those two days, at the incongruous supplies with which Giorgio returned loaded, after his successive visits to the town.

On the morning of embarkation (to preserve the metaphor) I felt myself a greater man than I have ever done on any other occasion before or since. Stepping from the door of the house where I had lodged, I beheld six camels and as many Arabs, all equipped for my especial service. The animals (meaning the camels) were all patiently kneeling, while their masters were fixing upon each his several burden. The first camel was destined for the accommodation of Giorgio and the personal baggage of himself and master; the two next carried water; the fourth, a select assemblage of domestic poultry in a coop, a supply of bread, and the tent; the fifth, Giorgio's canteen, containing plates, knives, spoons, forks, dishes, dried meats, brandy, coffee, hard-boiled eggs, butter, onions, a cork-screw, charcoal, tinder-box, pepper, mustard, tobacco, dates, salt, mugs, spices, and a nutmeg-grater; on the sixth was reared the saddle, chair, rack,—call it what you will,—which was destined to receive my unhappy person. The camels, it is to be understood, always proceed in a line, one after another, each being connected to the rest by a loose rope, so that, when mounted upon the animal, destined for my personal accommodation, I should survey the entire cavalcade, and be "monarch of all I surveyed."

Every thing being thus prepared, nothing remained but to

start. Giorgio elevated himself upon the foremost camel, which, upon the requisite persuasion, arose. The other animals went through the same performance until it came to my turn. With the assistance of two of the Arabs, I mounted into the saddle, which is a sort of arm-chair placed upon the hump of the animal. When I was firmly seated, one of the guides administered to the camel a severe blow on the back, whereat the brute reared his head and grunted; another blow caused him to raise himself on the knees of his fore-legs, and by the same process nearly to pitch me over his back. I was just recovering from this discomposure, when my novel steed recovered his hind-legs, and caused me to extend my arms with a view to save myself by embracing his neck. My equilibrium was, however, preserved by the quadruped assuming an erect position, with reference to his fore-legs; and I felt myself sorely jolted, at an elevation of about seven feet above the level of the plain. Each camel then bent his neck forward in that patient attitude, in which they are generally represented in pictures, and the caravan was soon in motion.

And a less agreeable motion I do not hope again to be subjected to, in the course of my sublunary existence. At every step I ducked forward, and was unceremoniously pitched back again. I held on to the arms of the chair like grim death, and nearly wrenched them from their sockets. I tried to smoke, and very nearly swallowed my chibouque together with two of my front teeth; and, to crown my misery, I shortly discovered, that there exists a very unpleasant analogy between "the ship of the desert" and the ship of the sea. In short, I soon became very squeamish, and the particulars are, as the *Times* says, "unfit for publication."

The process of dismounting at night was as perilous as that of mounting in the morning: the same performances were reversed, and when I again stood upon dry ground,—dry enough!—I had almost sworn that, like the Arabs, I would walk the rest of the way to Cairo.

I had formed an idea that immediately upon leaving Gaza, I should be in the desert. Such however, was not the case: we passed very gradually from cultivated land to wilderness; but at the end of the first day's journey the desolation was nearly complete.

The journey from Gaza to El Arish occupied the greater part of three days. It was, as desert journeying always must be, wholly devoid of incident. Our march commenced with rising of the sun, and ended when, like a great ball of

fire, he sunk, without emitting a single ray, below the horizon. Then we pitched the tent, supped, and slept.

On the second day, I witnessed several times the singular phenomenon of the mirage, and would have asserted most positively that there were great lakes of water within a couple of hundred yards of me. I had no idea that ocular deception could be so complete.

But if nothing very remarkable happened on the journey, our arrival at El Arish on the third afternoon, was distinguished by an incident as disagreeable as it was unexpected. Soon after the first view of the minarets had announced to us our approach to the dwellings of men, we were more unpleasantly convinced of it by a vision of about a dozen soldiers clothed in the white uniform of Mehemet Ali's Army, who informed us that we were in quarantine. Some absurd rumour had reached Egypt, that the plague was in Syria, and as if the plague were not always more or less in Alexandria, a quarantine had been established on the frontier, and we were politely informed that we might consider ourselves encamped for fourteen days in the desert. Mark Tapley himself would have considered it "creditable to be jolly under such circumstances;" as for me, I retired in high dudgeon into the tent, and my opinion of the illustrious Pacha was not by any means so high as it had previously been.

On the following morning I summoned Giorgio into my presence, and requested him to find out from our guards whether there was no prospect of our being released from "durance vile." Whether the unpacking of my trusty dragoon's canteen had impressed upon the emissaries of the good people of El Arish that they were not likely to make much by detaining us, I know not, but the negotiation was more successful than might have been hoped. One of the soldiers proceeded to the town and returned late in the afternoon with the intelligence that there was a small Greek vessel about to sail next day for Alexandria, and that, if I liked, I might proceed in her, but I could not be allowed to go on by land without first performing quarantine. The reader will easily guess which alternative I chose: the rais or captain of the vessel had accompanied the soldier, and at a respectable distance we sealed the bargain, compounded with our Arabs for a handsome *backsheesh*, and sent off all our effects, except such as were required for that night, which we spent in our encampment, guarded by six sentinels.

If any of my friends could have seen me next morning, without knowing the circumstances, they would have been more alarmed than amused. I was marched through the town between two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, Giorgio followed, similarly guarded, and thus we were transported as unclean beings out of the country. The little vessel was, I suppose, about 100 tons, and, as may be imagined, not very comfortable; but anything was preferable to a fortnight's encampment in the Desert, and the wind was fair, and so we sailed from El Arish.



THE LOST SEA BOY.

“An inquest was held at Calne on a youth who was found drowned near Blacklands. It appeared from the statement of Mary Alexander that, as she was picking wood about 9 o'clock on the previous morning, she found deceased lying dead. Deceased appeared about 14 years of age, had full features, long dark brown hair, dark complexion, and exhibited a healthy and pleasing countenance,—and had the appearance of a sailor. The Rector of Yatesbury deposed that, “on the 25th January, whilst driving in my gig to Chippenham, my attention was arrested near Queeneford gate, by a hoy of a most interesting countenance, dressed like a sailor, walking by the road side, and in much pain from sore feet, he did not beg, but looked so imploringly at me that I pulled up and spoke to him. He told me he came from Exmouth, and was going to London, that his father had been in affluent circumstances, but was so reduced that he was obliged to send him on board a ship, five months ago, and that the ship left him at Exmouth. I gave him a shilling, when the poor boy burst into tears, and said I was the best friend he had met with; he complained much of his feet, which were covered with blisters and chilblains. His case was so bad, that I gave him a note, addressed to my housekeeper at Yatesbury, desiring her to take him in, and provide for him until my return from London. I told him I would see his parents, which I did, and found his father in a state of extreme destitution, although he had formerly not only been the owner of the house, but had built a great portion of the street where it stood. His parents expressed much gratitude; and on my return to Chippenham I learnt, to my extreme surprise and regret, that the hoy had been found dead.” It appears he had lost his way, and in great misery was found wandering about by a carrier, who brought him back to Queeneford Gate, at 2 in the morning, when he was permitted to sleep, and food given him by the keeper of the gate. At 9 o'clock he was consigned to the care of Bullock, the Yatesbury postman, with strict orders not to leave him until he reached the rectory. Notwithstanding, Bullock did leave him, in consequence of his walking so very slow, and took the rector's note with him. The hoy cried bitterly begging and praying Bullock not to desert him, or he would never reach Yatesbury. He continued his journey as far as Cherhill, and was once seen on the top of the hill, within a mile from Yatesbury; but not having the note, whether he was afraid to go to the rectory, or whether he was unable to find the house, it is impossible now to ascertain. Next day he was seen by some children, of whom he asked “his way,” but as he did not say to what place, they could not direct him.

The intense sufferings of the poor boy by this time affected his mind, his conversation with the children showed great incoherence. When near some water he expressed a wish that one of them would push him in: and then he denied expressing such a wish. Late in the afternoon he was seen crossing a field, near the spot where he was found drowned. The Rev. gentleman has kindly undertaken, at his own expense, to inter the body in the churchyard at Yatesbury."—*Berkshire Chronicle*, Feb. 8. 1847.

"The mother of the unfortunate boy, whose death was recorded in the *Berkshire Chronicle*, was herself on the point of perishing upon the dreary downs between Cherhill and Yatesbury, in Wiltshire, on the night of the great snow storm. It seems she had started from London, on a sudden impulse, "to see her child's grave." He was her favorite son. Blinded by the drift she had wandered out of her way, and was overpowered by continually sinking in the snow, which in many places was several feet deep.—*Times*, 17 Feb. 1847.

It was in winter,—when the snow
 Was falling fast around ;
 There was no sun-shine in the sky
 And the wind made dismal sound.

It was in England—(where the poor
 Are very poor indeed !)
 A peasant maiden, thinly clad,
 Sought wood, her fire to feed.

She wandered by the leafless trees,
 In the raw, damp, morning air:
 Trembling with cold, she onward went
 Though her feet were chill and bare.

Onward she went, through copse and brake,
 Down to a river's brim :
 The frost had made the dead leaves white
 That were matted by its rim.

Oh God ! it was a mournful sight
 The cottage girl saw there !
 A corpse lay midst the tangled sedge
 With long dishevelled hair !

It was a noble sailor boy,
 With forehead fair and high :
 A ruddy tint was on his cheek ;
 Dark lashes fringed his eye.

But he was dead !—the stars of night
 And the pale moon's icy ray,
 Alone in that lone spot had seen
 This young life pass away !

Child of the stormy ocean wave !
 Why came he here to die ;
 Far inland midst the forest woods,
 Beneath a wintry sky ?

Poor, and forsaken, and alone,
 His young heart knew no joy :
 From a far seaport town he came,
 " A broken-hearted boy."

One thought his failing steps had winged,
 And bade him onward roam :
One hope, one vain, wild hope, to reach
 " His mother and his home ! "

Cold looks, and proud, his soul had chilled—
 (Oh! some have hearts of steel;)

Few were there on that lonesome road,
 Who for that boy could feel.

Save one good man, who oft had made
 Companionship with woe :
 He looked in pity on the boy
 And bade him homeward go,

To where the rectory's friendly ray
 Shone out amidst the night,
 And gentle forms were gathered round
 The fire-side warm and bright.

Alas! the ways of heaven are dark—
 That home he sought in vain ;
 The sailor-boy no more might see
 His own loved home again.

No more, beside his mother's knee
 Her evening meal to share :
 No more, to listen to her voice
 In the low, soft tones of prayer !

No more!—the forests' night alone
 Hath heard his voice of woe :
 His heart hath poured its grief, unsoothed,
 Unpitied, midst the snow !

Then longed he for the ocean's wave
 To close above his head :
 For a calm and quiet resting-place
 Beside the ocean's dead !

For the gallant-hearted and the brave,
 The beautiful and fair,
 And many a seaboy, young as he,
 Sleep on together there !

He lies amongst the village dead,
 More calm than ocean wave,
 And village children oft shall come,
 To mark the sea-boy's grave.

And summer-suns shall shine again,
 And summer-flowers shall bloom ;
 And butter-cups and daisies smile
 Above the lost one's tomb.

G. F. A.

Cape Town, February 1848.

ENGLISH MONASTERIES.

Before a just opinion of the monastic system can be formed, it is necessary to investigate its real nature,—whence it originated,—and what its object was; and, in doing this, the minds of our readers should be disengaged, as much as possible, from the prejudice which is apt to be engendered by the discovery of abuses, or by the repetition of calumnies, which mistaken zeal has uttered, and an indifference to the cause of truth, or even avowed hostility, has, in many instances, propagated. It is, indeed, we think, to be feared, that many of these calumnies were industriously circulated, in justification of the sacrilegious plunder, which has indelibly stained the pages of the sixteenth century, and which we have lived to see re-acted, with still less remorse, at the close of the last century, in France, and within the last few years, in Spain. Whatever, therefore, may have been the crimes, real or pretended, which have been urged against monasteries, it may not be uninteresting to our readers, to give some account of these institutions.

The monastic system first arose among the Oriental Christians, whose warm and imaginative disposition readily embraced a form of worship, which seemed to bring the worshipper into closer acquaintance with the Creator than he had hitherto enjoyed, and to promise him the highest degree of happiness in the world to come. Like all other systems, however, it was not at first fully developed. It commenced with those wandering recluses, who, shutting themselves out from the commerce of the world, passed the whole of their lives in solitary confinement. Such a practice could not long escape the observation which it shunned, and the celebrity which these austerities acquired, was witnessed by the withdrawal from the world of numerous followers. Among these the name of Paul of Thebes has attained considerable notoriety. These recluses, or hermits, or anchorites, (for they were known by various appellations) maintained that silence, tranquillity, repose, and solitude, accompanied by such acts of mortification as might tend to extenuate and exhaust the body, were the chief means placed within the reach of man for attaining such a frame of mind as would best fit it for receiving instruction in those things which appertain to a future life.

As these principles naturally accorded with the warm and ardent tempers of the East, they were embraced by multitudes, who, by peopling the deserts, almost destroyed the solitude they sought; but it was a means of preparing the way for a further development of the system. At this point the history of monachism becomes more definite, and is free from those uncertainties, in which, for the most part, the lives of Paul and other ascetics are involved.

In the third century a great stimulus was given to asceticism, by the devotion of Ammon, who spent the greater part of his life in the exercise of the strictest asceticism, in a mountain of Nitria, in Egypt. He had many imitators, so that, by degrees, the mountains of Nitria were filled with persons emulating his austerities. Asceticism, however, was brought into the greatest repute by Antony, who was a contemporary of Ammon, and who died about the middle of the fourth century. He commenced his ascetic life, according to the usual custom, by retiring to a place not far from his own home. Here he remained a while, to steady and fix his mind in his new habits, and to gain what advice he was able, from those who had more experience than himself. Hearing that in the next village there was an aged man who had lived a solitary life from his youth, he adopted a similar retirement in the neighbourhood of the village. If, indeed, he heard of any one, who had attained celebrity in retirement, he invariably sought him out. He had spent twenty years thus exercising himself in seclusion, when many, who wished to copy his ascetic life, coming, with some acquaintances, and forcibly breaking open his door, Antony, it is said, came forth, as from some shrine, fully perfected in all its mysteries.

This was his first appearance outside the enclosure, and those who had come to see him were struck with surprise at the little change his person had undergone. He was the same as they as they had known him before his retreat. His mind was calm, neither narrowed by sadness, nor relaxed by indulgence,—neither too merry, nor too sad. The example of Antony having been followed by many, the catalogue of Eastern ascetics might be swelled by the enumeration of many names, such, for instance, as those of Didymus, Arsenius, &c. but as little remains to us of these men, we pass on to St. Basil, through whose exertions the system which Antony first brought into esteem, was changed from a solitary to a social and united system, and through whose instrumentality several monasteries were founded.

As soon as Monastics associated together, and formed themselves into regular societies, it became necessary to frame certain rules, by which they might be governed ; and which, being understood and acknowledged by all the members of the society, preserved them from those irregularities and dissensions which would otherwise have unavoidably arisen. The earliest of these rules were those framed by St. Basil. As Monastic bodies, however, multiplied, these rules were found insufficient for their Government, especially since men in after times, were induced to join them occasionally from motives of convenience, as well as from those which arose from a true devotional feeling.

The Monks who were associated under the rules prescribed by St. Basil were partly priests, and partly laymen. As an Order, this flourished particularly in the East, where almost all those who lived in Monasteries or cells, followed these rules. The most correct idea we can give of the austerities attendant on the Monastic life, may be formed from the description of it, which St. Basil himself has given. The food of Monastics, he says, consisted of bread and water, and herbs, and was limited to one meal a day. They were only allowed to sleep till midnight ; "Cookery with us," said he, "is idle, no knife is familiar with blood, our daintiest meal is vegetables, with coarsest bread and vapid wine." From the East, Monastic Institutions passed into the west, and, in their progress, they first appeared in Italy, although it appears uncertain by whom they were originally introduced into that country. By some writers, we believe, it is affirmed that St. Athanasius brought them from Egypt into Italy, about A.D. 340, and was the first who built a Monastery at Rome. By others, it is said, that the first monastery erected in Italy, was built at Milan ; while by others it is no less confidently maintained that the first society of Italian Monks was formed at Aquileia. St. Martin, the celebrated Bishop of Tours, erected the first Monastery in Gaul, and from thence the monastic system gradually extended its progress through the other provinces and countries of Europe. There was, however, a considerable difference with regard to the degree of austerity, practised by the western and oriental monks. The former could never be brought to submit to the severe rules of discipline, which the latter endured. Nor is this difference a matter of surprise, when we consider the nature of the respective climates in which they dwelt. The countries of the East

have always been inhabited by a race of men possessing warm and excitable temperaments, which may, in no small degree, be attributed to the atmosphere of those regions, which is well calculated for producing an imaginative disposition. Besides, the bodies of those who are placed under a glowing firmament, and who breathe a sultry air, are better able to support a rigid and abstemious mode of living, than the inhabitants of a colder clime. It was, therefore, the Monastic System, with considerable modifications, which was introduced into Europe, although the principles, which were strictly observed, were amply sufficient to identify it with that system, which had been instituted by Antony and others in the East. The Monastic Orders appear at first distributed into two distinct classes, one of which received the denomination of Cænobites, the other of Eremites or Hermits. These names were derived from the general habits of the two classes,—the Cænobites, living together in a fixed habitation, and forming one large community, under the direction of a chief, whom they called Father or Abbot, (this word signifying Father,)—while the Eremites continued to dwell in perfect seclusion, and pursued that course of life which first distinguished the Ascetics from ordinary Christians. After the establishment of Monasteries in Europe, many Eremites, or Hermits, continued to dwell in seclusion, and the memory of these devotees is not unfrequently preserved in the traditions of some of our rural districts in England, and in the names which the reverence of former ages gave to places, which were considered to possess a certain degree of sanctity, from having been the abodes of such men. Whether, however, they lived a solitary life, or whether they were associated in societies, they were in the habit of using such austerities and exercises, as were deemed requisite for the attainment of that frame of mind, after which they sought. "*Facito aliquid operis ut te semper diabolus inveniat occupatum*"* was the advice of St. Jerome to one, who was about to enter upon the monastic state. The early history of British Monachism appears to be involved in the same kind of uncertainty as that which hangs over its introduction into the continent of Europe. It seems, however, we believe, very probable, that the Monastic System was first introduced in the British Isles from France, and that it was brought to those Islands by the disciples of St.

* Always be employed that the Devil may find you busy.

Martin. The earliest Monks there, appear to have formed themselves into societies, for the purpose of retirement from the world. In that retirement they spent a great part of their time in spiritual exercises, but the better sort applied themselves to study, on secular as well as religious subjects, and hence the Monasteries at an early period became "Schools and Seminaries of sound and useful learning." The most eminent of these early British Institutions was the Monastery at Bangor, of which, we believe, it is recorded that it was furnished with learned men at the coming of Augustine to England. Bangor was distant about ten or twelve miles from Chester, and it has been described "as a place, standing in a valley, and having the compass of a walled town, and two gates remaining half-a-mile distant from each other." The vast extent of the site of this ruined Monastery, gives a great degree of probability to the statement, which has been made by an early writer on Ecclesiastical History, with regard to the number who formerly dwelt there. It is affirmed that the number of Monasties was divided into seven portions or colleges; each of these contained not less than three hundred men, who subsisted by the labour of their own hands. Bangor has long been celebrated in our annals, as the scene of a most sanguinary slaughter, which, by some of our chroniclers, has been attributed to the disappointed ambition of Augustine, who was unable to compel Dinoh and his monks, to conform to the fresh regulations, which he had brought from Rome. It is true that St. Augustine expressed himself in a threatening manner, when he said: "If the Monks of Bangor would not have peace with our friends, they should have war with their enemies;" but the circumstances of the war in which this threat seems to have been fulfilled, appear to have been such as to exonerate Augustine and his friends from having any participation in it. The invasion of Wales took place under Ethelfrith, King of Northumbria, who, being a Pagan, could feel no interest in a religious controversy, between Christians,—and who, from his remote situation, was as little likely to be under the influence of Augustine. It appears more probable from the history of those times, that the unhappy monks of Bangor were slain because they were praying for the success of their friends, and the consequent destruction of their pagan enemies, and their massacre was followed by the destruction of their Monastery.

Monachism was first carried over into Ireland by St. Pa-

trick, who had spent many years previously under the discipline of St. German. The Monastic Societies in that country were numerous, and such was the high reputation in which they were considered that it appears many of the first Saxon Christians went over to them for their education, and the nobility as well as the commonalty of England were obliged to go over to Ireland for that education, which the circumstances of Britain precluded her from affording to her sons. From Ireland Monachism appears to have passed into Scotland, as St. Colomba, by whom it was introduced, is said, to have come from the former country. He, it seems, succeeded in founding in Scotland a Monastery, and in converting a great part of the nation to Christianity. The Monastic system had obtained a firm footing in Britain when Theodore was appointed, by Pope Vitalian, to the see of Canterbury. The appointment of a foreigner to so important a station as that of Primate of England, was naturally regarded with jealousy; but these feelings quickly disappeared, and were succeeded by those of affection and respect for the stranger Prelate. He established several schools, from whence the university of Oxford might be supplied with students. He also undertook the duties of a Preceptor, and such was his success in instilling into the mind a desire for learning, that numbers, it is said, flocked to receive his instructions, and he is hence regarded as the parent of our national literature. Among the most eminent Monastic Institutions of England, we may reckon Weremouth and Jarrow, which, it is recorded, were the most ancient of any within the limits of the county of Durham, and at an early period ranked high.

Weremouth was dedicated to St. Peter, and Jarrow to St. Paul.—The former appears to have been founded A.D. 674, and the latter, about ten years later; both monasteries having for their founder Benedict Biscop, a Monk, whose history has been handed down to us, by the pen of Bede. This Benedict Biscop, who was, in process of time, canonized, was the person to whom Bede was entrusted when a child; and had it not been for him, we should probably not have been aware, how greatly we are indebted to Benedict. To him we are indeed greatly indebted, for having provided his monasteries with those literary treasures, (in his days beyond all price,) without which Bede would have had no means of instruction. Without those means the talents of this wonderful man, must have remained unimproved, and that large portion of Anglo Saxon History, which is derived from him,

would have been lost. In constructing the monastery at Weremouth, Benedict Biscop is said to have brought workmen from France, to build it after the Roman manner; and to have also sent into foreign parts for artificers, who were skilled in making glass, an art to which the inhabitants of Britain were previously strangers. Jarrow, as we have observed, was founded ten years later; and during the progress of these foundations, Benedict Biscop is said to have made five journies to Rome, an undertaking of no little magnitude in those days. Weremouth Monastery is said to have suffered severely during the Danish Ineursions, and is supposed to have been destroyed about A. D. 867. It was afterwards restored, but was again destroyed by fire. Jarrow is said to have been destroyed by the Danes, and having been rebuilt, was again destroyed when William the Conqueror took his revenge upon the northern part of England. The monastery of Lindisfarne must also be reckoned among our early Monastic Establishments. It was founded A. D. 635, upon the arrival of St. Aidan out of Scotland to introduce the truths of Christianity among the Northumbrians. Lindisfarne, however, frequently suffered from the ravages of the Danes, and, in the end, was destroyed by them.

The seventh century was the period when the monastic system, which had been gradually growing up among the inhabitants of Britain, became consolidated. It then obtained such a powerful hold upon the affections of the people, as required a violent convulsion in after times to loosen.

Besides the enlargement, by subsequent endowments, of those early monasteries, to which we have alluded, many of our most celebrated abbeys date their origin from this century. Whitby Abbey, situated in the North Riding, and on the Eastern coast of Yorkshire, was founded during this century by St. Hilda, in consequence of a vow. She obtained the grant of a site for the purpose of founding a monastery, from Oswy, King of Northumbria, and her foundation was designed for the reception of Monks, as well as Nuns.

The Monastery of Medeshampstead, afterwards known by the name of Peterborough, was also founded during this century,—having been commenced by Peada, King of Mercia, about A. D. 656, and completed by his brothers Winfere and Ethelred, who, when they had completed the edifice, dedicated it to St. Peter, and granted large possessions, privileges, and immunities to the monastery.

That proneness to corruption which is natural to societies, as well as individuals, began to manifest itself in some of our monasteries, in the eighth century, by the introduction of irregularities, which, if not checked, will undermine any institution, and bring ruin on any society that lends its countenance to them.

In order to effectually remove these irregularities, and to promote the general welfare of the Anglo-Saxon Church, the venerable Bede came forward as a Reformer. In the letter which he wrote to Egbert, Bishop of York, he suggests the propriety of erecting some new sees in the Diocese of York, as suffragans to the Bishop of York. The best means of accomplishing this, he thought, would be by changing certain monasteries into Bishops' sees; and, lest any opposition should arise on the part of the monks, he suggested the propriety of granting these monks some concessions, and permitting them to choose their own Bishop,—and that the joint government of the monastery and diocese should be put into his hands.

Among many abuses which he brought to light, he mentioned one of a serious nature, which he affirmed had crept in; and this was, that some of the laity, who had neither taste for a monastic life, nor experience of its duties, used to purchase some of the crown-lands, under the pretence of founding a monastery; that they then obtained a charter of privileges, signed by the King, Bishops, and temporal rulers, and by these and other expedients made themselves Lords of several villages; and thus became discharged from every duty. They, moreover, he stated, assumed the character of Abbots, and governed the monks, if monks they could be called, without any just title so to do. In order, therefore, to stop the growth of these disorders, and others of a similar kind, Bede recommended a Synod to be convened, and a visitation to take place, so that all unqualified persons might be removed from their usurpations.

Having had occasion to introduce to our readers' notice so distinguished a member of the Anglo-Saxon Church as the venerable Bede, it will not be irrelevant to give a further account of him.

This celebrated man was born within the precincts of the Monastery of Jarrow, A.D. 673; and he not only received his early education there, but also continued to reside there during the whole of his life, making such proficiency in almost every branch of learning, as to become the wonder of

the age. He spent the whole of his time in study and devotion. His last work is said to have been the translation of St. John's Gospel into the vernacular tongue; and it is recorded, that the last sentence was finished just before he expired. One of his biographers says: "It is much easier to admire him in thought, than to do him justice in words." He is said to have ended his days at his beloved monastery, A.D. 734, and to have been buried there.

The most celebrated of Bede's works is his Ecclesiastical History, which, having been composed by him in Latin, received the high honor of being translated by King Alfred into Anglo-Saxon, both of which versions, we believe, are still extant. To his literary reputation, no doubt, the title of "venerable," which he received, may be attributed, although tradition would ascribe a more miraculous cause to it. It is said, that his pupils being desirous of shewing every respect for his memory after death, commissioned one of their number to write a rhyming epitaph for his tomb, after the custom of those times, and he accordingly wrote:

Hâc sunt in fossâ
Bedaë ossa

Having written thus far, and being unable to complete the last line, or to think of a suitable epithet, he fell asleep; and, to his no less joy, than astonishment, when he awoke, he found his verse filled up, by an Angelic hand, and standing thus—

Hâc sunt in fossâ
Bedaë veneralibis ossa.*

Our readers are now arrived at that period in monastic history, when the system began to make a rapid progress in England. The person who was mainly instrumental in effecting this, was Dunstan, who is said to have been born in the reign either of Athelstan or of Edward the Elder. The parents of Dunstan were named Herstan, and Kynedrid,—and, their residence being in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury Abby, it is probable the religious associations connected with that place had a powerful effect in forming the mind of Dunstan.

In consequence of the celebrity which Glastonbury had obtained, it would, we may readily suppose, be the frequent subject of conversation among the neighbouring residents; especially if they were impressed with reverential feelings

* Here in the grave repose the bones of the venerable Bede.

for those places which, either traditionally, or in reality had been resorted to by men who were remarkable for their piety and learning. But besides the early impressions which were, not improbably, made upon the mind of Dunstan, by all the circumstances of this remarkable vicinity, there was another source from which a similar impulse might be given, and, if we judge from the conduct of Dunstan, we shall be led to imagine that they both contributed in giving that direction to his thoughts and feelings, which has procured for him so high a reputation amongst the benefactors of our Monastic Establishments. In the beginning of the tenth century, Fleury, situated in the banks of the Soire, in the duchy of Orleans, had obtained a splendid reputation as the chief seat of Benedictine discipline. This reputation was not confined to France, but was the admiration of Europe. It is therefore not unlikely that the account of this celebrated monastery had reached the ears of Dunstan when he accompanied his father to spend a night at Glastonbury. If we form our opinion of the character of the child from the actions which developed the matured views of the man, it will not require a very powerful effort of fancy to suppose that Dunstan was a youth of thoughtful and imaginative mind, and that his visit to Glastonbury was associated with every thing which was likely to make a strong impression on such a young and serious temperament as we are justified in attributing to him. Few of our readers, we should think, are unacquainted with those feelings, which, in the morning of life, are called into existence by the prospect of beholding a person, or a place of which we have heard much, and for which we entertain deep veneration. Such then, we may be assured, would have been the feelings of Dunstan on approaching the abbey of Glastonbury. His early predilection for that place being confirmed by his education there, he determined, on its completion, to retire to his favourite abode, and there lead the life of a religious recluse. When, however, he wished to assume the Monastic habit, he did not assume it at Glastonbury, but proceeded to Fleury for that purpose, as this Monastery was then celebrated for the excellence of its discipline, and was believed to possess the bones of Benedict, the founder of the rule which was there observed,—his bones having been removed thither from his first Monastery at Monte Cassino in Italy. After Dunstan had assumed the Benedictine habit he returned to England and was appointed Chaplain to Edmund, who had succeeded his brother Athelstan on the throne.

When Dunstan returned home the monastery at Glastonbury had been reduced to ruins by the Danes, and he accordingly lost no time in persuading Edmund to repair the breaches, which had been made. The new foundation was laid, and the buildings were erected from a model, which Dunstan is said to have brought with him from France: and he is also said to have introduced from that country a society of Benedictine Monks. Under the patronage of Edmund it would appear, that monachism was likely to flourish, and that the Benedictine rule which was introduced under such favorable auspices, would attain that ascendancy in England, which it had long enjoyed on the continent of Europe. Nor did the death of Edmund and the accession of Edred to the throne threaten to interrupt the increasing prosperity of the monastic bodies. The reign of the latter prince, however, was but of short duration, and although he gave the warmest support, during his brief reign, to the schemes of Dunstan, yet his early death checked them as they were progressing towards their accomplishment, and the hostility of Edwy, his successor blighted all the hopes which had been fostered throughout the preceding reigns. Edwy deprived Dunstan of all his honors, and emoluments, and condemned him to banishment. He was however preserved from this treatment, in consequence of his having just embarked for Flanders, before the King's messengers reached the shore.

On the death of this prince, which occurred A. D. 959, Edgar succeeded to the throne, and Dunstan was shortly afterwards appointed to the Primacy of the Anglo-Saxons. When Edgar was securely seated on his throne, he became the warm patron of the monasteries, and gave his especial countenance to those, who adopted the Benedictine rule; and, it is related, that during his reign no fewer than forty-eight monasteries were founded.

In promoting the establishment of Benedictine monasteries in England, Dunstan had an active and zealous co-operator in the person of Oswald, who, through his friendship and interest, had been preferred to the See of Worcester. He was also assisted in his measures, by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester. Through the means of Dunstan, Ethelwold and Oswald, who were the most powerful prelates at that time, and being supported by royal authority, would generally bid defiance to resistance, the reign of Edgar was marked by a succession of triumphs to the monastic party.

The greatest of these was effected in the council which assembled at Winchester, A. D. 968, at which Edgar presided in person. Dunstan and his friends brought heavy charges against the married clergy, and succeeded in procuring a decision against them. It is said, that the council, being undetermined as to the course which ought to be adopted with regard to the secular clergy, a voice was heard from a crucifix against the wall, urging them to accede to the wishes of Dunstan; and that in consequence, a decree was made in conformity with those wishes. This story is mentioned, not as deserving the least degree of credit, but as an instance of the fabulous accounts which were invented subsequently to the conquest, and were afterwards circulated for the purpose of bringing monasteries, and their supporters, into disrepute.

The success which thus crowned the endeavours of Dunstan and his party was but short-lived, for Edgar dying A. D. 975, the kingdom became the scene of great disorder, and the nobles taking advantage of it, expelled the monks from their newly acquired possessions, and reinstated their former proprietors. The country was in consequence agitated by angry debates, and no less harassing apprehensions. For the purpose of putting an end to these inquietudes, a council met at Calne, in Wiltshire, A. D. 978, in which the cause of the secular clergy was warmly supported by a Scottish prelate, who, on account of his commanding eloquence, had been requested to defend and maintain their interests in the Council. During the sitting of the Council, however, it is said, that the Senators were about to decide in favor of the expelled clergy against the Monks, when the floor of the building in which they were deliberating gave way, and the assembly fell with it, into the space below. Some were severely bruised or had limbs broken, and some did not escape with life. Dunstan alone was left standing on a beam.—The occurrence of this event was accordingly interpreted as a divine manifestation in favor of the monks, and at length contributed to secure their final triumph. The youthful Edward who had succeeded Edgar on the throne, died soon after, and for a time the hopes of the monastic party were damped. But these difficulties served to consolidate the system, and prepared the way for its general prevalence. In consequence of the unnatural murder of a young and amiable monarch, the termination of his earthly career was invested with honors of martyrdom, and he has been since known in history as Edward the Martyr.

In the year following the assassination of this young prince, Dunstan crowned his half-brother Ethelred, although he was only eleven years of age. It is said that Dunstan predicted the miseries which occurred during this reign, and which, from the utter incompetency manifested to meet them, procured for their monarch the ignominious surname of "the Unready." The prediction here alluded to declared, that "as the Sword had placed the crown on his brow, so it would never cease to shed misery over his reign."

Although the Archbishop died before Ethelred attained the full age of manhood, he lived long enough to see the partial fulfilment of his ill-boding prediction. Dunstan, it is recorded, died A. D. 988, being upwards of seventy years of age.

The Monastic System underwent three reformations in England before it was firmly established. Previous to the first reformation there appeared to be scarcely any definite rule of monastic discipline, since each monastery adopted its own; and the irregularities which hence arose, having drawn the attention of the hierarchy to these institutions, a Council was held A. D. 747, by direction of Archbishop Cuthbert, for the purpose of investigating their regulations. In this Council many reforms were effected in the rules, as well as in the dress of the monastics. The second reformation was accomplished by Dunstan, at the Council which met at Winchester A. D. 965, during the reign of Edgar; and the third took place under the direction of Lanfranc, who, in the Council held A. D. 1075, carried into effect some of those regulations, which had been determined upon during the reign of Edgar, but which the circumstances of the times had kept in abeyance.

The Benedictine rule which the second of these reformations introduced into many monasteries, owed its origin to St. Benedict, a native of Mersia in Italy, who, in the fifth century, became a kind of monastic patriarch. He was a warm admirer of the system as he found it existing in the East, and was anxious to bring it into favor in Europe. Being fully aware that Eastern monachism must be considerably modified before it could be reasonably expected to be embraced by the inhabitants of a colder clime, he applied himself to the task; and while he maintained the general principles by which the Orientals were guided, he succeeded in rendering them acceptable to Europeans. He founded a monastery at Cassino in Italy, and lived to see his exertions crowned with complete success. The rules which he framed, and which afterwards

became very generally adopted, were intended to render the establishments which received them, regular and uniform.

It was his desire, that Monasties should lead a holy and peaceful life, spending their time in reading, the education of youth, and other pious and learned labours. Dunstan modified the regulations, which were prescribed by Benedict, and adapted them to the tastes and habits of his countrymen. There are many things which may be considered useful, and conducive, to Eastern discipline, and which can, moreover be observed without serious inconvenience in the genial clime of Italy, which would be intolerable under the chilling influence of a northern sky; such therefore Dunstan altered, and while he thus adapted the Benedictine rule, to the circumstances in which he was placed he was not unmindful of the essential principles, on which the original rule was founded. The grand object of Monastic Institutions, he did not lose sight of, namely,—that mutual assistance should be rendered, and that their youth should be trained in such reverential obedience, as would fit them for the more sacred offices of religion, which many of them were destined to fill.

MONASTICUS.

(*To be continued.*)



ECHO.

A LYRIC FABLE.

Nymph! who in calm, sequestered, dell,
 And mossy cavern, lov'st to dwell,
 Sweet Echo! In the antique days,
 When you were young,
 No Bard his lyre e'er strung,
 But twang'd it to your praise:
 Theocritus and Virgil, and a score
 Of other Poets more,
 All sung
 You in their lays.

But then, Your Ladyship must know,
 You were what Scotchmen call "a sonsie lassie,"
 While some three thousand years, or so,
 I have made you (pray excuse me) rather *passée*,

And now that you've grown old, and, doubtless, faded,
 Like other spinsters, you must bear neglect :
 You really can't expect
 The modern sons of Rhyme to do as they did.

In short, you're like those wearied jades,
 Yclept old maids,
 Who haunt our public places,
 Whose puckered, dry, acidulated faces,
 (Bearing strong semblance to a squeezed-out lemon)
 And dirty yellow hue, with sickly green
 Streak'd in between,
 Like a stale salmon,
 Disgust us with their hideousness obscene ;
 Whose wrinkles, now, as crook'd in curiosity,
 To catch some conversation,
 They wriggle round those prying eyes,
 In viper-coils of venom'd animosity,
 Notes of interrogation,
 And asking plain as wrinkles can,
What's that you say, young man?
 And now, as shrinking back in mute surprise,
 At some pert Miss's wild flirtation,
 The meagre visage more elongate grows,
 Each furrow, too, straight, and stiffened, shows—
 A long, lank note of pious admiration,
 Expressing in its prudish prim endeavour,
 "The shameless minx!—God bless me!—Well! I never!"
 Old smoke-dried mummies, whom we're doomed to see
 At every soiree, ball, and evening party ;
 Who only seem to be
 Preserved on earth,
 For the high purposes of talking scandal,
 Exhausting tea-urns, cheating at ecarte,
 Waging a war eternal against mirth,
 And asking youth like me,
 To "please to snuff the candle."

Yet, even these have shone, too, in their day,
 Yes, once been belles, and had their lovers lying,
 Dead at their feet, or dying,
 Rather than vainly sue ;
 But ah! those happy times have passed away!
 Now, shunned by all, they're left alone to sigh,
 In solitary nooks, o'er days gone bye,
 And, dear Miss Echo, so are you!

But, Reader, you must be incensed beyond all patience :
 Methinks I hear you cry :
 "For God's sake, hold! enough!
 Of this apostrophe we've *quantum suff!*
 Your Pegasus, good Sir, is apt to fly
 Too wildly; you must curb his bold gyrations :
 Your muse, too, treas himself to ramblings strange :
 Come to the point, an't please you!"—So I will ;
 But still,

If this same steed and muse appear to be
 Deserving censure, prythee, don't blame *me*,
 For I (who know them both) can say most truly,
 That of all animals in nature's range,
 A *Horse* and *Woman* are the most unruly!
 Which fact, now that I think on't, is the subject,
 Whereon I build my rhyme,
 The point as 'twere to which I sail;
 In short, the aim and object
 Of this my ode sublime.
 Now to my tale.

'Tis told by chroniclers all falsehood scorning,
 That if o'er fair Killarney's waters bright,
 Or from the verdant bank you
 In voice stentorian loudly bawl,
 " Pray how d'ye do this morning?"
 Sweet Echo, in set terms polite,
 Replies, responsive to the call,
 " Quite well, I thank you!"

To credit this, or not, must rest with you,
 But, by your gracious leave, I now shall tell,
 A story far more strange and quite as true.
 How Echo, once, spoke like an oracle.

Where, like an Ethiop, black as night,
 Who wraps his pate in turban white,
 Plinlimmon rears his sable head,
 With wig of snow at top o'erspread;
 While fleecy clouds late floating high,
 Here love their lightsome forms to rest,
 Suspended round his lofty crest,
 Like clothes hung out to dry,—
 There dwelt beneath the mountain's foot,
 If Cambrian legends tell aright,
 A loving couple (happy lot!)
 By name of Morgan hight.

Year upon year had onward rolled,
 Yet found this pair (now growing old)
 Still loving on in fullest bliss;
 When, in a luckless hour, the dame,
 Prey to a dire disease became,
 By rustics called " the Rheumatiz,"

Poor thing! she suffered much! Through night and day
 In sleepless anguish on her cot she lay,

A month and more,
 Till faithful Morgan's heart grew sick and sore,
 To hear her shrieks, and squeaks, and moans, and groans,
 It made the marrow creep within his bones,
 In short, he grew alarmed,—at length, he thought,
 'Twould be as well—nay, more—indeed, she *ought*
 To have attendance; so he then and there
 Ordered his ploughboy Joe,
 To put a saddle on the onc-eyed marc,

And straightway go
 For Doctor Smith,
 (The village medico)
 Who came forthwith.

This Doctor Smith was a sleek, portly specimen
 Of those, by killing others, kept alive,
 A bachelor, but, by no means, a dressy man,
 His years some forty-five,
 A little bald; complexion rich and ruddy;
 The last by Port produced,—the first by study.

His air was most professionally grave,
 His dress (as said before) austerely plain;
 He wore no ornaments about him, save
 A quite unwrought, but massy rich gold chain,
 Strong as a cable,
 And silver-headed cane,
 As to his garment's hue,—of course 'twas sable,
 Being the very best to cloak the varlet in,
 Whether of species "Hypocrite, or "Charlatane."

With a preliminary rat-tat-tat
 He stepp'd demurely slow into the house,
 (Or, rather, cottage, to be quite correct.)
 In silence bowed to Morgan, doff'd his hat,
 And next with sidelong, stealthy, tiptoe tread,
 As creeps a cat
 Upon its prey elect,
 A victim mouse,
 Stole to his patient's bed.

He felt her pulse,—then asked some curious question
 About her bowels—(which I now forget)—
 Then mutter'd something about indigestion,—
 Then steadily he looked into her face,
 As if his guardian-angel there had set,
 In text-hand, a description of her case,—
 Then gravely scratch'd his head,—then slowly shook it,—
 And then—he slipp'd his fee into his pocket.

But still his eye dwelt on her, and he wrought
 His brow into an air of anxious thought,
 As if his mind were lost within the maze
 Of a terse passage, or some chapter pretty,
 In Hunter, Craigie, Bell,
 Or Abernethy.

But was it?—Since my candid muse must tell
 Her tale in language plain,
 Nor aught erase,
 She owns, 'twas not, but somewhat in *this* train,
 As thus upon the dame (poor absent man!)
 He fixed that ardent gaze,
 His meditations Æsculapian ran.

"This Mrs. Morgan's not so very old,
 Or may it be that most becoming nightcap?
 (Here with his cane he-gave a very slight tap

Upon the ground,
 And heaved a sigh profound)
 Dame Jones (but she's so very jealous) told
 Me that the woman was a perfect Gorgon.
 What lips she's got! and, Venus! *such* a skin!
 By Jove! a lucky dog this Morgan.
 I wish to heaven, old Squaretoes wasn't here;
 Were he not in,
 I really think I'd kiss the little dear!"
 These were his thoughts,—but who could ever trace
 Their workings in that oleaginous face?

Who could
 Pretend to spy
 Such rev'ries in his grey, glazed, fishy eye?
 Drilled deftly in the pantomimic part
 Pertaining to his art,
 Unmoved he stood,
 Showing all solemn, stolid, greasy, flat,
 Invested with the fullest majesty
 Of dullness, pride, pomposity, and fat.
 But when he'd come to the above conclusion,
 He took a pinch of snuff, (the kind called "rose,")
 And, having blown that grizzle-formed protrusion,
 Philologists agree to term the nose,
 Then with a loud and not *too startling* hem!
 He cleared his breast from all superfluons phlegm,
 (Physicians always do this ere proceeding
 To give their patients learned information,
 Lest the said phlegm might check their conversation,
 The action of the *larynx* quite impeding)
 And launched at once into a deep oration,
 Replete with learning,
 Wherein he first, with much acute discerning,
 Gave "all the reasons *for*, then *against* bleeding;
 And next recited (*not* from ostentation)
 Some wondrous cures he'd lately brought about,
 In Carditis, Pneumonia, Epilepsy,
 Tracheitis, Anasauca, eke Dyspepsy,
 All which (he said) as cases quite in point,
 He introduced as mere elucidation,
 A bad Podagra, too, or alias, Gout,
 Which he, by dint of science, had thrown out
 Of the Squire's big-toe joint.

His eloquence, indeed, was quite sublime,
 In short, so won upon my soul,
 That I would serve his speech up whole,
 But that scarce one of all
 The *sesquip'dalia verba* 'twas so rich in
 Will hitch in-
 To any sort of rhyme
 My muse can call.

Yes, I must say, his rheth'ric was unique,
 Tho' hasped with Latin scraps and also Greek,

Yet our own language, too, the while,
 (Scattered through parts just here and there)
 To make the hotch-potch perfect, gave its share,
 So wonderfully *see-saw* was his style,
 Balanced between the modern and antique!
 In English, tho', was not what you and I talk,
 No! Science owns none such within
 Her high walk,
 But clumsy, meek, *three-cornered* words, all rumbling,
 As on thus harshly rolled in grating din,
 Like distant thunder rumbling.
 At length, however, he wound up the whole
 With saying that he'd made a grand discovery,
 (To all the faculty unknown
 Saving himself alone)
 Tried it in cases, too, deemed past recovery,
 Namely, that, wrapt in "alcohol,"
 A spirit, called "proxylie," lay,
 In which, he didn't hesitate to say,
 Most potent powers were resident,
 For renovating every vital function,
 Beyond all precedent:
 That, taken in due measure,
 'Twas quite a pharmacopœian treasure,
 It greased the whole machine, like softest uncton,
 Making the wheels of life, he had no doubt,
 Run on so glibly, nothing could resist 'em,
 And turning
 The patient out,
 Purged of all sickly humors, vapors vile,
 And bile,
 His death quite *sine die* thus adjourning,
 Gave him, in short, a bran-new system,
 Clean, brisk, and spruce, within and eke without,
 As a young 'prentice upon Sunday Morning.
 That, after meditation most mature,
 He'd recommend this *to her*,
 And so, accordingly, gave strict direction,
 (Much to old Morgan's great delight,
 Who long had stood in sad dejection,
 With over-grown Apothecary's Bills,
 For sundry blisters, ointments, draughts, and pills,
 Flitting in vision fore his troubled sight)
 That she, till well, shall every day take in
 Six drams of gin,
 Which (he assured her to believe)
 Would quickly cure her ills—
 So took his leave.
 How Morgan, then, unsparing self,
 Incontinenter bought
 A Bin
 Of the best gin,
 Administering it, too, himself.

I scarce need tell,
 Suffice to say,
 Such miracles this strange specific wrought,
 That scarce a fortnight passed away,
 Ere his good spouse was stirring, stout and well

The bitt'rest part, tho', of this tale's to come,
 Whereon so long you've hung delighted,
 (My Muse, indeed, from grief, is almost dumb,
 And weeping so o'er the sad recitation,
 That she can hardly set about it)
 Alas the day, that ever I should write it!
 This wondrous cure proved the poor dame's undoing.
 She grew so fond of azure desolation,
 Or, in the pure vernacular, "blue ruin,"
 That now she couldn't live without it;
 Her glass was ever at her lip,
 [From morn to night she'd ever sip, and sip, and sip
 In short, no single night ensued,
 But she turned into bed extremely screwed.

This change, as you may fancy
 And shameful dereliction on the part,
 Of his dear Nancy,
 Caused sad incisions in old Morgan's heart;
 For, deep though gashes from a surgeon's knife,
 When, with cool nerve, as if 'twere a dead porpoise,
 He mangles some poor screeching wretch's corpus,
 Quite con amore,
 Broad though the Gourmand's slashes, when, in strife,
 With watery mouth, and hungry, glistening eye,
 Laying strong siege to a Perigord Pic,
 He carries first by storm, in murderous haste,
 The outerworks, or paste,
 Whose strong redoubts he must break through before he
 Can glut his raging appetite
 On the rich stores within, his heart's delight,—
 Yet their's were flea-bites to those made by grief,
 Upon the subject of my story.
 This beat them all to zero,
 In fine, (to give my similies relief)
Nothing and *nobody* could be
 More awfully cut up than he,
 My Hero!

He tried in turn all a kind husband can,
 First argued mildly, then in terms more grave,
 (For Morgan was a very pious man)
 Ask'd if she knew that she'd a soul to save,
 For that alike religion and morality
 Had placed their veto on such sensuality!

In vain—the thread of converse still she'd pick up
 With, "Johnny, (Morgan's Christian name was John)

Havn't I told you o'er and o'er,
 My rheumatism is far from gone?
 Oh dear! that you should ever think,
 (Here she would give a *hiccup*)
 That, for its *own sake*, I take that odious drink!
 No, goodness me! if I could only stick up—
 But la! there's that bad twitch again!
 (Here she would writhc, and pull—oh, such a face!
 To prove her case)
 Ah, Morgan, if you only knew the pain!
 But no, you brute, I see you've got no feeling!
 No, Johnny, I've melancholy fears,
 That you don't love me as you did before."
 And then, much overcome with this reflection,
 (Though, if the truth be owned, by liquor more)
 She'd weep a flood of maudlin tears,
 Accompanied by sobs. *imo de pectore*,
 And, by the aid of sundry headlong reclinings,
 (In this, her cruise crritical,
 For calculating *angles* by inspection,
 Showing a genius truly mathematical)
 She'd *tack* across the room,
 To the refectory,
 And then she'd sip
 Another nip,
 To dissipate her gloom.

Poor Morgan's grief each day grew stronger,
 For want of aid, his farm, good lack!
 Was going all to wrack,
 And ruin, fury dire, with fell grimace,
 All grinning, showed her teeth right in his face,
 At length, he could't stand it any longer.

So, in a dark and desperate hour,
 Laying all thoughts of this world on the shelf,
 Thus gloomily communed he with himself:
 "My being, once, alas! so sweet,
 In a loved partner blessed, and calm retreat,
 Has lately turned quite sour;
 Must I, then, suffer tortures slow,
 Till, in long years, its spirit work out,
 By heavens, no!
 Myself, as 'twere, shall pull the cork out,
 And let the vital essence go!
 Then, with a short phiz-hubble-bubble-flop
 'Twill overflow,
 Like ginger-pop,
 And carry with it all my woe!
 No, I can't say, when the hot breath
 Of grim old Death
 May blow my vital flame out with a puff!
 Enough!
 My own hand on its flick'ring wick,

A quick
Extinguisher shall clap!
Yes! I must go out slick,
And take my long, long nap.

Of course, in this soliloquy refined,
Which, though not quite the Hamlet touch,
Was, to the purpose, quite as much,
He meant, in sober English, but to say,
(Alas! poor miserable sinner!
His was a most benighted state of mind!)
That he, that day,
For self-destruction felt far more inclined
Than for his dinner.

Yet, full of this most dire intent,
His steps he bent
Up the steep mountain's side,
Till gained a rock, whose beetling brow
Frowned o'er the black abyss below.

But ere he took the fatal leap, he cried,
His hands both clasped, his sad eye turned to heaven,
In piteous voice in heartfelt anguish riven,
"Ah, goodness me! this awful act I'm driven to,
Because my wife is given to
STRONG LIQUOR."

Scarce on his lips the words may die,
Ere Echo makes a deep reply,
At first in accents low,
Still thick and thicker,
The mystic sound
Doth grow.

And now, from each rock, cave, and grove around,
In awful words rebound,
A thousand Echos answer—"LICK HER!"

He heard, and not in vain, the oracle,
But ere he left the spot, as sages tell,
Cut from an oak, the cliff that overhung,
A supple sapling, stout and strong,
Then homeward bent his way,
Not, as he came, with steps of hesitation,
Heavy and slow,
But brisk, alert, and gay,
And ever and anon, as on he strode,
Along the road,
Brandished on high his cudgel, thus to show,
His stern determination.

Arrived, at length, before his cottage door,
He saw what oft, in sooth, he'd seen before,
His wife, as usual, (shameless gipsy!)
Nectare ardens, id est, very tipsy.

Scarce had she seen him, ere, in terms profane—
 She opened out a volley of abuse,
 Rogue, rascal, wretch, as words of course,
 Fell thick as hail,

With others of more emphasis and force,
 Wherewith my reader's ears I won't regale.
 But he, unmindful of the clamour,
 At once, without so much as "by your leave,"
 His honey-chuck began to hammer

Without reprieve;
 Now on her shoulders,—now her back,
 And now—a little more below,
 He laid, with loud resounding thwack,
 Each potent blow;

No portion of the human frame
 That you can find in "Shaw's Anatomy,"
 But came within the range and aim
 Of Morgan's Practical Phlebotomy.

In vain she roared—she screamed—she prayed—
 And called St. David to her aid,
 In vain for pity pleaded,
 The deuce a rat old Johnny heeded!
 Neath necromancer's magic wand,
 No fiend of hell

E'er yelled, and howled, and writhed, and groaned,
 With half the pain that she did;
 In fact, he rubb'd her down so well,
 With oaken towel, cudgel dire,
 That, just as he began to tire,
 She, fainting, fell.

My story's done,—there but remains to say,
 That, from that day,
 The lately erring dame
 Reformed; in short, became
 All one would look for in a duteous wife,
 While Morgan, quite contented that so well
 He'd acted up to Echo's oracle)
 Cherished her, as before; and after this
 They kept (as well expressed by men of law)
In manibus, a lease of love and bliss,
 Which held good through the term of natural life,
 Unblemished by a flaw.

Morgan, though, with a caution worthy praise,
 His cudgel o'er the chimney hung,
 Their cot within;
 Still *in terrorem* there it slung,
 (I wish each troubled spouse would do as he did,)
 Lest his good wife, in evil ways
 By Satan led astray,
 To the seductive blandishments of gin
 Again might fall a prey.
 But glad am I to say,
 The mild remembrance ne'er was needed.

MORAL.

Ye, luckless husbands, linked to headstrong spouses,
 Whether to scoldings given, or carouses,
 Perhaps you're not aware,
 (Though I sincerely pray,
 That you won't *act* on any thing I say,
 The little dears such harshness scarce could bear,—
 I'd just *remark*—of course—*quite* by the way,)
 That *if* a Briton's wife proves too uproarious,
 He's licensed by our common law most glorious,
 To use her as a drummer does his drum,
 In plain terms—*lick her* ;
 With any whip, or cane, or strap, no thicker,
 Than the circumference of his thumb ?



RUMORS OF WARS.

From a hasty perusal of the confused and indistinct accounts which we have obtained of the great events that have been lately taking place in Europe, the only certain result at which we have arrived is that the believers in human perfectibility and universal peace have a very sorry time of it. If, as certain great free-traders seem to imagine, the opening of English ports to the free importation of the produce of all foreign lands is to be immediately followed by the millennium, the advent of that great era is, at any rate, likely to be proclaimed by the thunder of cannon and the sound of the trumpet. Never in days of nominal peace did Europe wear so warlike an appearance, and probably the day is not far distant when we, who are apt in our moments of discontent, to complain of the dullness and stupidity of our isolated abode, will congratulate ourselves on our absence from the scene of a general European war.

Long before the actual outbreak in the French capital, which has now become the sole topic of interest, the distant indications of a political tempest were occasionally heard, though few anticipated the coming of so awful a storm. In the midst of discussion of commercial measures, taxation and revenue the question arose: "Is England prepared for war?" To superficial observers nothing could appear less reasonable than to raise such a question: we were in the midst of profound peace; the Queen continued to receive from foreign powers assurances of friendly feeling; and we

had recently adopted measures which, whatever their effect as regards England, could not fail to conciliate foreign mercantile nations. At such a moment, probably, no less authority than the Duke of Wellington could have commanded attention to the question raised: but the Duke's celebrated letter to Sir John Burgoyne commanded universal attention. It was distinctly declared by the highest military authority of the day that, supposing a foreign army were able to land on our shores, we were utterly destitute of means to repel aggression, or protect public or personal property; and it was added that we did not possess naval strength immediately available to prevent such an aggression. That this statement was made in sad and sober earnest was but too clear: the last paragraph of the aged general's letter was really touching; and it was also clear that the statement was made by one well acquainted with the subject upon which he wrote, and who is not apt to exaggerate or overestimate impending danger. But startling as all this was, something more startling followed: it gradually became known that the government was about to act upon the views of the Commander-in-Chief. John Bull could contemplate the prospect of a French invasion with greater serenity than the imposition of new taxes, which he knew to be inseparable from increased estimates. Accordingly meetings were held throughout the country to protest against the proposed measures: Petitions poured into parliament: Joe Hume, like a war-horse, snuffed the battle afar off, and determined to snuff it out: Mr. Cobden, like a giant renewed in his strength, proclaimed war to the knife;—but it was war with the estimates, not the French, and the knife was not a sword but a pruning-hook. Ministers were silent and impassable, until on the 18th February Lord John Russell came down to the House of Commons with his budget, and revealed to the alarmed economists a vision of increased military and naval estimates, and an increased income tax. Then did the indignant members for West Yorkshire and Montrose pour forth their oburgations upon the Minister's devoted head; they denounced the increased expenditure, and the country was arrayed in arms, not against M. Guizot and the Prince de Joinville, but against Lord John Russell and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The most remarkable feature of this opposition was that no one argued that our military and naval establishments (which they wished even to reduce) were sufficient to repel

aggression, should it be attempted. They only said, there was no fear of war; and when it was argued that, to be prepared for war was the best security for peace, they replied that the proposed preparations were more likely to provoke than to repel invasion. Mr. Hume said, it was as if a man should go about to keep the peace with a musket and bayonet on his shoulder. We accept the comparison; thinking that a man so equipped is less likely to be attacked than one altogether unarmed: that a man with a big stick under his arm, is a less eligible subject for aggression than a man without one: that a strong man is less likely to be insulted than a weak one. So with nations: no foreign power will attempt to attack England, while she retains the strength which has enabled her so often to chastise aggressors; but we know that the jackass kicked at the dying lion, and kicked with impunity.

Mr. Cobden who, since his visit to the continent, considers himself a diplomatist, relied entirely upon the virtues of free trade. He was pleased at the reception which was given him in foreign countries, in return for many benefits conferred; and believed that the feeling of foreigners towards the man who opened to them the English ports, was a fair representation of their feelings towards England. His argument was:—"We have adopted a line of policy which will make it the interest of all foreign nations to remain at peace with us: by going to war they would forfeit our commerce: the true peace makers now are the manufacturers of Birmingham and Manchester, not the diplomatists of Downing street: our naval strength is in our merchant men: our military strength is in our operatives." But alas! when have nations listened to such reasoning? It is notorious, (and but for the threat of an increased income-tax Mr. Cobden would allow it as well as another man,) that there are thousands of imaginable *casus belli* in which such arguments could have no place. Suppose the French nation had, a few years ago, refused to indemnify Pritchard for the insult offered to him when the representative of the Queen of England; what commercial considerations could have prevented our settling this miserable Tahitian squabble by an appeal to arms? suppose the rumor lately current here that the new French Republic had declared war against Austria, and was endeavoring to annex Belgium, had proved correct; could free trade have saved England from taking part in the European war which must have, at once, ensued? The fact is

that, to be safe, England must always be prepared for hostilities with France. There is a certain party in that country who are sufficiently powerful to force any government, whether monarchical or republican, to attack England if there be an obvious prospect of success. That party must have war: they can't live without it: it is as much a necessary of life to them as their daily bread: of that party Michelet is the spokesman and Joinville *was* the hero. It has often occurred to us that the proceedings of this party form a very apt illustration of an old apologue. It is recorded that in former times when a man wished to catch a monkey he would place near one another two basins, one containing water, the other pitch: he would then go through the process of washing his hands in the former; and the imitative animal would at once proceed to entrap himself by plunging his paws into the latter: Well, England is the man, France the ape: India is the water, Algeria the pitch: and, in this case, the man was content to let the monkey alone, having secured himself from all annoyance, by affording the animal sufficient occupation. But, once free, as she now is, France must find another battlefield, and we may be sure that she has sufficient recollection of our visit to Paris, to be inclined to return the compliment in London, if we afford her an opportunity.

We are in no way disposed to underrate Mr. Cobden; for, whatever we may think of his cause, all must allow that he fought the battle bravely and achieved a fair and well earned victory. But he is but flesh and blood—frail and fallible as ourselves: and the best proof of his fallibility, is that five nights before the Revolution in France, he held this language in the English House of Commons.

“And how is it in France? What is the motive now in France for going through such a revolution as in 1793? Why France has gone through its social revolution—it has effected its social revolution, and I know of no motive now why France should seek such a revolution as that of 1793. They have no privileged order; they have no established church, they have no great inequalities of condition; there is a very minute subdivision of property; and I ask what possible motive of the kind can there be in France?”

We all know well enough now how this prophecy has been fulfilled; and the events which occurred so soon after in Paris, ought to have made, even the apostle of free trade pause a moment, before he continued his war against the estimates. We have not quoted the above in order to throw any discredit on Mr. Cobden, because we believe that the Revolu-

tion was as little expected by others as by him ; but it certainly proves the over-confident tone which his success has induced him to adopt, and it is as well that the people should bear in mind that the man who repealed the corn laws is not, on that account, a great authority on military matters or diplomacy.

No one, in truth, who had not studied the excitable and restless character of the French people, could have been prepared for the events alluded to,—a dynasty of 18 years overturned in a day, and the downfall of perhaps the greatest man in Europe : for let us not fail to acknowledge that, however culpable some of his acts may have been, however crooked his policy, however selfish his ends, the NAPOLEON OF PEACE, who has for 18 years kept at peace with all the powers of Europe the excitable people whom he governed, has done at least as great a deed, and should stand as high in history, as he who, giving full vent to their greed of glory, led them on so often to war and victory.

The proximate cause of the French Revolution of 1848, appears to have been the determination of Louis Philippe's government to suppress a great reform demonstration which was about to be held in Paris. It was just a parallel case to that of the suppression of the Irish monster meetings. The government announced their intention of preventing the banquet. The promoters of it gave way and impeached the ministers : but the people were not to be so satisfied, an *émeute* succeeded, the National Guards fraternized with the people, and that same day the greatest sovereign of Europe left his capital a fugitive, and was fain to save his life by trusting himself on the channel in an open fishing boat.

It is pretty clear that such events as these were not, in reality, caused by the suppression of the Reform banquet. If there had been any doubt of this, the acts of the provisional government would have proved it ; all their expedients have been to provide for the working classes. They have already acted upon that monstrous fallacy that the poor of a country can be, and should be, supported altogether from the public funds of the nation. This is all very well while it lasts, but a reckoning must come sooner or later. The new minister of finance must be a very Midas to sustain the system ; nothing short of Aladdin's lamp, or the philosopher's stone could do it. Yet whenever it fails the object of those who really effected the change of government, is unaccomplished. The moral of the late movement,—and it is full of instruction for the

future, as well as for the past,—is to be found in two homely lines in the tragedy of Isaac Comnenus :

There's much sedition in the gastric juice
Gnawing the empty coats of poor men's stomachs.

But it is to the probable effects, not to the causes, of the late revolution, that we have to look ; and certainly it is only fair to allow that the conduct of the French people, subsequent to the outbreak, has been such as to lead us to hope against all hope, for peace. But it would not be honest to express such a hope ; a glance at the map of Europe is sufficient to prove it vain. Such a state of things can scarcely subside without a war in which all the European powers must take part. France revolutionized ; revolutionary principles at work in Prussia and Belgium ; civil war in the two Sicilies ; Spain and Portugal at any moment ready for an outbreak ; Switzerland but half pacified ; Austria threatening the Pope ; Mehemet Ali on his deathbed, and all the powers ready to sieze on Egypt ; Russia with her clutch on Constantinople ; riots at home ; treason in Dublin,* (for, of course, with all the world in arms, we could not expect Ireland to be quiet) : "Grim-visaged war" is certainly frowning most ominously.

Some unlooked for combination of circumstances *may* reconcile these discordant elements, but it is scarcely to be hoped for : and it requires little argument to prove that if there be a war, England must be involved ; the balance of power which England is pledged to maintain, must be affected, and a new general settlement of the affairs of Europe must ensue. Mr. Cobden would have us sit still and look on ; to him Manchester is the world, and the export of cotton, the business of life.

"Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,"

he cares little for ; but such is not yet the universal feeling of the British people ; they do not laugh at the " Empire on which the sun never sets ;" they acknowledge the benefits derived from their colonies, and their own obligation to defend

* It is with sincere pleasure that we are enabled to retract the above remark. Papers received by the "*Essex*," since the above was written, satisfy us that whatever may be their other faults the Irish people are not likely to be guilty of any overt act of treason. Let us do to the Sons of St. Patrick justice, they shoot landlords from behind a hedge, it is true, but it must be allowed that they do not attack them in the open road and give rise to useless bloodshed by provoking an open fight : so they talk big, and "sympathize with glorious France" in Conciliation Hall and the Corn Market, but honesty compels us to admit, that they are most exemplary and quiet subjects on an open plain when the military are called out.

them; they do not desire to make England one vast factory; they do desire to maintain her place in the scale of nations.

We return, then, to the question with which we started: "Is England prepared for War?" There is no question on the subject; every one answers in the negative. Surely, then, it is fitting that our coast should be placed in such a state of defence as to be able to resist insult or repel invasion.

Of course the peculiar dangers to which England will be exposed are greatly changed by the recent occurrences in France; the Duke of Wellington would not have any great fear of a French invasion now; on this part of the question Mr. Cobden's reasoning is conclusive: "if you were in a ship of war at sea, and you met an enemy's ship, the crew of which were in a state of mutiny, you would not be greatly alarmed lest they should attack you." The parallel is plain enough. France has just now quite enough to do in managing her own affairs, without invading England. But the misfortune is that the member for the West Riding *will* not look beyond his nose; the point having arisen on a question of French invasion, Mr. Cobden obstinately excludes from consideration all the new incentives to hostility that have sprung out of the very circumstances which have rendered the first improbable, and which must, unless a miracle intervene, produce a continental war. Really the man who can look at the map of Europe, at this moment, with a newspaper before him, and argue that England can safely remain in her present unprovided state, in reliance on free trade, or any other system of commercial policy, must be judicially blind.

Lord John Russell is a free trader: he carried free trade in its most unjust and objectionable form,—the equalization of the sugar duties; but he is not, we are happy to find, so blind a worshipper of the idol as to believe it omnipotent. He has accordingly, in the discharge of his duty as first Lord of the Treasury, proposed to Parliament certain measures calculated to meet the present exigencies; of these the first is a slight increase in the regular military and naval force, and a considerable increase in the artillery: the second the enrolment of the militia. These measures appear to us to be founded on sound policy, and we have no doubt that the time is near at hand when the country will express its gratitude to the premier for his providence on this occasion.

It is quite clear that Lord John Russell has adopted the only measure which could immediately effect an object which was of immediate necessity; and it is also clear that, under the

special circumstances of the case, he was justified in proposing increased taxation to meet this temporary exigency. It is however right to enquire whether no permanent measures could be taken to provide for the defence of England in future years, which would be preferable in principle to those now adopted. Various measures have been suggested with this view, and we select two, partly because they appear to us to be of real importance, and partly because they are likely to be interesting to our readers in this colony.

In the first place, then, it is proposed to withdraw the cruizing squadron from the coast of Africa, and devote it to the defence of England. It is argued that the attempt to put down the slave trade by means of armed cruizers has proved an undeniable failure: that its effect has been rather to increase than to diminish the horrors of that traffic: that the amount of money annually expended on this service is monstrous when compared with the number of slavers taken: and that the sacrifice of the lives of our seamen by exposure to the deleterious climate of the African coast is not justified even by the philanthropic object in view. It is further argued, and, we think, justly, that the pretence of putting down the slave trade by means of armed cruizers on the African coast, while we are stimulating it by receiving, at a reduced rate of duty, the slave grown sugar of Brazil, is a piece of practical hypocrisy of which the British nation should not be guilty. Meantime, a new system of fighting the demon of slavery has been proposed, which appears to us to be so very well worthy of attention, that we shall make no apology for printing the following remarks here, although they may appear somewhat removed from the general subject of this paper. They are extracted from a speech made by Mr. Jackson, the member for Newcastle, on Mr. Hutt's motion for a committee on the slave trade. It is only necessary to premise that Mr. Jackson has been largely engaged in the African trade.

“Persons who had recently been there (on the West Coast) stated, that they would undertake to plant on our West India Islands at £4 10 a man, as many free labourers as those islands could take; men willing to work for 12, or 24, or 36 months, and only asking that they might go back at the end of the term. The price of an able bodied man on the African coast was £4, but the price when landed at the Brazil was £100. Which was the cheapest mode of obtaining labor? Only let this country do away with their foolish squadron, and allow labor to be imported freely into the West Indies, and it would be found, that it was imported at one twentieth of the cost at which slave labor was imported into Brazil, and that it was not worth while to import slave labor. The slave trade would be extirpated

because it could not compete with the cheaper supply of free labor. When I first entered into the African trade—it was in 1820—only 1500 tons of palm oil were imported into Liverpool: when I left off business, the imports of that article amounted to 25,000 tons. Believe me, the trade with Africa is altogether undervalued—I might almost say overlooked. Yet our imports from Africa amount in value to £1,000,000, and they are all carried in British bottoms, manned by British seamen. More than this too, they are exchanged for British manufactured goods. A more legitimate system of commerce never existed. If this commerce were fostered, instead of being discouraged, it would, in itself, put an end to the slave trade, because it would have the effect of making the blacks more valuable as producers of articles of commerce, than they could be as exported slaves. The free laborers, also, on their return from the West Indies, would carry back with them some of the arts of civilization.”

There is much more, which, as it relates rather to the legitimate trade of Africa than to the slave trade, we do not extract here: but it does appear to us that, the above sketches points out to England a wise system of policy, by which she might most effectually check the slave trade, confer a lasting benefit upon her West Indian colonies, and establish a very flourishing trade with the coast of Africa.

The other proposal to which we desire to allude very briefly, is the extension of the system of colonial native corps such, for instance, as the Cape Corps. It is suggested that by carrying out this system much more extensively than at present, an effectual force would always be provided for the defence of the colonies, increased facilities of employment would be opened to their inhabitants, and England would be enabled to recall the various regiments stationed in her numerous colonies, for her own defence. We do not presume to offer a decided opinion on a question so purely military, but it certainly appears, at the first blush, to have many recommendations. The assistance which it would afford to the mother country at such a juncture as the present is, in itself, a strong argument in its favor. A minister thus supplied would feel always prepared for war—the best security for peace—and when threatened with foreign hostility or invasion, might adopt (with one slight verbal alteration) the proud language of Fauleonbridge:

“ This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when she first did help to wound herself.
Now these, her *soldiers*, are come home again
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. NOUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE
IF ENGLAND TO HERSELF DO REST BUT TRUE.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.

The meeting of the subscribers to the Public Library held on Saturday the 29th April, was, on the whole very satisfactory. The actual proceedings may be very briefly described, and our comments upon them need not occupy a very large space.

The reports of the Committee and the Treasurer cleared up at once all the unpleasant doubts which had been raised, in the minds of some subscribers, by the too confident tone of a misinformed correspondent of one of the public papers, and the apparent acquiescence of the editor of the newspaper, and even of the committee—for we still think that it would have had been well, had they at once relieved the public mind by a simple contradiction of the absurd statement. In the report, to which we shall presently recur, the various schemes which have been suggested for extending the utility of the institution were also slightly alluded to.

The business of the day was introduced by a few apposite remarks, in his usual forcible style, by His Excellency Sir Harry Smith, who had kindly consented to take the chair—thereby teaching the wholesome lesson, that it is not beneath the dignity of the highest, as it ought not to be above the ambition of the lowest, to add something to the diffusion of literature and learning in our small community. His Excellency concluded with some practical and valuable remarks on the state of education in the colony: and was followed by Dr. Adamson, who, in a speech characterized by genuine eloquence, stated his views on the same important subject, and sketched the intellectual capabilities of Cape Town, with a degree of enthusiasm which furnished Mr. Porter, at a later stage of the proceedings, with the theme of one of his very happiest allusions. Then came Mr. Solomon who carried his proposal for establishing a reduced rate of subscription, quite triumphantly landing in a list of 120 new one pound subscribers, and receiving in return the thanks of the Governor “for the interest he had taken in the welfare of the Library, and consequently in the welfare and improvement of the Cape of Good Hope.” The great treat of the day was Mr. Porter’s clever speech, (to which the reporter has done less than justice) and in which the prospects of the Library were treated with that pleasant and winning humour, which is so delightful in, one whose more

serious hours are devoted to the graver studies and weightier matters of the law. We have pleasure in extracting the following passage in aid of some remarks of our own on the same annoying subject in a former number.

Who in earth, sir, can be wiser or better for reading on the margin of any book, good or bad, such observations as "stuff," "stupid," "nonsense," "I dont like the book,"—and so on (laughter); or when the critic lays aside his slashing humour and becomes favorable, such encomiums as "very true," "very good indeed," "I quite agree,"—and the like—accompanied by much underscoring of the text, and followed by enormous notes of admiration (cheers and laughter) And even supposing the critics to be excellent, yet as they never sign their criticisms, the misfortune is irreparably great. They are much to blame in thus preparing puzzles for posterity. When time shall have done its work in this quarter of the universe,—when those large and liberal educational principles enunciated to-day by Dr. Adamson, with that far-reaching power of thought, and matchless command of language, so strikingly his own, shall have had free course;—when the course of empires shall have changed, and this colony, as the Yankees have it, has "gone ahead,"—when the fishermen of the Thames shall spread their nets where once London stood, and the City of Cape Town, immeasurably transcending all that London now is or ever will be, shall be one of the wonders of the world,—it will puzzle the antiquarians of that future age,—the Donald Moodies of distant generations,—to trace the writers from whom such dazzling displays of genius have proceeded; and as people now a-days have in vain attempted to find out who wrote "The Imitation of Christ," and who "The Whole Duty of Man," and who "The Ikon Bisiliké," and who "The Letters of Junius," so will remote posterity seek in vain to discover who they were that, some time in the nineteenth century, gave forth such sublime utterances as those on which I have been commenting. (laughter.) Sir, I would that it were in my power to say that all such aberrations from good sense and good taste, as these to which I have been adverting, are ascribable to that sex from which such aberrations were things to be expected. But alas! this is not so. Every now and then, you find obvious traces of a female hand recording the fair reader's opinion of the character and sentiments of some hero and heroine, or the general conduct of the story. In Sheridan's "Rivals," Lydia Languish observes, that she "always knows when Miss Lucy Slattern has been before her at a book; that that young lady has a most observing thumb, and, she believes, cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes" (laughter.) I fear we have at the Cape some ladies who act a little upon the same principle. Need I state my confidence that no lady or gentleman whom I address ever does such things as I have been mentioning? (laughter.) I see no sign of guilt in any countenance before me. But, at the same time, it will do no harm if it goes abroad that the attention of the Committee has been directed to the crime,—that the public prosecutor has been speaking about it,—(laughter) and that, if once convicted, no criminal need look for mercy at the hands of his Excellency the Governor (loud laughter.)

With these few remarks on the lighter features of the meeting, we must proceed to say a word or two on the real business of the day.

The Committee announced that the increase of the garrison and the number of Indian visitors, have already added twenty new subscribers to the Library, at the same time very properly remarking, that it is to the inhabitants of Cape Town, that the Library ought to look for encouragement and support.

The Committee spoke rather doubtfully of the proposed alteration in the rate of subscription: but that point is now settled. Our own opinions has been already expressed very clearly upon this point, and we have not changed them; but the new system must and will have a fair trial, and if the 120 new subscribers are all constant, and increase in number as promised, there will be nothing left to regret. But this ought to be remembered, that there now remains absolutely no excuse for any person who has learned to read not becoming a subscriber to the Library. The highest rate of subscription is lower than that of a common circulating library at Bath or Brighton, where no books are to be had but the latest Minerva-press novel or the new poem by Lord Charles A., or the Honorable Lady B.: and here we have so complete a collection of the Standard Works of English Literature, that to ask for one, and not find it is an absolute surprise. In this we speak of the past, not of the present, for within the last three or four years many valuable works have been published, which have not at present found their way to this Colony: nor will they do so unless the funds in the hands of the Library Committee be considerably increased by a corresponding increase in the number of subscribers.

Looking at the tabular statement presented by the Committee the selection of the different *classes* of books received during the past year would appear to be more satisfactory than we had supposed. It is as follows.

Miscellaneous Theology,	vols.	4
Political Economy, &c.,	„	7
Natural History,	„	5
Belles Letters,	„	60
Science and Arts,	„	9
Biography,	„	23
History,	„	33
Voyages and Travels,	„	27
Amusement,	„	52
Miscellaneous,	„	16

Total, 237

Some of the novels perhaps might have been spared, and we regret to see the total absence of poetry, for if we are not misinformed there are some sparks of poetry in England, which may yet rise into a flame. We do not greatly admire Alfred Tennyson; nevertheless the voice of the public has assigned him a place among the writers of the day which entitles his works to a corner on the bookshelves of the Library, we therefore desire to see his last work *The Princess—a Medley*. We are not ourselves enthusiastic in our admiration, either of the late Laureate or of Mrs. Southey; still we allow that a new poem, (*Robin Hood*) their joint work, ought to have made its way out here before this. We notice in the Literary Advertisements an announcement of *King Arthur*, by the author of the New *Timon*, which, to judge by its predecessor, ought to be good; and some extracts which we have seen from Walter Savage Landor's *Hellenics* really belong to a high class of poetry.

One other matter of business was alluded to in the course of the proceedings on which, however, we do not venture to offer any decided opinion,—the propriety of making an effort to build a library. This is, no doubt, very desirable, but, with reverence, we trust it will not be said, “these men began to build, and were not able to finish.” Two points should be seriously considered. First, whether the Subscribers can undertake to build without prejudice to their supply of books: secondly, whether, if they build at all, they are in a position to erect such a building as the South African Public Library ought to be. Probably a special Subscription for this object might not be unsuccessful.

Meantime, while we are erecting shelves to receive the contributions of the literati of Europe, one of the contributors has passed away. The Papers received since our last, announce the death at a good old age of Isaac Disraeli, one of the patriarchs of Literature. He has contributed largely to our stores of history and archæology, and the great charm of all his works was this, that he was evidently *enamoured* of literature. He studied it purely for its own sake, and with him the literary character was the most noble and exalted of characters. Almost all his works had a bearing on this subject, and the *Curiosties of Literature*, the *Amenities of Literature*, the *Quarrels* and the *Calamities of Authors* are all standard books of their kind. His worldly possessions, not unaccompanied by his mental endowments, have descended to a son who will maintain the honor of his father's name:

in his later years it was not to him his smallest glory to be known as the father of Benjamin Disraeli.

We have received from England that *rara avis*, a book on the Cape. The expenses of the Kafir War have appealed to the most sensitive part of John Bull's system,—his breeches pocket,—and what all the Cotton of Natal, or all the Gold of Ophir which Mr. Fannin supposes to be situated somewhere on the Orange River, or all the Guano of the Pater Nosters could not have effected the vote of a million of money has effectually done, it has turned people's eyes to the Cape. And forthwith up rises Mr. C. J. F. Bunbury to enlighten the world with his *Journal of a Residence at the Cape of Good Hope*.

Mr. Bunbury came out to the Cape with Sir George Napier in 1837, and during his residence here, devoted his chief attention to the study of the botany of South Africa,—the results of which he communicated to Sir W. Hooker, who published them in his London Journal of Botany. Mr. Bunbury originally thought of publishing his diary, but wisely refrained, until, in consequence of the interest attaching to the Kafir War, his friends advised him to publish. His friends were very officious, and had much better have held their tongues, and allowed the manuscript to remain in Mr. Bunbury's desk: for the work does not possess one particle of interest or useful information. The first chapter, consists of a bald sketch of South African history, which is followed by a common place description of Cape Town Table Bay, a South Easter, the Table Cloth, &c., and so on. Mr. Bunbury journeyed to Kafirland with Sir George Napier, but his Journal is altogether uninteresting, being the work of a very superficial observer, whose descriptive powers are not of the highest order. Therefore the book, to take the most favorable view of it has no pretensions to literary merit

But this is taking an emphatically favorable view of Mr. Bunbury's work; for it is not only destitute of merit but its demerits are very numerous and very great. Of these the principal is that it is a very gross misrepresentation of the Colony. The book has been paraded in Mr. Murray's list of New Publications and comes forth decked in all the glories of gold and azure. In short it is a book made up for the English circulating libraries. The male and female old women of Cheltenham and Leamington, who have seen the mysterious words "The Kafir War," every now and

then at the top of a column of their Times Newspaper, and find that the subject has been talked of in Parliament embrace the opportunity of learning as they think, something of the country which has been the theatre of these great events through the medium of a volume so highly recommended by its exterior. As they toil through Mr. Bunbury's vapid pages they never think that they are reading of a new country not as it is now, but as it was eight or nine years ago. Eight or nine years in England may not witness many striking changes, though we should not think very highly of a foreign traveller who should publish his opinions of the United Kingdom, the years after the period of his visit. Horace's maxim, so sound in regard to poetry, is wholly inapplicable to voyagers and travels:—

Si quid tamen olim

Scripseris, in Meti descendat iudicis aures,

Et patris, et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum:—

though if Mr. Bunbury be handled as he deserves he may feel, too late, the force of the succeeding lines:

Delere licebit

Quod non edideris: necesse vox missa reverti.

But if this system of publishing books of travels nine years after they were written, be unjust in general, it is peculiarly so in the case of a country like the Cape, the whole aspect of which is changed in that period by engineering improvements. The following extract will best explain what we consider to be the leading fault of this work:

“The road over Cradoek's Kloof certainly deserves its reputation, being the most formidably bad, if not of all roads I ever saw, assuredly of all that pretended to be passable by wheels. Its steepness, the ruts, or rather chasms, by which it is furrowed, the masses of rock that obstruct it, can hardly be conceived by one who has not travelled beyond the civilized countries of Europe. The very attempt to drag any vehicle over such places would seem incredible without the testimony of one's own eyes. It is said that an enormous outlay would be required to render this kloof anything like an easy passage, whereas the Attaquas might, by a moderate expenditure, be made into a good carriage road. This latter is, in every respect, the best, and most convenient line of communication between the maritime district and the interior, and the only reason against the entire abandonment of the Cradoek Pass is the injury that would result to the pretty village of George, which would then be thrown entirely out of the course of traffic. That place is, indeed, unfortunately situated, the access to it from the north being impeded by the difficulties of Cradoek's Kloof, and from the west by two very troublesome rivers (the Great and Little Brakke) which are apt to become impassable for several days together.”

Now it is not saying too much to aver that nine tenths of

Mr. Bunbury's readers will assume the above to be a correct account of the present state of Cradock's Kloof, and not of Cradock's Kloof only, but of the roads of the Cape Colony generally; and if that be so, a real injury is done to the Colony. An honest description of the Cape, as it is, by a careful observer might be really useful; but Mr. Bunbury is not such an observer; and if he were, his visit was not sufficiently recent to enable him to give such a description. Altogether we have seldom read any work with much less satisfaction than Mr. Bunbury's journal of a residence at the Cape of Good Hope.

Lieut.-Colonel E. Napier has also entered the lists, but not, as far as we can at present judge, with any very brilliant prospect of success. His *few months in South Africa* seem likely to extend to a great many months in the *New Monthly Magazine*. We have at present seen his two first chapters and do not think highly of them. The first consists of a somewhat bombastic description of the amusements on board ship, shooting and catching Albatrosses and Cape Pigeons, together with a prosy account of Saldanha Bay. The second is a compilation from Moodie's Records relating to Van Riebeeck. We shall abstain from extracting until Colonel Napier has descended from the clouds.

Another writer on Cape affairs has appeared in the *United Service Magazine*, but his *Remarks on Kaffirland* are too purely political to require any notice in our pages. If there is much of truth in what he writes, there is fully as much of error, and the violent style which he has adopted is not very likely to gain much respect for the opinions which he has espoused:—opinions which, however just, appear to have been formed, by him at least, upon insufficient grounds and on very imperfect observation. The portion of the article which is most deserving of attention, and which we know to be strikingly true is where he complains as follows:—

“To my astonishment, though it has now been a British Possession for half a century, the Cape of Good Hope appeared to be still in England so perfectly a terra incognita, a place about which people seemed to know so little, and to care so much less, that, during the short time I had to spare in London, I was able to glean but scanty materials for obtaining the knowledge I required.”

We may add that, singularly enough, this article also is, by many, attributed to Colonel Napier, but on this point we have no means of forming any satisfactory opinion. Be that as it may we cannot here refrain from expressing a wish that those who undertake to write about the Cape for the information of the English public, whether in regard to the mili-

tary relations, physical aspect, or civil government of the colony would adopt that calm and rational tone which is best calculated to command the attention of educated and reflecting men.

We have had much pleasure in perusing a very interesting work entitled, *The History of the Sikhs*, by Dr. Macgregor, and written in a pleasant easy style; without unnecessary delay in portraying scenes of purely local interest, yet catching many incidents of persons or places which relieve the heavier detail and keep the interest alive.

The accounts of the late famous battles of Moodkee, Ferozshah or "Ferozshahur," (as Dr. Macgregor spells the word) Allival and Sobraon, are graphic, and we are informed, nearly correct in their details; allowance being made for occasional inaccuracies as to the position of troops and other occurrences during the heat of the battle, and amidst the smoke and dust. As our space is limited we must apologize for passing at once to the second volume which commences with an account of the events following the death of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh. The whole may be described as a tissue of murders distinguished by treachery and brutality of no common nature, and spurning alike the respect due to age and character, and the ties of near relationship.

The "Lion of the Punjab" died on the 30th June 1839. His successors Kurruk Singh, Monchal Singh, Shere Singh, Dyan Singh, and the brave Soochet Singh, followed one another quickly.

The latter was murdered by his nephew Heera Singh, in a sanguinary encounter during which he slew three of his adversaries, one of his companions slew five, and a third is stated to have slain no less than seventeen, and it is added that forty-five women, wives of Soochet Singh, burned themselves with his body!

Thus we arrive at the administration of Goolab Singh, the last brother of the Jummo family, who was destined to act so conspicuous a part in the affairs of the Punjab. Not to pause on these matters we find ourselves approaching the Sutlej, which the army of the Sikhs had crossed, and the Governor General's manifesto of war is issued.

The battle of Moodkee, where the gallant Sir Robert Sale and Sir John McCaskill fell, is graphically described. The following extract is given from the Governor General's Despatch, dated "Camp Moodkee, 18th Dec. 1845."

“ When the infantry advanced to attack, Brigadier Brooke rapidly pushed on his horse artillery close to the Jungle, and the cannonade was resumed on both sides. The infantry under Sir Harry Smith, General Gilbert, and Sir John McCaskill, attacked in echelon of lines and the enemy’s infantry were almost invisible amongst wood and the approaching darkness of night. The opposition of the enemy was such as might have been expected from troops who had every thing at stake and who had long vaunted of their being irresistible.

Their ample and extended line (from their great superiority of numbers) far outflanked ours, but this was counteracted by the flank movements of our cavalry. The attack of the infantry now commenced and the roll of fire from their powerful musketry soon convinced the Sikh army that they had met with a foe they little expected, and their whole force was driven from position after position with great slaughter and the loss of seventeen pieces of artillery, some of them of heavy calibre; our infantry using the never-failing weapon, the bayonet whenever the enemy stood. Night only saved them from worse disaster for this stout conflict was maintained during an hour and a half of dim starlight amidst a cloud of dust from the sandy plain which yet more obscured every object.

Next comes the battle of Feerozshah, which will long be remembered as a great though fearful proof of the devotion and determination of British Soldiers: opposed to fearful numbers, under a tremendous fire, our troops carried victory on the points of their bayonets, leaving 2,000 officers and men dead or wounded on the plain.

The battle of Alliwál is not described as fully as the two former, the first intelligence of Sir Harry Smith’s great and eventful victory having been received by Major Lawrence who rode in the direction whence the firing was heard, and received a note to the Commander in Chief, announcing that Sir Harry Smith had completely defeated the enemy, and that his artillery was at that moment “teaching the Sikhs how to swim the Sutlej.” The General’s success on the part of the British may be imagined from the following extract from Sir Harry Smith’s despatch:

“ The enemy had up to the evening of the 26th (January,) fifty six guns, 20,000 men,—on that morning he received a reinforcement of twelve guns and 400 men regular, or Aeen troops, our force consisted of 32 guns and not half the number of those men. Yet so ably were the orders of attack conducted, with the regularity of a field day, each column and line arriving at its point of attack to a moment, that the enemy were driven by, repeated charges of cavalry and infantry, headlong over the river.”

Dr. MacGregor goes on to state that the Sikhs had met the British twice, in the fields of Moodkee and Alliwál, and once in their entrenched camp at Feerozshahur,—they had been beaten on every occasion,—yet observing the effect of

their artillery, they conceived that if they could only again entrench themselves more strongly, and fire from behind their walls, they might effectually oppose the Europeans.

They accordingly entrenched themselves at Sobraon, defended by works of immense strength, and awaited the attack, with 30,000 men and seventy pieces of cannon. Sir Harry Smith had now rejoined head quarters, and the 9th and 16th Lancers, and 3d Light Cavalry, with some regiments of infantry were added to the force under Sir Hugh Gough, and on the morning of the 10th February 1846, the attack was made.

The battle is described in spirited terms,—and though by it the power of the Sikhs was at an end, we have again to regret the fearful loss of life on the part of our gallant troops. Amongst these the brave 50th (the “Queen’s Own,”) had 12 Officers, and 227 men killed, or wounded. Sir Robert Dick fell in the attack, as also the brave Brigadiers McLaren and Cyril Tapor.

Thus ended the power of that mighty kingdom, over which the “Lion of the Punjaub” reigned so long, the terror of his foes, and the tyrant of his people.

We recommend the work to the attentive perusal of the reader, as not only an instructive, but a highly entertaining publication.

Professor Niebuhr’s *Lectures on the history of Rome*,—another of the works which have come under our notice since our last—should be read rather as a commentary on the same author’s history than as a separate work. The present volume extends from the earliest times to the commencement of the first Punic war, and consequently includes the legendary period which is very ably treated,—the result, however, being that we are called upon to disbelieve many of the most cherished fables of ancient Rome. The various “historical impossibilities” which characterize the earliest records of Rome, are carefully selected, and form, when taken together, a body of evidence which appears almost irresistible, against the authenticity of the more credible portions. This evidence is treated in a style of masterly historical criticism in the first ten lectures, the result of which is, that most of the annals of Rome under the Kings are legendary, and that the earliest perfectly reliable history does not commence till some years after the foundation of the Republic. This is nothing new;—the tendency has been strong in all modern historians, who have treated the

subject philosophically, to consider the period of the Roman Kings as the property, rather of the poet, than of the historian; and to refer it almost entirely to those ancient lays, the spirit of which has been so happily preserved in modern verse by Mr. Macaulay.

Professor Niebuhr's manner of dealing with the legends may be illustrated by the story of Coriolanus, all the more poetie incidents of whose history are rejected as apocryphal. In the sixteenth lecture, after relating the secession of the People, the contests between the Patrician and Plebeian Orders, and consequent establishment of the Tribunes, he proceeds:—

These events which we see in a sufficiently clear light, are succeeded by the same darkness as hangs over the preceding period, and for a time we have nothing but the Fasti. Livy relates the history of Coriolanus soon after the peace between the two estates, but this cannot be its proper place. When a leaf of a book has been misplaced, it must be put right, if you do not wish its author to talk nonsense. The same is the case when an historical fact is assigned to a wrong time. I see no reason why I should not believe that during a famine at Rome a Siceliot king sent a supply of corn to the city; but tyrants do not appear in Sicily till some Olympiads after the time in which the history of Coriolanus is placed. I believe that Coriolanus was first impeached by the plebes, but no one would have dared to do this before the Publilian law. The Romans under Sp. Cassius could not have disputed about the distribution of the *ager publicus*, if, as we read, the Volscians had advanced as far as Lavinium. I further believe that a L. Junius Brutus introduced the severe punishment for disturbing the tribunes while making their proposals, but he who would assign the history of Coriolanus to the year A. U. 262, could not possibly believe all these points. For this reason, I maintain that the story of Coriolanus does not belong to this period, but to some time after the Publilian law. Cn. or C. Marcius may perhaps have maintained himself in the war against the Antiatans, but he cannot have conquered Corioli, for in the same year this town belonged to the league of the Latin towns. The whole history must either be rejected as a fiction, or be assigned to quite a different time. But yet another combination has been attempted. The temple of *Fortuna Muliebris* on the Latin road between the fourth and fifth milestone happened to stand on the spot where Coriolanus after his emigration was encamped and became reconciled. Now the entreaties of his mother and the matrons, which may indeed be really historical, were connected with the name of *Fortuna Muliebris*; and it was accordingly believed that that temple, though the time of its foundation was known, had been erected in consequence of the event above referred to. But *Fortuna Muliebris* corresponds to *Fortuna Virilis*, who had her temple at Rome, there being a male and a female divinity like *Tellus* and *Tellumo*, just as the same contrast is expressed in *animus* and *anima*.

Allowing that Coriolanus was impeached by the *plebes*

Professor Niebuhr concludes, that this event must have taken place after the passing of the Publilian law which enabled the people "to discuss the affairs of the state on the proposal of a tribune, and to pass valid resolutions." Accordingly he transfers the story from A.U. 262 to A.U. 269, and, having so transferred it, most ruthlessly proceeds in the twenty-third lecture to strip it of its romantic character. Having stated his grounds for believing that it properly belongs to this period, and repeated that, "the cause of its being transferred to a wrong place was, the mention of the temple of Fortuna Muliebris, which certainly belongs to an earlier period," he proceeds to recount the principal points of the story, till Coriolanus went over to the Volseians, up to which point he believes it to be substantially true. "But," he proceeds,

"His going to Attius Tullus at Antium is apocryphal, and a mere copy of the story of Themistocles going to Admetus, king of the Molossians. He is said to have stirred up the Volseians, who were quite desponding, to venture again upon the war: this is a Roman exaggeration intended to disguise the distress which had been caused at Rome by the Volscian arms. It is further related that he conquered one place after another; first Circeii, then the towns south of the Appian road, and next those on the Latin road; and that at last he advanced even to the gates of Rome. This is irreconcilable with what follows: Coriolanus now appears at the Roman frontier on the Mar-rana, the canal which conducts the water of the low country of *Grotta Ferrata* into the Tiber, about five miles from Rome. The Romans sent to him an embassy, first of ten senators to whom he granted a respite of thirty days, and then of three more, as the Fetiales did when a war was not yet determined on; thereupon priests were sent to him and at last the matrons, who moved his heart and induced him to retire.

All this is very poetical, but is at once seen to be impossible when closely looked into. Livy makes a curious remark, in saying that the fact of the consuls of this year having carried on a war against the Volseians would be altogether unknown, if it were not clear from the treaty of Spurius Cassius with the Latins, that one of them, Postumus Cominius, was absent, the treaty being concluded by Cassius alone. But Livy thinks that the glory of Coriolanus, which eclipsed everything else, was the cause of the omission—a valuable testimony! the ancient traditions then did not state that the consul had anything to do with the falling of Corioli, but attributed it to Coriolanus alone. Now as we have before seen, it is not true that Coriolanus received his surname from the taking of Corioli, such names derived from conquered places not occurring till the time of Scipio Africanus: further, Corioli at that period was not a Volscian but a Latin town; it became Volscian in the great Volscian war, which we call the war of Coriolanus, and was not destroyed till afterwards."

Professor Niebuhr subsequently sums up the whole story

somewhat as follows. He believes, that Coriolanus after joining the Volscians, became a leader of one of the numerous parties of Roman exiles, who emigrated with the Tarquins,—such as are described by Mr. Macaulay, in his fine poem of Horatius, as forming part of the force under Lars Porsena of Clusium ;

When all the' Etruscan army
Was ranged beneath his eye
And many a banished Roman
And many a proud ally.

It was in this character that he fought with the Volscians against Rome: and relenting, when the destruction of his native city became imminent, came forward as a mediator between the Romans and their foes, established peace between them, and subsequently retired to the country of the Volscians where he died in exile. The sketch is concluded as follows.

“The childish vanity of the Romans has so completely disguised this Volscian peace, that until our own times no one understood it; without it, the whole history would be incoherent: it saved Rome, and gave her time to recover her strength; an opportunity which she used with great wisdom.”

We have stated this theory of Professor Niebuhr's on the story of Coriolanus, at greater length than is our wont, (though not, we fear, so clearly as if we had quoted more fully the author's own words,) because it is illustrative of the *principle* on which he has treated the early Roman history: of the value of that principle, our readers must judge for themselves: it is certainly calculated, if not cautiously applied, to mislead most seriously; but in the hands of so very careful and scrupulous a judge as our present author, it may perhaps be safely followed. It is at least as sound and correct as the opposite one, of following blindly the statements of the old historians and party writers, however opposed to plain reason and common sense.

Without dwelling at greater length on this volume, we may here recommend it to our readers as containing, probably the best account yet written of the ancient Roman laws and constitution. It is impossible to condense these in our pages, but though, at first sight, it may appear dry and uninteresting, it may safely be recommended on these subjects as a most valuable and trustworthy guide.

