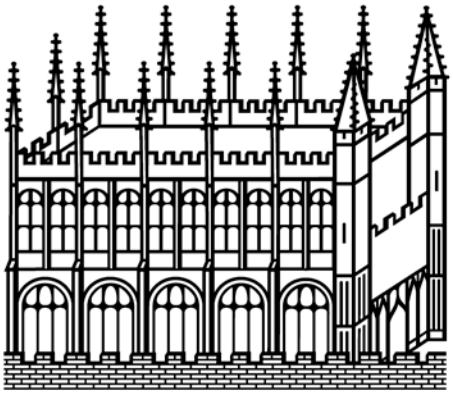

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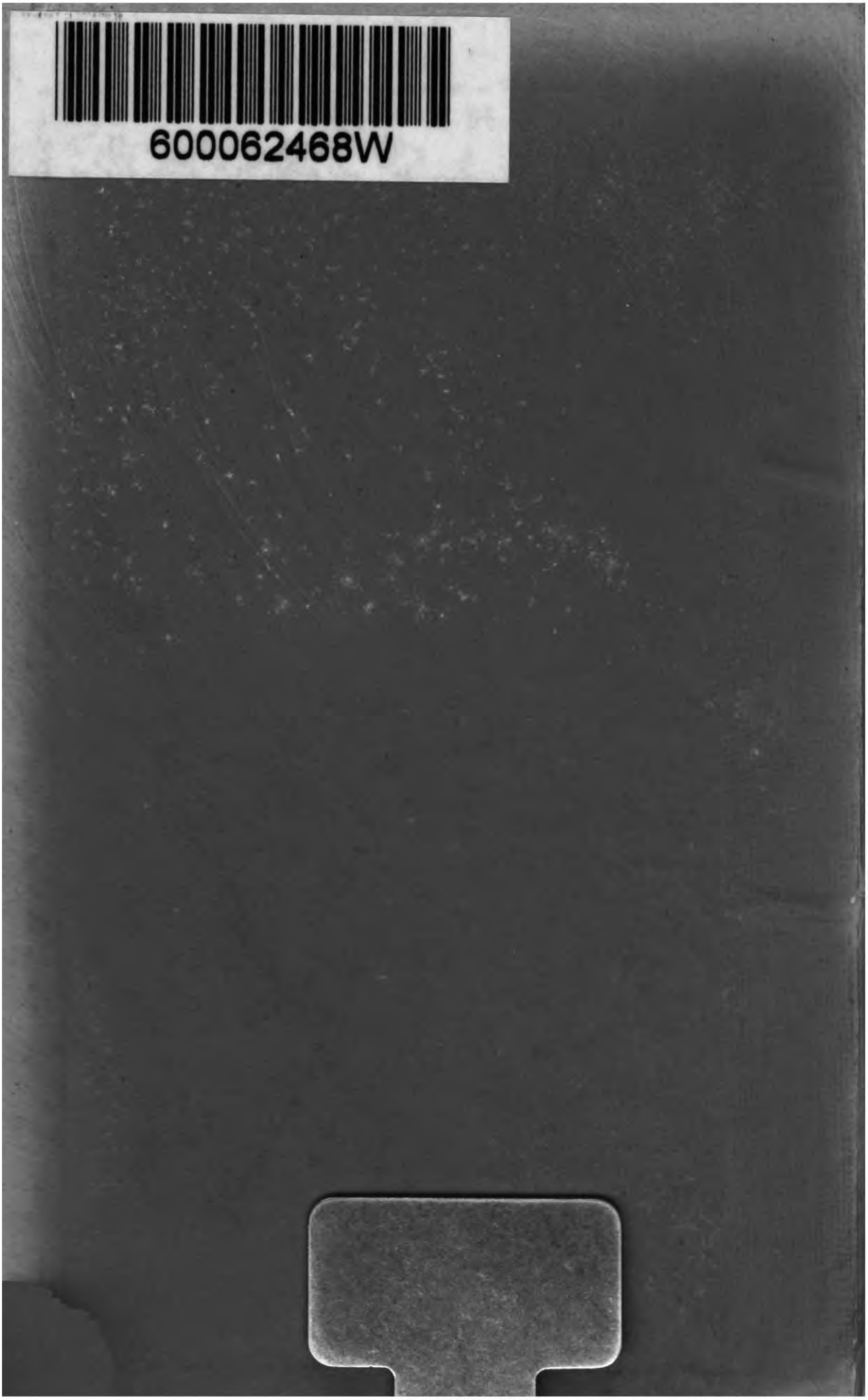
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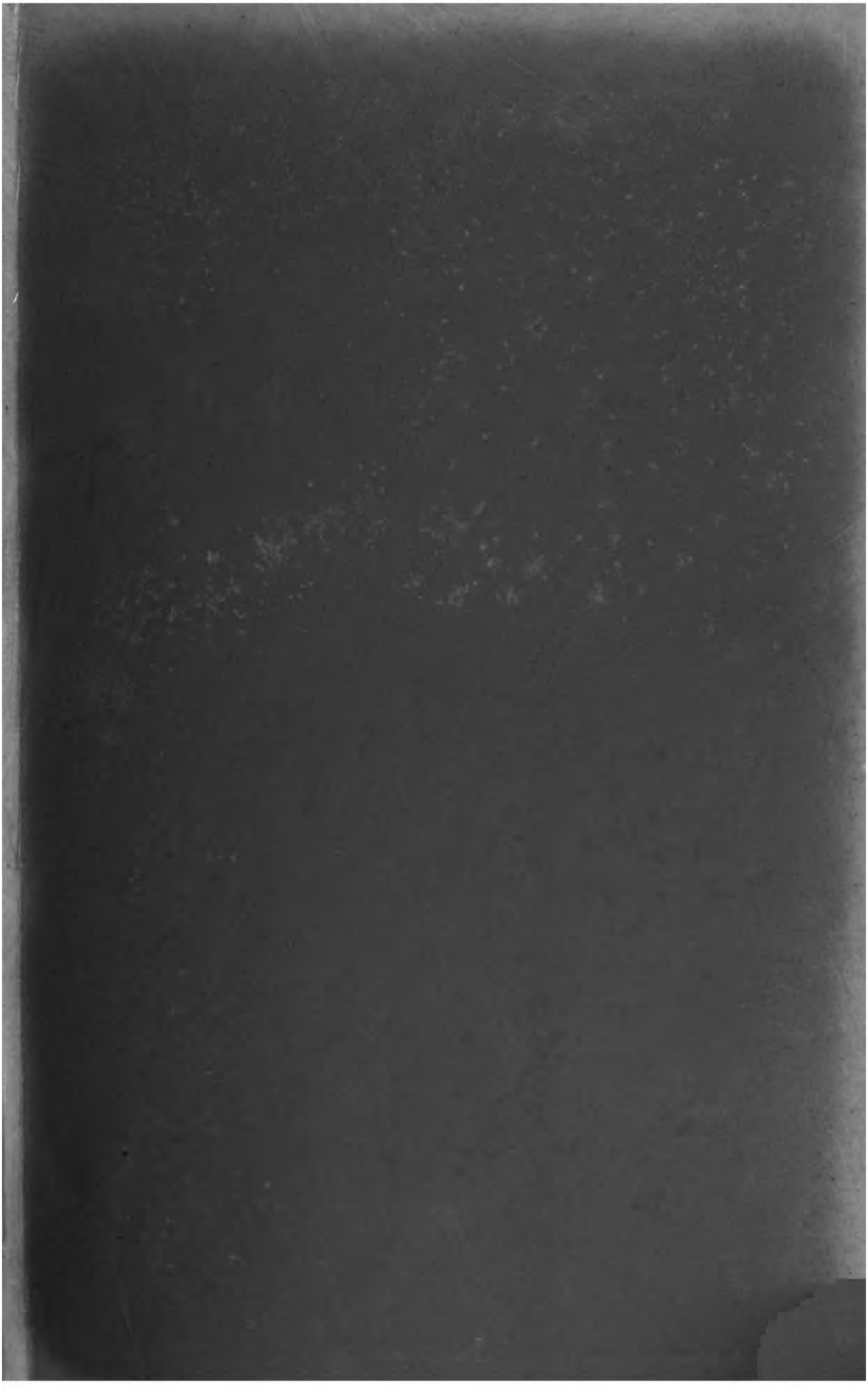

SKETCHES BY MR. ONYX.

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THE CITY OF RUM

AND

OTHER SKETCHES BY MR. ONYX.

EDITED BY A FRIEND.

'Things spiritual and things temporal are strangely jumbled together, like poisons and antidotes on an apothecary's shelf.'

KNICKERBOCKER'S 'HISTORY OF NEW YORK.'

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1872.

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CONTENTS.

THE CITY OF RUM.

FOURTEEN leagues from the city of Rum! I am uncommonly glad that it is fourteen, and not four: I should be yet more pleased if it were four-and-twenty, instead of fourteen. Where am I? Whither am I going? Where is Rum? Where? What? Why? Whence? Whither? Who? Which? Wherefore?—Will you have patience? I shall tell everything in time, except my object in writing this history. If that does not discover itself, it will remain for ever a something lost to the world, and locked in my own breast.

How I ever arrived at Rum is a wonder to myself, but the fact that I did get there is certain, because I spent six weeks and an hour in the city, and am still living; which is also a matter of wonder to myself, considering the pass which things have come to at Rum. It is also a fact that I have left the city of Rum, for I am fourteen leagues from it; though as to the exact distance I have only the word of the post-boy, who charges by mileage. Of course the point of my story relates to the six weeks and

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one hour which I spent in the city of Rum ; and it is to concentrate the reader's attention on this, that I have cut off my journey to, and departure from, the place, and left the period of my stay there utterly and altogether isolated ; so that it can easily be regarded by itself.