A few words must be said of the novel which appears to have attracted most attention among English readers. We

profess ourselves wholly unable to understand the laudatory tone, which the London critics have unanimously adopted, in speaking of Mr. Warren's last performance, *Now and Then*. To us it appears wholly devoid of merit;—from a young author it would be simply bad,—from Mr. Warren it is inexplicable. The author of *Ten Thousand a Year* should have burned his hand before writing such a book. If it were a clever story, it would be “a good tale marred in the telling.” but, in fact, the design is no better than the execution. The book is, in fact, a sermon, in the form of a narrative, on the text, “now we see through a glass darkly, but THEN face to face.” It was not till we came to one of the last chapters of the book, where this passage is quoted (typographically as we have printed it,) that we had the most remote perception of the meaning of its title.

The story is one of circumstantial evidence:—A young peasant is convicted of murdering a young nobleman, and is condemned to death; a respite, and, subsequently, a commutation of the sentence, are procured with great difficulty, and the convict is sentenced to transportation for life. Years afterwards it is discovered, that the sentence (founded upon circumstantial evidence) was unjust, and the transported convict returns to England to see his son victorious in a contest, for the senior wranglership at Cambridge, with the son of the man whom he was accused of having murdered. Such is the story. No one will accuse the author of having displayed any great ingenuity, or invention in the conduct of it. The concluding incident is very lamely introduced, and is moreover an anachronism, (the book is full of them) for the present system of examination was not introduced at Cambridge, till long after the period of this story, and there is no question, that, in those times, a Lord must have triumphed over the son of a peasant.

The delineation of character is as faulty as the conduct of the story. We have an Earl whose language would be voted bombastic at the Surrey;—a Cavalry Captain, who considers it a point of honor not to save a man from hanging by revealing the subject of an after dinner conversation;—and an old peasant who talks like Ecclesiastes;—there is a country parson—the only well-drawn character introduced—and he is, to the life, a country parson of the present day. All the characters are palpable anachronisms.

Lastly, the language of this book is really preposterous. The number of scripture quotations becomes absolutely

offensive,—they probably average two to a page,—and the author's own style is that of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which, it must be allowed, is not suited to what is meant for a tale of real life. We seriously lament, that the London critics have been so profuse in their praise, as it may lead Mr. Warren to imagine, that he has been successful in his present work. Both his former stories have been eminently so, and if he would follow up the style of either or both of these, he would become a very popular author. But he is trifling with his reputation in writing such books as this;—to a less decided favorite, such a success would have been fatal.

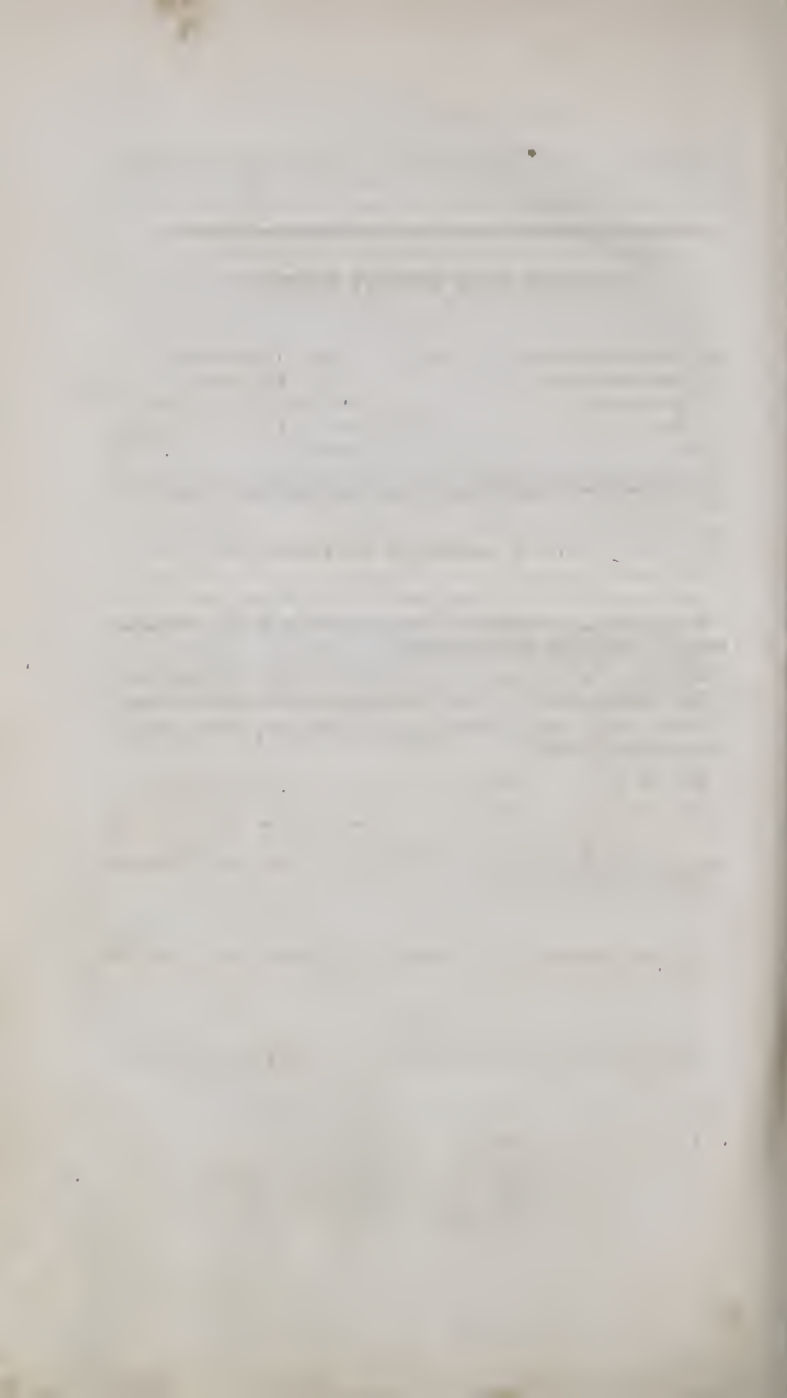
Some other works which have arrived from England, such as the *Life of Hardwicke*, the completion of Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, *The Voyage of H. M. S. Samarang*, *Recollections of Talleyrand*, *Memoirs of Madame de Montpensier*, we are unwillingly forced to postpone for a future notice.

At the Cape we have been going on in our usual jog-trot style. We take our literature, like our brandy, neat as imported, though some, we trust, occasionally prefer a draught diluted through our watery pages. We are happy to find, that the scheme for establishing a Botanic Institution seems likely to be crowned with marked success: the public are subscribing creditably, and the government are affording liberal assistance. It is hoped, that when the institution is fairly founded, a lectureship will be established in connection with it. Half its advantages will be lost, if a popular expositor of them be not found. Indeed, it has long appeared to us, to be matter for serious regret, that the literary and scientific men of this city do not form themselves into an association, similar to any of the numerous societies in England, for the purpose of reading papers. In London, they have their Linnæan, Architectural, Geographical, Geological, Statistical, and other Societies, at which the men most distinguished in each of these various branches of science, meet together for purposes of mutual information. This could not be effected here; but there might with advantage be a *General Literary and Scientific Society* for the same purpose, which would be attended with great advantage. A small subscription would enable such a society to publish such papers as the Committee might select, without risk of loss, and a great amount of information might thus be easily obtained and

circulated at very small cost. There are many Gamaliels here, at whose feet any of us would willingly sit, and from whom all might gain instruction, and any of these men, whose names would almost at once command success, would confer a benefit upon the public, by originating this scheme. It is well known, that there are, moving in our colonial society, men of as profound learning, as deep erudition, as are to be found in Europe; and others there are, mere Gullivers, it is true, beside these Brogdignags, who yet might be not unworthy members of such a society as we have suggested.

The constitution of such a society would be very simple, and its expenses very light. The great point would be, to have a Committee of men of acknowledged talent, to select from the papers sent in to them, such as ought to be read at the Meetings, and from the papers read, such as ought to be published. Then a place of meeting would be required;—none could be more appropriate than the Public Library, which would, probably, be willingly lent for one evening in a month for such a purpose, and, if the subjects were sufficiently varied, success and advantage to the public would be certain. We may add, that this idea has not originated with ourselves,—that it has been suggested by others who feel a lively interest in the intellectual progress of the Colony, and that the time is ripe for such an undertaking, if set on foot by one whose authority on such subjects would be universally acknowledged.





AGENTS IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

At <i>Graham's Town</i> ,.....	Mr. J. JAFFRAY.
„ <i>Port Elizabeth</i> ,	„ W. RING.
„ <i>Swellendam</i> ,.....	„ G. RATTRAY.
„ <i>The Paarl</i> ,	„ I. J. DE VILLIERS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents not otherwise replied to, will find communications lying for them at the Printing Office.

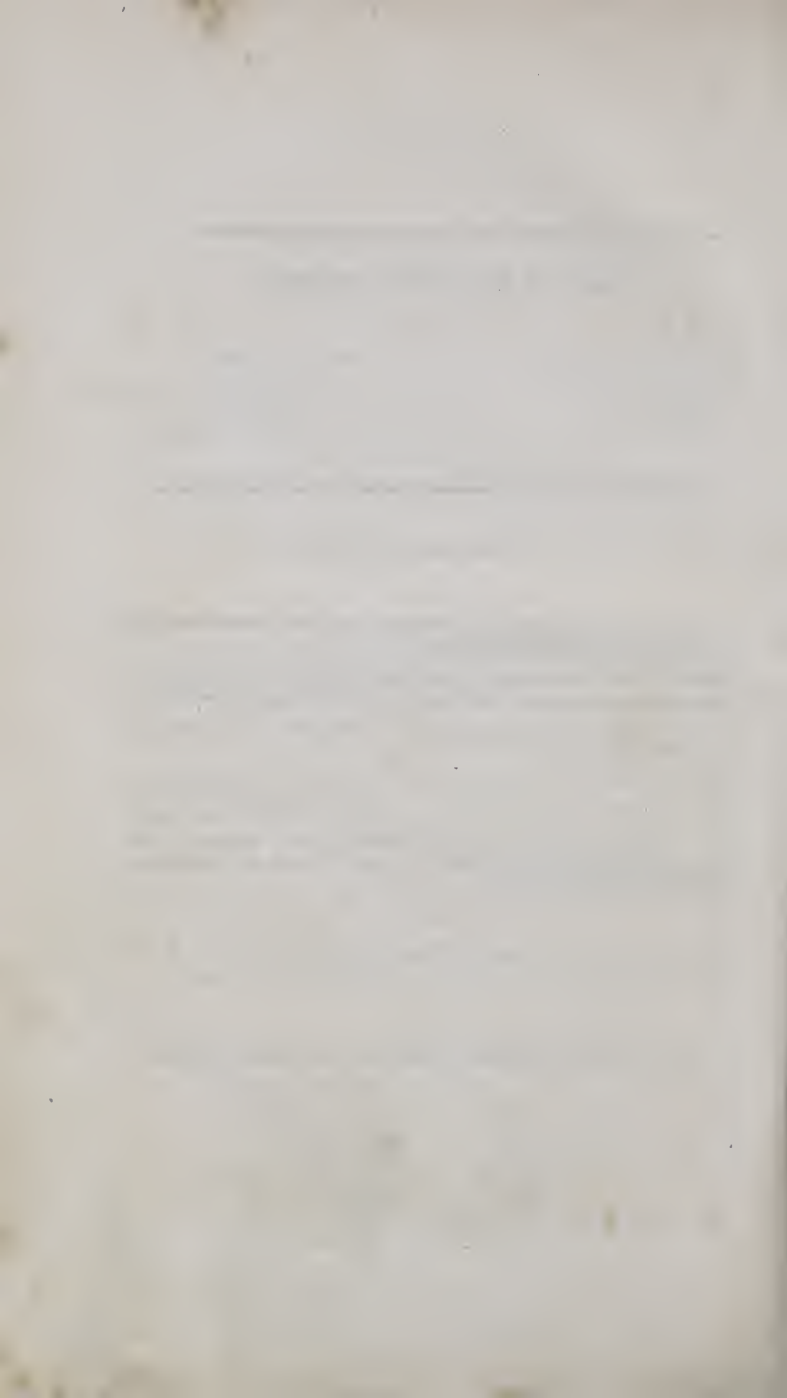
We hope to be able to lay before our readers the continuation of “The Measure of an Arc of the Meridian, at the Cape of Good Hope.”

C. M. G. The arrangement proposed is satisfactory : We shall hope to hear further shortly.

M. A. is thanked : such assistance will always be gratefully acknowledged as the books sent out to the public library, (the only public collection,) become less and less worthy of notice. We desire as far as possible to give a succinct account in each number, of the progress of English Literature both here and at home, and shall gladly accept any help in so doing.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, care of Mr. B. J. VAN DE SANDT DE VILLIERS, No. 2, Castle-street, Cape Town.

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No. 8.

ENGLISH MONASTERIES.

(*Conclusion.*)

The chief among monastic officers was the Abbot,—a term of Syriac origin, signifying father, and was anciently applied to all monks, but especially to those who were venerable for age, or peculiar sanctity; and hence, in process of time, it was restricted in its application to the head of the establishment. The appointment of abbot was usually considered to be vested in the king, although the Benedictine rule required a previous election by the monks; and the power and authority which were thus conferred were very great. The abbot was usually styled the Lord Abbot, or ‘by divine permission,’ or ‘by the grace of God Abbot,’ &c. Besides the parliamentary honors, to which certain abbots were entitled, they were sponsors to the children of the Blood Royal. The state which the abbots maintained during the thirteenth and following centuries, in their respective abbeys, was very great, and was more like regal magnificence than the daily life of those who had professed themselves dead to the world. Their secular tenures introduced them into a variety of incongruous offices, such as going to war, discharging the duties of itinerant justices, &c. The public dress of an abbot is said to have consisted of the episcopal ornaments;—the mitres worn by them appear to have been like those of bishops, although it is said the episcopal were gold, while those of abbots were silver-gilt; but their parliamentary robes differed from the episcopal, inasmuch as they wore gowns, cassocks, and hoods.

The great duty of an abbot was, to set an example of obedience to the rule to which he belonged. The abbot of Feversham says, “The chief office and profession of an ab-

bot is (as I have ever taken it) to lyve chaste and solytarilye, to be separate from the intermeddlynge of worldlye things, and to serve God quietlye, and to distribute his faculties in refreshing of poor indigent persons, to have a vigilant eigh to good order and rule of his house, and the flock to him commytted in God." The account which has been handed down to us of Samson, Abbot of St. Edmunds Bury Monastery, by one of our chroniclers, throws much light upon the office itself and the manner of election; for, although the appointment was vested in the King, a sort of preliminary election was observed. During the abbacy of Hugh, the predecessor of Samson, the Abbey revenues suffered much injury from the usurious demands of the Jews, and therefore, on his death, the monks were desirous that an able ruler should be appointed, and they prayed that their wishes might be fulfilled. Samson had served in various offices, and at the death of Abbot Hugh, was sub-sacristan of the monastery, and had discharged the duties of that office with great care and diligence. This provoked the jealousy of William, the Sacristan, and he succeeded in raising a party against Samson. While the monks were discussing the various excellencies and defects of those who were mentioned as eligible successors to Hugh, if the King should allow them to recommend any of their own number for the appointment, they were unable to fix upon any one who was deemed unexceptionable. At length they were obliged to decide; for the king (Henry the Second) issued his mandate that the Prior and twelve of the monks should appear before him, to choose an abbot. Fearing that there might be some dispute in the royal presence as to the names which they should submit to the king for his choice, it was determined that three men should be selected in the convent, whose names should be sealed up; and if the king did not permit the prior and monks to name members of their own monastery, the seal was not to be broken; but if he did allow them to make their own selection, the seal was to be broken and the three names given to the king. The party accordingly set out, and after a toilsome journey found the king at Waltham, a manor belonging to the Bishop of Winchester. He graciously received them, and commanded them to give him the names of three members of their convent. They then turned aside, as if for the purpose of consultation, and having broken the seal, they found the names were those of Samson the sub-sacristan, Roger the cellarer, and Hugh the assistant prior, which they presented

to the king, inverting the order in which were written. The king, declaring that they were all strangers to him, ordered them to name three others of their convent, when they fixed upon the prior, William the sacristan, and Dionysius, who were all present; and as each was named, he returned the compliment by naming another of the party. The king being dissatisfied, commanded them to give in the names of three members of other monasteries, which they agreed to do, provided no one should be forced upon their monastery contrary to the will of those at home. They accordingly named: Nicolas de Waringford, afterwards Abbot of Malmesbury, Bertrand, afterwards Abbot of Chertsey, and Herbert, Prior of St. Neots. The king then commanding three names to be withdrawn, the three last were removed. Afterwards the sacristan withdrew his own name, and at length Samson alone remained of all the candidates; and after some discussion, was presented to the king, by whom he was appointed; and having received the usual blessing from the Bishop of Winchester, he returned to his monastery, where he was received with the usual ceremonies and religious services. He soon afterwards commenced an investigation of the monastic property, and by rectifying the abuses which had prevailed during the abbacy of his predecessor, in a short time he brought every thing into a train of great regularity. His motives, however, were misrepresented; but on examination, his conduct was approved. Seven months had not elapsed after his election when he received letters from Rome constituting him a judge; and although he had previously had no experience in such matters, yet he discharged his duties so discreetly, and with such integrity, that the only complaint which could be urged against his court was, that no bribery could pervert his judgment. Envy, however, assailed him, from the effects of which his friends endeavoured to guard him; but such were his manifold cares and anxieties, that had he foreseen them, he has been heard to say, he would have preferred the office of almoner of the monastery to that of abbot. An anecdote is related of Samson which is illustrative of that period. Being requested by the Bishop of Ely to furnish some wood towards a building which he was erecting, he unwillingly consented, as he did not wish to offend the bishop. Samson, however, did not immediately perform his promise, and, in consequence, a messenger came to him from the bishop, requesting permission to take the promised timber from "Elmswell," mistaking the name of the place, which

ought to have been "Elmsel," the latter being the name of a wood belonging to the abbot. The abbot was much astonished at this request, because there was no such timber as the bishop wanted at "Elmswell." Richard, the abbot's forester, however secretly informed him, that during the preceding week the bishop's carpenter had been into the wood at "Elmsel," and had marked the best trees. On which the abbot, perceiving the mistake, said he was willing to gratify the bishop; but on the following day he sent his own carpenter into the wood at "Elmsel," to put a mark on the trees which had been previously marked, and gave orders for them to be cut down as speedily as possible. When the bishop found out the mistake into which his messenger had fallen, he sent him back to rectify the error; but by that time all the trees had been cut down which the bishop wanted, and on which his carpenter had put his mark. "Thus," says the narrator, "art was cheated by art."

The next office in a monastery was that of the Prior, which was only subordinate to that of the abbot himself. In as much as both abbots and priors were the rulers of societies, the office has sometimes been regarded as identical. But the prior, whether he assisted in the government of a monastery, or whether he presided over a priory, was still subordinate to the abbot, because all priories were subject to their respective abbeys. Consequently, the prior was a sort of viceroy of the abbot, being invested with his authority in his absence, and acknowledging the headship of the abbot whenever he chose to visit the priory. Those priors who resided in a monastery with a presiding abbot, had the next rank to him in the choir, chapter, and refectory; and were moreover provided with an apartment for themselves, called the prior's lodgings, and were furnished with horses and servants. In the absence of the abbot, the prior was to maintain the discipline of the abbey, in the exercise of which he was only limited as to deprivation. He could cast the delinquent into prison, but he could not expel him from the society.

The office of Sub-prior in abbeys was much the same as that of prior in his absence; the sub-prior being, in fact, an assistant to him, in the discharge of his various duties, and his representative whenever he was not present.

The Precentor, or Chanter, was next in rank to that of abbot and prior, and could only be filled by a monk who had been educated in the monastery from a child. It was

his duty to correct mistakes in the choral service, which was entirely at his disposal,—to distribute the robes at festivals,—and to write out the tables for divine service for the use of the monks,—as the choral service formed a principal part of the divine offices. His office, however, extended to other matters besides the direction and lead of the choral service. In the processions in the monastery, nothing could be done without the precentor. At the decease of a monk his name was registered by this officer in the obituary. The archives were under his care; and in short, he was the head librarian.

The next office in abbeys was the Cellarer, who was entrusted with the general management of the domestic affairs of the society. He had the care of every thing relating to the food of the monks, as well as the vessels of the cellar, kitchen, and refectory. This officer was often a layman of rank, whose office it was to hold courts, transact the abbot's business with the king, by paying money into the exchequer, and performing other duties of a similar kind; in return for which he had certain valuable fees and privileges.

The Treasurer was to receive the rents of the estate belonging to the monastery, and all the other officers of the house gave in their accounts to him. He discharged all the servants' wages, and paid all the expenses and sums of money laid out upon any works appertaining to the abbey, or that the house was charged withal.

These were the *principal* officers to whom the various duties of the monastery were assigned. It would be superfluous to mention their several assistants, who, although distinguished by particular names, had no peculiar duties besides those which appertain to the officers already mentioned. These assistants were rather in the capacity of servants, than officers of the house.

Having enumerated the principal monastic officers, their habitations claim our next consideration. The remains which still adorn our landscapes bear ample testimony to their ancient grandeur, and to the munificent piety of former times. A low and sheltered site was usually chosen for an abbey; and although such situations do not appear to have been the best calculated for promoting health, there is something in those sequestered spots marking the former existence of an abbey, which harmonizes with a devout and contemplative frame of mind; and it is not, we think, taxing our imagination too much, if we suppose that this feeling operated upon our

forefathers, and led them to found their abbeys in such places as would naturally contribute to promote the end which they had in view. It would be foreign to our object to take more than a passing glance at the architectural beauties of many of our monastic edifices. It will be sufficient to observe that the builders were most perfect masters of their craft, and that the most beautiful of our modern classical structures are mainly indebted for their excellence to the mouldering remains of the middle ages. In many of our monastic ruins we meet with perfect specimens of the solid, but not inelegant, Norman style; in others the transition to the early English is exhibited; and in the latest buildings, the decorated style, with its chaste and flowing ornaments, prevailed. As far as architectural taste is concerned, none of the preceding centuries need, we think, blush on being compared with the sixteenth; and it is a fact now generally admitted, that the darkness which has long hung over this department of art is only just beginning to be dispersed.

Monastic buildings, like the temples of ecclesiastical antiquity, were erected by the gifts of great men, by the alms of the people, and from the annual revenues of the nation, which were partially applied to this purpose. The Abbey of Vale Royal is said to have cost the king £32,000 sterling.

In pursuing our description of some of the portions of an abbey, it may appear to be a deviation from our subject to introduce the architectural peculiarities of our ancient churches; but as every monastery was provided with a church, and many of them were on a scale of great magnificence, as their neglected ruins abundantly indicate, it is necessary for the completion of our design to give some account of those peculiarities; and the paramount importance of the church in the monastic economy, gives that edifice a priority of claim in detailing the different monastic buildings.

Most of the ancient churches, when considered complete, were built in the form of a cross, with a tower, lantern, or spire erected at the intersection. The interior space was usually thus divided:—The space westward of the cross and between the piers is called the nave; the divisions outward of the piers are called the aisles; the space eastward of the cross, the choir; and the part north and south at the intersection is termed the cross or transept. The choir is separated from the nave by a screen, which is constructed either of wood or stone, above which the organ is now commonly

placed. In cathedrals the choir does not generally extend to the eastern end of the building, but is terminated by the altar-screen, beyond which is the Lady Chapel; and this was also the case in the principal abbey churches. The lecturn was a desk on which portions of the Holy Scriptures were read; and it was frequently made in the form of an eagle, to designate St. John the Evangelist. Many of these are still remaining, and are used in parish churches in England as reading-desks. One of these ancient relics is preserved in the Collegiate Church of Southwell, and is rendered peculiarly interesting from the story connected with it. The eagle is formed of molten brass, with expanded wings, and bears the following inscription—"Orate pro animâ Radulphi Savage, et pro animabus omnium fidelium defunctorum."* It originally belonged to the monastery at Newstead in Berkshire, and was fished up from the bottom of the lake at Newstead several years since. On being sent to a brazier, to be cleaned and repaired, he discovered that the pedestal was hollow, and composed of several pieces. Unscrewing these, he drew forth a number of parchment deeds, and grants, appertaining to the abbey, and bearing the seals of Edward III. and Henry VIII., which had been concealed, and ultimately sunk in the lake, by the monks, at their dissolution, in order, as our chroniclers relate, to substantiate their right and title to their domains at some future day.

Confessionals, as their name indicates, were places appropriated to the receiving confession, and pronouncing either absolution, or punishment, according to the penitential discipline.—At Gloucester, the confessional was a large chair, by the side of a door. At the ruined abbey of "Maig Adare," in Ireland, are stalls with oblong holes cut in them for confession. The door by which penitents entered for confession had two swine carved over it, to signify their pollution,—and that by which they returned, had two angels, signify their purity.

Lady Chapels, or retro-choirs, were usually situated between the eastern end of the choir and the eastern extremity of the building, and were so called from being dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Sick and strange monks commonly sat in the retro-choir, during the performance of divine service. Crypts are subterranean chapels, and are mostly Norman. There is much doubt as to their original use, and the diffi-

* Pray for the soul of Ralph Savage, and for the souls of all the faithful who are dead.

culty is not likely to be elucidated by future discoveries. Indeed, the further we recede from the times, as well as the habits of our ancestors, the greater becomes the difficulty of explaining satisfactorily their views and customs.

There are several valuable specimens of this portion of our early churches still in existence; that, however, under the church of St. Peter's in the east in Oxford, is, perhaps, the most celebrated. It is said to have been built by St. Grymbald, whom Alfred invited to England from France, and it is hence generally known by the name of "Grymbald's Crypt."

There are also very fine crypts under the York and Winchester Cathedrals, and specimens are also found in some churches in Derbyshire.

"Triforia" were passages in the wall of the church, along the nave, above the arches, which separate the nave from the aisles, and were used for the purpose of suspending from them tapestry, and similar ornaments, at festivals. They are still to be seen in most of our cathedrals.—Stained glass was a very general ornament in monastic times, and was introduced into the cloisters and refectory, as well as into the church. The stem of Jesse furnished a very favorite subject for artists in stained glass, and if any apparently miraculous event happened to any one, within the knowledge of the designer of windows, it was immediately represented. A genealogical series of benefactors, together with the arms, &c. of those who presented windows, were common subjects. The seven sacraments of Rome were also frequently pictured, and crowned heads, including the Pope, were mingled with other subjects.

The encaustic pavements, which are commonly, though erroneously, called tessellated, were formed of tiles of about four inches square, which, when arranged and connected, produced an effect which resembled the Mosaic work of the Romans, although it was devoid of their simplicity and taste. At what period heraldic devices were introduced, cannot, we believe, be ascertained with precision, although it is probable, that when they were carved, or painted upon escutcheons, or stained glass, the floors received them likewise as a new ornament. The arms of founders and benefactors appear to have been usually inserted in these tiles after the Norman conquest, when many of the great abbeys employed kilns for preparing them, from which the conventual and their dependent parochial churches were supplied. Some have conjectured, that the painted tiles were

made by Italian artists settled in England; and it has been thought that the monks having acquired the art of painting, and preparing them for the kiln, in the manner of porcelain, amused and occupied their leisure by designing and finishing them. Great delicacy and considerable variety, although only two colors were generally used, are discernible in those tiles whose date coincides with the period in which this branch of encaustic painting had reached its highest perfection. It should be remarked, that the use of these painted bricks was confined to consecrated places, almost without exception, and that all of them discovered since the reformation have been upon the site of monasteries, or in churches connected with some monastery, and in the latter case there is often a strong tradition as to their removal from their original situation. Amongst tiles of later date, arms impaled and quartered, as well as scrolls, rebuses, and ciphers, are very frequent; and, interspersed with other devices, are single figures, such as gryphons, spread eagles, roses, fleur de lis, &c. of common heraldic usage indeed, but not individually applied. It appears, that in some instances these tiles formed a kind of tessellated pavement, the middle representing a maze, or labyrinth, about ten feet in diameter, so curiously contrived, that any one following all the intricate windings of it, could not travel less than a mile before he got from one end to the other. These tiles, or bricks, were baked almost till they became vitrified, and consequently resist both damp and wear.

Such were the chief peculiarities of the churches and chapels connected with monasteries, and which, in fact, formed the principal features in the monastic pile;—we now proceed to give a brief account of some of the secular portions of these venerable edifices.—The refectory, or large dining hall, is described as being wainscotted on the North and South side, and on the West side had a long bench of stone, extending from the cellar-door to that of the pantry. Within the door on the left hand, was an almonry, where stood the grace cup, out of which the monks, after grace, drank round the table. At the west end of the refectory was a loft, above the cellar, where the monks dined together, the sub-prior sitting at the upper end of the table: opposite the door leading from the refectory to the cloister, was the lavatory, where the monks washed their hands previously to entering the refectory. Certain psalms, called *psalmi refectio-num*, were sung before and after dinner, in

which praise was offered to God for the food which he provided for his creatures. The cloisters were a covered walk, consisting of four sides, in the middle of which was a green. They were erected near the church, and the rule of St. Benedict required the monks to spend much of their time in this seclusion, instead of wandering abroad,—a practice to which they had previously been much addicted. The form of the cloisters was square, that hence the monks might feel themselves to be completely secluded from intercourse with the world; and the idea of the building itself is said to have been taken from Solomon's porch, erected near the temple.—The "almonry" was sometimes a stone building near the church, this being its proper situation, in order to denote the close connection which exists between charity and religion. The alms were properly under the immediate superintendence of the superior; but an officer was appointed to assist in their distribution, and, in case of necessity, any of the monks might dispense them. Certain scholars had constant residence in the almonry of St. Augustine, at Canterbury, and the poor and sick flocked to it from all quarters. The whole revenues of certain churches, besides the abbot's alms, were devoted to it; indeed, the tenth of all the monastic proceeds was to be given to the poor.

The "scriptorium" is commonly called the writing room, and was the room in which many of the monks were employed in writing new works, or multiplying the copies of old ones. Writing books, as a monastic employment, appears to have been introduced into monasteries at a very early period. Among British monks, David, the celebrated Welsh saint, had a study or writing room, and is said to have commenced writing the Gospel of St. John, in golden letters, with his own hand. The Anglo-Saxon artists possessed eminent skill in the execution of their books, and the character which they used, had the honor of giving rise to the modern beautiful Roman letter. After the Norman invasion, this art degenerated, and the MSS. which were written subsequently, are frequently difficult to read. The missals and other books connected with the divine offices were curiously and expensively adorned, many specimens of which now remain, as monuments of monastic times. Great care was also bestowed in transcribing the works of the Latin fathers and classic authors;—but, what is rather singular, little pains were employed on books of national and monastic history, unless the books were intended for presents. The monks

who were employed in transcribing were distinguished by the names of "Antiquarii," and "Librarii." The former are said to have been chiefly employed in making new copies of old books, either for the use of the monastery, or for their own emolument,—and the latter to have been an inferior kind of writers, who were occupied in copying new works. There is, however, some doubt, we believe, as to this division of labor, between these two classes, and it appears, according to our chroniclers, probable, that the "Antiquarii" rescued from oblivion ancient MSS. and directed and superintended the "Librarii," in transcribing them. The persons who were thus employed were selected by the abbot, and he thus became to a certain extent answerable for any inaccuracies which were the result of ignorance, or incompetency. The invention of printing in the fifteenth century, threw the monastic transcribers out of employment, and, consequently, writing soon afterwards lost much of its beauty. The last specimen of illuminated writing, before the art was entirely abandoned, is said to be the Lectionary of Cardinal Wolsey, now preserved at Christ Church, Oxford.

The principal abbeys had the privilege of coining money within the monastery, which passed current in the country like the coin of the realm. Some of these coins, we believe, are still in existence, and are denominated "abbey pieces." The abbot was the person to whom this distinguished privilege was granted, and he appointed an officer, called a "Monier," to superintend the mint.

Cells appear to have been an ill-contrived part of the monastic system, since they were often the means of bringing discredit upon the order which adopted them. If they were used as places of punishment, to which monks were occasionally sent, they were not calculated to accomplish that object, since it was sending those out of the way of control, who needed control the most,—and if they were designed for convenience of business, to enable some to look after the secular affairs of the convent, distant estates, &c. it was an interruption to closer discipline. It was, however, considered a grievance to be sent to a distant cell, or to be sent from cell to cell; because Mathew Paris tells us, that people used to say of such: "This man has done something wrong, or the abbot hates him, or envies him because he is better than himself, or contradicts his errors, or reproves his excesses."

It is unnecessary to describe or enumerate the other departments of an abbey, such as the kitchen, bake-house, &c.

because their names are at once indicative of their respective uses, and we are at the same time assured, that such offices were indispensable in a large establishment.

Convenience and utility appear to have been the leading principles in the monastic arrangements, and the nature of these in no small degree depended upon the funds which were placed at the disposal of those who had the direction of the building. In large and wealthy abbeys, for instance, the kitchens were on a magnificent scale, and far exceeded those of baronial establishments. The kitchen which is still in a very perfect state at Glastonbury Abbey, will enable the spectator to form a tolerably correct notion of the extent of the abbot's revenue as well as of his hospitality. For it must be borne in mind, that this extensive culinary display was not for the sake of affording the means of regaling the inmates alone, but of entertaining royal and lordly visitors, and feeding the poor and needy in their neighbourhood. Whatever ridicule may have been cast upon these institutions, their hospitality is unimpeachable.

The conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, A.D. 1066, was an event in which the monastics of that kingdom were deeply interested. They were, more or less, connected with the disturbances which rendered the conqueror uneasy amid his new possessions, and tyrants require but very slight grounds for the indulgence of their cupidity; and, such was especially the case at the period to which we are now referring. Whenever a monastery incurred the conqueror's displeasure, and there were but few, indeed, which escaped, he forcibly possessed himself of their lands, searched into all their charters, and confiscated their treasures. In the year following the conquest, a council or synod was held at Winchester, in which the king procured Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, to be degraded, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and several other bishops and abbots, to be deposed. Occasionally the king exercised his tyranny over the defenceless monasteries, by totally disregarding the charters which preceding monarchs had granted, and confirmed, and by which the choice of abbot was vested in the monastery, over which a fresh abbot was required to preside;—and not only depriving them of their free choice, but further forcing upon their acceptance, a creature of his own. Often the abbots then appointed, having no interest in the welfare of their society, further than that which related to their own revenues.

reduced their monasteries to the verge of ruin, from which, in some cases they scarcely ever recovered. Sometimes however, the appointment of such men was an advantage, because the interest which they possessed at court enabled them, when they were so disposed, to recover the lands of which their monastery had been forcibly deprived. One of the most renowned abbots, after the conquest, was Ingulf, appointed head, by the Conqueror, of the monastery of Croyland. He was a native of England, and it is said, his father was one of Edward the confessor's courtiers. He was educated at a school in Westminster, from whence he proceeded to the University of Oxford, where he applied himself with great diligence, to the study of Aristotle. When William Duke of Normandy, came into England, A.D. 1051, to pay a visit to King Edward the Confessor, Ingulf was introduced to him, and on his return, he accompanied him into Normandy, and became his principal secretary. Fearing however, lest the favour with which he was regarded by so distinguished a prince, should expose him to envy, he withdrew from the court of Normandy, and made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. On his return he determined to assume the monastic habit, and was soon after made prior of the Abbey of Fontenels in Normandy. From hence he was invited by the Conqueror to preside over the monastery of Croyland, and the interest which he possessed with the King as well as with Lanfrane, Archbishop of Canterbury, enabled him to render very important services to his monastery. Ingulf appears to have possessed a peculiar talent for recording events of local and historical interest, and his chronicle is of no small value to the English historian, in investigating the events of an important period, in our national history.

After being exposed to all the horrors which usually accompany a conquest, the monasteries at length recovered from their depression; and the conquest, so far from proving their total ruin, may be regarded as a grand epoch in their history, from which they might date far greater splendour than they had hitherto enjoyed. This more particularly refers to the Cistercian monks, who were before this event, comparatively speaking, but little known in England. This order was a reformed branch of Benedictines, and derived its name from Citeaux, a village situated in the diocese of Chalons, where Robert, Abbot of Molesme in Burgundy, founded a monastery towards the end of

the eleventh century. Robert had in vain endeavoured to revive the decaying discipline of his convent, by obliging his monks to observe with greater exactness, the rule of St. Benedict; and not succeeding in his attempt, he retired from Molesme with about twenty monks, who had not been infected with the prevailing dissoluteness of his monastery, and proceeded to Citcaux, which, at that time, was overgrown with brambles and thorns. He then laid the foundation of the order of the Cistercians, but being again unsuccessful, he quitted his new institution, and was succeeded by "Stephen Harding," an Englishman, who presided over the abbey, until the arrival of St. Bernard, A.D. 1113. St. Bernard visited the monastery of Citcaux with about thirty companions, for the express purpose of enrolling themselves as monks of the Cistercian order, and from that time the order began to flourish; and, before the conclusion of the twelfth century, it was propagated throughout the greatest part of Europe.

Perhaps no ecclesiastic ever attained greater influence than St. Bernard. His word was a law, and his counsels were regarded by kings and princes as orders to which the most respectful obedience was due. Under his powerful patronage, it is not surprising that the Cistercians became enriched with liberal and splendid donations, and at length acquired the form and privileges of a spiritual republic, exercising a kind of religious dominion over the other orders. From their connexion with St. Bernard, and from the circumstance of his being considered as the second founder, the Cistercians in France and Germany were often distinguished by the title of Bernardine Monks. There were several branches of the Benedictine tree, which were unknown in England until after the conquest, such as the Chuniacs, Grandmontines, Carthusians, &c., but the Cistercians were the most important order of monks connected with the Benedictine rule which was established in that kingdom.—In the early period of monastic establishments, the learning of the age was for the most part confined within their walls, but in the thirteenth century, when the Dominicans and Franciscans, also known by the names of the "Friar Preachers" and "Friar Minors," appeared, the regular monks were inferior in point of learning to their predecessors. There had been a gradual decay among them in this respect, and their highest attainments seem to have been such a knowledge of the Latin language as would enable them to understand what they

chanted, and occasionally perhaps to write a letter. Nor was their proficiency in other branches of literature much greater. They were satisfied if they acquired as much arithmetic as would enable them to keep their accounts; the higher branches of mathematics were totally disregarded, and their learning altogether, in short, is equalled, if not surpassed, by the lower forms of our public schools. This, be it remembered, was the *general* character of the monastic body at the period now referred to. There were individuals who stood in these respects far above the common class, and whose remains indicate a superior mind, cultivated with no ordinary care. But as the body, taken as a whole, had degenerated in their mental qualifications and acquirements, the superior activity of the new order, threw them into the shade, until, roused by their competitors for popularity, they again made use of those means which at an earlier period had been crowned with success. The strict hand, too, which the Edwards held over the different monasteries, and the great increase of academic foundations in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, kept the monks within much narrower bounds than they had originally enjoyed. The friars too had taken no small part in thrusting monastics from that eminence which they formerly occupied. From all these concurring causes we find no mention of them in a public character, during the reigns of those monarchs, nor as taking any part in the government of the kingdom, or interfering with the functions of royalty, and their private government being quiet and regulated, they furnished but little matter in any respect for the notice of the historian.

Occasionally however, the peace of the monastery was disturbed, either by the intrusion of the friars, or by disputes with their neighbours, which were sometimes carried on with much rancour and animosity on both sides. In these contests it is observable, that skill and management, and the sanction of ancient customs were on the side of the monks, while perseverance and impetuosity were the distinguishing characteristics of their opponents. Both parties however, in these disputes outraged justice, the people by open violence,—the monks by intrigue. For when at length the former carried their point, they were intoxicated with success, and could not enjoy their victory with temper and moderation; and the monks, on the other hand, were ever ready, in the hour of prosperity and court favour, to resume those privileges which they had prudently relinquished in the hour of trouble and of

tumult. These contentions however, were not altogether fruitless, nor were they the result of wanton aggression in one party, or of intolerance in the other. We may discern in them, the rudiments of liberty, although much disfigured by violence, which was likely indeed to be the case, in an age in which the advantages as well as principles of civil freedom were but little understood. The public mind seemed to be craving after an undefined good, it felt itself shackled, but neither knew how to lighten the weight of its fetters, nor how to burst them asunder. We learn from coeval circumstances of great moment, that the middle rank of men were rising at that time into consequence, and the lowest class was beginning to be emancipated from feudal servitude, but still, the English constitution was then only a rude and imperfect cast of that which we have now the happiness and the privilege to enjoy.

But to return from this digression. We have now seen the monastic system rise from an obscure and insignificant source, gradually acquire strength and consistency, and at length occupy the whole length and breadth of the land; while monks presided at the royal councils, and swayed the destinies of the nation. We have moreover seen the incipient signs of the decay of the system, and we have also noticed those unequivocal symptoms which seemed to indicate its approaching termination. It now only remains for us to trace its ruin through short but violent stages which effected its annihilation. The religious animosities which began to develop themselves in the days of Wyclif, were carried on with unabated ardor during the following century; and at the commencement of the sixteenth, it was evident they were approaching a crisis which, however, had been considerably hastened by the discovery of printing, which occurred about the middle of the fifteenth century. These animosities were distinguished by blind intolerance on the one hand, and by a feverish restlessness on the other; for whatever were the advantages which resulted from the Reformation, we should be careful to discriminate between those whose sincere anxiety was, the restoration of the church to the purity of primitive Christianity, and those who from avarice, irreligion and other motives, were discontented with the state of ecclesiastical affairs, and were thirsting for change.

It is impossible indeed to read the history of the proceedings which occurred during the progress of the reformation, without being struck with the widely different characters of

those who were instrumental in accomplishing that important event. Without entering upon these particulars, it will be necessary to take a passing glance at them, preparatory to giving a brief detail of the overthrow of the Monastic system in England, of which these proceedings were the undoubted precursors.

A.D. 1513, Leo X. ascended the Papal throne, a man totally unfit to direct the affairs of the church, which, at his accession, were in a wild and stormy state; and being more inclined to sensual indulgence than to the promotion of religion, and the correction of existing abuses, he became remarkable for his prodigality, luxury and imprudence. The ambition of preceding Pontiffs had imposed heavy imposts upon the faithful, but the necessities of Leo far exceeding those of his predecessors, induced him to have recourse to the disposal of indulgences, which were a source of considerable emolument, in such an open and shameless manner, as to arouse the indignation of Martin Luther, at that time Professor of Divinity at Wirtemberg. The sentiments which Luther first expressed were received with applause by the greatest part of Germany, which had indeed long groaned under the heavy exactions of the Roman Pontiffs and their pardons.

While Luther and his party (he having become the leader of the German Reformers) were exerting themselves in opposition to Rome in Germany, an event occurred in England which led the way to the rejection of the papal power in that country. This was the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catherine of Arragon, aunt to Charles V. and his desire to free himself from this tie, on the ground of being more nearly connected by affinity with that princess, than the laws of the church allowed. In this event then we see, that Providence can overrule every thing for the accomplishment of its purposes, and that even the capricious lust of an arbitrary prince, was made the effectual means of freeing England from the usurped domination of Rome. But in the subsequent act of the great national drama, it does not appear that the people were much benefitted, for when Henry withdrew himself from the communion of Rome, he retained the greatest portion of her opinions. He still adhered with inflexible pertinacity to several of the most objectionable doctrines of popery, and not unfrequently presented the terrors of death to those who differed from him in their religious sentiments.

The monastic system which had been long declining in its

character and efficiency, but which had for a time been roused to renewed exertions by the successful rivalry of the mendicant orders, was at the commencement of the sixteenth century in a very unsatisfactory state. It was, however, by no means so bad as its enemies represented it, and a wholesome reformation would have restored it to the same degree of purity as that which was effected in the church generally in England. There were, it is true, difficulties to be overcome, but they were not insuperable, and the same authority that destroyed the supremacy of the Pope in England, would have been amply sufficient to have abrogated his power over the English monasteries. They were unfortunately defenceless as bodies, and their possessions offering a temptation to plunderers which the self denial of the age was unequal to withstand, they were doomed to destruction. Among the various indications of the coming storm, none more clearly shewed the direction in which it was advancing than the downfall of Wolsey. Kings had previously chosen ecclesiastics for their ministers, because there were always two great ruling interests in the kingdom, and it was easy for the monarch to govern both when he placed a prelate of the church at the head of civil affairs. The elevation therefore of Wolsey had enabled Henry to govern peacefully and successfully through the early part of his reign. But when he found himself supported by the temporal Peers, and House of Commons, in a way he had never before experienced, he ventured to tell the Pope that he could govern England without his assistance, and intimated his intention to renounce his spiritual jurisdiction in case he refused to sanction his divorce from Catherine. Wolsey being engaged in this negotiation, and being suspected of advising those delays, which attended the proceedings, he became an object of aversion to the King, who determined to seek new counsel which he thought would be more faithful. In consequence of this determination, he ordered the Attorney-General to indict the Minister in the Star Chamber, on the statute of Præmunire. Wolsey was convicted, and degradation and confiscation followed.

Henry followed up these proceedings with an impeachment in the House of Lords; but the bill was dismissed by the commons, through the reasoning and eloquence of Cromwell, Wolsey's secretary. The king then granted him a full pardon, which, however, he shortly afterwards revoked, by arresting him on the charge of high treason.

On the degradation of Wolsey, Sir Thomas More received the seals, being the first layman who held them, and Cromwell was taken into the king's council. By the advice of the latter, or, at least, with his concurrence, the king entertained a new project for raising money from the revenues of the clergy. Wolsey had previously shewn him the way by demands and extortions, and having himself fallen a victim to the rapine as well as resentment of the king, the clergy beheld, with little regret, his avarice revenged upon himself. This, however, was no subject of congratulation, as the king was induced, through his success in ruining the first ecclesiastic in the kingdom, to employ the same artifice with the same views against the other clergy.

When Wolsey was convicted on the statute of *præmunire*, his estates and goods of every kind were forfeited to the king. The revenues of St. Alban's Abbey, which ought to have reverted to their true owners, the prior and monks of the house, were, together with the see of Winchester, reserved by the king for his own use,—Wolsey retaining the title of abbot and bishop; and when Wolsey died, A.D. 1530, the king still kept possession,—only, in order to save appearances, he caused one Robert Catton to be appointed abbot. On his death, Richard Boreman was chosen, under the influence of the crown, that the king and parliament might be enabled to accomplish those views which they had now nearly brought to maturity.

The domestic peace of England was speedily to be exposed to very considerable hazard by the violent innovations which the king was determined to make in the monastic system, in consequence of the opposition he had met with in the proceedings which followed his rupture with the court of Rome. The monks were exceedingly enraged against Henry on account of the abolition of the papal power in England, as they considered it to be, what the sequel proved to be true, the sole protection which they enjoyed against the rapacity of the Crown and the cupidity of the courtiers. Cromwell, Secretary of State, had been appointed Vicar General, an office in which the King's assumed supremacy was delegated to him. His first step was to employ commissioners to visit in person all religious foundations, and make enquiry about the manner in which the rule of the house was maintained, whether devotion was observed, and how their revenues were expended. During times of faction, whether political or religious, no equity is to be expected from adver-

saries, and as it was well known that the King's intention in this visitation was to find a pretence for abolishing monasteries, we may naturally conclude that the report of the commissioners was not to be relied upon by those who sought the truth. The slightest evidence appears to have been credited, and even the calumnies spread abroad by the friends of the reformation, were considered as undeniable facts! It is highly probable, that the commissioners found some corruption, and that the monks of that age had greatly degenerated from their ancient predecessors, but still this did not furnish the king with a righteous pretext for destroying these institutions, and suppressing establishments, which, while they were monuments of the pious devotion of former ages, were still the seminaries of religion,—the consolation of the aged,—the support of the poor gentry, and the relief of the indigent. The commissioners were ordered to carry on their enquiry with intimidation and threats, and hints of the danger to which the monks were exposed, from the statute of præmunire. Their report was completed, and published early in the year 1536. The character of the houses was set down in a very concise manner, without any notice of their general deportment, and frequently the faults of individuals involved the whole society in one and the same charge. Even with regard to individuals, the charge was seldom proved, being of such a nature, as to preclude any thing like certainty!

The king, however, thought the report would answer his purpose, and accordingly, when parliament met, February 4, 1536, he laid before them the detail which had been prepared, and the necessity of removing the scandal which hence arose. In a short time an act was passed for dissolving all the monasteries whose revenues did not exceed £200 a year. This suppression comprehended three hundred and eighty houses, whose total revenues amounted to thirty-two thousand pounds a year, and whose plate and jewels were valued at one hundred thousand pounds; and it is said, that, in consequence of the suppression of these houses, upwards of ten thousand persons were cast on the wide world. The act for the dissolution of the lesser monasteries placed the whole of their revenues and estates at the King's disposal, and for the better management of them a Court was instituted, called "the Court of Augmentation of the King's Revenues."

This new source of riches was so acceptable to the king, that he determined to proceed, and during the winter of 1536, directed another visitation to be made, requiring the

visitors to examine every thing which related to the conversation of monastics, and to discover how they stood affected to the king's supremacy, and how far they were concerned in the disturbances which had arisen in consequence of the dissolution of the lesser monasteries. The report of these commissioners was published in the following spring, and every thing which had a tendency to excite the people against the monks, was carefully exposed and exaggerated. This report did not attempt to represent the monastic bodies as profligate and immoral, because that charge would not have been believed, and the king himself had borne testimony to the character of the greater monasteries in the preamble of the bill for suppressing the lesser, in which he says: "In the greater monasteries, thanks be to God, religion is right well observed and kept up." But an effort was made to throw ridicule upon the images and relics of the different monasteries, charging the monks with effecting, by machinery, what they wished to be considered as supernatural, and affirming, that all their reliques were counterfeit.—Although there was probably some truth in this report, yet it, like the preceding one, was doubtless much exaggerated for the purpose of apparently justifying the king in the purpose which he had in view. No act for the suppression of the greater monasteries had been passed when the report, to which we have alluded, was carefully dispersed in order to ruin their character. Such a report connected with other circumstances, would, of course, effect the desired result; and the minds of many being now alienated from monastic institutions, enabled the king to take further steps for the entire destruction of the whole monastic system.

He, however, proceeded warily in his work. In the parliament which assembled April 28, 1539, several important bills were introduced, which appear to maintain rather conflicting principles. The king at that time, had taken part with the reformers, not, however, with a view of promoting their principles, but in order to employ them as instruments for subverting the old papal clergy, and thus extirpating the authority of the pope. This having been in a great measure accomplished, he began to throw off his disguise, and to prove that he did not mean to change the religion of the kingdom. As soon, therefore, as the legislature met, he caused a bill to be introduced for abolishing diversity of opinion. The bill contained a perfect restoration of the old Romish doctrines, making it penal to deny transub-

stantiation, or to reject private masses, or auricular confession;—the punishment to be by burning or hanging.

By another act, the parliament granted to the king all the lands of the monasteries, which had been surrendered, and, as it was pretended, freely,—and, lest any doubt should remain as to that fact, parliament thought it necessary to decide the point in the affirmative. Whatever right, however, the king might have to the surrendered lands, he could have no possible right to the goods of the monastic bodies. These were undoubtedly the property of the then possessors of them, and therefore, on every principle of justice and equity, they ought not to have been robbed of them. If the voice of humanity could have been heard in this general clamour of avarice and rapine, these goods would have been reserved for the use of the lawful owners, who were soon to be turned into the wide world with a very slender pension for their future support. But these goods, together with a great quantity of valuable ornaments from the cathedrals, were carried away by the visitors; and being swallowed up in the royal vortex, were never seen or heard of more.

During the year 1539, fifty-seven surrenders were made, and among them were the abbeys of Westminster, Waltham, St. Alban's, and St. Peter in Gloucester. In the following year a special act was passed for the suppression of the prior and hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who had strenuously maintained their rights against the royal aggression. The king, who would endure no society that refused to acknowledge his paramount authority, was obliged to have recourse to parliament for the dissolution of this order, even after an act had passed for the confirmation of the inroads which had been made on monastic property. Although the meaning of this latter act was clearly understood, it contained no positive command to suppress, nor did it enjoin the abbot to surrender, but appeared to be merely a confirmation of all that had been or was about to be done. Its arbitrary operation, however, was soon felt. The Abbot of Reading refused to surrender to the Commissioners, on which he was seized and hurried away to London, charged, tried, and convicted in the Court of King's Bench, as being guilty of high treason, and shortly afterwards was executed at Tyburn, with two of his monks, who were involved in the same charge. Their love of oppression not being fully satisfied, the visitors selected the Abbot of Colchester as

another victim. He had firmly resisted all temptations with which they had endeavoured to persuade him to surrender his trust, but he was resolved rather to abide his fate than to abandon the abbey. He was consequently subjected to the same kind of trial, as that which determined the fate of the Abbot of Reading, and being, of course, convicted, he was in a few days afterwards executed at Colchester. The visitors had now completed their work, and through the means of intimidation or bribery, all the abbeys were surrendered to the king, the revenues of which were said to amount to one hundred thousand pounds a year, besides a large sum in plate and jewels. The Monastics received various pensions out of the exchequer, and some of them retired to the universities, or were presented to livings. Thus the whole of the Monasteries were alienated from their rightful owners, and institutions which had been founded with the most pious intentions, were diverted from their original use, and applied to the support of voluptuous pleasures. The division of revenues, however, did not satisfy the Commissioners or Visitors, they were determined to destroy the monastic system entirely, and, in order that there might be no return to it, the buildings were rudely demolished, so as to be incapable of affording shelter. Thus terminated an institution which had grown in England with its national growth, and increased in corresponding strength; which had been supported and cherished by a long line of Kings, and venerated by successive generations; which had received the stranger at the hospitable board, and given shelter to the houseless, which, in an age of violence, had afforded an asylum for the ark of Christ's Holy Religion, and kept alive a spirit of devotion. Its course, however, was run, and,—as the Almighty manifests an unity of purpose, by a diversity of instruments,—He permitted a cruel and avaricious age, to inflict upon itself, as well as on successive times, a grievous, and we fear an irremediable injury.

MONASTICUS.

BUONAPARTE.

Translated from the French of DE LAMARTINE.

THE following ode, the subject of which is that great man, who sprung up as it were, all-armed, from the womb of the first revolution, was written by De Lamartine, whose literary merits first brought him into notice, and whose name is now destined to become still more known, if not celebrated, by his present position in the republican councils of France. In this piece of writing, it is curious to observe, (especially on perusing the tenth stanza,) what changes of principle actuate the human breast, according as circumstances place it, to taste the enticing cup which ambition presents to its hopes. The soul of genius should ever be animated with the spirit of freedom, but care must be taken that the sublime wreath which hallows its brow, should not be surmounted by a *bonnet-rouge*.

Upon a rock which plaintive ocean laves,
Seen by the seaman whitening o'er the waves,
A tomb appears round which their wild tide streams;
Time has not yet embrowned the narrow stone,
Where, neath the ivy green and grass o'ergrown,
A broken sceptre gleams!

There lies. . . . But lo! no name!—Yet, ask the world,
That name in bloodstained characters unfurled
From Danube's banks to Cedar's lofty brow,—
On marble,—bronze,—in every warrior's breath,
And on the hearts of myriad slaves, beneath
His victor-car laid low.

Since two great names through passing ages famed,
No name below in every tongue acclaimed,
On lightning's wings attained his high career,
No mortal's step one sharp cut could efface,
Ere stamped, upon this earth, so deep a trace,
And yet—'tis vanished here!

'Tis here,—a child's three paces mark its bound,
Nor does that shade breathe forth the faintest sound,
Each foeman's step in peace o'ertreads his grave,
The insect hums above that godlike front,
And sullen sounds alone his spirit haunt
From the rock-scattered wave!

And yet, fear not, oh spirit, still unquelled,
 That 'gainst thy silent pride I have rebelled;
 Ne'er did the lyre o'er tombs an insult raise.
 True glory never seeks death's hallowed fane,
 Where nought should there resound from memory's strain,
 Save *that* which truth displays.

Dark clouds o'erhung thy cradle and thy grave;
 But like the thunder-clap, when tempests rave,
 Astounding earth, thy nameless might arose;
 Such as that Nile, whose rich stream Memphis drains,
 Ere well defined, far Memnon's desert plains
 With boiling flood o'erflows.

The gods had fallen, and the thrones were void,
 When victory on its wings thy soul upbought,
 Whilst glory crowned thee monarch of Rome's race.
 That age, whose scum dragged in its rapid course
 Gods, laws, and rulers, driv'n back towards its source,
 Before thee, ebb'd apace.

Battling 'gainst error and its powerful aid,
 Like the fierce Jacob, wrestling 'gainst a shade,
 Beneath a mortal's strength the phantom gasps;
 Whilst thou, proud scorner of each mighty band,
 Did'st jest amongst them, as when crime's dark hand
 The alter-cup enclasps!

Thus 'midst delirium's powerless throes, when rage
 Makes its own hands destroy some older age,
 While shrieks, though fettered, liberty's wild cry,
 On sudden from the dust some hero stalks,
 And with his sceptre strikes it,—it awakes,—
 And dreams before truth fly.

Oh, if that sceptre to its rightful heir,
 And royal victims shielded by thy care,
 Such sacred acts had washed away thy crime?
 Greater than kings, as their avenging guard,
 What coronets of fame were thy reward,
 By history made sublime!

Fame,—honor,—liberty,—by man adored,
 For thee resounded as the brazen gourd
 Whose echo dull reverberates afar,
 Whilst thine ear, vainly caught by such a sound,
 But understood those cries where swords rebound,
 And the stern trumpet's jar.

Superb, but spurning that which earth admires,
 Empire encircled all thy soul's desires,
 Thou didst advance, each obstacle thy foe;
 Thy will flew rapid as the arrow's flight,
 Which strikes the mark, directed by the sight,
 E'en through a friend laid low!

Ne'er to enliven all thy regal state,
 Did the bowl's nectared joys thy heart elate,
 Another ruddy glow inspired thine eye;
 Like the lone soldier, watchful o'er his arms,
 Thou saw'st the smiles or tears of beauty's charms,
 Without a smile or sigh.

Oh, thou but lovedst war's stern and sounding cries,—
 Arms dazzling in the light of dawning skies,—
 On thy proud steed caresses prone to deal,
 With its white mane, dishevelled, as the dust,
 Ensanguined, furrows at the whirlwind's gust,
 Whilst its hoofs elashed on steel.

Stern in thy greatness,—sullen in thy fall,
 Neath the soul's armour, thou didst bury all;
 Thy love or hate,—a thing in deep thought rolled:
 As, in some desert sky, the eagle reigns,
 One glance of thine outmeasured earth's domains,
 With talons to enfold!

At one sole bound, usurping victory's ear,
 And thunder-striking earth with gorgeous war,
 Tribunes and kings deposing at one stroke,
 Forging chains, steeped in love and hate, to make
 A people, freed from their own just laws, quake
 Beneath thy mighty yoke.

Of one whole age the thought-quake and the life,
 Blunting the poinard—calming envy's strife,
 Crushing, to re-unite each restless state,
 By those dark thunder-blasts, twice tenfold, hurled
 Against the gods,—thus didst thou stake the world,
 What dreams!—yet such thy fate.

Yet didst thou fall, desp'ic those deeds so grand,
 Cast by the tempest on this rocky strand,
 For foes to portion, Fate thy mantle gave;
 That power, so worshipp'd, through thy daring lot,
 As its last favor granted thee this spot
 "Twixt empire and the grave!

What had I given to fathom every thought,
 When, with the memory of past greatness fraught,
 Remorse assailed thee far from every sound,
 And with thy arms crossed on thy spacious chest,
 Round thy bare forehead, with those thoughts impressed,
 Horror seemed night around.

Like to a shepherd, standing on some steep,
 Who sees his shadow lengthening o'er the deep,
 And its course follows on the roaring flood,
 Thus, from the summit of thy pride o'ercast,
 When pondering on the shadows of the past,
 Must thou that past have viewed.

They swept before thee as majestic waves,
 Whose crests with dazzling splendour fancy paves,
 Whilst thine ear courted their harmonious song,
 And on thy brow, reflecting glory's light,
 Each wave restored thy heart some image bright,
 Thine eye had followed long!

Here, on a tottering bridge, the thunder daring,
 There, on the desert wild, the dust up-tearing,
 Thy war-horse shuddering on the Jordan's bed;
 There, from some ridge escaped, thy way down-taking,
 There of the conqueror's sword a sceptre making,—
 And now. What sudden dread!

Why dost thou turn aside thy eyelid low?
 Whence comes that pallor spread upon thy brow?
 What horror of the past hast thou just traced?
 Is't twenty cities' smoking, sad remains,
 Or blood of thousands weltering on earth's plains?
 But fame has all effaced!

Glory effaces all things except crimes;
 But lo! its finger shewed me one at times,
 A hero, young, of blood-ennobled claim,
 The tide which bore him in its ceaseless flow,
 From the avenging waters, shrieked with woe,
 Illustrious Conde's name.

As if to chase away some livid stain,
 His hand he passes o'er his brow again,
 But at each touch a bloodier trace succeeds;
 And, as a brand, stamped by some power supreme,
 The effaceless blot,—like to a diadem,—
 Crowns him with his misdeeds!

For this, oh tyrant, does thy tarnished fame
 Deprive thy genius of its proudest claim,
 Since blood still follows thy victorious car,
 Whilst as the sport of every tempest scene,
 Each future age shall place thy name between
 Marius' and Cesar's star.

Yet didst thou die at last a common doom!
 Like as the reaper for his pay will come.
 And, ere discharged, on sickle, slumbers near,—
 Thus, silent, armed with thy ensanguined sword,
 Didst thou demand justice, or some reward,
 Of HIM who sent thee here!

'Tis said, when near eternity's dark goal,
 With but his genius left, his suffering soul
 Looked up to heaven, with conscious thoughts imbued,
 The sign redeeming touched his sullen brow,
 Whilst e'en his lips a *name* commenced t'avow,
 He did not dare conclude!

Achieve,—'tis He, who rules and crowns our path,
 The God of mercy and the God of wrath,
 O'er conquerors and us he widely reigns ;
 Speak without fear,—He only can divine ;—
 Tyrants or slaves, must all give, at His shrine,
 Account of crowns or chains.

The grave is closed,—heaven judges,—silence all !
 His fame and frailties in the balance fall ;
 Let no weak mortal-hand approach that goal !
 Lord ! who can fathom thy indulgent will ?
 And who affirm that Genius forms not, still,
 A ray of Virtue's soul ?

L.



THE SILVER CROSS.

(*Translated from the French.*)

At the Mansion House of L....., where last year I spent part of the shooting season, I became acquainted with General A——, a brave and worthy soldier, and an excellent companion, whose only fault was a very strong affectation of atheism. One fine morning in September, after having devoured a substantial breakfast, with an enormous appetite, we left the house eager for sport. The day was magnificent ; a grey and cloudy sky predicted an equable temperature. The dogs, frisky and joyous, chased each other, as hard as they could run, over the fine sward of the grounds,—in fact, everything breathed forth an air of gladness, and seemed to promise a most fortunate expedition. When we had passed through the iron gate, the face of General A—— became horribly gloomy, he came to me with an ill-tempered air and said :—“ It's all over, we shan't kill any thing to-day.” And as I asked him the cause of this unfortunate prediction, he added, pointing out to me a man on horseback, crossing the road. “ Dont you see that bird of evil omen ?” I recognized the equestrian to be the curate of the neighbouring village, jogging along on his grey mare. “ The poor fellow,” replied I, “ is an excellent man, and would certainly have taken another road if he had suspected that his meeting us would be unlucky.”

“ You must know the clergy exceedingly well,” the General said with bitter irony,—“ if you think that he would have moved one step out of the way to do you a favor.” Doubtless the old Jesuit is carrying to some invalid, what he calls consolation, that is to say, to turn his head by speaking to him of eternal torments and purgatory, the old gentleman’s horns, and the trumpet of the last judgment.”

Here the General, carried away by his subject, launched out into a philippic against the clergy, in the style of Raynal,* which would have been considered a first-rate anti-religious speech. As I don’t affect discussions after breakfast, and, besides, was but little interested in the salvation of General A——, I did not attempt to contradict his anti-religious opinions. Warmed by a repast, at which he had eaten and drunk like Gargantua, he stopped not till we had arrived at the borders of a field of clover, tufted and thick, for which the partridges had a singular affection.

Our sport was deplorable ; the game went off at a prodigious distance ; towards one o’clock, as gamblers say, for luck, we called a halt. The heat was suffocating, a burning sun had pierced the clouds, and darted his rays upon our heads. General A——, to refresh himself in some degree, had thrown aside his neckhandkerchief, and exposed to the air his nervous, manly chest. With great astonishment I perceived round his throat a small silver cross attached to a black ribbon. Such a symbol upon the breast of a man so imbued with the philosophical ideas of the eighteenth century, seemed to me an anomaly so strange, that my marked and penetrating looks were unable to withdraw themselves from the little cross. The General perceived my astonishment, divined its cause, and but little flattered by the mental reflections which I seemed to him to make, took me on one side, saying — “ I see what surprizes you : you ask yourself how a man, who, like me, makes bitter war against superstition, can carry such a symbol? You may perhaps suppose that I attach to this little cross some nonsensical sentiment—as old women and children do? Undeceive yourself. And since that old crow of a curate has brought us bad luck, let us for to-day abandon our shooting projects. I will relate to you why you see upon my breast a cross, other than that of the brave.”

It was impossible to refuse the proposal of General A——

* Raynal was a writer very bitter against the clergy. He wrote a book, called “ Le Curé Melier.”

therefore I enlisted willingly, and seated myself by his side. Faithfully, and without omitting anything, I report the history which he narrated to me:—

“In March, 1793, I was drawn as a soldier, and was ordered to Mans, where I was drafted into the 8th demi-brigade, composed of the remnants of the Royal Flanders Regiment. At that time I was 16 years old, was tender-hearted as a young girl, and unable to see a chicken killed, without shuddering. They did not even give themselves the trouble to drill me. Three days after my arrival I was sent off with an expeditionary column, destined to operate upon the borders of the Bocage. It was in front of the forest of that, for the first time, we met the Vendéans. I can scarcely say that I was present at this skirmish, for one of the first shots fired struck my head, and stretched me on the earth, deprived of all feeling. I am ignorant how long I remained unconscious, for night had already come on when I regained my senses. A burning thirst parched my throat; my wound, compressed by a mass of congealed blood, caused me terrible sufferings. My soul was filled with bitterness; I thought that my comrades were scattered far from me; that alone and abandoned, I could not escape the vengeance of the Vendéans. These desolating thoughts took so much possession of my spirits, that once, but it was only for one moment, I intended to kill myself. The instinct of self-preservation dispersed this resolution: I rallied all my strength, and, leaning on my musket, I set off, hoping to rejoin the republican forces under cover of the night. My strength, however, was incapable, for any length of time, to serve my wishes. In about half an hour I arrived, faltering, at the door of a wretched farm-house;—there my courage abandoned me, and, to put an end to the sufferings which tortured me, I opened the door of the cottage and entered.

“The sight which met my eyes was such as to encourage me. In the cottage there was no one but a young girl, kneeling before a large wooden cross,—a torch diffused its gloomy light over this place of refuge. At the noise which my entry made, the young girl turned round her head. The sight of my uniform caused an indescribable paleness to spread over her countenance;—she started back hastily, exclaiming: ‘My God, have pity on me!’ At the sound of her voice, a dog, which had been asleep in the corner of the chamber, roused itself growling, and rushing upon me, brought me to the ground.

“Such was the violence of the shock, that the blood flowed in streams from my wound, and poured over my face. In the heart of the young girl, a sentiment of pity succeeded to the fear with which my presence had inspired her; she called off her defender who still held me to the ground, and approaching me, not however without some distrust,—‘Who are you?’ she asked in a broken voice.—‘I am a poor wounded soldier,’ replied I, ‘who begs, for pity’s sake, a drop of water.’ The sufferings which I had endured had given so doleful an accent to my voice, that my prayer went straight to the heart of the young girl; from a corner of the chamber she took a large vase full of water and brought it to me. When I had slaked the burning thirst which preyed upon me, she took the vase, and without saying a word, washed away the blood, coagulated round my countenance, and dressed my hurt. Many years have rolled away since that scene happened, and yet I still recollect its most minute details. At some paces from me, crouched the spaniel which had thrown me down, its eyes glowing and irritated, subdued by the word of its mistress, but ready to defend her at the first call. I see again that sweet young girl on her knees by my side, all the goodness of her heart beaming in her face,—she might have been about eighteen; her dress was that of the humblest peasantry, but in her person there was that air of nobility and distinction, which sufficiently proved that evil times had forced her to wear such coarse clothing.

“‘How do you feel now?’ said she to me, after she had bound up my wound.

“‘You have saved my life,’ replied I, with emotion, ‘my gratitude shall be eternal.’

“She at once understood that these words came from the bottom of my heart, and they touched her; she fixed on me a look, as if to read my soul, and replied:—‘I believe you, and do not repent having abandoned myself to the first impulse of my pity, and having succoured an unfortunate. Now that I have well examined you, my heart tells me that you cannot be one of those bloodthirsty men, who are desolating my unhappy country.’ ‘Your heart judges well, lady,’ I answered, ‘I left Paris but two weeks since, carried away from my mother by the soldiers of the Republic; I have not yet fired a single shot against the Vendéans; I have harmed no one; be certain, that your beneficence is not unworthily bestowed.’—‘Poor boy!’ said she tenderly, and tears trembled on her eyelashes. Without doubt she had

relations, friends, in the Vendean Army, and could not control her great emotion in thinking that the fate which had overwhelmed me, perchance might reach them, for she added: 'Grant, oh Heavenly Father, that, when those who are dear to me are in want of assistance, they also may find a hand to dress their wounds, a heart to commiserate their misfortunes.—Listen to me, poor wounded one,' continued she, 'the good deed which I have begun, must be carried out entirely. I promise to do all I can to save you; your wound, and the fatigues which you have undergone, must deprive you of all hope of rejoining the republican army. Stay in this cottage until my care has restored you to health. Marie de Rochemure pledges her word, that your safety shall be respected.'

"As she pronounced these last words, an air of noble pride replaced the expression of touching pity which her countenance had hitherto borne;—the nobility of her blood was stamped so visibly upon her brow, that I felt myself more and more moved as I thought of the generous cares she had lavished on me. Therefore, when she stretched out her hand to assist me to rise, I respectfully pressed my lips upon it. Leaning upon her arm, I reached an enormous bed which occupied the back of the chamber, and soon a refreshing sleep rendered me oblivious of the disasters of that fatal day.

"At daylight when I opened my eyes, I perceived the soft pretty face of Mlle. de Rochemure at the side of my pillow; she had watched me with the solicitude of a mother. I was trying to collect my stupified ideas, to explain to myself the appearance of this ravishing apparition, when the sound of footsteps outside was heard. I distinguished perfectly the ringing of the muskets which the newcomers trailed on the ground. This noise restored me instantly to all the horror of my situation; my heart was cramped with terrible agony. My fate,—what would it be, if the persons arriving belonged to the Vendean army? If, on the contrary, they were my own comrades, what had I not to fear for my benefactress? The men approached nearer and nearer, the spaniel belonging to Mlle. de Rochemure, which, at the first sounds, had rushed, growling, towards the door, almost immediately became quiet; the sagacity of the dog had taught him to recognize friends. When the door was opened, Mlle. de Rochemure advanced proudly towards the newcomers, telling me to have no fear. They were four in number, armed

with muskets and pistols, each carrying on his breast a heart and cross, the symbol of the Vendean army. He, who appeared the chief, might have been about 50 years of age, but age had not in any way impaired his strength or vigor. A thick greyish beard covered a face which bore the impress of sombre grief. With eyes fixed upon the ground, he respectfully saluted Mlle. de Rochemure, and said to her in a slow and dolorous tone of voice:—‘The Count, your father, and my young lords, your brothers, are well; they request you to pray to God for the triumph of our righteous cause.’

“‘God be praised!’ replied Mlle. de Rochemure with emotion. ‘But you, my good Roger, what evil has befallen you?’

“‘My son Alain is dead,’ said Roger.

“‘Poor Alain! my foster brother,’ replied Mlle. de Rochemure, and large tears fell down her cheeks.

“‘He was wounded yesterday,’ added Roger, ‘and, in order to follow the Count, I had left him in a hut at Servan; to-day when I returned, I found that the Blues (Republican soldiers) had passed through the village during my absence,—the cottage was in flames, and I found only the body of my poor boy, with six balls in his head.’

“Here the Vendean, incapable of mastering his grief, gave himself a violent blow on his forehead, and half smothered sobs rose from his breast. Mlle. de Rochemure threw herself on his neck and embraced him. This scene was heart-rending, yet nevertheless, I say it to my shame, I saw therein nought but new danger to myself. What had I not to fear from the rage of the miserable father? could I hope that the entreaties of Mlle. de Rochemure would soften him? My fears were not without foundation, for the moment Roger perceived me, dressed in my republican uniform, upon the bed, a flash of rage furrowed his countenance; he directed towards me the mouth of his musket, crying:—‘Wretch, thou shalt pay for thy comrades!’ At this threat a cold sweat bathed my face; instinctively I closed my eyes to escape the sight of the approach of death. Mlle. de Rochemure had foreseen my danger, and had thrown herself before my bed.

“‘Roger,’ said she, ‘this is a poor lad, who has never done us any harm, I have succoured him, and taken care of him; it is a good deed, of which I am proud, and for which God will repay our friends.’

“‘The Blue shall die,’ replied Roger, with terrible violence. ‘Roger—my good Roger,’ said Mlle. de Rochemure, ‘mercy!’

mercy ! for this young man,—from you I beg his life, in the name of your son Alain, who loved me so much, whose loss I shall ever regret.’

“‘No, no!’ exclaimed Roger, ‘I must have his blood—all his blood. Retire, Madam!’”

“‘Roger,’ said she, with a most touching accent, ‘do not spill innocent blood, that God may have pity on us;—on my knees, I beg you to spare this poor boy.’”

“‘Never!’ replied Roger. Then, turning towards me,—‘Recommend your soul to God!’ cried he in a terrible voice.

“Roger’s companions surrounded the young girl, and prepared to draw her away,—but she looked at them proudly and said emphatically:—‘My father is the Count de Rochemure, who will dare to put his hand upon me?’ There was so much nobleness in her voice, so much fire in her looks, that the three men stopped spontaneously. ‘What, you hesitate to avenge the death of Alain,’ cried Roger in a fit of sanguinary indignation; the King,—God himself, might be at my feet, begging the life of that wretch, and they would not obtain it from me;’—and he advanced to lead away the young girl; she remained cool and unmoved, and repeated ‘My father is the Count de Rochemure!’ The fascination of her look must have been very powerful, for Roger stood before her without daring to touch her. At this instant, shuddering at the dangers to which this noble creature exposed herself to save my life, I rallied all my strength, left my couch of pain, and stood by her side. ‘Madam,’ said I, in a feeble voice, ‘you have done every thing to save me, pray do not expose your existence in favor of an unfortunate being, who, till his last moment, will bless your goodness. As for you, who thirst for my blood,’ I pursued, addressing myself to Roger, ‘why do you tarry? I am ready.’”

“At this moment there was something noble and courageous in my conduct, of which I am still proud. Fatigue overnight and the blood which I had lost, had given a dead and cadaverous paleness to my countenance, contrasting strongly with the boldness of my language. Roger himself appeared to comprehend the atrocity of the crime which he meditated, for he receded several paces, and lowered his eyes under my looks. ‘Why do you tarry?’ I repeated, ‘Can you have the miserable heart to prolong my agony?’ At this instant a thick cloud covered my eyes,—my strength was unable to bear up under the strong emotions I felt:—fainting, I fell into the arms of Mlle. de Rochemure. I know not what.

then further passed; perhaps a sense of the shame of striking a dying man, and a sentiment of duty had carried away from Roger's heart the thirst for vengeance which had devoured it, for when I opened my eyes, I was lying on the bed;—near me, Mlle. de Rochemure seemed to watch my awakening. 'God be praised!' said she, 'you have nothing more to fear; you are saved.' I was so exhausted by the violent emotions I had experienced, that I could only reply by carrying her hand to my heart.

"Two weeks I remained in the cottage with Mlle. de Rochemure, and her generous attention restored me to health. Soon I recovered my strength. The republican army advanced into the Bocage, and caused the Vendéans to pay dearly for their transient victories. One evening, as night fell, Roger entered the hut. 'The Count, your father, awaits you at the castle,' said he to Mlle. de Rochemure, 'the Blues will be here to-morrow.' She evidently expected these news, for she wrapped herself in a hood of coarse cloth, and, approaching me, said with solemnity: 'I have saved your life,—forget it not! If ever you should meet a poor outlaw, think on Marie de Rochemure, and succour him as she has succoured you.' As she ended these words she gave me her hand, which I sadly raised to my lips, and she then departed; but, on arriving at the door, she stopped for an instant, and gave me one look which went straight to my heart, for I burst into tears and wept like a child. Her spaniel, which had become quite attached to me, placed his head upon my knees to bid me adieu, and soon regained the side of his mistress.

"Next day I rejoined my comrades, and had much trouble to erase the authenticated register of my death, inscribed on the badly-kept muster-roll of the republican army.

"Three months after this episode, I returned to Nantes, then desolated by the cruelties of that monster Carrier. Some time before, the bloodthirsty pro-consul had invented the expeditious system of republican marriages;* one fine calm night in August, I was on guard on a small advanced post, hastily run up on the right bank of the Loire. Whilst, by the light of the moon, I contemplated the waters of the river,

* Carrier caused boats to be made with false bottoms. In each boat from 50 to 70 males and as many females were tied together, each man to a woman. This was called a republican marriage. When the boats were filled with unfortunates, the trap-doors were opened, and all were drowned. These were the celebrated Noyades in the Loire.

where so many unfortunates daily lost their lives, the remembrance of Mlle. de Rochemure was awakened in my heart. What had become of that noble creature? Had she been able to fly from persecution, or had she fallen a victim? Suddenly I was recalled from these painful thoughts by plaintive howlings, which resounded over the strand;—a poor dog ran despairingly along the bank of the river. I called it, and contrary to my expectation, the dog came to me,—he had recognized my voice,—it was the spaniel belonging to Mlle. de Rochemure! An awful spasm went through my heart,—my limbs trembled fearfully,—and my musket, which I had no longer strength to carry, fell to the ground.

“The poor animal, dull and despairing, looked fixedly at me, while large tears filled his eyes. Grief rendered me mad. At the hazard of being shot, I abandoned my post, and followed the spaniel, which walked on in front of me. We arrived at a small tract of sand from which the tide had retired, and there I found the body of Mlle. de Rochemure. Death had respected her dear features;—I fell on my knees by that pure creature, whose image was so deeply graven on my heart, and pressed her icy hand to my lips. Her executioners had neglected to take away from her the little silver cross which she wore round her neck;—I took it with respect, and swore, with tears in my eyes, never to part with it. Afterwards, in order that unhallowed looks might not profane her body, I resolved to give it sepulture. At about 100 paces from the river’s edge grew an old oak;—under its tutelary shade I deposited the body of that good young creature. At the foot of the tree, with the point of my sabre, I dug her a grave which I watered with my tears; then, after having embraced her for the last time, with my hands I covered up her cold remains. Then, that by an external sign the passers-by might know and respect that piece of ground, I made and planted there a little wooden cross. The cross remained till the day when I was able to pay my debt of gratitude, by erecting a tomb to my benefactress.

“Need I add, my friend, that the cross which you see upon my breast, is that of Mlle. de Rochemure.”

During the last part of his narrative, oftentimes, the voice of General A—— had been completely broken, and he had been obliged to hide from my sight the large tears which fell from his eyes. When he had finished his story, lest I might indiscreetly break in upon such sad remembrances, I thanked him for his confidence, and alone returned towards

the house. When I arrived at the park entrance, I was re-joined by General A—— whose face beamed with satisfaction. He clapped me merrily upon the shoulder,—then, drawing forth a magnificent Angora cat, he said joyfully, “ Since that old vagrant of a priest brought us bad luck,— on Sunday he shall eat Mother Chalod’s tom-cat as a rabbit,” and this excellent fellow, happy in his revenge, burst out into a boisterous peal of laughter.

△



WOMAN'S LOVE.

—

A woman’s love! Go—trace it on the sand ;
 And by the spray
 Which next from ocean dashes on the strand,
 ’Twill wash away.

Go!—mark a bubble on the limpid stream
 In yonder grove :—
 It rises,—bursts ;—such is the fitful dream
 Of woman’s love !

Go!—watch the shadows as they swiftly dart
 Along the sea :—
 More changeful than a woman’s fickle heart
 • They cannot be.

A woman’s love! Go—seek the whispering winds,
 Which haste away :—
 Such is a woman’s promised vow which binds
 But for a day.

A woman’s love! Go—view the crowds that fly
 To fortune’s mart :—
 Rather thy hazard set upon their die
 Than woman’s heart.

Go!—mark the rolling clouds which onward speed
 In heaven above,
 And change each fleeting moment ;—such, indeed,
 Is woman’s love !

And yet, a man, through scenes of earthly bliss,
 May daily rove ;
 And still, his life is one vast wilderness
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MARICITA.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

By the Author of "Moonlight."

CHAPTER II.

There is a degree of unpleasantness felt by most persons in being present at family differences, more especially when strangers to the parties at variance. It was, therefore, a relief to Howard, when the two men entered the apartment.—The short but startling expressions he had just heard, fully explained to him how the two younger inmates were situated as regarded each other, and that, of the fair, bright spirit who sat before him, it might be said—

“The seal Love’s dimpling finger hath impress’d
“Denotes how soft that chin, which bears his touch,
“Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
“Bid man be valiant ’ere he merit such;”

whilst her lover, overcome by the few resolute words spoken, yet unable to shake off the natural jealousy of his temper and doggedness of mind, could only darken his brow with a more sullen frown.—Glad of an excuse to withdraw from the scene, Howard arose, and merely allowing the two ingressors sufficient time to offer the night’s salutation, enquired of the official if his companion was the description of person he required, which being answered in the affirmative—he begged they would follow him into the open air.

Having reached a spot, sufficiently distant to be secure from interruption, he dismissed the alcalde’s clerk, and thus accosted the other:—

“Your name?”

“Diego Perez.”

“A native of Madronera?”

“Yes.”

“You are acquainted then with the passes of Miraveti?”

“Does the eagle know its eyrie?”

“Have you often watched there?”

“Ask the foe; there are some who would give much to behold me as near, *but unarmed.*”

“ You are a guerilla then ? ”

“ I believe so,” was the reply; and as he stood with his face turned towards the clear moonlight, Howard observed a scornful smile on his features.

“ Have you encountered any of the enemy of late ? ”

“ Look around, Roman Gordo, if the wolves have fattened,” said Perez, exultingly.

“ You must guide me there to-morrow, if possible; be here at break of day;—but stop, are you mounted well ? ”

“ As a peasant, on his mule.”

“ It will scarcely be swift enough to avoid the foe.”

“ It will take me to the foot of the Sierra,—leave the rest to me.”

“ Enough, it is growing late,—good night ! ” and Howard, highly pleased with his guide’s determined manner and expressions, returned to the farm-house, where, finding all now silent, and a lighted lamp in the room allotted to him, and having been assured by the worthy Gaspar, whilst at supper, that his steed was well housed and would be pro- vided ere break of day for its forthcoming journey, he laid his head composedly upon the pillow, the bright looks of Maricita still dwelling in his imagination as he sank to sleep.

Early on the following morn, Howard was awakened by his host, found a delicious cup of chocolate, already prepared for him,—his horse fed,—the punctual Perez in attendance, and promising old Gaspar, who gave him a warm invitation, to return to Madronera that night, if possible,—set out on his adventure.

Leaving him for the present, journeying on towards the Sierra, we will enter more fully into the history of Maricita and her cousin.

As occurs frequently in foreign countries, they had been betrothed by their parents in childhood, immediately after which the father and mother of Sanchez had died, leaving him, (then a mere boy,) a handsome patrimony, in the extensive farm which adjoined his uncle’s, and which the latter had hitherto managed for his nephew. But, as Ignacio grew up, Gaspar saw with regret, that his disposition was not one likely to render his daughter very happy in their union, so that many misgivings would cross him at times on the subject, and as he was, moreover, a warm patriot at heart, whilst the former had shown but little feeling at the miseries which occurred daily around them, from the rapacity of their invaders,—he

could not help breaking forth in reprehension of any thing which showed that his nephew was callous to their surrounding trials, or dead to those energies, befitting every true Spaniard.

Now, despite his waywardness of character, Ignacio was keenly alive to his cousin Maricita's charms. It is, however, unfortunately the case, that, what is considered as love, is but too often a mere hallucination of that bright spirit. It is its refraction glittering on the vapour above, and not the attribute itself, which the warmth of passion displays to the imagination, just as the sun's rays represent the object falsely on the mirage around it. True love respects, but rarely suspects;—its real gold may always be known from the debased metal which passes for it. Now, Maricita was lovely, and thus it happened, that, like the feeling too often evinced towards too many of her sex in their early attachments, desire, in a great measure, on the part of her admirer, was the alloy which mingled itself there, and took away from the purity of his affection;—hence, a jealousy of disposition, and the fear of rivalry, would mark his conduct, and show itself on the most trivial occasion, evoked even by a glance or smile, such as he had manifested on the preceding evening.

How different was it, with the fair girl herself; she would have loved with all the tenderness of feeling of which the human heart is capable, but it was Ignacio's temper, which produced the cloud that threatened to darken their future destiny.

Such is the perversity of human will, that, even in the commission of an act, although conscience condemns, the stubborn and misguided spirit will too oft take the path which leads to error and wrong. The consequences of this natural failing were now manifested, and when they met on the morning after Howard's departure, the irritated feeling and look of the previous night, had not vanished from the young Spaniard's heart and brow.

But the hours wore on, and when the family met at the midday meal, (always heretofore enjoyed with cheerful faces,) there was an unusual silence and gloom;—was it the foreboding of some calamity? This question Maricita asked herself, as she saw her father and cousin return to the fields, to attend to their farming occupations. She then thought of the coming of Diego Perez, the evening before, whose presence always threw a sudden frown over Ignacio's fea-

tures. They had never been friends, but more especially when Sanchez saw that Maricita's charms had exercised their spell also over the guerilla's heart.

It was several hours later in the day, whilst standing in a small enclosed spot of ground, near the dwelling house, which her own hands had transformed into a garden and adorned with a few flowers, that she was aroused from the melancholy which had come over her, by the sound of a horse's hoofs, when on turning round, she beheld the form of Howard again.

"I scarcely expected your return, especially so soon," said Maricita, with one of her sweetest smiles, as he advanced towards her, after having put up his steed.

"I did not expect it either," he replied, "but my military garb being conspicuous, I determined, after having examined the one mountain pass, and with too tired a steed to proceed at once to the other, to retrace my steps to Madronera for the night, leaving my guide at La Cueva, to gain intelligence by to-morrow, of the enemy's posts,—its position being rather too near for my taking rest, without the risk of being captured, should they hear of my proximity."

"Then, you fear us Spaniards, as hollow friends, who would give notice of your intentions?"

"Oh no, that would be unjust indeed, especially towards the kind ones of Madronera," looking into her sweet face, as he added, "we so seldom find true friends in this world."

"Have you none in your own land?—none who wait to welcome you home?"

"Oh, yes,—there are my father, my mother, and my promised——" but ere he could finish she interrupted him, saying, "Those by whom you are loved," as, looking with mournful tenderness to the ground, she commenced scattering the rose-leaves, one by one, from the flower she held in her hand.

"And have you none, then, who love you?" said Howard, on observing the sadness of that countenance, on which nature had lavished so much loveliness.

"Sometimes I think so;—my poor mother did, but she died!" and Howard saw the tear rush to her downcast lid.

"Come, Maricita, you are sad,—cheer yourself!"

"I have often cause to be so."

"But your good father loves you dearly, I am sure, and, may I add, Ignacio, your cousin....." he paused from adding more, when she replied:

“ I have thought so too, at times, but brighter dreams than we are destined to realize, will cross us, and nobler spirits come before us,” her voice suddenly faltering, “ and we are then but too apt to compare the happy lot reserved for others, to the less fortunate one doomed for ourselves.”

A silence of several minutes followed these words, and as Howard gazed on the fair girl, he could not help thinking, how sensitive was that bosom, what pure tenderness of feeling in one born to her humble station, in whose behaviour, moreover, there was nothing which modesty itself could censure.

She stood with the rose-stalk in her hand,—the last leaf having fallen to the ground,—when, with much emotion, he approached nearer, and, taking her other hand in his, said: “ You are too young to have a sorrow;—do not scatter your hopes to the dust,—like the bright flower which now lies faded at your feet.”

“ There are some,” she said mournfully, “ born to be sorrow’s children.”

“ Sanchez shall hear your praises from me,” he continued, “ and be told not to think suspiciously of one so fair and true.”

“ Ah, you know not Ignacio! I fear that jealousy in men is incurable.”

“ Not in all, I trust, for your sake; but he shall learn your good qualities from my lips, and”

“ Be cautious, Signor, I pray you,” was her quick reply, looking up into Howard’s handsome face, and interrupting him, as she stood with her hand still retained in his,—“ I respect your kind intentions,—it is too much to have expected from a stranger. When you are gone I shall often think of” she would have added *you*, but the last word died on her lip, for at that moment Sanchez suddenly turned the corner of the building, not very many yards from them,—who, it was clear, had observed the position in which they were standing,—and passed on rapidly into the farm-yard.

“ Ignacio!” called out Maricita, but no Ignacio answered, as he as quickly disappeared. “ You see what sort of a pupil you will have,” was expressed by her in a sort of desponding tone.

“ As my sojourn here must be short, the sooner I commence the better;—so, adieu awhile, *carita!* I will follow him on the plea of looking after my good steed, and then accost him.” On saying this, Howard gave her one of his sweetest smiles, and took the direction whither Sanchez had gone.

A deep sigh escaped from Marieita's breast as he left her. Did it arise from an over-susceptibility of her nature?—or was it that woman's heart, ever alive to kindness shewn,—like an Æolian harp,—has its soft chords aroused to feeling by the faintest breath of sympathy, expressed towards her, either in her joys or her sorrows?

Gentle reader, there are beings, who come across us in our path of life, for whom an irresistible interest is awakened, and whether this feeling in us springs from admiration, love, or pity, it seems like the soft air of heaven, which awakens the lyre just alluded to into harmony, so to strike on the heart-strings, and remain in the soul as a key-note to memory, renewing, in after-times, many a bright but bereaved image of former years.

It was evident that Howard had been visited by one of those soft whisperings of fancy, or feeling, which carries a charm along with it. Nevertheless, it behoves truth to state, that no sullyng impurity mingled itself with the waters of the fountain of thought, but that an ingenuous mind, and the love of performing a kind act, stimulated his conduct. Nor must it be supposed, that the heart of Marieita beat with a solicitude less ingenuous towards him. Does nature never produce, from the material world, the ore of the mine, pure of all dross,—or exhale from the flower balm, fragrant with the breath of paradise? Why, then, should the human heart, whose essence is immortality, not be enrayed with motives as stainless, and thoughts as pure? The benign hand of the Almighty has not confined the attributes for good to the powerful, exalted, or wise only, but has implanted in the whole human race, those seeds of a brighter and lovelier existence, such as faith, hope, and charity, which are seen to bud forth in some, and as often, to adorn the hearts of the lowly and the unfortunate, as those endued with more worldly advantages.

As Howard withdrew, Marieita returned to the dwelling, where she had scarcely been more than a quarter of an hour, when Howard re-appeared, looking grave, but more under the expression of a contemplative mood, than that of annoyance, but he aroused himself, saying: “Well, *hermose mia!* you are an excellent prophetess in addition to all your other good qualities;—that lover of yours seems already to fancy I have despoiled him of your heart, for my words, the most facetious and polite, could only draw forth a grumpy

monosyllable. If such is his humour, we will torment him, for his suspicions,—what sayest thou, *carita* ?”

The only reply Maricita gave was a smile and a blush, for the entrance of her father at that moment, gave a turn to the conversation.

Old Gaspar was rejoiced at Howard's re-appearance, making him take his seat again at the outside of the dwelling to recount the adventures of his day's pursuit, and pledge each other in a draught of the last year's vintage, which the fair Hebé of the cottage handed to them,—whilst the shades of evening, under a glorious setting sun, gradually mingled their purple tints with its golden rays, giving the prospect of a lovely morrow, at which the old Spaniard expressed his delight, not only on account of his own rising crops, but at its advantages for the movements of the British troops.

Thus did the evening glide away until the announcement of the accustomed meal, when Sanchez, who had absented himself until then, made his appearance, but under no pleasanter looks than before, and it was as well that the manly disposition and mild temper of Howard gave so light a colouring to the morose manner of the former towards him, but it was evident that he had imbibed an extraordinary notion of some sudden feelings of attractiveness having taken place between Maricita and the young soldier,—whereas in Howard, at least, nothing but a frankness of disposition, and a pleasing gallantry of sentiment existed, which, nevertheless had had the effect of creating that direst of incubi,—jealousy in the Spaniard's breast.

Despite, however, of the one dark cloud on Ignacio's brow, the supper passed off pleasantly. Gaspar talked and joked, not appearing even to notice his nephew's presence. Howard, conversing as he did so fluently in the Spanish language, which, notwithstanding its grandiloquence, can be made so peculiarly fascinating by its soft-sounding and endearing diminutives, gave way to the liveliest sallies of his imagination, and, inspired by his host's pleasantry, paid Maricita the most marked compliments and attention, whilst she, poor girl, in a maze of sentiment, (now acknowledging with bright smiles the handsome Englishman's fascinating qualities, and immediately after glancing at her cousin's sulken, silent countenance,) seemed half bewildered at his egregious folly. But the human heart is a mystery,

or how else could we reconcile ourselves to the thought, that man who is called a reasonable being, should be swayed by so many opposite and inexplicable feelings.

It was now the hour to separate, a parting salutation passed between the worthy host and his guest, the former expressing the hope of another return to his homestead, when Howard turning to the fair maiden, raised her hand to his lips, and with courteous ease and half whispered expressions of never failing remembrance, should he not return, bade her farewell, and immediately withdrew to his apartment, throwing himself, ere undressing, on the bed, to ruminate on the incidents of the day and the strange conduct of Sanchez; and whilst lying there, fell into an unsettled sleep, from which he was suddenly awakened, about half an hour after, by the loud wild shriek of a female voice, and rushing from his chamber, had just time to reach the back hall, and stay the hand of Sanchez, as armed with a knife, it was uplifted, and about to descend on the bosom of Maricita.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

Alexandria—The Harbour—The Town—The People—A Surprise—Pompey's Pillar—Cleopatra's Needles—The Frank Square—The Overland Steamer—The Mahmoudieh Canal—The Return Party—The Nile—Cadets—First View of the Pyramids—Cairo—The Hotel d'Orient—Arrivals from the Desert—Boulak—Donkeys—A Fête—Tombs of the Mamelukes and the Caliphs—Minarets—Pointed Arches—Meheinet Ali's Mosque—The Citadel—The Massacre of the Mameluke Beys—Emin Bey's Leap—Policy of Mehemet Ali—The Obelisk of Heliopolis—The Sacred Sycamore—Up the Nile—Our boat—Life upon the River—Egyptian Sunsets—Salutes—Our party—Egyptian Scenery—Irrigation—The False Pyramid—The Throne of Pharaoh—Benisoef—The Governor—Condition of the People in Egypt—St. George of Bibbeh—Indigo—The Swimming Friars—Gebel e Tayr—Slave Cargoes—Eastern Slavery—Minieh—Christmas-day on the Nile—The Pacha's Factories—Crocodiles—Crocodile Shooting—English Travellers—Earthenware Rafts—Water of the Nile—A Glimpse of Thebes—March of Intellect—Esneh—The Bastinado—The Power of Beer—A kind offer—The Almeh—Sophia—Ombos—Assouan—Elephantine—Philæ—Temple of Isis—Sculptures—A Reader of Hieroglyphies—Scenery at Philæ—Ascending the Cataract—Country above the Cataract—Temples at Kalabshee and Aboo Simbel—The second Cataract.

The sun was struggling to force its way through a sky most determinedly grey and leaden in its hue, as our little craft sailed into the Harbour of Alexandria. Great deeds

have been done upon those waters, where the gigantic war-ships of Mehemet Ali now ride in peace, with the blood-red flag, and the white crescent of the Sultan, floating, as if in mockery, from their masts. Clustering around, lie the merchant ships of England, France, Austria, and America, asserting the supremacy of trade in the nineteenth century. Our rais bustled about as if he were possessed, and shouted his commands to the crew in a most unintelligible jargon. Down came one sail, up flew another: a dirty flag bearing the white cross of Greece, proclaimed our vessel's nationality, and presently we were boarded by a swarthy Egyptian pilot, under whose guardianship we threaded the mazes of the labyrinth of ships, and dropped our anchor within view of the island on which once stood a beacon which has made the name of Pharos proverbial.

Why it was I cannot say, but the association which presented itself most vividly to my mind, as we floated over the waters of the harbour, was that of Julius Cæsar, swimming for his life from his burning ship. If it be true that he held in one hand the only copy of his deathless commentaries, how sacred the waters of the Alexandrian harbour ought to be to all lovers of a noble nature, and of a pure and manly style in literature!