I arrived at Rum in a fog : it was the third day of the fog, and they don't often extend beyond a week or ten days. At the date of my arrival, a sub-committee was sitting upon the question whether it would be advisable to introduce gas lights into the streets of Rum. I wish they had decided in the affirmative before my visit there ; but I found the committee had not been appointed a decade, so you may guess that their decision was a very long way off. It was shockingly dark : I waited a couple of hours or so for a junk (a vehicle more objectionable than a four-wheel cab in London). The driver said, as a matter of course, 'Fever Hospital, I s'pose, sir?' When I mentioned the name of my inn, he muttered, 'Not yet : ' nevertheless he drove me to the house I named.

When the fog cleared off, some few days after my arrival, I noticed two things :—

1st. That there were no old people to be seen.

2nd. That the streets were full of sugarcandies.

Rum must be a wonderfully populous city. When I escaped they were burying their dead by hundreds daily, in pits outside the town walls.

There can't be a doubt about it, I should think. THE question of the day at Rum is 'drainage.' Rum, let me tell you, is built on three or four rivers, of which the chief and largest is the Stench. At an enormous cost it was brought through the centre of the city by an artificial channel, into which the stream was diverted from its natural course. The improvement was never thought of until the city was built, or it might have saved expense to have built portions of the city on either bank. The Stench, I need hardly mention, is a tidal river: for eight hours each day, the bed of the river is scarcely covered by water, while its banks are altogether exposed. Two of the smaller streams flow into the Stench, just above its entrance into the heart of the city; and the third, which is simply an open sewer (jocosely called the Mudlark), passes transversely through the left quarter of the city, and joins the large river about the middle of the town.

Here is complication enough to rouse the vigilant Authorities. They have built three fever hospitals within the last four years; but it is expected that by striking at the root of the evil these will in time become useless; meanwhile they are erecting a fourth which has become absolutely necessary.

The fact is, the water is very bad at Rum: there is no disguising it; and why disguise it? and what good can come of disguising it? and wherefore does every

one wish to disguise it? But disguise is no longer possible: a sub-committee (there are ninety-five sub-committees at the present moment sitting in the city of Rum), appointed five years ago, reported six months since that certain impurities were found in the water submitted to them for analysis, and generally, that the water was cursedly bad. The waterworks, which supply the whole town (by Act of Parliament) with water, were unfortunately erected (owing to some trifling mistake in the plans) just *below* the Town, on the Stench. And this the sub-committee noticed in their report with regret, and they hinted that the question might at a future period arise as to whether it would not be well, either to rebuild the city below the waterworks, or to erect new waterworks above the city.

The truth having been elicited that the water was bad, the question arose whether it might not be worse? And on this point a sub-committee sat for 304 days, reporting that, though they couldn't say it couldn't, they thought it was hardly possible it could; which, strange as it may appear, was considered very satisfactory, and the question was shelved.

'So, so,' says the nimble reader, putting forward his leg to trip me up, 'not so fast, master: you have just told us that it was only six months ago that the water was reported as bad; a committee was then appointed to inquire if it could be worse; it sat for

304 days; and you, sir, pretend to give us its decision now, i.e. within 182½ days.' Gentle reader, you have never been in Rum: I learnt the result of that sub-committee's labours (and much more, as you will see) by the *Telescopic Telegraph Company* (*Very Limited*), which is now in capital working order at Rum.

Between ourselves, it was through seeing the excellence of this plan of telescopic telegraphy that I was partially converted to the opinions of the great Crackjawcus, the learned Professor of Demonology at Rum. He holds (as your men of science are all well aware) that everything which ever is to happen has already happened; and that nothing fresh ever will happen. Therefore he argues that what we call *the future* is already *in esse* and fixed; in a word, has come to pass—only we have not yet reached it. We move, as it were, along a gallery hung with pictures, and as we stand in front of any particular painting we call that one *the present*: surely, cry the Crackjawcians triumphantly, surely you do not mean to assert that the pictures you have passed by and those which you have not yet reached are less existent, or less present in point of actual being than the painting before which you happen to be standing? And so the practicability of a Telescopic Telegraph was demonstrated and irrefutably established; and so a company was formed for its erection and working; and so the memorandum and articles of association of the company

were settled by the great Mr. Farsight, and, when the name of Crackjawcus appeared as managing director, you may imagine that every share was soon bought up, and none were to be had for love or money in the city of Rum.

I trust that every candid reader will admit that this digression was absolutely forced upon me.

The Authorities of Rum having learned by the means I have pointed out the decision or indecision of the sub-committee on the question, 'Could the water be worse?' the next inquiry was, 'Could the water be better?' on which point it was held that no committee need report, as it had been already reported that the water was bad; but a sub-committee with unusual powers sat upon this question, '*How* could the water be improved?'

You must not suppose when I wrote the remark just now, 'that Rum must be a wonderfully populous city,' that that was the first time I ever made the observation. I used to say it to myself as often as I walked about its streets during the six weeks and one hour that I was there; because they were during the whole time burying their dead by hundreds daily in large pits outside the town walls.