But the clouds had fairly triumphed; and, as I scrambled over the boats and barges at the wharf, the pelting rain soon drove such fancies out of my head. On landing, I was assailed by a large number of young Mahometans, each leading a strapping donkey, upon which he exhorted me to mount. In Cairo and Alexandria these animals perform the duties of cabs and hackney-coaches, and Europeans are seldom to be seen employing any other mode of conveyance. The drivers, too, are to the full as extortionate as the brethren of the craft in London, wrangling lustily for piastres, and when their fare is paid, impudently demanding *backsheesh*, (a present.) On the present occasion, however, I made my way on foot to the Hotel d'Orient, in the Great Frank Square.

I was agreeably surprised by the aspect of the streets of Alexandria. This city being generally the first point touched by Levant travellers, has been most unfavorably described by the majority. The streets as compared with those of London, or Paris, are narrow, no doubt,—for why? there are no omnibuses or cabriolets; but, as compared with those of Constantinople, Smyrna, or other Eastern towns, they are broad. The houses are lofty, and generally white, giving an unusual

aspect of cleanliness; and the crowds of Europeans who pass through the town twice a month, on the arrival of the overland Mail, have given some parts of the town an aspect almost European. I purchased from one James Biggs, an English tailor, a reasonably well-made pair of inexpressibles, which I mention because it is not every man that can boast of having worn Egyptian pantaloons.

All honor to Mehemet Ali! there is no custom house at Alexandria! at least, if there be, it does not trouble the traveller. So I made my way without any vexatious stoppages through streets, so monotonous in their unvariegated length, as to resemble the mazes of a labyrinth, towards the Frank-square. The inhabitants have some peculiarities, not observable in the towns of Palestine or Asia Minor; the ladies expose their faces somewhat more freely, but what is seen does not invite a closer inspection: the universal color of clothing used by both males and females, is a dark blue: one remarkable peculiarity of the men is that they are nearly all maimed; this is said to arise from their disinclination to military service: accordingly some are to be seen without the fore-finger of the right hand, so as to be unable to draw a trigger; many have removed their front teeth, so that they cannot bite a cartridge; and a great number have poisoned their right eye; but these have been caught in their own trap, for the cunning old Pacha has organized a one-eyed corps, who are found to be very effective. This disinclination on the part of the inhabitants to join Mehemet Ali's army, is inexplicable to a passing observer, for the soldiers are certainly the best clothed and to all appearance the most comfortable of the population. But I am told that these enormities are perpetrated by the parents, who would rather keep their children's services for themselves, than give them up to the state.

A pleasant surprize awaited me at the Hotel d'Orient. I had scarcely reached the first landing place, on the staircase, when I was hailed by my friend G.—who pulled me into a room, where I found A.—, discussing a very savory breakfast. A few words explained to me how they had stayed at Smyrna to see an American friend wedded to a Greek damsel—an alliance between the old world and the new—and on arriving at Alexandria about a week past, had determined to stay for the next overland steamer which was now expected daily. I have fallen so much into the traveller's habit of dilating upon my daily meals, which—let

the reader think what he will,—are very pleasant subject for reminiscence, that, on this occasion, I will in mercy suppose the breakfast over and myself at the hotel door prepared to make the most of my time in seeing the sights of Alexandria.

A.—, and G.—, of course came forth to show what they had seen already, and mounted their donkeys as naturally as if they had been born Egyptians. I had nothing for it but to submit, so I mounted a stalwart jackass which, as if determined to prove my affinity to its own nature, made most desperate attempts to deposit me in the middle of the square. I however, managed to keep my balance, and arrived safe at the foot of Pompey's Pillar.

This is a graceful column of the Corinthian order, standing in an isolated position on an eminence, and itself (including the pedestal and capital) nearly 100 feet in height. The shaft is of red granite, hard as iron: the pedestal, if I remember rightly, of sandstone. Whether the column ever belonged to any building, or what was its original purpose appears doubtful: Sir Gardner Wilkinson believes that it supported a statue, and this is perhaps the most probable hypothesis, as its dimensions are much larger than those ordinarily found in Greek buildings. "Pompey's Pillar" is a misnomer, for Wilkinson, who was born to unravel Egyptian riddles, has succeeded in deciphering the Greek inscription at its base, by which it appears that it was reared by Publius, prefect of Egypt, in honor of Diocletian. The antiquarian pathetically laments the difficulty which he experienced in making out the well-worn Greek characters, in consequence of the prevalent practice of painting or engraving the names of visitors over the face of the inscription: I can bear testimony to the truth of this complaint: "THOMAS JOHNSON OF SUNDERLAND," painted in letters a foot long, was the only inscription I was able to decipher.

We next visited Cleopatra's Needles, with which, by the bye, it is now well ascertained, that Cleopatra had nothing whatever to do. These are two obelisks, one standing, the other prostrate on the earth. They are both of granite, and covered with sculptures, telling, no doubt, some strange story in language, till lately not understood at all by us moderns, and now but very doubtfully and imperfectly interpreted by the laborious investigation of lives of study. Yet they do teach a lesson, which "he who runs may read." They tell of a mighty nation passed away: of a powerful people

blotted from the earth: of monarchs once great and illustrious, whose very names are now forgotten. Truly, the fallen obelisk is an emblem of ancient Egypt.

I walked along the face of the prostrate obelisk measuring it in paces, to the best of my recollection the number was about 25. The extent of each side is more than 6 feet at the base, for standing by the side now perpendicular to the ground, I could not reach its upper edge with my hand. The base therefore, I suppose, was about 7 or 8 feet square, and it tapers upwards to a height of about 70 feet, where it may be about 2 feet square. From this to the summit, it is in the form of a pyramid, converging very abruptly to a point.

“Pompey’s Pillar” and “Cleopatra’s Needles,” are the only antiquities worth visiting in Alexandria, and having seen these I returned to the hotel. I should not forget to mention that the miserable mud huts, occupied by the lowest classes of the inhabitants, which lie around these monuments, made me somewhat doubt the justice of my first favorable impressions of Alexandria.

All that afternoon and all the next day I spent in looking out from the balcony of the hotel at the motley groups of the people of all nations in the Frank square. This great square, which would not be contemptible in any city in Europe, is almost entirely formed by the residences of the Consuls, whose national flags float over their dwellings: it serves for a general promenade, an exchange, and a market-place, and the tableaux presented are sufficiently amusing,—so, at least, I found them,—to while away an idle afternoon. I was sitting admiring the pertinacity with which an uncouth donkey-boy was wrangling with G——— for an extra piastre, when a waiter rushed rapidly to the balcony, to inform me that the steamer was in sight. This is the great event in Alexandria, and its importance soon became manifest, by the bustle which it caused in the hotel. The landlord made his first appearance to prefer a humble request that we would consent to give up two of our rooms, and pass the night in one,—a suggestion upon which we politely declined to act. The waiters multiplied more rapidly than Falstaff’s men in buckram;—the table in the *salle-a-manger* extended itself supernaturally from 6 to 30 yards in length;—the smoke of the chimney blackened the sky;—confusion reigned supreme! Scarcely was the table spread, when lo! the Philistines were upon us. In a few minutes every

corner in the house was engaged for sleeping-room. From the calls for dinner one would have supposed, that the P. & O. Company were niggards in their diet, which I know to be anything but the fact; but the Israelites of old never hungered so after the flesh-pots of Egypt, as did these voracious Indians. All classes had their representatives; there were the pale hypochondriac major; the burly civilian; the money lending merchant; the flaxen-haired cadet; the moustached captain; the spectacled chaplain; the worn-out debauchee; the highbrowed diplomatist; and then the ladies—the mothers of families, and the would-be-wives, and then the children, confound them! Babel let loose could not have surpassed the clatter.

“Now then; now then, let’s have some dinner!” “God bless my soul! where’s my carpet bag?” “I thay, Joneth, I can’t get a bed, can you?” “Upon my word, this is shameful—where’s the agent?” “Oh, captain Spriggs, have you seen my Freddy?” “Do you notice these water coolers? Porous do you see?” “Dear me! how very remarkable;” “My goodness! who’s that old man with the red cap and beard, and spectacles; well I never!” “G—d d—n you, waiter, can’t you speak English?” “Here, Amelia, you can talk French, ask for claret.” “*Une bouteille de Bordeaux —le meilleur que vous avez.*” “Ah, there is one of my dear old friends, the musquitoes,—I missed him though.” “Oh, Major Wilks, is that a musquito?—I thought they were like bees.” I wonder if we shall have time to see the Pyramids.” “I wish that horrid old man wouldn’t smoke.” “Have you got your ticket for the steamer?” “What time do we start to-morrow morning!” “Fancy, riding donkeys.—what an infernal place!” “I say, how many piastres make a rupee?” “Ah, here comes dinner, hurrah!” “I’ll trouble you for some pig.” “Waiter, bring me some beer,—*de la biere*, d—n you!” “I think I shall sleep in the steamer.” “Pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Miss Figgins?” “Thank you, I’ll take beer to your wine.”

This will give the reader a very faint idea of the clatter which filled up the time between five o’clock and bed-time. A similar row occurred the next morning, but now the subjects were more nearly identical:—“What! a pound for a bed!” “You, rascal! seventeen shillings for such a dinner as that?” and so on. We had wisely settled our account over night; our baggage had been transported to the canal; we mounted our donkeys, and were the first to embark. Accordingly,

we obtained the best places, deposited ourselves in a little cabin in the steam-tug, capable of accommodating six comfortably; the other poor wretches were crowded in a barge, which we pulled merrily along the Mahmoudieh Canal.

We were soon out of sight of Alexandria;—the last object visible was Pompey's Pillar,—and very elegantly it looked, standing out in all its graceful proportions against the clear blue sky. I had borrowed a late English paper from a fat good-natured old Indian, so I was very happy, smoking, reading, eating, and drinking all day,—what more could a man wish for? At about noon we passed a similar convoy, who were on their way from India to England. A thundering cheer—thoroughly English—conveyed to each party the good wishes of the other, and recalled to each the remembrance of the happy English home, to which one was hastening, and which the other had left for many a long day. It was already dark, and we were comfortably dozing in our little cabin, when we suddenly stopped at Atfeh, where the Mahmoudieh canal joins the Nile.

I should quite despair of giving any adequate description of the confusion which now ensued. All the baggage, human and material, had to be transferred from the canal-boat to the river-steamer,—and this in the dark. We left our own arrangements to Emanuel, and proceeded on board the steamer. The transfer occupied, I suppose, about three hours, and the din was such as I can scarcely call to mind at this distance of time, without danger of head-ache. When every thing had been stowed on board the steamer, and we were ready to start, coffee and bread were served out to allay the clamor, and, finding the crowded cabin intolerable, I rolled myself up in my capote on deck, and slept among the baggage, which was so piled up about me, as sorely to endanger my luckless carcass. On the morrow I awoke,—and looked forth upon the Nile.

Here the river is broad and majestic, and I can fancy that it would strike one with a kind of awe, if so beheld for the first time, amid stillness and solitude. But in the midst of a ship-load of cadets, that was out of the question. These young gentlemen amused themselves during our river voyage by pelting the boatmen with oranges, eggs, &c. a compliment which was vigorously returned with coals; and this retribution I should not have regretted, if it had only annoyed the cadets, but, unfortunately, it was fully as unpleasant to the more sober passengers.

In the afternoon we caught the first view of the pyramids, faint and indistinct at first, but gradually disclosing their gigantic proportions, as we approached Cairo: Strange as it may seem, the immensity of these stupendous buildings detracts from their effect. One cannot realize the idea that they are the work of men's hands: they look like hills. The greatest of the works of man are so gigantic, as to resemble the smallest of the works of nature.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Cairo, and were soon comfortably housed in the Hotel d'Orient,—a perfect palace, not surpassed for comfort or accommodation by the hotels of any country in Europe. It is built of white stone, and looks out upon the public garden or pleasure ground, the airiest spot in the city; the bedrooms are large and pleasantly furnished; the *salle-a-manger* is a splendid room, and the *table d'hote* affords as good a dinner as the most incorrigible epicure need desire. Twice a month the arrival of the steamers at Suez and Alexandria, fills the hotel to overflowing, and the liberal pay of the Indians, who are considered fair game all over the world, enables the landlord to support a splendid establishment. It was, as I have already explained, at one of these periods, that we took up our abode there, and the house was presently crowded. The arrivals from Suez were not over, and it was amusing to see the querulous travellers stretching themselves as they emerged from the wooden sentry-boxes in which they had been transported across the desert. From their account, the accommodation on the transit must be exceedingly defective, and there can be no doubt, that this is the great inconvenience of the overland route.

In the course of the following day, however, all were gone, some to Alexandria, some to Suez: and we were left almost undisturbed tenants of the great hotel. Our first care was to secure a boat for our Nile journey, and, having mounted upon three powerful donkeys, we rode to Boulak, (the port of Cairo,—the city itself being situated about two miles from the river,) and inspected the fleet, and after a time succeeded in obtaining a boat suited for our purpose. The road from Cairo to Boulak is pleasantly shaded by sycamores, and we generally rode there once a day at least, to observe the progress of the preparations, which was not very rapid. The boat was sunk for three days, to expel the rats,—this process being always necessary,—and afterwards painted all over.—Then our furniture, provisions, and kitchen utensils had to be laid in for the voyage.

Meantime we were employed in scampering about Cairo, on the backs of our donkeys, walking being a thing unheard of. This method of progression has its disadvantages. The steering being effected by the driver, and the streets being very narrow, one is not always prepared for a sharp turn.— I was, one day, suddenly deposited in a cobbler's stall, much to the discomfiture of its owner, whose nargille was overturned in the encounter.

The city itself is extensive and interesting, though there are not so many distinct objects which one can call to mind as at Constantinople. The bazaars are less amusing, but there are more European buildings, and a greater appearance of mercantile enterprize. Those streets, however, which are thoroughly oriental, are even narrower than those of the Turkish capital, and it would be easy to step across the street from the projecting windows of the second story.

At the time of our visit, Cairo was very crowded, in consequence of the preparations for the marriage of the Pacha's favorite daughter, which was to be solemnized in a style of unusual magnificence. The ceremony itself took place after our departure, but the preparations were in a state of forwardness, and in every part of the city might be seen stages for the erection of illuminations, triumphal arches, and all the paraphernalia of European rejoicing. A troupe of Italian singers had been imported by the Pacha, and the streets were crowded with every variety of mountebanks.

We would occasionally escape from this tumult by a ride beyond the walls of the city. Around is one vast necropolis, consisting of the tombs of the Mamelukes, the Mameluke Kings, and the Caliphs. These are very picturesque, being almost all of Saracenic architecture, with domes and minarets. Some of them contain some brilliant stained glass, and the decorations of all have evidently been very profuse: but they are now little noticed, except by a passing traveller, and are rapidly falling to decay.

The Mosques of Cairo have no distinctive peculiarities, except the minarets, which are more ornate but less chaste and elegant than those met with in Turkey: the Egyptian minarets are generally surmounted by a small dome, with light and intricate fretwork. The curious in these matters have also discovered in one of the mosques at Cairo, the oldest known pointed arches, more than 300 years earlier than any in England; this discovery, which leaves little doubt that the pointed style of architecture was of Saracenic origin, has

greatly discomfited the Antiquarians, who so strongly believed it to be a purely Christian invention, that they have dignified it with the title of "the Christian style."

The mosques in all Moslem countries commonly bear the names of their founders, and Mchemet Ali is seeking for this kind of immortality by the erection of a splendid building in the citadel. It is not nearly completed, but enough is built to shew the magnificence of the design, of which some idea may be formed from the fact, that the only material used is alabaster. The corridor surrounding the court, is, I believe, complete, and a great number of labourers were at work on the building when I saw it. Immediately adjoining are the Pacha's palace and harem. The new mosque, which the Pacha is understood to be very anxious to have completed during his lifetime, occupies a very large proportion of the area of the citadel, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country, including the pyramids of Geezeh and Sakkara, and the entire city. The platform is encumbered by the remains of some enormous granite columns belonging to an ancient structure which formerly occupied the site of Mchemet Ali's mosque.

The citadel of Cairo was the scene of one of the bloodiest acts recorded in the blood-stained history of Egypt—the slaughter of the Mameluke Beys. From the period of the conquest of Egypt, by Sultan Selim, in 1517, to the date of Mehemet Ali's appointment to the pachalik in 1806, Cairo was the scene of perpetual intrigue for the supreme power, the Mameluke Beys perpetually plotting against one another, uniting sometimes against a common enemy, but more frequently vying with one another in proposing alliances with foreigners, for the purpose of advancing their private interests.

Whoever was uppermost, whether Turk or Mameluke, was always the object of a complication of conspiracies, and it is not wonderful that the remarkable man who raised himself to power by his own influence over the most lawless soldiery in the world, in opposition to the Porte and the Mamelukes alike, became the object of double animosity. Plot succeeded plot, —open threats and hidden treachery were tried in turn,—but in vain. The Sultan was defied with the utmost outward deference, and the Beys overawed by the ferocious Arnaouts. But after many unsuccessful attempts to overthrow this sagacious adversary, one was determined on which, it was thought, could not fail of success. The Pacha was desired by the

Porte to undertake the deliverance of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, from the hands of the Wahabees, who had obtained possession of them, to the great offence of all orthodox Moslems. Mehemet Ali, who had hitherto maintained an appearance of the most implicit obedience, was not slow to perceive the additional strength which his power in Egypt would obtain by these sacred exploits:—but he was placed in this dilemma—he must either lead his army against the Wahabees, and thus leave the city to the mercy of the Beys, or send his army under some other leader, and so remain himself in their hands. But the moment of his greatest danger was the moment of his greatest success. He at once announced that he would undertake the enterprize, and summoned all the leading men of Cairo, including, of course, the Mameluke Beys, to partake of a festival, on the occasion of his son's taking command of the army, it being his own determination, to remain in charge of the government of Egypt.

The Mamelukes now considered their game as won, but when the festival was concluded and the Beys had mounted their horses to leave the citadel, they found themselves prisoners within its walls. At the same moment a volley was poured upon them from every window in the palace: they rushed helplessly about, but there were no means of egress; 440 Mamelukes, it is said, entered the citadel that morning: 439 perished. One, Emin Bey by name, seeing the inevitable destruction that awaited him, forced his charger at the wall of the fortress, and by a miracle, escaped. The site of this wonderful leap is now shown in the citadel, but it appears incredible: it is stated, that a great heap of rubbish, since removed, had been collected on the outside of the wall, and saved the life of the venturesome rider, whose leap, thus recorded as a matter of authentic history, throws Harry Lorrequer's imaginary achievements into the shade.

It would be vain indeed at this time of day, and in a work like the present, to discuss how far this act of wholesale massacre was justified by the great principle of self preservation: but it is only just to allow, that as Mehemet Ali's own death could only be averted by the destruction of the Mamelukes, his act should not be judged as harshly, as if his power only, and not his existence had been at stake. It is said, that to this day, the Pacha converses freely on the subject, alleging that it was a game for life and power, between himself and the Beys, and that he was the winner: it is at least certain that, however we may judge the act, its consequences have

been most beneficial to Egypt. The experience of centuries had proved the co-existence of order, and the Mamelukes, to be impossible: since their destruction the industrial resources of Egypt have been developed, and there is not, at this moment, a more orderly country in the world. All this has been effected by the energies of one man, who, but for the policy of England, would have worked the same benefits for Syria also, and perhaps for Turkey. And if his rule be sometimes stained by acts of despotism and arbitrary power, we should remember that, though the most enlightened man of his nation, he is still a Turk, and it becomes us rather to admire his greatness, than to carp maliciously at his faults.

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There is a difference between the manner in which the ancient monuments of Greece and Egypt affect the mind. Almost every one of the former recalls some great achievements of former days on which, in our own boyish years, we have dwelt with enthusiastic delight. But the monuments of Egypt charm by their immensity and magnificence only: but for them the little we do know of the ancient history of Egypt would be unrevealed: but for them we should be ignorant that before the days from which we are accustomed to date the commencement of history, there existed a great nation in some respects, scarcely inferior in civilization to ourselves. These thoughts were forcibly recalled to my mind by a scene, a few miles from Cairo. There, in the midst of a grove of orange trees, stands the sole memorial of one of the greatest cities of old Egypt,—the obelisk of Heliopolis. This monument is referred by the readers of hieroglyphics to two centuries before the age of Moses, and it stands at this day, unworn by time, the sculptures as clear and well defined as if cut yesterday: they are about an inch deep, and those on one side were at the time I saw the obelisk filled with honeycombs. The stone itself which is raised upon pedestals about 6 feet high is nearly 63 feet in height, and 6 feet square at the base: the weight, and the mechanical power required to raise it may be imagined, and this massive monument, which was only a subordinate ornament of the great temple of the sun, was reared more than 1700 years before the commencement of our era. Like all the other obelisks it is covered from top to bottom with hieroglyphics the written language of the Egyptians, nearly 200 years before the introduction of letters into Greece by Cadmus.

On our return from Heliopolis, we visited the sacred sycamore, under which the holy family are said to have rested on their flight from Herod into Egypt. It is a venerable old tree, certainly, but the most wonderful circumstance connected with it is, that any portion of it remains, so much has been cut away by the Smiths and Jones, and other aristocratic voyagers, who have taken this method of recording their visits to the spot.

All these wonders, the preparation of our boat afforded us ample time to see, but at length all was ready, and, one sunny morning, we embarked in the *Bluebelle* at Boulak. I cannot recall without a sigh the pleasures of that floating home. I believe the two months which I spent in it were among the happiest of my life, and the reader will, I trust, excuse my egotism if I venture to describe the scene of such exquisite tranquility. Our boat was about 45 feet in length and 10 in breadth. One third of the length from the stern was occupied by a little wooden house, which was divided into three compartments. The stern-most room was only about three feet in height, the floor being raised. Next came a little apartment for toilet purposes, and then the state cabin about 10 feet square, with a divan, or sofa, on each side serving for a bed at night, and just room for a table in the middle; in front of this was an open gallery also accommodated with divans: the rest of the boat belonged to the crew with the exception of a *caboos*, or raised kitchen, where Giorgio pursued his avocations. In this contracted dwelling we floated happily up the river: and in the midst of such perfect tranquility, with pleasant society, perfect rest, plentiful store of provisions, chibouques and pure Latakia, *toombak* for nagilhes, and a stock of havannahs by way of variety, a select library, (chiefly on Egyptian antiquities, &c.); guns, and plenty of pigeons when we chose to take a stroll on the banks, good health and good tempers,—what could man wish more? When the wind was fair, we spread our sails, and floated merrily before it: when it was against us, our Arab crew towed us along: we rose early and with good appetites, eat, drank, smoked, laughed, talked, and sometimes, of an evening, played dummy. When the wind was against us, we moored the boat at sun-set. And such sun-sets! sometimes he would go down like a great globe of solid fire in the midst of a dark grey sky: sometimes he would bathe the whole heaven in liquid lights. Then, when it was dark, our crew would light a great fire on the banks, and having dia-

cussed their meal of raw onions or indian corn, stalks, dirt and all, would sing unintelligible Arab songs, their black faces shining, the while, in the ruddy flame. Sometimes a sudden jolt would announce to us that our boat was aground on one of the numerous shallows: out then leaped the crew and applied their shoulders to the keel, and with a merry shout pushed us forward again, and laughed as if the misadventure were an excellent joke. Then the looking out for other boats was a never-ending source of excitement, and our guns were always ready loaded to salute the national flags: (we sailed under American colors.) If, by chance, at night, we moored alongside of another boat, we would pay or receive a visit, compare notes, and canvass our future plans.

The system which we determined to adopt was to proceed, without pausing more than we could help, to the second cataract, reserving all objects of interest for our return. Our party consisted of our three selves,—Emanuel, our major-domo and general superintendent,—Todoree, our valet and guide,—Giorgio the cook,—the rais, a venerable old man in a blue shirt, a white beard, and a green turban, (for he was a *shereef*, or descendant of the prophet)—an imperturbable pilot who sat eternally on the top of the little wooden house, handling a gigantic rudder with one hand, and a small chibouque with the other,—two boys,—a fair average of rats, —and fleas innumerable,—these last being the only tormentors to remind us that we were not in Elyseum.

Such was our party, and such our dwelling; and thus we glided along, gazing at the mighty mountains on either side, the mud villages, the groves of date trees, the desert, and the luxuriant crops on the cultivated ground. Whenever the latter was met, we noticed the contrivances for irrigation at frequent intervals. Sometimes a bullock turning a huge horizontal wheel, which turned another at right angles to it, supplied with vessels, which, at each revolution, were filled with water, which they deposited in a cistern, from which it was conducted by small canals over the country for more than a mile inland; more frequently the same effect is produced by human labor; a horizontal beam raised on two upright poles, supports in its turn, a long transverse rod, (generally the stem of a young palm tree,) at one end of which is a mass of clay, for a weight, and at the other, suspended by a rope, a bucket of wicker work and palm-leaves. The fellah (or laborer) stands upon a platform, and sending the bucket into the water, so as to fill it by a dex-

terous turn, the weight raises it, and its contents are emptied into a cistern, from which they are conducted over the land by canals as before explained. When the banks are lofty, this process is repeated, one bucket descending into the cistern filled by the lower one, and I have seen as many as three at work to raise the water from the river to the bank at one place. This work is very laborious, and the workmen, studying comfort more than decency, are often to be seen in a state of perfect nudity.

Were I to attempt a detailed description of the various objects which engaged our attention as we passed up the stream, I should produce a narrative more tedious than interesting. Suffice it, then, that we passed within view of the enormous Pyramids, those of Geezeh, Abooseer, Sakkara, and Dashoor, appearing and vanishing in succession. By the side of "the false Pyramid," a stunted structure which appears never to have been completed, Todoree pointed out to me a large blue-looking rock, which he called the "Throne of Pharaoh:" but I do not find the name in any of the guide-books, so I presume that the tradition is the exclusive property of the worshipful company of dragomans.

At Benisoef, the first town where we stopped to take in provisions, our boat was honored with a visit from the governor, a stout, jolly-looking Turk, who conversed with us through the interpretation of Emanuel, smoked, and drank coffee, but steadfastly refused brandy. Conversations carried on through an interpreter must always be rather unsatisfactory, and Mr. Kinglake has so justly ridiculed the accounts which modern travellers are apt to give of their conferences with "enlightened Turks," that I am not tempted to relate my imperfect talk. The point on which the old fellow appeared to feel the greatest interest, was the European reputation of Mehemet Ali, and he appeared delighted at the enthusiastic tone, which we, I think honestly, assumed. He was, himself, evidently, a worshipper of the Pacha, who was thus proved to possess one of the characteristics of a great man—the power of attaching dependents.

We walked through Benisoef and found it, like all the Nile towns, to possess, in an inferior degree, all the characteristics of an Eastern city—small mosques with stunted minarets, miniature bazaars, baths, and a palace. The people appeared in good ease, contented and happy; and I may say here, that, so far as a passing traveller's observation goes, I never observed any of those marks of general depression or

discontent, which it is customary to represent as the prevailing feelings of the people of Egypt. With the exception of a great disinclination to military service, which is explained at once by the natural indolence of Orientals,—the Pacha's army being drilled and reviewed as regularly as an English regiment.—I saw no instance of opposition to the government.

At Bibbeh, a little further up the river, is a Copt convent, remarkable for a rude sculptured representation of our English champion St. George, slaughtering the dragon, as related in that pleasant old book, "the History of the Seven Champions of Christendom." One almost feels as if the old history were as veracious as it professes to be, while looking on this monument, preserved in the very country, where the knightly saint "rescued Sabra, the King's daughter, from death."

Walking on the banks one afternoon, about this part of the river, I noticed the natives engaged in the preparation of Indigo. The process is very primitive:—small pits are dug in the earth, and the plant is bruised with rods; the whole mass of broken leaves is then taken from the pit, and the juice is squeezed into an earthen vessel. The loss is, of course, very considerable.

The day after leaving Benisooef, we passed another Copt convent, remarkable for the mendicancy of its inmates, who swim an almost incredible distance after the boats, clamouring for *backsheesh*. They are, however, easily satisfied, and a few empty bottles thrown to them into the water, sent them away in high good humor. I should tremble for my character for veracity, were I to state, how long these poor wretches remained in the water, in pursuit of this empty reward.

On the same day we passed Gebel e Tayr, "the mountain of the birds," about which some wonderful stories are told and believed by the Arabs. It is stated, that all the birds of Africa hold an annual meeting on this mountain, and elect one of their number to remain on guard there till the next anniversary. The Arabs never pass this spot without throwing some bread into the water, to propitiate the genius of the place. The mountain, no doubt, really derives its name from the immense number of large birds which are always to be seen wheeling round its summit.

In this part of the river we passed several cargoes of slaves, proceeding from Ethiopia and Nubia to the market at Cairo. It is in this period of transition that Eastern slavery partakes of

the horrors of its name-sake in the west. Once domesticated in a house, in one of the cities or towns, the slave becomes a member of the family, and is treated as such. Nearly all the Mameluke Beys were originally slaves, and the present Pacha of the Dardanelles is an enfranchised slave of the late Sultan. Indeed, nothing can be more erroneous than to suppose, that the slaves in oriental countries are subject to those indignities and hardships, which our ideas connect with the name. But the avarice of the slave-dealers who import them from the interior, cause them the most cruel sufferings during the journey. Immense numbers of them perish in the desert, from not being provided with a sufficiency of water, and they are packed so closely in the boats on the Nile, that the sight is truly disgusting, and it is expedient to keep to the windward side of them. In the slave-market at Cairo they appear happy enough, sitting on blankets in the sun, chattering together, and displaying their ivory teeth beneath their ebony lips. In one of the boats I speak of, a huge baboon was elevated above the human merchandize, and here the link between humanity and the brute creation appeared complete.

A pleasanter sight awaited us at Minieh,—an English flag floating from the stern of a boat, moored against the banks. In strolling through the town, we met the inmates, one of whom, singularly enough, proved to be a college acquaintance of mine. It was Christmas-day, and we resolved to “make a night of it.” The word was passed to our respective dragoonians, to combine their forces, and at 6 o’clock we sat down to a sumptuous repast, on board the English boat, being the more spacious of the two. The junction having been an impromptu affair, there was some little sameness in the viands; for instance, there were two turkeys, and two plum puddings: there was moreover a *maionnaise* in which Giorgio was great, and an ommelette produced in the shell of an ostrich egg, a happy effort of the rival artist. Our store of choice wines was produced on the occasion, and claret, champagne and sherry flowed freely, but our friends had the great treasure,—a cask of London porter! and within a few days sail of Thebes, I imbibed a deep draught of Barclay and Co’s entire, out of a pewter pot!—a draught which would have melted the stony heart of Memnon, and induced him to sing on a cloudy morning!

Topics of conversation were not wanting you may suppose. There were our past experiences, and our future

plans.—What thought we of Bassæ, Olympia, and the Troad?—Did we have our fortunes told by the Wizard at Cairo?—Were we going to the first or second cataract?—Should we explore the tombs of the Pharaohs together?—and so on. And then we would talk of home. Did we mean to write books?—Did we think any body would read them? Presently we became more social, and drank toasts, and some of the party sang songs, and we expressed an intention of not going home till morning, and we made the boatmen drink raw brandy, which they agreed with us in thinking a capital joke: and then we took to spouting Shakspeare, quoting Herodotus, and canvassing the doctrines of Confucius, and so, with blessings on “the fine Egyptian cookery,” which charmed Mark Antony of old, we rolled off somehow to bed.

Next day we parted from our friends, who paused to examine the grottos of Beni Hassan, and the rest of the day I spent reclined under the awning of our boat, smoking a nargilhe and wishing for sodawater.

Hereabouts we passed some Manchester-looking buildings, being rum, sugar, and cotton factories, established by the Pacha. The sugar-cane and cotton-plant grow in this part of the valley of the Nile in large quantities, and Indian corn is also very abundant. I did not see any of the “manufacturing population”; but there are many laborers in England worse off and less contented than the fellahs or agricultural population of Egypt.

Shortly after passing Minieh, we fell in with crocodiles for the first time. Our excitement at the moment was so great, that, had I been asked for a description of the animal immediately afterwards, I had noted him so little, that I must have answered after the manner of Antony:—

Lep. What manner of thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just as high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it, and, the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What color is it of?

Ant. Of its own color too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent!

Soon as the cry of *Timseach* sounded from the boatmen, each of us seized his gun, which was ready loaded with ball, and fired at a sandbank in the middle of the river. A great clumsy slate-colored animal jumped into the water, and we saw no more of him.

After this, however, we saw them frequently and examined them more coolly. The largest I saw was, I should think, about 10 feet in length. They are constantly to be seen basking in the sun upon the sandbanks in the stream, and sometimes, but less frequently, on the banks of the river. They are very timid, and the report of a gun always hurries them into the water. We constantly fired at them, but if we ever hit them, which is, at best, doubtful, our bullets never pierced their coats of mail, and I do not know of any instance on record of the animal being so slaughtered. The veracious author of "The Crescent and the Cross," Mr. Eliot Warburton, does indeed assert that he saw blood upon the water, after shooting at a crocodile:—but he is a writer, who has most liberally interpreted the maxim that

Travellers ne'er do lie,
Though fools, at home, condemn them.

Thus, day after day, we floated on in a pleasant dreamy monotony, past the tapering minarets of Ossioot, the mud-built palaces of Girceh, and the mighty temples of Dendera, of which latter place I preserve an agreeable recollection, because here we had the pleasure of bearing across the river, in our boat, to Kene, a beautiful English lady and her husband, whose boat had crossed the river while they were busy inspecting the temple: and it was so pleasant to be restored for a moment to that feeling of civilization, which is inseparable from the presence of an English lady, and to look on a fair English face, after our eyes had been so long accustomed to the "filthy hags" of the valley of the Nile.

At Kene, opposite Dendera, are made the porous water-jars which are used throughout Egypt. These are connected by bands of straw and formed into rafts, and thus they float down the river. We passed many of these earthenware rafts, and over some of them hovered large swarms of bees, which had harboured, like the forty thieves, in the jars. This mode of transport is ingenious, easy, and effectual.

Apropos, of water-bottles, it is strange, that I should have got thus far on my way and omitted to mention the water of the Nile. This is very thick, almost muddy, when taken from the river, though it is, in this state, perfectly good; but it requires to pass through a filter to give it the appearance of purity. I don't pretend to be much of a judge, but there can be no doubt that it is delicious water.

Acting on our resolution of leaving all the antiquities for our return, we made no stay at Thebes: but it was scarcely

possible to pass this mighty city of ruins without taking one look at its wonders; so, as there was no wind, G—— and I, disembarked and proceeded to take a peep. No sooner had we set foot on the left bank, than we were assailed by a crowd of boys and donkeys. And I could not but laugh at the cries which here, more than 300 miles up the Nile, testified to the wandering spirit of our nation. “Good donkey master;” “try this master;” “no take his—bad donkey—tumble-down donkey master,” and so on. At length we chose two, and hastened over the plain, but we had only just come in sight of the two majestic statues, which sit in eternal state before the temple of Memnon, when a gentle breeze sprang up, and we felt bound to return to the boat.

As it was, A—— chided at our delay, but we soothed him with an account of the gigantic statues, and the wind continuing, we proceeded rapidly to Esneh, a place which I recollect well, in connection with an incident which occurred on our return, and which, as I shall devote my next chapter to the antiquities, which occupied our attention during the downward voyage, I will pause here to describe. It is customary for voyagers on the Nile, to agree with the rais for a certain sum as wages for himself and crew, half of which is to be paid on the termination of the upward voyage, and half on the return to Cairo. The men, after receiving the first half of their stipend, always become abominably idle, and travellers constantly experience the greatest difficulty in forcing them to perform their work on this part of the journey. Our case was no exception to the general rule; however, by dint of bribes, promises, and threats, we managed to get as far as Esneh, but here the crew became absolutely mutinous, and, on mooring at this place, we were forced to send Emanuel with a message to request the interposition of the local Governor—these functionaries being strictly enjoined to render every assistance to travellers. A pompous old gentleman, with a white beard and a turban of portentous weight,—the Governor himself,—accordingly appeared, and, having been accommodated with a chibouque and coffee, opened the court. Emanuel stated our charge against the men, the rais was summoned and questioned, and the case was decided with a rapidity which would have astonished the Common Sergeant, who transports a man for 7 years in as many minutes. Indeed we were not aware that the affair was settled, until we heard loud cries from the bank, and looking out saw our venerable rais prostrated on

the ground, with a swarthy Arab seated on his back, his feet raised in the air, and two other Arabs administering correction on the soles thereof, with thick bamboo canes. Now, as our complaint was against the men, and not against the rais, who was a very respectable old fellow, we, of course, at once, interfered and rescued him: but I shall not easily forget the contemptuous astonishment which our visitor displayed at this to him inexplicable clemency. To put him in good humour, we produced wine and brandy, but he would not taste a drop. We then tried him with beer, and this he enjoyed mightily. He quaffed two tumblers to our great amusement, and liked them so much that we asked him to accept a couple of bottles, which he did with great satisfaction. He departed, followed by an attendant, with a bottle under each arm, and, before we sailed again, sent a messenger to request a few bottles *for his women*.

The facility with which the Turks administer the correction of the bastinado, is most remarkable. I have given one instance, and may here introduce another, equally singular.—A gentleman, whom I met at Constantinople, told me, that, when at Cairo, having been provided with letters of introduction to the Pacha, he was treated with great civility;—among other things, he had some curiosity to witness the infliction of punishment by the bastinado, and, one day, asked an officer who was accompanying him about Cairo, if there were any men about to undergo this punishment. His companion answered in the negative; but, correcting himself, immediately added—“Oh, but if you wish to see it, it can be easily arranged!”

Esneh is remarkable as the residence of the Almei, or dancing girls, who were expelled from Cairo, in compliance with the objections of the Ulemas. We visited Sophia, the chief of this tribe. She is a magnificent woman, with a fortune in gold coins on her head, a face like Juno, and a dress like the Queen of Diamonds. The dances, or gymnastic performances, of these women are most extraordinary, but do not admit of description. Sophia is the heroine of a romantic story, which has been related by many modern travellers in Egypt, and which I need not, therefore, repeat at length. She was formerly in the harem of Alim Bey, one of Mehemet Ali's younger sons, but incurred his displeasure by giving away, to a more favored admirer, a nargilhé which the young Bey had presented to her. After this he perse-

cuted her bitterly, and pursued her through various parts of Egypt, but at length allowed her to rest at Esneh. If she is to be believed, she recovered the nargilhé, for I was assured that it was the identical one which I smoked in her house, at Esneh,—and a very handsome one it was, ornamented with silver and jewels.

Between Esneh and Assouan nothing has fixed itself in my memory, except the magnificent temple at Ombos, which rises from the very margin of the river. Thus seen the massive architecture of the ancient Egyptians is wonderfully imposing. This Temple is situated at a turn of the river, so that its glories develop themselves gradually, and in various forms to the passing voyager.

It was late one afternoon when we arrived at Assouan, and moored our boat opposite the beautiful little green island of Elephantine. Here the Nubian race begins to appear, and travellers are pestered with all sorts of curiosities, from a Nubian javelin to an ostrich. We walked through the town, but the vendors of precious things plagued us so that we were fain to return to our boat, and play dummy. Next morning, leaving Emanuel to superintend the moving of the boat up to the cataract, we started off for a visit to Philœ. This is a beautiful island above the cataract, covered with luxuriant herbage and beautiful flowers, from the midst of which rise the majestic ruins of an ancient temple of Isis. This is not one of the most ancient of the Egyptian remains, as it only dates from the time of the Ptolemies : but it is in the same style as all the other buildings of ancient Egypt,—grand and imposing in its general effect, massive in all its details, and covered with sculptures, mythological and historical. Among the former the goddess Isis, conspicuous for the placid expression of countenance, the uniformity of which is so wonderfully preserved in all the Egyptian monuments, and the horns which adorn her head, was every where noticed, and the god Osiris, the Egyptian Pluto, with the mystic crook, wherewith he gathers the great flock into his dark fold. The great intricacy and the want of uniformity in the plans of Egyptian temples renders it impossible to preserve the same accurate recollection of them as of the Greek sacred buildings. I can call up before my mind's eye, as vividly as when I first beheld them, the forms of the Parthenon and the temple of Theseus, but I have not the same distinct idea of the plans of all the

Egyptian edifices. I shall therefore not attempt description either here or in future, but only speak of those scenes which fixed themselves most vividly in my recollection.

The temple of Philæ bears ample testimony to the priest-craft of the ancient Egyptians, and the mysterious character of their religion, in its numerous dark and narrow passages and staircases in the walls. All these are covered with hieroglyphics, and I well remember the envy which I felt when, in wandering through the labyrinth of ruins, I came into a small square chamber, and found an English gentleman carefully copying the mystic characters into his notebook. This was Mr. Harris, of Alexandria, a gentleman well and favorably known among the students of this branch of learning.

But the principal impression remaining on my mind from my visit to Philæ is the natural beauty of the place, and the picturesque character of the ruins surrounded by the loneliness not of the wilderness, but of a deserted island. And this is the more remarkable and impressive, because the temple is, in this respect, singular among Egyptian ruins, which are in general surrounded by blank desolation: here as you sit on a massive stone, covered with the sculptured wisdom of past ages, the soft air of the south comes breathing over a bank of sweet flowers "stealing and giving odor:" the murmur of the cataract, mellowed by distance, sounds pleasantly in the ear: the little Nubian boys who have come over in the boat with you, in hopes of "backsheesh," gambol about upon the banks like those "merry wanderers of the night," who do the behests of Oberon; and your thoughts turn rather to the great high priest of nature, than to those who ministered at the shrine of Isis.

Having returned to the bank, we remounted our donkeys, and rode back to Assouan, looking down as we went upon the vexed waters of the cataract or rapids, as they boil and foam about the rocks, which intercept their free passage through the channel of the river, or up at that serene sky of a tint, never equalled in Italy, and at the vultures, which, ravenous as they are, seem to share in the general serenity, and float peacefully between earth and heaven, emblems of violence and cruelty subdued and converted by the softening powers of nature and of peace.

As we neared Assouan, we met the three friends with whom we had feasted on Christmas-day, and who had arrived during our absence; and heard with pleasure that they had arranged with Emanuel for another joint banquet,

which came off accordingly, but with the details of which, pleasant though they be to the memory, I must not trouble the reader.

The next day was spent in "strenuous idleness," and in preparation for passing the cataract. On the following morning that great event took place. All our luggage and valuables of every description, were removed and transported by land on the backs of camels: the boat was next abandoned by A—, Emanuel, Giorgio, and Todoree; and G— and I were strenuously exhorted to do the like, but we steadily declined. A certain heroic ardor had seized upon us, and we determined like fools, to dare the danger of rocks and water: we escaped better than we deserved, and that night we slept above the cataract.

This, as I have already hinted, is a misnomer. The two great chains of mountains which bound the valley of the Nile, and generally lie from six to ten miles apart, here approach so closely to one another, as to lessen considerably the width of the channel. Numerous rocky islets in the bed of the river, present additional impediments, and, of course, increase the impetuosity of the rapids; but there is no cataract in the vulgar sense of the word. The whole fall does not exceed ten feet, if it is so great, and the length of the cataract is, I suppose, a mile. The ascent is managed and superintended by an individual, stationed at Assouan for that purpose, who enjoys the title of rais of the Cataract. A strong rope is fastened to the bow of the boat, and by this the vessel is tugged up the stream by the Rais and his men, who leap from rock to rock, shouting and screaming in a manner, of which it is wholly beyond my powers of description to present an idea. Several accidents have happened. Lord Lindsay has given a vivid account of the wreck of his boat, in the descent of the cataract, which is quite as dangerous and difficult as the ascent. The danger principally arises from the numberless rocks, some of which rise above the level of the stream, and others lie below the shallow water. These are only avoided by the vigilance of the men, who leap with incredible rapidity from one rock to another, and, as the boat approaches them, lean forward, and present their shoulders to its side, thereby sending it whirling into the midst of the stream. A number of these men are always on each side of the boat, which, as it is forcibly driven by this novel mode of steering, from one side, occasionally sends some of those on the other sprawling into the river.

But these accidents do not often occur, the skill of these river-pilots being very great. By such means we at length reached the highest point of the cataract, and, shortly after, moored our boat against the shore of Philæ.

The distance between the first and the second cataract is about 150 miles. The character of the scenery is very different from that below the cataract. The mountains which close in upon the channel of the river at that point, continue much nearer its banks than in Egypt. The strips of cultivated land are, accordingly, much narrower here than they are in that country, but the natives make the most of them by means of irrigation. The wheel is universally employed in Nubia, to the exclusion of the *Shadoof*, or pole and bucket, and the creaking of those "infernal machines" is never out of one's ears, in ascending this part of the river. The Nubian scenery is, perhaps, more picturesque than that of Egypt, in consequence of the occasionally fantastic forms of the mountains. The palm-trees are also much more numerous. The second cataract itself is also worth a visit, being much more considerable than the first, and more like the grandiloquent descriptions of the ancient writers. But, were it not for the great temples of Kalabshee and Aboo Simbel, (Ipsamboul) I should doubt whether the time and trouble of the voyage between the cataracts is repaid by anything seen by the traveller. Of these, however, there can be no question. They rival—the latter especially—those at Thebes; and their imposing grandeur can never be forgotten. The battle-scenes represented on the walls are also very interesting; but as I shall have to speak of these in the next chapter, I shall not pause to describe them now. At Aboo Simbel there are two enormous colossi. These we visited in our upward voyage; but, with the glories of Thebes before us, we did not pause as long as we might have done in the examination,—and, once arrived at Wadee Halfeh, (the second cataract) our masts were soon lowered, and we found ourselves floating pleasantly down the Nile,—recrossed the tropic, and were once again on our way to home and civilization.

MEASURE OF AN ARC OF THE MERIDIAN AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

TO DETERMINE THE FIGURE OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

By T. MACLEAR, Esq.

(Continued)

In the year 1762, an arc of the meridian passing through the Observatory of Vienna, was measured by the Jesuit Liesganig, which ought to be worthy of confidence, if we may judge of the apparent systematic attention paid to its details. The Vienna fathom employed on the base-line, was compared with the French toise. The angles were measured with an iron quadrant of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet radius, the divisions of which were carefully verified, and the sector for the latitude observations was on an improved construction. Two base-lines were measured:—one between Neustadt and Neunkirch, of 6238 toises,—the other in Marshfield, of 6388 toises. The chain of triangles extended between Sobieschiz and Varasdin, and the meridional distance between these points was found to be 172,796 Vienna fathoms,—their difference in latitude, $2^{\circ} 56' 45.5''$ —whence, one degree is equal to 58,655 Vienna fathoms, equal to 57,077 toises. But in the beginning of the present century, a party of Austrian officers remeasured the arc, and discovered that one of the triangles was impossible;—in other words, the three angular points of the triangle were not reciprocally visible, nor ever could have been, and that one of the angles was erroneous to no less than three degrees!

Liesganig measured another arc on the plain of Thiep, of 59,990 Vienna fathoms, and $1^{\circ} 1' 34.5''$ difference in latitude; from which, one degree is 56,881 toises. The nature of the ground compelled him to employ very small triangles. On the whole, no value is placed upon this person's labors.

Another Jesuit, of the name of Beccaria, and at about the same period with the preceding, measured a degree in the plain of Lombardy,—the extremities designedly terminating at the feet of lofty mountains, in order to obtain, by comparison with Boscovich's degree over the Apennines, the effect of irregularity of surface. An iron toise compared with the toise of Peru, was the standard for the base. The

latter was 6,501 toises, and the meridional distance between the terminal points of the arc at Andrataë and Mondori, was 64,890 toises,—their difference in latitude, $1^{\circ} 7' 44.7''$;—whence, one degree is equal to 57,468 toises,—a result much larger than could have been expected in the latitude $44^{\circ} 57'$.

MM. Plana and Carlini have since reobserved the latitudes and detected discrepancies sufficient to throw discredit upon Beccaria's measurement.

In the year 1764; the British government employed two gentlemen, Messrs. Mason and Dixon, to settle the boundaries of Maryland and Pennsylvania. These gentlemen seized the opportunity for obtaining the length of an arc between the Bays of Chesapeake and Delaware. The ground was so flat, that triangulation was dispensed with, the whole arc being measured with rods, on the general plan of measuring a base. The standard employed was a five-foot brass scale, the property of the Royal Society of London, constructed by the celebrated artist Bird, who divided the two imperial standard yards for the British government which were afterwards legalized by Act of Parliament.

The observations for difference in latitude were made with a zenith sector, the property of the celebrated William Penn. The meridional distance was found to be 538,067 feet,—the difference in latitude $1^{\circ} 28' 45''$;—whence, one degree is equal to 363,763 feet, or 56,888 toises.

The anomalies presented by some of the measures, even where the proper attention appeared to have been paid to their management, naturally led to the enquiry, how *far irregularities of surface* could have an effect on the astronomical observations. The general result shewed, that on the whole, the form of the earth was spheroidal; the Equatorial and Polar diameters differing by about $\frac{1}{3,000}$ th part or 26 miles. Calculating, upon this hypothesis, what the lengths of all the measured degrees should be, on the assumption of perfect symmetry of form, the differences between the calculated and measured lengths, granting due allowance for small errors in the execution of work of so much delicacy, would indicate by their magnitudes, the localities to be examined. These proved to belong to the Swedish, Italian, Cape and French arcs, the first three in mountainous districts.

When a weight is suspended by a thread, the direction of the string is nearly in the direction of the centre of the earth. It would be exactly so, if the earth were a sphere, its component elements of equal weight or symmetrically

arranged in strata, and at rest. This direction of the plumb-line is called the Normal. A stone takes it in falling : but, if a stone were dropped from a great height over two globes of equal weight and equally distant from it, it would fall exactly between them. The same law applies in degree to any mass above the common surface of a globe, such as a large mountain ; and to unequal density underneath the surface, such as the irregular distribution of heavy matter, or metallic masses. Over such localities, the plumbline will observe the laws of gravity, by taking the direction of the centre of gravity of the masses ; diverging from the true Normal according to a well-known law.

The Astronomer must be guided by the plumbline or level attached to the instrument. He observes the angular distance of a star from the plumbline or normal at one station. He observes the same star from the normal at another station. The difference between the two angles is the difference in latitude between the stations ; exactly so, provided the local circumstances, viz., the distribution of matter is similar at both stations : not otherwise. Suppose the angular distances of a star were thus observed near Table-Mountain and in the centre of Zwartland plain. At the former station the plummet would be drawn towards the Mountain in the ratio of the mass of the mountain to the mass of the earth ; and if the star were to the north of the zenith, the angle would be too small, that is, it would be less than if there were no literal influence. In Zwartland the plummet would take the direction of the true normal, and the angle there would be correctly found : but the difference of the angles would give the difference in latitude too small, by the amount of deflection towards the mountain. Thus the accurate determination of latitudes is contingent upon the features of the surface, and we may reasonably infer, also, upon the geological conditions underneath it.

Bougier attempted to determine by experiment the deflection produced by Chimborazo, but failed owing to local difficulties.

In the year 1772, Dr. Maskelyne brought the subject before the Royal Society of London, and recommended that the experiment should be attempted. That learned society espoused the undertaking, and obtained from His Majesty George III., the necessary funds for defraying the expenses. Several mountains were examined ; finally Schehallien in Perthshire was selected ; a ridge shaped moun-

tain running East to West, elevated about 2000 feet above the surrounding plain.

In order to comprehend the theory of Maskelyne's experiment, let us conceive a plummet suspended from each end of a rod, as the dishes of a common weighing balance are suspended from the ends of its beam. Each will hang in the line of gravity and represent the normals at the ends respectively. Now conceive a heavy lump, such as a lump of lead, to be placed between them, each plummet will be drawn a small distance towards the lead, and the threads will take a new direction. Remove the lead, and the plummets will swing to their former positions.

The quantity by which the plummets approach each other is so small, as to escape our senses: because the lump of lead is small in proportion to the mass of the earth. But, if we conceive a mountain instead of a lump of lead, and the zenith sector on opposite sides of it to represent the suspended plummets: the plummet of the sector on the south side of the mountain will be drawn towards it, consequently towards the north, and the plummet of the sector on the north face will be drawn towards the south, and the sum of the two deflections will be twice the amount of the attraction of the mountain: and the magnitude of the amount will be in the ratio of the weight of the mountain to the weight of the earth.

The experiment therefore, consisted in measuring the angular distance of a star, (or, for greater accuracy, several stars) from the apparent normal at the north and south faces of the mountain. The angle observed at one face, subtracted from the angle observed at the other face, gave the difference in latitude between the two stations, affected by twice the attraction of the mountain. Next in measuring a base line, and triangulating from one station round the mountain to the other, and thus determining the meridional distance between them, in feet, which divided by 101.64, the number of feet in one second of arc, would give the true difference in latitude, not affected by the attraction of the mountain like the determination by the zenith sector.

Dr. Maskelyne was provided with a powerful zenith sector of 10 radius: and for the measurement of the base he had Bird's 5 scale, the same that was used by Mason and Dixon in Pennsylvania.

He placed the sector successively on the north and south faces of Schehallien, half-way up, or as nearly as he could

by the Royal Society, and having been acceded to, General Roy was appointed to superintend the operation on the part of the British Government, and Messrs. Count Cassini, Mechain and Legendre on the part of France. General Roy commenced his share with the measurement of a base on Hounslow Heath, upon an entirely new plan, one which was susceptible of a degree of accuracy, hitherto unhopd for. The plan consisted in measuring a line through the air, nearly parallel with the general surface of the ground, by placing the measuring rods or chain on trestles, whose bearing surfaces could be raised or depressed by screws, in order to place them exactly level. Upon this plan Roy measured his base in the month of July 1784, with rods of seasoned deal, trussed above and on each side to, prevent flexure. (When we talk of *rods*, *bars* or *chains*, such as are employed in these operations, we merely employ an ordinary convenient term : but in fact each rod was a sort of machine of no ordinary workmanship. Armed with metallic ends, upon which fine lines were drawn to define the lengths; and provided with clamps and a variety of other apparatus, the description of which would far exceed our limits.)

Having discovered by the daily comparisons with the standard during the measurement, that the lengths of the rods were affected by the *humidity* of the air, independent of the expansion from temperature, and not in accordance with any known law ; (otherwise it might have been submitted to calculation and applied as a correction, like the correction for temperature, to the apparent length of the base,) Roy determined to remove all doubt by measuring the base with some substance affected by temperature only, the law of which could be discovered by experiment. He decided upon glass, and succeeded in obtaining from a glass manufactory, three lengths of tube of 20 feet each, and so straight, that a small object placed at one end was visible through the tube from the other. Each of these rods was fixed in a case and armed with a variety of contrivances by Ramsden for its security and adjustment in line. The weight of each, together with the case, was about 61 pounds.

With this elegant and truly scientific apparatus, the base was remeasured in the month of August. The fame of the methods altogether attracted distinguished visitors: even His Majesty George III. was pleased to honor Roy with a visit on the 21st, and remained two hours, entering very minutely into the mode of conducting the operation.

Comparing this base with all the bases measured previous

to its date, we may safely assert, that, although England entered late into the lists of geodetic research, at the first step she carried it a century in advance.

This base was remeasured in the year 1791, with a steel chain, invented by Ramsden, partly with the view of testing the latter. The description of both measurements was translated into French by M. Prony.

The angles of the triangulation to Dover, and from Dover across the Channel to Calais, were measured with the large theodolite before-mentioned. A base of verification was measured in Romney Marsh, with the steel chain resting in coffer troughs, placed on tresles, on the principle of the plan adopted at Hounslow Heath.

The French gentlemen took up the triangulation at the Calais Stations, and connected them with the Dunkirk Stations, of the chain of triangles formerly measured in the Meridian of Paris, using the repeating circle for the measurement of the angles. This completed the object originally proposed. But the British Government decided to take advantage of such an admirable beginning for an equally excellent extension of the triangulation all over the Kingdom. In the course of this operation, an arc of parallel was measured between Beachy Head and Dunnose in the Isle of Wight; and an arc of the meridian between Dunnose and Clifton in Yorkshire. Several Bases of verification were measured. The latitudes were observed with a new and powerful zenith sector, constructed by Ramsden. The arc of parallel in the latitude $50^{\circ} 37' 7.3''$, gave for one degree in longitude 232,908 feet. The arc of the Meridian in $52^{\circ} 2'$ gave 364,920 for the degree on the meridian. The lateral attraction at Dunnose will be mentioned hereafter.

While General Roy was extending the English triangulation, Cassini read a memoir to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, describing the operation for connecting the observations of Greenwich and Paris, wherein he justly eulogized the measurement on Hounslow Heath, and the observations of England, both public and private; and he acknowledged with warmth the kind reception his party met with. At this period (1788) they were endeavouring to establish something like uniformity in their weights and measures, the necessity for which may be gathered from the following extract from Delambre.

“ Depuis longtemps, l'étonnante et scandaleuse diversité de nos mesures avoit excité les réclamations de bons esprits;

and Coulomb had charge of the pendulum experiments; Lavoisier and Haiiy of the experiments on distilled water; M. De Villet Bresson and Vandermonde had to compare with the toise and Paris pound weight, all the measures of length, capacity, and superficies in use throughout France. The report of the Academy was adopted by the Assembly, by decree, on the 26th of March, and sanctioned by the King soon after.

Nearly a year and a half elapsed before the instruments could be got ready. One of the last acts of authority of the unfortunate king was his proclamation of the 24th of June 1792, addressed to the authorities in the direction of the meridional operations, directing them to facilitate the work. Mechain started on the 25th, to effect the triangulation from the Pyrences to Barcelona. Delambre commenced near Paris on the 26th, unprepared for the scenes that were so soon to follow. He got on very well during the first few weeks. The first inconvenience he experienced was the destruction of his signal at Montlhery. The Procureur of the commune caused it to be reinstated at the expense of the culprits. Notwithstanding this punishment, the second met a similar fate. He was provided with reverbatory lamps for night signals, after the fashion of those employed by General Roy. The populace regarded these signals with suspicion. Stationed at Dammartin on the night of the famous 10th of August, he was on the look out for the Montmartre Lamp, but it did not appear, when suddenly Paris was illuminated by the burning houses in the Carrousal; Lalande had not been allowed to leave Paris on the 10th. He succeeded in passing the barriers the following day, and privately put up the Montmartre Light. The populace interfered and put it out, he tried again on the 14th, without success; then found it prudent to desist. Thus Delambre had to contest against the elements of disorganized society, in addition to the natural elements, of themselves sufficiently trying on a triangulation. He had yet other scenes to encounter, worthy of record. The carpenter who was charged with the signal on the tower of Montjai, brought him the process verbal of resistance. He started for Meaux to move the authorities: they had not heard of the Royal Proclamation, and could not force the inhabitants; but they furnished him with letters to the Mayor of Montjai, which were read to the inhabitants without effect. The ferment augmented: the mob called to their assistance the populace of Lagui, in order to oppose

force to force. Delambre was obliged to give way, hoping by getting further from Paris to meet with less obstruction. At Bell Assise, he managed to measure the angle without being detected, but when about to depart, he encountered a detachment of the National Guard of Lagni. He was recognized as the person who wished to place a signal at Montjai, and immediately arrested; then dragged across the country to Lagni in frightful weather, where he arrived at midnight. He displayed the proclamation and papers authorizing his operation. The municipality, with the view of saving him, placed him at an inn, under a guard of soldiers, with permission to write to the authorities at Meaux. The reply from thence set him at liberty; unfortunately the order of the operations caused him to occupy next, the station of St. Martin du Tertre. On his route thither, he was frequently arrested, each municipality discussing the propriety of allowing him to proceed. It was now pretty evident that passports from an authority which no longer existed were useless; nevertheless, he feared, that, if he suspended the work, it might not soon be resumed, and such was the state of Paris, that his personal safety might be compromised if he went there. In this dilemma, Lalande risked a journey to Paris to solicit fresh authority, and Delambre proceeded to Epinai, where he was arrested on the pretence that his instruments were not clearly described in his passports. A mob collected and ordered him to explain the use of such instruments. Now commenced a somewhat ludicrous scene, a street lecture on Geodesy, before a mob. None, of course understood him; notwithstanding, every fresh comer compelled him to begin again. He tried in vain to secure the interests of two carpenters, who stood before him, by endeavouring to prove the affinity of their professions! After three hours of fruitless lecturing and discussion, he was consigned to an armed guard and removed to St. Denys, then full of recruits for the frontier army. His guards gave the recruits their version of the quality of their charge. His voiture was examined and his papers seized. The national guard refused to allow the seals to be broken, urging an order of the Constituent assembly. A turmoil ensued. The Procureur-General concealed Delambre and went to the crowd. They demanded Delambre to break open the seals of his papers. He appeared and complied with their order.

These papers were circulars from the Committee of Public Instruction, recommending Delambre to all the authorities

of departments. Six were read, but the crowd wished to hear all. The reader exhausted, demanded grace. DeLambre proposed, that the crowd should choose any of the letters yet unread, and he would answer with his head that it would be exactly similar to those that had been read; which was accepted. This done they examined his instruments, and forced him to resume the lectures on Geodesy, he began at Epinai. Night began to close in with murmurs from the crowd. The front ranks heard, without understanding the matter; while those behind heard less and saw nothing. The impatience and murmurs increased: some voices recommended the then fashionable method so effectual in cutting all difficulties and ending all doubts. The President of the district timely suggested a prorogation of the examination to the next day; assuming at the same time an affected severity towards Delambre, by sealing his effects, placing them under guard, and taking a minute of the proceedings. He privately recommended Delambre to write to the President of the National Assembly. On the receipt of Delambres' letter, it was submitted to a committee under the auspices of M. Lapepe. The result was, the instant decree of a proclamation, in his and Mechain's favour to the authorities and national guards generally, desiring them to remove all obstacles to the measurement, and to maintain free transport for the instruments, and necessaries on the requisition of the Astronomers. Thus the eclat of the disheartening arrests proved useful in the end, and added fresh energy and encouragement.

For some time he sustained no other cheques than from the revolutionary destruction of spires and steeples, he had calculated upon for signal points, particularly those observed in the last triangulation by Cassini and La Caille, whose angles he was naturally desirous to verify. It would appear that the climate of Spain is much clearer than that of France, for while Delambre, with all his efforts could manage only fourteen stations in eight months, Mechain had triangulated from the Pyrenees to Barcelona, besides observing the latitude of Mountjouy near Barcelona, and preparatory observations for continuing the triangulation to the island called Formentara near Minorca.

Unfortunately Delambre was compelled to return to Paris to observe a station that could not be put off. Having effected this in March, 1793, he was not allowed to leave Paris. He applied for his passports, but was refused. The

awful political events of that period absorbed all minor considerations.

During six weeks, his repeated applications, were met by a direct negative. At last through the intercession of M. Cousin, he was allowed to depart. On the 3d of May he started for Dunkirk, armed with a recommendatory letter to General Custine, then commanding the army of the north, which he did not think it expedient to deliver. Although the war was going on in his immediate neighbourhood, he managed to triangulate away from it, and carried the chain to Jonquieres, by the 6th of October. From Jonquieres he passed to Pithiviers, where he formerly left off, and triangulated on to Orleans.

In the mean time, important (to him) changes were going on in Paris. On the 8th of August the Convention with Robespierre in the ascendant suppressed the academy of sciences. A decree of the 11th of September, mutilated the weights and measure Commission, by the removal and almost the proscription of six of its most illustrious members, including Delambre. When the latter was at the Orleans station, he received a letter from the President of the new commission, which made him acquainted with the circumstance, and directed him to give up his papers and accounts. Delambre replied, offering no opposition or regrets, but requesting to be allowed to complete certain stations, in order that the work should be perfect, up to a certain well-known point, where it could be taken up again if thought necessary. Shortly after, one of the members of the new commission brought him the official orders of the Convention,—which were as follows:—

18 Nivose, An 2.

“ Citoyen,

“ La Commission des Poids et Mesures a chargé l’un de ses membres, de rendre auprès de toi pour remettre l’arrêté du comité de salut public qui te concerne, et pour concerter avec toi les moyens de clore tes opérations de manière que les signaux restent inutiles; elle t’invite à terminer la rédaction de tes calculs, et la copie de tes observations, ainsi que tu le proposes.”

“ *Extrait des Registres du Comité de Salut Public de la Convention Nationale.*

“ Arrêté. De troisième jour de Nivose, l’an deuxième de la République Française, une et indivisible.

“ Le Comité de Salut Public, considérant combien il importe à l’amélioration de l’esprit public, que ceux qui sont chargés du gou-

" vernement, ne délèguent de fonction ni ne donnent de mission qu'à
 " des hommes dignes de confiance, par leurs vertus republicaines, et
 " leur haine pour les Rois; après s'en être concerté avec les members
 " du Comité d'Instruction Publique, occupés spécialement de l'ope-
 " ration des poids et mesures, arrête que Borda, Lavoisier, Laplace.
 " Colomb, Brisson, et Delambre, cesséront, à compter de ce jour
 " d'être membres de la Commission des Poids et Mesures, et remet-
 " tront de suite, avec inventaire, aux members restans, les instru-
 " mens, calculs, notes, mémoires, et généralement tout ce qui est
 " entre leur mains de relatif à l'opération des mesures. Arrête,
 " en outre, que les members restans a la Commission des Poids et
 " Mesures, feront connaître au plutôt au Comité de Salut Public,
 " quels sont les *hommes dont elle a un besoin indispensable*, pour la con-
 " tinuation de ses travaux, et qu'elle fera part en même temps de ses
 " vues sur les moyens, de *donner le plutôt possible l'usage des nouvelles*
 " *mesures à tous les citoyens, en profitant de l'impulsion revolutionnaire.*
 " Le Ministre d'Interieur tiendra la main à l'execution du present
 " arrêté.

" *Signé au Registre,*

" B. Barère, Robespierre, Billaud-Varenne,

" Couthon, Collot-d'Herbois, etc."

This interesting document speaks volumes. Had Delam-
 bre, as he justly remarked, quitted his stations, and thus his
 duty, for the clubs of Paris, to parade and spout republican
 sentiments and "hatred for Kings," he would not have
 adopted the method for the acceleration of the work, the
 result of which they hinted had been so long detained. It
 was evident that they wished to cut short the plan at the
 sacrifice of the degree of accuracy originally proposed, and
 to introduce persons in whom they had "un besoin indispens-
 able." Neither could be carried while those whom they dis-
 missed remained in office, and who, most likely, were enemies
 to the scenes then daily enacted.

Delambre returned to Paris, where he found his house
 sealed by the revolutionary committee of his section. The
 production of his voluminous papers—the result of his
 labors—bore ample testimony to his industry and devotion
 to his duty. These compelled the removal of the seal from
 his door.

His papers underwent a strict scrutiny, carried to the most
 insignificant scrap. Among others, his diplomas from scien-
 tific bodies turned up; one of these in particular seemed dis-
 agreeable; it was in Latin, and bore the Royal Arms of
 George the Third. It was the diploma of the Royal Society
 of London. These diplomas he was permitted to retain, and
 he emerged finally unscathed from the inquest. Lavoisur
 was not so fortunate.

No news had been received from Mechain for a length of time. He was not included in the proscription, probably because he might consult his safety by remaining in Spain, and there detain the funds in his possession for defraying the expenses of his share of the operation. It is said, that the Spanish government did make him advantageous offers after the suppression of the academy, and thus the destruction of his hopes. But he remained true to his duty and his country. He met with a dreadful accident. On his partial recovery, he made his way to Italy, thence to Paris. Afterwards, he returned to Spain, in the hope of clearing up a discrepancy, which will be mentioned hereafter, and there he sank—the victim of his labors.

The temporary commission proceeded to define a provisional metre for public use. In the mean time Delambre remained in Paris without any official employment. The continuation of the meridian work seemed to be laid aside. The baselines had not been measured, and without the latter the triangulation was not of the slightest use towards the establishment of the standard. For the practical way at getting at the ten millionth part of the quadrant is this:—Some standard of length, as a toise, a yard, or any convenient and well-defined length, must be used in measuring the base. Calling this the module, as the French afterwards termed it, or the unit, the base would be a certain number of such units. From the length of the base the length of the quadrant of the meridian would be found, by the triangulation, to contain so many such units. For example, let us suppose the quadrant to contain 10,878,000 of them. The ten millionth part would be, 1.0878 of the unit employed in measuring the base, and the standard we are in search of is longer than that unit by $\frac{878}{10000}$ parts of it. Fine lines, at equal intervals, are now drawn or cut on the surface of the unit, to divide it into, say, ten parts. By means of the micrometer microscope, the equality of the intervals are examined. A bar of the proper metal for the standard being provided, the length of the unit is marked on its surface, and with the assistance of the micrometer microscope the $\frac{878}{10000}$ parts are added. Many precautionary attentions are required to do this properly. For instance, the expansions of the unit, and of the metal for the standard, for one degree of temperature, must be discovered by experiment. The mean of the temperatures during the measurement of the base line may have been 50°. The temper-

ature of the room and of the metals when the standard was laid off from the unit may have been 60° . In the latter case both bars are longer than in the former, and if their expansions are not identical, an error would be introduced unless met by calculation. For if the base line had been measured in the temperature 60° the unit would have been longer, and the result would have been a less number of them. It is therefore imperative to register the temperature in every stage of the proceeding.

Since the base lines had not been measured, the provisional standard metre might have been derived from the old triangulations, through the medium of the iron toise employed on those occasions. The difference between it and one from the most rigorous meridional measure, would be insensible as respects the object for which the provisional one was intended, viz: the immediate supply of France with an uniform measure for trade and commerce.

Delambre had been in Paris more than 12 months, when General Calon, the director of the depot of war, and a member of the Convention, planned a geodetic operation for fixing the boundaries of the departmental divisions of France, upon the plan and scale of Cassinis' chart. He engaged Delambre and Mechain, (the latter then absent) to take charge of the principal triangles, with the understanding, that they should be at liberty to complete the meridian work. To these gentlemen he assigned the title of "Astronomers of the Depot of War." The general also engaged several of the savans who had been dispersed by the suppression of the academy of Sciences, and attached them to the depot. And he obtained a decree from the committee of public safety to provide the expenses of the corps. To this officer therefore the merit is due, of restoring the old commission in fact, though not in form, and of their active resumption of the operations.

By the law of the 18th Brumaire, Article X,* the operations relative to the determination of measures of length and weight, deduced from the dimensions of the earth, commenced by the Academy of Sciences, and continued by the temporary commission, shall be continued until their entire accomplishment by particular commissioners, chosen principally among the savans connected with this pursuit to the present, the list of whom shall be decreed by the committee of public instruction.

* The first year of the Republique bears date from the 22d of Sept. 1792.

In execution of this article the committee of public instruction, by a decree on the 38th Greminal, named the following twelve Commissioners.

Bartholet, Borda, Brisson, Coulomb, Delambre, Haiiy, Lagrange, Laplace, Mechain, Monge, Prony, Vandermonde.

These Commissioners met on the 21st Florial, and drew up articles for their guidance, and the division of labour.

The 1st Article provides for the immediate fabrication of a brass metre of the greatest possible exactness, to serve for a provisional legal scale.

The 2nd, nominates Borda and Brisson to superintend the fabrication of the same, to be executed within ten days, and to be accompanied by a process-verbal of its verification, &c.

The 3rd, commits to Mechain and Delambre, the measurement of the angles, the Astronomical observations, and the measurement of the Base lines connected with the Arc of the Meridian.

The 4th, nominates Delambre, Laplace and Prony, to the measurment of, and all necessary details of the Base line near Paris, with the greatest possible dispatch.

The 5th, directs Mechain and Delambre, to complete the Meridian triangulation, with all possible dispatch.

The 6th, charges Borda and Prony with the standard weights, to be accompanied by a process-verbal, &c., and with the least possible delay.

The 7th, charges Monge and Vandermonde, with the management of the Platinum, for the standard scale of the Republic, and for the copies of it to be sent to learned societies or other Governments.

The 8th and last, refers to the general discussions respecting these services.

It is evident from the proceeding, that the Temporary Commission had virtually done nothing, and that the interference of Robespierre and his associates, so far from expediting the supply of the new standard, had actually delayed it nearly a year and a half. There is every reason to infer, that their real motive was to set aside, if not to destroy, a phalanx of men of integrity and talent, the elite of the science of France, with whom they had no commnity of feeling.

We have dwelt rather long perhaps upon the progressive circumstances connected with the first practical attempt to establish a natural standard; because it could only succeed without a murmur, in opposition to the familiar customs in

the several districts of a large kingdom still retaining feudal reminiscences, when the people were brought to believe that almost every thing of old, was only so much dross : and that all should submit to whatever might be deemed fit for the establishment of the embryo golden age. To which may be added in the minor key, the penalties attached to opposition, at that period so common and so potent.

When the Bavarian Government found it expedient to adopt the French new system of weights and measures, it passed a law, declaring that all tenders for Government Contracts must be in terms of these standards, copies of which were kept ready for the contractors. They were thus brought into use by a large portion of the Agriculturists and others. No coercive regulation was promulgated to be observed by the public in their dealings with each other, they were allowed to use whichever standard they preferred. But when they applied for copies of the old standards to replace the ordinary wear and tear, the authorities had *none to issue*, other than the new system employed in the contracts, with which the public were then pretty well acquainted. Jan Munich could not help himself, he therefore took what he could get rather than dare the penalties against false or unstamped weights. The old weights thus delivered up for the new, were instantly destroyed.

The Metre is 3 inches and $\frac{3.7}{100}$ ths of an inch nearly longer than the Imperial Standard Yard, and the pendulum vibrating seconds in the latitude of Greenwich, is 3.1393 inches also longer than the same. Now, if upon philosophic principles, or to secure the restoration of the standard, in the event of loss or accident, the British Government should propose to substitute one or other of these Natural Standards for the Imperial Yard, such is the progressive caution in the links of the legislative chain of England, that the question would be tried by a test something like the favourite dogma of the Abbe Seyes, "Power must proceed from above, confidence from below." If the two did not tally, the Government in the spirit of the Constitution would respect the objections of the public and leave time to decide whether the change was for the general good or not. But we must return to our history.

Delambre examined the site of the base-line at Melun, and on the 10th Messidor, he started for Orleans, (the station from whence the convention had recalled him) and worked on towards Bourges, while Mechain took up the Pyrenees

stations and triangulated back to Carcassonne, each meeting with something more or less agreeable to break the monotony of his path. The Pic de Burgarach, about the height of Table Mountain, but differing sadly from it as respects the dimensions of the summit, being only twelve feet square, was by no means an agreeable sojourn during a storm. Mecham felt this, and we cannot call him a grumbler for complaining of foul weather in such a position. He says:—
 “ La tramontane est terrible dans ses régions : rien ne résiste à sa violence : il faut abattre les tentes et descendre en rampant sur la terre, si l’on ne veut être enlevé come une plume.”

Delambre’s difficulties were in the matter of money. He had ample funds represented by Assignats. He says:—
 “ Ils commençaient à tomber dans un terrible discredit.” He was obliged to dole out 1500 francs of them, equal to about £60 sterling, for the conveyance of himself and equipage from Bourges to Muri, a distance of only eleven miles. He was charged 8000 of them for three signals, equal to about £320 sterling. At this rate he went on, there was no help for it; he soon spent all, and was obliged to remain a month at Baorges for want of horses to convey him to Dan-sur-Auron,—the *pro bono publico* in that neighbourhood not extending to lending horses. At Vouzon he was refused food and lodging for payment in Assignats.

His adventure with the wiseacres of Morlac is too good to be omitted. We give De Lambre’s own humorous description of it. He intended to use the Clock Tower as a signal:

“ Le clocher de Morlac avoit été rasé à la hauteur du faite de l’église, ainsi que beaucoup d’autres du même département. Un représentant du peuple s’étoit vanté, dans une lettre à la convention, d’avoir fait tomber tous ces clochers qui s’élevaient orgueilleusement audessus de l’humble demeure des S...C.... On n’ose plus écrire aujourd’hui le titre dont ils se glorifient alors, et duquel on avoit composé le nomme donné d’abord aux jours complimentaires du nouveau calendrier. Cependant j’ai vu par-tout que ses humbles S...C.... regretaient beaucoup leurs clochers. J’invitai donc les habitans de Morlac, à rétablir celui qu’ils avoient vu tomber avec tant de chagrin; j’offris de payer les pais par moitié: mais ils aimoient encore mieux leur argent, et ne voulurent entendre à aucun arrangement. Je m’en tiens alors à faire construire à la place une simple pyramide couverte en planches; mais, telle qu’elle étoit, elle pouvoit garantir leur église de la pluie. Je voulus la leur céder à moitié prix, après mes opérations: sur leur refus, je la vendis à un particulier pour la somme qu’ils n’avoient pas voulu donner; mais quand il se présenta pour en enlever les matariaux, ils s’y opposèrent. L’affaire fut portée au tribunal voisin, et je reçus quelque mois après une lettre du

“juge, qui me demandoit un récit exact des faits, pour savoir à qui appartenait véritablement mon signal. J’ignore l’issue de ce grave procès.”

A scene at Herment was fair in its way, but rather more serious. The clock part of the Church Tower was also down. As viewed from Sermur the remaining part of the Tower was projected on a neighbouring mountain. To bring it out Delambre had it covered with a white cloth. The inhabitants took the alarm, supposing it to be a counter revolutionary flag. To obviate this, Delambre caused portions of it to be covered with a red and blue band, which seemed to satisfy all parties. Fearing however, that as the white was *the larger* of the three, his signal might not be respected, he placed it under the official protection of the authorities of Puy-de-Dome. The same kind of obstruction at Bort and at Meimac, Mechain, on triangulating from the Pyrenees into France, was obliged to put the authorities in requisition to save his signals in several places, even some were only preserved by guards, to meet force with force.

Delambre and Mechain returned to Paris in the winter of 1800, having finished the triangulation from Dunkirk to Barcelona, and the measurement of two base lines, one at Melun, the other at Perpignan; seven years had elapsed from the commencement of the operation, but allowing for the interruptions, perhaps the actual field work, occupied five. In Paris they found waiting for them, the delegates from the neighbouring states, who had been invited to join in the discussion of the measurement, and to deduce therefrom the standard of length. England, then at war with France, was not (most likely) invited. The delegates who attended, were from Holland, Sardinia, Piedmont, Denmark, Spain, Tuscany: Republics, Roman, Cisalpine, Lygurian, Helvetian. These delegates were united with the gentlemen of the French Commission, in the form of a general committee, to examine the instruments and field-books; to reduce the observations, and by general consent to deduce from them, the length of the quadrant of the Meridian, the ten millionth part of which, under certain conditions with respect to temperature, should be the unit length, and from that unit they were to fix the measures of weight and capacity.

They commenced with an examination of the Instruments and their performance by actual observations. They next divided themselves into sections, each section to calculate a certain branch of the operation and report thereon. Then

the sections were to reunite and to agree upon the results. Four Commissioners computed the triangulation separately, and independent of each other. The Azimuths and Latitude Observations were treated in the same manner. The final conclusions were:—

Melun Base,.....	6075·900069 toises.
Perpignan Base,.....	6006·247848 toises.

At the level of the sea, and the temperature $16\frac{1}{4}$ degrees of the Centigrate Thermometer.

Quadrant of the Meridian (combining the new measure with the Peruvian measure, and assuming $\frac{1}{334}$ for the compression of the earth,) 5130740 toises. Consequently the ten millionth part or 0·513074 toises, is equal to 443·295936 Paris lines, which by subsequent and the most authentic comparison, is equal to 1·0936331 British Imperial Yards or 3·2808992 Imperial feet nearly: and this is the standard metre of France or unit of length.

A copy of the metre and of the unit of weight, both of platinum metal, were presented to the legislative body, and deposited in the archives on the 4th Messidor, year 7, of the new republican calendar.

The methods employed in the measurement of the base lines will be noticed when the English operations come under review.

The *carte blanche* state of things owing to the revolution, facilitated the immediate adoption of the decimal system in connexion with new standards, viz: the adaptation of the subdivision and multiples of a quantity to the natural arithmetical scale employed all over the world. This system affords immense advantages in accounts of all descriptions. Its principle is unconnected with the customs of any nation and is applicable to all: requiring no change in the absolute value of the unit of weight, length or capacity, of any country; nor in the intrinsic value of the unit of money: merely the decimal subdivision or multiples of these units; which subdivisions may be doubled or halved for practical convenience without altering the system.

(To be continued.)

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

(From the German of Schiller.)

Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.

Firmly masoned in the earth
Ready stands the mould of clay,
This morn the Bell must have its birth,
Swift, my comrades, speed away!
Down from your brow
The warm moisture must flow,
That the work may tell of the master's skill;
But the blessing dependeth on heaven's will.

When men in earnest work engage,
'Tis fit an earnest word be spoken;
The labor hastes with cheer unbroken
By wisdom's aid and converse sage.
Whatever through our hands can rise
Should fill our minds with precious lore,
That worthless man let us despise,
Who toils, but hath not thought before:
This is the pride, the boast of man,
And therefore hath he reason's aid,
That in his bosom he may scan
The wonders which his hands have made.

Take ye wood of forest pine,
But right sapless let it be,
That the prisoned flame-force shine,
Blazing upwards mightily.
Boils the copper?—Within
Quickly add ye the tin,
So shall the metal food of the Bell
Flow for our purpose rightly and well.

What in this deep and earthy cell
Our hands now make by aid of fire,
High on the belfry of yon spire
Hereafter of our names shall tell:
It shall endure to future days,
Of many men shall rouse the ear,
And mournful knells with mourners raise,
And call the pious unto prayer.
Whatever fate's aye changing plan
Decree unto the sons of man,
Against this metal darts the sound
Which echoes to the world around.

Bubbles rise up silvery white:
The masses melt now and unite:

Soda added,—mingled well,
 Will haste the fusion for our bell.
 From impurity free
 The liquid must be,
 That from pure metal may resound
 Full and pure the voice around.

That voice with festal notes of gladness,
 Shall welcome the beloved child,
 That entereth in slumber mild
 Upon this earth of joy and sadness :
 Its future lot lies unrevealed
 In the dark womb of time concealed.
 The mother's love with tender care
 Watches childhood's morning fair :—
 While shaft-like flies each passing year.
 Now weary of girl's play, the boy
 Storms proudly into life with joy,
 A wanderer through the world doth roam
 And like a stranger turneth home.
 And beauteous in the pride of youth
 All heavenly fair and heavenly bright,
 With modest brow and eye of truth
 The maiden standeth in his sight :—
 A nameless dark anxiety
 Hath seized his breast :—he walks alone,
 Unwonted tears start from his eye,—
 Too wild his comrades sports have grown :
 Blushing he ever seeks a meeting,
 Is blest, enraptured with her greeting,
 And on his love, delighted showers
 From richest meads the brightest flowers.
 Oh sweet desire,—gentle hope !
 The golden time of first affection,
 When to our eyes the heavens ope,
 Our hearts enjoy the glad infection—:
 Oh, that for ever without gloom
 The first love of our youth might bloom!

Browning are the pipes with heat;
 With this wand let me explore,
 If its surface be glazed o'er,
 For use the metal will be met.
 Hath the fusion well succeeded ?
 Is all blended as 'tis needed ?
 Each coarser and each soft ingredient,
 Do they unite as is expedient ?

For where they flow in sweet communion,
 And strong and weak have formed an union,
 There will the tone be good and pure.
 Weigh then ere marriage-bonds are tied,
 If heart to heart be well allied :—
 Illusion's short,—repentance long and sure.

Lovely in the fair bride's hair
 Blooms the virgin coronal,
 While, chiming gaily through the air,
 The Bells peal notes of festival.
 But yet, life's merriest, happiest day
 Closeth at once life's jocund May ;
 With cares and troubles wedlock teems,
 In twain are rent illusion's dreams.
 Passion shall fly,
 But love must endure :
 The blossom shall wither and die
 But the fruit must maturc.
 Into life's turmoil
 The husband must hasten—
 He must struggle and toil
 And plant,—and obtain
 With skill and with craft, he must seek and must gain,
 And stake and wager his all
 And follow at fortune's call.
 Thus wealth and possessions stream onward still,
 And precious stores the granaries fill ;—
 The space is extended,—more ample the dwelling :—
 The modest housewife,—in duty excell'g,—
 The cheerful mother ruleth within :
 And doth wisely ordain
 The laws of her household reign,
 And her daughters' minds rejoiceth to train,
 And checks the noise
 Of the boisterous boys.
 And never lingers
 But plies her work with unwearied fingers,—
 And adds to their comforts' share
 By order and care,
 And heaps the well scented wardrobes with more,
 While the spindle whirls round
 With buzzing sound,—
 And in the neat presses doth hoard and store
 The wool shining bright,
 And the linen snow white,
 And blends the good and the beautiful ever,
 And resteth never.

The father now with joyous eyes,
 From the roof his fortune spies
 Blooming and gay before him rise :—
 Beholds the far projecting beams,
 Where the barn with plenty teems,—
 And wealthy garner's blest with grain ;
 And swelling as a wave of ocean
 The golden cornfield's gentle motion,—
 And vaunting cries in boastful vein,—
 " Firm as the very earth's foundation,
 " Free from misfortune's domination,
 " My house stands in its pride."

But with the powers of mighty fate,
 No truce is closed,—no bonds have weight:—
 Swift is misfortune's stride.

Now the casting may begin,—
 Well indented is the breach,
 Yet ere the metal flood rush in,
 Bend in prayer,—one and each!
 Thrust out the bung—thrust—
 In heaven be our trust—
 Bursting from the smoky cell
 Waves of flame contending swell.

Blessed is the might of ire
 When man can watch and curb its ire:—
 All he hath framed,—all he hath made
 He owes unto this heavenly aid—
 But fearful is the power from heaven
 When its fetters it hath riven,
 And storms around in fury wild,
 Nature's freeborn child!—

Wo! when the flame madly flows
 Waxing strong, while nought can oppose,
 And whirling angrily fleets
 Through the populous streets,
 For the elements hate
 What the hands of man create.
 Out of the cloud
 The blessing pours:
 The rain streams down in refreshing showers:
 Out of the cloud
 Darts the lightning fierce and proud.
 Heard ye that toll of fear from the spire?
 It tells of the tempest's ire.
 Red as blood
 Is the sky;
 Such is not the day-light's flood!
 What tumult and riot
 Where all late was quiet,—
 Black vapor on high!
 Blazing ascendeth the column of fire,
 Through the rows of the streets, all higher and higher,
 With the speed of the blast and the whirlwind's ire!

Steaming, as from a furnace dashing,
 Glows the air: posts are crashing,
 Rafters crackling,—windows crashing,
 Children crying,—mothers flying,
 Brutes are yelling
 'Neath their crushed dwelling;
 All hurrying and saving and rushing away,
 While the night is lit up with the splendor of day.
 From hand to hand the buckets ply,
 As through links of a chain,—and streaming on high,

Arches of water from the engines fly.
 Furious, with wild howl and moan,
 The storm to aid the fire hath flown ;
 The flame attacks the crackling corn,
 Madly rushing through the barn,
 And, as in ruthless rage, it would
 Tear up the roots of earth
 At once from their foundation forth,
 Blazeth in the heavens bright,
 In giant height ;
 Despairingly
 At length man yields to fate's decree ;
 He sees his life's work rent asunder
 With idle gaze of vacant wonder !

Desolate the place,—and bare
 The raging tempest's rugged bed ;
 In blanks now vacant to the air,
 Where once the casements were,
 Hath horror raised its head ;
 Clouds flitting in the sky
 Within the roofless ruins pry.

One glance of farewell
 At the grave
 Of all wealth gave ;
 One last adieu the wanderer's lips may tell.—
 He grasps his staff,—is cheerful now and brave ;
 Whate'er the ravage of that fire,
 One blessing hath escaped its ire ;
 He tells the heads of those he loves, and lo !
 He misseeth none,—none hath the storm laid low.

Thus far success ;—for in the clay
 The fluid hath been duly poured ;
 But will it cause for joy afford
 When open to the face of day ?
 For, should the casting fail,
 Or, should the mould be frail :—
 E'en while we glow 'twixt hope and fear,
 Misfortune's horrors may be near.

To holy earth's uncertain womb
 We, what our hands have made, confide,
 As in the same dark, dreary tomb,
 Their seeds the careful sowers hide,
 Till, beauteous from its depths they glide
 By heaven drest in fairest bloom :—
 Seeds yet more precious and more dear
 We mournfully entrust to earth,
 In hope that once they may appear
 Resplendent at their second birth.

From the tower
 Tolls the Bell,
 Low and heavy
 The death-knell.

These mourning sounds from yonder dome
Guide some earth-pilgrim to the dark cold home.

Ah ! 'tis the wife, the well beloved !
Alas ! it is the faithful mother,
Whom the prince of death and fears
From her hapless consort tears :—
She ne'er shall see her children more
Whom blooming to her lord she bore,
Whom with mother's love she tended,
Mildly ruled,—from ill defended ;—
Now, these gentle bonds must sever ;—
Loosed the joys of home for ever :—
She dwells in the shadow-land,
She, who was that sweet home's mother,—
Gone, her voice, her glad command,—
Orders in her stead another :—
Void of love, a stranger face
Ruleth from the widowed place.

While the Bell is cooling,—ye,
Resting gaily from your toil
May sport and joy, and laugh awhile,
As free as birds upon the tree !
As soon as twinkle the stars in the heaven,
Sounds the vesper, and rest to the workman is given.
But the master must toil in the cheerful daylight,
And must watch and must ponder in the darkness of night.

Now through the woods with joyous lay
The wanderer wends his happy way
To his own dear cottage home :—
The sheep in bleating chorus homeward roam :
Anon appears
The ample fronted host of steers,
Cheerly lowing, duly fed,
Marching to their wonted shed :
With grain o'erfilled and heavily
Tottering on its creaking wheels,
Onward the waggon reels ;
Glistens on the sheaves to view
The garland gay of varied hue,—
For harvest's o'er, and merrily
Village maids and youths advance
Light hearted in the jocund dance.
Street and mart are still.—'Tis late.—
By taper light in social mirth,
The loved ones circle round the hearth :
Loud creaks the closing city gate.—
Obscurity upreareth
Her mantle o'er the earth,
But the honest freeman feareth
Not the hour of night
Which whelms the villain in affright :—
For all may rest, and all may sleep,
Still shall the law its vigil keep.

Holy order! Heaven descended!
 Blest and blessing; who hast blended
 Like with like in joy serene,
 Of cities thou the foundress-queen:
 Man, who wont in fields to roam,
 Thou giftedst with a happy home,
 His heart to softness to incline,
 And social thoughts of love was thine!
 And thine—thine own—that impulse grand,
 The warm, true love of Fatherland!

Thousand busy hands united,
 Each with mutual aid delighted,
 Cheerful labor in communion,
 Prospering in the happy union;
 With freedom's pride and emulation
 Men and master are allied;
 Each worthy, in his proper station.
 May scorn the scorers who deride.
 In labor is the freeman's fame,
 Toil entaileth sure a blessing:
 Let kings be proud, their crowns possessing,
 Our glory of our hands we claim.

Oh gentle concord,—lovely peace!
 Oh hear us. Never, never cease
 To guard from ill our home and land.
 Never dawn the day of wail,
 When ruffian war's rapacious band
 Shall ravage this sweet, silent vale;
 When the soft blushing hues of even,
 Which now shine roseate in the heaven,
 Must flee before the savage glare
 Of flames ascending to the air,
 From hamlet homes and cities fair.

Break we now the clay-built mould;
 Its task is done,—no more 'tis needed:
 Now with heart and eye behold.
 If the Bell have well succeeded.
 Raise the hammer on high,
 Into the fragments the cover must fly.
 The mould must be broken and shattered the clay,
 That the Bell may be seen in the clearness of day!

To break the mould, the proper hour
 Duly the skilful master knows;
 But wo! when with its fiery power,
 Self-freed the metal torrent flows.
 Blind raging, as with crash of thunder,
 It bursts its broken bonds asunder;
 With hell-like fury it hath risen,
 Destruction darting from its prison.
 Nought brute monster-strength availeth,
 When the aid of reason faileth;

Wo unto the hapless nation,
 Blindly whelmed in frantic passion ;
 Wo ! when the gathered fuel lighted
 Blazeth in the city's heart,—
 Wo ! when the savage mob excited
 Themselves would rend their chains apart !—
 Tolls of tumult, rage and fear
 Furious howl upon the ear,
 And, vowed before to peace, the Bell
 Now echoes war and murder's yell.

“ Freedom,—Equality,”—they shout,
 And men wax frantic at the sound,—
 Streets, halls are filled with fury's rout
 And bands of murder rush around.—
 Women, as hyænas savage
 Jest at the terrific ravage,
 And panther like, amid the plunder
 Tear their foemen's hearts asunder.—
 Nought more is holy,—every tie
 Of sacred reverence, rent and gone,—
 The wicked rule and good men fly,
 For vice is lord, and vice alone.—
 The angered lion's rage is dire
 Deadly the frantic tiger's ire,—
 But what more dread,—what deadlier than
 Infuriated, frenzied man ?
 Wo ! when the torch, though heavenly, flashes -
 In the blind madman's reckless hand !
 It lights him not,—but whelms the land,
 Fair vil'ages and towns in ashes.

Grateful be our souls to Heaven !
 Splendid as a star of gold,
 Bright from its husk, and smooth and even
 The metal kernel bursts ;—behold,
 Brilliant it gleams,—above, below,
 As with a radiant sunbeam's glow :
 Ev'n the scutcheon graven-clear
 Reveals the master's skill and care.

In !—my men,—and aid
 The christening of the Bell we've made :
 Concord be her name !
 Long may her sweet voice proclaim
 The call to harmony and love
 Gladly sounding from above.

For this the Bell hath been created,
 Her purpose from this day be dated :
 O'er humble earth exalted far
 In heaven's cerulean canopy,
 The thunder's neighbour she on high
 Shall dwell, the borderer of the star ;

Her voice be as those orbs' above,
 Whose light at eve illumines the sphere,
 Who praise their maker as they move,
 And guide along the wreathed year.
 To serious and eternal things
 Be her melodious tongue devote,
 While, hourly, with her echoing note,
 She calls to mind life's fleeting wings.
 Herself without compassion's feeling
 Yet shall she lend her voice to fate,
 And of time's changes onward stealing,
 Be she for aye the faithful mate :
 And as her rich tone dies away,
 Which now resounded loud and high,
 Thus may she teach this world's decay.
 That all on earth must fade and die.

Now with cords upraise the Bell
 Lifted from her darksome cell :
 That to the music realm she rise
 Proudly wafted to the skies :
 Heave—pull—away !
 She moves :—she hovers :—hurra !
 Joy to our City and Land around ;
 Sacred to Peace be our Bell's first sound.



CAPE CIRCUITS.

Narrative availeth little unless the truth be written.

The Judicial Tour round the Colony, is a most insipid subject to touch upon, and no doubt, little interest will be found by the reader in perusing any narrative thereof, by reason of its great monotony and want of exciting incidents. This is hardly credible, considering the great extent of country travelled over during the three months, and that the number of miles exceed 1700. The most eastern limit is Alice Town, in the new territory taken from Kaffraria, and the most northern, is Colesberg, within three hours' ride of the Great Orange River. It would be as well, however, before entering further on our subject, just to premise, that there are two circuits, "the spring" and "the autumn," during the year, through all the divisions of the colony. The cost of these to the public may, approximately, be estimated at, annually, £2,100, for the transport and personal

disbursements of the Judges. Each judge takes his turn every eighteen months, as the Supreme Court consists only of three judges, though originally of four.

A daily account, or "*vade mecum*," of the judicial tour, would be unreadable; and in no country, can the monotony in scenery and incidents be more wearisome and uninteresting to a traveller, than in this colony. We can therefore only promise the reader a faint general idea of the circuit, which he may cursorily obtain in pursuing this limited description of the mode of travelling, the country, the inhabitants, and sundry scenes that occur along the road or in court.

The mountain scenery is at times strikingly grand, and, in the setting sun, magnificent, but, the want of water and foliage is a serious drawback in the beauty of the landscapes. Trees are seldom to be found, unless planted by man, save in the forests of George, or the ravines in Uitenhage, near Beaufort and Somerset. On the mountains of the latter division, gooseberries and cherries are grown to perfection, by Mr. Hart;—and ice, capable of bearing a man's weight, is sometimes found at Cradock and Colesberg. Snow is plentiful at Graaff-Reinet, in winter. The greater part of the country is rocky mountain or desolate waste; large tracts being unfit even for grazing; this accounts for the extensive grants of land, to the original settlers, of from 40 to 50,000 acres in some of the northern divisions. In Swellendam, the "Hope Farm," belonging to L. Cloete, Esq., exceeds 87,000 acres. Wild beasts *do exist* within the Colony; and large panthers *can* be found amongst the hills of Cradock, as also buffalos and elephants, in the forests of George,—but these kind of gentlemen *never* interfere with the Judges, though hyenas, at night, are often seen trotting along, in search of sick or lame oxen by the road side. Abundance of game, in the shape of numerous species of buck, hares, partridges, korhaans, can at all times be found within a few hundred yards of the main road, through the greater part of the divisions of Swellendam, George, Uitenhage, Somerset, on to Beaufort. The migratory spring-bucks and gnoos, literally and truly, in thousands, *cover* some of the plains or prairies of Cradock and Colesberg. To those who take delight in constant rough travelling, shooting, and all kinds of mishaps and annoyances, this tour would afford continued excitement.

The great respect and esteem everywhere entertained for

the three Judges of the land, command a hearty welcome, and the best of every thing, during the journey, though the best is sorry fare. In former times, the Boer would scarcely receive compensation, and thought the honor sufficient recompense, for entertaining the circuit judge, but now a days 30s. will not content some, though they receive little inconvenience, and are not at 5s. outlay. The Dutch Boer, however, is *still* truly hospitable to the stranger, frugal, moral, and strikingly dignified in deportment. The rate of travelling is slow. Seldom, if ever, more than 50 miles in a day. What are called roads, are, in fact, especially through the northern divisions, mere wagon tracks, patched up at intervals of 5 years. And until the formation of the Central Board, no country could be more disgraced and checked in its advancement, by the want of inland roads, than the Cape. For 5 to 6 days in succession, all kinds of perils and responsibilities, were daily to be endured. At night, in some places, the accommodation is so mean and dirty, that one would, if possible, rather travel on, than stay to rest. In each district town, or village, a court is held, for criminal and civil suits, from 2 to 10 days, at most, according to the number of cases on the criminal calender or civil roll. The accumulation of six months' crimes and suits, prevents an official from lionizing much, though a person seeking amusement and travelling with the Judge, would find the sojourn at some of the towns, exceedingly agreeable, if he sought the social hospitality of the inhabitants, ever found attentive to strangers, who can take matters as they come, in a quiet way.

A store of wine, and other necessaries, are obliged to be taken in the wagon, by the Judge, to render somewhat palatable the flesh of goats, hairy sheep, tough fowls and geese,—plentiful everywhere. Beef can never be obtained, save in the towns,—and there it is scarce. Often is the Judge compelled to seek shelter in a hut, with the sky visible through the holes in the thatch, and divided into two apartments—onc the *general* sleeping-room of the boer's numerous family—some on the floor, some on stretchers,—the other serves for parlour, hall, and kitchen. The sheep just freshly slaughtered hangs suspended from the roof. Dogs, ducks, and chickens patter on the floor, whilst bats and swallows flutter overhead; and the perfume of the room would beat a menagerie. Again, sometimes outspanned before an impassable river, waiting till its swollen waters have subsided,

the Judge spends the live-long night without a fire to warm the stiffened limbs, cramped up in a narrow wagon that can scarce afford protection from the chilling blast and rain. 'Tis true, all this, and more, the brave soldier again and again endures for his country's weal, but he thereby everlasting glory earns,—but the dispenser of the law, only a fresh attack of rheumatism.

A piratical old crow is usually the only spectator that seems interested in watching the Judge's forlorn progress over many a desolate waste. Just let the reader fancy himself a joint spectator, and observe the cortége proceeding through the "Lange Kloof," or the "Karoo." A meridian sun is scorching the thirsty soil, bereft of all herbage, save the stunted bitter heath. On either hand the craggy mountains shut in the view; as gradually to the horizon sinking, they vanish from the sight: the deceitful mirage glimmers on the sterile plain. No trees, no meandering rivers, beguile the eye: all is rock or barren ground. Now and then, some few acres of ploughed land can be traced on a far-off slope, in the vicinity of a farmer's homestead and kraal. Along the stony road, an equestrian may be seen sjamboking his stumbling steed along. A veil, once blue, but now done brown by sun and rain, adorns his "wide-awake;" corduroys and shooting coat, white leather boots, complete the outer man. Behind him rides a "Tottie" as a guide, well acquainted with the road. It is the Judge; and after him, perhaps, follows his friend, with gun on shoulder, ready for all game he may chance to find. Soon after his lordship's wagons, "Jumper" and "Hartebeeste," heave in sight, groaning, grunting, creaking, oscillating to the tugs of the 10-horse team. They seem like monstrous gipsy carts, with red wheels, covered tops, piles of luggage, leather bags, boxes, saddles, spades, guns, and frying-pans. On the coach-box sits the Tottie driver, furiously cracking his gigantic bamboo whip: a straw hat with an ostrich feather, but no rim, covers his woolly head, whilst leather crackers, suspended to a tunic with only half a sleeve, is all he owns besides. Behind him, inside, almost mad with the wagon's clatter, reclines the Registrar, savagely dirty, calculating with great concern how much of his darling salary will be mulcted by the lynx-eyed Auditor-General, as a set off for his blunders in fees and transport payments. The other vehicle contains the commissariat department, with the cook or butcher, as the case may be, and other servants with the luggage,—from a nail to Chitty

on Pleading. "Oh ye, that go to the Home or Western Circuits, old elums at the Temple; ye who are weary and grumble on the box of a dashing four-in-hand, over glorious roads; to you I say, come join the Cape Town Bar; and if at most you clear £300, nor break a limb, and wish not to return home again, then indeed you must be tough and poor to rest contented with what few or none before your time have ever been."

But here it may be asked,—Does *no* barrister attend the circuit courts? Only one, Mr. John Ebdon, has for several years *constantly* attended, and whose ability and zeal in the cause of his clients, has rendered him so popular with the colonists, as always to ensure him a munificent, though by no means unequal, compensation for the great labour and energy required and displayed in travelling round the colony twice during the year, in a convenient cart with six horses. To the wonder of all, these horses return fresher and fatter, than when they started upon this terrible land voyage.

At the very outset of this fatiguing journey, misery commences. Thus, when, sad and anxious at leaving town, we hurry the unwilling steeds along the "Hard Road," swept with a hurricane's force by the south-east wind, the white sand sending like mist across the elevated road, its hot grains sting the face, equal to the smart of nettles. Scarcely we saw the horses stem the gusts of wind, and "hold fast by their feet." Wagons of forage may be upset on either side the steep embankment, and the circuit wagons, but for their heavy load, would soon incur a similar fate.

This splendid path across the desert waste, has now been raised, where injured by the drifting sand, in *some* parts, some 16 or 17 feet. It was thus elevated above the level of shifting sand, so as to cause the latter to sweep over, without resting on the top, and covering it; but in one place success from this plan is exceedingly doubtful.—nothing but binding the sand by vegetation will ever avail. No one dared attempt this hazardous undertaking, because from time immemorial all considered the project mad and impossible, by reason of this drifting sand; and 100 yards of this sand require as many as 18 oxen to a wine-wagon, to take it over the flats. The Hard Road was commenced in 1843, and opened in December 1845. It is a work that ranks equal with the Montagu Pass, which required £1753 worth of gunpowder for blasting,—fit and lasting mementos of Mr. Montagu's stupendous and Napoleon efforts!

Thus there is now a safe and easy carriage drive of six and thirty miles, (except at the sandy spot of 500 yards before alluded to) to Sir Lowry Pass, over the Hottentot, & Holland Mountains; and thence, inland, 330 miles; vehicles with or without springs can now travel, with moderate draught. This lofty chain of mountains forms a fit boundary to the land, which alone, in reality, adds power, by its geographical position, to the British Crown. When at the top, I have often viewed the scene with pleasure. It is the last obtained of home, if home there can be on a foreign shore. False Bay stretches away upon the left,—some thousand feet below are the sandy flats, extending thence, without any apparent rise, to Table Bay, whilst direct across, distantly, looms the Table Land. Studded here and there with farmer's homesteads embosomed among sand-hills, or trees, these extensive flats appear, at the first glance, as if they once had been the ocean's bed, and afterwards raised by volcanic action. The road now continues through a desolate kloof, where robbers would seek to plunder, and where vultures perch upon the rugged mountain peaks.

Our space will not admit of a lengthened detail of the path that is jolted over day by day. Nor can we recount, however strong the wish, the pleasant days and evenings spent, in many a village, or at the country-seats of gentlemen with whom agriculture has its charms. Who is there that once has visited, and can forget, Zandvliet, the hospitable residence of Laurens Cloete, Esq.? After four and twenty miles' hot ride in a South Easter, one longs for shade and rest,—and, grateful as is the cooling stream to the wounded deer, so is the comfort and elegance of this mansion on the "Flats," to an expectant visitor. None but the initiated can conceive the great delight there is in quitting this dry hot wind for the luxury of a cool drawing-room, excellent cheer and delicious wines. Then, at night, to sweet slumber lulled by ocean's laving on the distant beach, or by the memory of the music that hangs reluctant still upon the ear,—charmed during the last few hours, by the melodies so rich and brilliant, from the hand of skill and taste,—who can forget Nether Court, St. Francis Bay, and Sidbury Park, where the happy hours flew so swiftly past, made the traveller forget his onward way, and sigh to remain at rest?

These and many more we could recount, and a "tale unfold,"—but space forbids.—Yet one evening's fun, at a boer's house, as a fair specimen of what can be done, at times, may

be allowed—and thus it was. The old “Vaars” some 3 hours to this side of Montagu Pass, in the “Lange Kloof,” rattle up, about dusk, to a large thatched house, with many trees, and a running stream, before the door. The dogs set up a bark, and the cattle bellow in the kraal. The inmates quickly rush out, his lordship to greet—and in one pops to a long low room, mud floor, and white washed rushes as a ceiling over head. The night is cold and rainy,—but inside the fire blazes on the hearth, consuming with its forked flames, the dry rhenoster bushes, that crackle with a cheerful sound. The stiffened limbs soon find their warmth returned, and past bumps and shakes are soon forgot in the hearty welcome given by Widow Rensburg, and her charming daughters to “Ganze Kraal.” The supper is spread in the long low hall,—and every one that’s present sits him down. The four Eves, the Judge, the Registrar, the honest Boer who drove, the Vaar, Field-Cornets, Transport Contractors, and others, in total quite a score. *Sans céromonie*, such a feast there was. A large fowl pie, at top, half a lamb at bottom, geese and ducks done to rags, on the sides, sausages, a little *high*, chops in oil, wast buck, and pheasants, potatoes in a growing state and green, yellow rice with ruby plums, and sour wine. The knives and forks did make a tremendous rattle,—not a single word or laugh was heard, till the meat removed, fresh bread and butter, with water cresses, took its place. Then the Registrar, no longer grave, essayed to pass the joke, right well the merry burghers took it up, and quaffed the health of the dear old Judge, and soon from a quaker’s meeting to a noisy school room, the scene was changed. At last the eating ceased, coffee handed round, to those who fancied they were poisoned by the judge’s claret. “Is there such a thing as a fiddle to be found?” enquired the Registrar of the buxom widow.

“May be, as how there is,”—replied the lady of the house.

“Pray, introduce the muse,”—says he, “and all hands to the tables come,—what say you to a dance, my friends?”

One general rush there was, and soon the room was clear. In walked a tottie herdsman, as the muse of thrilling sounds, and sat him down,—the fiddle twanged,—and, oh, ye gods—naught but “Jim Crow,” could the black brute play. Ye, goddesses of the white satin shoe, fancy a giddy waltz to the 1, 2, 3, and a hop tune of old Jim Crow. However, quadrille, and polka, quickly followed, to the same confounded tune. Mullied claret well spiced and warm, soon made the damsels

less demure, and at last, in glorious unison and chorus, they burst into song. A country-dance sung by Arcadians, was an exciting change to our ears, answered the purpose very well, and to it we went in style. Up and down, the singing couples, flew with greased lightning's speed, then round and round as cockchafers on a pin.—My partner was a regular little "duck," jet black hair, large dark liquid eyes, rosy lips, with an ivory hedge of pearly white, a kind of sleepy Venus, yet very fit to "murder sleep," in those who gazed upon her lovely face,—so innocent, so sprightly, "cheerful without mirth," yet so modestly coy. Princely court without all its art, could confer no greater charm, than that bestowed by nature's own pure gifts, upon little "Mimie Rensburg." How, and when I got to my couch that night, I have forgot,—but this I know,—I dreamt of Mimie dear,—had just obtained a hesitating "yes," and was about to taste ethereal bliss from her rosy lip,—when I awoke,—and o'er me stood, a "Tottie" black, with a cup of coffee in her hand.

"Get up, get up, my master, the Judge is ready, and the vaar's inspanned,"—she cried.

Up rose the sleeper, at these words, with anger on his brow,—the fragrant beverage quaffed, and his toilet done, outside he rushed. The rain was falling fast—all looked dull and miserable, save the clime roses in the hedge, glistening with the rain drops on the petals flushing pink. The hour was late—so the Judge looked stern—and he hastened to be off.

"Are your horses *quiet*?"—inquired the law of the driver Klaas.

"Yah, Yah, mynheer, de paardengedanig *kwaai*."—"Yes, yes, my lord, the horses are confounded *vicious*."

The Judge heard, "yah, yah,"—the rest he did not understand, and so thought all was safe,—so in he jumped, and sat him down upon the wagon seat. Poor Klaas, however, did think that *kwaai*, was what his lordship meant to ask instead of *quiet*. He then the long reigns pulled, his big whip smacked, and screamed aloud to his ten horse team, but round they swerved to the wagon side, and the leaders gazed with straining eyes upon the majesty of the law,—who rose with thunder and lightning in his eyes, as he struggled at the wagon door.

"Let me out, let me out," said he in terrible dismay, "you wretch, would you destroy the Queen's wagons, and the Queen's Judge, a man with a family?"

“Yah, yah mynheer, gedanig kwaai,”—returns poor Klaas, trembling in every limb, and the rain drops trickling from his nose.

* * * *

The courts in which the sessions are held, at the different towns, are, with the exception of Uitenhage and Graham's Town, by no means becoming and suitable for so important a duty as the administration of public justice. In some not even decent, and where, at a push, the Judge, jury, witness, and prisoner, could pull each others' noses. The government school room is used at some places, and in others, the very roof is off the court house. Those summoned to attend as jurors, and when not impanelled, have often to stand all day. The space in front for the audience is so small, that the chief object of the law is lost, which should be, not so much to punish the guilty, as to impress upon the vulgar the certainty and terror of the law in the detection of crime. The erection of public buildings, containing proper offices for the civil servants, might now be well entertained on the part of the government, and be made adjoining the gaols which are shortly to be built in each district town. It is a matter of great importance, for about 200 convicts are annually sentenced by the Circuit Courts, to hard labor on the public roads, when at different convict stations a system is now adopted, highly conducive not only to the public good, but fraught with great benefit to the culprit himself, who returns to society, a man improved by regular habits of industry and religious instruction. The horrors, as related, of the probation system, in Van Diemen's Land, are here never heard of.

But, to return to our last subject. The Judge sits at one end of a table,—the Registrar at the other,—the Jury at a desk on the left,—the Barristers, if any, at a little table on the right,—the Prisoner just in front,—the Sheriff anywhere. A big greasy Kafir is put to the bar for stealing.

Judge.—Arraign the prisoner, Mr. Registrar.

The Registrar—(taking from the Clerk of the Peace the printed indictment, signed by Her Majesty's Attorney-General—reads in short:—) You Umixana stand charged with the crime of theft, “in that, whereas upon the 25th day of December, in the year of our Lord &c. &c.”—Are you guilty or not guilty?

The Dutch interpreter translates it into Dutch for the

Kafir interpreter, who then gives it to the prisoner in the Kafir language.

Prisoner.—How can I say I am not guilty when I did take the oxen? I was drunk.

Judge.—Record the plea, Mr. Registrar. The case is very clear against you, prisoner. Being drunk is only an aggravation of your crime. The sentence of the court is, imprisonment with hard labor for seven years. Take him away—Next prisoner.

A Hottentot, for murder, is then put to the bar, and, on being arraigned, pleads guilty.

Judge.—He pleads guilty, does he not?

Dutch Interpreter.—Yes, my lord.

Judge.—This case is also very clear against the prisoner, Mr. Clerk of the Peace. However, let him stand aside, and wait for sentence,—there will be one or two more presently. Next prisoner.

The next is a Bushman, for horse-stealing, about 4 feet high,—a little woolly hair on the head,—brilliantly black eyes,—and wrapped round with a blanket.

Registrar.—(After reading the indictment)—Are you guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner.—Did you see me steal the horse? No one did.

Registrar.—Answer the question,—are you guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner.—No, I am not.

The Registrar then impanells a fresh Jury, one being already locked up, to agree upon their verdict on a former trial. Nine outlandish crack-jaw names are called out, and the owners put in the jury-box.

Registrar.—Prisoner, have you any objection to any of the gentlemen of the jury?

Prisoner.—(leering round the court, at last rests his eye upon the Judge, and, pointing to him says)—Yes, I object to that old man with the white head sitting there.

Judge.—You can't get rid of me, my friend.

So the trials proceed on till 12 o'clock at night, and the Judge goes home, leaving the Jury still locked up, without fire or good things to cheer them to argument, till, by hunger excited, they burst open the window, get out into the village, and bring to their lock-up-room wherewith to make a night of it. It seems quite an anomaly in our jurisprudence, that men, on oath, are to be starved into giving an opinion contrary to their conscience.

One more incident, and we have done. A civil case is going on. The counsel, anxious to speak to the client, is prevented by the attorney, a half-mad, pompous, big creature.

Counsel.—Let me speak to my client.

Attorney.—No, no, no; read your brief.

Counsel.—But I must speak to the man,—(endeavoring to pass the bumptious attorney, who covers the client; in so doing the counsel pushes the attorney aside a little; the latter in rage pounces with a panther's spring upon the counsel's ears, and lugs away.)

Counsel.—My Lord, my Lord; I, I, I must appeal to the protection of the court.

Attorney.—(Jumping in front of counsel,)—No, no, no, my Lord; mere misunderstanding, quite a mistake, Sir,—my Lord, I mean.

Counsel.—But I must appeal to-to-to—the pain is so very great! Indeed, the dignity of the bar demands,—and am I to be told, that in a court of justice, a barrister is to be treated in that way! Indeed—indeed—my lord!

Attorney.—(bursting into tears)—I—I—I—beg your pardon, my lord!—

Judge.—(convulsed with laughter)—Not mine, sir, but the learned counsel's.

* * * * *

There is one thing very remarkable in this country, and that is, the amazing dexterity, with which the Boers drive ten horse teams through the dangerous defiles and winding kloofs of the mountainous passes. The harness—the most unsafe—mere band round the chest, and a strip of ox-hide over the back—the bit a plain snaffle. The wagon horses are generally shaggy, with small, thin legs,—living entirely upon grass cropped in the fields,—but their endurance of fatigue is beyond belief. Seven hours at six miles an hour, with a heavy wagon, up terrific stony hills, and, at times, deep sand, and only half an hour outspanning during that time, just to roll and drink. The most astonishing feat I ever heard of, was by Sir Harry Darrell, of the 7th Dragoons, which he related to me himself. The gallant baronet's weight was 14 stone, the horse a chesnut gelding rising 7,—and 15 hands high. The distance 22 miles from Fort Beaufort to "Tomlinson's Post," at the Koonap, and which I rode myself in 3½ hours at a quiet canter. The first time he did it was by starlight, for a bet of £50, at the mess; he rose from the table, and just as he was, saddled the horse, and

was at the Koonap in an hour and 24 minutes afterwards,—and won the bet. The second time, for £100, after training, the noble animal did it in one hour and seventeen minutes, over a rough and hilly road, the last $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles being a very steep and stony descent. The horse was afterwards stolen during the Kafir war, but, I believe, again recovered. The value of a team of ten wagon horses is generally reckoned at £120 to £200; and I have known £8 a-head refused for a span of 8 oxen.

The appearance of the Farmers homesteads' and their internal comfort have greatly deteriorated since the emancipation of the slaves. Families were then more united, and dwelt in considerable numbers in a patriarchal manner on the same place, from generation to generation. They then had laborers sufficient for the cultivation of the soil and an increasing capital in their prolific slaves. Now, Hottentot labourers are scarce, even at 2s. a day, and a hut for their family. Nearly all the farms in the colony are mortgaged more or less, and very many are even not of the same extent as the original grants. Many have been forced and are continually forced to untimely sales, and subdivided again to meet the legitimate portion of a deceased parent's children, when the heir cannot redeem the legitimate portion by a liberal sale. The law of inheritance prevailing in this colony, was "instituted to suit the primitive stages of society, but with the growth of wealth, increase of population, and the extension of knowledge, its limits have become too narrow for the wants of the present generation." A man on dying, has his half estate cut up into equal portions, for perhaps his thirteen children, the widow retaining the other half and a child's share. Good heavens, what a pittance must each have to begin the world. Few youths are there now, who ever receive an European education; for few civil servants can themselves respectably live on their salaries, and but very few, indeed, can now send a son to learn a profession in England or Holland. The occupier of the soil,—his farm perhaps mortgaged two-thirds to a capitalist in town,—groans under the six per cent. interest he has to pay, with the quit rents and the rates for the Central and Divisional Boards for Roads, and other claims. How can he, without laborers, his children ploughing the land, spare funds wherewith to educate his offspring? In time he will be relieved of the road rates,—his farm and his produce increased by the roads; but the mortgagee, the

real owner of the property, all the time escapes this tax, and thus is there an unequal pressure.

It is impossible to let our narrative run on like a parson's sermon, cut and polished in every word and phrase,—each paragraph running into the other like telescopic slides. We write as the subjects occur to the mind without regard to formal observance of time and distance ; so on we'll jog in our own homely way, and spin a yarn about a day at George. It happened that a fearful storm broke over the village at night. The place was deluged with rain,—flashes of the most vivid lightning incessantly gleamed through the window, and the electric fluid seemed to run along the ground, whilst Heaven's artillery thundered as if the day of judgment had come. Nature was enveloped in a universal shroud of darkness. But the morn broke like a fine miss in dudgeon,—half smiles, half frowns. The mountains were covered with clouds, which increasing vapour would soon have changed to tears. The sun, a little way off, smiled in good temper, as if desirous of making one forget the tempest's rage on the preceding night. Cradock's Kloof (for then no Montagu Pass was made) lay hid behind the canopy of clouds. What a stride took the march of intellect, when first some bolder white essayed to scale the heavens, and defied the barrier which nature seemed to have opposed in the Cradock Mountains to his trespass over berg upon the hidden land. How often does reason seem to become audacity, if not presumption? and yet, but for this stimulus, man would have remained tethered to the place of his birth, and the sea divided the affinities.

At the top of the street stood the old Drostdy House,—one of those official residences of the Civil Commissioner in each division, built for the express purpose of giving the Chief Civil Officer in a division that proper dignity and power of disseminating the social principle of hospitality, so becoming to his station, and so úseful to the inhabitants.—However, a crowd collects to witness corporal punishment, adjudged upon an unhappy offender, by the Circuit Court. Human nature is degraded by the brutish treatment. The Christian mourns over the weakness of any legislature, which *too freely* allows so terrible and so unsuitable a sentence. By this the criminal is oftener hardened than restrained in his career, whilst in many instances it is proved that spectators are incited, by the inhuman sight, to committal of crime.

As the cortege ascends the kloof, by no means devoid of scenic beauty,—the clouds disperse, and a glimpse of this dangerous road and terrific ascent, is caught, winding up a mere ledge or root of the steep mountain. It was an ascent of extreme peril,—18 to 20 oxen, to each wagon,—6 convicts on each side,—and a mile, an hour. Now, by the Montagu Pass, a horse team trots away on a gradually ascending line, as if it were a turnpike road. Though at the cost of some £40,000, about ten times more in amount than originally calculated upon. Fragrant shrubs and vine tracery, mark the course of the torrents, through one of which a mere clearance of the trees showed a drift. Several reins or thongs of ox-hide are united, and fastened to the leading oxen's horns. The mounted guide taking the other end, plunges into the rushing flood that dashes madly against his side.

Nobly the brave horse stems the stream which foams around him to the saddle flaps, at last safely lodged on the other side, he with the help of others pulls the long riem, but the frightened oxen snort and stamp, nor venture in, till repeated blows force them forward. With tails erect they then tumble and scramble through. Already do the leaders ascend the steep claying bank. The wagon reaches the middle torrent, but has approached too near the shelving brink of the precipice. My God ! it totters o'er the chasm, where the boiling surge, bounds frantic with the dark channel beneath the copse. The drivers yell and flog,—a shepherd's dog is hurled headlong howling into the depth below, fore-runner of our threatened fate. The breath comes fast and quick,—and then one feels there is a God,—and cries aloud for help to Him who made the elements, that they prove not a grave to the penitent man. With all their might upon their knees, the 20 oxen strain upon the tow,—it snapped, “our doom is come,”—we muttered,—and dew appeared upon each pale brow,—but still the wagon stood,—and the horrid waters rushed harmless through the spokes,—a hidden stump had broken within the wheel!—thank God,—and by a miracle as it were, our lives were spared !

A. C. W.

THE PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY.

Every one who has studied, in the public newspapers, the history of those great events, which have recently taken place in the different countries of Europe, must have been sensible of one inconvenience, which it is impossible to avoid, in making one's self acquainted with contemporary history through such a medium, at a time like the present. In passing along the broadsheet, from the narrative of the events of one country to that of those occurring in another, the mind becomes so hopelessly confused, that, at the end, we find ourselves little wiser, or better informed, than we were in the beginning. Thus, when, after reading one of Lamartine's despatches, we turn to a rhodomontade by Mr. Mitchell, followed by a proclamation by the King of Sardinia,—an appeal to the loyalty of his people by the Sovereign of Denmark,—a wild speculative harangue on politics and patriotism by some German dreamer at Frankfort,—an ukase by the Emperor Nicholas,—a squabble between the governments of England and Spain,—and a royal resignation in Bavaria;—we must be remarkably clear-headed men, if we can follow distinctly the course of each separate narrative, without confounding the acts and persons of the several dramas. It is true, that the political convulsions which have occurred in France, in Prussia, in Austria, in Denmark, throughout Germany, in Italy, and, we regret to add, in Ireland, are all traceable to the great event which took place in Paris, on the 24th of February; but that event has affected different nations so differently,—its operation has been so various in the various countries of Europe,—that it is hard to trace the connection between events,—the importance of which is obvious, but the causes and probable effects of which are veiled in almost impenetrable obscurity. Thus it is, that, after greedily devouring the contents of a heap of English papers, borrowed from the fortunate possessor, who has received them by some ship of late date, and, of course, no mail, we rise from the perusal of them with vague ideas of Prince Metternich haranguing the Irish confederation,—Mr. Mitchell domesticated at Claremont as Count de Neuilly,—Lola Montez acting as the goddess of reason in the streets of Paris,—Louis Philippe invading Belgium at the head of an Austrian army,—Charles Albert, of Sardinia, appropriating

the papal tiara,—the King of Prussia singing the Marseillaise *en blouse*,—the Helvetic Confederation asserting its rights to Schleswig-Holstein,—and the King of Denmark installed as a professor at Heidelberg, and devising a new constitution for the Hanse towns.

The future historian, who, when “the whirligig of time has brought round its revenges,” shall attempt, separated by a century from the prejudices and turmoils of our time, to reduce to something like a connected narrative the startling events of the present year, will find it, even then, no easy matter;—yet, it would be worse than idiotic in ourselves, were we—deterred by superficial difficulties—to evade the duty of extracting from those events the great moral and political lessons, which they are so well adapted to track. Perhaps the best way to do this effectually by avoiding confusion, is to exclude from consideration all the occurrences and all the countries, not directly bearing on the particular question which we may wish to examine; and, with that view, we shall confine our notice, in the present article, to the history of France during the period which intervened between the abdication of Louis Philippe, on the 24th February, and the meeting of the National Assembly, on the 4th May: and shall allude only to those salient points which seem best to illustrate the question, so often considered, both in ancient and modern times, of the comparative advantages of a democratic and a less “liberal” system of government.

When Louis Philippe became aware that, in his person, royalty could no longer exist in France, he made a last effort to preserve it to his family. It was hoped, that, by resigning the crown to the infant orphan of the once popular Duke of Orleans, with his mother in place of the obnoxious Duc de Nemours as regent, and with a liberal minister, the throne might yet be saved. The opposition who had goaded the people to revolutionary fury, less from a desire to reform than from a hope that Guizot might be replaced by Odillon, Barrot, Molé, or Thiers, were ready enough to accept this compromise. But it was too late: the bridle was no longer powerful over the steed that had been maddened by the lash: and when the Duchess of Orleans and her infant children appeared in the chamber of deputies, they were with difficulty saved from the insults of the mob. The “people” rushed into the chamber,—the remnants of royalty retired,—the president and most of the deputies followed their example—and the “people” proceeded to legislate *en*

blouse. M. Dupont (de l'Eure) was carried to the presidential chair : and amid the crash of arms, and the shouting of the intruders, the provisional government was proclaimed by M. Ledru Rollin, and accepted by the mob.

Let us readily admit, that the members of this government have carried more honor for themselves in the execution of their arduous task, than could have been hoped from their questionable origin. They have labored unceasingly, honestly and honorably, to maintain the dignity of their country and the preservation of internal and of European peace. One man in particular, with a virtue, rarely found on such occasions, which are apt to make the boldest quail and the most upright swerve from the straight path of rectitude and honor, has devoted all the energies of a great mind and an honest heart to the noble task of restoring calm and tranquility to a people burning for vengeance, agitated by recent contests, buoyed up by victory, and thoroughly disorganized. Addressing them, sometimes with fervid eloquence, sometimes with resistless persuasion, and, occasionally, with stern remonstrance, he has, beyond all hope, succeeded in his task ; and it would be hard, indeed, to say at this moment, how much Europe owes to Lamartine. Nor have his efforts been idly or inefficiently seconded by his colleagues. There were, indeed, whispers of jealousies and dissensions ; but if such existed, they were wisely suppressed. Those whom the exigencies of the time had made the comrades of Lamartine, caught something of his patriotic spirit. And, if we may judge, from what their acts *have* been, of what they *would* have been, if free from the power of the multitude, and acting solely by the dictates of conscience, history scarcely displays a spectacle more noble than presented by these men, striving for the re-establishment of order and civil government, against the madness of an infuriated rabble.

But, if we willingly admit their virtues and their merits, we must not, on the other hand, forget their origin. They were the nominees of the mob of Paris. That would be a small thing, were it not, that their nominators were too frequently their masters ; that, strive as they might, they were too often obliged to give way to the brute force, which had called them into being ; that the dictates of the mob were too often echoed in the decrees of government ; and that the efforts of the latter for good were too often thwarted by the powers of the former for evil.

Therefore, while we give them all honor for the noble

course they have pursued, we are still bound to remember, that they were called to their high station, not by the voice of the people of France, but by the voice of the mob of Paris. They did, indeed, take advantage of the scene in the Chamber of Deputies, to represent themselves as the elected of the people of Paris, and *the deputies of departments*; but it is so well known that they were not, in fact, appointed, until after the populace had broken in, and the deputies had retired, that it would be vain to found any argument on the acquiescence of the latter.

Accordingly we find, that all their first acts and proclamations were addressed to the citizens of Paris,—the real rulers of France. They were exhorted to maintain the public order which they had violated: every rioter was armed with the powers of a magistrate: and the mob were entreated to return to their labors, trusting in the good government of the men whom they had chosen.

Strange as it may seem, these appeals did, for a time, appear to have effected their objects. Statements, which sounded almost incredible, were everywhere current as to the perfect tranquility of Paris, two days after the revolution: and although perhaps history affords no parallel of a nation agitated as France had been,—of a city population infuriated as the Parisians had been, subsiding without bloodshed or outrage into apparent peace and order, so it was, that the victorious citizens laid aside the arms of war, though they did not so rapidly assume those of peace.

The Apostle of free trade may say what he will, but the revolution of 1848, was a purely social revolution. A political pretext was put forward by the agitators, but what moved the body of the citizens was discontent with their social position: and it is only by this conclusion that we can satisfactorily account for their ready return to peaceful behaviour, and for their subsequent conduct. The object which they had in view was not to be obtained by miscellaneous butchery. They wanted a working man's government: their vague object was the sustenance of "the people" at the expense of the government. They had sense enough to know that they could not effect this for themselves. They, therefore, placed at their head a government of able men: and when they perceived that the new government was turning attention to political rather than social questions, they again showed their power, and hinted, in a friendly way, that those who had made, could unmake. This was done by means of de-

monstration. A number of artizans would march along the boulevards, the crowd of idlers, of course, increasing at every step. When they were in sufficient force, they would proceed to the Hotel de Ville, state their wishes, which of course, the provisional government had no power to dispute, and quietly retire. Their wish, whatever it might be, then at once appeared in the form of a government decree.

We do not make these remarks as desiring to throw any discredit upon the provisional government: they had obviously no other course: with them, to hear, was necessarily to obey. But what these things do illustrate is the civil system of mob legislature, and the danger that what is called democracy, or government by the people, may too often degenerate into ochlocracy, or government by the mob.

It was out of one of these "demonstrations" that M. Louis Blanc's celebrated commission for "the organization of labor" took its origin. A meeting of armed workmen proceeded as above described to the Ministry of the Interior: they were received by M. Ledru Rollin: they stated their demands, received the minister's promise of compliance, and withdrew. On the next day appeared a decree, signed by several members of the government, establishing the labor commission.

The doctrines of this body are opposed, in toto, by the modern school of political economists. They say, that the regulations of labor should be matter of perfectly free arrangement, between the employer and the employed: that the former has capital to dispose of, as the latter has labor: and that they should be left free to strike a bargain. We do not for ourselves subscribe to the full force of these sentiments: they are without doubt generally true, but, in our view, they involve a fallacy. In order that two parties may strike a fair bargain, they must be placed on terms of equality. For example, I have a watch to dispose of,—a pawnbroker has money: but, as I am in much greater want of the pawnbroker's money, than he is of my watch, I shall not obtain from him its real value. So it may be with labor: wherever there is a greater demand for employment than for laborers, the latter stand in danger of not getting "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," the parties, in short, are not in a position to strike a fair bargain. In that case, we have never been able to see why government may not step in and place the parties on terms of equality: but here, we allow, its province ceases.

Holding these opinions, we are, of course, not so utterly

opposed to the first principle of the labor commission, as most writers on the subject are. But, whether the principle be right or wrong, we object to the manner in which it has been introduced, and to the perposterous development of it which has been attempted. With regard to the first, it is quite clear, that if the object of the mob had been to treble the rate of wages throughout the country, the government must have succumbed : with regard to the second, the Commission have not rested satisfied with placing the contracting parties on an equality, but have proceeded to elevate the workmen at the expense of the employers. This, of course, has been done by order of His Majesty, the Mob : for we cannot suppose, that even Louis Blanc himself, has given in a willing adhesion to the communist doctrines of the Commission. The least injurious effect of these would be, to put a complete stop to private enterprise, and leave all manufactories in the hands of a community of artificers.

Every paper teems with accounts of these demonstrations and processions. Late in March, many thousands of the people were thus collected by a proposition to abolish certain companies of the national guard. They filled the square before the Hotel de Ville, and there dictated to the government the terms of legislation. There are very few of the decrees of the provisional government, which are not to be traced to one of these processions.

Another very serious reflection suggested by these occurrences, is, that there is an immense population in Paris which has no better employment than to conduct these processions. How are these men supported ? By the government. The power of the mob was early displayed in the expulsion of foreign workmen from France. But never was a more unreasonable step taken : for it is evident, that the people of Paris disdain work, and some of the earliest measures of the new government had for their object the supply of provisions for the unruly multitude, who would neither work nor starve. For example, the minister of finance was directed to redeem all articles pledged at the Mount de Piété, for less than ten francs, and to restore them to their rightful owners : 24,000 men were formed into a national garde mobile, for no perceptible object, with pay, to each man, of 30 sous a day. The bakers were forced to supply bread to the multitude, in exchange for cheques on the provisional government ; public works were undertaken for the benefit of those who wanted labor ;—but this was an unpopular expedient, for we find

M. Marie, the minister of this department, shortly afterwards complaining that the government workshops were deserted. The only labor which the people would consent to undertake was, the planting of the trees of liberty.

There is but one name for this state of things—popular pauperism; and but one end to it—national bankruptcy. Paris was converted into one vast work-house, without the work. No prophet was required to foresee the result:—it was a fine state of things while it lasted, but the end was at hand.

The provisional government did not commence business with a very flourishing capital; but a mine of wealth could not have stood the drain. It became the duty of the minister to explain to the sovereign people the state of their exchequer. There was some hope that the certainty of impending bankruptcy might bring the populace to reason. It was worth trying:—so M. Garnier Pagès published his report,—not, however, till a general panic had reduced all the great houses in Paris to insolvency, and the Bank of France had suspended cash payments,—its notes being declared a legal tender by the provisional government.

Our limits do not admit of our inserting more than a very brief précis of M. Garnier Pagès report,—but it is too instructive to be entirely omitted. The report divides itself into three parts:—1. A statement of the liabilities of the government. 2. The means that are at its disposal for meeting its liabilities. 3. The measures which it may be advisable to take for the increase of those resources. Much of the blame of the reduced condition of the public revenue is laid to the charge of the former government. This is perfectly natural and not altogether untrue, though the measures of the provisional government must have ruined any treasury. Not to enter, however, into this question, we may state, the whole liabilities of the public treasury to have amounted to nearly 7000 millions of francs, in the face of which the lavish expenditure above described was undertaken at the bidding of the mob, at a period of commercial and financial depression hardly paralleled. These liabilities and the increased debts which the new government were so freely incurring, M. Garnier Pagès proposes to dispose of, partly by staving off the evil day, which looks like a gentle hint at repudiation, partly by the reduction of salaries, &c., and partly by the sale of the crown jewels and state forests, the confiscation of the civil list, and—a loan!

Such a statement does not, we apprehend, require any comment. We have only to add, that the publication of it did not open the eyes of the populace of Paris to the fatuity of their proceedings. While there was money or food in France, the Parisians were to be paid and fed; and then—! Every man must draw back in horror from the contemplation of the misery which, it would seem, no human power can avert. A country impoverished—merchants ruined—trade suspended—a government depending for its authority on an infuriated rabble, intoxicated with power, and mad with absolute want and hunger!

Under these circumstances the Provisional Government owed one great duty to the people of France. They had not the power to adopt, at that critical moment, a new line of policy: they could not say to the mob, "Peace, be still: Paris is *not* France: the populace of Paris is *not* the French people: we cannot feed and clothe you at the expense of your fellow countrymen in the departments." It would have been mere folly to adopt such a tone, because a "demonstration" would have obliged them to abandon it. But they accepted the Government of France as a sacred trust: their own version of the story was, that, when the people resumed the power which they had deputed to the Orleans family, they placed it in the hands of the Provisional Government, with a charge to convene a National Assembly in which the representatives of the whole French Nation might deliberately choose a constitution for themselves. On taking over, therefore, from the people, the power forfeited by the king, their first and paramount duty, after the restoration of social order, was, to convene the National Assembly. If this had not been absolutely incumbent on them at first, the course of events would have made it so. Charged temporarily with the Government of France, they were bound to administer it for the benefit of all alike. In the motto with which they headed their decrees, they acknowledged this obligation. In the name of liberty, they could not permit the whole body of their countrymen to be tyrannized over by a city mob: in the name of equality they could not permit the citizens of Paris to enjoy a power apart from that which belonged, of right, to every citizen of France: in the name of Fraternity, they could not sanction the unbrotherly elevation of one class over another. The origin of their political power, the circumstances under which they accepted it, the principles upon which they professed to act, all alike required them, after the

shortest possible interval, to resign their power into the hands of the National Assembly.

There can be no doubt, that the Provisional Government felt and acknowledged this duty, and were prepared to act accordingly: but many events conspired to prevent their doing so, as early as was originally intended. Order was not restored so easily as was expected; it was incumbent upon the new government to turn their attention to the financial crisis; their masters forced upon them the premature consideration and decision of difficult political problems: the state of Europe required the most watchful care of their most distinguished member to be constantly given to the foreign relations of the young Republic: and in the midst of all this the regulations for the formation and election of the national assembly had to be framed. The members of the Provisional Government, however, were no common men; and they did not succumb to common difficulties. Their plan was at length formed and promulgated to the world.

It was very simple. The number of representatives was fixed at 900: there was to be an election for each department: the number of representatives for a department was to be fixed according to the population: the suffrage was to be universal: the mode of election by ballot: all citizens were to be eligible, and the elected were to receive payment for their services. In short, there is a marked coincidence between the principles of the new constitution of France and the five points of the English Chartists; except that the latter do not at present openly contemplate the destruction of the monarchy, or the abolition of the House of Lords.

It would perhaps not be easy to propose a more purely popular and democratic basis of administration than that devised by the provisional government. The one point in which it involves a serious inequality is pointed out in the leading article of the *Times* for March the seventh. As in the English elections, the minority will be unrepresented. But the hardship will be much greater in this case than in England, inasmuch as the minorities will be much larger. The whole population of a department being thrown into one constituency, and the number of members elected being proportionably larger, it may happen, in the case of a nearly equal division of opinion among the electors, that nearly half the constituency will be unrepresented. Taking an extreme case, and supposing that in *all* the departments there were

such an equal division, the result would be, that the 900 deputies would not represent much more than the half of the French people. Since the principle of universal suffrage, and the most extended popular representation is to have a trial, it is to be regretted that the system was not rendered more perfect by the introduction of some provision for the proportionate representation of the minority.

But notwithstanding this defect, the plan is probably the most perfectly popular and democratic, which the world has yet seen tested; the ancient republic of Athens, in which the legislative and executive power was absolutely vested in the hands of the whole body of the people, alone excepted. We look forward, therefore, to this trial of the democratic principle with feelings of apprehension, indeed, but of intense interest also. We cannot anticipate a greater purity of election than has been found in other countries: neither is there reason to hope that in the present state of the popular mind the choice of the people will in most cases be the wisest that could be made. From the imperfect accounts which have reached us, we already know, that the organization of labor question has introduced into the assembly many men of a class to which we do not ordinarily look for the greatest sagacity, or the most perfect knowledge of the science of government. The wisest men in France have not been the most democratic, and were, therefore, not the most likely to prove successful candidates. The advocates of moderate reform were not likely to find favor in the sight of those who desired under the name of equality to confiscate the property of those who had the misfortune to be rich. At a period of intense popular excitement, when the very extravagance of new dogmas was in itself a recommendation, there was little hope that principles sanctioned by the experience of ages, would be those most generally represented: and inasmuch as property and education generally bear a certain proportion to one another, as, *ceteris paribus*, the rich man has a better chance of a good education than the poor, we are not ashamed to confess that the abandonment of a property qualification for deputies, especially at such a time as the present, appears to us to be fraught with danger. But the proof of the justice or unreasonableness of these apprehensions will be so soon before us, that we forbear to dwell upon them here.

There is, however, another danger of a more pressing nature which more ominously threatens the efficiency of the

new democracy. There is reason to fear that precisely what has happened to the Provisional Government, will happen to the National Assembly, and that it will be a mere tool in the hands of the mob of Paris. We have abstained from any allusion to what we know to have actually taken place in the National Assembly, because our object is, in the present article, to deal with the events of the period during which the destinies of France were swayed by the provisional government: but our readers are aware that intelligence has already been received of one demonstration, by which it was attempted to coerce the assembly into a vote which would have involved France in war, in addition to her other troubles. The attempt was happily frustrated: but it was too nearly successful not to excite apprehensions that a second such demonstration may produce another Parisian revolution accompanied by the destruction of what little financial credit France yet maintains, and the consequent preparation of yet deeper miseries for her devoted people.

We have seen that the mob of Paris presided over the creation of the provisional government: and dictated many of its subsequent most unwise enactments. Let us enquire whether there be not some analogy in this respect between the Provisional Government and the National Assembly. We desire to show, that the deputies of the departments of France, though professedly the representatives of the French people, are actually, in many cases, the nominees of the Parisian mob. It may be said, that this mob—all powerful in Paris—was powerless in the departments. Let us see how it exercised this power.

It has been already remarked, that the first duty of the Provisional Government was, to summon the National Assembly, and that the force of circumstances made this as much their interest as their duty. The scheme for the elections was promulgated: it was, as we have seen, extremely simple. No good reason appeared why the assembly should not meet at once; yet, its meeting was postponed. The explanation of this measure is to be found in the power of the *clubs* of Paris.

Immediately after the Revolution, the system of processions and demonstrations was found to be sufficient for effecting the purposes of the mob. But, as this system of legislation has its inconveniences, perceptible even to the legislators *en blouse*, the *ochlocracy*,—we adopt a term used by the late Sir James Mackintosh to designate the power of

the mob, as distinguished from *democracy*, or the power of the people—the ochlocracy became gradually organized by the establishment of republican clubs, in which every phase of democratic opinion was represented and discussed, and by which the motions of those sections of the mob which adhered to the principles of each particular club were regulated and directed. These institutions, retaining all the mischievous principles of those whom they represented, and wielding their power with the additional strength afforded by discussion and organization, became, in turn, the masters of the provisional government. They succeeded, in the first instance, in postponing the election of the officers of the national guard, which was subsequently made a pretext for the further postponement of the election of the deputies.

By no other explanation can the otherwise incomprehensible conduct of the provisional government be cleared up. But it may be asked,—how was it the interest of the clubs to postpone the elections? The answer is obvious:—that they might be enabled more effectually to influence the election for the department of the Seine, which, including Paris, sent 34 Deputies to the Assembly; and in a minor degree the other elections by means of an organized system of agency through the departments.

None knew better than the members of the provisional government what was the real power of the clubs: and their influence over the government is observable throughout this matter of the postponement of the elections. The provisional government took advantage of the time gained by this postponement to influence by its significant advice the departmental elections. Such a course was not perhaps altogether consistent with the free principles of the infant republic: but we are far from thinking that it was unjustifiable under the peculiar circumstances of the case. The fate of France was at issue: the government of the country had been temporarily placed in the hands of men chosen at a period of great emergency, on account of their ability and integrity. But they were only to hold this position until such time as a national assembly should meet and decide on the future government of the country. It would scarcely be reasonable to say that men placed in this position should not be allowed to influence the minds of their fellow citizens in the choice of representatives, by pointing their attention to men of characters best suited to rescue the nation from impending ruin.

But the reader will observe with regret that such was not the course adopted by the provisional government; but that, on the contrary, the advice circulated by them bears a suspicious resemblance to the principles of the republican clubs. Four somewhat remarkable circulars were issued by the government on this subject, to which, as illustrative of the influence of the clubs, it may be well here to advert. The first is dated the 6th March, and is addressed by M. Carnot, Minister of Public Instruction, to the Rectors of Academies: the second was issued about the same time, and is addressed by M. Ledru Rollin, the Minister of the Interior, to the Commissaries of the Republic; the third and fourth were addressed by the government generally to the French people.

In his circular to the Rectors of the French Academies, the Minister of Public Instruction sets forth, that, under the former regime, the people were kept in ignorance of their electoral rights and duties;—that this is a department of education, the superintendence of which is the peculiar province of the state; and that it was peculiarly the duty of the state instructors, at that time, to guide the people in the selection of their representatives in the National Assembly. “The citizens,” he says, “are unacquainted with the benefits which the people ought to expect from a republican government, and are, consequently, unaware what a dereliction of duty would be chargeable upon them, were they to remain indifferent to the choice of men, who, in the course of a few days will assume the august character of the representatives of the nation.” In pity to the un instructed peasants, M. Carnot proceeds to invite the cooperation of the rectors in teaching them their privileges and duties by means of primers, catechisms, &c., which are to throw an altogether new light on the functions of the electoral body. But in the mean time, as it is not possible that this teaching can operate beneficially in time for the coming elections, he proceeds to offer some general instructions for the guidance of the present electors. The reader who has not chanced to meet with a copy of this curious document, will be surprised to hear what is the main point to which M. Carnot desires to direct the elector’s attention.

“The great error,” he says, “against which the inhabitants of our country-districts must be guarded, is this—that in order to be a representative, it is necessary either to enjoy the advantages of education or the gifts of fortune. As far as education is concerned, it is clear, that an honest peasant

possessed of good sense and experience, will represent the interests of his class in the assembly of the nation, infinitely better than a rich and educated citizen having no experience of rural life, or blinded by interests at variance with those of the peasantry." So that here we have a minister of education gravely teaching the doctrine, that, for purposes of legislation and the government of a people, education is valueless, and the wealth which affords a presumption of superior education valueless also. Does any one believe that these are the real sentiments of a government of which De Lamartine is the head, and Arago a distinguished member? or do not these opinions appear more congenial to those of a democratic club, desirous of ruling France from its club room in Paris, under the motto of liberty, equality, and fraternity? If any doubt remain, perhaps, the following additional passage may throw some little light upon the subject. "It must not be forgotten, that in a great assembly like that which is about to assemble, the majority of members fulfil the functions of jurors. They decide affirmatively or negatively, whether the measures proposed by the *élite* of the members are good or bad. They only require honesty and good sense; they do not invent."

Apart from the objections, which we conceive to be very great, to this system of converting the educators of the people into election agents, we object still more strongly to their being made the medium of such doctrines. The common sense of the people themselves must, in time, teach them, that laborers and artizans are not the best and most efficient legislators: nor is such a recommendation likely to materially increase their respect for their instructors. They must soon learn, who are the *élite*, who are to dictate legislation to these silent jurors. They must soon discern the working of this systematic plan of governing France by the mob of Paris. The mob nominated the clubs; the clubs nominate the *élite* of the assembly; the *élite* dictate the laws which are to govern the people: if ever the system fails they revert to "first principles." The mob can always rush into the chamber and take the business of legislation out of the hands of its delegates into its own.

M. Ledru Rollin's circular is much in the same tone. It is addressed to the commissaries of the republic, officers appointed to carry out in the Departments the principles of the provisional government. Their powers and functions are described by M. Ledru Rollin in this very circular: he says,

—“What are your powers? they are unlimited: agent of a revolutionary authority, you are revolutionary also. The victory of the people has imposed on you the duty of getting your work proclaimed and consolidated. For the accomplishment of that task, you are invested with its sovereignty: *you take orders only from your conscience*; you are to act as circumstances may demand for the public safety.” The writer then proceeds to state for the performance of what duties these unlimited powers have been bestowed: and after explaining how they are to deal with prefects, sub-prefects, mayors, municipalities, judges, national guards, &c., continues “the elections are your great work.” Then, with a similar spirit to that of M. Carnot, he proceeds, “Let your *mot d'ordre* be NEW MEN, and as much as possible from the ranks of the people. The working classes who form the living strength of the nation, should choose from among themselves men recommended by their intelligence, their morality, and their devotedness; united to the *élite* of thinking men, they will bring force into the discussion of all great questions, which will be agitated under the authority of their practical experience.”

It would appear, however, that the two ministers had put the *élite* forward, too prominently; the mob became alarmed lest their nominees should become their masters, and accordingly waited upon the provisional government, at the Hotel de Ville, and requested explanation. The result was a third address to the people of France, signed by all the members of the provisional government. But this explanation consists, as might have been expected of nothing but an extravagant eulogium on “the people of Paris.” According to this document the people of Paris are the greatest people on the earth. When their liberties were to be achieved, they fought like lions; since they recovered them, they have lain down like lambs; property and social order have been respected, they have not violated the bakers’ shops, nor demanded maintenance in their idleness from the provisional government. “They have in a word, made the name of the people synonymous with courage, clemency and virtue.” If, therefore, the people of France desire the opinion of the provisional government as to the course which they ought to adopt in electing representatives, the one word of advice which the provisional government have to give is “Imitate the principles and practice of the people in Paris!”

It is not necessary to advert to the fourth address which only echoes these sentiments; nor to the other events which

we have not noticed, but which all illustrate the same principle. Stripped then of all the trappings with which the oratorical flourishes of its advocates have decked it, what are the true features of the French Revolution of 1848?

The addresses of a few ambitious men, long debarred from the active exercise of political power, and becoming daily more anxious for its enjoyment had at length wrought in the minds of the people of Paris a belief that they were the most oppressed people in the world. By one of those accidents which so often turn the destinies of nations, it happened that this feeling was made most generally prevalent at a period of scarcity, and financial difficulty, and when the safety valve of Algeria had just been removed. A false feeling of security on the part of the government aggravated the evil, and what at first threatened to be a mere *émeute* ended in a revolution. The people of Paris triumphed: and before the triumph could be generally known in France the throne was overturned, and, the dynasty of Orleans at an end. The Parisian mob thus rendered sensible of their power, have since exercised it in the government of France. They have selected the men whom they thought best adapted to administer the duties of executive government. The principles of administration have been dictated by themselves. In the short period during which the provisional government has existed, the fruits of this system have already been amply tried. We have seen the interests of the employer sacrificed to the paid idleness of the unemployed: we have seen work dispensed with, the ordinary occupations of life abandoned, the credit of the government and of individuals at an end: we have read of a mob day after day parading the streets of Paris with no better object than to sing "*mourir pour la patrie*," or to plant a tree of liberty—fed, clothed, and maintained at the expense of the state. We have witnessed the inevitable consequences of such a system—the prostration of the energies of a great nation—the continued infatuation of the people, and the increased power of the mob. We have seen them organize this power, and, by the mere terror of their name extort from their nominal governors measures at the possible effect of which every thinking man must shudder. The system so extravagantly lauded in words, but so obviously ruinous in fact, is now about to be tried under another phase. The business of legislation has been confided to the 900 deputies of the French Republic. Selected by the design of the Parisian mob, and consequent-

ly by the advice of the provisional government, from among the men least qualified by education or position for the awful task of legislating for a nation in the present condition of France, they commence their duties with the good wishes, but the mournful anticipations, of all reflecting men. We have no hope of their success. The principle of the Revolution has been from its commencement one which can scarcely end in anything but beggary and ruin—the maintenance of a metropolitan mob in idleness at the expense of an embarrassed country.

It may be asked—is this a necessary condition of the Democratic form of government, or only a characteristic of the particular case? We apprehend it is the former. Whenever the only power acknowledged in the state, is the power of the people, it seems obvious that the power of the people, where they are most concentrated—that is in the metropolis—must preponderate. But, on the other hand, we venture to think that history supplies no instance in which this danger has been so great as in the present. The only pure democracy of antiquity was Athens, and there the state was the city. In modern republics, the evil to which we allude, has been partially illustrated, but it has been controlled by certain influences, which do not exist in France. In America, for example, and in Switzerland, the power of a metropolitan mob is limited by the union of many states, each with his own metropolis. The business of the legislative body and the executive government, are diffused and extended over the whole country, and, in America, there are so many legislative checks in the controlling influence of the senate, and the almost monarchical power of the president, as to deprive the government in a great measure of its democratic character; but in France, the question which is about to be tried is simply this—can the people of a metropolis justly rule a nation?

We have set this question fairly before our readers, and our task is done. Each must answer it for himself, or wait,—and this will be the wisest course,—until rapidly approaching events shall answer it for him. But, if the results of experience should prove that the democratic form of government is not suited to the genius of the age, let us hope that the lesson which Paris is now teaching to the world, will not be taught in vain; that those countries in which constitutional government is based on principles of popular power, checked and controlled by deliberative wisdom, and the hereditary

influence of an order, whose deeds have made them respected in former generations, will not omit to recognize the truths which are conveyed by the events of this memorable year. Let no right which can be safely enjoyed, be withheld ; let no oppression be practised or protected ; let the rights of opinion and of property be equally maintained ; let each man in his station receive, so long as he is a good citizen, the support and protection of government ; let laws be founded on deliberate consideration and enquiry, and when made, let them be honestly enforced ; finally, let the people be made to feel that their interests and happiness are the especial care of government, and they will be its surest protectors. This has been more the case in England, than in any other country in Europe, and therefore England, better than any other country, has withstood this shock. But to make the people constantly and sincerely love the constitution of our country, there are some measures yet to be taken ; some rights yet to be conceded. If then France has taught the world a lesson, by way of warning, let it be the duty of England to teach a similar lesson, by way of example. Let it be proved that a people may be made happy and contented, in the pursuit of their ordinary employments ; and that as "order is heaven's first law," so it may be strictly maintained and safely respected upon earth.



LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.

The press of other matter, and the paucity of books received, must serve as an apology for unusual brevity under this head.

We have received the two concluding numbers of *Dombey and Son*, and though we may depart, in some measure, from the unfavorable opinion, which we expressed after a perusal of the earlier parts, we cannot look upon it as a work which is calculated to add to the reputation of the author of *Pickwick*. The most sincere admirers of Mr. Dickens, who have discerned, in all his works, that fervid earnestness of purpose, which covers the multitude of his sins, have seen, in **most**

of his later works, occasion to regret the influence, which his great popularity has evidently exercised over him. He has become too rapid in his execution,—too anxious to produce surprises at the expense of sound literary propriety. It never was by the power of his language, though he sometimes rises into eloquence, that Mr. Dickens gained, or maintained his popularity; yet, we may reasonably feel regret, when we see a writer of his pretensions sacrificing language and grammar to temporary effect, and endeavouring to produce in print, by what one of his critics has happily termed “typographical ventriloquism,” the sounds produced by material objects, such as a kettle, a hail-storm, or a steam-engine. Again, his most earnest worshippers have not pretended that he was greatly distinguished for the probability of his inventions, or the vraisemblance of his plots; yet, we may fairly complain of the introduction of incidents, which would be pronounced outrageous in a melodrama,—such as the return of Florence Dombey just in time to prevent her father’s suicide, or the meeting of Walter and Florence in the instrument-maker’s shop. It is by his peculiar tact in the delineation of character, that Mr. Dickens has gained his greatest popularity; and it must be confessed that the glory should not be all his own,—that he has had very valuable assistance,—and that there is some truth in the indignant reproach of the Yankee—

We received thee warmly, kindly, though we knew thou wert a quiz,
Partly for thyself it may be,—*chiefly for the sake of Phiz!*

On the *Sketches by Boz*, which were written portraits rather than stories, the interest of each tale centering upon one character, Mr. Dickens’ early fame was founded. In *Pickwick* there was no attempt at a plot, and, indeed, the marriages at the end were generally felt to be blemishes; but who can ever forget old Weller and his son, the shepherd, Mr. Tupman, and the immortal *Pickwick* himself? In all his subsequent writings, the interest has been of the same character. It is not the story of *Nicholas Nickleby* that we remember, but the characters of Mrs. Nickleby, Newman Noggs, and Vincent Crummles. In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the love business is only accepted as the necessary vehicle for the introduction of Mr. Pecksniff, and Sairey Gamp. It is precisely because Mr. Dickens has, in his last work, sacrificed this power of caricature to the attempt to write a *novel*, illustrating a single *moral*, and composed according to fixed rules, that the book will be generally read with less

interest than its predecessors. In his attempt at excellence in narrative he has failed; but he will always be acknowledged as the prince of caricaturists. He is the Hogarth of literature,—his greatest extravagancies are his greatest excellencies. In these delineations he does not reach, nor does he aim at, correctness of description; but he shows vice its own image through a magnifying glass, and holds, as it were, a hyperbolical mirror up to nature. His representations are not the less true; for just as we discern a lesson in Hogarth's pictures of Beer-street and Gin-lane, though we know them to represent impossibilities, do we acknowledge a distorted truth—more powerful by its very distortion—in such caricatures of humanity as Mrs. Gamp and Ralph Nickleby. That this is the real power of Mr. Dickens' writings, we shall more plainly perceive, by adverting to these books, in which he has exercised it most sparingly. The Christmas Carol was popular from the novelty of its plan; but its interest mainly centred in Scrooge,—a palpable caricature. The later Christmas books were, year after year, less popular,—the American Notes less so,—the Pictures from Italy less so still. Pickwick, his most popular work, was made up of caricatures, and will be always read with pleasure:—but when Mr. Dickens attempts to write like Scott, he fails as egregiously as Hogarth probably would have done, had he striven to paintlike Rembrandt. We are not, therefore, hinting, that Mr. Dickens' powers are impaired,—that he could not, if he would, write another Pickwick; but we simply suggest a doubt whether he have not mistaken his vocation. For our own part, we shall remember Joe Bagstock, Susan Nipper, Cornelia Blimber, and Mrs. Pipchin, when little Paul, and Walter Gay, and Florence are forgotten; and, therefore, whatever others may think, we cannot but consider, that the author's greatest powers are shown in these creations. Not one of his readers would give up Pickwick for all of his subsequent writings, and that alone ought to convince him, that his main excellence lies in that exaggeration of character, which the world calls caricature.

Except *Dombey*, we have not received, since our last, any book that is likely to be very generally read; but amongst those pleasant books which amuse an hour, and are forgotten, we may recommend Mr. Acton Warburton's *Rollo and his Race*. Mr. Warburton has been taking a short tour in Normandy, and has persuaded himself that the Normans were the only great people who ever existed. Imbued with this

doctrine, which he believes as truly as Jonathan Oldbuck did that "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle," was a relic of the age of Agricola, Mr. Warburton has found in every Norman landscape and ruin a subject for a pleasant digression, dressing up some fragment of old history in the guise of fiction. Some of these digressions are very spirited, and his sketch of La Rochefoucault and the war of La Vendée is worthy of recollection. We prefer however to extract the following eulogium on the character and "mission" of his heroes.

"Theirs was the mission to infuse a pure and vigorous blood into the corrupt and effete veins of the south, and while they imported fresh stores of animal courage, to temper what they brought, as well as what they found, with prudence and generosity. Theirs to introduce the notion of a regulated but free subordination, by the agency of feudalism,—to soften the harshness of the mediæval spirit by infusing the graces and refinements of chivalry, and bringing with them that reverence for the softer sex, which always characterised the northmen; it was theirs to place women on the throne that women had so long usurped.

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the influence this respect for woman may have had on the amelioration of Europe. Regarding Christianity and law as the main instruments of that amelioration, we cannot but perceive how well fitted these men were, especially by this woman-venerating quality, to be its agents. Their love of woman disposed them to receive with readiness a religion whose prominent feature, as taught to them, was the veneration of the Virgin Mary, in which idea that love, with its character of deep reverence, met a pure and enduring object. Accordingly, we find, that they everywhere embraced Christianity with ardour. Again, if, as thoughtful men have considered, law has for essential basis and motive the love of and regard for woman, we see at once how this same genius qualified them to prepare and wield this other great engine of civilization. We find in fact that the Normans discovered an extraordinary and almost instinctive legislative spirit. Rollo especially is, next to Alfred, the only prince of his time who merits the name of legislator. Under the shelter of his admirable enactments, Normandy speedily felt the blessings of order and peace, presenting a striking contrast with the surrounding French territory, where nothing but fraud and violence prevailed. His laws are the substance of the code called "La Coutume de Normandie, or, Le Grand Customier;" and many are in force at this day."

The recent political events in Europe have, as might have been expected, given rise to some catch-penny publications. Among these, we may mention Mr. Percy B. St. John's account of *The French Revolution of 1848*. A professed history, printed and published within two months after the occurrence of the events, which it pretends to describe, has obviously no great claims to consideration; and the utmost that Mr. St. John ought to have attempted, was a sketch of what he had himself witnessed, without his offensive political comments, or his superficial coxcombry of republicanism. But the most disagreeable characteristic of the book is, the *quorum pars magna fui* style of composition. According to this writer's statement, he (Mr. Percy B. St. John) was one

of the heroes of the revolution, and the Parisians have shown marked ingratitude in not making him a member of the Provisional Government. We extract, for the reader's amusement, the description of one scene, of which the author is, as usual, the hero.

"Among the most daring of the combatants was a young man, respectably dressed, who, with a musket, advanced continually to the middle of the Place, and endeavoured to lead a charge against the post at the point of the bayonet. Presently, during one of these attempts, he fell, shot through the breast. I and others assisted, in removing him senseless, into the baker's shop, where he was laid down by the side of his other companions in misfortune. On washing his wound it was found that he had been shot through and through the right breast.

"He soon came to himself, and the first words he uttered were in English. 'Mr. St. John, I believe?' he said, with a clearness and distinctness which to me seemed a good sign.

"'Yes,' I replied, perhaps more astonished than I ever was before, during my whole life; 'but how do you know me?'

"'I am a printer, I worked for M——, in London, where you often called to correct proofs of your writings.'

"I now had some slight recollection of his face, and asked him how he came to be concerned in the revolution. He told me that he had turned out with others during the night, and had fought hitherto without hurt, and hoped that he was not very badly wounded. I begged him to be of good cheer, and then went out again amidst the combatants.

"The scene was tremendous. The carriages had made a vast burning barricade, from behind which hundreds of men poured their volleys on the post, which, though the soldiers must now have been half choked with smoke, replied with even more fury than ever. The Place was obscured with dense clouds of vapour. Where I stood, within four feet of the post, the heat was awful. I could scarcely stand. The air was hot, like the blast of a furnace, while a smell of gunpowder filled the nostrils."

Pope Pius the Ninth, is another book of the same class, but more culpable, because it comes out with great pretensions and affords in reality an inadequate picture of a distinguished man. The life of Pius the Ninth, when honestly and faithfully written by one who can fairly appreciate the high impulses by which it has been actuated, will be a noble record of true piety and straightforward honesty; but it must fall into other hands than those of Count A. Goddes De Liancourt and Mr. Manning.

We have, in conclusion, a word of recommendation to give to the novel reader. Read *Angela, or the Captain's Daughter*. You may read a sermon that will do you less good. We write this honestly, being fully aware that the book has many faults; but feeling that they are all atoned for by its great merits. In the delineation of character, in the sustained interest of the story, and particularly in the scenic description, it is a pleasant exception to the generality of contemporary novels. Anything further by way of praise, we shall not add, because these are not books for lengthened

criticism, and if any one cares for our judgment, we have said enough to make him read the book. Now then, in order to maintain our credit in the eyes of such a reader, we will just indicate with equal brevity, what we conceive to be its principal faults. In the first place, then, the whole of the second volume, is an episode in which the authoress has fallen into the too common error of "writing with a purpose;" it is, in fact, an essay on the social position of governesses, and detracts very considerably from the interest; the whole volume could be very well spared. Then the conclusion of the story is, of course, impossible, but this is common in novels. We object further to the introduction of old characters from the former writings of the same author. We doubt the propriety of this on any occasion; but the authoress of *Emilia Wyndham*, is not yet sufficiently distinguished to venture upon any such expedient. Lastly, we object, and this very strongly, to the studied neglect of grammar. This is intended to produce effect, but such means are not, or ought not to be, required. If Shakspeare, Milton, and Scott could afford to confine themselves within the rules of English grammar, so might the authoress of *Emilia Wyndham*. We subjoin two extracts to explain our meaning; they require no further comment.

"The teens, that beautiful mysterious portion of the life of man, when he is born as it were again to a new existence, when the sweet dream of infancy is over and all its brilliant flowers are faded; when a scene of a higher meaning in the things of this world—a deep reaching of the spirit after the hidden life behind this varied curtain—a stretching forth of the soul towards the lofty, the generous, the heroic—those tendencies of the heart which tell of a higher destiny preparing, of something grand to be achieved, some great and noble end answered by this existence—this mind, this soul, now first surrendered, as it were, into our own hands reveals itself. The teens! sacred interval before the prosaic, oft-told tale has begun, while life is yet to the young clear eye that, which poetry is or should be,—“A more simple greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things.”

"The teens! Oh what a gush of promise is there in that first burst of fervent life into flower! but the wind of the desert has passed over the blossoms, and where are they?

"What is the summer to this spring?

"Alas! alas!

"Most deeply, deeply pathetic sight!

Here is a complete paragraph without a verb in it:—

"Margaret, also, as hour after hour rolled on, and still he did not appear—as the sun with a glorious golden and crimson light bursting forth from beneath a dark threatening cloud sank behind the distant trees—as the stars came twinkling forth—as the curfew, which still in that remote village sounded, was heard—as gradually the rural sounds of labor subsided, and every thing was hushed into profound stillness.—Still as that silent chamber where she lay extended, breathing with difficulty."

Among the deaths, our readers will notice that of Thom, the Inverury poet; some remarks had been prepared on the subject of his poetry, but are postponed for want of space.

We have been favored by a Correspondent with the following account of the Agulhas Light:—

“In an interesting account of a “Trip to L’Agulhas,” in our last Number, some allusion was made to the Light-House in the course of erection there. It is therein stated that “the Machinery and Apparatus have arrived, and ’ere the close of this year, the lamp will be lighted, to the honor of the Colony, and the credit of Humanity.”

“A few days ago, we were kindly permitted to see this unique and beautiful apparatus;—it differs very materially from any we have ever before seen: the Lantern is one of the best proofs we know, of what science can accomplish in this direction:—and, we regret very much that it is wholly out of our power to describe it in the glowing language it deserves, or with the accuracy and clearness we could wish, as we were not aware that it had been put together, and lighted—its powers and completeness tested,—and all necessary precautions for its final erection at Cape L’Agulhas taken, until it was half taken to pieces and packed up; consequently we trust that some allowance will be made for our necessarily short and incomplete allusions to it.

“The lamp itself is simple and beautiful—an argand burner,—but with four wicks,—the smallest, on the ordinary tube, about two inches in diameter, is encircled by the other three—each a degree larger than the last—and between each, a sufficient vacuum is left to allow the necessary supply of atmospheric air;—we had not the good fortune to see them lighted—but the result of such an arrangement is, we conceive, manifest.—The light produced simply by this lamp, without the lenses and reflectors, must be most powerful,—and in order to keep up a constant supply of oil, a large cylindrical cistern is placed immediately under the lamp, attached to which is a series of force-pumps, kept in constant action by very simple clock-work, and the result is uniform, the burner is amply supplied with the two vital necessities—atmospheric air and oil.

“The light is placed in the *centre* of the lantern, (which, if our recollection serve us,) is an octagon,—the two sides of which, in the land direction are plated copper sheet reflectors, concave and highly burnished, the remaining six sides are filled with a corresponding number of magnificent convex lenses, each about five feet by three feet, the upper and lower third of each being cut in horizontal serrated lines, forming a series of perfect belts of projecting angles, each shewing a face with direct action on corresponding tiers of brilliant concave plate-glass reflectors, ranged in tiers above and below the lenses.—The centre portion of each lens being a bull’s eye of extraordinary magnitude.

“We are almost inclined to think it beyond the range of human intellect to conceive, much less describe, the effect of this mass of multiplied light. The simple, yet powerful lamp, encompassed above and below by myriads—yes, literally, by *myriads*—of powerful plate glass concave reflectors, each having its direct action on belts of dioptric circular prisms; and, immediately opposite the light itself,

encompassed, on six sides, by powerful convex lenses, (bull's eyes); and the whole backed, on the land side, by large and powerful burnished convex reflectors. We can say no more, —we must leave the effect of all this to our reader's imagination.

“ Some idea of its power may, however, be formed, by comparison with the one erected at Mouille Point, with which most of our readers are doubtless acquainted. The lighting apparatus there (being, we are told, on the same principle) is No. 4 of the 4th order, whereas that about to be placed on the Lighthouse at Cape L'Agulhas, is No. 1 of the 1st order, that is, one of the most powerful ever erected on this principle. It follows, therefore, by simple arithmetical progression, that the latter is 16 degrees more powerful than the former, and if carried to the necessary height, will be visible at a proportionally greater distance.

“ The science of Dioptrics, or that part of Optics which considers the different refractions of light in passing through different mediums, and demonstrating the different directions in which the rays of light move, according as they are broken on plane or curved substances, is most beautifully illustrated by this admirable production.”*



ERRATA.

Page 388, Line 12 from the bottom, for *Thiep* read *Theiss*.
 „ 390, „ 18 „ „ „ „ „ *literal* „ *lateral*.

* We trust to be enabled to lay before our readers some account of the erection of this lantern, and of the experiments which it is understood will be made, from the pen of the Astronomer Royal.—ED.

AGENTS IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

At <i>Graham's Town</i> ,.....	Mr. J. JAFFRAY.
„ <i>Port Elizabeth</i> ,	„ W. RING.
„ <i>Swellendam</i> ,.....	„ G. RATFRAY.
„ <i>The Paarl</i> ,	„ I. J. DE VILLIERS
„ <i>Stellenbosh</i> ,	„ P. J. KORSTEN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents not otherwise replied to, will find communications lying for them at the Printing Office.

Q. Q. We cannot find room for this communication, especially as our two Correspondents do not appear to have any serious difference as to facts. Q. Q.'s object is to add a darker shade to an already dark picture. E. B. W.'s was to show that the picture has its light as well as its shadows; or, to drop the metaphor, to prove that there is so much of good in the institution, that there is reason to hope that the evil may be eradicated. The public are already sufficiently acquainted with the darker traits in the character of the Jesuits as portrayed by our present Correspondent; but prejudice has hidden from many their nobler characteristics, and therefore it is that we rejoice to have given E. B. W.'s paper a place in our pages. Q. Q.'s communication is left for him at the Printing Office.

A. is answered in the concluding article of the present number.

F. F. We fear not; but should be very happy to see the improvements succeed.

V. We have received a similar suggestion from several quarters, and may possibly make the experiment in our next number.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, care of Messrs. VAN DE SANDT DE VILLIERS & Co., No. 2, Castle-street, Cape Town.

No IX. will be published on MONDAY, the Second of October.



THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
LITERARY MAGAZINE

Vol. II.

October, 1848.

No. 9.

WILLIAM THOM.

BY AN INVALID.

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

—*Shakspeare.*

The saddest birds a season find to sing.

—*Robert Southwell.*

EVERY now and then, Genius, forsaking the minor mechanical duties of every-day life, the forge, the plough, the loom,—to which the major portion of human nature is born,—ventures forth from the “common herd,” asserting and justifying its dignity before the eyes of men,—and we behold how the intellect assumes pre-eminence, amidst the weariness, the din, and the monotonous exertions of physical exertion. Many great names have arisen—not like meteors, but as stars enduring—from the ranks of laborious poverty. Many, from the fruit of whose exertions in Literature, in Science, and in Ethics, we yet reap advantages we could ill afford to lose, however rapid our progress in these respects, during the last few years, may have been considered.

By the Creator’s wise provision it is ordained, that splendid instances of talent are not confined to the classes who may be softly laid and daintily fed;—from the humblest of mankind proceed some members of the “aristocracy of mind.”

In at once proceeding to examples, we may omit many “beamy names,” well known and appreciated,—such as Montgomery of Sheffield, Elliott, Miller, and some others, “whose plumes—(to use Bulwer Lytton’s words)—have indeed strength to bear them up,”—and direct the attention of our readers to another, well worthy of it—WILLIAM THOM,

I***

of Inverurey,—now alas! gathered to his fathers,—a weaver, and yet, in truth, a *Poet*; not a mere spinner of rhymed lines,—but a man who could pour forth a full-hearted tide of song, thrilling the souls of his readers;—earnest, honest;—most impressive, and thrilling, because it is tinged with a colouring of his own arduous struggles. His *mind*,—in his passage through the dark midnight of want and wretchedness, in which too many—even the “grand in soul”—have gone astray and perished utterly,—his mind, in this great trial, was tempered, exalted, and refined!

In the early part of the present year,* William Thom, the humble poet of Inverurey, fell among the thousand sacrifices to the total want of provision, in our social scheme, for men of his class. Thom was a weaver,—a hand-loom weaver,—not averse from the patient and unwearied industry of his craft. He had faced want and domestic misery, without losing his good heart; but he had refined perceptions, which made him conscious of what was uncongenial in his lot, and his natural aspirations received a delusive stimulus from a transient patronage.

The tribe of humble poets and littérateurs are wont to go to London, like moths to the candle, to be scorched and fevered in a blaze that imparts no vital warmth. He was fêted, and probably received some temporary help;—he was made to *know* the life of the educated, without being able to share it as a denizen. He went back to his loom,—bore up bravely against disappointment,—sung, to the last, of cheerfulness and brotherly union;—and died.

He was about forty-eight years of age, short, and his legs stunted, like those of one whose childhood was not generously fed; but, three years ago, there was a breadth in his shoulders, and a clearness in his complexion, indicating a hale and tough constitution. Light brown hair, then silvering, covered a large, broad head, with ample brow, firm-set mouth, and light-blue twinkling eyes, full of the sensibility and acuteness of the man. His dress was that of his station,—the corduroy trousers, the blue short coat with brass buttons, and the silk hat, having that air of smartness peculiar to the costume of those who follow the sedentary trades. And let us here tell such of our readers as think differently, that this *smartness* we consider a far more respectable thing than the contemptible contempt with which it is sometimes noticed by

* Spectator.

well-off people. Mr. Thom, in short, looked like what he was—in early life a factory-boy, in manhood a country handloom weaver. He thus describes his dwelling, in a letter to Mr. Gordon, of Knockespock, who kindly tried to befriend him:—

“I occupy two little garrets, in a house belonging to Sir Robert Elphinstone, lately built in the market-stand of Inverurey. We have every thing required in our humble way: perhaps our blankets pressed rather too lightly during the late severe winter, but then we crept closer together;—that is gone:—’tis summer now, and we are hopeful that next winter will bring better things.”

Such was the environment of William Thom, at the heathery foot of the mist-crowned Benachie; and such the happy, Christian tone, in which he spoke of it, and hoped for better things.

“Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of Hope!”

“Wherefore, for virtue’s sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time in all my life
To deem in *thinking* spent.”

Mr. Thom thus graphically describes some of his earlier recollections:—“In the summer of 1805, a nobleman’s carriage was run away with on the race-course, at Aberdeen. Several persons were severely injured; the leg of a poor lad of seven years of age was run over, and the ankle and foot crushed together under the wheels. Ten shillings was given to his poor mother, who, although urged by her neighbours to petition for something more, however severely pressed, had too much of the proud and independent Scotchwoman to ask. She was silent; she sunk and died in poverty. After suffering much agony, the boy remained a cripple for life.”

When ten years of age, the cripple boy was placed in a public factory, where he served an apprenticeship of four years, at the end of which he entered the great weaving establishment of Gordon, Barron, & Co. remaining seventeen years.

“During my apprenticeship,” continues Mr. Thom, “I had picked up a little reading and writing. Afterwards set about studying Latin; went so far, but was fairly defeated through want of time, &c., having the while to support my mother who was getting frail. However, I continued to gather something of arithmetic and music, both of which I mastered so far as to render further progress easy, did I see

it requisite. I play the German flute tolerably in general subjects; but in my native melodies, lively or pathetic, to few will I lay it down. I have every Scotch song that is worth singing, and though my vocal capability is somewhat limited, I can convey a pretty fair idea of what a Scotch song ought to be."

Mr. Thom's account of his education is a very fair specimen of that of the best of his class and generation in Scotland. Prior to entering the factory, the boy has reading, writing, and arithmetic enough, to make the keeping up of these acquirements quite easy to all but downright dunces. This is all the herd of Scotch weavers do for life. But the best of them have loftier ideas. We have seen optical and astronomical instruments constructed in moments snatched from the loom. A pale youth has been seen reading a borrowed copy of the "Principia of Newton," on his loom, during his dinner hour. Camera-obscuras, telescopes, magnifying glasses, are the amusements of men who toil on the loom for twelve or fourteen hours a day. If you join a group of four or five of this better order of Scotch mechanics on their Sunday stroll, ten to one they are discussing a topic in geology, or astronomy, or metaphysics.

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Mr. Thom's sympathies with want are not the creatures of his fancy. They are produced by experience. They are not information,—they arise from knowledge—intense, personal, practical knowledge.—In the spring of 1837, certain American failures silenced in one week six thousand looms in Forfarshire. Newtyle, the village in which Mr. Thom then resided, was an especial sufferer. He had to maintain a family of six persons on five shillings weekly. We quote his description of one specimen morning at Newtyle.

"Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed-cover before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible; and the mother sits beside the beds of her children, to lull them back to sleep, whenever any shows an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an at-

tempt at cooking the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond its mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a-whimpering, and finally broke out into a steady scream, which, of course, rendered it impossible to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprung up, each with one consent exclaiming, 'Oh, mother, mother, give me a piece!' How weak is the word of sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife, during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!"

Seeing that the strength of himself and family was rapidly declining, William Thom pawned a dear relic of better days for ten shillings, bought four shillings' worth of second-hand books to sell again, and leaving the furniture and key of his habitation with the landlord, set out with his family on foot in quest of bread. After sunset on the third day, Saturday, rain came on, with cold, sour, east winds. They asked forlorn-looking beings they met, what farm-towns in the vicinity were most likely to afford them shelter for the night.

"Jean, my wife, was sorely exhausted, bearing an infant constantly at her breast, and often carrying the youngest boy also, who had fairly broken down in the course of the day. It was nine o'clock when we approached the large and comfortably looking steading of B——, standing about a quarter of a mile off the road. Leaving my poor flock on the wayside, I pushed down the path to the farmhouse with considerable confidence, for I had been informed that B—— (meaning, by his local appellation, the farmer) was a humane man, who never turned the wanderer from his door.

"Unfortunately for us, the worthy farmer was from home, and not expected to return that night. His housekeeper had admitted several poor people already, and could admit no more. I pleaded with her the infancy of my family, the lateness of the night, and their utter unfitness to proceed,—that we sought nothing but shelter,—that the meanest shed would be a blessing. Heaven's mercy was never more earnestly pleaded for, than was a night's lodging by me on that occasion. But no, no, no! was the unvarying answer to all my entreaties.

"I returned to my family. They had crept close together, and, except the mother, were fast asleep. 'Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?' inquired the trembling woman; 'I'm dootfu' o' Jeanie,' she added, 'isna she wacsome like? Let's in frae the cauld.' 'We've nae way to gang, lass,'

said I, 'whate'er come o' us. You folk winna hae us.'" Few words more passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbb'd with pain, and for a time became the teneument of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than indignation; and it seem'd to me, that this same world was a thing very much to be hated,—and, on the whole, the sooner one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and my own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind,—enclosed, prison'd in misery. No outlook, none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me,—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out, and be heard, too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know, how unsafely it sits. When Despair has loos'd Honour's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing on-looker is deem'd an enemy—who then can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuad'd, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fix'd in nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.

"I will resume my story. The gloaming light was scarcely sufficient to allow me to write a little note, which I carried to a stately mansion hard by. It was to entreat what we had been denied at B———. This application was also fruitless. The servant had been order'd to take in no such notes, and he could not break through the rule. On rejoining my little group, my heart lighten'd at the presence of a serving man, who at that moment came near, and who, observing our wretchedness, could not pass without endeavouring to succour us. The kind words of this worthy peasant sunk deep into our hearts. I do not know his name; but never can I forget him. Assisted by him, we arriv'd, about eleven o'clock, at the farm-house of John Cooper, West town of Kinnaird, where we were immediately admitted. The accommodation, we were told, was poor—but what an alternative from the storm-beaten wayside! The servants were not yet in bed; and we were permitted a short time to warm ourselves at the bothy fire. During this interval the infant seem'd to revive; it fasten'd heartily to the breast, and

soon fell asleep. We were next led to an outhouse. A man stood by with a lantern, while with straw and blankets we made a pretty fair bed. In less than half an hour the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o'clock when Jean wakened me. Oh, that scream!—I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their *dead sister*. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night, under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as that did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame. Such a visitation could only be well borne by one hardened to misery and wearied of existence. I sat awhile and looked on them; comfort I had not to give—none to take: I spake not—what could be said?—words? oh, no! The worst is over when words can serve us. And yet, it is not just when the wound is given that pain is felt. How comes it, I wonder, that minor evils will affect even to agony, while paramount sorrow overdoes itself, and stands in stultified calmness? Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavement of that terrible night, I sat for some minutes gazing upwards at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow-lodgers, who had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry. After a while, I proceeded to awaken the people in the house, who entered at once into our feelings, and did every thing which Christian kindness could dictate, as proper to be done on the melancholy occasion. A numerous and respectable party of neighbours assembled that day to assist at the funeral. In an obscure corner of Kinnaird churchyard lies our favorite, little Jeanie.

“Early on Monday, we wandered onward without any settled purpose or end. Nor knew we where that night our couch might be, or where to-morrow our grave. 'Tis but fair to say, however, that our children were never ill-off during the day-time. Where our goods were not bought, we were, nevertheless, offered a ‘piece to the bairnies.’ One thing which might contribute to this was, that our appearance as yet was respectable, and it seemed as if the people saw in us neither the shrewd hawker, nor the habitual mendicant, so that we were better supplied with food than had been our lot for many a month before. But oh, the ever recurring sunset! Then came the hour of sad conjecturing, and sorrowful outlook. To seek lodging at a farm before sunset was to ensure refusal. After nightfall, the children,

worn out by the day's wanderings, turned fretful, and slept whenever we sat down. After-experience taught us cunning in this, as in other things—the tactics of habitual vagrants being, to remain in concealment near a farm of good name, until a suitable lateness warranted the attack."

William Thom and his family, during their wanderings, had considerable experience of the lodging-houses for poor travellers, called, in England, tramp-houses. Cheapness is the sole recommendation of these places. Without fires—without seats—they pack five or six persons into one box, called a bed, and hence there is small need for bed-clothes. At Methven, as this poor family sat in the lodging-house of Mrs. L., they were informed that their entertainment would cost them sixpence, which, according to the standing rule of the establishment, must be paid before they "took off their shoon." The expression, it is true, is not over appropriate in an hotel in which most of the guests were *barefooted*; but still, it was *the rule*, and the demand for sixpence exceeded the finances of poor Thom, who had only got five pence-half-penny in the world. He, therefore, desperately resolved to sally forth with his flute, and play it for money in the outskirts of the village.

"Musing over these and many other considerations, we found ourselves in a beautiful green lane, fairly out of the town, and opposite a genteel-looking house, at the windows of which sat several well-dressed people. I think that it might be our bewildered and hesitating movements that attracted their notice—perhaps not favourably. 'A quarter of an hour longer,' said I, 'and it will be darker; let us walk out a bit.' The sun had been down a good while, and the gloaming was lovely. In spite of every thing I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my dry flute in a little burn, and began to play. It rang sweetly amongst the trees. I moved on and on, still playing, and still facing the town. 'The Flowers of the Forest' brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another, and in less than ten minutes put me in possession of three shillings and nine-pence, good British money. I sent the mother home with this treasure, and directed her to send our oldest girl to me. It was by this time nearly dark. Every body says, 'Things just need a beginning.' I had made a beginning, and a very good one too. I had a smart turn for Strathspeys, and there appeared to be a fair run upon them. By this time I was nearly in the middle of the town.

When I finally made my bow and retired to my lodging, it was with four shillings and some pence, in addition to what was sent before. My little girl got a beautiful shawl, and several articles of wearing^e apparel. Shall I not bless the good folk of Methven? Let me ever chance to meet a Methven weaver in distress, and I will share my last bannock with him. These men—for I knew them, as they knew me, by instinct—these men not only helped me themselves, but testified their gratitude to every one that did so. There was enough to encourage further perseverance, but I felt, after all, that I had begun too late in life ever to acquire that ‘case and grace’ indispensable to him who would successfully ‘carry the gaberlunzie on.’ I must forego it, at least in a downright street capacity.”

William Thom adopted the expedient, ‘when on the tramp,’ of getting some of his poems printed on fine paper, with a fly leaf, in the form of a note, and sending a copy by the servants of the Lairds whose houses lay in his way, while he waited in the hall. Once in this way he received half-a-guinea; but it was beggar’s work,—his soul grew sick of it, and he took up his abode in Inverurey, and settled down to his loom. Here the wandering family found comparative comfort.

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Lasting,—what’s lasting?

The earth that swims so well must drown in fire,
And Time be last to perish at the stake.
The Heavens must parch, the universe must smoulder;
Nothing but thoughts can live, and such thoughts only
As Godlike are, making God’s recreation.

—*J. Knowe.*

“Affliction worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience *hope*.”

Soon after their arrival at Inverurey, this poor family was afflicted with much ill-health. Their boy had to undergo a serious operation in the Aberdeen infirmary, from the effects of which he never recovered. The mother died in childbed. This bereavement was the subject of many of poor Thom’s subsequent poems.

When Mrs. Thom died, her husband was employed as a weaver at a village nine miles distant. He used to walk once a fortnight to Inverurey, for a glimpse of ‘yon ineffable couthiness that swims, as it were, about *ane’s ain fireside*, and is nowhere else to be found.’ After returning from the kirk-

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yard, on the occasion of the funeral of his wife, he locked up the house. A neighbour took charge of the youngest boy, who, however, somehow slipped off unnoticed, and was found fast asleep at the door where his mother died. Next morning the poor widower, with his eldest boy, Willie, set out to resume his work. "A trifle of sad thinking," he says, "was in my head, and 'Benachie,' with its dowie mists, right before me." His daughter Betsey was keeping a cotter's cow,—herdin' as it is called. She knew nothing of what had happened at home. Three weeks before, her mother had been to see her at the cotter's, and had promised to return with some warm clothes against the winter, which was setting in fast and bitterly.

"The day and very hour we approached her bleak watching place, was their trysted time; she saw us as we stood hesitating on the knowe, (a small eminence,) and came running to us, calling, 'Whaur is my mither?—Fou is na she here?'"

In the following verses are shown, not the widowed father's actual advice to his boy, how to deport himself towards his sister, in breaking the news, but the poet's idealized recollection of it:—

"The ae dark spot in this loveless world,
That spot maun ever be, Willie,
Where she sat an' dauted yer bonny brown hair,
An' lythly looket at me, Willie;
An' oh! my heart owned all the power
Of your mother's gifted e'e, Willie.

There's now nae blink at our slacken'd hearth,
Nor kindred breathing there, Willie;
But cauld and still our hame of Death,
Wi' its darkness evermair, Willie:
For she wha lived in our love, is cauld,
An' her grave the stranger's lair, Willie.

The sleepless night, the dowie dawn,
A' stormy tho' it be, Willie,
Ye'll buckle ye in yer weat wee plaid,
An' wander awa' wi' me, Willie:
Yer lonesome sister little kens
Sic tidings we hae to gie, Willie.

The promised day, the trysted hour,
She'll strain the watchfu' e'e, Willie;
Seeking that mither's look of love,
She ne'er again maun see, Willie;
Kiss aye the tear frac her whitening cheek,
An speak awhile for me, Willie.

Look kindly, kindly when ye meet,
 But speak na of the dead, Willie ;
 An' when yer heart would gar you greet,
 Aye turn awa yer head, Willie ;
 That waesome look ye look to me
 Would gar her young heart bleed, Willie.

Whane'er she names a mither's name,
 An' sairly presseth thee, Willie,
 O tell her of a happy hame
 Far, far o'er earth an' sea, Willie ;
 An' ane that waits to welcome them—
 Her harmless bairns an' me, Willie."

It appears, however, that he married a second time, and now leaves a widow with several children quite destitute. We shall revert to this, ere we close ; but at present we must confine our remarks to his " Recollections." And in much that we now quote there is matter for profound consideration. The tale is yet told with that vivid and earnest reality which made his narrative of his sufferings so enchaining and remarkable.

Mr Thom understood both the prose and the poetry of life. He relished both sharply, with the passion of a most sensitive, and the endurance of a most manly nature ; and he says few things, in his simple and unforced experiences of the terrible trials of the poor, which do not deeply concern the common humanity of us all.

" About the year 1770 this work commenced, experimenting in a small way the jenny-spinning, then but lately discovered. After some time other houses were added, and the whole converted into one entire weaving factory : the company, a powerful one, having erected an extensive spinning-mill at Woodside, close by Aberdeen. Then was the daisy portion of weaving—the bright and midday period of all who pitched a shuttle, and of the happy one whose luck it was to win a weaver's smile. Four days did the weaver work—for then four days were a week, as far as working went—and such a week to a skilful workman brought forty shillings. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday were, of course, jubilee. Lawn frills gorged freely from under the wrists of his fine blue, gilt-buttoned coat. He dusted his head with white flour on Sunday, smirked, and wore a cane. Walked in clean slippers on Monday—Tuesday heard him talk war bravado, quote Volney, and get drunk. Weaving commenced gradually on Wednesday : then were little children pin-fillers, and such were taught to steal warily past the gate-keeper,

concealing the bottle. These 'wee' smugglers had a drop for their services, over and above the chances of profiting by the elegant and edifying discussions uttered in their hearing. Infidelity was just then getting fashionable. When I first became an inmate of this building, in 1814, only two or three veteran fools lived to feel the deplorable change that had overtaken our helpless calling, and to witness the more deplorable continuance and extending of habits begun and fostered by them in years of fulness, yet still clinging to the lean frame and torn doublet of the ten-pence a day weaver, and imparted by him to the greenhorns around. What could not now be done in full, was imitated pretty well; and, if money was absent, device was ever near. Many curious expedients were weekly discovered and as duly practised. To raise the wind convivial, to keep it breezing when raised, secured distinction and approval.

"Be the graceless details forgotten!—I can only allude to these desperate and ingenious resources, as answering the questions—'How could dissipation exist where wages barely afforded ordinary sustenance?' It was so—the weaver of forty shillings bequeathed his vices to the weaver of six shillings a week. The weaver of forty shillings had money instead of wit, the weaver of six shillings wit instead of money. During my experience of seventeen years within that factory, the average earnings of first-rate hands, varying with the times, good and bad, were from six to nine shillings a week; second-rate workers from three to five shillings weekly. Some worked weeks,—months, for nothing. How? Thus it was. If, from whatever cause except sickness, a girl was absent, she was marked down and fined to the extent and in proportion to the time of her absence. For example, if any female worker came to the gate after seven in the morning, she was not permitted to enter, lost the morning's work, and was fined a sixpence. A few of these rejected ones—it was almost a daily thing, would stroll about, unwilling to face a scolding at home. They went not there. Some would, and return to work when the gate opened at nine. The grave will ask, Could they not all have done so likewise? No, they, like yourselves, were some wise, and some weak. The question is an idle one, and worse than foolish, but you know you put it forth, and often. It were wiser work by far, and better, to clear away the stumbling blocks that beset the earlier paths of erring creatures, rather than admire or grieve at the error. Give yourselves but the trouble to look for it,

and you will find that a link or two precede crime. These *you* should cut. *You* may do it. The object chained, however willing, has seldom the power. These poor girls are loitering, idle—wandering between a laugh and a tear—the most slippery standing of any. Ten to one if that day, or the next two days, find the fair truants at their looms. For each day absent there comes a fine of one shilling; hence, three days' absence required three days of hard working to clear scores with the Company for the follies of the week. This was not rare, but very common. Here was a Savings' Bank truly inside out! Instead of wondering at the folly, rather ask how the fool subsisted in this work-for-nothing way? Where was her table spread? her fare what? and how looked her home? Condemn not, ye prosperous, ye untempted happy! Bless your dear selves. Your pantry full and your feet warm. Saturday night creeps through yon dreary garret, where her mother sits eagerly in fancy making 'ends meet,' balancing her little debts with her Jeany's earnings! She knows not yet the truancy of yon morning—nor the fatal followings thereof—nor does she yet feel that the bread she devours is the price of her ruined lassie! There is a beginning, and if in her young and yet unhardened breast there speaks a portion of womanly regret—it is laughed away by her merry shop-mates—her doom on earth is fixed.

“ Between three and four hundred male and female workers were promiscuously distributed over the work; the distinctive character of all sunk away. Man became less manly—woman unlovely and rude. Many of these married; some pairs seemed happy—they were few, and left the work whenever they could get webs and looms outside. Vacancies, daily made, were daily filled—often by queer enough people, and from all parts, none too coarse for using. He who had never sought a better sight than an unwatched pocket—he, trained to the loom, six months in Bridewell, came forth a journeyman weaver, and lo! his precious experiences were infused into the common moral puddle, and in due time did their work—became a fixture,—another pot of poison sunken in the common well, and drink they must. The poorest poor—the uneducated, the untrained poor—drank of it; yet the wise and well-provided will often condemn without one pitying look, nor *seek* to see that strong link between crime and cause! ”

Yet was the brighter glimpse of a better existence shed, now and then, over that dreary life,—and it came to a small

class of weavers—Thom among them—from the songs of poets, snatched greedily amid their hard earnings and scanty leisure.

“Oh! how they did ring above the rattling of a hundred shuttles! Let me again proclaim the debt we owe those song spirits, as they walked in melody from loom to loom, ministering to the low-hearted; and when the breast was filled with every thing but hope and happiness, and all but seared, let only break forth the full and vigorous chorus, ‘A man’s a man for a’ that,’ the fagged weaver brightens up. His very shuttle skytes boldly along, and clatters through in faithful time to the tune of his merrier shopmates!

“Who dare measure in doubt the restraining influences of these very songs? To us they were all instead of sermons. Had any one of us been bold enough to enter a church, he must have been ejected for the sake of decency. His forlorn and curiously patched habiliments would have contested the point of attraction with the ordinary eloquence of that period. So for all parties it was better that he kept in his garret, or wandered far ‘in the deep green wood.’ Church bells rang not for us. Poets were indeed our Priests. But for those, the last relic of our moral existence would have surely passed away!

“Song was the dew-drops that gathered during the long dark night of despondency, and were sure to glitter in the very first blink of the sun. Yonder you might have seen ‘Ank Robin Gray’ wet the eyes that could be tearless amidst cold and hunger, and weariness and pain. Surely, surely, then, there was to that heart one passage yet unclosed; and a way to carry something thither would save the dreary tenement. We had nothing to give but a kind look and a song. The soup-kitchen was open five months in two years. The dead were buried. Now, why will people always grumble? To us Virtue, in whatever shape, came only in shadow, but even by that we saw her sweet proportions, and sometimes fain would have sought a kind acquaintance with her.”

This is beautifully said. Virtue came to them only in shadow, yet by *that* they saw her sweet proportions.

And many most beautiful things there are, both verse and prose, had we time and space to point them out: but we must come to a close, however reluctantly. There is one point, however, to which we have promised to revert.