By the labours of the sub-committee which had discovered the impurities of the water, the present committee, appointed to entertain the question of its im-

provement, had a clue, which in a couple of days the Chairman made plain to all his co-committeemen. His point was this, 'If there are impurities in the water, they must get there.' And he suggested 39 preliminary questions as to the impurities: as for example

Who were the impurities?
How did they come there?
Why did they come there?
How long did they stay there?
&c. &c. &c.

The last question being, 'Could they be changed into purities?'

The sub-committee was soon unhappily split into two great factions; the one headed by the Chairman maintaining with some show of reason that *the* question of the whole 39 was 'How did the impurities get into the water?' the other stoutly asserting that nothing was of such importance as the discovery 'Whether (and if yes, why) the impurities liked being there?' with a view, I presume, to a compromise.

Good sense as usual carried the day, and it was resolved by the Chairman's casting vote (which, strange to say, he gave in favour of his own view), that the committee should first seek to discover 'how the impurities got into the water.'

No sub-committee had ever been so much talked of in the city of Rum.

The question arose incidentally, 'Could the sub-

committee examine witnesses?' and it was decided that as this was specially allowed by the authority which appointed them, it would be within their powers to do so. Three hundred and seventy-nine witnesses proved on oath (except the Quakers, who swore) that they had never seen any impurity get into the Stench, or any or either of its tributaries; while upwards of 200 equally respectable witnesses, who were not asked as to the getting in, swore that they had never seen an impurity get out.

This evidence was not without startling results: the Chairman muttered something to the committeeman on his left to the effect that 'they must come there by some *underhand* means.' A member who had bitterly opposed him on the great question of the relative importance of the thirty-nine questions caught the opportunity of capping him, and called out in a loud voice, '*underground.*' It was an inspiration! In less than seven weeks from that day, more than two-thirds of the sub-committee had convinced themselves and each other that the impurities, or at least some of them, entered the river by means of the *drains*; for it was a well-known fact that every drain and sewer in the city of Rum emptied itself into the river Stench before that river left the city, and consequently *above the waterworks.*

The next question that arose was, 'Could the sub-committee venture to incur the expense of appoint-

ing engineers to examine into and report upon the drainage?' As nothing was said on the matter in their special powers, it was decided to refer the point to the Authorities; who desired the question to be argued in the Court of Asses. In seventeen days the arguments were exhausted, and it was decided by the Court that it was an open question. Upon this decision being communicated to them, the Authorities granted a power to employ engineers; but the engineers refusing to go into the drains themselves, the point cropped up whether the power included the right to employ such day-labourers as the engineers might require; to which the Authorities, on being consulted, replied that the sub-committee might go to Heligoland and employ as many workmen as they pleased.

Delighted at this success, the Chairman of the sub-committee now thought of nothing less than knighthood as the brilliant termination of his labours.

Thirteen engineers were appointed, who employed a large gang of intelligent navvies and skilled artisans, as they are called in Rum. In an incredibly short time the engineers reported to the sub-committee. I do not say brought up their report—they brought up thirteen reports; for no two among them agreed on the question of drainage.

The Chairman of the sub-committee dreamed of a baronetcy—could he but surmount this little difficulty.

Strange as it shall sound to our English ears, there are

honours, disgraces, jealousies, intrigues, successes, and disappointments in the city of Rum. My dear sir, I have hardly told you anything of what is said or thought or done in the city of Rum; and that for many reasons. In the first place, I want to keep clear and distinct before my courteous reader the great question of *drainage*; and I have other reasons, which, as they do not affect *that* subject, I withhold; at least for the present.

Things had now reached a terrible crisis at Rum; they were burying their dead by hundreds daily in deep pits without the city walls; and a committee of charitable undertakers was raising funds for a fifth fever hospital. A conviction was steadily growing in the minds of the people of Rum that the question of the day was *drainage*. The sub-committee were in a state of pitiable indecision: the reports of the thirteen engineers were certainly confusing. They were all printed at full length and bound in scarlet paper covers; they filled collectively 907 pages of printed matter. On one point they were tolerably unanimous; to wit, that as long as things continued as they were, the water was not likely to be improved. The Chairman saw that his hopes were fading; the difficulty was growing daily, hourly; one plank alone could carry him into the haven where he would be; the sub-committee was breaking up; unless he could—— But indeed I have no authority for disclosing the little

hopes and ambitions of the Chairman or any other individual in Rum.