William Thom has now paid the common penalty, and “he leaves a widow and several children quite destitute.”

It is a disgrace to the world's social system, that this history should so often have to be written. If any proof were needed that refined natures can grapple with the duties of industry, however humble, Thom gave it. But material industry will not supply sustenance to such natures. Out of a congenial atmosphere they pine and are lost. That is not a fault to deplore, but simply a fact. The fleeting and intoxicating indulgence which such spirits snatch in the saloons of lionizing idlers and professed exhibitors, serves only to excite wants which it supplies no means of satisfying.

William Thom having perished, it is remembered, that his wife and children are animated beings—mortals—creatures that cannot live on air—and that substitute for a living endowment of literary poverty, now in vogue—a posthumous subscription to support the widow and orphans,—has been set on foot. Already, it seems, many eminent names may be seen on the list of subscribers; and it will be yet further extended, as humanity seeks to compensate its neglect by these penitential and posthumous attentions.



AS RICH AS A JEW.

THERE is a class of hereditary knowledge, which, irrespective of the laws of affinity and primogeniture, descends to us from generation to generation, and which, being incorporated in our every-day phraseology, forms a kind of oral encyclopædia, illustrative of the experience and research of our forefathers. Thus we intuitively imbibe the expressions, "As brave as a lion," "As cunning as a fox," "As mild as a lamb," "As busy as a bee," "As rich as a Jew," &c. Now, could it be possible to gather all mankind into one vast plain, (and we are told that a space of 10 miles square would hold the whole *genus homo*,)—could we, by means of the telegraph, propound to each of this vast assembly the question, "What is the precise amount of wealth that you understand by the phrase, 'As rich as a Jew'?"—what a wonderful diversity of opinion would be the result!

I have heard it stated, (how correctly I cannot say,) that in the largest forest in the world, it would be impossible to pick up two leaves, which would be exactly of the same shade of green. I may venture to affirm, that, in the vast assemblage,

which I had represented before my mind's eye, it would be equally impossible to pick out two human beings, who would exactly coincide in opinion on the problem proposed.

The lazy beggar, who, from dreams of banquets and wealth, wakes to poverty and rags—who looks with an envious eye upon the crib and straw of the more favored quadruped—give him his daily crust, a handful of yellow coins, and leave him to bask in idleness beneath God's sun, and his ambition is gratified—he is “As rich as a Jew.”

The poor, hard-working labourer, who, from sun-rise to sunset, follows the horse and the plough, inured alike to the biting frost and the scorching sun,—(poor wretch! the sparrow of the field, which picks the seed as it falls from his horny hands—which pitches its tent among the verdant leaves, and makes its bed beneath the starry heavens—is a very Cræsus compared to him!)—yet, mark him as he toils onwards from day to day—from year to year—from the cradle to the grave:—grant him, oh heaven! only as much as will keep his hoary head from the workhouse—grant him only as much as will pay for his own coffin and grave—and the less fortunate labourer will deem *him* “As rich as a Jew!”

The village tutor, whose sombre cloth and white cravat proclaim his classic calling, weary at heart and sick at soul, with the eternal “*Ego amo*” ringing in his ear from morning to night;—only save him from these roaring beasts*—give him one peaceable meal a day—and leave him to his Homer and his Hesiod, to his Virgil and his Horace—and his ambition goes no farther:—*he* is “As rich as a Jew.”

The merchant, whose hundred vessels plough the foaming ocean—whose dauntless enterprize points alike to the Frigid as to the Torrid Zone;—another year, and another year, add to his wealth; but *one* speculation more and the height of his ambition is gratified; a coronet graces his brow—he dies—“As rich as a Jew!”

The prince, to whose infantine bonnet the wild ostrich pays his tributary tail—for whose silken coat the poor silk-worm toils in his unwearyed task, and upon whose embroidered vest the hand of hapless poverty wastes its failing strength;—pale and exhausted sits the weary being of flesh and blood, plying her gorgeous task amidst anguish and woe—chasing the overpowering languor from her weary eyelids, with sighs that cut deeper into the innermost recesses of

* Plato says, “A boy is the most difficult to manage of all wild beasts,” &c.

her heart, than the sharp point of her needle digs into the costly fabric, (alas, poor thing!—one of those glittering baubles, which hang uselessly as a button on his garb would render thee wealthy,—thou wouldst deem thyself “As rich as a Jew!”) but the Prince—He snores in his cot—the watchful dame chases away the troublesome flies from his cheeks. Some fine morning he wakes—he finds himself “As rich as a Jew,”—he is a *King*, perhaps an *Emperor*! What then! In ancient times (we are told) he would have aspired to become a God! In our days, the next step from the throne is various. Some happily go down to the grave—food for worms; others live, *perchance* to have our compassion, and others, again, have *hardly that*!

And how often have we been taught, that we cannot take our wealth into the grave. We need no Semiramis to teach a truism which the wealth of the Twelve Tribes could not falsify. And yet there is a something which we take with us, procured *by means of* our wealth—a something which will live and flourish on our tombstones, when we are decayed and gone.

The merchant who entertained a monarch in his princely mansion, lighting a fire of cinnamon with that prince's bond to him for 50,000 ducats, though “as rich as a Jew,” could not take his wealth into the grave; but the *Jew* Spinosa, (sometimes called a God intoxicated man) who, in the midst of his poverty, could resign his pension to the fatherless orphans of his benefactor,—though long ago dead himself, yet his wealth *lives* in the *deed*, which, in the depth of poverty, made him “as rich as a Jew.” Poor Spinosa! an outcast alike from the Synagogue and the Church,—all the waters of the Atlantic could not wash the blood of Abraham out of thy veins! Let the priest anathematize thee—let the bigot deny thee access to the Throne of Grace—*still* thy memory *lives*, and even the bitterest enemy of thy race* can afford to record thy philanthropy.

And why *are* the Jews rich? That every effect has its cause, every child knows. What, then, is the cause of our wealth? The poet says,

“He that lives to fancy rarely can be rich,
He that lives to nature rarely can be poor.”

Here is *one* secret of our means of wealth! There is yet another: is it not worth knowing? Well, I will not keep it to myself. I will not, like the stern Roman, say, “If I

* Voltaire.

thought my shirt knew of it, I would pluck it off, and burn it." But I would proclaim it aloud to the world, that the *secret*—the whole science of alchemy which we practise in the making of our gold, is comprised in the word "*Perseverance.*" When our father Jacob fled, a fugitive from his father's house, with nothing but a stone for a pillow to lay his head upon, he beheld the angels ascending to heaven *by a ladder*; from them he learned to take one step at a time, and he became rich.

Gentle reader, if some fine spring day in London, thou hast some leisure hours, go to the Docks, and watch a newly-arrived vessel. When the *cabin* passengers, with smiling faces and busy looks, jump on shore, and hasten to their homes and hotels, a few *steerage* passengers thou wilt see still lingering on board, as if loth to part with the friendly ship that wafted them from their native land. Poor, homeless, and wretched, at last they reach the British shore.

Mark them well, especially the two foremost. The one on the right, you at once recognise, by his features, to be a Jew! His long beard and fur cap proclaim him from the north. The other's features are *unmeaning*; you let him pass. He goes; but should you again meet him, though it be a thousand times, you will recognise *him* by his *box organ*. Still he grinds onward and onward, murdering the *composer* a thousand times a day and *himself*, goes to the grave where alone his music ceases. Not so the Jew. Should you ask him what brought him from his home, to enter, a wanderer, upon a foreign shore, he will tell you, he comes from a land which the bounty of heaven has rendered fertile and salubrious, but which the ruthless hand of man has steeped in anguish and woe. He will tell you of a spot where the smile of joy never beams on the human face, where the song of mirth is never heard,—where the beast in the forest is freer than the man beneath his roof,—where the wolf in his cave is safer than the priest at the altar. He will tell you that he has been driven from the home of his childhood, because the descendant of the GREAT PETER would free all his frontier towns from the taint of Judaism.

Well, this poor Jew begins the world anew, and what can he do for a living? He enters upon a new world. Like an infant, he must begin to lisp and learn a new language, ere he can even ask for a drop of water to moisten his parched lips. Well, and the words "Old Clothes," are soon learned through the friendly tuition of a brother Jew. A partial stock in trade he has in his own wardrobe; thus the future

merchant begins his fortune. Whilst his fellow steerage passenger grinds his organ, he moves onwards: the bundle of clothes is changed into a *box of jewellery*,—the box becomes a shop in a narrow street,—the little shop is changed into one with plate-glass windows,—annexed to the shop a large warehouse gradually rises into existence,—the shop he leaves for the warehouse,—the warehouse he leaves for the bank,—and the bank for the grave.

This is the *bright* side of the picture; the other side has been painted by another hand, equally true, and equally correct. It is asked somewhere in the Talmud: "The wealthy, of many countries, whereby are they deserving of becoming rich?" Samuel, the son of Yosi, replies, "Because they honor the Sabbath." Samuel, the son of Yosi, if I might presume to put another construction upon thy answer, I would say, "Because they keep the *fourth* commandment." Let not the idle vagabond, who rests on the Sabbath and on the *six days also*, upbraid the Lord, and say, "I keep the Sabbath holy, and yet am poor." Poor thou art, poor thou wilt be, and poor thou deservest to be; for though thou keep the Sabbath never so holy, without thou work six days out of the seven, thou breakest the fourth commandment, and canst never attain to wealth, to health, and to happiness. This is the doctrine which I proclaim, and maintain, upon scriptural authority; and if that suffices not, go to yonder bloated gouty coxcomb of sixty, who, upon a bed of down, feels his foot in a lake of fire, the mere moving of his footstool; is a volcano to him, and the ringing of the bell by his physician's footman, is an earthquake. Had he kept the commandment, not only on the seventh, but on the six days, he might have thrown physic to the dogs, and left me to seek another illustration of my moral.

And the *Jew*, does he keep the fourth commandment? Yes, certainly during the six days; and how rare is it to see a drunken, bloated, gonty Jew,—how seldom is it we see intemperance stamped upon his face. Yet, methinks, I hear the Jew-hater sneeringly taunt me: *You labour? show me the Jew labourer and the Jew agriculturist.* I deny most solemnly, and most emphatically, that it is not in the nature of the Jew to be an agriculturist. That he is not one at present, and that he has not been one for many centuries, is most true. But *why* is he no agriculturist? For eighteen centuries they had not a spot on this wide globe, that he could kiss as his native earth. They never had a chance to

devote their time to agriculture! For how could they? In every clime, in every country, in every petty state, they were the objects of the bitterest persecution. They never lay down at night with the assurance of being permitted to occupy the same spot the night following,—they never cultivated their fields with the conviction of reaping the harvest for themselves,—they never tilled the ground with the certainty of being allowed to enjoy the fruits of their industry;—and when they were at the *best*, they never were happy enough to indulge in the hope of passing through life free from oppression, persecution, and banishment. And you Christians taunt us with not being agriculturists, forsooth! We cannot give our minds to clear your fields from weeds and thistles for *you*, to reap the golden harvest, and for *us* to have the honor of being called agriculturists. But (good souls) you say, “You are not persecuted *men*.” This too I deny. How many years is it since the tragedy of Damascus has been performed at the instigation of Europeans? Cannot a child count them on his fingers? How long is it since the “Czar” has driven myriads of our race helpless and forlorn, from their homes and country. Still you would say, “These are but solitary instances. You are no longer robbed of your money, nor are your teeth extracted to obtain the same.” True, O Christian! We are deeply grateful and beholden to your forbearance; we feel the blessing of being permitted to rest quietly in our beds; but if you think we take all your forbearance for pure charity and humanity, you misapprehend us. If Ferdinand of Spain were to rise from his grave and ascend the Spanish throne *now*, he would not again banish the Jews; and what would hinder him? Is it modern humanity, charity, or civilisation. No, a simple Jewish stratagem,—the invention of despair—“Bills of Exchange.” They would stand between us and the tyrant; there would be no *gain* in the business. Yes, this is the grand secret why the Jews are no longer banished. It is now an unprofitable trade. Even the “Emperor” banished not the Jews, for that would now be a loss to himself; he only removed them, and *beggared the poor*.

Let mankind teach us by practice and experience, that we may with safety sow, and with safety reap. Let them teach us to have confidence in their protection. Let them give us equal hopes and equal rights, and the Jew will again become an agriculturist, a mechanic, and an artizan, as he was in his own land of Palestine, some eighteen centuries ago.

NOTE.—Agreeing in the general tenor of the remarks of our Jewish correspondent, cheerfully acknowledging their ability, and cordially joining in the appeal contained in his last sentence, we yet find it impossible to lay them before the readers of this periodical, without adding one word in defence of the professor of Christianity,—we would rather say, in behalf of all who acknowledge the great brotherhood of man. We apprehend that it is to a better and higher feeling than any connected with “Bills of Exchange,” that we must refer the modern treatment of the Jew. We trust and believe, that the noble struggles of that persecuted race have not been without their effect on the minds of those by whom they have been witnessed, and that in our undoubted and undenied progress towards a higher tone of morality than that formerly prevalent among men, we are at least *learning* to condemn persecution in any shape. We would have our correspondent remember that, in the days when Christians extracted Jews’ teeth, they used to burn one another at the stake. They have learned the folly and wickedness of *that* form of persecution for opinion; and they are as surely learning that they have done a wrong in imposing civil disabilities and restraints, as punishments for honest and unwavering faith, and in reproaching the Jew with imperfections of character which their own injustice has created. But we can well understand that the Jew should not, in this, think with us. The wrong of eighteen hundred years cannot be righted in a day; and to the feeling of mutual confidence which we desire to see established between Jews and their fellow-men, the surviving bigotry of a class will occasionally present a serious obstacle, as in the recent case of the House of Lords in England. But such obstacles cannot stay the spirit of the age; and we look forward to the day when, all such prejudices forgotten, a man shall be held “as little accountable for his opinions” (so long as he does not force them on the notice of his neighbour) “as,” we quote the words of Lord Brougham, “for the color of his hair.”—ED.



REVOLUTION.

A FRAGMENT.

The subject of the poem, from which the following stanzas are an extract, interweaves in its narrative a story of the French Revolution of 1792, and as it is not improbable that the blood-inscribed drama, then acted with such terrible reality, may find a repetition in the one now begun, the perusal of these verses, representing some of the events and characters of that gloomy period of earth’s woes, may not be uninteresting to the general reader. There can be but little doubt that there had been, and still existed, much to call forth the reprobation and remonstrances of the lower orders in France; but if their sufferings were great, their revenge was still more appalling; whilst the victims this terrible holocaust of liberty swallowed up, were mostly the young, the aged, and the innocent; and it would seem, that even to this day, a retributive justice in mortal destiny is still making this unsettled nation feel the effects of its crimes and enormities in those fearful times of revolutionary terror and extermination, by still keeping the same spirit of anarchy alive amongst its offspring up to the present hour.

Spirit of Time, upon whose mighty wings,
 Plum'd with the mystic shadows of the past,
 The memories arise of former things,
 And, darting onwards, mak'st life, to the last,
 One anxious dream, now buoyed up on the springs
 Of Fortune's car, and the next moment cast
 Headlong in Terror's gulph, I see thee rise
 With all Hell's phantoms, startling to the eyes ;

Lo ! Earth has yawued, and 'midst Tartarean smoke
 And glare, a many-headed monster starts,
 A huge World-Phoenix ! At one awful stroke
 Fire-breathing and doom-thundering, it darts
 Skyward funereal flames, and scorns to cloak
 And hide its hideous and distorted parts ;
 But with a vampire's wing and fearful cry,
 Hurtles the air with shouts of *Liberty* !

Whence sprung this hydra-demon ; was he born
 Of sin and darkuess, like his brother death ?
 See how his eyeballs roll with hate and scorn,
 His tongue with savage laughter, whilst his breath
 A fetidness exhales, as the uptorn
 Rank, putrid carcass from its pit beneath,
 Until the air, all pestilential grown
 Infects men's purer natures with his own.

'Tis even so ; a nation whole is smitten,
 As when plague matter taints its gastric juices,
 Or, when by fatal hydrophobia bitten,
 The fearful frenzy breaks down all law's sluices,
 And Anarchy around with blood has written,
 " Death to Aristocrats for their abuses !"
 And this black monster formed of every schism,
 Lo ! Satan has baptized " *Sansculotism*." *

Around him Chaos groans, and in his grasp,
 From which shall spring the death-birth of a world,
 The horror-stricken but unheeded gasp
 Of poor mortality in writhings curl'd,
 Awakes small pity.—Youth or age may clasp
 Its knees in vain for mercy, downwards hurl'd
 With frightful vengeance, how the demon dashes
 His quivering victims deep in blood and ashes !

Yet is this monster formed of human things :
 Spleen, brewed, then soured within some thousand hearts,
 Dark Discontent spumed forth from poisonous springs,
 And Rage, made red-hot by ambition's arts ;

* A most frightful account of Sansculotism, such as it burst forth in all its hideous deformity and bloodthirstiness, may be found in Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, whose description of this atrocious monstrosity I have imitated, amounting almost to a paraphrase, in attempting its personification.

Vide 6th Book, Chap. 1st.

These Famine stirs, and in the cauldron flings
 Want, woe, and vice-craft, to make up the parts,
 Which, warmed on Error's furnace, overboil,
 That the arch-fiend may fatten on the spoil.

Dark Pandemonium were a paradise
 To what this huge mob-monster can create,
 With his black vomit of democracies,
 And gory lust internecine,—innate
 Of loathsome, rabid sensualities,
 Such as dark Satan's offspring, in their state
 Of sin-born pride feel,—baleful in opinion
 To make an ultra-hell of Gaul's dominion.

And this is what degraded France must be,
 Sunk in one deluge, spreading far and wide,
 O'er which the demons of the storm, whose glee
 Lies in men's death-throes, can but safely ride,
 A *somewhat* fathomless, a vast dead sea,
 Rocked by the surges of that human tide,
 Whence treasons, murders, rapine, wrath, and rape,
 Formed from its black slime, ooze in every shape.

Now, reader, you may deem, perchance, that this
 Is far too terrible and *triste* indeed ;
 But know, from that Cimmerian abyss,
 Of blacker things you will *soon have* to read,
 Things which have made the very devils hiss
 In Hades, and on earth men's natures bleed
 Red drops of sweat, distinctly to impart
 Scenes of this butchering, wind-pipe cutting art.

Still, judge not outwardly of men alone.
 Hark ! From that Fauxbourg with its noisome alley,
 Amidst wan penury and hunger's moan,
 What words of dubious note are heard to sally ?—
 Sounds that have been unheeded till their tone
 Came forth despairingly as from death's valley,
 Where clouds fast gathering, the electric fire
 Flashed from their dense folds, caught the living pyre.

That low deep tone as of approaching thunder
 Has thrilled the heart of many an unbeliever
 As to men's wants, and made him pause in wonder,
 To satisfy his ear is no deceiver,
 To hear what's said aloud, or murmur'd under,
 For Power may swagger, but the surest lever
 By which stern truth a nation's state can trace,
 Is, in the temper of its populace.

'Tis night ! St. Antoine's fauxbourg darkens round,
 As down a court unnumbered passers wend,
 And shouts of "*Spadassins*," in fearful sound,
 From growling tongues and hungry howls, rend

Its dens and tortuous alleys, that abound
 With hundreds, calling, "Where 's the poor man's friend ?
 "Are fifteen sous a day enough to save
 "Us and our children from starvation's grave ?"

Says Power, "What! Dare they growl thus, though they starve!"
 When soon the tramp is heard of Swiss battalions,
 With canon, and lit matches. "Here's a salve
 "To cure your wants, ye vile tatterdemallions ;
 "Ho, my dragoons! your clear-way boldly carve ;
 "And ye, artillery, fire on the rascallions."
 Alas! 'tis donc, and soon that paper warehouse,
 Of all things but the dead, becomes a bare-house.

Helas, Sicur Reveillon, a sad revcillé *
 Is the morn's beat around that shattered hall,
 Which those four hundred weltering corpses tell ye,
 Complaining man, and fiery Besenval.
 Will power now dare to ask them, "Why rebel ye,
 Men of St. Antoine?" as with ceaseless call
 And furious hands, and visages as dark as
 Grim Hate, they point down to each bloody carcass ?

But the deed's done,—all Paris is in motion,
 And every fauxbourg heaves its rising surges
 Of human passions,—furious as when ocean
 Roars, and each struggling bark to shipwreck verges.
 Men's deep wounds are incurable,—no lotion
 Can heal the flesh, whilst acrid gall fast purges,
 The body grown distempered, as the head
 With wild delirium—copiously tho' bled.

Whence did this cause then spring which led to battle,
 For what the bold at heart call Freedom's rights,
 And when those alleys rang with its stern rattle,
 Arous'd the glow, oppression's act excites ?
 It was the goad which, treating men like cattle,
 Drove them subservient to the appetites
 Of rulers, who become both gross and greedy,
 When the State's empty purse has made them needy.

Yes, Louis Seize, the echoes of that feud
 Had scarcely died, which Liberty first woke,
 When faction openly proclaimed its mood,

* Sieur Reveillon was an extensive paper-manufacturer of the Rue St. Antoine. He was heard, or reported, to say, "that a journeyman might live handsomely on *fifteen sous* a day." It was on his premises that the first disastrous collision took place between the workmen of that Fauxbourg and the military, just prior to the storming of the Bastille in 1789. General Besenval was at that time Commandant of Paris, and was applied to by Reveillon for protection from the refractory journeymen. He ordered out the Swiss Guards and two pieces of artillery. The warehouse was gutted by the mob, who, on their part, lost about 400 men. It was strongly suspected at the time, that the Duke of Orleans (Egalité) had enlisted a party of brigands, or *spadassins*, as they were called, and who were the terror of the city, to commence this outbreak.

And danger warned thee, ere the tempest broke.
 Thy fault was apathy, an over-good
 Weak heart in governing, which left the yoke
 Despotic in a *noblesse*, to despoil
 The peasant of his gains and tax his toil.

Oh ! thou bold Mirabeau, who roused at first
 The nation into lurid tempest-clouds,
 Such as around high mountain-crests are nursed,
 Darkling, ere flashes issue from their shrouds,
 Feeding those living elements that burst
 More awfully than storms,—th' electric crowds
 Of fiery mortals,—say, what hast thou been
 'Twixt prince and people, but a *go-between* !

Now lauding freedom's triumphs through the land,
 Then damning nobles in a fit of spleen,
 Now arming Faction with a flaming brand,
 And yet, the while, behind that fearful scene,
 With royalty coquetting, and a hand
 As if sincere, held out towards thy Queen,
 Thy noble, beauteous Queen, who placed her trust
 In one whose thoughts still dwelt on blood and dust.

And who are they besides, in that dread mass
 Of hungry, miscalled patriots ! Mark, oh France,
 Him of the sea-green hue and eye of glass,
 And him with bleared, dull, acrid countenance ;
 Him too of brawny limb and lungs of brass,
 With him of dingy blackguardism's glance.
 Oh, what a group with whom thou hast to deal,
 As Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and Camille !

There, too, sits one of whom the muse's mention
 Is but woe's echo, shuddering through all time.
 Yes, worthy Doctor Guillotin, invention
 Seemed to thy brain a climax quite sublime,
 When saying, "Sirs, your heads, in its descension
 "I whisk off, *presto*, without pain or grime,"
 And then all laugh, whilst dipped in blood, for water,
 Grim Slaughter, pleased, baptizes it, "thy daughter."†

* The meeting of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau, at night in the garden of St. Cloud, is a matter of history; not so, the fatal secret attached to it. It is recorded that on their parting he kissed her hand and said, "Madame, the monarchy is saved." Did this "wild submitted Titan," as Carlyle terms him, act up to this? It is too true, alas, that the will, influenced afterwards by more ambitious schemes, halted short of its promise, when the way and the means were still practicable.

† Doctor Guillotin, it appears, studied mechanics as well as medicine. The popular gratitude or levity of the Parisian mob of that day, christened his invention "*his daughter*," by a feminine derivative. He introduced an explanation of it in one of his addresses to the National Assembly, saying, "With my

Bailly, Barnave, Brissot, St. Just, and Clootz,
 Vergniaud, Sieyès, Petion, Santerre, Lafayette,
 Tallien, Carrier, with hundred more *émeutes*,
 - Like clouds portentous 'ere the sun hath set,
 From which low thunder growls and lightning shoots,
 These are but faint hallucinations yet,
 Dark elements of discord gathering there,
 In that hot, bloodstreak'd wild sky's ominous glare.

Or like some living maelstrom, midst an ocean
 Of human heads, tossed, turbulent as waves,
 When adverse blasts and currents brew commotion,
 And the abyss yawns forth a thousand graves,
 Excited with a frenzy of devotion,
 Blindly to worship (as a maniac raves.)
 Thy high-priest,—Liberty, dressed in a huge
 Symbolic cap of rights, *the bonnet rouge!*

* * * * *

When Bishop Butler, in his Meditations,
 Dwelling upon the crimes and passions bad
 Of men, asks startlingly, "If ever nations
 Become, like individuals, stark-mad?"
 The thought was worthy of his contemplations,
 And of the world's, however truly sad;
 An awful warning voice to frail humanity,
 To watch its general tendence towards insanity.

Man's a strange animal, his very nature
 Makes him most strange, especially if fate
 Hath marred his fortunes, for 'tis then the creature
 Changes his being, born to reason's state;
 And what was human, both in mind and feature,
 Warped, wrenched, distorted, by the constant weight
 Of cold neglect, gaunt poverty, and care,
 Sinks to the savage, growling in his lair.

Talk not of ocean's wild, remorseless roar,
 When the dark tempest bids the billows lash;—
 Mark not the tiger, with his thirst of gore,
 His horrid yells and death-denouncing gnash;—
 Hark to that fearful loud blast, such as bore
 Earth unto chaos with astounding crash!
 'Tis the mob-monster, 'tis the piercing cry
 Of men, urged on to brute-ferocity. *

machine, Messieurs, I whisk off your head, *vous faire sauter la tête*, in a twinkling, and you have no pain;" whereat they all laugh. The infernal beheading instrument, by a satiric destiny, has doomed him to the strangest immortal glory that ever kept an obscure mortal from his resting place in the bosom of Oblivion.

* To instance one of the ferocious atrocities of those days of terror: Foulon was a member of the Parliament of Paris, who, when some finance scheme of

Does not France hear it still, tho' years have flown ?

Do not the talon's wounds yet scar her cheek ?

Ask ye, what caused the first convulsive groan,

Which her despairing offspring dared to speak ?

Oppression ! vainly striving to make known

Those wrongs from which the feeblest minds will seek

To be relieved,—neglect soon turned them mad ;

For it is thus despair makes sad hearts, bad.

Whose was the fault then ? Theirs who raised the brand,

Calling for " Rights," or " Vengeance," as their creed ?

Or fierce Misrule's, whose acts first shook the land,

Driving man's spirit to that hour of need,

When clutched are weapons by the infuriate band,

And Liberty dares all things to be freed !

Does not the heart's blood feel alike the probe,

If clad in russet or an ermined robe ?

I am no prophet, but I have my mind's

Opinion of the world and the world's masters ;

Round fate's horizon there's a cloud which winds

Foreboding strifes and sufferings and disasters,

To burst over Europe ;* vainly has mankind's

Caution stemmed one strong tide, the torrent faster

Seems to rush past,—in vain time's shadows warn,

Since kings still goad, and treat the signs with scorn.

One thing is certain, time's advancing tide,

As it develops human ingenuity,

Makes restless man more difficult to guide.

Such will ye henceforth find, or have to rue it, ye

Statesmen who launch on state-craft's ocean wide,

Where fame or shame attends to perpetuity ;

Yours is the praise, as it is too the peril

Of making, by your acts, Earth rich or sterile.

* * * * *

his was objected to, in reply to a question of "What will the people do?" made answer, "*The people may eat grass.*" These words went abroad and were never forgotten. He was discovered in his hiding place at Vitry, immediately after the fall of the Bastille, and although seventy-four years of age, was marched off to Paris with an emblematic bundle of grass tied on his back, and a garland of nettles and thistles round his neck;—to continue Carlyle's fearful relation of the circumstances, "he is whirled across the Place de Grève to the *Lanterne*, lamp-iron which there is at the corner of the Rue de la Vauverie, pleading bitterly for life to the deaf winds. Only with the third rope (for two ropes broke and the quavering voice still pleaded) can he be so much as got hanged ! His body is dragged through the streets; his head goes aloft on a pike; the mouth filled with grass, amid sounds such as of Tophet, from a grass-eating people." Such was the revenge of Sansculottism, exercised with brutal fury, after a lapse of thirty years still unforgotten.

* This stanza was written as far back as the year 1831, just after the last Revolution in France. Strange it is, yet true. "that coming events," especially in the destinies of nations "cast their shadows before."

Betwixt the Past and Future, as a light,
 Thought flickers in the soul ! although hope's star
 May gild the present with its radiance bright,
 Deeming ourselves secure in fortune's car,
 Till *that* which is to come soon claims the sight,
 Rising in gloomy visions from afar,
 Where the dark Future, like some phantom-ghole,
 Shadowed in mystery, awes the trembling soul.

* * * * *



A CHAPTER ON SUICIDE,

OR, A FRAGMENT FROM THE LIFE OF A RAKE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF E. DE VALBEZEN.

UPON that day, about twelve o'clock, I got up with a dreadful head-ache, and this without doubt caused all the gloomy thoughts which assailed me from the moment I awoke. I apostrophized myself with the eloquence of a father of a family. I beat my bosom and tore my hair, in the manner of the prophets of old. Amongst other oratorical beauties, here is a passage which, in strict confidence, I submit to the reader. "Dost thou not blush, O miserable man, to prostitute a noble spirit to a life of gambling and debauchery. Thy nights are sleepless, and one would say that, like the owl, thou fliest the sight of day. But there will be a finale to all these profligacies, a terrible, disastrous end, which will cause thee to shed tears of blood." One can judge by the above fragment, that I was well disposed towards economy :—and it was at this, the most favorable moment, that I looked over my banking account, which laid on my bureau. I doubt whether celebrated romancist, great historian, or angry father, ever, by literary efforts, produced upon the mind of his reader the vast, electric shock which I felt in reading the dry letter of M. Durand, and the balance sheet which accompanied it. The epistle announced simply that my debit and credit balanced each other, or that, out of three hundred and forty-two thousand francs which had come to me at my father's death, I had nothing, absolutely nothing, left,—not a sou.—I remained stupified during some minutes, for I little thought I had wasted so much, and even looking at the very worst point, had never calculated

upon having less than ten thousand francs income left. My situation was anything but pleasant. I still, however, possessed legitimate hopes of inheriting the property of my grandmother, now 87 years old; but she was hearty and active, a regular green winter, and very likely to see me under the sod.

The most hideous thoughts traversed my brain. I felt well persuaded that one could die of hunger in the year 1839; I thought over what situations I could fill to get my bread, and except becoming an errand-boy, I found myself totally incapable to undertake any. I beheld a most horrible vision; I saw myself stretched on straw, covered with rags, ready, for hunger, to devour my children, like Ugolino, had I been a father. My courage gave way before this really frightful picture of the future which awaited me. I rose suddenly,—crying out, “It’s all finished!” and opened my pistol case. I have seen arms of all kinds during my life, but neither the crooked poignard of the Ottoman, nor the monster Paixhan Mortar, ever gave me such emotions as I felt at the sight of my pistols. Mechanically I raised the bag with balls, but the moment my fingers came in contact with the lead, a mortal chill spread through my whole system. I remained an instant as if petrified, but then said resolutely. “Coward, thou tremblest!” Most probably my self-pride was wounded by this insinuation, for I immediately set to work with extreme ardour to load my pistols, only I cannot answer for the ball not having preceded the powder in the barrel. The moment had arrived. In imitation of Cato and other celebrated suicides, I cast towards heaven a look full of defiance and atheism, and my hand seized the fatal instrument. But when my eyes fell upon the weapon of death, directed against my breast, invincible horror seized my soul. I fancied I saw demons with cloven feet, and serpents of fire, appearing at the mouth of the pistol. I recollected how hideous, how disfigured, had been an unfortunate wretch whose body I had seen at the Morgue. Some better thoughts of Eternity returned to my memory,—and I cried, “Stay thy hand!”

Let my action be interpreted as one will, yet, for the sake of the truth, I must state that I instantly put down the pistol, and continued thus:—“Fool that thou art, to wish to destroy the image of thy Creator! Come, tell the griefs which torture thy soul, and make thee despair of happiness. Hast thou been wounded in thy most holy affections? Has

a love, thy joy, thy hope and life, brought thee only ingratitude and deceit? Say, hast thou committed any shameful deed, which has lost thee the esteem and love of thy friends? Art thou not the same man as of yesterday; as of the year past? Has thy body, by some horrible accident, become an object of pity to thy fellow men? Art thou a leper or a cripple? No! It is because thou hast no more gold to minister to thy debaucheries, that thou wishest to have done with life, thou criminal fool. Ah! thou hast not the courage to live by honest labour, now that thou must renounce thy Sardanapalian excesses. Thou hast but one kind of life, thou must live in debauchery, like a toad in the mud. O unclean animal! O mass of corruption! Epicurean swine! thou knowest not the delights of study and mental acquirements; thou understandest only love paid for, love ready-made."

I spare the reader the infliction of the rest of my pleading *pro vitâ*, as Cicero would have said, but I think that illustrious Roman seldom made so much impression upon the minds of his audience, as my words made on myself. I came to the resolution to put my affairs in order, and to hie as soon as possible to my grandmother at Dijon, there to taste the charms of a simple rural life, and the noble pleasures of the mind and the heart. I began by writing a short note to announce my sudden departure to Julia, a young ballet-girl of very primitive talents as to dancing, better known to the world by the grace and vivacity of her mind, than of her limbs. Afterwards I wrote sundry farewell billets to my friends, accounting for my absence by means of a pretended illness of my grandmother. I then reflected for a moment as to how I should travel to my relative's house. I had already decided against going on foot, a mode of travelling exceedingly economical, and I was deliberating between a post-chaise and the mail, when my friend Sir Robert Graham entered my apartment.

A word or two about Sir Robert..

He was a young Englishman of noble family, so it was said, who had lived several years in princely style at Paris. The urbanity of his manners, his kindness to each and all, his unbounded generosity, and last, not least, his penchant for every pleasure, made Sir Robert one of the most delightful companions whom it was possible to meet. But, it was at play that Sir Robert's happy organization showed itself in full vigour: the most enormous losses were submitted to by him without a change of feature; he was exact in his pay-

ments, and one might really say his word was as good as gold.

Sir Robert shook me cordially by the hand, and having done this, he lolled in an easy chair, and we remained without saying a word, one looking at the other.

“By Jove, my dear fellow,” said Robert, “I don’t think you’re in a bit better humour than myself; our faces would just do for reciting Hamlet’s soliloquy.”

“What! Robert, you in a state of spleen? I really never thought it possible,” replied I, unconcernedly.

“Why? Yes,—it is possible; and you are in the same way, tho’ you do try to put a good face on it. Are you not tormented by some new amour, or is it Julia’s reiterated infidelities?”

To this strange supposition, my sole reply was a smile of disdain.

Sir Robert continued:—“I don’t seek to fathom your secrets, but I can tell you mine. The life I lead is hateful and insipid; for the last six months, I have tried to solve this problem,—how to live comfortably upon a thousand a year. I now proclaim that from to-day, I renounce the attempt. Living that way is mere existence, not life. Fancy not being able to indulge a whim which costs £25, or a horse which costs £200, and then to be obliged to deprive oneself of necessaries, if one loses a few fish at whist! I have had quite enough of that kind of life: I am drained of all wisdom and prudence. What am I to do? Ruin myself, or go and rejoin my regiment at Bombay, both of which are dreadful things;—for one can live so well at Paris!—But, I really think I shall go to India, for I know well what it is to dissipate my fortune, having done so already three times, and had it not been for the legacy of my aunt Exmont, which set me afloat again, I should have been these six months under His Majesty’s colors. There are some people,” pursued Robert, “in whom the bump of care for the future is a prodigious developement, and I am one of these folks; I can assure you I have a great penchant for avarice. I don’t know any man who enjoys less than I do the money he spends in ruining himself.”

“Ah!” I interrupted, with forced gaiety, “one of these days we shall see you in old clothes, and dining for two francs.”

“That’s very possible,” returned Robert. “You don’t know, my dear fellow, what it is to return home one evening, after a day’s pleasure, and to say to yourself seriously, ‘In that

style, I have enough for ten years—for a year—for six months—for a week ;—after that, I must have recourse to the Seine.’ Ah,” continued he, “ is it not a horrible thing to think, that all the pleasures of this life depend upon the possession of pieces of miserable gold ! Now, how much, think you, is enough for an experienced, prudent, and wise man such as I have become ? Say, £2000 a year. With that, one can make the two ends of the year meet, without being too niggardly ;—but to live on less—’tis impossible ! Well, at least I can make my way in the army, whilst, as things go on now, with my weakness and irresolution, in spite of my fine projects, I shall finish by remaining in Paris, ruining myself by slow degrees, suffering a thousand pangs of remorse, so that, at last, I shall find myself without a sou, when I am past the age to make one.”

“ Come,” said I, “ now you are getting to the truth——”

Robert interrupted me by saying—“ Ah ! if I could get a man, of equal means with myself, and well convinced, that, to live as I have lived these last six months, is to vegetate——”

“ Well, what would you do ? ” inquired I, out of curiosity.

“ I would say to him—‘ My friend, of us two, there is one too many in Paris ;—let us arrange matters. Our two fortunes put together are enough to support one of us in comfort, provided he is regular and economical, for every thing is becoming exceedingly dear at Paris. Let us make short work of it. We’ll stake our fortunes on three games at piquet, écarté, or what you will.’ You, my dear fellow, who are a man of sense, and who know all the miseries of our straitened and niggard means of living, you ought to be that man.”

A sudden thought, at which I now blush, traversed my brain. I fancied that, in a moment, I might repair the disasters which my patrimony had suffered. I persuaded myself that a man completely fulfilled his engagements by sending a bullet through his brain, and I resolved, notwithstanding all my fine words in the morning, to give that satisfaction to Sir Robert, in case I lost. This grand idea busied itself so deeply in my head, that I replied to my friend, with an eagerness which ought to have aroused his suspicions,—“ I accept.”

“ What do you accept ? ” said Robert.

“ I accept your proposal.”

“ You ! ”

“ I do.”

“ Go along ! ”

“ I tell you that you have found the adversary you wished for.”

“ Very good,” replied Sir Robert, hesitatingly, “ I do not retract my word.”

“ When shall it come off?” I asked.

“ In an hour hence, if agreeable. We will play *écarté*—’tis the quickest decision—and our emotions will make even that seem slow.”

“ Willingly—and we will stake £20,000,” replied I, in the coolest possible manner. “ I have, however, £25 of it here, but I should like to keep something to leave Paris honorably, before I try my fortune in China or Peru.”

“ In one hour I shall return,” said Robert, as he went towards the door. Having arrived at the sill, he stopped, looked at me sadly, and said—“ Your mind is made up?”

“ Most irrevocably,” replied I, firmly.

He went out. After his departure, I felt not the least remorse at the real robbery which I was about to commit. It seemed to me that my deed had something firm about it, and that my friend would really have nothing to reproach me with, and even ought to consider me as a brave fellow, when I should have paid my debt with a pistol shot. I did not for one moment contemplate receding from the fatal trial, which I considered as a providential benefit. It was only when Graham returned, that I saw from his grave, sad looks, that something terrible was to take place between us. The disastrous side of this match, which I had accepted with such hardihood, flashed vividly across my mind. All the agonies I had that morning felt, were again awakened in my heart. I recollected shudderingly the horrible scene which had taken place opposite my pistol-case. I understood, for the first time, that, in case of loss,—and Providence might send that punishment to chastise my perfidy,—no other resource was left to escape ignominy, than to finish the proposed suicide, from which I had shrunk in such horror so short a time before. I remained a moment or two stupified by these terrible thoughts.

“ Nothing yet prepared?” said Robert, with disheartening coolness.

Mechanically I summoned my servant, and ordered a card table.—Sir Robert and I remained opposite each other in sad silence.

“ The table is ready,” said my friend: “ do not let us tor-

ture ourselves in prolonging such emotions. Our brains cannot resist it—we shall go mad.”

I rose from my seat with a desperate effort, and approached the table like a victim who drags himself towards the instrument of his punishment.

“ We have agreed—perfectly agreed,” said my adversary, “ to play for £20,000, in three games of *écarté*, and the loser is not to hope, nor to ask, for any kind of revenge.”

“ Have you brought cards from the club ? ” I asked, in a hollow voice.

“ I did not think you would have supposed I had taken such care,” replied Robert, breaking open the envelope of the cards. But I was but little sensible, I avow, of the excessive precaution of my friend, as, more dead than alive, I seated myself opposite to him.

I cannot tell what emotions were passing in Robert’s heart, but I have every reason to believe, that the chord of terror which agitated me, also vibrated in his soul. Most terrible ideas filled my head. I saw myself, as in the mirror of the future, stretched on a bed—bathed in blood—terribly disfigured.

“ Let us see, who shall deal,” said my adversary.

Fortune favored me. I have no recollection of what passed, further than that I gained the first game; Robert won the second. At this moment my courage completely failed me; I was frightened at the probable issue of the match, and asked my adversary to leave it as we stood.

“ Are we children to change our resolution every instant ? ”

“ Go on, then,” I replied.

Fortune seemed to range herself on my side: in two deals I made four points. I then felt as if my breast had been relieved from an enormous weight—my ideas became a little clearer. But it was fated that I should drink to the dregs the cup of bitter emotion. Chance turned in favor of Robert; he soon caught me up. Then came a moment so terrible, that I can never forget it. The deal was mine;—it was with difficulty that I could take up the cards—my hand trembled so much;—I was fixed in my chair, shaking as if it were the moment of my dissolution. At last I made up my courage to deal—and then, with hurried breathing and half-shut eyes, I took up my five cards.

“ It is over—you have gained,” said Robert, in a sepulchral voice; “ you have turned up the King of Diamonds.”

"Twas true—by my soul—true! Glorious Cæsar, the King of Diamonds, was under my hand. I *had* won!

"To-morrow," said my adversary, putting on his hat; and he left me. But he tottered like a drunken man.

Then my limbs were seized with a convulsive agitation—I burst into tears. I had gained—not some miserable thousands of money—but my life,—that precious existence, of which, during the last half-hour, I so well knew the price. I got hold of the King of Diamonds—I pressed it to my bosom—I promised to call all my future children either Cæsar or Cæsarine—to place him in a gold frame at the head of my bed, as my guardian angel, my saviour, my tutelary divinity. I even think that, had not my historical knowledge told me that the limbs of Cæsar had been dispersed after his death, I should have meditated a voyage to Italy to gather the ashes of that great man, and place them in a mausoleum.

The appearance of Julia's *femme de chambre*, Rose—in truth, a very ugly girl—recalled me from the projects with which my excited imagination had inspired me in favor of Cæsar. Rose's face was full of melancholy.

"Oh! Sir," said she, "if you only knew what has just happened! Fancy, that, as soon as my mistress received your letter this morning, she burst into tears. Soon after she fell into a state of horrible despair, and we have had all the trouble in the world to prevent her from throwing herself out of the window. We have been obliged to take away her scissors—even her needles, which she would have swallowed. At length, when John and I were not so rigorously watching her, she seized upon a phial of laudanum, that we had forgotten to take away (which I shall regret all my life long) and swallowed it."

"What! the phial too?" interrupted I, quite stupified by these news.

"No, the laudanum," continued Rose. "Luckily, the doctor, whom I sought immediately, told us, that there was not enough to do her any serious harm. She is now a little more calm, and I left John watching her, whilst I ran to tell you these awful news, and to beg you to come and see her, if you do not wish for her death."

I did not seek to analyze all the details of this proof of Julia's love for me; I took my hat and followed Rose.

Julia was a charming girl, and the only fault one could find, was, that she was rather too robust in health and appearance. I found her stretched on a sofa, in an elegant un-

dress,—an interesting pallor covered her face,—her fine eyes were surrounded by large circles,—the most poignant grief was apparent in all her features. I had never seen her so attractive. I went to her and took her by the hand.

“I know all,” said Julia, in a faint voice, “you are going away to be married—you leave me for ever; I shall never survive your abandonment.”

I forget what I felt at this moment. Without doubt, the various emotions I had undergone during the day, had hardened my heart; and, besides that, notwithstanding all my infatuation, I did not take for gospel the attempts at suicide made by my mistress. I answered her:

“How now, is it you, Julia, who speak of love and suicide like a grisette of the *Quartier Latin*? Do you know that this will render me egregiously vain?”

“I expected as much from you,” she replied; “I know that, for a long time, you have ceased to love me,—that you only remain with me for the sake of vanity and egotism.”

“Listen, my dear girl,” replied I, “you know that nothing bores me so much as reproaches, and all sentiment harasses me. If you wish to feel violent emotions, to-morrow I will send you a box for the *Tour de Nesle*.”

“Very well,” replied Julia, and she then kept silence. I wished to take her hand;—she left it in mine with a coldness and disdain that piqued me infinitely more than if she had snatched it away angrily.

“Come, come, you are out of temper with me. You will make one really entertain the idea of being married.”

“Well, marry.”

“But you’ll kill yourself.”

“Oh! my dear,” replied she, vivaciously, “you take all that as serious. What! I kill myself for love—like a grisette of the *Quartier Latin*! How is it possible you could think of such a thing. But you are a simpleton, really a simpleton, in spite of all your grand airs.”

I scarcely knew what to say to this extraordinary speech, and I think that the only conclusion to which I came was, that Julia was the most seducing girl in Paris. She continued exultingly:

“Do you think I love you?—Not a bit of it. What I love in you is your patrimony—your bank-notes—your gold—and not your handsome self. Were you ruined to-morrow, I can assure you, that you should’nt sit on these cushions, though you did pay for them. Believe me, I have

even less than you the bump of sentiment—it is quite a hollow in my head.”

I was delighted with these words, and therefore replied to Julia, almost tenderly :

“ You make yourself much worse than you really are. I speak your own language,—it is the only one you understand. If I begged pardon—if I told you—which you know full well—that I love you—that I am only happy when near you—that I wish but to make you happy,—would you believe me ?”

Julia moved her head negatively.

“ You want proofs—so be it ! You know that, for a long time, you have wished for some new chimney ornaments and clock ? Well, this very morning, thinking to please you, I went to Raorio’s shop—I wished to make an agreeable surprise for your fête-day ;—but you are so tiresome that I am obliged to tell you all,”

“ And when shall the fête of Saint Julia be ?”

“ To-morrow—when you will. But you are smiling—that is a good sign ;—we are no longer at war—let us celebrate peace. Come give me the kiss of reconciliation.”

Julia pressed her lips to mine. I returned home about midnight, amused with tender thoughts, and promising myself a golden future, by the help of the patrimony of Graham. I had not the least remorse at having totally ruined the poor fellow. I even thought, that, taking all things into consideration, I really had rendered him a service, by forcing him to work hard for the future, and that he would owe it to me, if one day he arrived at the highest ranks of the English army. I slept the sleep of the just, upon these thoughts, denoting germs of the greatest philosophy.

The next morning, my boy brought in two letters. It was not without a strange sensation that I recognized upon the envelope of one letter the handwriting of Sir Robert. Tremblingly I opened it ;—it contained but these words—

“ *Sir,—I played with you for a fortune which I possessed not. One sole way is left me to escape from ignominy ;—to day, at ten o’clock, I shall be no more. Pardon my memory.*”

A horrible groan came from my bosom, and I struck my head violently against the wall. “ I am ruined, completely ruined !” I cried. “ But this man is a sharper, a vile rogue ! Eh ! what on earth is his carcass to me ! I must have my £20,000 ;—he owes them to me :—debts of honor are sacred. I’ll bring him up before the court—I will

denounce him before the face of the world,"—pursued I in a paroxysm of fury. I placed my head in my hands, for I really thought I should go mad. I thought myself the most wretched of men, and the victim of an infamous speculation. I don't know how I had the courage to open the second letter. I glanced through it mechanically, and was obliged to read it over several times ere I could comprehend it. It was from my grandmother. This worthy woman, understanding thoroughly the sacred duties of relationship, and appreciating with great sagacity the wisdom and economy with which I had managed my patrimony, announced to me her resolution to give me her immoveable property, producing a life rent of £500 per annum; besides this, she had £2,000 yearly income herself. This unexpected succour, which announced the interest Providence took in my lot, restored calm to my soul. Happiness rendered me forgiving towards my friend Graham.—I recollected that it was only a caprice of fortune which prevented me from being in his cruel position; I, therefore, resolved to save his life at any price. I dressed myself, and ran as quietly as possible to Sir Robert's house,—for it was already half past nine, and I knew him to be most punctual.

I found his door shut to every one, and was obliged to make use of the irresistible seduction of gold to triumph over the resistance of his servant.

Robert was seated at table, writing;—a dozen letters sealed with black were lying on his desk. Near him was a tea-equipage, and a cup half-full. When he saw me, a violent emotion, in which shame overcame even despair, agitated his countenance, and he said to me in a trembling tone,—“Is it you?”

“Yes, me,” replied I, “who come to request an explanation of the singular note which you sent me this morning. You are very kind, my dear fellow, to think of our folly of yesterday—we were both tipsy.”

Robert's face regained its usual calm, and he said firmly :

“Unfortunately, we were not. I knew what I was doing.” I replied—seeking to hide my emotion by pleasantry :

“Certainly, my friend, you don't give yourself up to the habit of drinking; but when you do get tipsy, you do so with a vengeance—the fit remains twenty-four hours.”

“Do not joke,” interrupted Robert, “you are near a dying man.”

There was so much sadness in his voice—such despair yet resolution in his look—that I felt my eyes fill with tears, and I replied quickly :

“ You are mad, and I will not leave you for a moment to-day.”

“ Do as you like—I shall kill myself to-morrow.”

A moment of solemn silence occurred. Robert broke it :

“ What you do, is worthy of a man with a good and noble heart. Were I in your place, I should act in the same way. But on my part, I cannot accept a dishonored life ; I must die.”

“ Even if I give you my word of honor never to breathe a syllable of what has passed between us ? ”

“ Would you have less cause to blame me ? ”

He continued after a pause—

“ Ah, if I could only think that I was carried away by a movement of folly and blindness ! But no:—I went to your house—my crime arranged in my head. My words—well meditated before I spoke—fired your desire ; you fell into the pit I had prepared for you. I had assorted cards in my pocket, but my emotion was so great, that I forgot them,” continued Robert, wringing his hands, whilst tears rolled down his cheeks. “ You see, I cannot live with these recollections.”

I felt that only one chance remained to overcome Robert's resolution, and that was, to avow that I also should have been unable to meet my word in case of loss. This avowal would sorely wound my self-love ; but I thought that a life-long remorse was ready for me if I did not reveal all to him.

“ Listen, Robert,” said I solemnly, “ I might have been in the position in which you now are:—for, know that, like yourself, I had but my life to pay the debt.”

“ You do not tell me the truth,” said Robert, fixing on me eyes burning with desire to read my inmost thoughts.

“ What I tell you is true—I give you my word of honor.”

After this avowal—which, I confess, was very painful—we remained speechless, face to face.

I continued after a pause—

“ Let us both forget the follies of a moment ;—no one shall know what has passed between us. Robert ! to your friendship I now address myself. Will you condemn me to the eternal remorse of having spilt your blood ? Say, will you have the rest of my life embittered by the knowledge of so base a deed ? ”

I stretched out my hand ;—he would have carried it to his lips. I threw myself into his arms and we wept like children.

Some days after this scene, Sir Robert left Paris. I accompanied him to the diligence, and upon the imperial of the vehicle, I shook hands with the poor ruined lion.

One year thence, I received a letter from India, from my friend, enclosing an order of £2000 upon the house of Rothschild. He told me that a relation, a Director of the India Company, had procured him a good berth. He excused his sending me only so small a sum on account, by saying that the expenses of outfit and installation were so heavy, that he had been unable to save more ; but he promised to send a larger sum in the course of the next year.

As for Julia, I did not long enjoy the benefit of my liberality towards her. The arrival of an "illustrious stranger," who succeeded me in her good graces, showed me completely what little desire she had to taste violent deaths.



SARAWAK AND ITS RAJAH.

In the distant East lies a group of islands, the native land of the nutmeg, the clove, and other spices, whose possession has been fiercely disputed in succession, by the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Dutch. The two former nations succumbed, after many a sanguinary encounter, to the dogged resolution of their republican rivals, who also successfully opposed several attempts made by the English, during the seventeenth century, to obtain a footing in these islands. The conquests made by the Dutch in the Eastern Seas have been for years silently but extensively increasing, while they have been guarded from foreign inspection with a jealous and ferocious care, only equalled by that of Spain, when in the height of her colonial power, to which nation Holland still bears an unhappy similitude, in the cruel policy and miserable mismanagement of her extensive colonies.

For centuries these great and glorious islands have been suffered to remain shrouded in darkness, mysterious as that which enveloped the Cimmerians of old, and years upon years have rolled by without adding a tittle to our knowledge

of their resources, or their capabilities, save what has been published in the valuable but almost unknown works of FORRESTER, RAFFLES, CRAWFORD, and a few others, who long since saw, and vainly pressed, their importance upon the British Government. Yet, by an unaccountable perversity, during this long interval, thousands have been lavished in profitless attempts to navigate the frozen oceans of the Arctic regions—to penetrate the uninhabitable deserts of Africa—to survey the coral islets of the Pacific. No advantage can accrue to the world by the discovery of an unavailable North-West passage; no interest be attached to the frightful wastes of Zahara; no profit derived from the discovery of a hundred coral groups:—but of the Eastern or Indian Archipelago,—the land of spice, of gold, of diamonds, of precious metals and rare woods—of most things that contribute to the comfort of man—of all things that minister to his pride,—whose birds have been deemed worthy to inhabit Edeu*—whose very insects blaze like precious stones,†—a full and accurate knowledge, it might be supposed, would have been acquired years ago.

In this state of ignorant apathy, the nation most interested, England, would have yet remained, but for the recent events in the Eastern Seas, caused chiefly by the energy and enterprise of one man, who, in the short space of nine years, has done more to make us acquainted with these regions, than all prior writers and travellers put together. This individual is JAMES BROOKE, Rajah of Sarawak, Governor of Labuan, and Political Agent for the British Government at Borneo.

His surprising adventures, his perseverance, his energy, his wonderful resolution; the singular spectacle of an Englishman invested with the foreign title, and exercising the powers of a *Rajah*; the vigorous and successful attempts of our squadrons to check the system of piracy so long the terror of these seas; the recent occupation of Labuan; the political and commercial importance of Borneo; the rising importance of Sarawak;—are all amply detailed in the works of Capts. Keppel ‡ and Mundy,§ and have contributed powerfully to awaken public curiosity to these countries. “Where are

* The *Paradiseidæ*, or Birds of Paradise.

† The Diamond Beetle.

‡ The Expedition to Borneo of H. M.'s Ship *Dido* for the Suppression of Piracy, by Captain the Honorable Henry Keppel, R.N.

§ Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes down to the Occupation of Labuan, by Captain Rodney Mundy, R.N.

Labuan and Sawarak, and who is Mr. Brooke?" are questions now frequently asked, and we conceive that an article on a subject of much interest, will not be unacceptable to our readers.

An introductory account of the Eastern Archipelago, with its political and commercial details, is necessary to enable the reader to have a clear idea of Mr. Brooke's labors.

This immense tract of land forms an area of six millions of miles. Three of its islands—Borneo, New Guinea, and Sumatra—are amongst the largest in the world, and many of the smaller equal to several European kingdoms. By position it is admirably adapted to the purposes of commerce.

"It is centrally situated with respect to all the great and civilized nations of Asia, and lies in the direct and inevitable route of the maritime intercourse between them. Its eastern extremity is within three days' sail of China; its western not above three weeks' sail from Arabia. Ten days' sail carries a ship from China to the richest and most central portion of the Archipelago, and not more than fifteen are required for a similar voyage from Hindustan. Taking a wider view of its geographical relations, it may be added, that the voyage from Europe to the western extremity of the Archipelago, may be readily performed in ninety days, and has been often done in less, and that the voyage from the west coast of America may be effected in little more than one half that time. Such are the extraordinary advantages of the geographical and local positions of these fine countries."—*Crawford's Indian Archip. Vol. I.*

The produce of the Archipelago is as valuable as varied; gold, copper, antimony, diamonds, ivory, pearls, all the spices, benjamin and other gums and resins, camphor, eagle wood, teak, ebony, sandal wood, sapan, rice, sugar, cotton, indigo, pepper, wax, hides, horns, jerked meat, tortoise-shell, and hundreds of other articles, adapted to the European market; besides which a most lucrative commerce is carried on with China with *tripang*, or sea-slug, edible bird-nests, fish maw, and shark fins, which find a ready sale at enormous prices.*

The inhabitants of these islands are chiefly sprung from two distinct stocks—the Alfourou, or Papuan Negro, and the Malay,† and from them again are descended various tribes which we cannot now particularize. The Malay is the conquering and predominant race, and their language is spoken in all parts of the Archipelago. Some of the Malayan races, especially the Bugis of Celebes, are an industrious and commercial people, but by far the greater portion

* *Crawford, Ind. Arch.*

† *Ditto.*

are addicted to piracy, which is regarded as an honorable and hereditary profession, and is carried on upon a regular system.

In fleets of prahus varying from three to hundreds, rowed by their captives like the Algerine galleys, carrying from 10 to 80 men, and well armed with muskets and swivel-guns, these modern Scandinavians have for years swept the Eastern Seas, from the Philippine Islands to the coast of Sumatra, spreading ruin around them, slaying the defenders of the pillaged villages, and carrying off the women and children into slavery. In pursuit of rapine and murder, their activity was untiring, their perseverance worthy of a better cause; every shore was scrutinized, every creek examined, and harbours too strong to be assailed, blockaded: and their audacity grew in time to such an extreme, that European vessels well armed, were often attacked and cut off; for the pirates feared no race, respected no flag. Commerce was interrupted, agriculture checked, the people of the harrassed states impoverished, and civilization sustained a deadly wound.

The cruisers of England rarely ploughed the placid waters of the Indian Archipelago; the feeble government of the Philippines was unable to crush the marauders, and the selfish policy of the lords of Batavia forbade the expenditure of a single guilder, without the prospect of an immediate return.

Of the piratical hordes, the most notable are (or rather were, for the recent operations at Borneo have nearly annihilated their profession) the Illanuns, the Balignini, and the Sea-Dyaks* of Borneo. The former, the inhabitants of Magindano, are the most numerous and resolute of the piratical tribes, and haunt every shore; the others chiefly infest Borneo.

The Illanuns are both "water-thieves and land-thieves," and until recently had several flourishing settlements on the coast of Borneo, whither they repaired with their plunder, recruited their losses, and prepared their prahus for fresh expeditions. These settlements have now been destroyed by our cruisers; through the influence of Mr. Brooke, piracy has received a severe check, and the probable result of his activity is, that ere many years have flown by, a pirate vessel will be as rare in the seas of the East, as in those of the West.

* Pronounced Dyah's.

The only extensive European possessions east of Singapore belong at present to the Spanish, who own the Philippines, and the Dutch, who possess, in whole or part, Java, the Moluccas, Banda, Timor, Billiton, Banka, and some other islands, besides several factories in Sumatra and on the south and west coasts of Borneo. The possessions of that great planter of colonies, England, are limited to the island of Labuan and the northern coast of Borneo. At one time England competed with Holland for the possession of the Spice Islands, and for a brief space successfully; but after the massacre of Amboyna, she turned her attention chiefly to the continent of India, though the East India Company continued at intervals to attempt to establish a traffic in the Archipelago, but without much prospect of success, until 1763, when the Sultan of the Sulu Islands ceded to them the N. E. coast of Borneo, and the island of Balambangan; upon which last a factory was established, and progressed until 1774, when it was treacherously attacked and destroyed by the Sulus, and abandoned by the Company.

In 1824, the British, by treaty with Holland, exchanged the last of their remaining factories in the Archipelago, those of Sumatra, for Malacca, and seemed to bid farewell to all views of trade or colonization in this part of the globe. The Dutch thus remained the masters of the largest colonies in the Archipelago,—but, their political system served only to ruin these fine regions. They destroyed millions of valuable spice trees, upon the shortsighted policy of raising the value by diminishing the supply; they hampered commerce with the most vexatious restrictions, from a jealous fear of foreign competition;* they became the sole and grinding monopolists of their own territories, forcing their unhappy subjects, *under pain of death*,† to buy from and sell to them at their own prices; and,—meanly jealous of the nation which, with unequalled generosity, restored to them these very colonies, captured in war—and in defiance of treaties, they sought to impede British trade by every impediment in their power.

This wretched policy brought its own punishment,—“The Dutch settlements in the Molucca and Spice Islands have dwindled into insignificance, and must ere this have been abandoned, were they not supported by money raised

* Vide Raffles' History of Java. Vol. 1, p. 243. for an abstract of *thirty-one* articles of commercial restriction.

† Raffles.

in London."* The flourishing Chinese settlements in Borneo, wrested from their just owners, decayed immediately they passed into the hands of the Dutch; and of their chief colony, Java, Raffles says,—“It would be as difficult to describe, in detail, the extent of the commerce enjoyed by Java,† at the period of the establishment of the Dutch in the Eastern Seas, as it would be painful to point out how far, or to show in what manner, that commerce was interfered with, checked, changed in its character, and reduced in its importance, by the influence of a withering monopoly, the rapacity of avarice armed with power, and the short-sighted tyranny of a mercantile administration.”—*Vol. II, p. 213.*

The occupation of Labuan, and Rajah Brooke's possession of Sarawak, promise to be the medium by which British Commerce will again find its way to the Indian Archipelago, more especially to Borneo.

This huge island, the largest in the world with the exception of Australia, measuring 900 miles in length by 700 in breadth, and 6,000 in circumference, is inhabited by various races, who have colonized it from different countries and at different periods, driving the aborigines, the Dyaks, from the sea-coast, (except at Sarawak and a few other spots) into the interior. Thus the West of the island is colonized by Malays and Chinese; the North-west by a half-breed race from India; the West by Cochin-Chinese; the North-east by the Sulus; the East and South-east by the Bugis.‡ To these races must be added the piratical tribes—especially the Illanuns—who have formed several settlements in the island.

The most important of the native princes assumes the imposing title of Sultan of Borneo, though his influence and territories are in fact confined to the northern coast. His capital, Borneo, Burnai, or Bruné, (according to different methods of spelling,) situated on a river of the same name, has been long known to Europeans, and its name is usually applied to the whole island, though the latter is known to the natives as *Tanna Klemantan*. Sarawak is a dependency, situated on a river of a similar name, at the North-west extremity of Borneo, and Labuan is a small island lying immediately off the mouth of Borneo River.

* Earle's Eastern Seas.

† It is said that when the Dutch first established themselves in Java, three hundred vessels, of not less than two hundred tons each, were accustomed to sail to and from the port of Japára, or Java, if not belonging to that port.—*Raffles.*

‡ Earle's Eastern Seas.

JAMES BROOKE, whose enterprise has brought these places under British influence, is the only surviving son of Thomas Brooke, Esq. a gentleman in the civil service of the East India Company, into which service young Brooke entered as a cadet. In the course of his duties, he served in the Burmese war, in which he greatly distinguished himself, but receiving a severe wound, he was compelled to relinquish the service and return to his native land.

Young, active, and energetic, fond of excitement and possessing an affluence, an idle life was unsuited to Mr. Brooke, —and, in 1830, at the age of twenty-seven, he made a voyage to China.

“ In this voyage, while going up the China seas, he saw for the first time the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago—islands of vast importance and unparalleled beauty—lying neglected and almost unknown. He inquired and read, and became convinced that Borneo and the Eastern Isles afforded an open field for enterprise and research. To carry to the Malay races, so long the terror of the European merchant-vessel, the blessings of civilisation, to suppress piracy and extirpate the slave-trade, became his humane and generous objects; and from that hour the energies of his powerful mind were devoted to this one pursuit.”—*Keppel, I, p. 3.*

Circumstances, however, thwarted his views until October, 1838, when the future Rajah of Sarawak sailed in his own yacht, the *Royalist*, of 142 tons, for the lands where he was ordained soon to exercise such influence, and to which his arrival was destined to prove a new and memorable era.

On the 15th August, he anchored in the river of Sarawak, and speedily became acquainted with its governor, the Rajah Muda Hassim, heir presumptive to the throne of Borneo.

Mr. Brooke found the province of Sarawak in open rebellion against the Sultan, and the Rajah utterly unable to crush the rebels, who were masters of the interior. The arrival of the *Royalist* was viewed by Muda Hassim as a medium of terrifying the rebels, and he was consequently anxious to detain Brooke; but the latter, considering the state of the country adverse to his views, returned to Singapore. He had, however, seen sufficient of the country to induce him to return again, when affairs had become more settled, and in the meanwhile, he devoted six months to an interesting exploratory voyage to the large and little known island of Celebes.

In August, 1840, the *Royalist* again glided into the waters of Sarawak. Mr. Brooke found the war raging as fiercely as ever, and the rebels, after a struggle of four years, still in

possession of the communication with the interior, the stability of the Sultan's throne doubtful, and the political aspect of the country so discouraging, that he seriously thought of again returning to Singapore to wait for better times. From this intention he was, however, diverted by the urgent entreaties of the Rajah.

In his pathetic appeal to Brooke, "his failure was strongly dwelt on, and his resolution to die here rather than abandon his undertaking—to die disgraced and deserted! Under these circumstances could I, he urged upon me, forsake him? Could I, 'a gentleman from England,' who had been his friend, and knew the goodness of his heart, could I leave him surrounded and begirt with enemies?"

The earnest appeal was not thrown away upon the gallant Brooke;—he finally consented to proceed himself to the seat of war, and endeavour, by influence or force, to bring the belligerents to terms of accommodation.

Our hero, accordingly, at the head of twelve of his own men, joined the *royal* army, which consisted of a mixed rabble of Malays, Chinese, and Dyaks, badly armed and worse disciplined. His description of a portion of his force is curious, and will convey a tolerable idea of the inefficiency of the rest.

"Our grand army consisted of 200 Chinese, excellent workmen, but of whose qualities as soldiers I can say nothing. They were, however, a stout muscular set of men, though wretchedly armed, having no guns and scarcely any muskets: but swords, spears, and shields, together with forty long, thin iron tubes with the bore of a musket and carrying a slug. These primitive weapons were each managed by two men, one being the carrier of the ordnance, the other the gunner; for whilst one holds the tube over his shoulder, the other takes aim, turns away his head, applies his match, and is pleased with the sound. Their mode of loading is as curious as the piece and its mode of discharge. Powder is poured in, the end knocked on the ground, and the slug with another knock sent on the powder, without either ramming or cartridge. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine any weapon more rude, awkward, or inefficient."—*Keppel*, I. p. 154.

The conduct of this herd did not belie its appearance. For an account of the cowardice of the "grand army;" the pusillanimity, intriguing, and treachery of most of the leading Pangerans, or chiefs, especially a worthy of the name of Macota, we have no space. Suffice it to say, that, sickened and disheartened by their conduct, Mr. Brooke quitted the field in disgust, returned to Sarawak and prepared for his departure to Singapore. Again was he diverted from this intention by the distress of the Rajah, (to whom he had taken

a strong liking,) who, as a final inducement, offered to make over to him the government of Sarawak, with its revenues and trade.

“The bait,” says Mr. Brooke in his journal, “was a very tempting one,”—and a less noble or prudent mind would have leaped at it; but Brooke’s conduct was swayed equally by policy and magnanimity. He refused to entertain the offer until the Rajah was extricated from his difficulties.

“I believe that the Rajah was sincere; and, at any rate, it would have been ungenerous of me, to have come to any decision in the affirmative, when I know his distress, but was ignorant of his real feelings. For on any happy change in his position, contracts and documents would have been so much waste paper; whereas by appealing to his best feelings, and acting with generosity, he was more likely to take a personal interest in my nomination, and to procure the signature of the Sultan.”—*Mundy*, I, p. 177.

With this reward to his exertions in prospect, Brooke once more took the field. Supported by several of the loyal chiefs, especially the Pangeran Budrudeen, the Rajah’s brother, to whom, from that moment, he conceived a strong attachment, he boldly attacked the rebels at the head of his raw levies. The enemy, however, were no better disciplined, and were not headed by a Brooke;—they were routed and driven into the jungles, and had all their forts captured in quick succession. Discouraged and overcome, the vanquished rebels sought for, and obtained, merciful terms, chiefly through the influence of their conqueror.

On his return to Sarawak, the overtures for the cession of Sarawak were resumed, and, after much tedious negotiation, (caused by the opposition of Brooke’s old enemy, Macota,) brought to a close, and a temporary agreement made respecting the cession, until such time as it could be confirmed by the Rajah’s suzerain, the Sultan.

Muda Hassim was anxious to encourage the trade with Singapore, and by a clause of the agreement, Mr. Brooke was bound to purchase a vessel for the purpose of increasing the traffic of his new dominions, where abundance of anti-mony ore was to be found, sufficient to pay the expense of his purchase, and a cargo of which, he was assured, should be collected, during his necessary absence to Singapore to purchase a vessel, to load her immediately upon her arrival, while the Rajah further engaged to build him a residence within the same period.

Relying on these promises, Mr. Brooke sailed for Singapore, purchased the *Swift*, schooner, and returned to Sara-

wak, but discovered neither cargo nor house ready. To add to his disappointment, he found the influence of Macota in the ascendant, and Muda Hassim vacillating, and, having been persuaded by the latter to let him have the cargo of the *Swift* in his own hands, on the assurance that the antimony ore should be brought down directly, and this assurance not fulfilled, but rather avoided,—he felt himself both deceived and aggrieved, robbed of his property, and saddled with the heavy expense of keeping two vessels unemployed.

Unsatisfactory as his position was, Mr. Brooke's energy and resolute spirit remained unshaken. From his first acquaintance with the Rajah, he had announced his intention of suppressing piracy, and obtained a promise of co-operation, and at this particular moment, he received information that a fleet of upwards of a hundred prahus, carrying not less than 2,500 men were at Sarawak, about to proceed up the river on a piratical expedition. A determined remonstrance with the Rajah, procured their recall, but the transaction increased the coolness between Brooke and the Rajah; the former remained on board his vessel, and the Rajah shammed sick, and sulked in his harem. Tired of the state of affairs, Mr. Brooke, having at length procured a small portion of the antimony ore, announced his intention of dispatching the *Swift* to Singapore, and proceeding himself in the *Royalist*, within three days to Borneo, for the purpose of seeing the Sultan.

On this being made known to the Rajah, he forgot his sickness, and appointed a meeting with Mr. Brooke on the following day to discuss affairs. The latter having taken a candid view of his position, thus states his situation and intentions.

“ I had lost much valuable time, spent much money, and risked my life and the lives of my crew, in order to render assistance to Rajah Muda Hassim in his distress; in return for which he had voluntarily offered me the country. The conditions of my acceptance had been discussed and mutually understood, and I had, in fulfilment of my part, brought vessel and cargo. Profit I did not much care about; the development of the country was my chief, I may say only, aim, and on my arrival I had been delayed and cheated by false promises, which shewed too plainly that he neither meant to adhere to his former agreement, nor to pay for what he had on false pretences obtained. It may appear to many that no measures ought to be kept with one who had so behaved; but, for the following reasons, I resolved still to wait his pleasure. In the first place, it was barely possible that indolence, and not treachery, might have actuated him; and in the next, that if it was possible to arrange so as to get back the amount of the *Swift's* cargo, I

was in duty and justice bound to use every endeavour before resorting to measures of force. As for the cession of the country, and all the good which must have resulted from it, I put these considerations altogether out of the question. I had been deceived and betrayed, and had met with the grossest ingratitude; but I had no claim, nor would any written agreement have given me one; and I was therefore constrained to submit without returning evil for evil. Every point weighed, I felt from every motive inclined, nay desirous, to avoid a rupture, or take an equivalent for my property by force.—*Keppel, I, p. 217.*

The result of the interview was unsatisfactory,—but Mr. Brooke's intention of proceeding immediately to Borneo, was diverted by a report of the loss of an English vessel on the coast, and the captivity of the crew. Disregarding his own interests, nay, his own safety, he immediately despatched the *Royalist* in search of the wrecked crew, himself remaining at Sarawak with only three companions. Well may his friend, Capt. Keppel, express his admiration of his fearless conduct:

“At issue with the Rajah on points of great temptation to him, beset by intrigues, and surrounded by a fierce and lawless people, Mr. Brooke did not hesitate to despatch his vessels and protectors, the one on a mission of pure humanity, and the other in calm pursuance of the objects he had proposed to himself to accomplish; and with ‘three companions,’ place himself at the mercy of such circumstances, regardless of the danger, and relying on the overruling Providence in which he trusted, to bring him safely through all his difficulties and perils.”

On the 28th August, 1841, the *Royalist* returned, and on the following day the *Swift*. Strengthened as he was again, Mr. Brooke still endeavoured to effect an amicable settlement of his claims, and addressed a letter to the Rajah, recapitulating their negotiation; this was followed by an interview, in which the Rajah again pledged himself to cede the country to Brooke, saying he always intended to do so, but was involved in difficulties, of which he, Mr. Brooke could not be aware. And such proved to be the fact.

“By degrees, however, I learned many of the difficulties of poor Muda Hassim's situation, and much of the weakness of his character. The dissensions in Borneo, the intrigues of Macota, the rapacity of his own people and their total want of fidelity, the bribes from the Sultan of Sambas, the false representations of numerous Borneo Pangerans who asserted the immense profit to be derived from the country, the dilatory movements of the Chinese, some doubts of my good faith, and above all the natural tenacity of power,—all conspired to involve the Rajah in the utmost perplexity. *** He was fond of me, and trusted me more than he trusted any one else; and pecuniary considerations had no doubt some weight; for with all Macota's promises he could not get sufficient ore to repay one quarter of his debt to me. However, all these conflicting considerations, instead of inclining Muda Hassim to

take one course, only served to encourage his dilatory temper and although puzzled, ashamed, and fearful, he could not decide."

An accident brought matters to a crisis. A Chinese Hadji having been ill-used, and, while under Mr. Brooke's protection, attempted to be poisoned by some of Macota's followers, Mr. Brooke, thoroughly roused, hesitated no longer. At the head of a well armed body of his own men he proceeded to the palace of the Rajah, exposed Macota's intrigues and villanies, and insisted upon his dismissal, and a fulfilment of the Rajah's promises. Supported by a number of the natives, by whom Macota was hated, Mr. Brooke carried the day, the Rajah was frightened;—and "affairs proceeded cheerily to a conclusion. The Rajah was active in settling; the agreement was drawn out, sealed and signed; guns fired, flags waved; and on the 24th September 1841, I became the Governor of Sarawak with the fullest powers."

Brooke was now a Rajah,—but his recently acquired domain was in a miserable state.—"I have a country, but, oh, how beset with difficulties, how ravaged by war, torn by dissensions, and ruined by duplicity, weakness and intrigue!" But the new Rajah was as competent as willing to introduce a better state of things, and, by the close of the year, we find he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the capabilities of his state, had put the poor beyond the oppression of the powerful, had checked robbery and piracy, had opened a regular court of justice, at which he occasionally presided in person, and completed his good acts by the promulgation of a code of laws, suited to the simple minds of his new subjects.

In July 1842, "Rajah Brooke," proceeded to Bruné, the capital of the Sultan, for the purpose of reconciling the Sultan to Muda Hassim, with whom he had quarrelled, as well as to procure a ratification of the grant of Sarawak, which he obtained on the 1st of August, under the Sultan's great seal, thus rendering his title and tenure "as good as it could possibly be, and as valid a title as the Company's to Singapore."* On the 16th he returned to Sarawak, where he was installed according to the native ceremonies.

"On the evening of the 18th, the Sultan's letters were produced in all the state which could possibly be attained. On their arrival they were received and brought up amid large wax torches, and the person who was to read them was stationed on a raised platform; standing below him was the Rajah, with a sabre in his hand; in front of the

* Held by cession from the Sultan of Johore.

Rajah was his brother, Pangeran Jaffer, with a tremendous kempilan drawn; and around were the other brothers and myself, all standing—the rest of the company being seated. The letters were then read, the last one appointing me to hold the government of Sarawak. After this the Rajah descended, and said aloud. ‘If any one present disowns or contests the Sultan’s appointment, let him now declare.’ All were silent. He next turned to the Patingis, and asked them; they were obedient to the will of the Sultan. Then came the other Pangerans, — ‘Is there any Pangeran or any young Rajah that contests the question? Pangeran Der Macota, what do you say?’ Macota expressed his willingness to obey. One or two other obnoxious Pangerans who had always opposed themselves to me were each in turn challenged, and forced to promise obedience. The Rajah then waved his sword, and with a loud voice exclaimed, ‘Whoever he is that disobeys the Sultan’s mandate now received, I will separate his skull;’ at the moment some ten of his brothers jumped from the verandah, and, drawing their long krisses, began to flourish and dance about, thrusting close to Macota, striking the pillar above his head, pointing their weapons at his breast.”

In March, Mr. Brooke visited Singapore and Penang, where he became acquainted with Capt. Keppel of the *Dido*, in which frigate he returned to Sarawak in May following. The *Dido* was visited by the Rajah “who admitted, that he had seen a grander sight than any of his ancestors.”*

From this period, Mr. Brooke’s attention was chiefly occupied by measures for the improvement of his subjects, and the suppression of piracy by means of several expeditions, in conjunction with such of Her Majesty’s cruizers as visited Sarawak, with whose aid he destroyed most of the numerous piratical settlements in the neighbourhood. Of these brilliant and dashing affairs, we regret that our limited space forbids us to give more than a bare list.

The first expedition under command of Capt. Keppel, of the *Dido*, was against the pirates in the Sarebns River, and ended in their total extirpation and the destruction of their three towns of Paddi, Pakoo, and Rembas, which were burnt.

In January 1844, Mr. Brooke having visited Singapore to recover the effects of a sudden attack of fever, his adven-

* Capt. Keppel in his amusing narrative, informs us, “that there was much distress depicted in the royal countenance, during his (the Rajah’s) visit, which, I afterwards ascertained, was owing to his having been informed, that he must not spit in my cabin. On leaving the ship, whether the cherry-brandy he had taken made him forget the directions he had received, I do not know, but he squirted a mouthful of red betel-nut juice over the white deck, and then had the temerity to hold his hand to the First Lieutenant, who hastily applied to him the style (not royal) of a “dirty beast,” to which, not understanding, he smiled at most graciously, taking it as some compliment peculiar to the English.”—Vol. 2, p. 14.

turous disposition and love of enterprize induced him to accompany, as a volunteer, an expedition against the piratical town of Merdu, in Sumatra, which was destroyed, and where he received two wounds.

May found him again in his adopted country, which was rapidly assuming the aspect of a thriving settlement under his fostering care,—the town having increased to thrice its original size.

In August following, Mr. Brooke and his zealous friend, Keppel, started on another expedition against the pirates of Sakarran, whose fortifications and settlements were captured and destroyed. In the month of October, Mr. Brooke accompanied Sir Edward Belcher in the *Samarang* on a voyage of inspection to the Island of Labuan, the value of which he instantly saw, and strongly pressed upon the attention of the English Government. From Labuan he proceeded to Bruné, where he once more re-established the influence of Muda Hassim, which had been again undermined, in consequence of his expressed resolution to suppress piracy, —and also succeeded in procuring from the Sultan a paper offering Labuan to the British Government, which was transmitted home and earnestly pressed upon the acceptance of the Government.

In the middle of November, Mr. Brooke was again in Sarawak, which he found progressing steadily,—“500 families having taken shelter in the province in the short space of two months, while, from every quarter, he received undoubted proofs of the affection and respect of the tribes under his rule.”

In May, 1845, Mr. Brooke proceeded to Singapore, for the purpose of consulting the commander-in-chief on the station, Sir Thomas Cochrane, “laying before him the lamentable state of the northern coast of Borneo, in consequence of the hostile attitude assumed by the pirate chief of Malladu, Sheriff Osman, who had threatened to attack Bruné, for having entered into a treaty with Great Britain, for the suppression of piracy and slavery.”

Sir Thomas entered very cordially into his views, and on the 19th of August, 1845, the *Vestal* one of the Admiral's Squadron, annihilated the fortifications of Sheriff Osman, which he and his horde had deemed impregnable.

In October following, the indefatigable Brooke despatched another expedition, consisting almost entirely of natives, against the pirates of the Linga River, the whole of whose

fleet was either captured or destroyed in the space of thirteen days.

January, 1846, commenced under good auspices,—“The new year came in merrily, and was hailed by English voices and English hearts; ay, and by English songs and English toasts,”—and the clear waters of Sarawak afforded the English sport of a Regatta; but in March following, the peace of the settlement was disturbed by the intelligence, that the Sakarran Dyaks had apparently recovered from the effects of their defeat by Capt. Keppel, and were at sea again with 70 prahus, and 1200 men, ravaging the neighbouring coasts. They had also established a fresh haunt a few miles above their old station, which they had fortified, and were prepared to defend vigorously, and Brooke was obliged “once more to turn his thoughts to the horrors of war.” Some of his thoughts are worth transcribing:—

“There seems to me to be a contradictory tone of sentiment pervading a portion of the English public, which it is difficult to comprehend. They particularly desire to suppress piracy, but, when active intelligible means are put in operation to effect this purpose, they are horrified at the possibility of coercive measures being employed. What do they expect? Do they really imagine that piracy is to be suppressed by argument or preaching? Do they propose to appeal to the tender feelings of these head-takers? Is it by mild morality, moral maxims, Harvey’s Meditations, mesmeric influence, a problem in Euclid, or Aristotle’s logic, that they would overcome the difficulty, and gain the desirable object of opening these waters to the peaceful trader?”—*Mundy, II. p. 84.*

Mr. Brooke’s own private opinion, however, was, that, “in sober truth, nothing but hard knocks could convert these pirates into honest people.”

Unfortunately, not being provided with the means of immediate attack, Mr. Brooke was compelled to hear of the ravages of these miscreants, without having it in his power to check them. And, very soon after, he received intelligence of an atrocious act, which overwhelmed him with grief and horror—the murder of the Rajah Muda Hassim. The imbecile Sultan, governed by the anti-English, or piratical party, sanctioned a plot for the murder of the Rajah and his family, who had rendered themselves obnoxious to this faction, by their steady adherence to Mr. Brooke and his measures. The bloody undertaking was too successfully accomplished, and the unfortunate Rajah, his brother Budrudeen, and almost every member of the Royal family suspected of attachment to Mr. Brooke, were massacred in one night.

The unhappy brothers made a desperate defence. Muda

Hassim, finding his valor unavailing, retired with his family into a boat on the river, and, with the fierce determination of his race, firing into a cask of gunpowder, was, with the whole party, blown up. Mangled, but not killed by the explosion, and determined not to be taken alive, the Rajah finally terminated his existence with his own pistol.

The gallant Budrudeen taken completely by surprise, overpowered by numbers and desperately wounded, retreated to the women's apartments, and, like his brother, destroyed himself and family, by the explosion of a cask of powder. His last act was affecting. In the awful moment which preceded his self destruction,—with hope fled and death staring him in the face,—he forgot not the friendship of Brooke. Calling a faithful servant, he drew from his finger his ring which he delivered to him with a parting injunction to endeavour to reach Sarawak, to carry the token to his friend Mr. Brooke, as a dying memento of his esteem, and to bid Brooke not to forget him, but to lay his case and the cause of his country before the Queen of England. This done, the Pangeran fired the powder, and, more fortunate than his brother met an instantaneous death.

Brooke's grief and indignation were boundless—his journal closes in a manner which shews his feelings.

“ Oh how great is my grief and rage ! *** My friends !—my most unhappy friends !—all perished for their faithful adherence to us. Every man of ability, even of thought, in Borneo, is dead,—sacrificed. *** But the British Government will surely act, and if not,—then let me remember, I am still at war with this traitor and murderer,—one more determined struggle,—one last convulsive effort,—and if it fail, Borneo and all for which I have so long, so earnestly laboured, must be abandoned, and *****”—*Mundy* ii. p. 93.

Mr. Brooke was soon in a position to avenge the loss of his friends. On the 24th June, Sir T. Cochrane, who had received news of the massacre, anchored at Sarawak, with a powerful squadron, consisting of the *Aguincourt* 74, *Iris* 26, (Capt. Mundy,) *Hazard* 18, *Ringdove* 16, *Royalist* 10, *Phlegthou* and *Spiteful*, steamers. With such a force at command, an expedition against the treacherous Sultan was quickly determined on and arranged.

In anticipation of such an event the Sultan, or his advisers, had not been idle. The river upon which his capital stands was staked and heavy batteries thrown up on every commanding point ; the forts around the capital were put into a state of complete defence, and the town itself defended by 5,000 warriors, whilst attempts were made to poison Brooke himself.

On the 25th of June the expedition sailed from Sarawak, and on the 6th July entered the Borneo River, and, disregarding a cajoling letter sent by the Sultan, pushed on for the capital. On the 7th the squadron anchored and the plan of attack for the following day was settled.

The vessels selected for the service were the two steamers, which towed the *Royalist* and some gunboats. The force consisted of 600 bayonets, a rocket and field-piece party, and a howitzer. On the afternoon of the 8th—after a gallant attack,—the British ensign floated above Bruné, the enemy having been driven in succession from the town and five batteries mounting 48 guns, 39 of which, including 19 of brass, fell into the hands of the victors.*

“The Sultan, his boasted army, and all the inhabitants had fled, not a native was to be found in the capital, and as the full moon rose over the desolate buildings, she showed the white tents of the marines encamped on the heights in strong relief against the dark jungle beyond, and at the same time threw her rays over a city, which, having flourished 500 years under Mohamedan rule, now fell before the arms of a Christian power.”—*Mundy* ii. p 151.

After the capture of his city the Sultan fled into the interior, whither he was pursued by a party under the command of Capt. Mundy accompanied by Mr. Brooke, but His Highness, having had the start, kept his advantage, and our gallant tars, unable to overtake him, returned after an absence of six days, consoling themselves for the disappointment by destroying several of the Sultan's forts and magazines, and burning a great quantity of property belonging to him and his confidential adviser Hadji Saman.

On the 19th of July the steamers and *Royalist* returned to the place where the squadron had anchored, having previously dismantled the batteries of the capital and destroyed the guns.

The 21st was spent by the Admiral and Mr. Brooke in a search for coal, in which they were successful, having discovered a large vein, conveniently situated for the supply of steamers.

From Bruné the squadron proceeded to destroy the two piratical haunts of Tampassuk and Pandassan, long the terror of the N. E. coast, and on the 13th of August, Mr. Brooke receiving intelligence that Hadji Saman, whom we

* “The guns were Spanish and elaborately ornamented; the longest measured fourteen feet six inches, cast in the time of Charles III. of Spain, and was certainly the most beautiful specimen of workmanship I had ever seen, and quite worthy of being transported to England.”—*Mundy* ii. p 150.

It was subsequently presented by Mr. Brooke to the Yacht Club at Cowes.

have before mentioned as the adviser of the Sultan, had fortified himself in the Mambukit River, started immediately in the *Phlegethon*, accompanied by the *Iris*, to pay him a visit. The result was as usual; though the pirates fought with the utmost resolution, the Hadji's troops were well thrashed; his batteries, which he had vainly boasted impregnable, stormed; his guns spiked; his dwelling and property burnt, and himself compelled to take refuge in the jungle.

On the 19th August Mr. Brooke returned to Bruné, where the humbled Sultan, having sued for pardon and being considered to have received a lesson he was not likely to forget, was allowed to return, and being in what Mr. Brooke, in one of his private letters to Captain Mundy jocularly terms a "*funk*," was but too glad to agree to ratify his broken engagements; and soon after Mr. Brooke returned to his own province.—Operations were meanwhile continued against the Illanun pirates, by the vessels under command of Capt. Mundy, and by the middle of September, the entire North-east of Borneo was cleared of this plague.

While these events were passing in Borneo, Mr. Brooke's representations to the English Government, had received its consideration and approbation, and on the 25th of November 1846, Captain Mundy, then at Singapore, received the important order "to proceed as soon as the weather and his other duties would permit to the coast of Borneo, wait upon the Sultan, and acquaint his Highness that Her Majesty the Queen was desirous of availing herself of the treaty entered into in November 1844," and take possession of Labuan. Capt. Mundy accordingly sailed for Bruné, calling at Sarawak on his way, to avail himself of the advice of Mr. Brooke, and on the 15th of December anchored in the river Bruné.

The gallant Captain, fearing that the Sultan would be led to expect a sum of money in exchange for Labuan, a measure he was not authorized to entertain, resolved to keep up the "*funking*" system, and obtain Labuan by way of a peace offering. He therefore wrote to the Sultan, "giving a sketch of his instructions, but at the same time setting forth the indignation which was felt by the British Government, at the Sultan having fired at the Queen's flag, and that it would greatly depend upon the conduct of His Highness and the Pangerans, in his interview relative to the cession of Labuan, whether or not pacific relations would be renewed."

The 18th December being appointed for the interview, Capt. Mundy, with a guard of marines, proceeded to the

hall of audience, where he found the Sultan surrounded by his ministers, and commenced business immediately by the production of a treaty for the Sultan's approval and signature. The document was very pithy and contained only three short clauses, providing for—1st, Peace between Great Britain and the Sultan;—2nd, That the Sultan should cede Labuan to Her Majesty the Queen and her successors,—and 3rd, That he should engage to assist the British in their attempts to suppress piracy.

The first and second clauses were readily agreed to, but the third was a pill too bitter to be calmly swallowed by a conclave, whose hearts yearned in secret to maintain the iniquitous system. A long debate followed the reading of the obnoxious article, and sundry attempts were made to adjourn the meeting, but our nautical diplomatist waxing impatient “at last turned to the Sultan and exclaimed firmly ‘Bobo chop, bobo chop!’” * followed up by a few other Malay words, the tenor of which was, that he, Captain Mundy recommended His Majesty to put his seal forthwith to the treaty.” His Highness immediately arose, saying,—“I promised, and I will perform,” and the royal signet of Borneo “of which he appeared very proud,” being affixed to the instrument, Labuan and its dependencies passed, in all probability, for ever, from the crown of Borneo to that of England.

The Pangerans who were present at the cession, did not attempt to conceal their feelings:—

“Looks of defiance were yet marked in their countenances, but the boats in line of battle in front of the palace, and the Marines with fixed bayonets on the threshold of the audience-hall, were by no means calculated to encourage any act of violence. I marked them well and fixed each of them steadily in the face, and I do them the justice to say, they met my look with a cool and haughty gaze.”—*Mundy, II. 298.*

The common people, however, thought differently, and “hailed the cession of Labuan to the English as the dawn of a better day.”

On the 24th of December 1846, Labuan was formally taken possession of by Capt. Mundy, and, under a royal salute and three hearty cheers, the flag of old England rose to the summit of the flag-staff, and waved steadily in the breeze over its new possession.

* These mysterious words are unfortunately not translated, which is to be regretted as they seem to have decided the difficulty.

But little more remains to be said of Mr. Brooke. On the 1st October 1847, he landed in England, on a short visit to his native land, where he was received with every demonstration of honor. The Queen invited him to Windsor—the City of London presented him with its freedom enclosed in a gold box—several of the great companies of London admitted him as a member—the University of Oxford conferred the honorary degree of LL.D.—and to all the clubs of London, naval, military, literary, and scientific, he was admitted in the most flattering manner—and, only a few months since, he passed the Cape in the *Meander*, commanded by his old friend, Capt. Keppel, as Sir James Brooke, G.C.B., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Labuan and the British Possessions in the Eastern Seas.

We must add a word or two on our new territory in the Archipelago.

The importance of Labuan and Sarawak to Great Britain, the former as a naval station, and the latter as an emporium of British goods, cannot be too highly rated. Abounding in coal, and so happily situated with respect to our other possessions in the East, a more convenient station than Labuan can scarcely be conceived. That island is distant from

Hong Kong,	1009 miles.
Singapore,	707 do.
Siam,	984 do.
Manilla,	650 do.

The island itself is not large, being only 11 miles in length, and about 6 miles in breadth, at its broadest part, containing an area of 40 square miles, but it is well supplied with water, possesses a secure harbour, capable of being strongly fortified, and is covered with timber-wood of great value, especially camphor. Its chief wealth and importance, however, consist in its coal, which is plentiful and can be supplied to steamers at about six shillings the ton, while at Singapore and Hong-Kong the price of this indispensable article is from 30 to 35 shillings. The Labuan coal has been reported by the engineers of the *Nemesis* “to be the best for steaming purposes, which they have met with in India.” From Labuan, British steamers will effect the destruction of the desolating system of piracy, which has hitherto only flourished, because a naval station was wanting in the Indian Archipelago.

Sarawak, situated in a commanding position, pre-eminently adapted for commerce, and in itself a wealthy, fertile country, equally rich in mineral and vegetable wealth, inhabited by an industrious race, governed by an energetic, able man, under the care of a powerful maritime nation, cannot but become one of England's greatest colonies. Brooke has declared that Sarawak will be but "a stepping stone across the Island of Borneo to Koti, or from west to east,"—(*Mundy*, I, p. 196;)—and as he is not a man to make idle boasts, we may venture to foretell that Sarawak is but the commencement of a British territory, which will in time extend its influence over all Borneo, and be felt over all the Archipelago.

As the Briton gazes on the chart of the world and marks the vast empire acquired partly by valour, partly by policy, and held together by a profound wisdom, as he traces its gradual increase from the pretty island of Barbadoes, settled in 1625, through all the vast British colonies, down to the acquisition of Labuan in 1847; as he reflects on the widely separated yet great regions that own British sway, support a British people, or, like the United States, contain a great empire of British origin;—well may his heart beat faster, his blood flow quicker with a patriotic pride, as he thinks of the energy of the small Island, which has stretched her hands towards the fertile soil of the west and the spicy regions of the east,—which has penetrated the pathless deserts of Africa, has explored the stilly, frozen North, and the cold, lonely icebergs of the South,—has carried the British flag over every sea—the British name through every land—and planted the British race and British colonies in every clime,—to flourish centuries hence,—long after the great nation whence they derived their birth, their energy, their language, has bent its august head, like Rome, to the all destroying influence of time.

F.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX.

Egyptian and Greek ruins compared—Thebes—Its extent—The Quarries of Silsilis—Process of building an Egyptian Temple—Sculptures—Hieroglyphics—The Memnonium—The Propylon—Broken Colossus—Its size—Historical Sculptures—Battle Scenes—Domestic Sculptures—Mythological Sculptures—Forms of the Egyptian Gods—Columns—Capitals—The Colossi—The Vocal Memnon—Its Dimensions—The Inscription—Mania—The Tombs of the Kings—Belzoni's Tomb—Bruce's Tomb—Bruce and Johnson—The Private Tombs—Luxor—Extent of the Temple—The Widowed Obelisk—Karnak—History of the Temple—The Great Hall—Date of the Building—Comparative Chronology—A Dream—Its Interpretation.

I have already remarked upon the difficulty of retaining any distinct recollection of Egyptian ruins, as compared with those of ancient Greece. The principal reason of this is, I believe, to be found in the great irregularity of Egyptian as compared with Greek sacred buildings. The temples at Athens, Bassæ, and Egina, are all built nearly upon the same plan, although they do not, on that account, lose any of the charm which is derived from the exquisite beauty of the general design, and the careful workmanship of the most minute details. The Egyptian temples, on the other hand, are all built upon different systems, or rather, perhaps, are all devoid of distinct architectural system. They present the most singular anomalies; and Sir Gardner Wilkinson, one of the most devoted admirers of every thing connected with ancient Egypt, has been driven to invent a word—*symmetrophobia*—to express the strange defiance of all order, which is one of their most remarkable characteristics. Another reason, of course, is that these buildings are connected with no such sacred memories as sanctify the temples of Greece. Standing on the Acropolis we see, in imagination, the triumphal car of Miltiades, or Themistocles, winding up the sacred road:—we hear, upon the Pnyx the voices of Pericles and Demosthenes thundering defiance to the foes of Athens: each object around us is connected with some name sacred to the poet, the philosopher, the historian. But in Egypt, the heroes whose names are connected with the massive monuments of the olden time are Remeses, Amunoph,

Thothes,—the brave men who lived before Agamemnon, and have perished *caerent quia vate sacro*. A third reason is to be found in their multitude and their immensity. When I endeavour to recall the monuments of Egyptian antiquity, I find myself in an intellectual labyrinth. Whilst wondering at some mighty column, my eyes are arrested by the minute sculptures at its base; I wander in the realms of Egyptian mythology, and am driven back to reality by my common place astonishment at the stupendous labor which must have been bestowed on the formation of that one colossus. Gazing on the majestic beauty of the face, I am irresistibly driven to think on the pulleys and levers, which must have been employed to raise a mass, which would mock the skill of our boldest engineers. For imposing grandeur, for winning beauty, for perplexing immensity, for minute elaboration, the works of art of ancient Egypt have not, nor ever will have, their equal: I feel that it approaches to absurdity to attempt to convey an idea, however faint, of wonders which it is not in the nature of man to believe, except upon the evidence of his own senses.

In entering upon this hopeless task, I feel that I should be trying the patience of my readers as severely, were I to attempt a detailed description of *all* the wonders in the valley of the Nile, and I should be trifling with my own feelings were I to advert to *none*. I therefore propose a compromise; and if the friendly reader, who has accompanied me so far, will but bear with me, while I speak of Thebes and the pyramids, I promise to keep the other wonders of Egypt as much as possible for my own contemplation.

Proceed we then to Thebes. It was late at evening when we moored our boat against the left bank of the river, and announced to our Arabs the joyful news, that, for a fortnight at least, they might expect to rest upon their oars. A fortnight!—we, unlearned travellers, no readers of hieroglyphics, no proficient in the history of this mystic land, no pretenders to skill in “all the learning of the Egyptians,”—even *we* thought a fortnight the shortest space which we could allow for exploring the wonders of this great city of ruins. This may afford some idea of their immense extent. From the temple of Dayr el Bahree to that of Karnak would probably make a three hours’ ride, exclusive of the passage of the river. Throughout this great area, there is scarcely a step at which you are not forced to arrest the impetuosity of your

donkey boy, in order that you may descend to examine some curious remains half buried in the sand,—some headless sphynx, or disinterred mummy.

Little, of course, remains of ancient Thebes, except the majestic buildings, which were dedicated to the service of the Gods. But judging from the extensive field over which these are spread, we may conjecture, that the city was little inferior to the generality of modern capitals. Be it remembered that I speak of a city great before the days of Moses—flourishing before the commencement of history: a city whose heroes are hardly known by name, and whose authentic story preceded the age of fable.

We can refer to no *books* for the history of Egyptian Thebes: it must be read upon the walls of those mighty structures—in the features of those giant statues. Herodotus, the father of history, did not reach its gates. Homer, the father of poetry, speaks of it in the like tone of reverential awe, which we may assume to day. Profane were the hand that should seek to withdraw the veil of holy mystery which rests upon its venerable features.

As it now stands, Thebes is a city of ruined temples, and violated tombs. Medeenet Haboo, the Memnonium, Luxor, and Karnak, are all the fallen shrines of Gods, whose names we have forgotten,—the objects of the worship of those mighty kings—equally forgotten—who slept in the wonderful excavations in Biban el Molook. To the construction of each the labor of thousands was devoted. The mighty masses of stone were floated down the Nile from the quarries of Silsilis, where the labor of man has almost hewn away a mountain, having left merely the shell, within which the traveller from a distant land wanders through a labyrinth of strangely silent squares and streets. They never resounded with the hum of men; buying and selling never filled those squares with scheming merchants; those corridors never echoed to the step of the prowling assassin, or the musing monk. Yet has that city, for such it even now seems in its loneliness, left its traces for the wonder of mankind; for from that mountain were hewn the obelisks of Luxor, and the statues of the Memnonium.

And when, with labor which might shame an age, *superior*, as we vainly deem, by the experience of some five-and-thirty centuries, the stupendous masses had been disembowelled from the living rock,—behold the workmen, inspired by their veneration for the god, to whose glory the building would be de-

voted, and by their worship of the king of whose piety it would be a monument,—behold them rear it upon the sledge, and, harnessed to the ear, draw it in triumph to the bank. Behold it committed trustingly to the waters of the sacred river, to be borne to the great city of Ammon, to form but one trifling addition to the great mass reared to the glory of the deity! It is good to remember, in gazing on such wonders, that they are the works of men;—of men, let us believe, who gathered strength for their stupendous work from a firm faith in the greatness of their gods and the glory of their kings.

Let us pursue the vision. One upon another the mighty stones are raised until the massive walls are completed, and the gigantic columns, or the pillars sanctified by the holy image of the great Osiris, support the ponderous roof. Then the sculptor enters; he carves upon the walls the pictorial history of the victories, and the triumphs of his king; and ever when the war is over and the conquest completed, we behold the victor reverently kneeling at the shrine of the deity who has blessed his arms, and led his hosts to victory. They were a great people, who reared these buildings; and their greatness, if we may judge from its expression, sprang from their faith.

All was not yet done. The deeds of the monarch, recorded in sculpture and in painting, were yet to be preserved in distinct written language. This language the most learned antiquarians are now only beginning to understand; but we may hope that, a key once found, patience and industry will at length unravel the entire mystery, and that this long-sealed book will at length be found to afford something like an authentic history of the great people, of whose deeds it is the sole remaining record.

Of the temples thus reared, the greatest remaining specimens are found at Thebes. And I select for description the Memnonium, the principal temple on the East bank of the river, because, though not the most splendid of all, it is the most perfect, and of its details I have preserved the most accurate recollection.

Eleven hundred and four feet in front of this temple are two colossal statues in a sitting posture, of which I shall speak presently; and from these to the propylon, or principal gate of the temple, was a *dromos*, or avenue, of sphinxes, of which only very slight traces now remain. The gate is flanked by two enormous pyramidal towers, on the faces of which are represented mytho-

logical scenes, in which the god Thoth (a human form with the head of an ibis) is seen, inscribing on the leaves of the tree of life the name of the King Remseses II. (the Sesostris of the Greeks, and the great hero of Egyptian history) to whom this temple served also as a palace. The King himself is also to be seen, holding by the hair a number of captives, (whose proportions are ludicrously small beside the gigantic figure of the victor,) while in his right hand, raised high above his head, he brandishes a sword, with which he is, apparently, about to sweep off the heads of the whole group. This is a favorite attitude in the Egyptian sculptures, and is many times repeated. *

We ascended one of the towers of the propylon, from which the plan of the building was more clearly discernible than in wandering through its mazes; and as we looked down into the great court immediately below us, a jaekall trotted across, and was lost in the forest of columns beyond.

Most of the columns in this great court (219 feet by 180)* have fallen, and the principal object (except, of course, the sculptures, with which all the walls are covered) is a fallen and broken colossal statue of the king, originally formed of one block of granite, which must have been transported from Assouan, the nearest granite quarry, a distance of some hundred and fifty miles: and it is justly observed, that the means of its overthrow and destruction, before the invention of gunpowder, are scarcely less mysterious than those by which it was transported from the quarry, and reared upon its pedestal in the temple. The part from the waist upwards is complete, and lies sideways on the ground, and the reader may form some idea of the size of the whole statue, when I mention that I lay at full length along the nose and found it a very comfortable couch. But as Sir G. Wilkinson's estimate of its weight is concise, and such statements require the sanction of a respectable name, it may be well to insert it here. "To say that this is the largest statue in Egypt," he remarks, "will convey no idea of the gigantic size, or enormous weight, of a mass, which, from an approximate calculation, exceeded, when entire, nearly three times the solid contents of the great obelisk of Karnak, and weighed about 887 tons $5\frac{1}{2}$ hundred weight."

Beyond this, is a second court, the walls of which, also, are covered with heroic sculptures. Round this court is a corridor or cloister, the roof being supported at the sides by

* Wilkinson.

massive columns, and at the ends by "Osiride Pillars," *i. e.* square pillars, on the outer faces of which are carved, in gigantic proportions, figures of Osiris with his arms crossed over his chest, and holding in one hand the flail, and in the other the crook which are his constant emblems. Osiris was the Pluto of the Egyptians, and his figure occurs more frequently than any other, in their gloomy mythology.

Beyond this second court, is a hall completely roofed in, and supported by enormous columns: and beyond are numerous smaller chambers, which complete the building. The whole of the walls within and without are carved with sculptures and hieroglyphics.

I cannot, of course, pretend to present a detailed account of these sculptures: nor to distinguish them clearly, in my own recollection, from those which I saw in the other temples at Thebes. These may be divided into three classes,—historical, domestic, and mythological.

Of these the former are by far the most numerous and interesting. They principally represent the battles and victories of the kings, and afford a very vivid idea of the ancient mode of warfare. Many of them also form a continuous narrative, so that the king may be traced from the outset of his expedition to his triumphant return. He is generally represented, in his chariot, standing in a calm majestic attitude, and proceeding slowly at the head of his troops, to whom the stiff and straight character of Egyptian sculpture gives a remarkable appearance of uniformity and discipline. The next scene displays the army in the enemy's country, marching warily onward with arms prepared for the coming conflict. Again the scene changes, and we are in the midst of the battle: the Egyptian troops rush on the foreign enemy, who are generally painted of a darker complexion, and in a barbarous costume. The king remaining in his chariot, is discharging his arrows with unerring aim, and several of the enemy are to be seen lying round pierced by the deadly shafts. This attitude of the King, standing in his chariot with his bow bent and the string drawn back to his ear, is of constant occurrence, both here and in almost all the other temples. In other cases he is represented as having alighted from his chariot, and fighting with the sword at the head of his army. In one of the sculptures, a sea-fight is represented, and the king (always the prominent figure,) is seen standing on the shore, discharging his arrows into the enemy's boats. Thus again when the subject is a siege,

(which, I think, occurs only once) he is to be observed, bow in hand, picking off the defenders of a fortress as they appear upon the battlements.

This is a particularly interesting scene, inasmuch as it displays the great advances which the Egyptians had made in the art of war at this early period. (The age of Remeses II. is supposed to range from 1355 to 1280 B. C.—nearly four centuries before the supposed date of the Trojan War.) In this picture are introduced bridges, scaling ladders, and the *testudo*, or hedge of shields, formerly supposed to have been a Greek invention. Under cover of this defence, the assailants approach the walls, and commence the attack: their ladders are placed against the fort, and the assault is carried on with vigor. The defenders, however, maintain their posts gallantly, and some of the besiegers are represented in ludicrous positions, falling headlong from the walls. The contest over, the victors are next seen dividing the spoil, and heaps of tongues and hands, cut from the enemies, indicate the number of the slain. Thence the King, accompanied by his troops, returns in triumph, driving the captives before him; others are seen bound to the axle of his car, and in some places he is represented grasping three or four by the waist, neck, and hair. At the gates of the city he is met by the priests, who conduct him, amid the acclamations of his joyful people, to the temple, where the whole series closes with a sacrifice.

The above is but a very meagre sketch of one of these great series of painted sculptures. It is obvious that a great portion of their interest depends upon those minutæ which it is impossible to describe in so hurried an account, written from memory;—those episodes, so to speak, which form not the least interesting portions of the narrative. Moreover, no words can convey to one who has not seen them, the admirable portraiture of character which distinguishes these sculptures. My preconceived ideas of the stiffness of Egyptian sculpture were speedily put to rout after one look at the walls of an old temple. Maclise does not represent more faithfully the inward workings of the heart as expressed in the “human face divine,” than the nameless sculptors of Thebes. In the face of Remeses we read that sublime calm in the midst of danger which is the true characteristic of the hero; and that lowly reverence for the mightier Gods which was the special characteristic of the heroes of Egypt.

The domestic sculptures are confined principally to the

tombs, of which I shall speak presently. As, however, the Egyptian temples served also as royal palaces, they also occasionally contain domestic scenes. One I recollect,—I think it is in the temple of Medeenet Haboo,—in which the king, conspicuous for the singular regal head-dress of Egypt, like an episcopal mitre shorn of one prong, appears surrounded by his wives, with one of whom he is playing at a game resembling chess or draughts. The furniture in this scene, as well as in many of the tomb scenes, particularly some, in the grottoes at Beni Hassan, is singularly modern in its appearance; and if, as Wilkinson supposes, Homer derived ideas for his battle scenes from a contemplation of the historical sculptures, there can be little doubt that our modern upholsterers have made a study of the furniture of Egypt.

The mythological sculptures are so excessively intricate and mysterious that I shall not attempt to describe them. With the exception of Isis* and Osiris, I think none of the Egyptian deities appear in simple human form. They all bear upon their human bodies the heads of some animal, bird, or fish. It is customary for superficial observers (and I pretend to no higher character) to declaim against this “degrading superstition,” by which the inferior animals are elevated to the rank of Gods; but, I confess, that these quaint figures did not strike me in that light. Viewing them as emblems—which they certainly were—of the several deified attributes of the one Deity, there is something, at least, highly ingenious in these combinations. How, for example, could the union of physical strength and divine intelligence in their highest degree be better typified than in the form of the sphynx? Or, how could the shrewd acuteness which an attorney might envy, be more clearly emblemized than in the ibis head of Thoth, the God of letters?

The Sculptures of which I have been speaking must not be confounded with the hieroglyphics. They are quite distinct. The latter are found in all the spaces of the walls unoccupied by the larger sculptures, and also frequently on the surface of the columns, which support the roof. These columns are not the least imposing characteristics of Egyptian architecture. They are generally circular, of immense size. Some of those in the great hall at Karnak are no less than thirty-six feet in circumference, and upwards of 70 feet in height; yet, so admirably are the proportions of

* Isis, however, is always represented with horns like those of a cow.

the building preserved, that the general impression is one of harmony and beauty. The capitals of Egyptian columns are very various, but there are three which are principally used, representing respectively the lotus-bud, the lotus in full flower, and the spreading branches of the palm-tree. Of these the last is by far the most graceful, but the two former are more generally used.* The shaft of the column represents the stalk of the flower or the stem of the tree, and I think, it must be allowed that there is something more pleasing in this arrangement, than in the unmeaning, though graceful columns of Greek architecture. In the grottoes of Beni Hassan, some of the columns (there hewn out of the solid rock from which the grottoes are excavated) represent three or more lotus stalks twined together, and bound tightly together beneath the capital, which is formed of the several flowers, and the effect thus produced is really beautiful.

Leaving, for the present, the details of temple architecture, we issue through the front pylon of the Memnonium, to take a closer inspection of the great colossi which guard the approach to this temple. I remember as we rode towards the Memnonium, from the temple of Medeenet Haboo,—the first we visited,—G. and I agreed that we would mount into the laps of the two statues and there each smoke a pipe. We reckoned, however, without our host, for without a ladder we found it impossible to reach that height. Having climbed up on to the pedestal, I stood beside the great statue of Memnon, and lo ! the instep of the monster reached exactly up to my highest shirt-button ! With much ado, I managed to sit astraddle across the gigantic foot, and felt like Gulliver among the Brobdignags. I take from Wilkinson the dimensions of this statue : viz., “18 feet 3 across the shoulders : 16 feet 6 from the top of the shoulder to the elbow : 10 feet 6 from the top of the head to the shoulder : 17 feet 9 from the elbow to the finger’s end : and 19 feet 8 from the knee to the plant of the foot.” So that if Memnon could stand up he would be of the moderate height of 64 feet 5 inches.

This statue,—the vocal Memnon of the Romans, which was supposed to utter a sound of joy each morning at the rising of the sun,—is covered with inscriptions in Greek, Latin and modern languages : John Smith and Jim Thompson

* The columns in the hall of an Egyptian temple are not all of the same order, as in the case of Greek buildings, so that all the capitals spoken of above are frequently found in one colonnade.

are there to be seen cheek by jowl with Strabo, and the Emperor Hadrian: and the inscription mania is thus proved to be neither of English nor of modern invention.

Next to the temples, or more properly, perhaps, before them, the most interesting objects on the left bank of the Nile are the tombs of the kings. These are situated in a melancholy and dreary valley, at a distance of about two hours' ride from the river. Well supplied with water and candles—the two great requisites—we started one fine morning and halted at the entrance to Belzoni's tomb;—not the burial place of Belzoni, but the tomb of king Osirei, discovered by the traveller. A steep staircase leads down into the body of the tomb, which consists of a succession of passages and small chambers, very numerous, and covered with paintings of the most brilliant colors, miraculously preserved. It is no exaggeration to say, that these paintings look as fresh and bright as if the work of yesterday. According to the best ascertained chronology, Osirei died in the year B. C. 1355, so that these paintings are in reality, at least, three thousand two hundred and three years old.

The subjects are all mythological, and the mysteries have not at present been revealed. They appear to have reference to some doctrine of a future state, and it would be very interesting if their true meaning could be deciphered. At present all is darkness.

Most of the tombs of the kings are given up to these mythological subjects, which, it is to be hoped, will ultimately be explained by a comparison with the numerous hieroglyphics which accompany them, as our students progress in hieroglyphic lore. The tomb of Remeses III., commonly known as Bruce's tomb, because first described by that traveller, forms an interesting exception. This is similar, but not so extensive in plan as Belzoni's tomb. The most interesting subjects are in eight small chambers, lying on each side of one of the passages. They are nearly all domestic, and illustrative of the private life and manners of the Ancient Egyptians. In one are represented boats, almost exactly similar to those now in use on the Nile. Some of them have the masts lowered, as is now the practice in descending the river. Another contains swords, bows, arrows, and complete suits of armour; a third, various articles of furniture, the fashion and comfortable aspect of which would do discredit to no English Gentleman's drawing room. Another chamber gives illustrations of Egyptian agriculture,

among which are observable the canals by which the water of the Nile was, as now, conducted over the fields. All the operations of the *cuisine* are represented in great detail in one of these chambers, including the slaughter of an ox, the cooking of meat and vegetables, the making of bread, &c.; another has representations of birds and fruits; the others are principally occupied by mythological subjects, with the exception of one at one end of the passage, which contains the figures from which this tomb has received from some travellers the name of "the Harper's Tomb." These figures are peculiarly graceful, and the instruments are not strikingly unlike those in use at the present day. The performers are blind and aged; the colors are still remarkably vivid. A colored copy of these fine frescoes will be found in Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, Vol. 2.

Bruce's description of this interesting tomb, and particularly of the Harper's Chamber, was one of those passages in his travels which gained for him the reputation for mendacity, which during his life he never was able to shake off, and which has only been removed by the concurrent testimony of subsequent travellers. It is said, that one day being at dinner in company with Johnson, the Doctor asked him for a description of the harps, and having received it, enquired whether there were no other musical instruments represented besides the harps. Bruce replied that he could not call to mind any other, and Johnson turning to his neighbour, added—"I think there was a *lyre* when he was there."

We visited several other of the royal tombs besides the two I have mentioned, but I do not retain a sufficiently distinctive recollection of the paintings contained in them to make them the subject of any further remarks.

Some of the private tombs are fully as interesting as those of the kings. We visited a great number of these also. In some of them are very vividly represented the various trades of the Egyptians—carpenter's work—rope making—brick making, &c.—and one which is particularly interesting, represents men raised on a scaffolding, finishing a colossal sphinx. The different productions of Egypt, animal and vegetable, are of constant occurrence.

After about ten days spent among the tombs and temples so imperfectly described above, we crossed the river to explore the wonders of the western bank, and first visited the great temple of Luxor. This is not a particularly interesting ruin, but it presents a singular illustration of the ex-

tent of Egyptian edifices. The building is now occupied by an entire village, and, in passing through its various parts, we came upon a market, a court of justice, a school, a coffee shed, and other public lounges. Before the pylon of this temple originally stood two obelisks, one of which has been removed, and now stands in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. However imposing the appearance it there presents, one cannot help regretting that, if the Parisians must have an obelisk among their gilded gingerbread, they did not select an isolated one; more particularly as, to the best of my recollection, there is no other instance in which two obelisks remain in their original position before the pylon of a temple.

Hence we proceeded to the great temple at Karnak—the most magnificent of the Egyptian remains. The most vivid descriptions of this stupendous structure fail to convey to any one who has not seen it, an adequate idea of its grandeur. My own imagination, after reading the accounts given by numerous travellers, I found so much outstripped by the reality, that I feel it would be useless for me to set down on paper the vague description which my memory would supply. It resembles rather a ruined city than a single building, being two miles in circuit; nor need we wonder at its magnitude, when we bear in mind that it appears from the hieroglyphics to have been commenced in the time of Osirtasen I., (who reigned about 1750 years before the commencement of our era, and is supposed to have been the Pharaoh who promoted Joseph in Egypt,) and received additions from nearly all the subsequent kings. The earliest portion of this temple is, accordingly, the most ancient of Egyptian remains, only excepting the pyramids; and its history would, if correctly written, comprise nearly a complete history of Egyptian art—or, in other words, of Egypt. It is a perfect wilderness of columns, colossi, obelisks, halls, propyla, painting, and sculpture. At every step, we come upon something new to us, and wonderful. Everything is on a scale of grandeur. The smallest stones employed in the building are larger than any we now think of moving.

In this mighty maze, the wonder of wonders is the great hall. The columns which form the centre aisle or passage, are nearly 70 feet high and 12 in diameter, and on either side of these is a multitude of smaller columns, nearly 200 in number. The magnificence of the spectacle cannot be imagined, and notwithstanding the unflattering comparisons

which such surpassing efforts of art must needs suggest, between the devotion of that and of later days,—one cannot wander among these mighty relics of the past, without imbibing higher ideas of the majesty of man than we are wont to indulge in.

This hall was erected, the hieroglyphics tell us, by Osirei I., who reigned between 1385 and 1355 B. C. This, therefore, was the highest period of Egyptian art; and it is worth while for those who desire to form a fair idea of the immense advancement of this wonderful people before the rest of the world, to compare the era of the erection of a sacred building, to which our grandest cathedrals are as we are to the colossal Memnon, with some of the more celebrated eras of ancient history. I have introduced these comparisons more than once in the present chapter,—and, I doubt not, some of my readers will think, more than once too often. But they have their use, if rightly considered; and those who do not care for them can pass them by unread.

Suppose, then, that the great hall at Karnak may be referred to 1380 B. C. (the date fixed on by Wilkinson.) On this supposition it was (speaking in round numbers) half a century earlier than the supposed era of Sisyphus; seventy-five years before that of Deborah and Barak, and their fabulous contemporary Orpheus; more than a hundred years before the Argonautic expedition and the age of Jason, Œdipus, and Hercules; 150 years before Theseus; nearly 200 years before the commencement of the Trojan War; more than 250 before Samson; upwards of 300 before David; above 450 before the supposed age of Homer; 604 before the commencement of the Olympiads; and 627 before the foundation of Rome.

I would not weary the reader with expressions of commonplace astonishment at what sounds so truly miraculous; but I cannot but think, that injustice has been done to the wonderful people who reared such monuments of their greatness, when, in all other nations, art was unknown. The sculptured testimony which they have left behind them, proves them to have been no less advanced in the arts of war, and in the comforts of domestic life; and the Nile does not more surely bear fertility from its source to the smiling fields which it washes, as it nears the sea, than civilization, and the arts, and learning, have spread over the world, from that mysterious land of Egypt, which has now for centuries lain stricken beneath darkness and desolation.

I was wearied with wandering among the gigantic columns, scrambling over the broken masses of masonry, climbing to the roof of the hall, and gazing upon the records of victories carved upon its walls; so I reclined upon one of the huge stones which had fallen from the roof, and looked up through the opening it had made to the clear sky above, whose deep blue was only varied by the occasional form of some huge bird of prey, which had forgotten its savage nature for a moment, and paused on its wing to bask in the beams of the noon-day sun,—and slumber came upon me, and I dreamed.

And methought, I stood upon an arid plain by the margin of a mighty river. And, as I looked, my eyes could discern nothing, on the one side, but the great sea of sand, unvaried and unchangeable: and below rolled the waves of that great river, dark, broad, and unfathomable: and beyond were black mountains, such as no man might climb: and the sky was dark and lowering.

And I heard a cry, a scream, and a shout as of a great multitude: and the sound of many chariots and horsemen.

And I looked, and behold, there appeared a great host that fled towards the river: and they wore tunics and coats-of-mail, and in their hands was the bow and the spear. But they cast their arms from them, and they fled towards the river.

And again I looked, and lo! I beheld in the distance a mighty figure approaching: and he stood in a great chariot drawn by fiery horses, and on his head he wore a helmet of gold; and his bow was bent and drawn, and as the shafts flew from the bow, his flying enemies fell stretched upon the earth before him.

And still they fled towards the river. And as the king came on, and the mighty host that followed him, the flying multitude thronged upon the banks: and the arrows fell thick amongst them. And some threw themselves from the bank and struggled with the current, and sank, with a great cry, beneath the waters; and I saw them no more.

Then, when they saw their brethren perish in the waters, the multitude cast themselves with their faces on the earth and besought mercy of the king.

But the host of the Egyptians fell upon them, and slew them, and took many captives and bound them with cords and chains. And the king descended from his chariot and seized them by the hair of the head, and smote many with the sword, so that the desert was wet with blood. And

many more they bound to the wheels and the axles of his chariot, to be led away into captivity.

Then came forward the soldiers, and they cut off the hands of the slain, and piled them in a great heap before the king : and the scribes wrote down their numbers and handed them to the king.

Then I said, "Is this king so mighty in war, that no man may stand before him, and must all his enemies fall before the might of his arm? And can none resist his power? Yet has nature implanted in his breast no feeling of pity for the conquered? Has his heart no touch of mercy? And can no prayers move him? Is his bravery unmingled with kindness? And is he noble only in the battle?"

And I thought a great darkness came over the plain, so that I could no longer see the chariots and the horsemen; and the pride of the conqueror was hidden in that darkness, and the praying of the captives was stilled.

Still I mourned over the sight that I had witnessed, and I asked, "Will not men then learn that there is a greater glory than conquest, and that mercy becometh the brave?"

And a voice said unto me, "Behold!" And I looked up, and lo! I stood in the midst of a great temple: the walls and roof were of hewn stone, carved and painted marvelously, and the columns were as the work of giants, mighty to look upon.

Then I heard a sound of rejoicing, as of a great company: and I heard shouts of joy and the sound of music approaching: and I knew that the king came to celebrate his victory in the temples of the Gods.

The sound came nearer: and at length they entered the hall. And the king came forward with his face bent towards the ground, and the captives came bound behind him, and around were the multitude rejoicing.

Then there stood forward from among the columns of the hall, an aged man; and he wore a black robe that covered his body, and a black cap was on his head; and his beard was white as snow. Then I knew the priest of Osiris.

And he said, "Whence comest thou, O king?" and the king said, "I come from a far country—where I have striven with the enemies of Egypt; and the Gods have blessed my arms; and I have slain many thousands of the enemies of Ammon, and I bring many more to offer at the shrine of Osiris."

But the priest said, "Thinkest thou, then, O man, that the Gods delight in blood, and that the cry of the dying is pleasing to their ears? that Ammon looks with pleasure on the bodies of the slain, or that Thoth records slaughter with a willing hand? Nay, but I tell thee that Isis smiles not calmly on such deeds, nor does Osiris receive gladly into Amenti the souls of the slayer or the slain."

And the king bowed meekly and replied—"Tell me then what shall I do to win the pleasure of the gods?"

Then when the priest saw that the king humbled himself in the temple of Ammon, and was not puffed up with victory, he smiled upon him and said, "Thou hast striven against the enemies of Egypt, and hast trodden the mighty beneath thy feet; thou hast done well; the voice of the insolent shall no more be heard upon our borders; the terror of thy name shall be great among our country's foes; and the glory of thy deeds shall be remembered by our children's children. See only that thou employ the peace that thou hast purchased for the honor of the gods who have granted thee this victory. The Gods love not bloodshed; but they do not hate the brave; they delight not in slaughter; yet the prowess of the warrior is pleasing in their sight. But they love mercy also, and they love the deeds of peace. The King who builded this temple in which we stand, for the honor of the Gods, thinkest thou that he, and such as he, are less dear to them than thou, because thou hast taken cities, and routed hosts of armed men. *He* too armed himself against the enemies of Egypt; *he* too went forth to conquer the foes of Ammon; the Gods also crowned his arms with victory, and brought him back with honor to this country; a rejoicing people welcomed *him*, as now they welcome *thee*; *him*, as *thee*, they led to the sacred altars where he acknowledged the aid more than mortal, which had led him on to conquest, and had humbled his enemies before him. And is the might of Osirtasen forgotten? Nay! But if thou wouldst read of it, behold it upon the walls of the temples that he reared, and in the works of the people that loved him. Thinkest thou that the men who carved those pictures of his greatness, thought of him only as a monarch to be dreaded? They looked to him as a father whom they loved. It is the heart of the artist that guides his hand; and it were vain to endeavour to live in the grateful memory of a people, if the recorders of thy glories be driven by the scourge of the taskmaster, not

led by the love of their sovereign. Go, then, and profit by the lesson thou hast learned, and fear not that the name of Remesis should fade before the glories of Osirtasen.”

* * * * *

And in the vision which I saw in the great hall at Karnak, I believe there is something of the wisdom of the Egyptians. It cannot be that the builders of such temples—the sculptors of such statues—the painters of such frescoes—were untouched by the humanizing influence of the arts. The Egyptians were a great people in warfare; so were the Athenians. But among that ancient, yet, comparatively, modern people, who, like the Egyptians, were great in the arts as well as in war, we know, that civilization had progressed so far, that, in many points, we have but recently overtaken them. Their literature we still read with unchanging admiration; on the lips of their orators we still hang with rapture; the poetry of their dramatists we still vainly seek to imitate; from the words of their philosophers we still learn wisdom. And so, let us be sure, it was with Egypt; and so it will be with every nation which worships beauty as the type of goodness. And thus, at length, the world is learning to see in the poet, the sculptor, the painter, the musician, a greatness, before which the greatness of the warrior grows pale; for in the greatness of the latter, we behold only that, which reminds of the age when all mankind were at war—when might was the only right—and intellect succumbed to force; but, in the greatness of the former, we read the history of civilization and of progress, and we know that they can flourish only in conjunction with power, with freedom, and with justice.



THE VIOLET.

(From the German of GOETHE.)

Lowly, unheeded, and unseen,
 Stood a violet on the green:
 That violet felt with human feeling.
 With gentle step and cheerful mien
 A shepherdess was softly stealing
 Along, along,
 Whiling the time in blithesome song.

" Ah ! " thought the violet, " that I were
But for a little time most fair,

Of all the bright, the brightest flower ;
That maid would cull me then, and bear
Me in her bosom one short hour.

Ah me ! ah me !
How blest—how happy should I be ! "

She came—she came—that maiden fair,
Nor saw that hapless flower there

And crushed the violet as she passed ;
Dying, it whispered to the air,

" Ev'n though I die, with joy at last

I yield my breath ;
For she—for she—hath caused my death."



THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

(*From the German of UHLAND.*)

There stood a goldsmith in his booth,
'Mid pearls and diamonds rare ;

" My richest treasure, in good sooth,
Art thou, my lovely Helen,
My daughter sweet and fair."

Entered a knight, in rich array ;

" Good-day ! thou maiden fair,
And, honest goldsmith mine, good-day !
Make me a bridal crownlet
To deck my own love's hair."

And when the crownlet rich was made,
And in bright splendor shone,
Fair Helen's brow was tinged with shade
As on its brilliance gazing
She softly sighed alone.

" Oh, wondrous happy is the bride
Whose own this wreath may be !
Oh, boundless were my joy and pride
If but a wreath of roses
Yon knight had given me ! "

And soon the knight returned again,
The wreath with care he eyed :
" Make now,—good goldsmith,—make again
A ring— a wedding present
For my beloved bride."

And when the beauteous ring was made,
With rare and precious stone,
Fair Helen's brow was tinged with shade,
As on her slender finger
She placed it, when alone."

" Oh, wondrous happy is the bride
Whose own this ring may be!
Oh, boundless were my joy and pride,
If of his dark hair streaming
One lock yon knight gave me!"

And soon returned the noble knight,
The ring with care he eyed:
" Good goldsmith, thou hast wrought aright
These beauteous wedding presents
For my beloved bride."

" But how would they become my bride?
Come, maiden, come to me,
And let these gems on thee be tried,
These gifts for my beloved,
As fair as thou is she!"

It was upon a festal morn;
In neatest garb arrayed,
Well meet her beauty to adorn,
The church-bell's call awaiting
Tarried the lovely maid.

Her cheek suffused with modest glow,
She came at his command;
He set the wreath upon her brow,
The ring upon her finger,
And gently took her hand:

" My sweetest Helen—Helen mine,
'Tis time the jest be ended;
The ring, the golden wreath, are thine;
To grace our happy bridal
Alone are they intended.

" 'Mid diamonds thou'st dwell, and gold,
And pearls, from childhood's hour:
Be hence thy nobler fortune told,
That now with me thou risest
To honor, wealth, and power."

MARICITA.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

By the Author of "Moonlight."

CHAPTER III.

Before we proceed to relate the fortunate turn given to circumstances, otherwise fatal, which Howard's prompt succour was the means of ensuring, it is necessary to revert to what had taken place between Marieita and her cousin, after the retirement of the family, which led to their present position.

The mazes of imagination, through which a susceptibility of feeling will often lead the human heart, are unaccountable. Many are the unintentional hallucinations of thought to which the youthful and sensitive mind is liable, without any premeditation of wrong, or faltering of upright principles. With much, therefore, to condemn her lover's conduct and opinions towards her,—and much to admire in the manly young soldier, who was her father's guest, the fair girl, as she stood at her small mirror, arranging her dark-jet tresses ere she retired to her pillow, lingered rather longer than usual,—not for the purpose of admiring her own loveliness, (for she was almost unconscious that it existed in such perfection,) but in ruminating on impressions engendered by the train of natural reflections, just stated.

But from this reverie her own good sense aroused her, in about ten minutes, on recollecting suddenly that she had omitted to fulfil her father's injunctions as regarded some arrangement for Howard's early breakfast: and, taking up her lamp, she was in the act of crossing the hall, to comply with them, when the figure of a man, standing with his arms folded, at the farther end, caused her to start violently;—but perceiving, almost as instantaneously, that it was Sanchez, she exclaimed:—

"Oh, Ignacio—is it you? How you have startled me. I thought I was the only restless one in the house." But no reply being made, she went forward to fulfil her arrangement,—which being done, she was re-crossing, to her own room, determined to take no more notice of him, when he

suddenly started forward, and placing himself between her and its entrance, said in a low, stern tone :

“It is well, madam, to try and screen your intentions by hypocrisy,—but it will not do with me.”

“Ignacio!” was the only rejoinder, in a tone of tremulous astonishment, as she looked at him.

“Aye,—you may affect what you please,—but that chamber door is not so distant,”—pointing to the one of Howard’s,—“nor woman’s heart so reluctant, where. . . .”

“Stop, sir,” was the indignant reply. “Dare you insult your uncle’s daughter by so base an insinuation? Passion has blinded your reason,—I leave you to your own dark thoughts;”—she was about to retire into her apartment when he again stepped before her, muttering :

“Explain yourself first,—you cannot fool me into disbelief.”

“I have nothing to explain;—let me pass on; you will arouse my father and his guest, by your intemperate words: what disgrace will then fall.”

“On you, traitress. Maricita have a care,” (he passed his hand into his vest, and drew forth a knife,) “a Spaniard’s revenge is sure.”

“As his dishonour, in a bad cause. Do you dare to threaten my life? Reserve the little valour you possess for your foes.—I have a friend nearer than you imagine.”

“Ha! do you question my courage, and boast in your own perfidy?” In saying which, he grasped her arm with his left hand, as he raised the weapon in his right, causing that involuntary cry of wild surprise rather than of terror, which had aroused Howard out of his slumber, and brought him to her assistance.

A dead silence of some moments followed the appearance of Howard, as he arrested the arm of Sanchez, whilst the light of the lamp which Maricita still held in her left hand threw its broad glare on the features of the Spaniard, where an expression of shame and stifled passion mingled itself with the sullen cast of his countenance.

That sublime painter of nature, Shakspeare, has said in words of truth and admonition,

“Beware of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, that doth make
The meat it feeds on;”

and it is still more true, that in most cases, this base passion

of the human breast becomes predominant, where there is too frequently the least cause for it. It is engendered in some as the animal propensity of their nature,—such as brute-ferocity in the hyena, or blood-appetite in the wolf!—and stamps itself as the characteristic type of the unfortunate being born to its influence.

Our young soldier felt the extreme awkwardness of his position. He saw that no blow had been struck; and conjecturing that any remark of his might only inflame the temper of the unhappy and deluded Sanchez in a great degree,—immediately released his hold, and awaited the outgush of Maricita's feelings, who, apparently, had never lost her self-possession, and now drew herself up, with a proud look of indignation, yet, addressing Howard only, said, "Signor, I regret that you should have witnessed an event, which cannot fail to lessen the Spanish character in your estimation, when near connections, who should be dear to each other, are thus inimical in thought, and vindictive in deed;—but, I am equally thankful, on the other hand, for your prompt aid, and that the deep slumbers of a dear parent after the toils of the day, should have prevented his being awakened to so distressing a scene. I have one request to make,—it is the first, and doubtless will be the last,—that you start not at the very early hour you intended,—but be disposed to await for an interview with my father and myself, which shall not detain you, beyond surprise;—I cannot think you will refuse me," in saying this, she extended her hand to him, who pressed it in his own, with emotions of much sympathy and tenderness,—when, handing him the lamp, she suddenly entered her chamber door and, closing it, disappeared ere he could utter a word in reply.

Howard immediately retired to his room, leaving the wretched Sanchez in gloom, as dark as his own wayward thoughts. What they were,—we will leave those to understand, who, having been led by passion into the commission of a rash and evil deed, are doomed to reflect afterwards upon its enormity, and to feel the bitterness of remorse.

The first streak of dawn had scarcely tinged the horizon with its faintest roseblush, when a slight tap was given at old Gaspar's door, and ere a quarter of an hour further had elapsed, a light form was seen to approach, and enter it,—when the hallowed embrace of a father and his child, their customary salutation, became more fervent on the part of the latter, and a tear-drop from her soft eyelid moistened his fur-

rowed cheek. This circumstance made him gaze at her with more than his ordinary interest, and, observing an unusual cast of sadness, he exclaimed, "How is this, my child! has any disaster occurred?" Then, pausing a moment, added with a slight tone of disquietude,—“Has the departure of our young guest occasioned this sorrow?”

“Father,” was her calm reply, “the captain is still here, but had he gone,—much as I esteem him, it would scarcely have caused weeping;—but, my grief springs from Ignacio, who has dared to doubt your child’s purity,—even to raise his hand against her,”—and Maricita continued to relate the occurrences of the previous night.

A sudden paroxysm of indignation seized the old Spaniard, and so violent was its effect inwardly, as to deprive him for the moment of the power of utterance. Maricita became greatly alarmed, and clasping her sire round the neck, said, “Dearest father, calm yourself,—I felt that I should arouse your anger,—but it needed to be told you, distressing as it is; yet leave the result to me. I beseech present forbearance towards your nephew. The young Englishman is still here, and shall be a witness to my words; I am a peasant’s child, the maid of Saragoza is not more. Spain wants defenders, and the feeblest of her offspring may still raise her voice, if not her hand, to inspire with noble resistance.—Come father, and leave all to me,” and taking the old man by the hand, she led him forth from the chamber.

If mankind are indebted to History for a record of the more grand and general events passing in the world, wherein the more prominent in possessing power, and fortunate in obtaining fame, shine on that vast mirror which time holds up to posterity,—there is, in the simple destiny of the more humble, gleaned from the peasant’s traditionary tale, and made, thereby, the interesting subject of Poesy or Romance, something, which never fails to draw forth the sympathy of those, who feel that the lowliest of God’s creatures are still of equal importance in the omniscient designs of Him, who watcheth the sparrow on the house-top, and that it is man alone, (in proud conceit, or for selfish purposes,) who looks on his fellow-men with the eye of vain contempt or heartless indifference.

Just as Gaspar and his daughter came forth, Howard, who had been to see his steed prepared for his journey, entered the house. Their meeting was as cordial as ever, though it was plain to perceive that something had occurred, which

weighed on the minds of all three. Maricita, however, with her usual sweet manner, thanked the young soldier for complying with her parting request, and proceeding then to the outer door, asked one of the farming men to call her cousin Ignacio ;—returning immediately and busying herself in preparing the morning cup of chocolate, whilst Gaspar and his guest conversed on general subjects, without any allusion to the circumstances of the preceding night.

Sanchez made his appearance shortly, and doffing his *sombrero*, as he entered, uttered the accustomed '*viva ustedes*' in a calm tone, endeavouring not to appear disconcerted at the summons. A general silence followed for some moments, when Maricita came forward. Humble as our heroine's birth was, and unpretending her character, there was a nobility of thought in her very nature, which produced that self-possession, so necessary in the important events of life ; and which, evincing steadiness of purpose, in demeanor took not away from those feminine graces, so fascinating in woman.

“Ye who shall marvel, when you hear her tale,
Oh had you known her, in her softer hour,
Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,”

would scarcely have imagined that the peasant girl, in her soft effeminacy of charms, possessed a soul, that still could “smile in danger's gorgon face.”

As Maricita stood by her father and Howard, it was strange to observe the admiration of silence, towards her, which no one thought of disturbing, until with a slightly tremulous voice at first, she said :—

“Ignacio, we were brought up together as children,—guided to have but one feeling of affection, as that kind parent knows, who hears me, but it would seem that this sentiment on your part is now clouded by distrust. Time alone can remove this dark omen to happiness ;—there are dark clouds too over our country, these too must be driven away ;—the brave soldiers of England have done much for us, but Spain herself must be amongst the foremost to assist, and every true Spaniard ought to join in the combat. Although I have been told nothing, my mind forewarns me that a surprise is meditated, on the stronghold of the enemy near us ; guides are wanted through our mountain defiles ;

you have tracked them from a boy, and you, Ignacio, must share in this attempt. Follow then the example of Diego Perez; offer your services to our guest;—he has witnessed an act to your dishonour, let him witness one that will blot out its remembrance,—but know thus much, that no one shall ever be a claimant to this hand, who has not risked his life, and fought nobly for his country;—my dear father, whose heart is all patriotism, will never enforce any other sentiments,” and turning round, she imprinted a fond kiss on Gaspar’s cheek, which brought a tear into the old man’s eye, as he exclaimed, “Never, my child!”

If the heart of Howard had been previously captivated by the personal charms of the village maiden,—his feelings were still more raised in admiration, now, of her nobleness of character, so superior to anything that could have been expected from one of her humble condition; and as he turned his eye for a moment from her to the discomfited youth near, well might a blush be discerned through the dark olive-brown tint of his cheek, where shame palsied utterance, and seemed to supersede the usual cast of sullenness to a painful degree.

It was, in short, evident by his whole demeanor that a sense of gross misconduct, had struck Sanchez, and a reaction had taken place in his mind; that he had been jealous without cause, while from the murky cloud of passion an electric flash had burst forth, happily without doing any deadly mischief, save what recoiled on him; he was, therefore, as usually happens with such persons, dumb-struck under the consciousness of his fault. But, had he not weakened almost to annihilation the affection of Maricita towards him? Had he not heard from her own lips, and for a second time, that sentence, which showed that she held a most humiliating opinion of his patriotism, and that it required the proof she demanded to arouse it?—whilst the silence of her father, as he held her hand, and looked up into her face with a smile of approbation, gave greater weight to the sentence.

To do his character justice, however, though it possessed many faults, Sanchez did not want for courage; but he was a selfish person, and selfishness always begets apathy, in what does not personally regard the individual himself. There lay the difference in his disposition, and that of his townsman Diego Perez, whose daring exploits were proverbial since the invasion of their country, and whose praises on the one hand, would often lead to reproaches on the other

from Maricita, when in a moment of some slight quarrel with her cousin, she would contrast the feelings of the two.

In such a state of things, the silent offender required a friend, nor will the reader be surprised to hear, that in his dilemma he found one in Howard,—after all that has been said in the young soldier's praise,—who, to all his other good qualities, joined a generosity of heart, and whose high sense of honor made him shrink from falling under the supposition that he had harboured any other feeling but that of admiration for the fair betrothed. Thus, seeing his embarrassed position, he said to him, "So rich a prize, as the reward of valour, falls to the lot of few to contend for, Sanchez, and if you will but think me a friend, instead of a foe, I will give the opportunity; I shall need further aid, and will trust your services."

"Has the captain any doubts, then, of my good faith also?" said the young Spaniard, in a subdued tone.

"I have never yet found occasion to doubt a Spaniard's."

The features of old Gaspar brightened up at these words, as he exclaimed, "Noble friend,—for such let me call you,—may you never have cause to change;—and to you, Ignacio, let me add, that Maricita has uttered the sentiments of my heart; your fate is now in your own hands."

"What service does the captain require of me, and when?" asked Sanchez.

"Will you be ready to act when called upon?"

"Certainly."

"It is enough," replied Howard. "Should I not revisit Madronera myself, be prepared, before many days have passed, to join me where I shall direct. Two guides will be required at least. I will take your fair cousin's word for the able performance of your task. Will Maricita not pledge herself to it?"

There was a momentary pause, a slight tremor through her frame. Ignacio looking the while the picture of despair, when, in another moment, with a low voice she uttered, "Yes." Could she as a relative have rejected, denounced him, when Howard had so recently passed a high eulogium on her countrymen? Her heart told her she could not.

The whole scene had affected Howard too much to wish to prolong it; he arose at the word, and expressed the necessity of immediate departure, so as not to keep his guide Perez waiting at the appointed place of meeting.

Scarcely more than thirty-six hours had passed over since

he had ridden up to Gaspar Diaz's door a perfect stranger, and yet how much had occurred in that short space of time, to occasion far more than common regret, now that he was about to quit it. But there existed in Howard's disposition that, which always makes friends,—a noble frankness, a kind courtesy, and an upright honesty of purpose. He had won the old Spaniard's heart by the first quality,—had fascinated the fair Maricita's by the second, almost to an unhappy extent, and had gained on the less amiable Sanchez so much by the last, as to have awakened, and left but one sentiment towards him, so that as he bade farewell to the assembled group, a regret at separation pervaded all; *that* feeling which is often to be borne with in our pilgrimage through life, but which is softened down by the consciousness that the endearing remembrances of friendship still follow our footsteps.



A DAY AT D'URBAN.

As the straw floating with the current indicates the course of the smooth stream, so surely do the light merrymakings of the crowd in the casual amusements of a day, display the drift of general opinion, and the tone of public feeling.

“In this delightful province of the Sun,” whilst armed steamers glide into the curvatures in our coast, yeleft Harbours,—or cross the bars of petty rivers—to deposit troops and military stores upon their banks,—whilst the issue of the latest proclamation is awaited by the anxious crowd that throng the printer's door,—whilst the Post Office windows are beset with the enquiring multitude to catch the first glimpse at *The Graham's Town Journal*, or *The Frontier Times*,—whilst groups of the populace gaze in astonishment on the platoons,—the hollow squares, the march and countermarch,—the movement in echelon of a whole regiment of infantry on the parade, or shelter themselves behind the stems of the surrounding pines, when the rattling discharge pours forth its thunder against the devoted “Exchange,”—and watch in silent admiration the breaths of military smoke, that for a moment shroud from sight that emblem of high art—the white-washed pillar in the centre of the Parade—then in graceful curls fade across the neatly kept

“Shambles,”—whilst it is reported that Pretorius, J.'s son, is coming on—now going off,—now blown into the middle of next week, that Pieter-Mauritzburg is threatened, or Martin West in great force ;—midst all these stirring events, the loyal subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty, with feelings such as those of Gallio,—institute athletic or breakneck pastimes in the field,—chase the devious pig, or prove their confidence in the security of a paternal government, by* swarming the slippery pole.

“ This shady colony shall retain no trace
Of war or blood but in the sylvan chase—
The trumpet sleep while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employed on birds and beasts alone.”

The easnist may sneer—the diplomatist dispute, but depend on my *ipse dixi*; there is nothing rotten in the state of Denmark, (of course, I don't allude to Schleswig Holstein,) when English, French, Dutch, Malays, emancipated negroes,—

“ For Britannia renowned o'er the waves,
For the hatred she ever has shewn
To the black sceptered rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own,”

and fascinating Hottentots,† no longer

“ Mild, melancholy, and sedate,”

as Pringle sings, throng to D'Urban with “ correct lists of the races—the names of the horses—the value of the stakes—and weights and colors of the riders ;” when every wooden “shandradan” or leathern conveniency is piled with joyous and contented subjects, bent upon enjoying purely British sports, given (as my valued acquaintance, Mr. Briefless, would say) by British gentlemen, in British top-boots, with British lotteries, British fences, and the most effervescing British champagne !

Under these circumstances, with these inducements, every one must go to the races at D'Urban, on the memorable 29th August ;—but so near the end of the month, and the probability that all month's salaries were at an end long before,—how was Roderigo to “ put money in his purse,”—for carriages are expensive to an extent quite ludicrous to the unini-

* Vide Boswell's Johnson, *passim*.

† Buy the lithograph in Robertson's window, “ Hottentots.”

tiated,—vans, omnibi (as the playful cad at the Bull-and-Mouth observed*) make schedule A. to the same list,—bnggies hold but two inside, and one beneath, viz: the lad who as it passes him creeps in and perches himself upon the axle, to the great discomfort of the horse, and manifest depreciation of the pace,—besides, one pays a penny “a shy” at the sticks topped with pincushions, Noah’s arks, oranges, or snuff-boxes,—and much beer is instantly required on such an emergency.

To the eye of the scenic admirer these disadvantages are partly counterbalanced by the views along the seventeen miles of interesting landscape, beside the “hard road,”—with all the native richness of the white sands in the foreground—the gandy tints of the Hottentot fig, relieved by domestic mole-holes, comprising a Turner-like middle distance, and the gathering clouds of dust that playfully obey the gentle breathings of the sweetly blowing “Sou’ Easter”—far as the eye can reach, forming together, (as Jolly Green said of the garlic fields at Neuilly,) a *coup d’AIL* seldom witnessed and never surpassed.

Hence it was that a general run upon the Banks took place,—and handsomely they weathered the storm without the issue of a single “assignat,”—but with those who did not “know a bank whereon” to draw—who lived in that sweet state of sublunary recklessness, in which the poet of the seasons, in an inspired moment, depicted the “lovely young Lavinia,” and her lady-like maternal stay,—

“ Like the young birds, that sung them to repose
Content, and careless of to-morrow’s fare,”

(*fare* is the pun,—shade of Vincent Cotton!) With them the circulating medium must be raised, as every one of Changuion’s pupils knows by rote, “*si possis recte, si non—*.” But thus the problem stands,

A. wants money,
B. has plenty of it,

And then, as Sterne moralises,—yes, and then!—Ye, whose clay-cold heads, and lukewarm hearts, can argue down, or

* An aristocratic cadboy—who had lived as groom to Mr. D’Israeli, and read Coningsby—on being hired by the conveyance company, threw up his situation, because the advertisement was not altered to please him, thus:—The Omnibi start at the following hours, &c. “Omnibi,” said he, with an indignant sneer, “Omnibi is plural of Omnibus.”

mask your feelings,—of course, A. must look to his brother, (for are we not all men and brethren?)—to his brother B.—to lend it him upon his personal security for repayment, under the guarantee of his verbal promise.

“Fleecy locks and black complexion
 Cannot forfeit nature's claim,
 Skins may differ, but affection
 Dwells in white and black the same.”

At this especial juncture a popular farce was about to be acted by a distinguished corps of amateur dramatists,—and had its author, Mr. Morton, been in Cape Town on the day preceding the great hurdle-race at D'Urban, he would have supposed, that every young man within the bounds of the Municipality was engaged in fierce rehearsal for the same,—so numerous were the applications of: “Lend me five shillings.”

“*Golitt.* [*observing Captain Phobbs.*] It strikes me, I've seen that head upon a pair of shoulders, somewhere or other!—At any rate, whether I have or not, I'll claim his acquaintance, and ask him to lend me five shillings. [*Approaching Captain Phobbs.*] Ah, Thompson, my boy!

Capt. P. [*drawing himself up.*] Sir!

Golitt. Beg pardon, I should have said, ah, Smith, my boy; how goes it, Smith?—Give us your hand, Smith.

Capt. P. My name's not Smith, Sir!

Golitt. Quite sure it isn't?—Well, that's very odd.—You remember me?—Eh, Robinson?—Of course, you do—Golightly!

Capt. P. Go to the devil!”

Omnibus hoc vitium,—that is,—I translate for my Zooluh readers,—Omnibuses have this disadvantage, and so have “four in hand,” or, even retailed saddlehorses,—you must pay ere you can use them, for their owners say, like Sairey Gamp, “We gives no trust ourselves,—and we takes a deal o' trust from others;—sich is our religis principles, and we finds 'em answer.”

However, at this rate we shall never reach Pampoen Kraal.*

Suppose all the ribbons purchased,—the dresses sent home over night,—the wearied *marchandes des modes* asleep,—the last “basting stitch” withdrawn from the gay jockey's satin jacket,—the fäery favor from some kind friend, who hopes it may be foremost;—suppose innumerable chops and eggs

* Pampoen Kraal, the old Dutch name for D'Urban.

disposed of at a matutinal repast, and the various vehicles in motion through the town:—

“Smack went the whip,—round went the wheels,
 Were never folks so glad;
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad;”

suppose the corners turned in a bold and promiscuous manner by the “whips” established for the nonce, the turn-pike passed, and all fairly on the “hard road,” in one continuous whirl of dust and delight, making in the several vocations to which they have called themselves, the most assiduous play to D'Urban.

Mark the civilization of the Cape! See those wagons “that like a wounded snake, drag their slow length along,” with their twenty oxen each, in primitive harness, bearing the produce of the interior to the market at a snail's pace—believed, but a few years ago, to be the greatest speed attainable on land, and supposed by this uneducated people to need no efforts on their part, to effect a change in their condition. “Why should we have ‘Inglis’ roads instead of the lekker sand?—who will make *veldschoen* for the *beeste's* feet?”—whilst one possessing sounder judgment and maturer years, enunciated the posing question:—“What for is a hard road?” And yet, by exertions of no common nature, the paltry penny in the pound was paid—and lo! we fly to D'Urban.

Oh, ye benighted denizens of this important colony, throw to the dogs your petty jealousies and narrow-minded opposition! Open your eyes and see in the clear day-light, that your boasted *Kaapstad* is a hundred years behind the world in civilization! Recollect, that while you only look to Saturday sales, or strykgeld, bonus, and the tiffin,—or enjoy the harmony of the town-hall,—you will remain at the bottom of the list—or looked on by British legislators as a batch of colonists, who deserve no help, because your indolence prevents you from raising yourselves in the social scale.

Mais révérons a nos moutons:

First, we have the man, who,—got up for the occasion without the slightest regard to economy,—hired the “gentlemanly gig,”—which led the witty ostler to point out, that “there ere gig, Muster, is a most respectable vehicle; her wheels have moved in the very best *circles*.”

This gentleman and his cigar will be speedily past by the eight-horse van which follows—one ebony-countenanced character gripping the reins with a resolution all his own—his

partner, a Malay, whirling round the ears of the outside "Gents," his bamboo whip, to the mortal terror of the schipper of the "Peter Pillans," who threatens his limbs, or eyes, if he doesn't "keep his tackle clear of the deck passengers!"

Next comes a barouche and four—the machine composed in Longacre—the "off" leader raised in Graaff-Reinet—the "near" from Stellenbosch—the wheelers from the Paarl—the driver from Bury St. Edmonds—the footman late of Mozambique—the inmates from "The Bay."

Then follows a batch of horsemen, as varied in externals as their different tastes, or casual outfitters could arrange;—some can ride—the major portion cannot;—but all smoke cigars, and go at a canter, reckless of the consequence.

A merry band possess the omnibus that follows; inside and out, young spirits laugh, joke, and chatter. "The last time I was at Epsom"—"Ik kan nie verstaan nie"—"Pyrrhus the first"—"Harry will win"—"I'll trouble you for a light"—"Who is that *mooije meisje* in the tartan, with the pink lining to her bonnet?" "Three to one, in pounds, on"—"Hoe oud is die swarte paerd?" "Zes en half jaar"—"Haug the mosquitoes!"—"Ah, mon ami! c'est rien—pensez à la course à Chantilly,"—"D'Urban lies beyond that hill"—"You've got your cane in my eye,"—and such like.

Now D'Urban is in sight—a pretty village on a sunny slope,—a very Anburn to its contented population.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

Well, really, the world has taken a holyday to day.—A large assembly has already collected on the course, and there you see the banks and hurdles—eight of them—a well-selected course. Those stationed at the winning post can see the race from the start to the finish.

Now some pretty specimens of driving and riding take place, each pressing to be first into the village.

We noticed the dashing effect produced in one instance by the coachman holding the wheel-horses stiffly in hand, while he kept the leaders in a state of bounding exertion, by repeated applications of the thong—scarcely leaving it at their option to decline dragging on the other two, together with the carriage and its inmates. Another who, for the day, had "mounted the high horse"—performed a very imposing and brilliant equestrian feat, by his endeavor to retain his seat in

an off-hand careless manner, while one stirrup leather was fully two holes longer than the other,—the “balancez” was perfectly convincing—but the rider was very nearly “sold” by “the rise and fall.”

And now we have arrived. The gentlemen jockies are dressing in the Club-house—the public filling up the time in various ways. We stroll down the course to see the leaps:—two of them are ugly—strong posts and rails—with bush interwoven,—depend on it, there will be “wigs on the green,” as they say in Connaught;—the others are banks and ditches, one of them a rasper—and the final leap, beside the judge’s stand, a mild one to amuse the ladies.

The bell is rung;—to saddle!—Now then, gentlemen, every eye is on you. Eleven gallant steeds and gay riders to the front:—

“I saw young “Harry,” with his *beaver* on,
Vault into his seat like a feathered Mercury,
Or like a spirit just come down from heaven,
To wind and turn a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.”

But first a flat race comes off—young farmers riding;—the pace is good, but the stirrup leathers much too long. The horses galloped very fast for some time—then one came in first—and the others afterwards.

And now the great event of the day:

The riders with their starter go slowly to the post, and when all in line,—“Are you ready, gentlemen,—Off!”—and off they go like the royal family of France—*saute qui peut*.

At the first hurdle, (it was an ugly one) two or three go down—a couple more swerve from the course and half a dozen rattle over—amidst the murmur of the crowd.

“Zul zal almal hul nek breck!”

“Daar leg hy! wat het ik gezeg? Ik wil hae hy’s mors dood.”

“Nee—hy tell zyn arm op, maar hy kan nie opstaan nie.”

All up again, save one;—those that had swerved are at it again—over all go—but some enjoy a “purl.”

“Magtag! die kerl met die rooi baatje is ook gedaan—zyn paerd het geval.”

“Dits nie waar nie, hy zyn paerd kan nie val nie.”

“Kyk tog die Kornel! zyn paerd zal ordentelyk moet rek om die groote hurdle oer te kom.”

“Daar is hy net scam over. Maar kyk tog die Doctor zyn zeun!—Die bles paerd loop als die swernoot, en die klyn kerel zit mooi.”

The English mare is down!—the field becomes select—three or four well over, and together;—the pace is tremendous.

“Dit is nouw die derde hurdle wat hul al oer is;—pas op nou die vierde!”

“Daar draai die witte paerd uit, en een ander knapie is onderste-bo’;—die mense wil almaal van dag dood!”

“Waarom is Montagu nie hier nie, om die kerls achter uit te hou? Is dit manier die van die government, om mense te laat dood gaan?”

“Ik wil drie vette hammels wed, dat Harry Gird of Charles Procter zal voor wees, want jy moet gloo die Koeberg zyn boertjes is uithaalders om paerd te laat spring.”

Hurrah!—the Colonel leads—the large bay well up—and the bay-pony pulling hard;—the grey improves at every stride, and yet one other has a chance. The rest are nowhere;—two men lying on the field, of whom one appears badly hurt.

“Zyn paerd is nou gelyk met die Kornel zyn, en zal zeker voor kom.”

“Hemel! daar leg hy ook! wat het hem laat val!”

The poor “bay’s” chance is gone—thanks to an unlucky molehole—killed on the spot!—“hy het in een knykspoor getrap,”—the gallant bay

“Leaps every fence but one,—there falls—and dies!”

“Nou kom die ergste hurdle!—Houw jou oog op die ruiters.—Christemense! geen een het afgeval,—die kornel moet win!”

“Zyn keppie is weg,—nou kan hy nie win nie al kom hy voor.”

“Hoe kan jy zoo praat? als iemand voor is dan moet hy win, al het hy ook zyn broek verloor!—Wat voor is, is voor.”

“Dats ook alweer waar.”

And now there’s no mistake—the black for any money,—Hurrah! Hurrah!—well ridden.

And thus the favorite came in first—to the great joy of his rider’s admirers, as well as of the friends of his late owner, who, with his gallant black, was wounded at the “Gwanga” in the late Kafir war;—and, when last heard of, had marched through the streets of Brighton, at the head of his corps,—shaded from the noonday’s sun by the waving banners

wrested from the prostrate Kafir foe, on the ensanguined plains of the Wacht-eeen-beetje Hoogte.

Three horses following were *placed*—another left his master on the course, and took a line for himself,—some bruised and wounded riders were placed under the doctor's hands,—and the majority reappeared at tiffin time.

Whilst we waited for the bagged fox to be turned out, the population strolled about,—and even here, to change the scene, that imaginary vision, the Eastern Districts, reappeared upon the tapis.

It seems that some persons subsist at a distance from the metropolis—beyond some chains of hills and deep beds of rivers—in a state of primitive simplicity, like that of the Chinese,—believing that they are somebodies and have the richest lands, the finest flocks,—the shortest ears, and the longest heads, “in all creation.” These people must have horses; for two or three of them who had popped upon the race course—goodness knows how—people with velvet shooting jackets, of kameel paard—or parterre pattern, shady hats with enormous rims, whips of the buffalo's hide, and linen of yesterday, were conversing, *inter fumendum*, respecting certain races at Trompetters Drift—where Naartje won the Macomo cup—and “als n belief”—the Maiden stakes—and “Truitje-roer-my-niet,” the Scurrys.

“Daar kan hul van daag ry!”

“Al spring die paerd zyn kruis uit lid, zul bly maar zit.”

“Zwernoot noggenmaal? Uitenhage moet tog die Kaapstad wees,—want het is uit en uit beter dan die vrotte plaats.”

It was now “Lombard-street to a China orange,” that Godlonton and White would be quoted, as authority—or the Kat River settlement held up as a pattern of neatness, prosperity and Greek education—that model farm “of which ‘it may be truly said, in the words of the poet, all but the ‘spirit of man is divine.’” And hark to them now.—They are singing the praises of some great writer evidently:—

“Ja, hy kan goed praat, een predikant kan het nie beter stel nie!”

“Ha,” said another, “I once took down a speech of his, and I can ne'er forget his words: ‘Think, my enlightened auditors,’ he said, ‘of the future proud position of this scarce known landscape, when a mighty city shall have reared its towering minarets and classic domes on the soft and reedy margin of this flowing stream,—when many a ‘light bark,’ with snowy sail adorned,

“Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm,”

shall sport o'er its blue wave; and where now a lone and distant desert plain is spread in melancholy silence, the clang of men and joyous sound of revelry shall ring through the wide and hospitable halls of your descendants, a people happy in their worth, and proud of their descent from an unblemished ancestry!"

And now luncheon was over,—if that should be called luncheon, which comprised such delicacies as—*dindons aux truffes*—*pâté de foie gras*—*côtelettes en papillote*—*champagne*—*Schloss Johannisberger*—*parfait amour*—*maraschino*—et beaucoup de choses,—delicately served, and disposed of with energy and dispatch.

Here follows an anecdote :—

In the gay salons of the proud there met some weeks since a foxhunter and a high colonial Functionary;—the conversation turned upon the sporting establishment at D'Urban,—the resort of the witty and the gay.

"Well, really," said the fox-hunter, "I must complain of yesterday's dinner at D'Urban. We had no *truffles*."

"Faith," said the Functionary "when I was last at D'Urban, the devil a *potatoe* even could I get!"

A flat race was then run. The horses galloped as their riders shook the reins, and the goal was reached,—the race was short, and so is my description.

A bagged fox is now brought on the course: every pedestrian climbed on the back of every vehicle,—every mounted man pressed forward,—some before the hounds, and those that knew better behind them.

"The Master" blew his horn, and the little dogs assumed an attitude of anxiety, mingled with a tinge of embarrassment,—for the concourse was considerable, and the hour late. Then he who held the bag let slip the fox from the rear of a casual ale cask. Reynard sprung towards the plain, passing the immediate obstacles in the *champagne* country, where the pic-nic parties still continued operations; and having attempted to earth in a *plate-basket*,—from which he was dislodged by a *tarlet volant*,—he made play towards the "Simon's Town Mail," and, passing under the pole, made a slight detour round a dozen of pale-ale *à vendre*, when being startled by a delft dish which had been broken on the wheel, he took a cast by a Hottentot herdsman picking a shoulder blade of lamb, and shunning two bread carts, a buggy, and some boers *al fresco*, went off at about sixteen miles an hour over the crest of the hill.

“Kyk daar die vos!” said Andries, P. zoon, leaping to his saddle, and after him he went, amidst convulsions of laughter.

The hounds were now laid on—and straight they went to a venison pasty beside that carriage with the ancient crest—the sun winking, gules, behind the pyramids of Egypt, argent:—motto

“It is an ill bird that—gathers no moss.”

They then pursued the scent—of the Hottentot with the bone,—but, being quickly whipped off, first having done the same on their part with the above fossil remains, they settled down to their work;—their music sounding cheerfully as they cleared the crowd—and caught the *scent veritable*.

“Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro,” and sudden mountings inconceivable but grand. The jockey in his gay cap and jacket—the visitors male and female—the farmer—the Totty and the groom—scouring across the field in a manner highly ludicrous and totally unprecedented—and when this vast incongruous band had galloped up this side of the hill we suppose they galloped down the other—and eventually caught the fox—for they returned with his brush; and it was added to the trophies of the season that deck the walls of the D'Urban Club. And next the shaven pig is seen to scud, with all the energy of despair, towards his happy sty, amidst the cheers of the bystanders, and closely followed by the swift of foot, the fleetest amongst whom should have him as his prize.

Poor *sus domesticus* got well away, and quickly cleared the course;—for many an unlucky wight who strove in vain to stop and hold him, measured his full length upon the ground. However, being blown, he was finally tripped up and held *en derrière* in proper form, by the jaw bone of an aspiring herdsman, whose avidity dispelled any lingering delicate compunctions.

The day's sport was now ended—and those who took the pains to afford so much amusement, must feel pleased at the remembrance of the happy faces around them, from the wealthy owner of the showy carriage to the poor laborer who seldom comes into the presence of his superior—more seldom into contact with him.

“The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete.

Plebeians must surrender,
 And yield so much, to noble folk,
 It is combining fire with smoke
 Obscurity with splendor."

And yet the poor feel grateful if the line of demarcation be a little waived on such occasions, and they learn that those who appear to them to toil not, neither to spin, can meet them upon equal terms, to laugh, and joke, and play as gaily as the merriest among them all.

My sketch is at an end—good bye.

"OMNIBUS."



THE NEW REGIME.

WHEN our last accounts left Europe, the new French Republic had nearly passed the first six months of its existence;—the immediate results to France are no longer matter of question. Probably no one of the nine hundred deputies who constitute the National Assembly of the Republic, communing with his own heart, would at this moment say, that France is more prosperous, and holds a higher position among nations, than she did in January last,—that her people are happier, or her government founded upon a basis more sure and durable. Nay, it may be fairly questioned, whether the fondest enthusiasts, who saw in the revolution of February the rising of the sun of freedom, can now look with very complacent eyes upon the landscape which their idol has revealed: or can expect that, when the deluge of blood has subsided, and the messenger of peace has been sent forth from the ark, he will return with an olive branch, to gladden the hearts of an enfranchised people. The voices that prophesied peace and contentment as the certain results of the late movement, are silent now. In the six months which have passed since the deposition of Louis Philippe, and the formation of the French Republic, the vicissitudes have been so strange—the vagaries of popular will so unaccountable—that no one now dares to conjecture, what a day may bring forth in France.

Four successive arrivals in this colony have presented these four successive pictures:—The National Assembly, the chosen of "the people," making laws for France with the confidence of an established government; the sovereignty

of "the people" threatened by that mere shadow of a name, Louis Napoleon; "the people" itself in arms, asserting its supremacy over all government and over all law; the power of "the people" quelled by the arm of a military dictator, who had, in the interim, ascended the throne, though, happily, not with the ambition of Napoleon. Under these circumstances, it would require presumption or foresight to which we lay no claim, to say what the opening of the fifth seal is likely to reveal.

But there is no presumption in saying that the day of tranquillity for France is, in all human probability, very distant. If, therefore, the great event which will make 1848 the most remarkable year of the nineteenth century affected France alone, a prudent man might well leave its consideration to the historians who shall write in centuries to come. But there is a lesson to be learned from the present aspect of France, which contemporary politicians cannot wisely pass by; and thus it is that the Tritons of Europe and the minnows of South Africa must have their say on the last French Revolution.

In our last we adverted to the salient events which had distinguished the history of France, from the overthrow of the throne in February, to the meeting of the National Assembly in May. It would be a disheartening and unprofitable task to pursue the same course with regard to the two months which followed; events have succeeded one another with such rapidity, and have been so marvellous in their character, that one cannot follow them with as much certainty as the first development of the new democratic movement. But, in order to understand, as far as may be, the present position of affairs in France, it may be well to revert for a moment to that earlier period of the Republic of which we have already treated.

The proximate causes of the Revolution were never very mysterious. A party long debarred from political power, and seeing no constitutional means of regaining the position which they had lost, sought to identify themselves with the interests of the people. Such devices are unhappily too often successful; and the present case formed no exception. But the leaders of the liberal party, in this case, had to deal with an excitable people, and did not guess the limit to which they might go, but beyond which they could not venture. The horses bolted, upset the coach, and deposited the drivers in the ditch, from the mud of which they have not yet

emerged ; left to themselves, with the reins snapped, and the traces broken, the team have not yet expended the effervescence of their frenzy.

The comparison is "somewhat musty:" but it is the best that can be found. As the uproar subsided, fate, or chance, or providence—call it how you will,—placed at the head of affairs, the men who formed the late provisional government. It mattered little who or what they were : Lamartine perhaps saved Europe from war : and certainly, by his fervid eloquence, stilled for a time the passions of the multitude : but the character of the government could not stay the one great effect of the Revolution : superhuman wisdom could not have checked it : nor could absolute fatuity, in the government, have added to its force. The moral of the movement was declared when the provisional government proclaimed, that "the Revolution which was made by the people was made for the people."

If any conscientious printer should hereafter collect the decrees of the provisional government, and, shocked at the abuse of terms, should append thereto, a long list of *errata*, none would be of more frequent occurrence than "for *people* read *mob*." With this substitution the above passage might be freely interpreted as follows : "The Revolution has been made by the mob, and the mob will have the benefit of it : " that was the decree of the Briarean monster, and the provisional government dutifully pronounced "Amen!"

Of the new power thus erected in the place of royalty, we traced the earlier history two months ago. To that narrative thus much only remains to be added : there was a mob in the provinces as well as in Paris. But as we are told that "wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together : " all those throughout France who belonged to the class which made the Revolution, and was accordingly entitled to live by it, thronged to Paris.

Any child may see that the government could not feed these men for ever ; and that the cloud which was gathering over France must burst at length ; but in the mean time the mob thus collected divided itself into two great classes—those who, if liberally paid, were willing to do something for the money ; and those who demanded idleness as well as food. In process of time the former class were transformed into the *National Garde Mobile*, and the latter—the *ouvriers*—established themselves in the *ateliers nationaux*.

Such was the state of things which we formerly depicted—

looking forward to the time when the resources of the government would be no longer available to support the latter class at least. That time has since arrived. The National Assembly met; it amused itself by making laws and breaking them; devising constitutions and tinkering them; until at length the day came, when bread was wanting for the roaring multitude. Then, like king Canute, it said to the billows, "you have reached your limit;" and the billows washed out the boundary line. It could serve no useful purpose to describe the excesses which were then committed by a mob pampered for five months and at length starving. The flag of the republic was displayed upon the one side; the ominous motto *du pain ou la mort* figured upon the other; and a copious blood-letting has, for the present, eased the fever of France.

The sickening details of the late contest which has, for a time, prostrated the *ouvrier* party in Paris, and placed General Cavaignac on the dictatorial throne, we do not care to describe. But there is one scene so strikingly emblematic of the principles which animated the combatants,—so remarkably characteristic of the entire contest,—that we cannot pass it over. After a three days struggle disgraced by scenes of horror, which our Kafir neighbours would find it difficult to exceed—of which the lightest was the wholesale slaughter of prisoners, and the worst, the sale of poisoned wine by fiends in female form—an aged man, a minister of religion, went forth to carry a message of peace to the insurgents. He was a man to whom the devout looked up with reverence, and of whom the evil spoke no word of ill; for his unobtrusive goodness and religious zeal were such, that no man was so degraded as not to feel for him something of respect. By these virtues he had risen to the high position of Head of the Church in France; and he now went forth, not charged with any message from the ruling powers, but influenced only by his own pure love of peace, and by the solemn obligation which his sacred calling had imposed upon him, to endeavour to win back a misguided people to a sense of their duties to their God and to their country. But, alas! it is not in such moments that the voice of religion and of reason speaks profitably to mankind. While the venerable prelate spoke the words of peace, the arm was raised which was to smite him down; the deadly weapon was levelled against him; the shot was fired; and he fell,—the victim of his own holy zeal—the representative of violated law, and abandoned faith.

The frightful conflict still progressed; the voice of order was still unheard; the brave soldiers still perished before the withering fire of the concealed assassins. "The people," however, were at length subdued, and the contest ended by a military triumph.

This is undoubtedly matter of congratulation; but we must not estimate too highly the advantage gained. It is a gain, no doubt, that the turbulent faction which so lately ruled Paris, has been silenced for a time, and that a sort of government is substituted for the power of the mob. But the question is, not what France has gained in the last ten days, but what in the last six months? That is the question which the people and states of Europe have to consider. Does the six months' experience of French Republicanism warrant the adoption of the same system of government by other nations?

We look not to theoretical principles, but to practical results. Liberty is a high-sounding term, but we know that it is, perhaps, the most abused word in the language of mankind. All men are, or should be, born free; and all men should be jealous of any encroachment on their freedom, whether it be by king or mob. But where no man's life is safe; where no citizen ever lays his head upon his pillow at night, with the certainty of finding it on his shoulders the next morning; where the forms of government change daily and all are equally despotic; where the subject never knows to what authority he owes obedience;—that is not liberty. The tradesman freely enjoying the profits of his dealings, his shop crowded with customers from foreign countries as well as from his own, eating in peace the bread that he has earned, and exercising without control his political privileges,—and the same man with his house closed, in fear of a metropolitan mob, or perhaps gutted by its violence,—which is the freer of the two? This is the condition of the Parisian tradesman, before and since the subversion of the throne. And this is only a class. The poor man who hoarded his scanty earnings and deposited them in the savings' bank, now finds them confiscated by the Minister of Finance; the landed proprietor who "lived at home at ease," now lives abroad in penury—because his very wealth has made him odious in a disorganized country—and bewails the birth of this theoretical freedom; nay, the very workman who then lived by the sweat of his brow, and now has but lately learned that the Republic can only feed him with cannon-balls,—what is he the better?

The Revolution was made for him. Is he a happier, a better, or a wiser man than he was in January last ?

What class *has* gained in freedom ? There is no answer to the question. With the institutions of the country has been necessarily overturned the freedom of all classes of the people. They have indeed made their liberty a cloak for licentiousness, and now they are reaping the bitter fruits of their recent wickedness and folly.

They talk also of equality. It is in the name of equality, in conjunction with liberty and fraternity, that the absolute Governor of France issues his decrees. But what a mockery ! The principle itself is an unsound one, that all men are born equal. Do away with all artificial distinctions, and there will at once spring up new aristocracies, formed of those men to whom nature has been most bountiful in her various gifts ; there will be the aristocracy of strength, the aristocracy of health, and above all the aristocracy of intellect ; and to these will necessarily be added the aristocracy of wealth. All men might be made equal as regards wealth, by passing a new agrarian law every month, and restoring to the drunkard the land which his sober and industrious neighbour had purchased from him. But even in spite of this injustice, there would still remain the inequalities of nature's making, which the hand of man would strive in vain to level.

But no such attempt has been made in France, notwithstanding all the talk of equality. Since the Republic was formed, no approach has been made to it, or attempted ; and, as for the present, there does not exist in Europe a more absolute despotism, than that with which the National Assembly has clothed General Cavaignac. Nor has he scrupled, in the moment of his triumph, to take measures which Louis Philippe never dreamt of. Placing Paris in a state of siege, and suppressing the free expressions of public opinion through the press, are acts which the people of Paris would never have tolerated from their king, but which they humbly sanction and submit to, when emanating from the autoeratic head of their misnamed democratic Republic.

They boast, too, of brotherhood—these men who butcher one another like sheep—pump turpentine into each other's houses—pour vitriol on each other's heads—and, Judas-like, present murder in a glass of wine. The soldiers of the Republic fix their bayonets, and charge in the name of fraternity ; in the same name the rebel shoots down his brother from the loop-hole of a barricade. And their admirers point to them as the greatest people in the world, and quote their

deeds as illustrations of what men may do when nerved to their work by the sacred cause of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

We do not seek to look into the future: the complication of events in French history has been so strange lately, that the would-be prophet must be a bold man indeed. Arguing from analogy merely, we would say, that a year will scarcely pass away, before we see some constitutional monarch on the throne of France. But we trust that this will not be before the principle of Republicanism has been tried in all its phases, so that France may present to the world a warning not likely to be forgotten.

We do not seek, therefore, to look into the future, but, rather, to gather wisdom from the past. From the events which occurred in Paris last February, a spirit has spread through Europe, which has been felt in every country, and by every government in that part of the world. It has had different effects in different countries; but it has had in all (England, Russia, and Belgium alone excepted) the effect of disorganizing all existing systems of government, of shaking the subject's faith in the authority of his rulers, and of imparting to the masses a desire of extended political power. In Naples and Sicily the scenes of Paris have been almost re-enacted; the temporal authority of the Sovereign Pontiff has received a check; the provinces of Lombardy have rebelled against the rule of Austria; the Germans are philosophizing and theorizing over their beer, and dreaming of the re-construction of the German Empire; two provinces of Denmark have asserted their independence, under the patronage of Prussia;—in short, all the countries of Europe have felt the shock of the late French Revolution.

Again, therefore, arises the question:—has France gained so much that other countries should follow her example: or is Europe likely to be a great gainer by so doing? Nothing has been gained as yet: that is admitted on all hands. But are the relations of society more satisfactorily fixed and determined than they were before the movement?

If England and France may be taken as representing the two principles of constitutional monarchy and democracy, there can be little doubt which way the verdict of the world will be given. In the one the cause of the people is served by practical legislation, in the other by theoretical discussion. We hear nothing in England about the *right* of the poor man to labor, but the legislature has provided for him an asylum, when labor fails. We do not aim at impossi-

bilities, but endeavour to secure practical good. We studiously eschew interference with the institutions of foreign countries : we have no "mission" to proselytize the world. The welfare of our own people is the object of our government. And thus it is, that while the French are inventing new constitutions and splitting straws on the disputed points of political philosophy, the legislators of Britain are engaged in providing the poor with baths, washhouses, clean and ventilated dwellings, hospitals, and workhouses ; in promoting the health of towns and factories ; in regulating the commerce of the country, and seeking to cheapen the necessaries of life for the poor ; in regulating the terms and duration of their labor : in relaxing severe enactments passed in feudal ages for the benefit of the rich ; and in promoting institutions for the intellectual culture and improvement of the laboring classes.

They are short-sighted, indeed, who see in these points of difference only the differences of character between two nations. Our character is the result of our institutions, even if it be also in some degree the cause of them. They act and re-act on one another. The classes of our society are distinct, and each attends to its own business. Our *ouvriers* are to be found in the fields, and at the loom—not in the legislature ; our legislators are taken from those classes whom time and leisure have supplied with the means of political study and instruction ; we have no jacks of all trades and masters of none in our parliaments ; and by leaving to each man his own proper functions, we have arrived at the happy result, that, for mere mortals as we are, all is done tolerably well.

The deduction which we would draw from these facts is, that, notwithstanding all the philosophical and philanthropic theories to the contrary, the government of a country is not safely committed to the masses of the people. History furnishes no instance of its success : and the experience of the present day is clearly in favor of those countries in which the traditional reverence for ancient institutions has been preserved intact : in which the relation of class to class has been undisturbed : and the business of legislation is confided to those whose comparative wealth is the probable guarantee of superior intelligence and education. When the present storm shall have swept over Europe, and the events of 1848 shall have become matter of history, the moral which the world will learn from them will be, that the people enjoy the greatest amount of real liberty under a constitutional and limited monarchy.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

 De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.

We shall be expected, probably, to say a few words about the two new books on the Cape.

We have read with pleasure Mrs. Ward's work entitled, *Five years in Kafirland*: and we are inclined to believe, from the remarks which we have heard and read upon the book, that its object has not been properly understood, by many readers. Mrs. Ward's intention appears to have been, to present a plain unvarnished narrative of the events, which she actually witnessed during a five years' residence on the frontier of this colony. She very generally leaves her readers to draw their own deductions from the facts with which she supplies them; and if she do occasionally express opinions on matters of policy, which could not but force themselves on the attention of any resident in the country, it is not necessary that the narrative should be depreciated, because the politics may not engage the sympathies of the reader. The *value* which we find in this book is, that it appears to afford a faithful and honest description of what passed under the eye of the authoress; and while we regret, that her opportunities of observation were not greater, we are thankful for the glimpse of truth. Every one, who is placed in a position to watch the progress of events in which the world takes interest, may render a service to society, by preserving such a record of facts, and if, like all human compositions, such a work should be found not free from faults, we must be content to take the tares with the wheat, especially where we find the latter most plentiful. In the present instance, there was especial need of such a narrative, because the subject has been somewhat obscured by contrary representations; and for ourselves, we feel the fullest faith in the truthfulness of Mrs. Ward's relation, and recommend it on that ground to our readers.

But the *pleasure* which we have felt in reading this book, is not derived from this source alone. Mrs. Ward has long been known as an elegant and accomplished writer, and it was with satisfaction that, during her short residence in Cape Town, we were enabled to afford the readers of this Magazine an opportunity of judging of her pleasing style. Her Kafir experiences are recorded with the pen of a practised writer, and the fine scenery of the frontier, not yet hack-

neyed by the descriptions of numerous tourists, afforded a fertile subject of her delineation. The following extract will show that there may be something picturesque in a march in Kafirland; and it would be no loss, if all whose ill fortune it may be, to sojourn in a country which does not greatly abound in the sweets of society or the comforts of domestic life, would adopt Mrs. Ward's plan, of looking at the sunny side of the picture.

“Comparative quiet and much order now reigned in the camp. Every tent became more clearly defined as the evening advanced, and the sky formed a darker background for the moon, the stars, and refulgent comet. Round the fires were assembled groups of soldiers, women resting themselves, as they call it, poor creatures with babies on their knees. Hottentots playing their rude violins, and merry voices joining in the chorus led by neighbouring singers. Sounds of mirth issued from the tents of others, and the steam of savoury soup gave evidence of the proximity of the mess-tent and the talents of “Little Paddy Farrell.”—the incomparable cook. Dinner there was always late, the officers never sitting down to solace themselves with good cheer, till their men had been well cared for, and their different positions established for the night. Now and then the brazen tongue of a bugle intruded its call upon the stillness of the hour, and helped to disperse the groups gathered round the fire for a time, till, their duty, to which it had summoned them, being done, they either returned to the social circle they had left or secured a corner in a tent “licensed to hold fifteen inside” to sleep in. Gradually the voices of the singers became mute; the feeble cries of sleepy infants superseded the monotonous tones of the Hottentot fiddles. Snoring “matches” seemed to be “got up” as it were between sundry waggon-drivers and their neighbours, they having their mats spread under the waggons; the peals of laughter among the revellers became less frequent and at length ceased altogether. The fires grew dim, and the moon and her companions in the sky alone lit up the scene, tents were closed and the sound of the last bugle died away in the hushed night air, leaving all silent, peaceful, and at rest.”

Mr. Nicholson's book,—*The Cape and its Colonists*—is professedly issued as a Guide to Emigrants in 1848. We fear that Mr. Nicholson has undertaken this task without weighing its responsibilities and importance; and having himself emigrated imprudently, and given way too easily before discouraging circumstances. Mr. Nicholson is one of a too numerous class, who had been induced to settle at the Cape from the too favorable representations of ignorant persons in England, aided by a work* of which he justly complains, and by which too many immigrants have been similarly deluded. Expecting to find South Africa a perfect El Dorado,

* Chase's Cape of Good Hope.

he left his own country in 1843, and, on his arrival at the Cape, proceeded at once to a farm which he had become possessed of, in the district of Graaff-Reinet. We quote a few sentences from the chapter containing his descriptions of a farmer's life :—

“ On taking a survey of my location, I found my house a tolerable one, containing four rooms, provided with the usual mud-floors, but having the unusual luxury of reed ceilings ; and my farm consisted of about 35,000 acres of mountain and plain, with the reputation of being one of the best in the district. The extent of my possession may appear, to English readers, enormous ; but such farms are common in the colony. The property cost about 2000*l.*, and is calculated to carry about 7000 or 6000 sheep, 400 head of oxen, and a troop of horses, in ordinary seasons ; but this district is, as well as most others in the colony, subject, although to a mitigated extent, to those terrible droughts which happen about once in seven years, and prevail for perhaps two or three years in succession ; and on the occurrence of such a visitation, so great an amount of stock would overburthen the place, and probably some loss would be sustained by deaths, were the flocks and herds confined within the limits of such a territory.”

* * *

“ With considerable difficulty, I at length succeeded in getting three Hottentots to take charge of the three flocks my sheep were divided into, and another to look after the cattle. Their wages were nominally about 18*s.* a month each, but in addition to this, I had to find bread, corn, and meat for themselves and their numerous broods, and to make an allowance of tobacco, besides giving them pasturage for their little flocks of goats and sheep. The business of a herdsman in this country is this : in the morning, he starts into the hills with his flock, and remains wandering all day, until near sun-down, keeping it as much together as possible, to prevent the loss of stragglers, which are soon destroyed by panthers, hyænas, and jackalls ; and about that time he returns with his charge to the homestead, and secures them in their pen for the night.

“ It is impossible to allow the sheep to remain out after dark, on account of the wild animals ; and in stormy weather my walled pens, although well bushed at the top, and above six feet high, did not sufficiently protect me from great losses by the hyænas, which, on such occasions, would often jump over and kill sheep, and sometimes carry one off in their mouths.”

* * *

“ On counting over his flock in the evening, if the farmer misses any sheep, the usual practice is to scold the herdsman, and send him off in search of the strayers. He sometimes, it is true, recovers some of the missing, but is in general quite careless whether he does so or not, as he knows his master cannot dismiss him, in consequence of the difficulty in filling up his place, and the loss sustained during the time consumed in the search for a successor.

“Thus it is that the sheep-farmer is at the mercy of these fellows, whose few wants render them very independent of service.”

* * *

“I defy any one to name me one sheep-farmer in the Eastern Province, (depending on the profits of his farm,) who is either contented with the results of his farming, or is not grievously indebted to his storekeeper, except among the old-established and primitive Dutch families, who spend no money in manufactures, and have but little to spend had they the habit.

“This rotten state of things is unfortunately general through the colony, and is more conspicuously evident in Albany, which is inhabited in a great measure by English, and which has been more written upon and praised in respect of its pastoral superiority than any other part of the colony.”

Disappointed and disgusted, Mr. Nicholson quitted his farm, and, after an apparently hurried tour through the other districts, left the colony. His disappointment led him to form as incorrect an idea of the capabilities of the colony as Mr. Chase had done before him—though in a different direction. He believes the colony incapable of improvement. In everything which, at first sight, appears beneficial, he finds some defect. Immigration into a thinly-peopled country; the improvement of internal communication in a country singularly unfavored by nature in this respect;—these and such apparent improvements, Mr. Nicholson pronounces out of place at the Cape. We cannot, therefore, recommend this book as a guide to emigrants; but as there is much of truth in it, we have no wish to part with its author in ill-humor. We, therefore, close our notice by quoting the following pleasant account of the village of Stellenbosch:—

“The village of that name is beautiful, and is, as usual, laid out in regular lines. The streets and squares are planted with rows of trees, which afford a grateful shade; and water everywhere abounds. In its gardens all the colonial fruits and many tropical productions flourish; and on the sides of the surrounding mountains, and in the valleys known as Jonker’s Hock and Waggon-maker’s Valley, the large and even elegant homesteads of the wine-farmers are met with in great numbers. An easy ride of three hours from Stellenbosch conveys the traveller to the Paarl Village, which is probably one of the best built and prettiest in the world. A great quantity of wine is made here; the best kinds are very good, and some of them much resemble those of southern Spain. Not far on the other side of the village of Stellenbosch, the valley of the Eerste River extends for some miles, and is thickly occupied by some of the richest colonial Dutch wine farmers now remaining, who live in a style seldom met with in other parts of the colony.”

There are two new novels, by the two most distinguished contemporary writers of fiction, which require notice. The first is—*Harold: the Last of the Saxon Kings*, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. This book belongs to the highest class of its author's novels, and will at once remove from his reputation the stain left upon it by his last preceding work—*Lucretia: or the Children of the Night*. There is, indeed, very little of fiction in this historical novel. The characters are almost all among those which we have read of in history, amplified and familiarized to our view, as is effected by Shakspeare, in his historical and legendary dramas. Upon the character of Harold the greatest care has evidently been bestowed by the author, and the creation is certainly a master-piece. The description of the effect of the first almost involuntary falsehood tainting Harold's noble mind with suspicion and distrust, is finely conceived and well worked out. The minor characters—William of Normandy, Edward the Confessor, the pagan soothsayer, &c.—are all depicted with the hand of an artist. Nor is the stage on which these characters move unworthy of them. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is always happy in *costume*, but never more so than in the present instance; and we are only prevented from extracting some tempting specimens, by the consideration that this book will be read, not only by every reader of fiction, but by every student of history. We would mention the description of the old Roman house converted into a Saxon dwelling, and the account of the meeting of the Witam-a-genote as among the most remarkable instances of what we here allude to.

The other work of which we promised to speak, is—*Sir Theodore Broughton; or Laurel Water*,—by G. P. R. James. It is unquestionably a successful work, and displays most of Mr. James's well known peculiarities of style most favorably. It is also more original than any of Mr. James's late works, in which the author has been somewhat too fond of copying from himself. We have, however, one great complaint to make against this novel, namely—that it is one of that too numerous class of fictions, which tend to the glorification of crime. We will always protest against works of this class, which we hold to be both injurious in their tendency, and false in their delineation of human nature.

Sensible men are apt to doubt the existence of such beings as interesting highwaymen, and philosophical murderers; and certainly to deny the propriety of investing crime with a

morbid and fictitious interest, by the prominent representation of all its more alluring features, and the studied concealment of its darker hues. It is the more necessary to condemn such a course at the present moment, because the adoption of it among our writers of fiction is becoming day after day more general. Sir Bulwer Lytton was, with his *Lucretia*, the coryphæus of the band; Mr. James, who seems to have striven hardest to steer clear of the current, has at length given way, and is now most happy in his description of midnight murders, and robberies on the king's highway; Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, has long since earned a reputation in this style of writing, and revels with undisputed sovereignty in the adventures of Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard; Mr. Herbert, one of the most rising novelists of the day, has given in his adhesion to the general doctrine, that the glorification of crime is the legitimate vocation of the novelist, and, after abandoning for a time the task of original composition, in order to devote himself to the translation of the French monstrosities of M. Eugène Sue, has only resumed it, to give in his last work (*The Roman Traitor*,) a picture of such atrocious, yet exalted wickedness, as it is to be hoped never really existed on the face of the earth. Mrs. Gore employs her fashionable pen in depicting the fashionable vices of the age; a new novelist of extraordinary power, the author of *Whitefriars* and *Cæsar Borgia*, is a disciple of the same school, and even Mr. Albert Smith, the cockney historian of the adventures of Mr. Ledbury, has not been able to withstand the general example, and has committed himself in a history of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, the poisoning lady of the 16th century.

Unfortunately the evil does not stop here: in the community of South Africa, indeed, it has as yet gone no further, but any one who has recently arrived from England, must be aware, that this species of writing has proved equally alluring to the lower and the higher class of society; penny publications, and half-penny romances, the authors of which imitate their betters in the laudable portraiture of *interesting crime*, are daily issuing from the press; every dead wall in London is covered with their advertisements; no low Sunday newspaper has a chance of success, without such assistance in the *literary* department; and the announcement of "the Blood-red Hand, or the Midnight Murderers, a drama of *thrilling interest*," is sufficient to fill with the rising disciples of depravity and crime, every six-penny theatre or saloon in the metropolis.

This is bad enough; but it is a far worse symptom of the unhealthy state of literary taste, and, by an immediate and direct consequence, of the state of society in general, when men possessed of high and undoubted powers of writing, men capable of exercising an influence on their contemporaries, and gaining for themselves a name which shall be remembered by posterity, condescend to pander to this depraved taste which they have themselves created.

This is the charge which we have to bring against Mr. James. He shares the fault with most other novelists of the present day. But as he is greater than most, he ought to be among the first to show a better example, and to restore a more healthy tone to this class of literature.

Notwithstanding all the faults of Sir Theodore Broughton, however, we can scarcely forgive Mr. Richardson for not sending us out *The Castle of Ehrenstein*, *Russell*, and *The Convict*; and to shew that our admiration for our old favorite is undiminished, we have extracted the following passage from the work before us, which contains one of the most powerful pieces of description we remember to have met with from Mr. James's pen.

"In the mean time, the chambermaid went tripping along the passage, and pushed open a door which communicated with the other parts of the house. As she did so, she met the head waiter with a decanter half emptied in one hand, and a candle in the other; and they stopped in that snug corner to talk. I will not trouble myself or the reader with their conversation. Suffice it, that it was sufficient to show that a very intimate friendship existed between the two parties, for the waiter liberally offered the decanter to the lips of the fair, declaring it of the very best vintage in the cellar; and she, after having quaffed an inconvenient draught, snuffed the waiter's candle for him with the scissors which hung by her side, and threw the charred wick upon the ground. A step and a loud call from the landlord's own voice, caused them to part suddenly; and the swing door banged to after Betty, while John took another way down.

"I will pause behind that door, however, for a moment; and as no one passed it for many hours after, I shall not be disturbed while watching a small spot upon the floor, just on the left hand, within six inches from the skirting-board. It was just where the sides of two of the planks ought to have met; but the house was old, and they had shrunk from each other, leaving a crevice between, of half a finger's breadth in width. At first, after the chambermaid and waiter had separated and departed, nothing at all was to be seen, though a light from the court-yard found its way through the windows—a faint, feeble, lantern light, indeed, it was, for gas was not dreamed of. Steam too was in its infancy; and nobody was aware that one day we should gain the brightest light and the swiftest motion from the vapours which were blown up our chimneys or hissed out of our tea-kettles

“Presently, the feeble ray gleamed upon something, curling gracefully and slowly upwards from that spot, like the spirit of the Arabian tale out of his copper vessel. It seemed too small in volume indeed, ever to grow into a giant; but it did so, nevertheless, before it was done. For the time it was only a pale, bluish, spiral column, writhing itself up into the rays that came through the windows, and only growing visible when it reached their light. Then it sank away again, and was not seen for some minutes; and then arose somewhat thicker, while a faint smell of charred wood was perceptible near the spot.

“Nobody took any notice, however, for the odour penetrated no farther, and the light curling smoke was not perceived. Everybody was very busy, too, till every body went to bed, and then chance conducted them the other way. The waggoners and their parties had all gone to rest, before the people appointed to attend upon them took their road to their several dormitories by the court-yard and the stable; the guests from the better part of the house had no business in that passage, and their servants found their way to their rooms by the open galleries.

“Before one o’clock, all was quiet in the inn. At half-past two, a stage coach stopped, on its road to London, and the coachman, guard, and passengers supped there. A solitary, sleepy-headed youth was usually left by the kitchen fire, to attend upon the passing guests on their arrival; and at about a quarter past two, the horse-keeper woke him, on his way to open the great gates. The youth walked along a passage which led just under the swing door I have mentioned, and, as he went out to the hall, where the coach supper was laid, he left an outer door open behind him, through which the night wind wept cold. There was, by this time, a good deal of smoke in the upper passage; but it is wonderful how it increased after that door was opened. Nevertheless, not a speck of fire was visible; and the coach arrived, the passengers supped, the fresh horses were put to, and on it went, leaving the weary ostler and sleepy waiter to seek their mews, without remarking either smell or smoke.

“Half an hour elapsed, which brought the night to half-past three; and then a faint, red, ill-defined glow might be seen upon the flooring in extent not much bigger than a man’s hand, and the smoke became thick, the smell overpowering towards that end of the passage. But there was no one sleeping in the rooms adjacent, and the wind blew the other way towards the swing door, underneath which, however, the smothering vapour was now creeping fast. The red patch extended slowly—more slowly and quietly than can be conceived; and about four o’clock, a faint glimmering flash rose through the dense cloud, and passed away; but the moment after, a red line began to creep along the skirting-board, at first very slowly, then more quickly but it was stopped by the framework of a door leading to an empty room. It crept round the moulding, spotting it with patches of fire; and a crackling sound was heard. Another blaze then broke through the smoke, and, like one of the sudden illuminations which succeed a display of artificial fireworks, the whole wainscot, and part of the floor, displayed lines of flame. A roaring sound might now be heard; but every one was sound asleep, and the progress of the fire in the passage was more fardy than might have been supposed. The smoke seemed to choke it; for there was a door at either end, and

the supply of air was not sufficient to hurry it on rapidly. At length however, the swing door was burned completely through, about half-past four ; and then the advance of the conflagration was rapid indeed.