The days of the sub-committee were numbered; not a man among them imagined that it was within their powers to decide on the respective merits of the thirteen engineers' reports, or even to invite them to send in plans for the improvement of the drainage. Remembering the result of their last appeal to the Authorities, they trembled lest a reference thereto should result in a dismissal yet more unceremonious. Only one course was open to them; they must bring up their report. Five weeks sufficed for its preparation; in seven days more the proofs were corrected; it occupied 1,000 printed pages, many of which were filled with extracts from the thirteen reports of the thirteen engineers. It concluded with this apposite sentence: 'To improve the water-supply of the city the drainage must be improved.' Who could say they had failed in their labours? Were they not appointed to discover and report *how* the water of Rum might be improved? And could anything be more intelligible or concise than their decision, 'by improving the drainage?' The excitement in Rum was absolutely boundless when a decree was promulgated appointing the Drainage Committee, with powers fuller and more lasting than had been granted to any executive body since the foundation of the city.

The people (*οἱ πολλοὶ*) looked up with an almost

superstitious veneration to this august assemblage: they reckoned in fact upon them for their salvation. A state and magnificence almost regal were accorded to them: four sugarcandies (civic guard), arm in arm, paraded in front of the place where they assembled; these were relieved every five minutes. One of the first labours of the committee was to decide on the official dress in which they should appear at their meetings; and the question arose whether it would not be desirable to have an undress to be worn in their secret meetings, and a more gorgeous apparel for their public functions, such as examining witnesses, &c. The discussion occupied a short time only.

Public notices were issued, and advertisements inserted in the leading papers, inviting all who chose to send in to the committee plans for an entirely new system of drainage for the whole city. Five-and-twenty of the most considerable engineers in the place competed. In the meantime the committee was engaged (in full dress) in taking medical evidence on the subject. This was slightly conflicting.

And here one might easily be seduced into making a few remarks on the wonderful variety of aspects which any given object will assume when viewed from different standpoints. To myself, my conduct in that little affair of A. B. appears tolerably honest as things go; in your sight, dear sir, I am painfully aware that

it is monstrous; while to Mr. C. I have the happiness of knowing that it seems almost heroic. So when contemplating——But what has this to do with the medical evidence taken before the Drainage Committee at Rum? Only this—that, sinking a thousand minor differences, the 139 medical gentlemen who gave evidence were divided into two opposing parties, thus: 69 swore that in their belief the impurities in the water could, by a simple chemical process (or rather, by any one of 69 simple chemical processes—for each had his favourite means which he would fain see adopted), be changed into purities; while 69 members of the Faculty were confident in their assertion that by no possibility could such a result be brought about,—though, with few exceptions, they admitted with striking candor that the converse of the proposition was true, namely, that pure water might be made impure by the admixture of certain bodies therewith. The 139th gentleman declined to state his belief on the subject; but deposed generally that by an improved system of drainage the quality of the water would probably be improved.

However, it was a foregone conclusion that a new system of drains should be introduced. The last day on which plans could be deposited at the offices of the committee had arrived; and the tremendous question was now to be decided—which plan, if any, should be adopted, and with what, if any, modifications?

The twenty-five plans submitted to the committee were marked A, B, C, and so on, according to the first five-and-twenty letters of the alphabet. And now party feeling ran higher than it ever had before in the city of Rum; each proposal had its warm and ardent supporters. The Press was inundated with letters approving this or that particular scheme, so that the columns of the newspapers were divided between the lists of deaths, and letters or articles on the various proposed systems of drainage. Men, wearing the letters of the scheme which they favoured in their hat-bands, paraded the city incessantly. Collisions in the streets became, unhappily, matters of every-day occurrence: the sugarcandies were powerless: the precincts of the committee rooms were invaded by violent and ill-disposed persons: the houses, nay, the very persons, of committeemen supposed to favour any one of the five-and-twenty schemes were threatened by that portion of the mob opposed to it. The committee passed resolutions every hour. Specials were sworn whose duty it should be to assist the sugarcandies in preserving order. The committee resolved that there should be no more collisions in the streets. Things were growing dangerous; the hour of my departure was approaching; delay was fraught with peril. The committee had not yet decided whether they were bound to adopt some one of the competing schemes. Three weeks had passed since

this question was opened by the Chairman. The hot season was coming on, the people were awakening to their position. The following resolution had a startling effect; it was published in the dead of night, when the dead-carts were going their dismal rounds: 'Resolved: that though the committee does not consider itself bound to adopt any one of the drainage schemes submitted to it, a full, careful, and impartial consideration be given to each of the twenty-five schemes sent in for competition.'

In one hour from daybreak the very words of this resolution were in every one's mouth. So, after all, the twenty-five schemes might be rejected in detail; and when would it be known whether any, and (if any) which had been adopted by the committee, and would their choice be confirmed by the Authorities?

In the meantime the committee would preserve order. Great heaven! what would they not do? Reports were prevalent that a terrible disturbance would occur on the night which followed the publication of this unfortunate resolution. I had now spent six weeks in Rum—another hour, and departure might be an impossibility. I was resolved; that hour (making the six weeks and an hour) should be my last in the place. I had had notice that I must be sworn in as a special for protecting the city in case of the expected tumult. Everywhere were signs of an approaching catastrophe, especially in the unusual, the

ominous silence which reigned in the great thoroughfares. You might have fancied that they had buried the whole population; yet, when I left the city, I passed the dead-carts carrying their melancholy burdens outside the city walls, where they buried the dead daily by hundreds in deep pits.