“Three minutes after, a door was suddenly thrown open, and Colonel Lutwich rushed out, shouting loudly, ‘Fire! Fire!’ while he made his way to a large bell-rope which he had seen hanging at the head of the stairs. The next instant the alarm was sounded loud and rapidly, and, careless of his own safety, Lutwich hurried along, knocking violently at different doors, and still shouting ‘Fire!’ ”

Several other books have arrived in the colony, which we would have wished to have noticed ; but the taste for reading is evidently on the increase in Cape Town, and we have not yet been able to obtain a sight of them. We must not however, omit to remark, that the last batch sent out by Mr. Richardson, is a very favorable contrast to the usual supplies.

AGENTS IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

At <i>Graham's Town</i> ,.....	Mr. J. JAFFRAY.
„ <i>Port Elizabeth</i> ,	„ W. RING.
„ <i>Swellendam</i> ,.....	„ G. RATTRAY.
„ <i>The Paarl</i> ,	„ I. J. DE VILLIERS.
„ <i>Stellenbosch</i> ,.....	„ P. J. KORSTEN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents not otherwise applied to, will find communications lying for them at the Printing Office.

UXORIOUS.—We have received no less than three other poetical communications of the same character, some of which, as far as the merits of the poetry are concerned, we would gladly have printed. But the lines entitled “*Woman's Love*,” were received by us in the ordinary course of correspondence, and we had no idea that they were to be made the subject of any controversy, either public or private. We see no advantage in prolonging any such controversy, and are therefore under the necessity of declining our correspondent's obliging offer.

P. D. P.—Is declined with thanks.

THESPIA.—The subject is more suited for the Newspapers: but we shall be happy to afford any assistance in our power, should the attempt be made.

E. G. S.—Lazarus.

A. F.—We do not insert theological articles.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, care of Messrs. VAN DE SANDT DE VILLIERS & Co., No. 2, Castle-street, Cape Town.

No. X, will be published on FRIDAY, the 1st December: and will complete the *Second Volume*.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

LITERARY MAGAZINE

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No. 10.

ON THE SOURCES OF SHAKSPERE'S PLOTS.

The particular class of writers who have devoted their attention and ingenuity to the illustration of the works of SHAKSPERE, have probably received as little attention in this colony as any class whatever. The poet himself can scarcely be said to be well known here:—and it is not difficult to divine the reason. In England people generally become acquainted with Shakspeare on the stage before they study him in the closet. All the accessories of art and intelligence, which the painter, the machinist, the actor, are enabled to supply, instead of casting into the shade the literary beauties of the play, only set them off more brilliantly, and the spectator returns home to become a reader, and to discover new beauties at every fresh perusal. Here we have not this opportunity. Yet it will justly be deemed a disgrace to any man who shall be found ignorant of the works of the greatest writer in the literature of the world, and we may hope that the new spirit which has, of late years, infused itself into Shaksperian criticism in England, will not fail to create an interest here, and that here also the works of the great poet may be made subjects of study, of reflection, of instruction.

Among those to whom the works of Shakspeare are subjects of habitual study, no point connected with the poet's life or writings is without its interest. The present paper will be devoted to the elucidation of a topic, which those, who do not read the poet's works critically, are generally content to leave unnoticed, but which is, nevertheless, of no inconsiderable interest, whether considered as intimately connected with the writings of Shakspeare, or as illustrative of the literature of his remarkable era.

At one period in the history of Shaksperian criticism, it was remarkably fashionable to decry the genius of the poet,

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on the ground of want of originality. Shakspeare, to be sure, was a dramatist of some repute—knew something about nature—and, though slightly prosy, now and then, understood a little about stage effect; yes, when his plays had undergone a trifling polishing by Dryden, or a revision by Nahum Tate, or had had some pompous lines foisted into them by Colley Cibber, they went down well enough with the *soi-disant* men of taste;—"the old bard" was "a clayver man" undoubtedly,—that has been left on record by Lord Frederick Verisopht, an authority not to be despised; he quite overpowered the lady of Cadogan-place,—but alas! "Bill was an adapter."

The fact stated in those four words was a treasure indeed, to a class of critics, who viewed their author not with the reverence which was his due, but with a kind of malignant envy, which is now scarcely intelligible. Like the puppy-dog, who published the account of the deceased lion at Exeter 'Change, they came to the conclusion,

"That the lion was no such great things after all.
Though he roared pretty well—this the puppy allows—
It was all, he says, borrowed,—all second-hand roar,
And he greatly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour."

Accordingly, when the admiration of a plain man, for the great poet, would sometimes escape in words, the answer was always ready. Did you admire a noble speech? "Oh, God bless you, sir, that's not Shakspeare's—that's word for word from Holinshed." Or was it a powerful dialogue, or sharp retort, which engaged your attention? "Oh yes, very fine! that's suggested by a similar passage in Jack Drum's Entertainment." Or was your commendation bestowed upon the admirable arrangement of the incidents, and the powerful manner in which the catastrophe was produced? "Very true, it's wonderful! But we mustn't give Shakspeare more praise than he deserves—he had that direct from Lodge—or Greene." And thus, having adopted the statement of the said Robert Greene, that Shakspeare was "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers,"* they proceeded, as they thought, to strip him of his borrowed plumes.

* "There is an upstart crow, *beautified with our feathers*, that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only *shake-scene* in a country."—*Greene's Groats-worth of Wit*, 1592.—It is singular that in making this complaint Greene should have parodied a line from Shakspeare,

O tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide.

Henry VI., part III., a. 1, sc. 4.

We do not hear so much of this style of criticism now-a-days: but there is still a very general impression among superficial readers that Shakspeare, though a very great dramatist, was not an original writer,—not an inventive genius: that he displayed great skill in adapting stories to the stage, but that the stories themselves, the incidents, the characters, and the occasional reflections are not his own. It, therefore, becomes desirable that we should examine and judge for ourselves, to what extent Shakspeare was really indebted, for his language and incidents, to the obscure works to which we have been referred. This, until very lately, it was impossible for the general reader to do, inasmuch as the scarce tracts used by Shakspeare, in the composition of his dramas, mostly existed in the shape of *unique* copies in some of our public libraries, or in private collections, of course even less easily accessible. But at length a new era has commenced in Shaksperian criticism; and with the new era, new works have appeared in rapid succession; “new facts” and “further particulars”* on the life and writings of Shakspeare have made their appearance—facts of the utmost importance in connection with both subjects; two new critical editions of the poet’s works have issued from the press;† he has been made the hero of three novels; Mr. Charles Kemble has introduced him at court; and finally an association‡ has been formed for the express purpose of illustrating his plays, and reprinting all works, of his or of a former age, which have any connection, immediate or remote, with the English Drama, or the life and works of its greatest ornament.

It would naturally be supposed that such a society would turn its attention, in the first place, to the republication of those old plays, tracts, and poems, which were employed by Shakspeare as the foundations on which he reared his immortal works. Of this field for their labors they had, however, been deprived by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. J. P. Collier, who had already commenced his valuable work, entitled, “Shakespeare’s Library,” before the formation of the Shakespeare Society. The only works, therefore, of this character, which they have issued, are, “Timon, a Play, now first printed; edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce;” and “The First Sketch of Shakspeare’s Merry Wives of Windsor;

* New Facts concerning the Life and Works of Shakespeare, by J. P. Collier.

† By Messrs. Knight and Collier.

‡ The Shakespeare Society.

edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S. &c." to which the editor has added, by way of appendix, a collection of all the tales which bear any resemblance to the plot of the comedy.*

With regard to the first of these works, however, the reverend editor expresses considerable doubts as to Shakspeare's having ever seen a copy of the play,—from a perusal of which it will, at any rate, appear, that he was certainly not indebted to it in any great degree. Indeed, there is only one passage in the old play, which, even at first sight, renders it at all probable, that it was ever in Shakspeare's hands. This occurs at A. 4, Sc. 5, (page 75 of the reprint) answering to the banquet scene (A. 3, Sc. 6) of Shakspeare's play. The covers being removed, stones painted like artichokes are found on the dishes, which Timon throws at his guests. In Shakspeare, the dishes are filled with warm water, with which he sprinkles them; but the fourth lord, commenting on his conduct, says,

“ One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.”

Mr. Colliert† explains this by supposing, that Shakspeare was indebted to some other play, where the banquet was described as in that edited by Mr. Dyce, or that Shakspeare himself originally so described it, and in altering the stones to warm water, forgot the context. A more reasonable explanation would seem to be, that Shakspeare and the author of Mr. Dyce's MS. had recourse to a common original, and that the introduction of the stones was an oversight. But as Shakspeare's Timon throws the dishes at his guests, perhaps, after all, the passage requires no explanation.

We now come to Mr. Halliwell's edition of the “First Sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor,” which, as we have already noticed, contains, in an appendix, six tales, which the author is supposed to have used in the composition of this drama. The first of these is extracted from a work by Straparola; between it and the play the resemblance is wholly imaginary. The second, from “Il Pecoroue di Ser Giovanni Fiorentino,” certainly has more points of similarity; but we believe it, as well as the story of Nerino, Son of the King of Portugal, and certainly the extract from “The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers,” which was not published till 1632, sixteen years after the

* The Society has also printed the Taming of a Shrew, on which Shakspeare is supposed to have founded his Taming of the Shrew.

† Shakespeare, vol. 6, p. 503.

poet's death, must yield to "The Tale of the Two Lovers of Pisa." This story, which is also inserted in "Shakespeare's Library," is extracted from "Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatory," the whole of which work has been recently edited by Mr. Halliwell for the Shakespeare Society. The story alluded to occupies pp. 95—105 of this reprint. It furnishes us with a jealous husband made the confidant of his wife's lover, (who, however, is in this instance encouraged by the lady) and affords part of the adventure of the buck-basket; the rest of the incidents in this tale are adopted from Straparola's History of Nerino, with which its author was evidently familiar. As to the sixth tale inserted, viz., "The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford,"—that has not the most distant connection with the Comedy. Observe, in these bald "originals," we have no hint of the fat knight, no Mrs. Page, no Anne Page, no Dr. Caius, no Sir Hugh Evans, no Slender, no host of the Garter; nor is it unimportant to notice, that, in Shakspeare's play, intrigues with married women are not held up to admiration, nor is successful adultery treated as a merit, as in all the tales. Verily, Shakspeare will suffer little by comparison with "the sources of his plots."

We believe we have now noticed the only two reprints that have connection with this subject, with the exception of Mr. Collier's work, entitled, "Shakespeare's Library,—a Collection of the Romances, Novels, and Histories, used by Shakespeare as the Foundation of his Dramas." This very valuable work contains accurate reprints of the supposed originals of the following plays: The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Winter's Tale, As you like it, Hamlet, Pericles, Twelfth Night, Romeo and Juliet, All's well that ends well, The Merry Wives of Windsor, (being the extract from Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatory, already noticed,) Measure for Measure, The Merchant of Venice, Othello, King Lear, and Macbeth. But before we proceed to notice these, in connection with the romances, &c., on which they were founded, we may be allowed space for a few words on those plays which do not appear in the above list, viz., The Historical Plays, The Roman Plays, The Tempest, The Comedy of Errors, Much Ado about Nothing, Love's Labor's Lost, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Taming of the Shrew, Troilus and Cressida, Titus Andronicus, Timon of Athens, and Cymbeline.

The historical plays (with the single exception of King John, which was derived from a very inferior drama on the

same subject, entitled "The Troublesome Raigne of King John," printed in 1594, and reprinted in the "Six Old Plays,")* were, as every body knows, founded on Holinshed's Chronicle. In many instances, Shakspeare has contented himself with turning the prose of the chronicle into blank verse, retaining the order of the incidents and the characteristics of the dramatis personæ. This it was necessary that he should do in writing upon historical subjects, which were then comparatively recent, and with which his audience were probably tolerably well acquainted. But he has presented to us so vivid a picture of "York and Lancaster's long jars," as none but he could have presented. Without mixing up with the story the private interests of any imaginary hero, as is the practice of historical romancers, he has given us a work depending for its well-sustained interest on historical events, and on those alone; a work, too, throughout which we observe, at every turn, touches of the master hand,—as in the dialogue between Prince Henry and his father—the powerful protest of the insurgent nobles—the Chorusses to Henry V.—the Speech before Harfleur, before and after the battle of Agincourt—and those noble speeches of the dying York, which, forsooth, some enlightened critics believe to be the work of some old forgotten dramatist. It is needless to add, that glorious Jack Falstaff, with all his companions, is a creation of the poet; for who else could have created him?

The Roman plays, (by which title we designate *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*.) are similar adaptations of Sir T. North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives*.

* "Six old plays on which Shakspeare founded his *Measure for Measure*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *King John*, *King Henry IV.*, *King Henry V.*, and *King Lear*." This collection was made by Steevens. The *History of Promos and Cassandra*, which is given as the foundation of *Measure for Measure*, is a rhyming play, in two parts, each of five acts. It is very tedious, and there is reason to suppose that it was never acted. In 1582, its author, George Whitstone, turned the play into a novel, which is reprinted in *Shakspeare's Library*. *Measure for Measure* is supposed to have been written after 1600, so that Shakspeare may have employed either the play or the novel. The play given as the original of the *Comedy of Errors*, is Warner's translation of the *Menœchmi*. After the *Taming of a Shrew*, follows *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, which some commentators suppose to be the first sketch of Shakspeare's play. The second edition, printed in 1611, bears the initials "W. Sh." on the title page; but this was probably a contrivance to make the play sell, Shakspeare's popularity having been established at that date. Between the *Famous Victories of Henry V.* which follows, and Shakspeare's *Histories*, the connection is imaginary,—which is also, probably, the case with the *True Chronicle Historie of King Leir*. These were plays upon subjects well-known to the stage, and which were of course displaced when Shakspeare took the subjects in hand.

Being in their nature historical, they are composed on the same principle as the English historical plays, and as North and Holinshed are followed with equal accuracy, so the Roman and English histories present the same beauties and the same defects.

Hitherto no original has been found for the *Tempest*, certainly one of the most delightful of Shakespere's dramas. It has been generally supposed to be a version of some old Italian novel; and Warton* says, that Collins shortly before his death told him, that it was founded on the Romanee of Aurelio and Isabella; but, as this is certainly not the case, Warton supposes that, "in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave the name of one novel for another." Mr. Collier† however declares, that he has turned over, to the best of his belief, every Italian novel which could have preceded *The Tempest*, in the hope of finding this lost treasure, but without success; and, for our own part, we find little difficulty in believing that Collins misstated the name of the play, as well as of the novel. It is to be observed, that the plot of *The Tempest* is much less involved than that of any other of Shakespere's plays, and that the interest, great as it undoubtedly is, depends much more on the characters than on the incidents. It is the imposing majesty of Prospero, the untamed ferocity of Caliban, the high honor of Ferdinand, the sweet simplicity of Miranda, which charm us in the *Tempest*; here are no terrific encounters, no "hairbreath 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;" even the course of true love runs smooth in this truly enchanting drama, of which we cannot but believe that Shakespere was, in every sense of the word, the author. There is, however, one point, in connection with this subject, which must not be passed by. It appears that towards the end of the sixteenth century a company of English actors visited Germany, and performed English tragedies, comedies, interludes, &c. at the several courts and cities of that country. This curious fact in dramatic history was first discovered by the German critic Tieck, a writer of great acuteness and critical discernment, and it is rendered certain by a passage in Heywood's "Apology for Actors," 1612:—

"Another [accident] of the like wonder happened at Amsterdam, in Holland. A company of our English comedians (well knowne)

* Hist. of Eng. Poet, vol. 3, pp. 385, 386, ed. 1810.

† Shakespeare, vol. 1. p. 6.

travelling those countreyes, as they were before the burgers and other the chiefe inhabitants, acting the last part of *The Four Sons of Aymon*," &c.*

The Four Sons of Aymon was an English play, called an old play by Sir H. Herbert in 1624.† It was the work of Robert Shaw, who produced it about the year 1603;‡ and it is evident, from the above extract, that it was performed in English at Amsterdam. Another passage, in the same tract, proves, that the custom of English players performing on the continent was not unusual.

"The King of Denmarke, father to him that now reigneth, entertained into his service a company of English comedians, commended unto him by the Honourable the Earle of Leicester: the Duke of Brunswicke and the Landgrave of Hessen retaine in their courts certain of ours of the same quality."§

Shortly after Tieck made this discovery, the attention of English readers was called to the subject by a letter from Mr. W. J. Thoms to Mr. Amyot, which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* for January 1841. In this letter, the results of the German critic's investigations are succinctly stated. It appears, that, among the early German dramatists, one of the most celebrated was Jacob Ayrer, several of whose works were translations of early English plays (obtained, no doubt, from the English company); and many others contain undoubted marks of English origin, among which is one, entitled, "*Die Schöne Sidea*," (*The Beautiful Sidea*), which Tieck and Mr. Thoms believe to be a translation of an early English play, on which Shakspeare founded *The Tempest*. Mr. Thoms gives a short account of the play, and we have no hesitation in saying, that the points of resemblance mentioned by him, are *not* sufficient to convince us of the truth of his position. Whether the appearance of the play itself will alter our opinion, it is, of course, impossible to say. Mr. Thoms has undertaken to edit it, with a translation, for the Shakespeare Society; and no one will doubt, that it is a proper subject for the attention of the members of that association. Before its appearance, it would be premature to pronounce a decided opinion. It is to be followed by editions of three other German plays, which Mr. Thoms supposes to be similar versions of early English dramas, on

* Shakespeare Society's Reprint, p. 58.

† Collier's History of the Stage, vol. 1, p. 446.

‡ *Ib.* 3, p. 307.

§ Shakespeare Society's Reprint, p. 46.

which Shakspeare founded his *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *Titus Andronicus*.

The next play to be noticed is the *Comedy of Errors*, of which we have no account in Shakspeare's Library. It is, as has often been observed, very similar to the *Mencæchmi* of Plautus, from which play, we have no doubt that it was derived. That Shakspeare was perfectly competent to consult the play in the original language, we never entertained a doubt, and that he did so, Mr. Knight may almost be said to have proved in his introductory notice to this comedy.* It is true that an avowed translation of the *Mencæchmi*, by W. W.[arner] was published in 1595, a reprint of which will be found in the *Six Old Plays*; but Messrs. Knight and Collier concur in assigning the *Comedy of Errors* to an earlier date, and, it would seem, upon good grounds. Mr. Collier, however, unwilling to believe in Shakspeare's obligations to the Latin Comedy, observes, that there was a play entitled "*The History of Error*" performed at court on new-year's day, 1576—7. This fact is obtained from the accounts of the master of the revels.† From the same source‡ we learn, that a play, called "*The History of Ferrar*," was acted also at court, on the Twelfth day, 1582—3. The two plays have generally, but very unnecessarily, as we think, been considered identical. It is very true, that "*Ferrar*" may have been a mistake for "*Error*;" but it is equally true, that it may have been the name of the hero of some now forgotten romance. But that the subject of the "*History of Error*," was the same as that of Shakspeare's "*Comedy of Errors*," has always appeared to us to be a yet more gratuitous assumption, for which there is no authority whatever, saving only the similarity of name. Observe the slender foundation on which Mr. Collier builds a theory. We have but the name of the "*History of Error*," 1576. But, says Mr. Collier, it was repeated in 1582, though the clerk wrote "*Ferrar*" for "*Error*." It was probably a translation of the *Mencæchmi*, and doubtless, contained the distinction between *erraticus* and *surreptus*, as well as those old doggrel lines, some of which Shakspeare has adopted in his *Comedy of Errors*, which was *no doubt* derived from this old play!§ Ve-

* Pictorial Shakspeare Comedies, Vol. 1, p. 213 sq.

† Cunningham's Extracts: printed for the Shakespeare Society, p. 102.

‡ Ib. p. 177.

§ See Collier's History of the Stage, Vol. 3, p. 61.

rily, Mr. Collier, much learning doth make thee mad. For those who cannot stretch Shakpere's "Small Latin," to an acquaintance with Plautus, such a circuitous argument is, of course, necessary, but those who can, may send the "History of Error" to the right-about.

With regard to *Much Ado about Nothing*, we have already observed, that Mr. Thoms is about to edit a German play, supposed by Tieck and himself to be a translation of an Old English Drama, on which this comedy is founded. On this point we must of course suspend our judgment; but the theory would receive considerable confirmation, if the German play should be found to contain any hint of the comic portion,—by which, of course, we mean, the loves of Benedick and Beatrice; for no one has yet doubted the originality of Dogberry and Verges; and should any one presume to doubt it, we should be strongly inclined to "write him down as an ass." On this point, Mr. Thoms has favored us with no information. That portion of the story which relates to Claudio and Hero might have been derived from Spenser, Peter Beverley, or Ariosto.

The origin of *Love's Labor's Lost*, is quite unknown;—there has not been even a suggestion made on the subject;—it may be one of the heirs of Shakspere's invention; but we confess that it does not to us bear the appearance of originality.

To speak of the "original" of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, appears to us an abuse of terms. No doubt, Shakspere obtained his acquaintance with Theseus and Hippolyta, from Chaucer,—with Pyramus and Thisbe, from Ovid,—with Oberon and Titania, from the popular superstitious of his time,—with Demetrius and Helena, Lysander and Hermia, Bottom, the weaver, and his worshipful company of comedians, from his own inexhaustible fancy. And, no doubt, having amplified and shaped to his own purposes, the meagre materials, which he had derived from his classic sources, he combined them into one exquisite whole, such as none but he could have conceived: and, no doubt, all general readers will continue to be of this opinion, notwithstanding the frivolous objections of a thousand Johnsons.*

What has generally been considered the original of the

* Dr. Johnson objects to the introduction of Fairies into the *Midsummer Nights Dream*, as an anachronism. But it should be observed that none of the human characters are believers in the fairies. To introduce Theseus talking about Puck, would be an anachronism, but to introduce Puck, gambolling in the palace of the unconscious hero, does not appear so.

Taming of the Shrew, will be found reprinted in the Six Old Plays, under the title of "A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The Taming of a Shrew,—as it has been sundry Times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his servants, 1607." Of this old play, however, two earlier editions have been recently discovered, an *unique* copy of the first of which (1594) is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, and a copy of the second (1596) also *unique*, in that of the Earl of Ellesmere. The edition of 1594, collated with that of 1596, has been reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, under the care of Mr. Amyot. It has, however, often occurred to us, whether this old play ought not rather to be considered as the first sketch of Shakspeare's play, which he afterwards brought to greater perfection; or whether, at any rate, he had not some hand in its composition. Our reasons for entertaining this opinion are briefly these. Firstly, the internal evidence of the play itself; secondly, the fact that Shakspeare is not known, in any other instance, to have followed a dramatic original so closely; thirdly, that in other cases plays which have been generally considered the originals, by other authors, have turned out, on more minute inspection to be Shakspeare's own first sketches of his plays; for example, Mr. Knight may be said to have proved this, in the case of the second and third parts of Henry VI., in his dissertation on that subject.

It is to be observed, further, that the play was first produced in 1594, when the two companies, to which Shakspeare and Henslowe respectively belonged, were for a time acting together, at the theatre at Newington Butts,* and that it was there acted on the 11th of June, in that year, which might in some degree go to account for its being, in 1607, in the hands of a company to which Shakspeare did not belong.† It should also be remembered, that The Taming of the Shrew, does not appear in the list of "Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedyes, Histories, and Tragedyes, soe many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men," which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, by Blount

* Collier's Memoirs of Alleyn (printed for the Shakespeare Society.) p. 22.

† Shakspeare wrote all his plays for the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, of which he was one of the proprietors, but, in 1594, Henslowe's Company and his, played together at Newington Butts, and the Taming of a Shrew, then a new play, was one of the pieces performed. It may, not unlikely, have been performed for the first time at this theatre, and so have fallen into the hands of Henslowe's Company. In 1807, the play belonged to the Earl of Pembroke's servants.

and Jaggard, in 1623. Now there was no entry of 'The ming of the Shrew, "to other men :"' but the "Taming of a Shrew" had been entered three times ; and this certainly looks, as if Blount and Jaggard considered The Taming of the Shrew, as only a later edition of The Taming of a Shrew. With regard to the play not being mentioned as Shakspeare's by Meres, in 1598, it has never been sufficiently borne in mind, that Meres did not profess to mention all the plays of Shakspeare, which had appeared before that year. His often-quoted words are "As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines ; so Shakespeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage ; for comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, &c."* From the wording of the sentence, it is obvious, that his only object was to give instances of what Shakspeare had effected in comedy and tragedy. The mention of any play in this list is good evidence, that it was composed before 1598, but the omission of the name of any play is not evidence against its previous composition. We merely throw out these considerations, because the point is certainly worth attending to ; to argue it thoroughly would involve a detailed comparison of the plays, which would occupy more space than we can devote to the subject here.

The other plays on our list may be very briefly disposed of. For the plot of *Troilus and Cressida*, Shakspeare appears to have been indebted to Chaucer's poem on the same subject. *Titus Andronicus* was, no doubt, founded on some old play now lost, but of which Tieck and Mr. Thoms think, that they have recovered the German translation. Of *Timon of Athens* we have spoken above, and although we do not countenance the idea, that Shakspeare was indebted to the drama reprinted by Mr. Dyce, still there can be no doubt,

* The following is the entire passage. "As the soule of *Euphorbus* was thought to live in *Pythagoras* ; so the sweete wittie soule of *Ovid* lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued *Shakespeare*, witnes his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred sonnets among his private friends, &c. As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines : so *Shakespeare* among the English is most excellent in both kinds for the stage : for Comedy witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's labours Lost*, his *Love's labours Wonne*, his *Midsummer Nights Dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice* : for Tragedy, his *Richard the 2.*, *Richard the 3.*, *Henry the 4.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

"As *Epius Stolo* said, that the muses would speak with *Plautus* tongue, if they would speak Latin : so I say, that the muses would speak with *Shakespeare's* fine filed phrase, if they would speake English." Meres *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, "*Love's Labor's Wonne*," is supposed to be another name, for All's well that ends well.

that Timon was a well-known personage on the stage, before Shakspeare wrote his play.* The origin of Cymbeline seems wholly uncertain.

From the observations which we have already made, our readers will be in a position to judge, whether Shakspeare really deserves to have the credit of originality and invention wholly denied to him. We have now briefly adverted to twenty-four plays, of which twelve are upon subjects drawn from authentic or fabulous history, to which Shakspeare was, of course, in these instances more or less indebted for his plots. The remaining twelve are unconnected with history. The first of these (The Merry Wives of Windsor) may almost be called original; the characters and language are so entirely,—and the incidents are so with two exceptions. For two more we can find no originals; in another case we are doubtful, whether the supposed source of the plot be not, in reality, the first sketch of the comedy; and in the other cases, the poet has partially employed, and, with wonderful skill, combined some scattered stories by former hands.

The supposed sources of the thirteen remaining plays, are contained in Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*. To most of the reprints contained in this work, there is prefixed an introduction, containing an account of the author, and some general observations on the work itself. The first part consists of Greene's *Pandosto*, the original of the *Winter's Tale*.

The story commences by relating how that *Pandosto* (*Leontes*) King of Bohemia, (for the scenes in Greene are reversed by Shakspeare) instituted great rejoicings throughout his kingdom, in honor of the birth of *Garinter* (*Manilius*), his eldest son by *Bellaria* (*Hermione*). Among many other kings, princes, and knights, *Egistus* (*Polixenes*), king of *Sycilia*, an early friend of *Pandosto*, arrived at Bohemia, to take part in these games, where he was welcomed by *Pandosto* and *Bellaria*. The intimate intercourse between *Egistus* and *Bellaria* excited a jealous feeling in the mind of *Pandosto*, who, at length, convinced of the perfidy of *Egistus*, determined to poison him. With this view, he attempted to bribe *Franion* (*Camillo*), his cup-bearer, to do the deed, who, after in vain endeavouring to dissuade *Pandosto* from putting his intentions into execution, promised to undertake the task; but, after carefully weighing the *pros* and *cons*, in a very argumentative soliloquy, he determined to betray the plot to *Egistus*, who at first would not believe the story; but,

* Collier's *Shakspeare* vol. 6. p. 502, 503.

being persuaded by Franion, left Bohemia suddenly by night, taking the latter along with him. The departure of Egistus fully persuaded Pandosto of the truth of his suspicions;—he immediately cast his wife into prison, where she gave birth to a daughter. Pandosto, not believing the child to be his own offspring, determined at first to put it immediately to death; but, being dissuaded from this purpose, he ordered the infant to be exposed at sea, which was accordingly done. The boat, however, which bore her, was washed on to the Coast of Sycilia, where she was brought up by an old shepherd as his own daughter. Meanwhile Bellaria was brought to trial for adultery, and, having in vain demanded to be confronted with her accusers, required that the oracle of Apollo should be consulted; which being allowed, the following was the response:—"Suspition is no prooffe: jealousie is an un-equall judge: Bellaria is chast: Egistus blamelesse: Franion a true subject: Pandosto treacherous: his babe innocent, and the king shall live without an heire, if that which is lost be not found." Pandosto no sooner heard this oracle than he was struck with shame; whereupon he immediately confessed the treachery, which he had intended against Egistus, and entreated his wife's pardon. But the joy which followed this reconciliation was soon clouded by the news of Garinter's death, which so affected Bellaria, that she also instantly fell down dead. Pandosto was so overcome, that he would have killed himself, but for the interference of his courtiers. In the mean time, his daughter, Fawnia (Perdita), was growing in beauty as in years, in the house of the Sicilian shepherd, who had been enabled greatly to enrich himself by the gold and jewels which had been exposed with her. At length she attracted the attention of the king's son, Dorastus (Florizel), who was so affected by her beauty, that he became deeply enamoured of her; but she, thinking that he wooed her to her disgrace, steadily refused his addresses, although she also was deeply in love with him. Dorastus, however, continued to frequent her company, in the disguise of a shepherd, and at length persuaded her to leave the country with him, having promised to make her his wife. This being agreed upon, Fawnia, "hoping, in time, to be advanced from the daughter of a poore farmer to be the wife of a riche king," urged Dorastus to use all speed, and he, with the assistance of an old servant, prepared for a voyage to Italy. Dorastus and Fawnia had already embarked, when Capnio, the servant, who was following them to the ship, met Porrus,

the reputed father of Fawnia, going towards the court, and entering into conversation with him, discovered that he was about to complain to the king, that the prince had seduced his daughter. Porrus, however, concealed from Capnio the secret of the discovery of Fawnia, which he had intended to reveal to the king. Capnio persuaded him that the king was going to "take the aire of the sea," and by this means having induced him to return to the sea-shore, took him forcibly on board the ship, and the whole party set sail, and were, after much danger, cast by a storm on to the "Coast of Bohemia,"—(so that "Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge," was not free from Shakspeare's geographical blunder.) Dorastus, knowing the enmity between his father and Pandosto, assumed the name of Meleagrus, a gentleman of Trapolonia. But Pandosto, hearing of the beauty of Fawnia, and desiring to see her, "caused them to be apprehended as spies," and had them brought before him. Dorastus stated his name to be Meleagrus, and that Fawnia was a lady of Padua, whom he was about to espouse, having brought her from Italy, on account of her parents' refusal to sanction the match. Pandosto, however, having, "contrarie to the law of nature," (as Greene correctly observes,) fallen in love with his own daughter, affected to disbelieve the story, cast Dorastus into prison, and gave up his time to paying his addresses to Fawnia, which she uniformly repelled. Egistus, having heard that his son was imprisoned by Pandosto, sent ambassadors to the latter, praying him to release Dorastus, and put Fawnia and Porrus to death. Dorastus was immediately set at liberty, and Pandosto, willing to be revenged upon Fawnia, for the scorn with which she had treated him, determined to comply with the other request of Egistus. But Porrus, wishing to save his life, at length disclosed his secret, whereby it appeared, that Fawnia was Pandosto's daughter. Upon this, the whole party returned in great joy to Sycilia; Dorastus and Fawnia were, of course, united; and, "to close up the commedie with a tragicall stratagem," Pandosto finished the whole by committing suicide.

Such is a brief outline of Greene's "Pandosto," and our readers may now see, how far Shakspeare was indebted to it for the *incidents* of the Winter's Tale;—what were the alterations which he made in the plot;—and what the merits of those alterations. These are so obvious, that it would be mere waste of time to make any further observations upon them. We proceed, therefore, to the *language* of the comedy.

Mr. Collier, in his introduction, justly declares, that "Shakespeare may be scarcely said to have adopted a single hint for his descriptions, or a line for his dialogue." In short, the story had become public property, and the dramatic poet gave his own version of it. To any man, who has read the story, it will be sufficiently obvious, that Shakspeare could not have adopted the language of that composition. For all Greene's characters speak exactly the same style of language, without the slightest discrimination; and that, too, is such a language as no mortal ever spoke, unless, perhaps, Solomon, and even of him it is not recorded, that he *talked* proverbs. Take one very brief example. Dorastus *loquitur*: "Sir, there is no greater bond then duetie, nor no straiter law then nature: disobedience in youth is often galled with despiht in age. The command of a father ought to be a constraint to the childe: so parentes willes are laws, so they passe not all laws." The personages in Greene's Pandosto are moreover very much given to soliloquies, in which they uniformly commence by apostrophizing themselves,—thus: "Ah, Franion, treason is loved by many," &c.,—"Alas, Bellaria, how infortunate art thou because fortunate,"—"O Miserable Pandosto! what surer witness than conscience?" "Ah, Dorastus, art thou alone?"—"Infortunate Fawnia, and therefore infortunate, because Fawnia!" In short, Shakspeare has transformed into a very charming play, a tale, which was inartificially told—in which the plot was clumsily arranged—and the language glaringly absurd.

But we have a work of a very different description in Lodge's Rosalynd, which occupies the second and third parts of Shakespeare's Library, and is, as might be guessed from its name, the original of *As you like it*. This work, though pronounced "worthless" by Steevens, is, in our judgment, worth reading, even in these days, as a novel,—setting aside its value as the source of one of Shakspeare's plays. In this work, Rosader (the original of Orlando) does not speak like Ecclesiastes, nor Rosalynd like the Queen of Sheba; and the language (which, however, Shakspeare does not appear, in any instance, to have copied) is decidedly superior to that of Greene,—although it must be allowed, that the persons introduced are somewhat too much in the habit of talking to themselves, and (especially the ladies) are rather too fond of classical quotations. "*Rosalynde*" is a pastoral tale; and, accordingly, Lodge has availed himself of those liberties, which were considered to belong to writers of this

class, and of which we have a more familiar instance in the *Arcadia*. Thus we have at pp. 36—40 “A pleasant Eglog between Montanus and Coridon,” and again, at pp. 71—74, “The wooing Eglogue betwixt Rosalynde and Rosader.” Some of the poetry which is scattered plentifully throughout the work, though quaint, is not unpleasing. We would instance particularly Phœbe’s sonnet, page 94, beginning, “Downe a downe,”—Saladyne’s sonnet, p. 101,—and Coridon’s song, p. 125. We extract Montanus Sonnet as a specimen of the pastoral poetry which delighted our ancestors in the age of Elizabeth:—

Montanus Sonnet.

A turtle sate upon a leavellesse tree,
 Mourning her absent pheare,
 With sad and sorry cheare :
 About her wondring stood
 The citizens of wood,
 And whilest her plumes she rents,
 And for her love laments,
 The stately trees complaine them,
 The birds with sorrow paine them.
 Each one that doth her view,
 Her paine and sorrowes rue ;
 But were the sorrowes knowne
 That me hath overthrowne,
 Oh how would Phœbe sigh, if shee did looke on me ?

The love sieke Polypheme, that could not see,
 Who on the barraine shore,
 His fortunes doth deplore,
 And melteth all in moue
 For Galatea gone ;
 And with his piteous cries,
 Afflicts both earth and skies,
 And to his woe betooke,
 Doth breake both pipe and hooke ;
 For whom complaines the morne,
 For whom the sea nymphs mourne :
 Alas, his paine is nought ;
 For were my woe but thought,
 Oh how would Phœbe sigh, if shee did look on me ?

Beyond compare my paine :
 Yet glad am I,
 If gentle Phœbe daine
 To see her Montan die.

“Rosalynde” being much longer than Greene’s *Pandosto*, our space will not permit us to give so accurate an analysis of it as we did of that work: we shall, therefore, content

ourselves with pointing out the principal differences between the novel and the play.

First, then, Lodge begins *ab ovo*. He describes the death of Sir John of Bordeaux (the prototype of Sir Rowland de Bois), and his long address to his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader; and very inartificially, as it appears to us, makes the old knight leave the largest portion of his property to his youngest son; thereby, at the same time, violating probability, and partly justifying the elder brother's enmity:—Shakspeare's Orlando was left only "a poor thousand crowns." In the novel, Saladyne proposes the wrestling match to his brother, pleading his own want of practice;—in the play, the match is much more naturally the result of Orlando's own ambition. Rosader falls in love with Rosalynd at first sight, without the aid of the conversation with which Orlando is favored. When Rosader, after his victory, declares his name and family, the king is highly pleased at receiving the son of an old friend, which deprives Rosader's flight to the forest of Arden of all reason and probability, because he might have taken refuge from his brother at court. But Saladyne's severity to his brother was not without cause, since the latter gave a feast in his brother's house, broke open his buttery and cellar, and drew his sword upon him. The disagreement between the brothers is lengthened very unnecessarily, and is consequently productive of improbable incidents; such as Saladyne's chaining Rosader in his hall as a madman, and inviting all his friends to come and see his lunatic brother. Rosader and Adam, however, at last escape to the forest of Arden. Torismond, the king, banishes Rosalynde from his court, much after the fashion of an angry householder dismissing a sluttish cook-maid. Alinda, his daughter, addresses to him an "oration," on behalf of her cousin, which would have graced the lips of a Queen's counsel much better than those of a princess; and her father, instead of soothing her, as in Shakspeare, instantly desires her to hold her tongue, calling her "pronde girle," "huswife," and a few other choice terms, and all this in the presence of "many of the peers of France!" Then, again, Alinda is banished by her father, instead of escaping of her own free will, with her cousin—an immeasurably great improvement in the play. Lodge's ladies have no Touchstone to cheer them on their way, and, of a consequence, no Audrey, no Martext, and no Jaques, to meet them in the forest. When Rosader and Adam have escaped to Arden, Lodge makes

the young man the first to feel exhaustion, whereupon his old retainer offers to kill himself, in order that Rosader may obtain renewed strength by sucking his blood;—this is carrying fidelity a trifle too far. In order to bring Alinda and Saladyne together, Lodge introduces the very clumsy machinery of a band of robbers, who attack Alinda's cottage. Rosader assails the thieves; but (says Lodge) *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*,—a maxim which he had better have remembered, when he made Rosader and Adam drive all the guests out of Saladyne's house, and make a successful sally against the sheriff and his *posse comitatus*. Saladyne, however, comes to their assistance, and by the joint exertions of the brothers; the robbers are expelled, and the introduction takes place. The rejection of all this in the play, is a great improvement. At length the several marriages are brought about, nearly as in Shakspeare, but the final catastrophe is wholly different;—for, in the midst of the rejoicings, arrives Fernandine, the brother of Saladyne and Rosader, with the news that the twelve peers of France are in arms for Gerismond, the outlawed king. Accordingly, they all haste to the field; Torismond is slain; Gerismond restored to his kingdom; Rosader declared the next heir; and Saladyne reinstated in his father's property, which had been confiscated by Torismond. That this conclusion is more natural than that substituted by Shakspeare, many will be disposed to admit. What were his reasons of change, can be only matter for conjecture. Perhaps he did not choose to sadden the conclusion by the death of Celia's father; perhaps he was at a loss to provide a retreat for the melancholy Jaques.

From the above account, the reader may gather what are the principal differences between the novelist and the poet; and we confidently expect, that most readers will assign Shakspeare little less praise than if the plot had been entirely original. The *characters*, of course, are so; in Lodge, there is no difference between Rosalynd and Alinda, except that the former wears doublet and hose, and the latter petticoats.

The reader, who has followed us thus far, will not, we are sure, require us to enter upon an analysis of "The Patterne of Painfull Adventures," or "The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet." Neither shall we delay him with any observations on the short tales which are supposed to have suggested the plots of *The Merchant of Venice*, *All's well that ends well*, &c. But we cannot exercise quite so much

forbearance with regard to "The Historye of Hamblet," on the first five chapters of which Shakspeare is supposed to have founded his truly wonderful tragedy. We say "on the first five chapters;" for although the work consists of seven, the two last are devoted to an account of Hamlet's sayings and doings after he has killed his uncle :—How he made an oration to the people of Denmark; how he was made king; how he married two wives; and how he was betrayed into the hands of "Wiglerus his uncle," by one of them, who afterwards became the wife of Wiglerus; thereby illustrating the marginal moral of the "historian," that "if a man be deceived by a woman, it is his owne beastlinesse."

On the first five chapters, then, of "The Historye of Hamblet," Shakspeare is supposed to have founded his noble tragedy, and we have no hesitation in saying that, wonderful as that sublime work must always appear, it becomes even more so, when we consider the foundation on which it was reared, than if it had been, in every sense, completely the work of Shakspeare. From our statement of the contents of the sixth and seventh chapters, it will be seen, that, in the "historye," the character of Hamlet is low and grovelling. We shall content ourselves here, with presenting to the reader, without comment, the original of Shakspeare's beautiful Ophelia :—

"They could find no better nor more fit invention to intrap him, then to set some faire and beawtifull woman in a secret place, that with flattering speeches and all the craftiest meanes she could use, should purposely seek to allure his mind to have his pleasure of her: for the nature of all young men, (especially such as are brought up wantonlie) is so transported with the desires of the flesh, and entreth so greedily into the pleasures thereof, that it is almost impossible to cover the foul affection, neither yet to dissemble or hyde the same by art or industry, much lesse to shunne it. What cunning or subtilty so ever they use to cloak their pretence, seeing occasion offered, and that in secret, especially in the most enticing sinne that rayneth in man, they cannot eluse (being constraigned by voluptuousnesse) but fall to naturall effect and working. To this end certaine courtiers were appointed to leade Hamblet into a solitary place within the woods, whether they brought the woman, inciting him to take their pleasures together, and to imbrace one another, but the subtill practises* used in these our daies, not to try if men of great account bee extract out of their wits, but rather to deprive them of strength, vertue and wisdom, by meanes of such devilish practitioners, and intefernal spirits, their domestical servants, and ministers of corruption. And surely the poore prince at this assault had him† in great danger, if a gentleman (that in Florvendiles‡ time had been

* *Qy. practice is?*

† *Qy. been?*

‡ Hamlet's father.

nourished with him) had not showne himselfe more affectioned to the bringing up he had received with Hamblet, then desirous to please the tirant, who by all meanes sought to intangle the sonne in the same nets wherain the father had ended his dayes. This gentleman bare the courtiers (appointed as aforesaide of this treason) company, more desiring to give the prince instruction what he should do, then to intrap him, making full account that the least showe of perfect sense and wisdom that Hamblet should make would be sufficient to cause him to loose his life : and therefore by certain signes, he gave Hamblet intelligence in what danger hee was like to fall, if by any meanes hee seemed to obaye, or once like the wanton toyes and vicious provocations of the gentlewoman sent thither by his uncle. Which much abashed the prince, as then wholly beeing in affection to the lady, but by her he was likewise informed of the treason, as being one that from her infancy loved and favoured him, and would have been exceeding sorrowfull for his misfortune, and much more to leave his companie without enjoying the pleasure of his body, whom shee loved more than herselfe.*

Compare this obscene sketch with Ophelia, and you will at once discover the relation which "The Historye of Hamblet" bears to Shakspeare's tragedy. It contains no hint of the Ghost, of Polonius, of Laertes, of Horatio. Of the characters which it does contain, the king is a gross sensualist, the queen an impudent harlot, and Hamlet a prince very worthy to succeed his uncle, and to be succeeded by Wiglerus on the Danish throne. To this work Shakspeare applied the touchstone of his genius, and turned it into pure gold. We do not desire to waste the reader's time, or to try his patience with common-place ejaculations of admiration, which all, who have read or seen this greatest of dramatic works, have felt. Our object is accomplished, if we have disabused the mind of any reader of the popular fallacy, that Shakspeare's originality and invention were not of a high order. He has in no instance adopted, without material alteration, the incidents of any previous tale ; he is in no instance indebted to any previous writer, for his fine poetical images, and his profound philosophical reflections ; and with the exceptions pointed out in the historical plays, he has in no case been indebted to other authors, for his sonorous and impressive language. But, because he did occasionally adopt a practice, which has been adopted by dramatists in all ages—the reproduction, in a dramatic form, of events, fabulous or authentic, with which his audiences were familiar—some critics, who thought they did good service to the cause of literature, by attempting to bring Shakspeare

* pp, 139, 140.

down to the level of their own vulgar comprehension, and who delighted to display the great dramatist to their readers as an inspired barbarian, who, if he *did* know something intuitively about the stage, couldn't write Latin, and speak French as *they* could—(another popular fallacy which modern commentators are laboring to dispel)—these critics, we repeat, have endeavoured to persuade the general reader—who is content to recognise great thoughts and sublime imaginings, irresistible pathos, and genuine humor, in the works of his author, and cares little whence they came or how they were produced—that Shakspeare was devoid of original thought and powers of invention. Therefore it is, that we owe thanks to Mr. Collier and to the members of the Shakespeare Society, for exposing delusions, founded upon black-letter curiosities, not, at that time, accessible to the public; and for thus restoring to the immortal poet a part of the glory, for which these detractors had sought to rob him.



PARAPHRASE OF HORACE.

—
 OD. ii. 13.
 —

Alas my friend ! the flying years
 Fast glide away, nor for our tears
 Will time his course forego ;
 Our piety will not delay
 The stroke of death, nor turn away
 Old age with all its woe.

Not even though a bull each day,
 Throughout the year, its life should pay
 On Pluto's altar slain ;
 Who down in Tartarus' confines
 The giant Geryon, and binds
 Tityes in endless pain.

All here who live on earthly food,
 Compelled by Fate, must pass that flood.
 Whether of kingly power,
 Or those, who, of a humble birth,
 By sweat of brow must till the earth.
 All, all must reach that shore.

In vain we shun destructive war,
 And raging Adria sounding far,
 With harsh and broken tides ;
 In vain avoid the southern blast,
 Which, flying with the lightning's haste,
 On Death's broad pinions rides.

There black Coeytus wanders slow,
 Through dismal, dreary shades below ;
 The guilty train of wives
There mourn their sin with endless pain,
 And *there* Æolides in vain
 Labors, and toils, and strives.

Thy pleasing wife, thy house, thy lands,
 With whatsoever in them stands,
 Must, then, by thee be left ;
 And to the shades you'll then descend,
 With gloomy cypress as a friend,
 Of other trees bereft.

Then shall thy heir, with pleasure, seize
 The casks preserved with hundred keys,
 And dye the floor with wine
 So rich that even royal guests
 And nobles meet not at their feasts
 With liquor more divine.



A SOLDIER'S STORY.

“ Sweet Thyrsa, waking as in sleep
 Thou art but now a lively dream,
 A star that trembled o'er the deep,
 Then turned from earth its tender beam ;
 But he, who through life's dreary way
 Must pass, when Heaven is veiled in wrath,
 Shall long lament the vanished ray,
 That scattered gladness o'er his path.”

You asked me yesterday, Fanny, why my hair was grey, and laughed your own sweet, silvery laugh, when I looked sad at the question ;—the bare idea of my locks being touched by sorrow, more than time, was so very absurd, was it not ? Throw that idle novel away, dear Fanny, and I will tell you a tale of other days,—of days, when I, too, laughed at sorrow, and care had weighed as little upon my heart, as time upon my brow.

You will wonder at my tale, Fanny, and, perhaps, scarcely thank me, for unveiling to you so much of my own dark nature ;—no matter—listen.

Ten years ago I was junior subaltern of the ——th, and one fine autumn morning sailed into the grand harbour at Malta, in His Majesty's Troop-ship "Desperation!"

It had been decided at mess, that the Mediterranean was a very correct place to go to, particularly as we were obliged to go there, and so we professed raptures at being ordered to Malta,—bought Italian grammars, raved about cloudless skies, and made preparations for turning down our collars, and learning the language of flowers.

Malta, however, in the month of September, is hot enough and dull enough to smother any amount of enthusiasm, and when we had seen St. John's and Citta Vecchia, and made ourselves ill with ices, we took to yawning, and said the place was a bore. "Never mind!" said the well-known S——, who had made a great merit of braving the sun four times a week in his transit from Sliema to our mess-table; "never mind, when once the cool weather sets in, you will have lots of society and lots of amusement;—Malta is the very place to suit you fellows,—in the winter!"

It certainly did not suit us meanwhile,—the heat was terrific,—and the expedients men adopted to kill time even more fearful;—the assistant surgeon took to sentiment,—the adjutant to sangaree;—the junior mayor was detected in the act of learning the guitar, and the senior ensign, being the poorest man in the regiment, swore that he would sacrifice his standing in the service, and exchange to the Blues at once.

The cold weather (cold by comparison only) did come at last, however, and real or would-be invalids, who winterly throng the hotels of Valetta, followed it, and the opera opened, and the balls began, just in time to distract me from the pursuit of an elderly nun of doubtful beauty, whom I had worshipped full three weeks, merely because it was sinful and romantic.

It was at the first public ball of the season that I met Mrs. Wentworth. There was, perhaps, not one being in the room whom her beauty, rare and dazzling, though softened rather than diminished by the hand of sickness, did not strike with more than admiration; few, alas! could fail to recognise in the inexpressible brightness of her eyes, and the changing tints of her hectic cheek, the deceitful lustre of those

parting hues, that serve but to render life's sunset so painfully lovely to its anxious watchers.

I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth by one of my brother-officers who had a prior acquaintance with the former, and as we discovered many mutual friends in a particular district of England, I devoted a considerable part of the evening to them.

Wentworth was a gentleman, young, good-natured, and good-looking,—gay and thoughtless enough, and seemingly unconscious of the real nature of his wife's illness.

I remember that my first impression on conversing with her was,—her great superiority to her husband ;—her manner was so perfect—her ideas, without being *outrées*, so original—her language, poetry—her voice, music ; I thought her more than mortal.

She danced only once ; I was her partner, and felt wild with happiness, but had not a notion why.

The exertion of even a single quadrille, however, was too great for her, and she was compelled to leave the ball-room ere it was finished.

For me, its light was departed !

Boy as I was, I was utterly ignorant of the real nature of the feelings which filled my heart from that evening ;—Mrs. Wentworth was so lovely, so talented, so fascinating, it was not wonderful that I should join in the universal admiration she excited ;—it would have been strange if I had not. Having so many old acquaintances in common with Wentworth, it surely was most natural that I should associate constantly with him, and there was a frank open-heartedness about his disposition that soon ripened our familiarity into what the world calls friendship ; the Wentworths and myself were inseparable !

There is, perhaps, no class of men so little given to forming friendships among themselves as the officers of the British Army. Driven by force of circumstances into constant association with each other, the very closeness of their intercourse, by exposing the unfavorable as well as the favorable points in the character of each, checks the current of mutual esteem, and an intimacy of a dozen years commonly ends with a " Good bye ! old fellow, prosperity attend you," or at most with a solemn vow of correspondence, which is religiously kept—for a fortnight.

It so happened, however, that at the period in question a warm friendship, real or imaginary, existed between my-

self and one of my brother-officers. No two human beings, perhaps, were ever apparently less fitted to play Damon and Pythias than Bostock and I, but we had been thrown together in an Irish country-quarter, and if no very deep feeling arose out of our association, it became at all events so much a habit that we never relinquished it while we remained in the same corps.

Bostock was several years older than myself; he had entered the service very early in life, had lived ever since of the world, worldly—and, like many another man, relieved the embittered tone of mind which his own excesses had produced, by railing at the faults and follies in others, which sooth to say, he was but too prone to practise himself.

Of his knowledge of the world, real or presumed, he was very proud; he liked to be thought what is called “knowing,” and to be considered a man of experience in sporting matters; he liked to hint at the superiority of his horses and his setters, and the super-excellence of the manner in which he *rose* and trained them; he liked to talk of what “Lord George” said to him, and to be seen bowing to the “danseuse” of the season; he liked to make sporting matches and to win by them; he liked to have it known that he lived at Limmer’s, and belonged to Crockford’s in the days when Crockford’s was; he liked to be thought clever, and to be called satirical; he liked to quote Byron, to play hazard, and to drink Curçoa; he affected ent-away coats, knew the Racing Calendar by heart, and was a living epitomé of the last odds on the Derby.

Now, in all this, there was nothing more than the perfectly common and perhaps excusable folly of a man not overburthened with years or wisdom. Bostock carried his vanity a degree farther: he liked to be thought *un homme aux bonnes fortunes*.

Now Bostock was good-looking, a man of the world, and, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, a gentleman; but he could not conceal from himself that he lacked success in his *affaires de cœur*, a fact which angered him not a little, and puzzled him most amazingly.

“For,” he argued with himself, “I am, I believe, very much what I ought to be,—I am not an idiot, nor a cripple,—I walk and dance, and take my hat off, much as other men do,—I do not eat with my knife, nor use an eye-glass,—I wear the right sort of coat, ride the right sort of horse, know the right sort of people; of course, I have a right to expect the

same success that other men, perhaps my inferiors, perpetually meet with."

The fact was that Bostock had somewhere imbibed an idea that an air of irresistibility was the sole requisite of conquest; now this may possibly be the case where men of long-established reputation are concerned, but no one had ever heard of Bostock's breaking a heart, and consequently, when he tried to stare a pretty woman into unconditional surrender,—instead of falling at his feet, she invariably laughed at him.

This roused his gall, and produced some bitter retort upon the fair recusant, a bitter *truth perhaps*, but at all events, a bitter *something*, which generally turned her laughter into downright hatred. Bostock's failures astonished no one but himself.

Astonish as they might, however, they never daunted him. When repeated repulses had destroyed all hope of success in one quarter, he quietly turned his attention to another,—the only outward and visible signs of his discomfiture being, that he drank more hock, and talked more Byron-and-water than usual, for a few days afterwards.

Among men, Bostock had many agreeable qualities: he was honorable, generous, and kindhearted,—but he was overbearing in manner, and quarrelsome in disposition;—in short, many men praised, but most men avoided him.

Such was my friend!

It must be evident, that a woman so preeminently lovely as Mrs. Wentworth could not long escape Bostock's admiration, and, indeed, but little time had elapsed after her arrival, ere, full of Don Juan and Maraschino, he advanced to the attack;—his reception bewildered him.

Mrs. Wentworth did not frown on him—did not laugh at him—did not abuse him;—she seemed rather amused with his sentiment and his satire, and always answered graciously when he spoke to her;—but except when he addressed her, she appeared quite unconscious that such a being was perpetually hovering round her, and utterly blind to the fact that he was paying her marked attention; she was civil to him, as she was to every body, but in no way distinguished him from the common herd of her acquaintances, and Bostock, who could have borne detestation like a hero, but whose vanity could not brook indifference, was reduced to the verge of despair, and made all sorts of frantic struggles to bring himself into notice.

All failed, however,—and at length he set himself seriously to discover the cause of such extraordinary conduct ; for that there was some especial cause for it, he never for a moment doubted. None but a heart strongly preoccupied could have failed to remark his admiration ; and as Bostock, with all the naiveté of depravity, never dreamed of a woman's heart being occupied by her husband, he was considerably puzzled to discover who the *bien aimé* might be.

At length, about two months after my first acquaintance with the Wentworths, he walked into my room early one morning, with a cigar in his mouth, and his best sneer on his upper lip.

“ Good morning, most potent,” said I ; “ what became of you at the ball, last night ? ”

He smiled at me, walked to the glass, and pulled his shirt-collar. I knew the man too well to be offended, and merely offered him some soda-water.

He helped himself, casting every now and then a look of sarcastic pity at me as he did so, and, having finished the draught, remarked in his bitterest tone, as he put down the empty tumbler,—“ How green you are ! ”

“ Probably,” said I. “ What are you going to do this morning ? ”

“ I will answer your questions as they came. You asked me, what I was doing last night ? I was sitting in a corner, looking on, and making more acquaintances in that way than I could have done by talking,—yours among the rest.”

“ I wish you would try to make your own, my dear fellow, but no matter,—I see I am in for one of your philippics ; say out your say, in heaven's name, and then let us go and play at rackets.”

“ How long have you been in love with that woman ? ” said Bostock quickly, and smiled bitterly as he saw that for once his bolt had shot home. Well it might !—he had told me what, until that moment, I had never dreamed myself ;—I loved her—loved her madly ;—I knew it now.

I tried to stammer some unintelligible answer ; he interrupted me with a gesture of contempt.

“ My dear fellow”—he said, with an emphasis on the adjective, “ I know the world rather too well to be easily mistaken ;—I have formed my own notions on the subject, and you had much better sit still, and listen to my advice, than perjure yourself with words which will not change my opinion in the least ; what I have got to say is this, and re-

member it is all for your own good,—Mrs. Wentworth—

“Stay!” I exclaimed, recovering my self-command after a short but violent struggle; “stay! I know there is no stopping the torrent of your eloquence when once let loose, so check it for a moment, I beseech you, ere it breaks forth; you are mistaken in your premises; I am *not* in love with Mrs. Wentworth, I never have been, and I never will be; I like Wentworth, most men do; I admire his wife, every one must; but remember that I am not, like yourself, a professed lady-killer; my regard for Mrs. Wentworth is not so great that I should wish to make her unhappy; yet believe me, I like her far too well to be at all anxious to despise her.”

“Very good speech for so young a hypocrite,” replied Bostock coolly, “but it cannot take *me* in. You should be less earnest when you want to be believed, my dear boy; any man of common sense will suspect your sincerity, when he sees you so vehement.”

“You judge of others entirely by yourself, Bostock, and (forgive the friendly candour that tells you so) that is really not fair upon the rest of the world.”

“*Vous etes bien flatteur, mon ami!* but do not lose your temper; you want the habitude of these things; you will acquire it very shortly, if I mistake not, and I rarely do. Meantime, take the advice of an older man than yourself,—change your line of proceeding in this matter; if you go blundering on as you have begun, the world will find you out,—Wentworth will find you out,—every living soul will find you out, except the only person interested in the transaction,—the woman herself.”

“Once for all, Bostock, I tell you,—and I tell it you, as you have remarked yourself, *in earnest*,—that you are mistaken; no good *can* come of our discussing this subject further, and much evil may; let me beg you, then, to discontinue it.”

“I have done!” said Bostock, shrugging his shoulders; “I have no ambition to lavish the pearls of my good advice upon you, in order that you may literally fulfil the Scripture—trample them under foot, and turn again and rend me;—one thing only let me tell you; the moment I discovered your feelings on the subject—Bah! no denial! I determined on waiving my own pretensions in that quarter, and giving you a fair field; I hate to see youthful genius cramped; however, to prevent your overwhelming me with gratitude (gratitude is, like the rest of the virtues, a bore) I

will own that my resignation is caused simply by the discovery that the lady's heart is pre-occupied,—and in your favour."

He watched me keenly, and stopped, as if for an answer; I was silent and immovable.

"And now," he resumed, in a somewhat disappointed tone, "give me some eau de Cologne, and let us stroll up to the club;—do you dine at the Castile to-night?"

You may imagine that this conversation caused some coolness between Bostock and myself;—on the contrary, we were from that moment greater friends than ever,—he, because it was his object to watch and to annoy me,—I, because I felt the necessity of deceiving him, if possible, on the point on which he had so painfully enlightened me.

Such is human friendship!

Perhaps, however, my words have wronged both Bostock and myself. I do truly believe that when he, as he said, "waived his own pretensions" to Mrs. Wentworth's regard, he did it out of pure kindly feeling towards me, and that the advice he wished to give me was, in his opinion, the best that I could receive. I believe that he really had my welfare and happiness at heart, but yet, by an inconsistency not rare in human nature, he could not refrain from tormenting, in trifles, the man to whom he had, as he thought, sacrificed so much, and his principal pleasure henceforth was to distress and annoy me to the utmost of his power, by such dubious phrases and half-formed hints as he could venture to give utterance to, on the subject he believed to be nearest my heart.

For my part, I was struggling to deceive, not so much him as myself; from the moment he had accused me of loving Mrs. Wentworth, though I felt on the instant my own heart rise up in judgment against me, I had labored to stifle the feeling that his words could be true, and I vowed deeply, as boys and women will vow in such cases, that even if they *were* (heaven knows, I had little room to doubt it) my love should be deep as it was ardent, and, buried in my own inmost heart, should never, by one moment's weakness, offend the object of its worship; yet I felt, and felt painfully, the severity of the task I was thus imposing on myself; that a warm-hearted, hot-headed boy of seventeen, loving with all the fervour of a boy's first love, should hope to conceal that feeling in his constant and friendly intercourse with the woman to whom he was devoted, must seem

absurd to any one who, to use Bostock's phrase, "knows the world." In those days I knew it not;—would to God that I had never lived to buy such knowledge.

For some time, then, after the conversation I have related, I was less often with the Wentworths than before; I knew my danger, and strove to gain the mastery over my own heart, ere I exposed myself to that danger too unguardedly.

Bostock, in the midst of our most friendly confidences, occasionally dropped a sneering hint that he perceived the change, but I was resolute in discouraging the subject, and he knew me too well to persevere.

One evening, as I and Mr. Fitzhardinge, an elderly dandy who was wintering in Malta, were sitting in my box at the Opera, criticising the audience, and totally unconscious of the performance, Bostock came in, evidently out of temper.

"Who is that woman in white, Bostock?" said Mr. Fitzhardinge, "Don't know," was the answer, given through a rosebud, which the speaker held between his lips; "are not all the women in white?" "Nonsense! I mean the person you have just been talking to, a dark-haired girl in the second tier, nearly opposite."

"Haven't an idea, really; the women here do so many odd things, that I make a point of not knowing their names, for fear I should be induced to spread scandal of them."

Mr. Fitzhardinge smiled, and remarked that the prima donna was singing more false than usual, and Bostock sate silent in the corner, and bit the stalk of his rose-bud quite viciously.

As the curtain fell on the second act, I rose as if to leave the box.

"If you are bound for the Wentworths' 'palco,' Charley, said Bostock, filtering the words slowly and coldly through his rose-leaves; "I scarcely think you will find room; I saw Barrymore there a few minutes since, and he looked as if he was going to stay."

There was a thorn under my friend's rose in those words, and he knew it.

"Ah!" said Mr. Fitzhardinge, "if that way lies the land, Hamilton, let your friend Wentworth look to his fair wife; I have met with few men so well calculated to win a woman's heart as Sir George."

"True," replied Bostock, in a tone of assumed carelessness; "he is, as you say, a dangerous lover, and," he added slowly and emphatically, "a still more dangerous rival."

I went round to the regimental box, which commanded a view of Wentworth's; *he* was not there, but Barrymore *was*, talking and laughing gaily with Mrs. Wentworth.

Without a second look, I turned and left the house. As I was descending the stairs, I met Bostock.

"Well, Charley," said he, in a tone half kindly, half ironical, "shall you be at Hayward's supper-party to-night?"

"You forget that I am at Tigné, dear fellow; I am going over the water, and to bed."

"The best thing for you, doubtless; will you give me some breakfast at twelve to-morrow?"

"Assuredly!"

"*A rivederci dunque*,—and pleasant dreams to you!"

Could he have read my thoughts, as I was rowed through the dim night to my "lonely tower,"—perhaps even his cynical soul would have pitied me.

Among all the bitternesses of this bitter life, of which it is but too true that love's are the bitterest, none, perhaps, can match the pang of a boy's heart, on discovering that the man, whom, of all others, he most admires and most dreads, is his rival;—to watch the calm and practised creature of the world find his way, without an effort, through obstacles that *he* deemed hopelessly insurmountable,—smile himself into happiness that *he* prayed for in secret and in tears,—talk gaily and laugh lightly, where *he* could but give the silent homage of his soul;—and worse, oh! ten thousand times worse than all, to see the smile of pity, perhaps of contempt, play upon those dear lips, for whose touch he would have given his heart's blood now—his hopes hereafter. All this has, at some time or other, been the lot that most of us were doomed to suffer, and perhaps, in later life, unconsciously to inflict.

Fitzhardinge had said truly, that Sir George Barrymore was a man well calculated to win a woman's heart. *Distingué*, without being handsome—*soigné*, without being a coxcomb—entertaining, without being a wit—there was, perhaps, no manly exercise, or mental accomplishment, in which he excelled;—yet in all he bore a part with such careless grace, as seemed to say, that he could be pre-eminent in each—if pre-eminence were not beneath him.

The whole tenor of his being bore the same stamp. He was not rich, but his income was more than sufficed to his wants,—for showy expenditure formed no part of his system, and he did not play save as a last resource, *pour se desennuyer*;

—he had never possessed an intimate friend,—but all men liked and spoke well of him ;—he had never been known to form a serious or lasting attachment,—but none accused him of fickleness or cruelty, and no broken vows and blighted hearts were laid to his account ;—he was a man, in short, in whom you might find much to admire, and scarce anything to blame,—whose merits, though slight, were showy—though superficial, dazzling—and who seemed so happily formed to please, that even negative virtues gained more praise in him, than the most brilliant qualities in others.

And this man I, a boy of eighteen, was henceforth to consider my rival—my rival, too, in the affections of a woman, to whom I had vowed never to reveal my love! With youth's true blindness, I had not contemplated such a contingency, when I made that rash vow.

Miserably, indeed, did that sleepless night pass over me, while a hundred wild resolutions—changed as soon as formed—flitted across my burning brain.

First, I would never see her, never think of her more ; my love had never existed save in my own imagination, and I would cast the idle fancy from me as lightly as the lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane, and make love to all sorts of women whom I hated, in order to show my indifference.

Yet no! I would risk my destiny on one last hazard.

“ He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose his all.”

I would throw myself at her feet to-morrow—confess my madness, and implore her pardon ;—more I dared not ask.

Ay, to be scorned and rejected! No, I might die for her, but I would die, like the wolf, in silence ;—*my* suffering was nothing, but *she* should be spared the pain of knowing the frantic passion she had inspired.

Thus passed the night, and it was long after daylight ere I fell into a broken and exhausted slumber, from which I was roused by Bostock's Newfoundland scratching at my door, and his master's voice outside, giving directions to have his horse taken back to Valetta.

“ You sleep late, Charley,” he said, as he entered my bedroom ; “ however, I plead guilty to coming half-an-hour too soon ; Rhodomontade was fresh this morning, and brought me here before my time, in my own despite.”

“Go into the other room, then; Edwards will give you some soda-water; you will find Byron on the book-shelf, and cigars on the chimney-piece, and I shall be dressed in twenty minutes.”

“So be it; remember I have ridden five miles, and in mercy curtail your adornment.”

When I had put him through the various courses which he deemed necessary to a Mediterranean breakfast, from the initiatory iced hock and soda water to the concluding grapes and curaçoa, he lit a cigar, and, throwing himself on my sofa, said, “Charley, my dear boy, I want to have a talk with you.” “So I imagined,” I replied, “from you coming here to breakfast; what is your difficulty, love or money?”

“My only difficulty is to induce a silly subaltern, who does not know his own interest, to listen to one who can explain it to him. Seriously, Charley, I cannot bear to see you, for the sake of some chimerical notion, worthy only of a knight-errant or a school-boy, throw away your happiness as you are now doing.”

“Bostock!—I thought——”

“I know you dislike speaking upon the subject; but, as I have set up in business as your friend, I claim a friend's privilege to be as disagreeable as I please. If, however, argument is necessary to induce you to listen to me, let me simply ask you, whether the course you have hitherto pursued has tended to increase your happiness?”

“I am miserable, Bostock, utterly miserable, and feel that it is useless to deny it any longer. God knows I could find in my heart to obey the dictates of the veriest idiot, rather than trust to my own guidance again.”

“Ah, so you are reasonable at last!—and now,” he added, with one of his habitual sneers, “if I were true to myself, or to human nature, I should content myself with pointing out to you the trouble into which you have brought yourself, by rejecting my proffered advice before, and leave you to find your way out of it as you best might. To tell you the truth, Charley, I am not at all sure that I should not, but that I dislike that tame rabbit, Barrymore, and would rather see your star in the ascendant than his.”

“D—n him!”

“Don't swear! Barrymore is a good fellow enough in his way, though he did cut me out with the Amarelli; and, after all, Charley, he has as much right to make love to another man's wife, as you have;—oh! I beg your pardon—I apolo-

gize—I retract—I do anything in the world,—only, for the love of heaven, don't look so fierce.”

“ My dear fellow, you may perceive, that I am not very placable this morning; if you *can* say anything that will make me less wretched—which I very much doubt—say it, I beseech you; if not, let us speak no more upon the subject. It is painful to me, and *may* be dangerous to you.”

“ Hallo! young man,—don't be bloodthirsty, or I shall be obliged to cut you altogether; and a precious illustration of the nursery tale it would be, to see you turned loose, a helpless babe in the wild wood of this world, whose robin-red-breasts are vultures, and the blackberry-bushes whereof do bring forth poison! But, joking apart, Charley, you are breaking your heart very unnecessarily about this business; Mrs. Wentworth likes you—of that I am certain,—*loves* you would be too strong a word to use so early in the day; but, depend upon it, the *liking* of such a pretty young woman for such a young gentleman as yourself, without being ‘less than kind,’ is something ‘more than kin’ to love.”

“ It would be disgusting vanity on my part to think so!”

“ Wrong, as usual. I will tell you what *is* vanity, though, Charley, sheer vanity. It is vanity that makes you endeavour to conceal from Mrs. Wentworth your love for her, lest its declaration should lower you in her eyes, and its reception humble you in your own;—it is vanity which makes you shun a contest with Barrymore, lest the world should say he was preferred to you;—for this vanity, of which you profess so pious a horror, enters so deeply into your composition, that you would not run the risk of wounding it, even for the woman's sake whom you love. Shake it from you, Charley, shake it from you,—speak to her the true language of your heart,—ask your fate of her lips, and, if need be, bear it like a hero. There are more women in the world;—you shake your head; don't talk nonsense to me about eternal remembrance and that kind of thing, because even you are old enough to know better than that——”

“ Must I quote your preceptor, Byron?”

“ Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or if it doth—in vain for me.”

“ Bah! *aliquando dormitat Homerus!* Even Byron may mistake occasionally; besides, you must make a liberal allowance for poetical license; such sentiments may be all very well for a Giaour and an apostate, but you do not meet them among civilized and christianized people.”

“ Not running loose in St. James's Street, I grant you, nor couched under a crush hat in the lobby of the Opera-house; they may exist occasionally, notwithstanding, and among very decent people too.”

“ Well, if they do, thank heaven that I know nothing about them, except that they are quite out of your line; therefore do not pretend to them;—if I thought that your conduct in this love-business was dictated by any feeling that did you credit, I should be the last man in the world to advise you to change it;—as I am convinced that it originates in a mixture of *mauvaise honte* and conceit, I think the sooner you alter it the better.”

“ You do not flatter, my friend.”

“ *Raison de plus* for believing me. Think over it at all events;—I should fancy any change in the current of your true love would tend to make it run smoother than it does at present. Meantime, I shall go and look at the pigeon-shooting; I hear the double-barrels at work, and I am backing Balfour for the match.”

So he whistled to *Grampus*, and went out.

His counsel brought forth fruit in due season!

An hour or two later, as I was mounting my poney to canter round to Valetta, I received a note from Wentworth:

Dear Hamilton,

Your lonely tower is suspected of holding some fair enchantress, so few and far between have been your visits of late to us denizens of this working-day world.

Come and defend yourself *vivá voce* at dinner-time, and we will go to the Allens together afterwards

You will find no one here except Miss Herriott—whom I have secured for your sake—and one Sir George Barrymore, a new friend of ours, but a favorite.

Your's ever,

EDWARD WENTWORTH.

I crushed the letter in my hand—turned back to my room—wrote a refusal—burnt it; wrote an acceptance—tore it up; and finally rode off to answer it in person.

I heard gay and laughing voices mingled with the sounds of music, as I ascended the stairs of Wentworth's Hotel, and going in, found him writing letters in one corner of the room, while Mrs. Wentworth and Barrymore were sitting at the piano, with a guitar lying near them, and music-books and manuscripts scattered about.

At the moment I would have declined dining with them ; but it was impossible to refuse anything to Wentworth's warm good-nature ; so I bowed to my destiny with the best grace I could, feeling at the time, that, in spite of Bostock's counsel, I shrank from placing myself in comparison with Barrymore, and that he, with the tact of a man versed in human nature, perceived it.

"Come and sing us the last new song from Fairy-land, Mr. Hamilton," said Mrs. Wentworth ; "we poor children of earth have been debarred your society so long, that we need a glimpse of the bright world you come from, to repay us for your absence, and soothe our *amour propre* under your desertion."

"I come from Dream-land only, I grieve to say,—a land of shadows, not of sunshine, where sighs usurp the place of song."

"But surely, sighs and song go hand in hand."

"As the sonnets of any melancholy bard will show you," added Barrymore ; "I, for my part, protest against the connexion. In Fairy-land itself—on the testimony of Moore, Poet Laureat to all that is fairy-like,—

' Every sigh the heart breathes out,
Is turned, as it leaves the lips, to song.'

"For contrast's sake, observe !—the days of old boasted their laughing philosophers,—I avow myself poetaster, and will sing the song I promised you just now, to prove it."

He took up the guitar as he spoke, and sang :

Nay ! do not chide my smiles away,
Nor blame the lightness of a heart
That will, in grief's despite, be gay,
Though doomed from all it loves to part.

Nor deem his soul untrue can be,
Who holds thy presence all too dear,
To waste one moment blessed by thee,
To breathe one sigh when thou art near.

My heart is like the silver cloud,
That floats through yonder summer skies,
And gives back all the shifting crowd
Of sunset's bright and changeful dyes.

Barrymore sang, as he did every thing else, rather *successfully* than *well* ; his voice wanted power, but it was pleasing ; his taste was good, and his ear practised, so that the applauses bestowed on his song were not all unmerited.

"And now a sighing melody of Dream-land," said Mrs. Wentworth turning to me.

Barrymore held the guitar towards me, but I waved it away.

"That is too slight and gay an adjunct to the songs of Dream-land; if I am to sing, Mrs. Wentworth must resign her seat at the piano to me."

I had loved music from my childhood, and now my mingled feelings of love and hopelessness lent passion to my touch; here, at least, I felt my superiority to him whom I had learned to consider my rival; and I could mark *her* start of delighted surprise, as for the first time she heard me strike the notes:

Deep in my bosom's aching core
The ceaseless, restless, memory lies
Of joys that can return no more,
Thy burning lips, thy pleading sighs,
And all that love could give to bless
One first, last hour of sweet excess.

Ah! better for the blow that parts
"Mid" all our anguished passion's sway
The quivering tendrils of our hearts,
Than feel them withering day by day,
And watch a flame so wildly bright,
All coldly darkening into night.

Alas! where passion's hand hath traced
Such fiery tokens of her strife,
The lines can never be effaced
Through lingering years of after life;
Though all her glorious light be set,
Its smokeless ashes smoulder yet.

"Scarcely a song of Dream-land that, but a warm deep-felt lay of human love; beautiful and heart-born, I grant you, but *earthly* still," said Barrymore.

"Bravo, Hamilton!" said Wentworth, shutting up his writing-case, and coming across the room, "has some new Calypso showered the gifts of song and music upon you in the sea-caves of Tignè, or if not, why conceal them so long from us?"

"They visit me periodically," I replied, "at the full of the moon, I believe; and are so much a remnant of the German student, that the English soldier has almost learned to be ashamed of them."

"I scarcely think you likely to fall into so vulgar an error," said Barrymore; "and yet it is but too true that nine Eng-

lishmen out of ten would think themselves disgraced by being seen to sit down to a piano."

"As to Barrymore, you know," said Wentworth, "he, poor fellow, is an irreclaimable poet, a man whom I expect to see some day eclipsing Haynes Bailey, and all but rivaling Tom Moore."

"Never! I am ambitious."

"And what nobler ambition than the ambition of letters; write my friend, write!"

"The high-road to oblivion!" ejaculated Barrymore. "No! my name shall be handed down to posterity as the biped of the nineteenth century, who, in an age of scribblers, did not commit himself—to paper."

Mrs. Wentworth had not spoken since the cessation of my song; now, without looking at me, or raising her graceful head from the pile of music she was turning over, she asked in a low tone, "Who wrote that song, Mr. Hamilton?"

"I do not know."

The answer seemed satisfactory, for no more questions were asked me.

Barrymore proposed joining me in my evening's ride, and we went away together to canter round to Sliema.

At dinner I took Wentworth's hint, and had self-command enough to devote myself very seriously to Miss Herriott, a lively brunette, secretly suspected of a leaning towards blue stockings, and openly accused of a liking for red coats,—to whom, by a judicious admixture of philosophy and flirtation, (three parts of the latter to one of the former,) I contrived to recommend myself very forcibly.

Meanwhile, I had the satisfaction of hearing Barrymore put all his powers of amusement and information (no slight ones) into requisition in his almost uninterrupted tete-a-tete with Mrs. Wentworth; no one could fail to be charmed with his conversation when he chose to exert himself,—yet I had leisure to mark that an occasional word from his listener showed her perception of some of the superficial arguments and tinsel wit that frequently characterised it.

Wentworth was somewhat given to sitting long over his claret, but on this occasion the ball in prospect forbade it, and very shortly after dinner we found ourselves *en route* to Mrs. Allen's villa at Sliema.

Who, that knew them in his youth, shall forget that villa or those nights?—Many shall think on the bright lights and gay music, the sparkling eyes and laughing lips within;—

some shall dream of the moonlit gardens with their lone myrtle bowers,—of the faint murmur of the sleepy sea at hand,—of the distant strains that came o'er the ear softened and sanctified, as though the air of Heaven disdained to waft ought save music's heavenliest part—of eyes no longer sparkling, yet lovelier in that tearful dimness, than ever in their sunniest hours—of lips that smiled but sadly, (for mortal love is half of earth, and must ever bear its share in earth's sorrows)—yet how dear in their sadness, oh! nights long lost!—never, never to return!—who shall forget ye?

It was late that evening,—the crowd was dispersing,—the lights were burning low, and I, jaded and weary, was passing through the half-deserted apartments. Suddenly, in an empty card-room, I came upon Mrs. Wentworth.

As I entered, Barrymore rose from her side, and went out by the opposite door.

The light came up to her eyes as she saw me, but by a sudden and irresistible impulse, I turned and left her.

Yet, as I went, her image, as I looked upon her then, went ever before me.

Beautiful! how beautiful!—in the changing crimson that flickered through her transparent cheek like living fire, prisoned in alabaster,—in the long fair hair that drooped from her noble brow, and swept her statue-like shoulders,—in the deep spiritual light of those unfathomable eyes,—in that mien so full of queenly grace, yet so replete with woman's gentleness!—beautiful! how beautiful! Alas! too beautiful for earth.

And I passed through the moonlit gardens, and the sounds of revelry died away on the night-wind behind me, and I went out upon the rocks of Tigné, and gazed on the solemn face of nature,—on the deep mysterious calm of sea and sky.

And even in that still hour, my *friend's* words haunted me:—haunted me as they had done through the livelong day, with a burning grasp upon my heart.

* * * *

Was there no good spirit of sea or air to save me from that accursed vow?

* * * *

Another day had passed, and the clang of military music rang loud in the Palace of Valetta, and all Malta was gathered together to revel in those princely halls, where once the soldiers of the cross professed humility and devotion.

And I stood amidst the throng, and looked on her,—not as I had ever looked before,—alas! I could not!

But I waited till she left the crowded room, till her husband found a quiet seat for her to watch the dancing through the half-closed doors.

Then I went towards her, and could mark that her cheek had lost the deceitful brilliancy of yesterday, and that she looked worn and deadly pale.—Yet she smiled on me still.

“Dear Mr. Hamilton,” she said, “why would you not speak to me last night, why did you never ask me to dance? I have so few friends in this world, and am so little likely to live to make more, that indeed I must not lose one of the small, but cherished number;—have I offended you?”

“Believe me,—no!”

“I am glad to hear you say it,—I feared that I must have done so unconsciously,—I cannot tell you how I rejoiced to see you come towards me just now.”

I thought of the fixed purpose with which I had come, and shuddered; but the evil pride of my nature was roused.—I had formed my resolve, that night to know my fate, and I would not be turned from it by her woman's words.

And, even in the moment of my pause, she looked up once more with that sad, sweet smile, and repeated.

“Then why did you avoid me last night?”

My eyes fell before her, and my lips turned pale and quivered, for I was young, and had never yet spoken such words as were about to issue from my mouth, yet I answered steadfastly.

“I must not tell you.”

“You must not tell me, Mr. Hamilton?” she repeated, with her clear, gentle laugh. “What dreadful mystery is this that may not be revealed to me? Surely there can have been no very fearful reason for your desertion, since you say you are not at enmity with me.”

“Forgive me then if I say, that I dared to fancy you engaged with a pleasanter companion than my poor self.”

“And you say that almost as if you were angry;—do explain yourself; you are very strange to night; who was my companion yesterday?”

Slowly, and almost whisperingly, the syllables fell from my lips,—“Sir George Barrymore.”

It was the manner, not the words, that sent the red blood flushing to her brow, and brought to her lips that indignant exclamation, “Mr. Hamilton.”

“Forgive me!” I cried, “Oh! forgive my folly, my presumption, my madness;—and never, never deem that words from my lips could mean the shadow of insult to one whom I love so bitterly well. Do not mistake me; I know to whom I speak,—I know that every word is sealing my own condemnation,—I know that I shall stand before you no more, that you will spurn me from your presence, and blot me from your memory;—but I know, also, that I could bear my agony no longer, and that, had death waited on the syllable, I must have said ‘I love you,’ and died! Yet cast me not too lightly away;—mine is no common, no selfish love!—it seeks no recompense; hopes no return. It only asks to watch and worship you, day by day—to catch your glances as a starving beggar, alms—to live upon the music of your lightest words—to guard your footsteps through the rough pathways of the world—and, if it be God’s will, to soothe your passage to the grave: then pray for the hour of our meeting in that Heaven where *all* is love.”

I had not dared to look on her, while I spoke, but there was no sound, no breath of answer; it was as though my words had passed unheeded.

I raised my eyes. I had been prepared to see sorrow, agitation, anger;—but in that death-like face there was such a look of mortal anguish, that I started in terror.

A moment! and her voice came on my ear with a strange unearthly sound.

“Mr. Hamilton——”

No more!

Like a stricken lily, she fell prostrate on the couch where she had sat.

I flew to her—raised her—brought her water,—and oh! how bitterly I cursed myself in my own heart.

In a few seconds she murmured faintly, and with difficulty, as though some deadly inward struggle choked her utterance:

“Take me away,—take me home!—I am ill,—ill.”

I wrapped her shawl around her, and raised her to her feet;—I could not seek *her husband then*, so I led her by the private passage towards the grand staircase, trusting to find her carriage waiting.

She walked less feebly as she went, but at the top of the staircase suddenly paused,—I thought it was to decree my fate,—banishment,—contempt!—and made as though I would press on.

What was it that arrested me, like the trump of an arch-angel?

My name! in *her* voice of agony.

“Charles!”

An instant!—she fell heavily on my shoulder, and as her pale lips touched my cheek, a warm stream burst from them over my face and bosom.

Father of mercies!—it was her life's blood! Was it a madman's voice that woke so fearfully the echoes of those vaulted rooms?

God knows!—it was *mine!*

They came—her husband came,—I could see *him*, though I marked none others,—they took her from my passive arms,—they bore her away, and I staggered forth into the holy moonlight with frenzy in my brain, and hell, unquenchable,—unquenched,—within my bosom.

* * * *

And I woke,—and knew that she was in her grave, buried that morning.

It must have been my servant who told me so; none else had seen me during the three days that followed that night.

So I roused myself and dressed, slowly and carefully, as if my happiness hung on each trifle that I wore.

“Give me some gloves, Edward, and send down to the stables for a horse;—tell Angelo that I will ride the chesnut if he has shaken off his cough;—not those Neapolitan gloves; I have told you twenty times that they were too large for me,—bring me the packet that came from Marseilles.”

I remember finding fault with my horse's condition, and recollect my groom's look of stupefaction at my doing so;—and in good truth, I did not even know at what horse I was looking.

So I mounted, and rode quietly round to Valetta,—meeting many that I knew, and stopping to laugh and talk with them by the way.

I sent my horse back, and went up into the billiard-room of the club.

It was full, and a chorus of noisy voices called me to join a pool that was just beginning.

No!—the chesnut had been pulling at me, I said, and my hand was unsteady, so I walked towards the fire-place, and stood near a group of talkers.

Barrymore was speaking.

"No one can tell how it happened;" he said; "her husband, I believe, was with her at the time, but he, poor fellow, has of course spoken to no one. It is horrible!—quite horrible!—only three days ago so full of life and beauty;—and now!—in her grave." Some one questioned him, and he spoke again.

"No!—from the time she broke the blood-vessel, she never uttered—"

I turned quickly, and walked away.

My name had been the last sound on her lips!

Let no erring mortal dare to judge her for that dying word.

As I went out, a shadow came across me;—I looked up, it was Bostock.

I saw the yet unuttered meaning in his face.

"Stop!" I said, with eager violence; "I blame you not for the past, but now, nor ever, breathe one word to me of that which is in your mind. Neglect my warning, and by the God that liveth, there shall be blood between us that day!"—and I passed on.

I dined at mess with a large and merry party, and late in the night most of us adjourned to a splendid ball in the town.

It was four o'clock ere it was over,—I heard them say so,—and the hostess crossed the room to thank me for coming, and said that I had been quite the life of her party.

Then I knew that I had been dancing, and laughing, and talking the whole night long;—then, too, I remembered that I had seen looks of wonder cast on me even from my own brother-officers, and feared that I knew their meaning.

A dark-eyed Italian went down the staircase before me, speaking her own soft tongue to the lover on whose arm she leant.

"Man's love!" she said "man's love!—I will show you what it is worth;—did you mark Signor Hamilton a week ago by *her* side?—did you see him to-night,—and she scarce cold in her new-made grave?—*that* is man's love, *that* is the reed you ask me to lean on, Alessandro."

* * * *

She could not see me when the morning broke in howling wind and sweeping rain over Floriana;—she could not see me writhing on that unsheltered tomb, and gasping to God my frantic prayer that He would crush me into nothingness, or in mercy take me to Himself and her!

None saw me save Him, and He regarded me not.

* * * *

And as weeks and months, and years passed by, it became a common theme of wonder that young Hamilton, whose boyhood had given token of so much, had fulfilled so little of that early promise; that every high hope and aspiration seemed banished from his mind, or only flashed across it like lightning through a stormy sky, to mark the deeper contrast of its after-gloom; that his once ambitious intellect was now chained to the lowest drudgery,—sin's slave of all work, the very doorkeeper and pandar to the vilest vices.

Rumour, in those lands where he was known, wearied her hundred tongues in repeating all the enormities that were reported of him, and, as they told you of the nights that he had revelled through,—the sums that he had gained away,—the hearts that he had broken,—some even added, the blood that he had spilt,—fairly and bravely,—but *blood still*,—all men marvelled, and many grieved.

“Poor fellow!” they said, “he must be mad,—he was so different as a boy.”

* * * *

Thus six years had gone by, when I was promoted to my company,—and exchanging into a Cavalry Regiment, set out by the overland route to join it in India.

It was at the close of a hot September's day when I once more landed in Valetta from the Marseilles Packet, and securing rooms in a quiet unpretending hotel, flung open my lattices to the twilight. They looked upon a still unpeopled street leading to the ramparts; there was no sound save the tinkling bells of a few sleepy goats, and the distant burthen of the fishermen's song from the harbour, to break the holy calm of evening.

Which is man's real nature, the one with which he hurries through the hot press of business, and feverish scenes of pleasure, or that which creeps over him in the silent sadness of such a night as this?

You will say that both natures are one;—think it not!—tell me not that my better self can be the thing which it so utterly despises.

Even on such nights,—through all those changing scenes of madness and of guilt,—even when the voice of man is stilled, and the stars come crowding up on the track of the departed sun, and the murmur of the waves and the low rustle of the night-breeze through the leaves thrill the listening

heart like the dirges of our years and hopes gone by, and heaven seems to shroud itself in darkness and stoop to look upon the earth, until sin shrinks within us, and our souls inhale the calm of that better world,—even on such nights, I think of her!

And I thought of her,—God help me!—and wept like a child.

* * * *

“Signor! card for you,” said the waiter.

MAJOR BOSTOCK,
—th Regiment.

And on the reverse, “Come and dine at half-past eight. I am off for Naples to-morrow, and have just seen your name in the list of arrivals.—B.B.”

Bostock and myself had for many years ceased to be in the same corps, and his regiment was not quartered in Malta. It was a strange accident our meeting there;—and stranger still, that, in my then frame of mind, I went to dine with him. Still he was an old acquaintance,—friend, if you will; and I could not endure my own society then, or at any time;—so I went.

I had not noticed the name of his hotel, but when I got out of my Caless, I looked up at the doorway, and shuddered, and shrank back:—another moment, and I smiled at my own weakness and I went on, but at every step up those well-known stairs, and along that remembered corridor, my blood ran chillier in my veins.

They took me to the very room where I had dined with *them*, the night before she——

There were no lights; Bostock had not come in; I was alone with the twilight.

I flung myself upon a sofa, and clasped my hands over my face, and lay there motionless.

Did I sleep? or was it in my waking visions that she stood before me?

Beautiful at first, and brilliant, as ever in the first bloom of her youth, but slowly fading away,—paler, and colder, and more distant, till, as she vanished in the gloom, Bostock's sneering face leant from the dark vault above, leering at me, and laughing loudly and discordantly.

I started up, and his laugh still rang in my ears, as the sound of many steps and voices echoed from the corridor.

He entered,—the centre of a gay and noisy group ;—and we met like long-parted brothers.

There was a large party ; for Bostock, as he had said, was bound for Naples in the morning, and this was his farewell entertainment.

And his friends did it justice ; they eat, and laughed, and were merry ; and then they drank, and told stories, and sang songs, of wilder and wilder licence as the night wore on ;—and at last, as it grew towards midnight, and their revelry waxed each moment louder, some one called for cards.

“ A good thought ?—fresh lights, and card-tables, and counters ; a backgammon-board, too, if you have one ; some one may take a fancy to the bones ; and, hark ye, waiter, see that we have supper at four, devils and so on.”

Two or three voices asked for soda-water ; the business of the night was commencing.

The play was high, and wine and emulation momentarily increased the stakes, until they became enormous.

Yet in that room were boys, just launched into existence with the slender income that, small though it was, could scarce be given ;—soldiers, whose sole hope in life lay in their scanty thousands,—all needed to purchase their onward progress ;—ruined spendthrifts, who, had they lost half their risks that night, might never have held up their heads, nor met a true man's glance again ;—it was not the first time by hundreds that I have seen men hazard on the turn of a card, or the fall of a dice-box, half their earthly substance,—perhaps all their earthly hope.

Of all strange madnesses, surely this is the most worthless and the worst.

It was past four when we broke up the tables, and sate down to supper.

My losses on the night had been trifling ; Bostock's, on the contrary, were very heavy, and with his money he had lost, as he always did, his temper.

I saw the old scowling sneer come over his face ; I had never liked the expression ; I liked it less than ever now.

But the wine flies round, faster and faster still ; and again the songs, and the good stories, and the loud unmeaning laughter,—and at the corner of the table perhaps, some bent-browed man, who has crippled his prospects for life by that last game of *écarté* ;—he laughs at the stories too,—somewhat bitterly perchance,—but he laughs. God help him if he cannot.

"Wine there! wine!—you have it all at that end of the table; give us some wine, and keep the wit to yourselves. Hallo! you, Trevor, pass that bottle of champagne before you quite finish it."

"Too late, my dear fellow," said the man addressed, holding up the empty flask, "too late."

"By Jove, I am always too late; I should have been a Bishop now, only I never thought of the church till I was expelled for rowing, and it was too late then."

"Not so bad as my cousin, George Aspley, who would have married an heiress if he had not put off proposing till another man ran away with her;—George always said he was "Jutht too late."

"Not so bad as the man in America, who carried out the habit to such an extent that he was too late for his own funeral, and kept the clergyman waiting."

"Not so bad as my friend Hamilton here:" cried Bostock. "How not so bad as Hamilton? Why not so bad as Hamilton?" shouted half a dozen voices.

"Why, thereby hangs rather a good story,—but I know he will not object to your hearing it."

I saw the sneer again, yet never doubted of what was coming.

"The fact is, that, hardened sinner as he sits before you, he once, in the days of his youth, got into a hopeless state of mind about a fair angel here at Malta."

He saw the unutterable expression that rose to my face, met it with a sardonic laugh of delight and triumph, and went on:

"But, unlucky devil, he was desperately too late, for, in spite of my good advice, he deferred his declaration so long, that the poor little thing was in her grave before——"

Silenced! by a *blow!* and from my hand!

There was no noise or confusion, as in so many midnight quarrels,—all knew what must be the sequel;—only they held him back, and calmed us for the moment;—then we chose out two of the number, and the rest departed.

Staggering, and blinking forth into the fresh, cool air of morning, shaking their heads as they rolled into bed, and muttering, "I hate those late parties,—there is always something or other d——d painful happening at them;"—then turning on their pillows and sleeping heavily.

Trevor opened the shutters when they had gone, and the early day streamed in, lighting up, with hideous satire, all the scattered tokens of the night's debauch.

I turned from it, and asked impatiently, if the matter was arranged.

"All settled," said Trevor; "you will have no cause to complain of delay; the Sallyport is open now,—we cross to Tigné, and half an hour hence, the whole thing will be over;—you had better come and take a cup of coffee meantime."

As we went down Strada Forni to the Sallyport, and I gazed again upon the well-remembered walls I had not seen for years, some thought, despite of myself, stole over me of the days when I looked upon them first, in all the early freshness of my boyhood, and the question *would* intrude itself,—how had I used the intervening years?—how had I turned aside the current of my life?—whither was that current bearing me?

Suddenly the thought flashed on me,—who had done this thing?—who had perverted my ambition, destroyed my hopes, and, by wrenching from me every prospect of calm, lasting happiness on earth, condemned me to the frantic career I was now madly pursuing? Who but he, who, by probing the wound himself had made, now added the crowning insult to that long-hoarded treasury of wrong!

And this man would, in a few minutes, be opposed to me, face to face—his life at my mercy.

I stepped quicker at the thought, and hoarsely told my companion to "come on."

The boats were plying merrily to and fro in the quarantine harbour,—the idle, happy Maltese were fishing from the rocks, or plunging noisily off them into the clear, deep waters,—the drowsy sentries breathed lighter, and moved more briskly, as the day came on,—the early world was all awake,—man was going forth to his appointed task,—and I to mine!

We landed;—the others were already there—no delay—the ground was measured—we were placed.

"You have gone through this business before," said Trevor, in a half-whisper, as he put the pistol in my hand; "I need not tell you what to do; but are you sure your head is quite clear from that wine? I do not think Bostock *means* to miss you, and——"

"Thank you—my head was never clearer."

"I am glad of it; something in your eye made me think otherwise. Have you a good light—do you see him clearly?"

"I see him well!"

He looked at me steadily for a moment, then turned, and with his colleague walked to one side.

“ Ready ! ”——“ Fire ! ” * * *

“ Dead—stone dead ! ” * * *

* * * * *

There are two graves in Floriana of my making now, and the friend of my boyhood sleeps near the gentle being whom he taught that boyhood to destroy. * * *

* * * * *

Think you that he sleeps well there ?

* * * * *

Is your question answered, Fanny ? My tale is told.



MARICITA.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

By the Author of “ Moonlight.”

CHAPTER IV.

Three or four days of unusual quietness had passed over the villagers of Madronera since Howard's departure, accustomed as they had been to the constant rapacious visits of their near enemy. Did it augur a happy release from them altogether, and that the advance of the British army was about to effect this change ?

During this space of time, Sanchez had continued to attend to his farming occupations, and seemed to have shaken off his sullen deportment in some measure, especially towards Maricita,—rather courting her smile by his attentions than otherwise ;—in fact, a light had now broken in upon him, which he had never before discovered,—namely, that his cousin possessed character, as firm in mind as her countenance was beautiful in feature,—and that she was not to be made the passive slave to all his overbearing suspicions. But was he cured of his jealousy ?

When we look through the world, does not man, to his shame, and still to his after-sorrow, too often think that the heart of woman is only formed to be the toy of his exacting will, or the dupe of his low artifice ? And because nature has so fashioned his frame, that his physical strength exceeds hers, does he not thereby imagine that his intellect is

also of a superior order, and that he has the right to enforce all his opinions and inclinations, when the result too frequently proves, that had he listened to her calmer judgment, he might have been saved an after-life of remorse and an end of misery? Yes, it is undeniably true, that even in worldly advantages, many of the most distinguished in renown, have owed their high position and good fortune to the advice and influence of a sensible wife.

In the order of human events, such may be also the proportionate result to the lowly, as well as to the more elevated, in society. A wise Creator has not apportioned happiness to power or riches only, but has made it the prize of contentment, which is only attainable where passion exercises the least sway, and principle enforces the soundest precept. Unhappily, neither of these was the case with Sanchez; for after endeavouring for the three or four latter days to curb the temper of his mind, upon the close of the last, he became again dissatisfied and was visited with a return of his mental infirmity,—so much so, as to produce the painful result to himself to be related hereafter.