Isn't it fortunate that such a state of things is only possible in the city of Rum?

CLERICAL DIFFERENCES: THEIR PANACEA.

THE Reverend Jacob Headstrong was *made Pope* of Plimmouth Gum in the year of grace 18—, or, as it was announced in the 'Ecclesiastical Gazette' of the day, 'was instituted to the living, &c.' I use the words printed in italics advisedly. I say *made*, because those who might naturally be supposed to have some interest in his appointment, his future parishioners to wit, had no voice whatever in his election; nor can it be urged that the patron of the living consulted in any way their interests when exercising his right of presentation, for the living was given to Mr. Headstrong by his wife's uncle, who was bed-ridden, and resided in the county of Durham, while the parish of Plimmouth Gum is situate, as all the world knows, in the county of Devon. And I say *Pope*, because in his own sight the authority of the reverend gentleman was supreme, and the doctrines which he upheld were infallibly right. Three weeks after his induction he had at a large public meeting denounced the new bishop of the diocese as one who held atheistical

tenets and taught heterodox doctrines: and on two consecutive Sundays it was my privilege to hear him fulminate against his rural dean, who was the vicar of the nearest town, as one who was in the pay of the scarlet woman of Babylon; and against the curate who had sole charge of a neighbouring village, as one who thought more of the cricket club than the United-Prophecy-Interpretation-Association, of which the Reverend Jacob had lately been appointed a vice-president.

I fear that there were not wanting ill-natured sneers when the reverend gentleman, on resigning the living of Littleincumb (worth £270 per annum) for that of Plimmouth Gum (worth £900 a year), explained to his parishioners in the former place that 'he had been called to work in another part of the Lord's vineyard.' But we must not be surprised that Mr. Headstrong supported the existing system of Church patronage, because under no other possible state of things could he ever have become vicar of Plimmouth Gum.

His curate, the Rev. Peter Narrow, was, of course, a man of sound views—that is to say, he subscribed to the Irish missions to Roman Catholics, collected for the Church Association, and was the honorary secretary of a local society 'for baffling the insidious attempts to introduce the sensuous splendour of the Roman ritual into our truly scriptural and Protestant services.' The poor fellow, whose zeal at times over-

powered his discretion, had got into difficulties in the place where he was lately curate, by promising a subscription of £10 (at an exciting meeting) to a fund then being collected for raising every possible and impossible objection, legal or otherwise, to the election and consecration of the new bishop above referred to. This sum he was called on to pay to the last farthing; and, being as honest a man as ever breathed, he did so with the only ten sovereigns that he had in the world. The consequence was an unfortunate accumulation of arrears in such necessary evils as butchers' and bakers' bills. Ultimately he was compelled to resign his curacy and to take his departure; leaving behind him a few unliquidated accounts, and taking with him his wife, who (Heaven bless her for it!) regarded him as a martyr, and his nine children, who didn't understand why papa left home.

The work which these two reverend gentlemen got through was something fabulous. I mean *in the pulpit.* As I was staying in the parish for some time with a friend who had a little fishing in the neighbourhood, I had many and ample opportunities of seeing and hearing them at their labours; that is to say, on each successive Sunday morning and afternoon. For, to do them justice, they, by a fanciful, but by no means uncommon interpretation of the fourth commandment, rested on the remaining six

days; and the church doors were firmly locked during the interval between Sunday and Sunday.

In the presence of an ordinary village congregation on each Sabbath morn the Reverend Mr. Headstrong, after stumbling through the ordinary jumble of three distinct services (or parts thereof) rolled into one, would mount the pulpit stairs, and after a lengthy extempore prayer (usually unconnected with the subject of his discourse) would drag forth the victim he was about to demolish. If he could find a text which appeared to refer to his victim, so much the better.

In the presence of a congregation of nursemaids and sleepy children on each Sabbath afternoon, the Reverend Mr. Narrow, after a hymn for which I never could find any authority, would gaily ascend the steps of the pulpit—and, putting off his lavender gloves, would, figuratively speaking, proceed to dart his little arrows into the back of some gigantic foe—who, according to the preacher's account, was always retreating before him, unable to match him with his own or any other weapons.

Never was such wounding, and stabbing, and demolishing, and destroying as went on Sunday after Sunday in the parish church of Plimmouth Gum; so perhaps, after all, it was as well that there were no week-day services there. And in the opinion of the Reverend Mr. Headstrong and the Reverend Mr. Narrow, which (to say the truth) was everything

to them, the result was perfectly satisfactory. And this is the more surprising as their thirst for conquest was boundless; not content with annihilating, in their sermons, every party that differed from them in their own Church, and every section of every party (is not their name *legion*?), these gallant champions (thank Heaven, of their own cause only!) attacked such considerable bodies as the Roman, Greek, Arminian, and Scotch-Episcopal Churches, and all went down before them; so that a thoughtful nursemaid might naturally begin to ask, 'If I am not among the very few excepted from eternal perdition by the reverend vicar of Plimmouth Gum and his curate, where am I?' Perhaps I should mention that as to the certainty of his own everlasting salvation our excellent vicar had no manner of misgiving whatever; it was a foregone conclusion. He appeared to have his passport for Heaven already viséd, and to carry it incessantly about his person. I never knew any human being so charmingly confident on grounds which to less partial judges of the reverend gentleman's character than himself might possibly appear slender. And here I am led to observe in all sorrow that I have met with not a few who, having a collection of defects somewhat larger than the average of mankind, attempt not to remedy the same, but do frequently smear them over with a preparation which they call *grace* (and which is the very poorest imita-

tion of χάρις that I ever did see): and who go to and fro on this beautiful earth of God's muttering discontent at it, and expressing a desire to be off; thus indicating an assumption as to their future which breathes more of a sanguine temperament than of that humility which they so ostentatiously profess.

One of the last impressions left on my mind when, after a pleasant visit, I left this part of the country, was a surmise as to what these reverend gentlemen would do when they had metaphorically crushed out and utterly overwhelmed every existing body of their fellow Christians. I did not attempt a solution then; but this question has since often occurred to me—would such men ever wake to the ridiculously patent fact, that there is a good deal of vice to be eradicated in Plimmouth Gum, though there are no Roman Catholics there; and a good deal of suffering to be gently sympathised with in that same parish, though there are no members of the orthodox Greek Church resident therein?

But never did I see the Reverend Jacob to such advantage as on the last Sunday which I passed in his parish; it was the first Sabbath after judgment had been given by the Judicial Committee of the Most Honourable Privy Council in the famous Clothier case. That august body consisted, at the time when the appeal in this case came on for hearing, of two ex-chancellors, a couple of ex-Indian judges, somewhat

broken in health, but vigorous still in mind, and a prelate thrown in for decency's sake. There were present: Lord Brains, who had been brought up a rigid Presbyterian; the Right Honourable the Earl of Dam and Bethel, who belonged to Heaven only knows what persuasion, but withal an eminent and truly pious Christian, fitted beyond almost any man of his day to decide on questions of ritual which involved most important questions of doctrine; the two ex-Indian judges, who had never bowed the knee to Juggernaut; and the Archbishop of Yorrick, who, in the second year of his archiepiscopate, had offered a valuable prize to any clergyman in his province who could prove satisfactorily that he had any idea what views his metropolitan held on any point of doctrine whatever. A proud and happy moment was it for the great English people—a yet prouder and happier one for the great English Church—when the decision of these great men—great, as in everything else, so also in ecclesiastical law—was given to the world. Wonderful was the facility with which these eminent authorities arrived at the conclusion that certain vestments used in a certain service by every branch of the Catholic Church from time immemorial are illegal in our happy Church of England; and pleasing to their lordships' minds must have been the alacrity with which their judgment was acquiesced in by the whole body of the Anglican clergy, who look to them alone for guidance

and direction in all matters of doubt and uncertainty. Especially happy for that august body was it that their decision on this occasion was in accordance with the views held on the same subject by the worthy vicar of Plimmouth Gum.

Never shall I forget the intelligent expression which beamed upon the face of that good old man as he proceeded to read from the pulpit extracts from that most learned judgment, which, in the presumptuous opinion of some, contained directions exactly opposite to those enjoined on a reverend defendant in the now historical Macileknockyouover case.

A comparison was forced upon me between the vicar's appearance and manner on this occasion when he appeared as the orthodox champion of the supreme court of appeal in matters ecclesiastical in the Church of England, and his appearance and manner two Sundays ago, when holding in one hand (as it were) a decision arrived at by the majority of some eight hundred Christian bishops, he proceeded with the other to tear that decision into shreds. Then he was the indignant and victorious opponent of a gigantic fraud; now the calm and confident exponent of an irrefutable law.

Recalling once again his eloquent words on this last occasion, I ask myself, who that heard him was not convinced by his arguments of the incalculable advantages of an established Church? whom did he

not lead to look with gratitude on that great council which, with loving zeal, watches over alike the interests of the Church confided to its parental care, and the interests of oppressed Brahmin nobles or injured patentees; and with gentle care corrects, upsets, or confirms the judgments of the Admiralty Court on questions relating to the salvage of wrecks, and the judgments of the Dean of Arches on questions relating to the salvation of men's souls!

But, to be honest, I do not think that the Reverend Jacob mentioned (as among the advantages of this state of things) the fact that no one of our well-disciplined clergy, save that one personally *admonished* (most tender word), and such others as choose, ever thinks of attending to the commands of this noble tribunal—except to protest against them. And hence, it occurs to me, has arisen that droll system of which our happy Church of England affords, perhaps, the only instance on record—to wit, a little pope in every parish, little or big, who does what is right in his own eyes until some queer combination of other little popes, with a bishop at their head, brings the rebellious little pope in succession before the funniest set of tribunals in the world; which said tribunals (were it not for the wonderful perfection at which we have arrived in raising funds for prosecutions and defences) would inevitably ruin the said rebellious little pope and his prosecutors into the bargain. But, as things are, it baffles

all my powers of description to say what effect is produced on any of the parties concerned or interested in the matter—unless it be an indescribable confusion.