Oh, mother nature! what is it that so over-rules our actions at times, whereby the evil spirit, infatuation, will choose the path to wrong, even whilst reason stands, slowly pointing out to us to take another course?

It was now the morning of the fifth day since Howard had quitted Madronera. Gaspar and his daughter had risen; the morning chocolate was prepared, and a cup placed for Sanchez; but not making his appearance as usual, inquiry for him ensued, when the reply from Lopez was, “that he had started on his mule before break of day, but had not named the purport or direction of his journey.”

Great was the astonishment of both at this circumstance, and many their surmises; yet, whatever they were, neither ventured to express one that would have reflected dishonour on the family, although a dark cloud of thought arose and hung over the old man's mind. But, perhaps Lopez was wrong, and he would reappear shortly; still as one hour followed another, when the church bells chimed that of noon, and no Ignacio had returned, their excitement and regret became stronger and stronger. Just as the chime ceased, the sound of an approaching quadruped was heard, and both sire and child rushed to the door, expecting to see the missing youth, but in his stead, their eyes beheld the more muscular form of Diego Perez.

“How now, Diego,” said Caspar, “whence camest thou? hast thou seen Ignacio on thy path?”

“I came to seek him,” was the reply—“is he not here?”

“No,” faltered Maricita; “he left Madronera early this morning.”

“Had he received any message?” inquired Perez quickly.

“None, that we know of,” answered Gaspar.

Perez here seemed to reflect for a minute, saying, as if to himself,—“he could not, surely, have received any;”—then looking up,—added,—“I come direct from the Captain, who requires his services to night, and who would not have trusted another with this message. Do you not know where he has gone, and the purport?”

The two seemed to hesitate in their reply,—but in a few moments said, simultaneously and sorrowfully—“We know not.”

“Strange indeed!” exclaimed Perez.

“Strange indeed!” was the echoed words of both,—and all three became silent.

At length, old Gaspar spoke:—“Come, Diego, our mid-day meal is ready, and you must be prepared, after your journey, to partake of it. Come,—Ignacio is still absent,—but perhaps, you are the better substitute.”

The dark eyes of the young man lighted up with a soft expression, as glancing towards Maricita, at these words, he thanked her parent, and followed them into the house.

It has been already stated that the young guerrilla was a great admirer of his fair country woman’s charms, the knowledge of which had frequently aroused the jealous temper of Ignacio in a great degree. It will not therefore appear surprising, that his feelings should be much excited in finding himself suddenly seated near Maricita, and in the absence, too, of her cousin. But this was not the time to be forgetful of the especial purport of his presence there, and knowing that both Gaspar and his daughter were acquainted with the circumstances which brought him, he entered into all the detail of Howard’s instructions,—which required, that, accompanied by Sanchez, they should both be at Deleytosa by nightfall, to act as guides to the British troops through the two mountain passes, leading to Roman Gordo. On finishing this account, Perez commenced expressing his surprise at Ignacio’s mysterious absence, particularly as the English captain had engaged his services, at the time of his departure;—concluding his remarks with the

hope that the absentee would return shortly,—upon which they all arose, and withdrew separately to take the accustomed siesta.

As Maricita closed her chamber door, she thought to herself,—“What if her cousin should not have returned before Diego’s departure? What disgrace would then be thrown on all of them, now that he was pledged to obey the captain’s wishes?” and in her highmindedness of thought her heart sank within her. She now sat down to ponder on all that had occurred. Why, she knew not,—yet her feelings misgave her, as to her cousin’s immediate reappearance. The apprehension of such a misfortune kept her for some time in serious reflection,—when, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, she went to her door to see if all were still, throughout the house, (this being mostly the case during the hours of siesta,) and ascertaining the fact, took her mantilla, and walking on tiptoe, quitted the threshold unperceived.

In about two hours after this, the same light form was seen returning along a by-path in rear of the farm-yard, and, as if wishing to be unnoticed, to pass hastily into the building. Four o’clock now came,—the old Spaniard was stirring; the sound of whose footstep being immediately heard by his daughter, she issued from her chamber, and said, “Dear father, our good neighbour, Manuela Alava, has asked me to go there this afternoon—it is Thomasina’s birthday;—I have promised; therefore do not be surprised to find me absent, when you return from the field.”

“Well, my child, there can be no more innocent pastime than the dance and the song, and our natural airs inspire to both. But how will your feelings agree with Ignacio’s absence?—I confess, Maricita, it is not his departure, but the cause, which perplexes me. Pray to God that no evil thought may have instigated his journey.”

“I pray so too, father, fervently; but let it not disturb you,—all may yet be well;”—and with these words she went up and embraced him, as he quitted the house without further reply than a sorrowful shake of the head. Hardly had he mounted his mule and ridden away to the field, when Diego Perez entered.

“I felt sure you would be here, Diego,” were her first words.

“You want me, then, Maricita? I cannot be better employed than in your service.”

“ I have, indeed, a particular request to make.”

“ None that I am not equally ready to grant, if in my poor means.”

“ Are you sure of that?”—and there was an attempt to smile, but which as speedily vanished.

“ Women are told to obey men; and yet, you more frequently make us your slaves; at least, I feel so towards you.”

“ You are always very kind, Diego, and brave too, and I feel, therefore, that you can be trusted with my secret.”

“ I hope all can rely on Diego Perez, more especially the young and innocent.—And what is this secret then?” said he playfully.

“ To accompany you to the British camp.”

“ You!” and he fairly started at the words.

“ Yes,—I.”

“ But your father,—knows he of this?”

“ He knows it not,—and this is the first part of my secret.”

“ But what may be the cause for this sudden wish, *amiga cara*?—Ah, I see it,—the anxiety for Ignacio,”—was added in a desponding tone.

“ Not for his person, Diego,—*but for his honour*. Did he not promise the captain his services, and is he here to fulfil it?”

“ But what has this to do with your journey?”

“ Of this, you may not be informed at present. Come, do you agree to my request? for time speeds.”

“ I cannot refuse you,—but surely, the anxiety for your absence will break your parent’s heart?”

“ Fear not,—his suspense will be relieved before midnight,—a previous knowledge of it would frustrate my determination.”

“ I repeat, Maricita, I can refuse you nothing;—but how is the journey to be accomplished by you?”

“ That is my look-out.—Be at Manuela’s house by six o’clock, your proposed hour of departure; and until then be silent,”—and motioning her finger to her lips, she withdrew to her chamber.

Her disappearance caused Perez to depart, puzzled at the strangeness of the request, yet pleased at the idea of having so fair a companion on his journey. As soon as he was gone, our young heroine wrapped her mantilla again around her, and bent her footsteps towards Manuela’s dwelling, which stood quite at the skirts of the Puebla.

The appointed hour arrived, when Diego, though doubt-

ful of the undertaking he had pledged himself to, and partly disinclined under the apprehension of old Gaspar's anger, was nevertheless punctual to it, and ere he had time to draw up his mule, the figure, to all appearance, of a youth, of about sixteen, with his *sombrero* drawn down to shade his face, and his person enveloped in a brown *capota*, issued from the farm-yard, mounted on a mule,—and joining his comrade, the two, without pausing, took the road to Deleytosa.

It may be necessary here to explain, that dressed in the borrowed apparel of Juan Alava, one of Manuela's sons, a lad of fifteen, Maricita had thus transformed herself to all outward observation. This intention had occasioned her visit there in the early part of the afternoon, for she well knew the readiness with which her wishes would be met. In short, she was a general favorite throughout the village, the spoiled pet of both young and old; whilst many of its youths, who had lost their hearts to her, would wonder how her father could still adhere so firmly to her betrothment to so disagreeable a being as Ignacio Sanchez.

But, when, where, and by whom will Riches cease to be considered the crowning rose of human happiness, to which all other objects are but too frequently sacrificed?

The distance to Deleytosa was scarcely four leagues, so that night had not yet set in when they approached it. Many had been the reflections of the maiden along the road, regarding her cousin. She had hoped to have met him on his return, but she was disappointed. An ominous foreboding had crossed her mind, such as had dispirited her father, but she was silent on this point. She knew Diego to be brave and honest, but she knew also that he admired her, and felt that where interested motives clash, men are not the most impartial judges of each other's actions,—for it has been already stated, what his feelings were towards her,—and her own pure and refined nature, though it condemned the one to whom she was affianced, shrunk from what might have appeared more than friendly regard towards the other.

There is ever something in the bland voice, the expressive smile, or tender solicitude of manner, which tells us where we are loved or esteemed. They were now about to enter the village, when Maricita halted her mule and said, "Diego, you must make me another promise."

There was something in the tone of her voice, which

caused him to dismount quickly, and taking her hand, he replied with more than usual tenderness, "Ah! is there anything I would not grant you?" but instead of returning the soft smile which accompanied the words, she said, "Come Diego, this is no time for love-making, we are upon a more serious errand." He released her hand as quickly, abashed, saying, "I feel your rebuke just,—tell me your wishes." "First then, that you divulge not my disguise, and next, that when we meet the captain, you will inform him, that the sudden illness of Ignacio occasioned your bringing me, (whom you must call Juan) in his stead, and one equally well acquainted with the mountain passes, to serve as a guide; you promise it?" "I do."—In pronouncing this emphatically, he pressed his hand to his heart, and remounting his mule, they rode forward in silence to the village.

The scene in Deleytosa was a stirring one,—for although the moon had not yet risen, the lights from each house disclosed the excited inmates at their doors, conversing about the British troops, who, having halted there during the afternoon, had now reassembled on the road, leading over the sierra to Roman Gordo, and were about to advance in that direction. Being well known to some of the inhabitants, Diego would have stopped for a few moments to accost them, but Maricita urged him onwards, whilst the darkness precluded his being recognized. It was, perhaps, as well, for they had scarcely traversed the village, when a horseman rode up, saying, "Is it you Perez, and Sanchez too, I hope?" The sound of that voice caused our heroine to start, for it was Howard's.

"Noble Sir," replied Diego, "your servant Perez is here, but Sanchez having been suddenly taken ill, since you left Madronera, this young peasant has come in his stead, and I will vouch for my friend Juan being as expert a guide as Estremadura can boast of."

"What has Sanchez then turned craven-hearted?"

"Not so, Signor, yet here is one whose quick eye can pierce night's thickest gloom, and safely track the mountain path, midst darkness, to Roman Gordo."

"'Tis marvellously bright, Perez. I saw it flash as you now spoke of Sanchez. But come, the General awaits us; follow me."

At the head of the British column, formed just beyond the village, stood a small group of staff officers, towards whom Howard led the two Spaniards, when, as he approached

from the lips of one, evidently the superior in command, came the words :

“ Well, Howard, are these the guides ? ”

“ Yes, Sir ! ”

“ Are you sure you can depend upon them ? ”

“ As I would on myself.”

“ Do they come from the neighbourhood, and know every mountain track ? ”

“ They are peasants of Madronera, and have frequented these passes.”

“ Good ; let the column advance,” and in a few minutes, the fiery mass of valour moved forward.

If the position in which the Spanish maiden had placed herself was strange, it was not more so than the feelings which agitated her bosom ; for unwilling to allow the sound of her voice to escape, further than by a simple monosyllable in reply to the few questions put to her, she had more time to reflect on the events of the last week and contemplate the future. Not that there was any indecision or regret at finding herself where she then was. Her mind might have been defined as one of the few exceptions to that less emboldened nature which animates her sex ; but then, it was a glorious one, which inspired her soul, but took not away from her effeminacy,—such as Joan of Arc's, or her own maid of Saragossa's. Nay, it was, perhaps, more disinterested, more devoted, since, in the performance of the deed, she could have contemplated no future record to blazon forth her name. Imagining, that, by the absence of Ignacio, pledged to perform a service for his country, disgrace would fall on the Spanish character, her noble feelings had urged her to undertake her present arduous part, whilst she classed not the pretended plea of her cousin's illness under the name of falsehood. Although she felt there was some duplicity in it, yet it was surely excusable ?

History deals not with the common-place events of life, or its humbler destinies ; yet, in the noble actions of a peasant, there is as much to admire as in those of a prince.

The dews of a clear though cold May night were now falling on the mountain-ridge of Miravete, which, rising in front with gloomy grandeur, presented to the view, by the light of the newly-risen moon, those steep acclivities and rocky pinnacles in shadowy mistiness, yet leaving each ravine still veiled in the darkness of desolation. Yet the prospect, although awe-striking, was sublime ; for above were the sky,

and moon, and stars, shining on the lofty sierra's majestic crest, contrasting strongly with the darker objects below, where all that relieved its gloom was the long line of the soldiery, defiling along the narrow, tortuous path, whose firelocks, glittering in the moon-beams, marked their track alone, sparkling as the winding course of some shimmering torrent down the mountain's rugged side.

There was also an imposing effect amidst this scene, caused by the tramp of so numerous a body of men, on whom silence had been enjoined, only broken in upon at times by the loud scream of the startled bird of prey, or the long, discordant howl of the hungry wolf. At length, after three hours' toiling march over precipitous bank and through stunted bush, upon nearing the mountain's crest, where the track became still more faint and intricate, occasioning much impediment, a further halt was required, not only for the closing-up of stragglers, but to give time for the guides to make some reconnaissance in front. With this view, Howard now came up to Diego and the supposed Juan, who had been leading their mules at the head of the column, and, accosting the former, proposed an advanced look-out, not merely as prudent, but necessary, in order to expedite their further march, the first part having been so slowly performed that it was now past midnight, and it was the urgent wish of the British general to reach Roman Gordo before daylight.

To the suggestion Perez responded quickly:—"There is but one path from this point, captain; let me proceed, therefore, alone, and look to it, although that is scarcely needed. The youth here requires a short rest, like the soldiery. Besides, should any mishap befall me, you will have one still left, to guide you. Here Juan, hold the beast till I return."

In saying this, Diego gave the reins of his mule to Maricita and started forward, leaving her and Howard alone; for the tired troops, glad of rest, had all squatted themselves immediately at the word "halt," laying their wearied limbs on the rugged heath-covered ground.

Upon a low rock a little apart, sat our heroine with Howard, who reclined on the bank, not many feet from her; the head-quarter group of officers with their chief being at some little distance from them. It was a trying moment for her; many, many were the conflicting feelings in her breast. She thought of her father's love, and his anguish at her absence, of Ignacio's unaccountable conduct, of her position

amidst the thousands of armed men around, with whom she was advancing to a scene of sanguinary strife;—but even these caused not so powerful, so tremulous a sensation, as her being seated near one, for whom she felt more than common esteem,—in whom there was so much to admire,—nay more,—to love! Was it, therefore, the dread of the latter supposition, (should he find out her disguise,) which made her so fearful of her being recognised—of its being conjectured as the impulse to her presence there? Would he commence to question her, and discover her by the sound of her voice? This thought had scarcely passed through her mind, when he said in Spanish?

“You are from La Madronera?”

“Yes, sir,” was the reply, striving to alter her voice.

“You are acquainted then with Maricita Diaz?”

“Yes, sir,” but uttered in a feebler tone.

“Poor, dear Maricita! I have been thinking of her all day;” and he relapsed into silence.

It was fortunate it so happened, for to be called *dear*, by one who had already so interested her heart! oh, had a further question obliged her to reply, ere she had recovered herself a little, her recognition must have ensued.

In a minute or two, however, he added, “And how is it that one so young as yourself is so well acquainted with these wild passes?”

“I had friends at La Ceuva, whom I went often to see.”

“Are you a relation to Maricita?—for surely there is something in your voice, which strangely reminds me of hers.”

This remark required her utmost efforts to meet; she managed, however, to say calmly, “I am her cousin.”

“Not like Ignacio Sanchez, I hope.”

But, before she had given due reply to this, he was summoned by the General, who would admit of no longer a halt, it being already feared that the point for attack could not be attained by daybreak.

“Fall in!” was now echoed along the mountain ridge, and again the host moved forward. Diego returned at this moment, and relieving his companion of his mule, in so doing pressed her hand, and in a low tone, bade her to be of good cheer.

It has frequently occurred in military operations, that where a failure as to precision of time has taken place, the more favorable opportunity for a surprise or movement has been lost,—it happened on the present occasion, not that the

circumstance attached blame to any individual, it being impossible to foresee the difficulties and obstacles to the undertaking, when a rugged, mountainous, scarcely traversable country was to be passed over by a numerous body of men; so that, just as day began to dawn, the troops were still at some distance from the Fort of Amaráz.

Another halt was now ordered for the closing up of the main body, whilst a picquet was sent to the front. This party had scarcely gone forward more than ten minutes, when three of their number were seen returning, evidently escorting a fourth person, in a Spanish peasant's dress.

The two guides had withdrawn themselves, at this time, some paces distant, and were seated amidst the heather, the younger with a view to get screened as much as possible from Howard's observation, as the increasing light had made the features of all distinguishable.

But there is a destiny in human events not to be overruled by weak mortals. A sudden cry—a wild exclamation (it might have been taken for youth's, yet it sounded like a woman's) was heard; yea, it was Maricita's,—for that escort had passed near enough for her quick eye to recognize, in that peasant's face, the features of her cousin Ignacio.

It so chanced that Howard came up at the instant, hearing that cry, and being the first officer whom the corporal of the escort fell in with, the latter addressed him, stating how his prisoner had been discovered asleep by the way-side, lying on his gun,—and on being roused, was so confused in his account of himself, as to cause his detention, it being surmised by the officer of the party, who had sent him in, that he must have come from the enemy's forts, or might give some information of importance regarding their state of preparation.

Howard's recognition of Sanchez was immediate, and the effect upon him startling;—in fact, the whole circumstance was one of those sudden, strange, and unthought of before, which causes a momentary bewilderment of sense; but in a few seconds, he said, “ Sanchez, is this you? I thought you were left ill at Madronera? How came you nearer to the enemy than ourselves, and at such a time?”

The look of apprehension which filled the Spaniard's countenance when he was first marched up, had suddenly changed into one of a more sullen cast, when these questions were put; for her glance of recognition had not been more quick than his, who saw and knew her upon that

exclamation breaking forth; and, as if to evade a reply, he said with a reckless air :

“ And how came she here ? ”

“ Who ? ” quickly asked Howard.

“ Maricita ! ” and he pointed to where she sat, with her face now buried in her hands, and Perez standing by her,—and adding after a slight pause, “ I came in search of her.”

Fortunately, there were but a few tired soldiers lying around, near enough to hear, but not to understand what had passed, which was spoken in Spanish. It was as well, perhaps, that such was the case, for the whole was inexplicable and perplexing to Howard.

The idea flashed on him, “ had Sanchez been a spy, and had she aided in such designs ? ” Alas ! he knew not the feelings which were at that moment harrowing that maiden’s heart. But he had scarcely allowed such suspicions to cross him, when she arose, and, grasping Howard’s hand, exclaimed, “ I deceived you in the tale of Ignacio’s illness. Oh, save the honor of the Spanish name ;—my motives were higher, purer than you may imagine.”

“ Noble girl,” he replied, “ your secret shall be safe, and your wishes sacred. Ignacio must be taken before the general, but for your faith, and for your sake, he shall be believed ; and, motioning the escort with their prisoner to follow him, Howard proceeded to the head-quarter group. His return was not long delayed, followed by the liberated Sanchez, and, approaching her again, his words were, “ Truth, and virtue, and noble feeling, deserve this reward. May you be happy ! Farewell, Maricita ! we may never meet again.”

“ Oh, not so,—I still hope to explain all,” she faltered ; but, without noticing her words, he added :

“ Let Diego protect you back to your father. Tell him to remember me in his prayers, and may I sometimes be not forgotten in yours ; ” and, hurrying away, he was soon by the side of his commander.

The annals of the Spanish war present a better description of the glorious exploit of the British army at Almaraz, than can be detailed here. Suffice it to say, that the assaulting force was arrayed in two columns, and that their advance and close approach to the forts, under cover of the surrounding hills, was unperceived by the enemy, who, on hearing the booming of cannon from the castle of Miraveté, which another column of the allied army was attacking, were standing

on their ramparts, gazing in that direction upon the clouds of smoke rising above the mountain's crest, little dreaming what would be their own fate in a very few minutes,—when, suddenly, from that near hill, there burst forth a shout—that glorious shout, which those only can imagine, who have witnessed the scene and heard the triumphant voices of British soldiers rushing on to victory.

At the very time that this attack was in preparation, and but a few moments before the impetuous assault commenced, three individuals, in Spanish peasant costume, might have been observed, immediately in rear of the troops. Who they were may be easily conjectured,—when the voice of one, that of Perez, exclaimed, “Ignacio! our hands should not be idle, when English ones are fighting for us;—mine have never been so yet, when the fair opportunity offered. Maricita, in her disguise, will be safe here with the mules.”

At that very moment the triumphant shout already described rent the air, as the impetuous soldiery rushed forward.

“Come on, Sanchez, God speed the brave!” added the bold guerrilla, and on he flew, fire in his eye, and vengeance in his arm, to join the daring combatants,—for his heart was in the fight, and not with Maricita.

There appeared, if it could be so called, a sort of pause in the advance of Sanchez, when, in one moment, Maricita kindled into enthusiasm, and pointing to the front, said, “Do you hesitate, Ignacio? Now prove yourself no traitor!” and the last words she hissed through her lips, “You remember the vow I have sworn to?”

A glance of mingled rage and bitterness flashed from the eyes of the infuriated Spaniard upon her, as, without a word in reply, he rushed after his brave countryman.

The parting of the cousins had scarcely taken place more than a few minutes, when, on the crest of that hill, from behind which the troops had *debouched*, stood a youthful form, looking down with intense interest on the fearful scene below, where, amidst volumes of smoke and flame, the fury of that attack was raging. Frequently had the eye of that gazer been turned away, or covered by the hand, as in that desperate assault and resistance, some fated one was seen hurled from those battlements upon the crowd beneath, or where the brandished sword and glittering bayonet marked the sanguinary struggle for life and death;—for upon the ramparts of the two forts stood the foe, pouring forth volleys, and hurling down missiles, whilst the cannon's thundering roar,

joined to the rattling musketry, kept up an incessant din,—until, at length, a loud and wild huzza mingled its sound with these, and, as the smoke was borne partially away, the bright red vestures of the assailants were observed, crowning those breastworks, plainly telling who were victorious, when, in a few minutes more, that flag,

“ Which for a thousand years has braved
The battle and the breeze,”

floated triumphantly on the tower of Fort Napoleon.

Although the individual who had stood gazing on the appalling strife, was a female,—still, judge not harshly of her nature, or her sensibility.

“ Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But formed for all the witching arts of love,
Though thus, in arms, they emulate her sons,
And with the horrid phalanx dare to move ;
'Tis but the tender fierceness of a dove,
Picking the hand that hovers o'er its mate,
In softness and in firmness, far above
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate ;
Her mind is nobler sure,—her charms, perchance, as great.”

And was it not so with Maricita? Oh, how deeply, how incessantly, had she not thought, in that hour of slaughter and suspense, on Howard—on Diego—even on her misguided relative, and on the hopes of triumph ;—for was not that cause dear to her? and did she not prove it by aiding to bind the bleeding limb of the poor soldier, who crawled wounded from the fight, or holding the cool water to his parched lips? Yes, it was that “tender fierceness,” so beautifully expressed by the poet, which, alive to the nobler sentiments of what war demands of man's honour, yet, still influenced by the fond feeling of affection, makes woman—devoted woman—

“ Brave every danger for the heart she loves.”

It was at a moment when thus engaged, and unconscious of his approach, that the voice of the guerrilla caught her ear, saying, in a tone of unusual melancholy, “Thank God! I have found thee safe again.”

“Oh, Diego, art thou unhurt?—and the Captain?—and Ignacio? Speak! what of them?” and she looked up to heaven in anxious but devout silence, awaiting his reply.

“The Captain, I believe is safe,—and your cousin,” here he lowered his voice, “we shall see him at Roman Gordo.”

“ Did you see him in the fight, Diego ? ” she inquired emphatically, “ for he seemed to follow you there.”

“ He must have been where his duty called him, Marieita,”—but wishing evidently to turn the subject, he added,—“ Roman Gordo is scarcely a mile distant; this is no place for you now,”—and taking hold of her arm, he led her from the distressing scene, leaving the wounded soldier she had been tending in the charge of a comrade.

In a wild ravine, and buried amidst the surrounding hills, lay the small hamlet of Roman Gordo,—now almost deserted by its few former inhabitants,—to the dwelling of one of whom, known to Diego, their footsteps were directed, and which proved not to have been forsaken by the old couple, José and Mariana;—for sad as had been the lot of many of the poorer Spanish peasantry,—falling daily victims to a cruel and rapacious foe,—yet was misery and want borne in many instances, rather than abandon what had ever been their home;—thus it was, that for many a year, the plough was seen to delve the soil, and the knife to prune the vine, although the unhappy peasant felt that his harvest would most probably go to feed his country’s invaders.

Very shortly after their arrival, Diego and José quitted the house, leaving the maiden with Mariana, and promising a speedy return,—but there was a mysteriousness in the manner of the former, which perplexed Maricita, and kept her thoughts deeply agitated, until his reappearance in about an hour,—when, entering, he besought her to follow him into the adjoining cottage, with a mournfulness of tone, which caused the blood to rush back into her heart,—and obeying his request in silence, she there beheld the lifeless remains of her cousin, Ignacio.

To say that one endued with all the nobler yet softer attributes of her sex was not greatly affected at the sight, would be deep injustice to her,—nevertheless, it must be added, that what would have been a short time since a source of continued anguish, now caused a far less violent pang to her feelings. But it is with the waters of life, as with those of the fountain-stream,—they must be pure to be enjoyed, and the more sullied they become in their course, the less are they sought or cherished.

It appeared by Diego’s after narration, that the deceased, on descending the hill-side, which sloped towards the enemy’s fort, had been struck by a musket-ball in the breast, which laid him low; that his comrade had seen him fall, but

being unable at the moment to quit the field of honour, could only return to the spot after the surrender of the forts, to find him a corpse.

The mystery which had attended the departure of the now dead Sanchez from the village, was never cleared up,—but his intimacy with many of the enemy, when quartered at Madronera,—his meeting with the French captain at Jaracejo shortly before, as stated by himself,—and his disappearance at a period so rife with an undertaking, on which profound secrecy was the main-spring towards success, together with his apprehension under such unfavorable circumstances near to their forts, left ever after, on the minds of those acquainted with these facts, a deep cloud of ignominious suspicion,—which even his death on the field of strife could not remove.

There is a retributive justice in the affairs of life, which sooner or later attends human destiny. It is true that the good do not always meet with their reward upon earth, nor the bad with their recompense ;—still, it is so ordained, that whilst the upright and pure in heart possess an in-dwelling hope, circling the soul like a rainbow, amidst all their trials and disappointments here, an evil conscience enshrouds the wicked and vicious, poisoning all the better portions of their existence ;—and when the sudden stroke of death overtakes such a one, still hardened in the midst of his offences,—it is the arm of retribution which falls on him ; and who shall question the justice of its decrees?

The close of the eventful day of Almaraz brought rejoicings with it to the gallant little British band, who had effected so sudden and sure a conquest. But there were dangers still thick around them, for the armies of France, under three of their brave marshals, were on their flanks and rear,—and posterity can now judge more clearly of the brilliancy of an exploit which was carried through with such skilful dexterity and daring courage. But a retreat was necessary after the destruction of these formidable forts could be accomplished, and the stay of one day alone could be risked for that purpose. It was only, therefore, towards the evening, that Howard, on whom the most arduous duties had devolved, could turn his thoughts again to the heroine of Madronera,—when, remembering what had been mentioned respecting Roman Gordo, he conjectured rightly, and turning his steed towards that hamlet, there found the maiden who had inspired him with so much admiration and regard.

After a long and deeply interesting interview, wherein the young soldier found out still more to admire in the lovely, noble-minded Maricita, and which took place in the presence of the brave guerrilla and the two cottagers,—he arose to depart, for duty called him again to its offices.

It would be difficult to describe by whom most emotion was shown in that last farewell,—when Howard, gazing on her with much tenderness, said to the Spaniard, “Diego, I conjure you to protect and guide her back safely to her father;—you know not the value of the treasure you are guarding; she will never get as good a husband as her virtues merit.”—He then turned, and embracing her with all the fervor of a brother’s love, they departed,—*never to meet again.*

The glorious victory of Salamanca, which occurred about two months after the exploit just recorded, was the means of obliging the French to evacuate all the south-west provinces of Spain immediately, and which, during the remainder of the war, they never overran again with their legions. Nevertheless, a small detachment of British troops was still retained at the bridge of Almaraz, during the whole of the following year of 1813; the officer in charge of which, chanced to be a personal friend and correspondent of Henry Howard’s, to one of whose letters the latter received the following reply :

“On returning from Truxillo a few days since, I came back by La Madrouera to fulfil a request which you have made once or twice. I found that sweetly picturesque village in all the beauty of rich autumnal foliage. Arriving there about sunset’s golden hour, having previously determined from your description of old Caspar and his daughter, and of the hearty welcome you assured me of receiving as your friend, to remain there for the night,—I fancied from your minute description also of the place, that I knew their identical dwelling,—when on riding up it, a short distance, I perceived one of the loveliest young women I ever beheld, standing at her door, caressing a fine infant of a few months old. This, I said to myself immediately, must be Maricita.

“It was evident, (as I had observed on passing each cottage,) that the appearance of a British officer in the village was one of pleasing interest, and no sooner had the glance of the young woman fallen on me, than I heard a soft sweet

voice, calling to her father and husband, to come out from within.

"Before they had attended, however, to her summons, I had approached near enough to say, "If I mistake not, you must be the friends of Captain Howard?"

As a fair flower, momentarily shaken by the breath of the passing zephyr, a tremulous emotion seemed to have vibrated to her heart at the sound of that name, which almost as suddenly vanished, when at that instant a fine old man, with silver-sprinkled locks, and a tall athletic person in the prime of manhood, made their appearance,

"Dear father," said Maricita, "here is a friend of the captain's, and brings us news of him."

"Welcome, sir, whoever you are," exclaimed the old man, "and doubly so, as the friend of him you have named. Here, Diego, see the gentleman's horse attended to;" and dismounting, I found myself in a few minutes seated amidst your old acquaintances, scarcely knowing how to reply quickly enough to all their inquiries after you; telling them of the many perils you had encountered since the one in which they were sharers also, but that it had pleased Providence still to spare you.

I need not add how pleasantly the evening was spent. Your guide, the brave Diego, had become the husband of the maiden, about two months after their parting with you at Almaraz; the disappearance of the enemy from the neighbourhood having relieved him from the necessity of continuing his former daring life.

On parting with these kind-hearted people on the following day, many, indeed, were the kind messages to you from all, the last being from Maricita herself, in whose dark, lovely eyes, I saw a tear-drop glisten as she said, "Tell him, we often think and speak of him, and to cherish his remembrance the more," (holding out her infant at the same time,) "that we have given our boy the name of Henrique."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR IN THE LEVANT,

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER X.

Visit to the Pyramids—Their distance from the River—Deceptive appearance—Country between the River and the Pyramids—Arab Guides—Their rapidity in ascending the Pyramids—The Shcik—Tombs about the Pyramids—Ascent of the Great Pyramid—The Interior—Dimensions of the Pyramid—Object of the Building—Its Antiquity—Conjectures—The Sphynx—Return to Cairo and Alexandria—Conclusion.

Agreeably to my promise, I will suppose the return voyage down the Nile completed,—the Temple of Dendera, the Grottos of Beni Hassan, and all the lesser wonders seen and admired,—and the boat safely moored in view of the Pyramids of Geezeh. We breakfasted in high glee, sent Emanuel to Cairo for our letters, engaged donkeys, and set out on our way in company with Todoree.

The pyramids are situated at a distance of about four miles from the river, though the traveller is never convinced of this fact till he has traversed the ground, so deceptive is the appearance. When we left the boat, I should have been willing to bet any money that we were within a mile of the pyramids; and when we *were* within that distance, I dismounted from my donkey, and ran forward to commence the ascent.

The way between the river and the pyramids is pleasantly varied by the abundant vegetation which clothes the country in the neighbourhood of this part of the river. Fields of tobacco, Indian corn, cotton, rice, wheat, are interspersed with acacias, palm-trees, water-melons, fig-trees, and olives. About half-way between the river and the pyramids, we came upon a canal of width and depth surpassing the powers of our long-eared steeds. While Todoree drove the donkeys along the side, to seek a more eligible crossing-place, we accepted the services of three Arabs, who were working in the field, and were carried over safely on their brawny shoulders. The water of the canal was not of the purest description, and as I felt my bearer slightly tremble beneath the superincumbent weight, I felt in mortal fear of finding myself, as a nigger might express it, "in de slough of dis pond."

After something less than an hour's ride, we were in presence of the sphynx, the eternal guardian of the pyramids, and, passing on, were very shortly assailed by other and less sedate geni of the place. These were a party of tall, athletic, swarthy, savage-looking men,—Arabs who inhabit the tombs which surround the pyramids, and volunteer their services as guides, demanding the most inordinate remuneration, and clamouring for *backsheesh* when they have got it.

These men live and die in the shadow of the great pyramid, and all ages, from 8 hours to 80 years, had their representatives among the crowd, who hailed the arrival of the *giaours*. They run up and down the pyramid with the most wonderful rapidity. There is a legend, but it is next to impossible, of one of them having accomplished the ascent in 4 minutes. An officer of the English navy reached the summit in 8 minutes, which was considered a surprising feat; 20 minutes is a reasonable time; I took about 35.

The little Arab boys who accompanied us with water, (a most necessary provision without which a person not well accustomed to climbing, would scarcely succeed in reaching the top of the pyramid,) ran to the summit, and down again, to meet us, several times in the course of our ascent, and one of them offered to run up the second pyramid (that of *Mycerinus*) in ten minutes, for a few *piastres*. This pyramid still retains at its summit a considerable portion of the smooth granite casing, with which all the pyramids were originally finished. It is, on this account, much more difficult to climb than the great pyramid, and many accidents have happened, in consequence of European travellers indulging this propensity of the Arab children. We virtuously declined the proposal.

Embarrassed by the determined attentions of this obsequious but most obtrusive party, we followed the instructions of our trusty guide Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, and demanded to speak with the Sheik of the village. A giant of almost coal-black complexion, and muscles that an elephant might have envied, answered to the call. We requested him to appoint us the requisite number of guides, which he proceeded to do, telling off three men and as many boys to each of us, and enforcing his commands that the rest should absent themselves by a very liberal use of a thong of thick buffalo hide, which he carried in his hand.

Thus escorted we approached the pyramid of *Cheops*, but were first led by our conductors to their own dwellings, the

tombs, which contain some curious paintings, but are not to be compared to those of Thebes. Some of these tombs have acquired modern names, and were pointed out as the dwelling places of Colonel Vyse, Signor Caviglia, and Dr. Lepsius.

Standing, at length, at the foot of the great pyramid, we were able to form some idea of its enormous mass. This is not so fully appreciated at any other moment as when one for the first time stands at the foot, and sees that it is a *building*, the work of men's hands, and not, as it appears at a distance, a natural formation.

Accompanied by the Arabs, we commenced the ascent, and soon discovered that the Sheik had not, as we had supposed, assigned us an unnecessary number of attendants. The exterior casing of the pyramid having been removed, it is now in the form of high steps, about 150 in number, and each about level with the chest. The manner of climbing is in this wise:—Two Arabs mount on to the step above, and the traveller, having with difficulty placed his foot on the edge of this step, and having in his hands two leathern straps, one end of each of which is held by one of the Arabs, is forcibly hauled up thereby, his ascent being assisted by the third Arab, who administers a gentle pressure from behind. The reader will conceive, that this is neither an easy nor a graceful method of ascent, and that one is often inclined to pause for rest. I felt none of the giddiness which is described by many travellers, nor can I understand it, as the angle of the face of the pyramid is 52° and there is ample standing room on each step. But the heat and thirst which I felt were almost intolerable, and I probably drank more water in the 35 minutes I was ascending the pyramid, than in as many days under ordinary circumstances.

About half-way up the side generally ascended is a space, where several of the stones have been removed, and which is generally used as a resting place. Arrived here, I looked above and below. Above was G—— nearly half-way up the remaining portion of the ascent, and waving his hand to me to come on; below was A—— sitting on a stone, thoroughly done up with fatigue, and unable to proceed.

I took courage and mounted, and, thanks to the human cranes and lever above described, reached the summit. The level space is about twenty feet square, and is covered with names in all languages, among which the English predominates as usual. The view is extensive,—including Cairo and the surrounding country, the pyramids of Sakkara and

Dashoor, and the course of the Nile for a considerable distance. By far the most remarkable feature in the scene, is the distinct line of demarkation between the desert and the cultivated ground along the left bank. This is nearly even with the pyramid, and as it is seen from this point, there appears to be no gradation between the two regions, the most luxuriant crops growing upon the very edge of the sandy desert. A—— reached the summit at last, and we enjoyed the view and repose together for some time, after which we descended jumping from step to step, with guides always before us, ready to remedy a false step. We next proceeded to investigate the interior, A—— declining this part of the expedition.

The entrance is by a narrow passage, about three and a half feet square, the opening of which is surmounted by two huge masses of stone, resting diagonally against one another, and having something of the appearance of a pointed arch. A large bank of sand has collected against this side of the pyramid, so that the entrance, which is, in fact, several feet above the base of the pyramid, appears to be situated on a level with the ground. We entered the narrow opening, and proceeded, in a stooping posture, accompanied by a very unnecessary number of Arabs with lights and water. The heat was stifling. The passage ascends at an angle of about 27° , and is lined with smooth red granite,—the stone of which the pyramid is built being white and calcareous. After proceeding into the body of the pyramid for a distance of 92 feet, it turns abruptly to the right, and is shortly afterwards interrupted by a rock, eight or nine feet high, which is surmounted by the aid of Arab shoulders. The passage is then continued for 120 feet, at which point it opens into the king's chamber, which, like the passage, is lined throughout with red granite.

The area of the chamber is thirty-four feet, three inches, by seventeen feet, one inch, and nineteen feet, one inch, high, according to Col. Howard Vyse's measurement. Against the side opposite the entrance is a granite sarcophagus, three feet, three inches broad, three feet, five inches high, and seven feet, six and a half inches long. It follows from this, that it is next to impossible, that the sarcophagus could have been introduced into the pyramid by the passage which I have described. It seems probable, therefore, that it must have been built in the pyramid. It is now much dilapidated and broken.

The sarcophagus, on being struck, gives a sound as of a deep-toned bell, and may afford some explanation of the story of the vocal Memnon at Thebes, as it is very probable, that this stone may have been employed to produce the deception. We did not visit the other chambers, which are six in number. Probably, there are others yet undiscovered.

The solid material of the great pyramid is estimated at 6,000,000 tons, and is stated, as a familiar illustration, to be three times the bulk of the great Plymouth breakwater. Herodotus was told by the priests, that 200,000 men were employed upon its construction for twenty years. Its exterior was cased with marble, or granite. The following statement of its dimensions is taken from the measurement of Col. Vyse, who has expended more labor than any other traveller upon the investigation of this particular subject.

Area,	571,536 square feet,
Original length of each face,	764.0 feet,
Present length,	746.0 "
Present perpendicular height,....	450.9 "
Original perpendicular height,....	480.9 "
Present height of each inclined side,	568.3 "
Original height of each inclined side,	611.0 "

The result of these measurements has been given as follows:—The area is about equal to that of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the perpendicular height is 117 feet greater than that of St. Paul's, and 24 feet greater than that of St. Peter's at Rome.

Such is the building. There remains the question, which will never be satisfactorily decided:—for what purpose was it built?

When I have said, that this question can never be satisfactorily decided, I have said enough to excuse myself for venturing to speak upon the subject. The absolute difficulty of the question places the most profound critic on a par with the veriest tyro. On such a point, neither the one, nor the other is an authority.

The popular belief has always been, that the pyramids were designed to be, and did become, the burial places of the kings whose names they bear. It is neither wise nor safe to reject such an opinion without examination. If it be urged, that such gigantic structures were not likely to be undertaken, in order that they might serve simply as mausolea, it might, perhaps be sufficient to refer to the royal

tombs at Thebes, which, though not so laborious, were more *elaborated* works.

We must, however, remember the difference of date. It is, I believe, safe to assert, that, as far as our information goes, the pyramid of Cheops is the most ancient building in the world. According to our most reliable chronology,—which is, however, of course, much open to question,—it may be referred to the year 2123 B. C.,—that is, 3971 years ago. This would make it upwards of six centuries before the era of Moses; and we may judge what must have been the ideas of mankind on the subject of architecture in his day, from the fact, that he evidently believed, that men could build a tower, which would have reached to heaven, but for the visible interposition of the Almighty.

It is very difficult to believe, that in an age 600 years anterior to the time when such ideas were prevalent, not among the vulgar, but among the most learned people of the time, such a stupendous building as the pyramid of Cheops should have been built only for sepulchral purposes. We know, moreover, that the sacred buildings of Thebes served not only for temples of the gods, but for the palaces of kings; and, in one instance,—which, for the purposes of argument, is as good as a thousand,—the temple of Dayr el Medeeneh, which contains a chamber, almost certainly intended for sepulchral purposes,—it is next to certain that the palace-temple, served also as a tomb.

All nations, especially when in a state of semi-barbarity, have used the same building for religious and sepulchral purposes. We do so to this day. It is further on record, that the Egyptians used the same building as a royal residence and a royal cemetery. What hinders us, then, from believing, that the pyramids may have served for the treble purpose of tombs, temples, and palaces.

Every one almost believes, that they were used as tombs. On that point, therefore, it is unnecessary to dwell. That they were connected with the religion of the ancient Egyptians, will scarcely appear unlikely. Their religion was, evidently, of the most gloomy cast, and the conjunction of the worship of the gods, with the contemplation of death, is not only natural, but probable. That they should have been used as palaces, may appear less credible. But it must be remembered, that those were not days in which the niceties of architecture were studied. An arch, or a window, was then a thing unknown; and it will, upon reflection, appear

more probable, that such structures should have been devised for the honor of a king, than for any meaner purpose.

But, whatever hypothesis we prefer must be founded on very slender premises. There are no sculptures to guide us here; and though there is a sarcophagus, no mummy has been found. The sarcophagus in the second pyramid was tenanted by the bones of *an ox*. The more we conjecture, the less likely we are to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

I will give an instance. An Indian officer whom I met after my visit to the pyramids, and who was a very ardent free-mason, solemnly assured me, that no *dead* man had ever lain in that sarcophagus, and gave me to understand, that many living men had been placed there when they became dead to the world, and so forth. Every man may solve the problem by a similar reference to his hobby, and to the end of time the world will never be the wiser.

Tomb, temple, palace, observatory, or what you will, it is something to have stood upon the summit, and in the centre, of the pyramid of Cheops. I cannot describe, but I cannot forget, the sensations of that day. I felt—absurd as it may seem—a certain proud connection with the majestic monarch who builded it, and the mightier wanderers who had gazed upon the stupendous mass,—Herodotus, Pythagoras, Strabo, Pliny, Adrian. To have looked as those men looked—to have felt as they must have felt—is not a small thing; and the day which made one a sharer in their feelings, should be marked with white chalk in the calendar of this work-day world.

There was yet another wonder to be gazed at—and to this we now proceeded—the Sphynx.

This is described by travellers as 143 feet in length, 63 in height, and 102 in the circumference of the head. When I saw it, it was buried to the breast in sand, and the paws, which are said to extend 50 feet before the body, were not visible. It is now generally known, that most of the Egyptian sphynxes are male. Speaking from my own recollection, I should *wish* to believe the great sphynx female, because the mutilated features appeared to me to be particularly characterised by that mild benignity in which the Egyptian sculptors were most successful, and which is more generally recognized in their female than in their male creations, as it is more generally discerned in the female than in the male character.

The gigantic statue is shaped out of the solid rock, only

part of the back and paws being built. The face has unfortunately been much injured, but is still very interesting.

These sights seen, we returned to our boat by the way we came, and the first object which met our eyes was Emanuel, with a handful of letters. Mine were of a nature to make me wish to take the earliest means for reaching England. Accordingly, I hurried off to Cairo, found a large party of Indians ready to proceed to Alexandria, joined them, took my passage in the ill-fated Great Liverpool, and—the reader knows the rest.

But there are some of my Cape readers, who do not know how often I have hesitated about continuing this series, and how often I have doubted, as I do now doubt, whether I did wisely in forcing upon their notice a narrative of commonplace events so little interesting to any but myself. I owe them my thanks for accompanying me so far, and my thanks are freely given. If they knew how often, when I was preparing these papers for the press, I have conversed with imaginary friends, and felt better and happier for having such friends, they would not grudge the occasional yawns which my lucubrations have given rise to. These are the pleasures which the humblest of the scribbling tribe shares with the highest. No man writes a book without believing that some one will read it, and of that some one he makes in his heart a friend. I have but done in this, as many of my betters have done before me, and if all my imaginary friends were, in reality, ill-natured critics, I would not, for that reason, forego the imaginary pleasure.

But, in good truth, when I penned these papers, the Cape of Good Hope was the last place in the world where I expected them to be read. I began them for my own satisfaction. I was loth to lose the memory of a journey, which had been to me a source of so much real happiness; and, that I might, in after-years, call up the sensations with which I gazed on the Acropolis of Athens, the plain of Troy, or the temple of Karnak, I committed my recollections to paper. Scarcely had I done so, when chance induced me to become a resident in this colony. I am not vain enough to hope that any person who has waded through these my recollections once, will read them a second time. But I, of course, have done so. And, as I read, the scenes which I

had looked upon rose up before me; and whether I was foolish enough to fancy that they would, in like manner, rise before the reader, or whether (and this is more probable) I was led away by that irresistible desire to see what pleased me so in print, the result is in the hands of the reader.

Pleased, however, as I confessedly have been, and I trust not unnaturally, in thus recalling the thoughts and feelings of the very happiest days that I ever spent, I am not less aware of the imperfections of the record. I remember, however, that I gave the reader to understand, at the outset, that he must expect only my vague *recollections* of what I had seen,—recollections written when first I got pen and paper in my hand, after I had once more reached the merry shores of England. In writing them I have only employed the books of reference which I used upon the spot, for purposes of measurement, &c. For the rest I must take upon my own head the blame of egotism which I have, I fear deservedly incurred.



THE HURRICANE.*

The eve was still as death, and the red sun,
 Scattering his flaming tresses in the West,
 Sank with a crimson hue of wrath to rest
 As dies the gladiator. One by one
 The stars crept forth, but with enfeebled light,
 Around the throne-seat of the Queen of Night,
 Who, pale and faint, yet as a dame attired,
 With sickly languor settled in her face,
 Marring the beauty which was meant to grace,
 Comes to a banquet, but seems not inspired.

The winds had slumbered three successive days,
 And the parched lip, almost inanimate

* These lines were written at Mauritius, after one of the violent hurricanes which visit that Island, in which the *George Canning*, Indiaman, was lost, with all her passengers and most of her crew. The unfortunate neglect of her commander, in not procuring a bill of health prior to leaving Calcutta, required that the ship, should perform a quarantine of three days, at the Bell-buoy Anchorage, and the still further delay of not going to sea again, on the first coming on of the storm made the after-attempt fatal. One of the individuals, who perished in the melancholy catastrophe, was the son of Dr. Wadd, then Surgeon to His Majesty George the Fourth, a fine and amiable young man.

Beneath the influence of those torrid rays,
 Respired no tones of joyance. Twilight shed
 No freshness on the frame; but such dull weight
 Of feeling as the dungeon gives, came dead
 Upon the surcharged spirit, as if doom
 Had pent the stifled sigh within a tomb.
 Midnight now chimed, and all, as yet, was still,
 When, suddenly, the rustling of a leaf,
 Anon a gust, roused nature into play,
 Yet, moaning, died,—as if light-hearted grief,
 Which feels but faint impressions of an ill,
 The spirit lightly moved, then passed away.

Still, nature was refreshed, and those who woke
 Uttered a thankfulness in prayer, and thought
 The cooling night-breeze a fair omen brought,
 As from their lattices they gazed; till soon
 Hope, which had lit their faucies with her bow,
 Now left them sick again with fear; for lo!
 Clouds, darkened clouds, upon the mountains broke
 In quick succession, scudding o'er the moon
 Like thoughtless heralds of some sad event,
 Veiling that orb and starry firmament,
 As louder moaned the breeze's murmuring tune.

Then all grew black beneath the awful frown
 Of the storm-spirit. The fierce winds, disturbed,
 Threw wide the portals of their caves, and flew
 Forth in revenge, and all their strength uncurbed,
 Making the monarchs of the woods bow down
 Before the breath of that fierce Titan, who
 Was heard in claps of thunder to astound,
 And presence marked by lightnings dazzling round.

The isle seemed chaos-doomed;—but who shall tell
 Of ocean and its terrors? Boiling waves,
 Whose threatening crests all bore the force of Hell
 To delve and plough the beach for human graves;
 Blasts such as burst when towering Pelion felt
 Jove's mighty anger in Deucalion's flood,
 When all the elements (as some wild stud
 Let loose, that lash and foam) their fury dealt
 And must such vengeance visit still the earth,
 As if all human misery were its mirth?
 Forbid the thought! Omnipotence's plan
 Is ever merciful and just towards man.

A gallant bark from India's spicy shore
 Had reached her port with fears of danger o'er,
 And on that sultry morn of yesterday,
 Ere skies had threatened, anchored in the bay.
 Gladly the tenants of her stately deck
 Gazed on the shore, secure they deemed from wreck;
 Although the penance of a quarantine,
 Would mar three days of mirth,—yet hope, all bright

Scatters around her such a cheering light,
 That we too aptly trust her flattering mien.
 But scarcely had day waned, when lo! that scene
 Of silvery bay and summer-sky low changed
 From what their buoyant fancies had arranged!
 That sea, of late a calm and shining lake,
 In surges now, high as her top-mast head,
 Tossed the huge vessel like some giant's play,
 Amidst fierce lightnings, fearful as men say
 Will be Hell's terrors for the sinful dead.
 Then well might those, who saw night coming on,
 Closing around the mighty monster-sea,
 Which joined the tempest in Titanie glee,
 Feel that bark sentenced as a thing that's gone,
 Whilst each dark billow in its awful roll
 Made that bell sound as 'twere her funeral toll.*

Oh who could view the awful sight nor think
 How near Eternity unveiled its brink!
 Sleep there was none save to the infant-breast,
 Who, smiling in its mother's face, looked up
 Unconsciously how on some the bitter cup
 Of wrath was poured—then sank in slumbers blest;
 But to the older-grown in sin and care,
 Whose conscience oft had said to them, "Beware,"
 And now Heaven's mercies great implored in prayer,
 To such as these there was but little rest;
 For let him not deceive himself, who deems
 His soul as faultless as his fancy dreams.

On rolled the storm amidst night's blackest veil,
 To-morrow to disclose its awful tale,
 Where, on the wings of vengeance borne, each blast,
 Making men's dwellings eradle-rocked, now rushed;
 Yet ever and anon with lessening roar
 Lost in the distant sky, and almost hushed
 Into the stillness of the halls of death,
 Yet soon men's ears again with Mammoth breath
 Confounding, blowing louder than before,
 Strong as some huge Leviathan, that lashes
 Its mane on all sides, and the wild surge dashes;
 As the air-demons on the whirwind's wings
 Come with a crash impetuous,—as flings
 The mighty cataract its deluge vast,
 Eddying from East to North with loud rebound
 Then rushing on to fill its circuit round.

Oh, Thou, who bidst the storm to be unfurled,
 Rain, lightning, wind, and thunder, yet hast Thou,
 To whom meek resignation's knee should bow,
 Still coloured mercy's Iris for the world!

* The large buoy moored at the anchoring ground, surmounted by a bell, is a warning to vessels coming into the Bay at night, which rings the louder the more rough is the sea.

For, though two sunsets had seen tempest hurled
 With raging fury on the earth beneath,
 Ere morning's third dawn the uplifted breath
 Of the wild winds to gradual slumber drooped,
 And vivid lightnings, which had fiercely swooped,
 (As warriors, when the combat's over, sheath
 Their flaming faulchions) with their darts no more
 Dealt vengeance from the dark clouds thunder-riven;
 Yet,—if it be permitted to deplore
 The awful sentence of its judgment given
 Without one thought of murmur unto Heaven,—
 Behold the sullen sea and shattered shore !

High on a reef where flowering corals grow,
 And the white waves dash up in wreaths of snow,
 The same fair strand, to which bright genius lent *
 Its mournful tale,—where near Virginia's tomb
 A cypress stands to mark her piteous doom
 And her fond lover's,—as their graves present
 The sad memorial of the fatal wrath
 Of ocean's billows and the whirlwind's path,*
 High on that reef, which surges still surround,
 A bark is seen, the victim of the storm,
 Of sail and streamer bright and masts diserowned,
 That yesterday upreared its gallant form,
 As gliding on majestic to the breeze
 It towered aloft, and stemmed the smiling seas.

Behold that sea ! O'er its dismantled side
 Rolls the full sweep of its remorseless tide.
 Oh, where are now its late, its hardy crew ?
 And where the voyagers who reached their port ?
 Alas, how frail is life ! and oh, how short
 Reigns the bright vision Hope so fondly drew
 To cheer their hearts ! Are these then all ? how few !
 Where is her chief, her steersmen ! And oh, where
 That youth, with manly virtues blest, returning
 To meet kind friends again, and transports share,
 With sweet anticipation fondly burning ?
 The only son of a too doating sire,
 Who, at that very hour, perchance, was dreaming
 Of the glad moment of return, and beaming
 With smiles of promise,—visions which inspire
 Hope and affection in a father teeming !

Alas ! how many are there who behold
 Time's chasm thus opened darkly at their feet !
 How many dear ones destined, too, to meet
 That fate which makes the wave their winding sheet !
 One awful page the future here unrolled.
 The storm is over, and the sad tale told.

L.

* It were almost needless to say, that the Isle of France is the scene of St. Pierre's beautiful tale of Paul and Virginia.

THE FORTUNES OF NATHANIEL DIBBS,

Reader! hast ever heard of one Nathaniel Dibbs?

Peradventure it may have happened, that his sad adventure hath not reached thy commiserating ears; wherefore listen.

Nathaniel Dibbs was one of a respectable and old established firm, in Holborn, rather towards the Eastern End than otherwise. You may pass it, whenever you please, the fourth door (a yellow one) on your right hand as you come from the city. It lieth between Furnival's Inn, and Gray's Inn Lane, and is sumptuous in its display of sides of bacon, York hams, enticing Stiltons, and dried tongues,—to say nothing of baskets of plover's eggs, neatly embedded in moss baskets. We say plover's eggs, because we confess to a feeling of incredulity, not to say suspicion, respecting the other ones, though there is great store of them also. Eggs in London, unless coming from our little place in the country, or forwarded as a token of affectionate admiration by our cousins, who live in the large house on the Woolwich side of Shooter's Hill, (and very pretty ones they are, the cousins, not the eggs,) invariably convey to our sensorium, an idea of stable yards, or inapproachable mews, down queer little side-streets, and under arches, where there is always a smell of damp straw, and an entire at the next corner but one, and which seems never to be shut. Such are not eggs, at least to our mind;—they are the eggs of an exile, and always appear to us to have been hatched under difficulties.

But this is a digression, so we will return to the shop in Holburn.

Looking over the door, you might have read on a blue board, had you been so inclined, and not nearsighted, (for the letters were too big to be seen from anywhere except the first floor over the way,) "Badcurey & Dibbs;" and looking *through* it, you might have seen Dibbs, Nathaniel (as he stood in the P. O. L. Directory, dispensing to his clients the good things of this life. Ebenezer called his customers *clients*, for the atmosphere round Furnival's Inn is legal, and he liked it to be thought that he had once had an idea of the law.

We say, you *might* have seen all this, because the day for

doing so hath, alas! departed. Nathaniel Dibbs no longer sits president over the Dorset butter-cask, and his name is erased from the rolls of fame, and the register of the company of cheesemongers. Badenry alone now shines triumphant on the blue board, not, as of yore, in honest, straightforward characters, but spelt with those odd-looking letters, all sideways, that look as if they were perpetually trying to get round the corner, with a view, no doubt, of ascertaining whether an opposition inscription exists on the other side.

Concerning the early history of Nathaniel there is some obscurity, as there is about many other and greater men, "unknown to fame," until they have been cut off in the midst of their useful labors in the paths of art and science, when a discerning public immediately vote them monuments and read their books; and fashionable authors, when they are puzzled for a subject to write about, edit their lives, which they invariably commence in this way, to hide their early misery, and make the world believe that it has used them very well.

And the world believes it, and says the biography couldn't be in better hands. Knowing authors! clever world!

But to return to Nathaniel.—No one had known him previous to his appearance as "assistant" (Nathaniel liked fine words) at the house in Holborn. His birth-place and parentage were alike enveloped in mystery, though, from a very decided accent he possessed, it was surmised, that the interesting event which gave him to the world might probably have taken place in Somersetshire, or Dorsetshire, while some light was thrown upon the latter by the fact of Nathaniel being given, in his confiding moments, "to babble o' green fields," and from several confused recollections of hay-making, (which, it was his general impression, took place about Christmas,) and several distinct allusions to "Jeane Pullen" and other rustic maidens concerned in the aforesaid hay-making, and who were probably associated with Christmas in Nat's ideas, by the fact that a great deal of kissing usually goes on at both periods, sanctioned, in each instance, by immemorial custom, the only material difference being the presence of the elders of the flock in one case, while in the other it is left to unassisted nature and the discretion of the young ladies, which is, of course, pleasanter and less artificial.

And years rolled on, and Nathaniel Dibbs emerged from his obscurity,—he cast off his primitive innocence,—the pastoral faded from his recollection,—he ridiculed his former

simplicity, and wore yellow gloves and Mosaic gold o' Sundays.

And the world, that is, Nat's portion of it, considered him as a young man of worldly knowledge, and withal personable.

For Nat had heard glowing legends of aspiring apprentices. He believed implicitly in the old adage of "early to bed and early to rise," with its golden consequences,—a fact, by the way, which is entirely received as an article of faith, and by no means carried out in the particular instances of chimney-sweepers, night cab-men, and proprietors of early purl houses, all of whom are, actually as well as metaphorically, acknowledged to be up earlier than the members of most classes of society.

Educated by orthodox people, he looked upon the histories of Dick Whittington and Georgy Barnwell as the two grand moral antitheses of "prentice tradition," and would no doubt in time have emulated the career of him of industrious memory, immortalized by Hogarth in a certain picture, wherein he is represented as paying an amateur band to "move on," on the morning subsequent to his marriage with his master's daughter; which naturally suggests to the inquiring mind the inefficiency of the A. division of that period, and carries an inward feeling of satisfaction and thankfulness, that we live in more enlightened times, in which we can marry and be given in marriage without having soft music before day-break,—a proceeding at all times inconvenient and, except in the case of military couples living within the barrack guard, entirely destructive of one's natural rest.

We say he *would* have emulated, for, alas! there existed one fatal obstacle to Nat's reputation as a moral citizen and rising cheesemonger. In an evil hour,—one of those hours which occur at some one period to us all, when we are elevated, by external causes, above "the working-day world," and feel preternaturally fast,—Nat was induced (perhaps seduced would be the more appropriate phrase) to form one of a party to visit the *Adelphi* at half-price. Now, Nat had no particular love for the drama, but he had a deep-rooted affection for lobsters, and their indispensable additions of half-and-half, with a glass of brandy neat as a corrective;—so he went.

In these declining days of the *ars dramatica*, when the "legitimacy" of any one description of theatrical amuse-

ment has become a question of curious research to those interested in such matters, and no two individuals, far less managers, can be found, to give any satisfactory decision on the subject, it strikes us as being a question of statistical conjecture as to the *class* of whom the *real* supporters are composed. Upon mature reflection, founded upon considerable opportunities of observation, we unhesitatingly decide that your genuine and enthusiastic play-goers exist only in the sphere of our friend Nat. The leaders of *ton*, the "bright particular stars" of the fashionable world, ordinarily shine not forth in the confined orbit of an English theatre. They do not shed brilliance on the Haymarket, neither do they affect the Adelphi. The Princess, is a "terra incognita," despite the attractions of the Thillon, than whom no syren ever "wasted her sweetness" in more dulcet tones; and excepting the Lyceum, the humbler houses of the drama are only known to fame by their proximity to other newspaper advertisements, in which "Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce," and the "Chinese Junk Keying" figure just as conspicuously.

To the "prentice bold" the theatres are a never-failing source of recreation. He is great on matters of conventional criticism. He is aware of the "points" of a performance,—applauds in the right places,—and is an indisputable authority on the merits of pantomimes and domestic dramas. There it is that, seeing the young lady dragged from her early home by two tall villains and one stout one, morally inclined, and rescued by the virtuous lover—generally an officer in some miraeulous uniform, with a facetious servant on the best possible terms with his master and the audience;—there it is that his sympathies are awakened, and he shouts "Brayvo Wright," when that eccentric comedian "does his bit" in the "tag;" and says to his companion, as he wends his homeward way along the Strand, "Now that's what I call nature." And he firmly believes it.

Nathaniel returned to his domicile, over the premises in Holborn, an altered man. No more were his evenings passed in domestic contentment and the bosom of the family. Even the charms of the blooming Anne Badcary lacked power to recal the infatuated swain from the circle of dramatic fascination into which he was imperceptibly but effectually drawn. He deserted Stilton for Shakspeare, Cheshire for Congreve, became an invariable attendant at the cheap theatres, and was pertinacious in his demand for a latch

key, an article never before necessary in the sober family of Badcury. Nay, more :—oftentimes has the neighbourhood been raised by supernatural noises issuing from Nat's domicile, "in the parlour that's next to the sky," where he would be discovered "making night hideous" in most approved melodramatic fashion.

Nevertheless, in course of time Nathaniel Dibbs became a partner, and figured on the blue board, albeit that the elder Badcury looked gravely upon him, while the gentle Anne was pensive and interesting. Her silvery notes no longer fell upon the ear of the passer-by, as she warbled "We may be happy yet,"—her custom always of an afternoon, when the faithless Nat had been wont to put his head into the little parlour, and request "that hair again,"—therein unconsciously following the impulse which sometimes induces the most devoted of lovers to make the same demand, in the fear of undergoing some other infliction less familiar to his ears.

Alas! too confiding Anne, your spell is broken. Nat joined a desperate band, who, in a certain small theatre, situate in the parish of St. Martin, did, at sundry appointed times, meet to do premeditated and deliberate murder upon divers dramatists, or rather their memories.

And bright visions of Thespian fame floated before the eyes of Nathaniel, as he "split the ears of the groundlings" in "King Richard," or moaned through "The Stranger,"—a piece, by the way, we never could understand, or why people *would* rush to hear what we always considered as "a groan in five parts," and avoided most religiously.

One night, after a performance in which he had figured, he was discussing his supper with some congenial spirits, at one of the many houses famous for good cheer in the vicinity of the Strand, when he was accosted by a stranger, who advanced towards their party, seemingly attracted by the festivity of the meeting.

"Your health, sir," said the stranger, as Nat had finished a glowing panegyric upon the prospects of the drama, in reply to a speech by the second ruffian of the company, a haberdasher's assistant, in which he had affirmed his (the ruffian's) belief, that "the name Nathaniel Dibbs would be for ever printed upon the rolls of fame in fast colours, and would descend to an admiring posterity, as a pattern worthy of imitation, and which could never be washed out."

"Your health, sir," said the stranger, as he raised a

tumbler to his lips, "I assure you, sir, that the pleasure of your acquaintance is an honor I have long desired."

"Sir, you are very good," replied Nathaniel; "perhaps you'll join us."

"With all my heart," answered he, and drawing a chair to the table, he proceeded to make himself perfectly at home, and lighting a fresh pipe, declared his intention of being comfortable.

He was a stontish man, with coarse features, on which the flush of the habitual drinker was strongly apparent. His hair was cut remarkably short, and his face was guiltless of whiskers; a pair of large red ears, and an indifferent nose did not add much to his general appearance, but there was a merry twinkle in his eye which betokened humour, though he had a nervous unquiet motion about the corners of the mouth, which, to a casual observer, was displeasing, and which, to one versed in the science of Lavater, would have conveyed just enough of suspicion to have served to put him on his guard.

His costume was of a nature closely approximating upon the shabby genteel. An old claret-colored dress coat, very much the worse for wear, buttoned closely across the chest, caused a natural suspicion to arise, touching the quantity and cleanliness of his linen, for the latter of which qualities, judging from a very limp collar which obtruded itself over a long stock of gorgeous pattern, it was not remarkable. A thick chain of Mosaic gold meandered ostentatiously over a waistcoat of cunning device, something like the "willow pattern" in red on a dark ground, and very attenuated black trowsers, falling loosely over brown cloth boots with large mother o' pearl buttons, completed his attire.

His hands were coarse and flabby, and notwithstanding their own natural decoration of dirt, were adorned with sundry rings, of which he made a great display, as he flashed them in the eyes of the admiring circle, while apparently engaged in refilling a long clay pipe. He wore an old white hat rakishly over one ear, and spoke huskily and thick.

That evening opened a new vista in Nathaniel's career. The "mysterious stranger" was the lion of the party. He sang songs of eccentric wording and surprising melody, recited scraps of long-forgotten melodramas, was a very "wizard of the north" in sleight-of-hand tricks, drank rum and water incessantly, and smoked like a Dutchman, keeping up, the while, such a running fire of jokes and good

stories, as completely extinguished the feeble attempts of Nat and his compeers to compete with such a walking compendium of facetiæ.

That night was Nathaniel escorted to his long-neglected habitation by his unknown friend, not without some difficulty, as he evinced a strong inclination to put up for the night in Clare Market, and often insisted upon wilfully diving down wrong turnings, and stopping at the next corner, when it became evident that he was going astray, to dispute the fact; the argument invariably terminating in his swearing eternal friendship to his conductor, and starting afresh in a manner wild and reckless to behold.

The morning's sun discovered Dibbs in a recumbent posture at the stair foot, his feet on the third step from the bottom, with the latch key and the remnants of a pipe firmly clenched in his hand. He stole quietly to his chamber, with a confused recollection of having pledged himself to an indefinite number of engagements with somebody to go somewhere,—and retired to rest. Alas! poor Anne Badeury!

“Oh! woman, in our hours of ease!” The quotation is somewhat hacknied, but it always seemed to us that the poet must have conceived the idea on some morning after “a night of it,” when the sensitive mind recoils from eggs, repudiates kidneys, even *au vin de champagne*, and highly cayenned, and fancy involuntarily pictures the “ministering angel” presenting a glass of soda water, and gathering together the loose silver scattered in wild confusion over the floor, the natural consequence of making one's *toilette de nuit* in a state of mental aberration.

And so it was with Nathaniel Dibbs. The gentle voice of Anne fell softly in his ears, as he reclined on one of those warranted-not-to-be comfortable sofas of black horsehair in the little parlour, and which of themselves are penance enough for anything short of manslaughtering, while she bathed his burning temples, and he drank deeply of some cooling mixture she had prepared. No word of reproach dropped from her lips, and she even affected ignorance of his return.

Good, kind, forgiving Annie Badeury! Little knew Nathaniel of the sleepless hours you had passed, for many nights, imagining all sorts of evils to your ungrateful lover; of the terrible visions which haunted you, when, as feverish and broken slumber stole upon you in spite of yourself, worn out in uselessly conjecturing the causes of his long neglect

and reckless dissipation,—when you started, cold with terror, from some inexplicable dream, in which Nathaniel, the new police, and Mr. Macready were mysteriously jumbled with Bow-street, Louis Philippe, Newgate, and old Badcury!

Nathaniel Dibbs, you are but one of many! Of all the unappreciated benefits lavished with unsparing hand upon our selfish nature, none is less noticed, priceless though it be, than the untiring affection of devoted woman.—Dibbs! were she, confident in her majesty of nature, to spurn you from her, you would be the first to fall down and worship at that shrine which now you desecrate.

Nathaniel was repentant. He thought of “the early days of love,”—of the time when Annie Badcury’s smile was a coveted distinction,—of his pride, when, glowing with modesty, and a new “Tuscan” with pink lining, she accompanied him to St. Martin’s in the Fields; how he found out her places in that brilliantly bound prayer-book, with all the initial letters illuminated. “the gift of her affectionate aunt;” how they covertly looked through the pictures together, when nobody was looking, and how they both colored because the epistle commenced “Love one another,” when they thought every body was. How old Badcury, in an unwonted state of contentment, as he sat and eyed the youthful pair, through the wreathing clouds which arose from his post-prandial pipe of Virginia, ordered in the best China bowl, time out of mind the pride and glory of the Badcurys, and did then and there compound a sweet and insinuating beverage, the effects of which soon became evident, in producing sundry marvellous jests of a complicated and incomprehensible nature from the “pater familias,” and inciting Nathaniel to utter gallant sayings, and withal roguish, as he pressed the blushing Anne’s plump digits, she the while intently regarding the optician on the opposite side of the way, whence two large eyes appeared to be placidly regarding the whole proceeding through a leviathan pair of spectacles, the whole house-front blushing as red as it is in the nature of bricks and mortar to do.

Nathaniel, as we have said before, was repentant. As these memories poured thick upon him, he gazed wistfully upon Anne, and inwardly resolved to take her to his bosom, and err no more. Alas! for the foundation of his moral resolutions—Nathaniel had a head-ache!

When the painful consciousness that we have behaved very ridiculously forces itself upon us, and we feel we should

make the "amend" to either friend or lady-love, and our resolution is hovering over the debatable land between false pride, and the awkward acknowledgement of our own absurdity, it is a great relief (and, confess it or not, we all have it) to be interrupted by something;—even a dun or an earthquake would be hallowed at such a moment.

So felt Nathaniel Dibbs as the door opened, and the maid of all work entered, ushering in his acquaintance of the preceding evening.

(*To be continued.*)



THE LAY OF THE BRAVE MAN.

(*From the German of Bürger.*)

Let it sound on high, the brave man's song,
 As the peal of the bell and the organ's tone;
 Gold be the prize of the mean-souled throng,
 But verse is due to the brave alone.
 Thank God! I can sing;—that the brave man's praise
 Be sung, and dwell for aye in my lays!

From the southern sea the thaw-wind gushed,
 Snorting through Italy, damp and black;
 The clouds before it were driven, and rushed
 As scattered sheep with the wolf on their track;
 It swept the fields, and the frost it brake,
 And the ice was burst on river and lake.

From the mountain-tops the snow flowed down,
 The rush of a thousand streams resounded;
 Over the vale the flood hath grown,
 And on high the swollen river bounded;
 The billows rushed onward, wild and strong,
 And rolled huge rocks of ice along.

On piles of strength and arches good,
 From above to below of carven stone,
 A bridge across the river stood;
 In its midst was built a cot alone;
 The toll-man dwelt there with his child and wife—
 "Toll-man, oh toll-man! flee swift for thy life!"

The roar of the tempest onward sped,
 The wave rushed on, and the wind howled near,
 The toll-man sprang to the roof in dread,
 And around he beheld the sight of fear:
 "Have mercy, oh God!—have mercy on high,
 Lost, we are lost! no succour is nigh!"

The ice-rocks rolled in angry scorn
 From both the banks, from south and north;
 From both the banks the flood hath torn
 Arches and piles together forth:—
 Loud shrieked the wretch with his child and wife,
 Yet louder than storm and wave in their strife.

Onward the ice-rocks rolled and rushed,
 Hither, thither, on each side;
 One with another burst and crushed
 The piles break shattered far and wide,
 On, on, to the cot, the ruin is driven;
 "Oh, merciful God!—Have mercy,—oh heaven!"

A village throng of old and young
 Far on the distant bank there stood,
 And they wept and shrieked, and their hands they wrung,
 But none dared venture on the flood:
 How shrieked for aid through the tempest's strife
 The trembling wretch with his child and wife!

When wilt thou sound, my song of the brave
 As the peal of the bell and the organ's tone?
 Name him,—oh name him, who cometh to save;
 For him is my lay,—for him alone.
 The ruin is near—it hath reached their home;
 Oh brave man, brave man, when wilt thou come?

On a gallant steed a noble knight
 Hath hastened onward to the strand;
 What holds he to the people's sight?
 He hath a purse in his right hand.
 "Two hundred pistoles for him who shall save
 Yon perishing victims from the dread wave."

The knight!—is it he, the noble and brave?
 Say on, my noble song, say on;—
 The knight by the highest God was brave,
 But a braver man to me is known.
 Brave man, brave man, when wilt thou come?
 The destruction is ruthlessly reaching their home.

And higher and higher yet swelled the flood,
 And louder and louder yet snorted the blast,
 And the mob yet gaze in cheerless mood:
 The preserver,—oh comes he, comes he at last?
 Pile after pile down the flood is dashed,
 In twain fall the arches torn and crashed.

The knight holds the purse to the throng around,
 And cheers them to dare ;—" Now prove ye your worth ;"
 A thousand were there, but none was found,
 And they heard him all, but none hath stepped forth.
 In vain for aid through the tempest's strife
 Shrieked the trembling wretch with his child and wife.

And simply, humbly to the shore,
 With staff in his hand, a peasant came ;
 Coarse was the country garb he wore,
 But his brow was high, and erect his frame :
 He heard the knight's words—he saw the death near—
 He gazed on the danger,—but gazed he with fear !

In God's name, with faith and courage he sprang
 To a fisher skiff that lay nigh there,
 Spite of roaring wave and tempest's clang.
 He came to the place where the wretches were :
 But alas ! the boat was slight, and too small
 To be the preserver at once of all.

And thrice he hath ventured o'er the wave
 Spite of the storm and the flood's wild roar ;
 And thrice he hath brought one from the grave
 Till all stood scatheless on the shore.
 Scarce had the last set foot upon earth,
 With a crash down the flood the last fragment burst forth.

And who, who is the nobly brave ?
 Say on, my brave song, his glory be told ;
 The peasant hath rescued three lives from the wave,
 And his own he hath risked :—Was this done for gold ?
 For perchance had the knight not proffered the meed,
 Undared had yet been the glorious deed.

" Hither, my friend ! " thus spake the knight ;
 " Come hither, take hence thy well-earned meed."
 Say on, was this not meant aright ?
 'Twas knightly, by Heaven, and noble indeed ;
 But nobler and prouder the throb of the breast,
 That beat 'neath the peasant's humble vest.

" Though I be poor, I've bread and health ;
 The man, whose all is lost, hath need ;
 My life I bargain not for wealth ;
 Let yonder toll-man have thy meed."
 He spoke with hearty and honest tone
 And turneth away, and with speed he is gone.

Then sound it on high, my brave man's song,
 As the peal of the bell and the organ's tone ;
 Gold may delight the mean-souled throng,
 My song is due to the brave alone.
 Thank God ! I can sing ; that the brave man's praise
 Immortally live and be told in my lays.

THE GREAT MEETING AT ROBBEN ISLAND.

On Tuesday, the twenty-eighth of November, a great meeting of the inhabitants of Robben Island was held in front of the "kraal," to consider what steps should be taken to prevent the threatened introduction of convicts into the colony. The meeting was one of the largest and most respectably attended ever held in this important insular dependency.

Roving Jack, the well-known lunatic orator, was unanimously called to the chair, which consisted of an inverted water-butt, minus one stave,—which the chairman facetiously remarked he could supply,—at the same time commencing to chant, with stentorian voice, an ancient nautical ditty; till he was interrupted by loud cries of "*chair*." Silence having been restored, the chair was taken, and the business of the meeting commenced.

The Chairman said,—“Brother Robben Islanders, the object of this meeting is so well known and is matter of such general interest, that it is needless for me to explain it to the meeting. The sentiments of this meeting on the proposal of the Cape people to introduce a putrid mass of convicted felony into this sea-girt paradise, to taint its pure atmosphere with pollution, and spread among its placid lepers and peaceful lunatics the seeds of immorality and vice, are also so well known that we may be said to have met here rather to pronounce a decision than to discuss a question. (*Cheers and cries of “Brayvo Rouse.”*) The chairman then proceeded to make some appropriate remarks upon the peculiar unfitness of Robben Island, to be made a receptacle for convicts, and exhorted his audience to be firm in the assertion of their privileges. The growing importance of the island was acknowledged on all hands (*hear, hear.*) Vessels were passing and repassing almost daily, between their adopted country and the distant shore of the Cape. The dwellers in Table Valley did not hesitate to spread their tables (*cheers and laughter*) with the rabbits and mutton of Robben Island. Their greatest captains, their most distinguished statesmen, their most learned divines, sought relaxation and relief in our peaceful groves. (*Loud cheers, and a cry of “Blarney” from an Irish Lunatic.*) And he (Roving Jack) would tell

that meeting, that they had but to resist manfully, to represent their opinions firmly to His Excellency the Surgeon Superintendent, and to declare that they would not in any shape or way accept or maintain the convicts whom it was proposed to thrust upon them, and no tyrannical government would dare to trample on their rights. (*Loud cheering.*) He (Roving Jack) would not longer delay them, than by reading some extracts from the Robben Island Intelligencer of that morning, in which the sentiments of the people were more forcibly expressed than they could be by any words of his (Roving Jack's.) The honorable chairman then read the following extract from the paper alluded to. In the course of his reading he was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause.

“ By the *Maid of the Isle*, Captain Wilson, we have received Cape Papers to the 25th instant. We take over from the *Cape Town Mail*, of that date, an account of a Public Meeting relative to the proposed introduction of Convicts into the Cape Colony. Our readers will sympathise with the indignant tone of the speakers at that meeting, but will learn with astonishment and horror that it was proposed to get rid of the threatened pollution by landing the Convicts in this Island. No reason was assigned for this proposal, except that the Convicts would be inconvenient at the Cape. It was probably thought that Robben Islanders are a very easy race of men, who would quietly take upon themselves any burden that the Cape Government might be disposed to put upon them,—that this Island had been a penal settlement once and might conveniently be made so again. But by good luck we are rid of the Convicts, and we won't have them again. That, good people of Cape Town, is the answer of the people of this Island. Get rid of your burden how you can, settle that for yourselves; we don't desire to interfere with you; but of this mass of corruption, we won't relieve you. If you desired to transfer a famine or a pestilence to our shores, we should, in justice to ourselves, refuse them, as we would refuse this pest. In the free exercise of unfettered intelligence, our lunatics walk abroad, through a happy and fertile land, and to your offer of convict labor, they reply “No Felony!” As they follow the bounding rabbit through its native wilds, our contented lepers send forth one unanimous shout of “No Felony!” We serve you best by keeping our Island free from such pollution; send us lunatics in plenty, lepers as many as you please, but we won't have your felons.”

After reading some further extracts from the same paper, the chairman resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

Timbo Afrika, (a leper) moved the first resolution, which was worded as follows:

“ That this meeting has heard with regret the proposal to land in Robben Island certain convicts now on their way from England to the Cape Colony, and whom the colony was not disposed to receive.”

The honorable gentleman said,—Mister president, him berry sorry dat to move dis resolushun hab not fall into abler hands. But you wish for de sentiment ob all de inhabitants ob dis island ; eya ! I gib you mine. De white man an de blaek man em broder an sister. We live berry happy togeder here ; but we will hab no Irish blackguard. (*Sensation.*) We hab no judge, no court, no magistrate. Him surgeon-what-you-call gobern us altogether. What we do wid felons ? Dey rise against de government. Dey break open our house, and piek our pockets. Dey spread sedition an treason. You no tell what mischief dey do. One great big lunatic in de kraal beat de doctor. De doctor put him down ; lock him up ; gib him spoon diet ; hah ! berry good diet for him big blackguard. But bring de king ob monsters, and de Irish felon, and all de oder politic exile ; ah bah ! him blood run cold. Dey break open de kraal : dey kill de doctor ; dey subbert de government ; dey make one great smash ob de precious island. (*Loud cheers.*) Ah ! him no talk no more. De more him talk de more him hate de convict felon. He join wid de chairman and wid de oder gentleman, an he say, “ We berry happy as we are. Keep you convict yourself ; we hab noting at all to do wid dem.” (*Much cheering.*)

So its no use knockid at de door

Any more ;

It's no use knockid at de door.

(*Cheers and laughter.*)

July, (a Malay lunatic,) seconded the resolution in a brief but impressive address, which was well received by the audience, until the honorable gentleman commenced an abusive attack on Irish pigs, which he said, were an abomination only second to Irish convicts. This created some little discussion in the meeting, and the speaker was ultimately turned out, much to the amusement of the bystanders, one of whom remarked jocularly, that he scarcely saved his bacon.

The second resolution,

“ That a petition be presented to His Excellency the Surgeon Superintendent, praying that he will not permit the convicts to be landed on our shores,”

was proposed by Klaas Adonis, who said, that he was unused to public speaking, or, indeed, to exertion of any

kind. He (Klaas Adonis) had spent his early years beneath the fostering care of the benevolent Mr. von Winkler, at the Eden Missionary Institution. (*Hear, hear.*) He wished he had stayed there. At such places the industrious laborer imbibed habits of contemplation and reflection. Him (Klaas Adonis) and others, who, like him, had been nurtured in ignorance of the deceitfulness of the world, it was proposed to expose to the baneful influence of convict fellowship. For himself, he (Klaas Adonis) did not believe he would be equal to withstand it.

Here the chairman suddenly leaped from the waterbutt, and dodging round the corner of the kraal, was soon lost to sight. The meeting broke up hurriedly and was scattered in all directions. In less than a minute the ground was clear.

The reason of this sudden dispersion was as follows. Mr. Birtwhistle who had been absent from the island, on a business visit to Cape Town, had landed from the Maid of the Isle a few minutes before, and was shortly made acquainted with the progress of events. With his characteristic energy, he immediately summoned a meeting of his executive council, consisting of the Honorable the Storekeeper, the Superintendent, and the Matron.

They held a Council standing,
Fast by the leper gate,
Small time was there, you well may guess
For musing or debate ;
Out spake the doctor roundly,
“ This must be straight put down,
For if this state of things should last,
I ne'er can go to town.”

The doctor immediately seized a big stick and proceeded with the executive counsellors, and accompanied by Captain Wilson, the naval officer commanding, to the place of meeting. But Roving Jack heard the stern voice of the surgeon, and abdicated, as we have shown, without waiting for the thanks of the meeting. When they reached the spot, His Excellency and the Council found none to welcome them. The result, however, was that the great Robben Island petition never was presented. It is not, however, believed, that the would-be petitioners have lost much thereby.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.

WE have determined, with the reader's permission, to take our Christmas holidays at the wrong end of the month. In other words, at the close of this eventful year, we have felt so utterly puzzled as to what would be the topic connected with European politics likely to be most interesting to Cape readers, that, in sheer despair, we have determined to avoid the subject altogether, and betake ourselves at once to the serener realms of Literature.

Here, too, arises a perplexity, but of another kind. In politics we are oppressed with the number and variety of subjects ;—in literature, with their paucity. Of the ships which have arrived during the last two months, bringing us news from merry England, of friends far away, and scenes not to be forgotten, none has caused a list of "accessions" to be displayed in that pleasant little nook, where Mr. Maskeu arranges the new books, by the second window of the Public Library. What, therefore, we have heard of the literary doings of the great world, has only served to remind us of the fruit that waved over the head, and the water that retreated from the parched lips of Tantalus :

" Deep was he drenched to the utmost chin,
Yet gaped still, as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquor which he waded in ;
And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke,
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brinke ;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,
Did fly abacke and made him vainly swincke."

So it is with him who will read the advertising columns of the *Spectator* or the *Athenæum* at the Cape.

Among the literary intelligence which we have received, we are informed of the death of Sir Harris Nicolas, the eminent antiquarian. He was the author of *The History of the Orders of Knighthood*, *the Roil of Kaerlaverock*, and several other antiquarian and heraldic works. He also edited *The Despatches of Lord Nelson*, and was engaged, at the period of his death, upon a *History of the Royal Navy*. Many also will have cause to remember him with gratitude as one of the most earnest agitators in favor of an improved

arrangement of that vast storehouse of learning, the Library of the British Museum. He was one of the most industrious pioneers of history,—carefully disinterring, collecting, and laying up store of materials for future labours in the field. And though his works have been appreciated only by a small class, among whom alone the memory of his name will be perpetuated, the more elegant and polished writers of our national annals will often have cause, and we may hope candor, to acknowledge the debt of gratitude they will owe him.

It is astonishing how much has been done of late years in this class of literature, the fruits of which appear to be reserved for the enjoyment of future generations. For a time the race of Humes, Gibbons, and Robertsons, seems to have passed away. There are but two tribes of modern literati, who have their best representatives in our day:—the patient investigators, such as Nicolas—the discoverers and decipherers of ancient letters, papers, monuments, and coins,—and the very opposite class of *burlesque caricaturists*.

One of these, also, we have lost—Captain Francis Marryat. There are few of us who have not enjoyed a hearty laugh over the quaint humors of this merry novelist,—few who have not sympathised with Peter Simple, or fraternised with Jacob Faithful. In his earlier novels, the sea-slang never overcame the genuine humor and wit which characterised those works; and we always felt a kind of fellowship with the author, as we imagined him laying down his pen to enjoy some capital joke, which suggested itself to his mind as his hand was running over the paper. He was a “fellow of infinite jest,” and possessed the advantage of a perfect and intimate acquaintance with the small world which he chose as the subject of his descriptions—the deck of a man-of-war. He has certainly painted a sea life in its most alluring colors, and has probably influenced not a few youngsters in “the choice of a profession.” Had these been days of war and sea-fights, he would have been the Tyrtæus of the navy; and his novels, side by side with the songs of Dibdin and Campbell, would have fired the young spirits of aspiring sailors, as the strains of the Spartan bard did those of his martial compatriots. We have heard nothing of Captain Marryat’s own career; but, while reading his novels, it has often been our pleasure to picture the Captain’s cabin with its neat book-shelf, containing a few choice authors, such as a man of his disposition would be certain to enjoy. It would

be disagreeable to believe that his novels were not written on board ship.

There is little to criticise in Captain Marryatt's works. His aim was fun, and he succeeded. He did not, according to the cant of the present day, write *with a purpose*. Sometimes, though very seldom, he would indulge in moral reflections on the discipline of the Navy, but they generally ended with a good story. In these days, our novelists too often wish to illustrate some principle of political economy, which is better suited to be the subject of a treatise, or some doctrine of controversial divinity, which might be more advantageously treated in a sermon. Such was not the principle on which Marryatt wrote. His simple object was to amuse; and few of his readers, when they have reached the end of one of his sea stories, have thought the worse of it, because it did not illustrate some pompous "moral."

In later years, indeed, he fell into the error of writing useful knowledge and stories for the young. But his vocation as a novelist was fulfilled; and if he had only left behind him Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, and Pereeval Keane, he would have produced three books, in connection with which his name might live. When Punch recommended *his* book as a specific against tightness in the chest, and Scott's outlaw hinted at double ale as the surest purchaser of freedom, they indicated the sort of praise to which Captain Marryatt's earlier works were most certainly entitled.

Thus far we have subscribed to the moral pleasantly enunciated by a recent songster, as follows:—

“ Who shall tell what schemes majestic
Perish in the active brain?
What humanity is robbed of,
Ne'er to be restored again?
What we lose because we honor
Over much the mighty dead?
And dispirit
Living merit,
Heaping scorn upon its head?
Or, perchance, when milder grown,
Leaving it to die—alone?”

There is truth in these lines, but not all truth. We shall seek in vain to persuade ourselves that the present is a remarkable age in the history of literature. It would be foolish to strive to believe that the poets and dramatists of the age of Elizabeth, or even the versifiers of the age of Anne, have their parallels in our day. Yet it is true, that

in the vast deluge of books, many of which are never heard of save through the medium of some puffing advertisement, there is much that might advantageously be preserved for future reading and reflection. The very book from which the above lines are quoted—Charles Mackay's *Town Lyrics*—is an instance; and because it is probably little known, and has fallen into our hands by accident, we hope to pleasure our readers by another specimen:—

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

WHAT to do to make thy fame
 Live beyond thee in the tomb?
 And thine honourable name
 Shine, a star, through History's gloom?

Seize the Spirit of thy Time,
 Take the measure of his height,
 Look into his eyes sublime,
 And imbue thee with their light.

Know his words ere they are spoken,
 And with utterance loud and clear,
 Firm, persuasive, and unbroken,
 Breathe them in the people's ear.

Think whate'er the Spirit thinks,
 Feel, thyself, whate'er he feels,
 Drink at fountains where he drinks,
 And reveal what he reveals.

And whate'er thy medium be,
 Canvas, stone, or printed sheet,
 Fiction, or philosophy,
 Or a ballad for the street;

Or, perchance, with passion fraught,
 Spoken words, like lightnings thrown,
 Tell the people all thy thought,
 And the world shall be thine own.

In the above lines, which would form a fitting text for some remarks, which, did our space at present permit, we would willingly make on the poetry of this generation—because they point to the path in which a new race of poets may tread, with reasonable hope to emulate some, if not the greatest, of their predecessors—few readers will refuse to

acknowledge the germs of genuine poetry and a sound and healthy philosophy. We have extracted them partly for that reason, partly because their length was convenient for our purpose, and not because they are the best in the book, for they are not so. We now pass to the other subjects.

Having spoken of works, and especially of poetical works, not known as they deserve to be, because written in our own day,—the multitude of writers being great, and the wheat easily smothered by the chaff,—we account it an especial good fortune to be the first to introduce to our Cape readers a work, which will not here be received with indifference, because already, though his residence has been short among us, its author has created that interest which talent never fails in some measure to command in the most determinedly money-getting community. We allude to a small volume, entitled, *The Martyrs, the Dreams, and other Poems*, by the Rev. W. A. Newman, M.A. From the preface we learn that, at the time when these poems were written, the author was Honorary Secretary to the South Staffordshire Hospital, and was induced to print the volume, which is suitably dedicated to “the cause of Christian benevolence,” in the unambitious hope that its sale might prove a source of profit to the funds of that institution. We must be permitted, however, to say, that neither this explanatory preface, nor the benevolent dedication with which it concludes, was needed to commend to notice a work, which, though it appears in a very unpretending form, can afford to depend upon its intrinsic claims. We pass, therefore, at once to the first of the poems, which has given its name to the volume.

This is founded upon the martyrdom of Ignatius and Polycarp, the two disciples of St. John. The subject afforded the author an opportunity, of which he has ably availed himself, of displaying, as in a moving panorama, the vicissitudes of the Christian church in its earlier ages, when it contended, in its infancy, against persecution, infidelity, and schism. This subject, and the manner of treating it, could not have been more favorably chosen for the display of Mr. Newman's powers, which are evidently greatest in the descriptive passages. The following picture of Ephesus, though brief, is a sufficient specimen to convince the reader, that we are not bestowing praise where it is not deserved :

“ In fair Ionia's lovely clime,
 In olden time, a city stood,
 Long swept away by floods of Time,
 And now a desert solitude.

There, ages past, were proudly seen
 The well-thronged mart and crowded street ;
 Was heard the stir of active feet,
 And all the tumult of a scene
 Where crowds from many countries meet.
 There once in dazzling pomp appeared
 Diana's Temple, costly bright,
 In style of wondrous grandeur reared,
 With architraves and friezes light,
 And sumptuous shrines, and silver throne,
 And columns hewn of Parian stone.
 The princely gifts of Eastern kings,
 Enriched with Grecian sculpturings,
 Above these columns, soaring high,
 The roof of cedar caught the eye,
 With all its flowered tracery ;
 On high, below, around, between,
 At every glance was radiance seen ;
 While sparkling gems of colours rare
 Threw out their rainbow glories there,
 To captivate the sight and sense,
 With lavish of magnificence.
 Ah ! then that city, in its pride,
 By wandering Fame was blazoned wide ;
 The stranger, mute with ravished eyes,
 Gazed, as entranced, on place so fair,
 And, as he viewed its structures rise
 In marble whiteness to the skies,
 Wondered what art could place them there.
 Who would have deemed so fair a place
 Time's silent finger could erase ?
 But wander now that desert plain,
 And Ephesus you seek in vain !”

After perusing the above, our readers will probably rather desire that we should continue to let Mr. Newman speak for himself, than indulge in any remarks of our own. Yet we must give some account of the poem from which these lines are taken.

It opens with a powerful description of the siege of Jerusalem ; the woes of the unhappy city are thus explained :—

“ Ah ! more than blind her heart, I ween,
 For what unheard-of acts had been
 Throughout that God-loved region seen
 In Salem now forlorn !
 How many a deed and miracle,
 Since He, the Hope of Israel,
 In Bethlehem's inn was born,
 The wondering crowds had witnessed there
 The dead to life restored, —
 Had heard the long-bound tongue declare
 The praises of its Lord ;

With marvel they had *seen* and *heard*
 The blind to *see*, the deaf to *hear*,
 And healed demoniacs listening near
 To the Almighty Word.
 They too had seen that self-same form—
 Betrayed—arraigned—denied—
 Bending beneath the angry storm,
 Bearing the Father's crushing wrath,
 Staining, with blood, the toilsome path,
 Bowed with our weight of debt and sin,—
 The load without—the curse within—
 The crowned—the crucified."

How the small band of Christians escaped from the fated city, headed by the beloved Apostle, and what trials of body and spirit the last of the Evangelists suffered at Ephesus, whence, dying, he sent forth his two disciples, the future martyrs,—forms the subject of the first part of the poem. The description of Antioch, whither Ignatius was sent, must be given in the author's own words.

"Roll back, O Time ! the heavy cloud
 Hung over many a by-gone scene ;—
 Bid Desolation lift the shroud
 From buried heaps where life has been !
 Silence and Waste and wrinkled Eld,
 Who voiceless sit mid ruins old,
 Be your dark mists awhile dispelled,—
 Awhile your mysteries unfold ;
 O Wizard Past ! before me spread
 The scenes—the forms—of ages fled !
 Enough ! enough ! before my eyes
 Anew in glorious beauty rise
 Nations and kingdoms which thy sway
 Has swept in crumbling years away.
 I see in the far Syrian land,
 A city spreading fair and bright,
 With breath of Beilan's mountains fanned,
 And bathed in Heaven's serenest light ;
 Queen of the East, her merchants there
 Brought the rich freight of many a sea,
 Egypt's fine linen—purple rare—
 And robes of Tyrian broi'dery.
 Chariots and horsemen thronged her gates,—
 Her feasts with harp and timbrel rung,—
 And all which Pleasure consecrates
 To mirth and glee were round her flung.
 Belted with walls from height to height,
 Proudly she lay in dazzling sheen,
 Catching afar the traveller's sight
 Her hold and beetling rocks between.

Meandering through her lovely vale,
 Sparkling Orontes flowed along
 Through gardens, which the nightingale
 Made tuneful with untiring song."

In the description of the actual scenes of martyrdom, if anywhere, Mr. Newman might have been expected to fail, because these certainly form the most trying part of the subject. Something beyond versification, however correct, was required in the treatment of such scenes; and though debarred, by lack of space, from extracting the passages at length, we are bound to say that Mr. Newman's self-reliance is fully justified by the event.

For the same reason we pass over the minor poems, some of which, especially the impressions of travel, are very agreeably written. We do not speak either of the pure tone of morality, or of the feeling of sincere, and, therefore, cheerful religion, which is observable in all these poems, because our business is rather with their literary character.

In "The Dreams," the author has given loose to the reins of his imagination, and, in picturesque language, describes King Sleep summoning his subject dreams before him, and requiring from each an account of the realms which he has visited. From the numerous responses we select the fourth at random.

" On gossamer pinions I flew to the north,
 O'er its sullen dominions to pour out my wrath ;
 Dark forebodings I shed from an evil star
 O'er the restless bed of the despot czar.
 Away then I burst on my steed, ho ! ho !
 Many a verst, many a verst, o'er Siberia's snow,
 And, with echoless tread, like an angel I stole
 To watch o'er the head of a patriot Pole.
 In his cell he reclined on his martial cloak,
 Unconquered in mind, and in spirit unbroke,
 Though the fetter's cold fang gnawed him sullenly deep,
 (For I heard the dull clang as he turned in his sleep.)
 I gazed on his brow, and its gashes were bare,
 But though paler than snow, stern defiance was there ;
 For that firm-fettered foot was the foremost in war,
 When rose the loud shout, and the Cossaque hurrah ;
 His wounds are undrest and his dungeon is chill.
 But the patriot's breast is unruffled and still.
 Hail ! King Sleep."

In the above quotations, our object has been to convey to the reader an accurate idea of the volume before us ; and we are quite certain that it is unnecessary for us to add one

word of recommendation to those who may be fortunate enough to obtain a copy of the work.

We have received a volume of sermons by the same author. The nature of this periodical does not allow our entering upon the subject of this volume, which is the less to be regretted, as the inhabitants of Cape Town, at least, do not require to learn from us what are Mr. Newman's powers as a preacher. We will not, however, refrain from expressing the pleasure with which we have perceived in these sermons, the manifestation of a spirit of catholic toleration, which agreeably contrasts with the sectarian exclusiveness too prevalent among us.

AGENTS IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents not otherwise applied to, will find communications lying for them at the Printing Office.

S. S.—In our next.

A. M.—We cannot answer without a specimen.

Stranger.—No.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, care of Messrs. VAN DE SANDT DE VILLIERS & Co., No. 2, Castle-street, Cape Town.

The title-page, &c., to the Second Volume, will be given with our Next Number.

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