Therefore, little popes, weep for this—that your little enormities have caused so little a stir in this great country! What, think you, must be the lethargy of the people in matters of religion, when a position so monstrous as yours is tolerated by a majority of the great English nation!

O little popes, have some little mercy on your honest but not very clever children! Think sometimes that it must bewilder an ordinary mortal when, going into the parish church of B., he hears that the doctrine taught in his own parish church of A. (which he has attended man and boy these thirty years) is rank heresy or deadly superstition!

O, some among you there be, funny little popes, who tell us that, after all, these questions of the colour and shape of a vestment are of no real importance; and then help to squander many thousand pounds in law costs to prove the truthfulness of your assertion!

O, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, is your mission this—to prove that all the beauty of religion is a sentimental fiction, and that its truthfulness and reality consist only in the bitterness which shall set father against son and mother against daughter? Or seek you to demonstrate that Christianity is a something separate and diverse from all Churches?

O Bishops, who make charges, and (sometimes) read prayers in the House of Lords!

O Colonial Bishops, who haunt Exeter Hall and Willis's Rooms, being possessed of an unaccountable aversion to the colonies!

O great Pan-Anglican Synod that is to be—can no means be devised that shall put some check on this fratricidal strife, and turn the powers and energies of a mighty Establishment against the giants of vice and degradation that in the full noon-tide stalk about the thoroughfares of our land?

How, think you, Right Reverend and Reverend Fathers, do the eyes of Him who regarded the hungry multitudes with compassion, saying 'Make the men sit down'—how do those eyes look upon this vast expenditure in rancorous hate of sums which might feed the hungry, and clothe the naked?

But, as I have heard the reverend vicar of Plimmouth Gum exclaim, we must and we will *know the law* on these matters!

Then surely we should be a little sobered, and move about quietly, and not carry all those stones in our hands to throw about with such naughty indiscrimination! we who at this advanced age of our venerable and reformed Church's existence are not sure what our ministers should wear, nor what they should teach, nor where they should stand, nor what they should read, nor whether what they do read is a correct

translation of the original! Then surely in such a doubtful position we should try to bear philosophically the smiles of some outside, who are not perhaps in an equally advanced state of doubt and discord and distrust.

But the vicar of Plimmouth Gum and his curate simplified matters amazingly: 'I have no doubt about it, not the least!' was very often on their lips. And in truth they were a law unto themselves, but not to one another—as the curate, I fear, has found to his cost. It happened thus:

On the first Tuesday in each month a meeting of the United-Prophecy-Interpretation-Association was held in the schoolroom at Plimmouth Gum, and on such occasions the reverend the vicar usually sat in the chair and took the lead; some said that he took everything into his own hands, and that no one else took any part in the proceedings. On the first Tuesday, however, in the last month that I spent at Plimmouth Gum the vicar was obliged to attend a great public meeting at the town of Eketer, which had been called by the executive committee of the Watch and Pray Society, to oppose the election of the bishop of the diocese as patron of the Diocesan Church Building Association. Thus it came to pass that, in the absence of the vicar, the Reverend Mr. Peter Narrow occupied the chair at the monthly meeting of the United-Prophecy-Interpretation-Association.

Now whether by an unlucky accident (which I think probable), or whether from malice aforethought, I am unable positively to state, but certain it is that the curate selected for the consideration of the assembled expounders the very prophecy which (in his own absence) had been unravelled the month before by his vicar. After denouncing as false and presumptuous, aye, and preposterous, every other explanation of this particular passage, Mr. Narrow proceeded to give an interpretation of it directly and violently opposed to that which, at the preceding meeting, the vicar had commanded his hearers to accept as the only correct one, at the peril of their immortal souls.

Poor Peter! You perhaps could explain why some six or seven weeks after this unhappy event I chanced by accident on an advertisement in the 'Record,' headed 'Wanted, a Curacy,' and inserted (unless I am very much mistaken) by no other than your honest self.

I felt then how cruel a thing it was that the curate had no appeal to the all-powerful Privy Council—the panacea for clerical ills.

ROUGH DIAMONDS.

THERE is a certain class of people in the great English nation (of which I always speak and write with sentiments of the most profound respect) which society (that mighty engine, &c.) has seen fit to denominate 'rough diamonds.'

And at the very outset of these remarks I feel a strange misgiving as to whether I can do justice to my subject, because I must confess that I have never been able to entertain that deep veneration for any man who is brutally rude which society feels for her rough diamond. From which remark the astute reader will gather the purport of this paper.

Now it appears that foremost among the virtues of a rough diamond is the fact of his 'always saying what he thinks,' and this in all soberness I have repeatedly heard mentioned as a great attraction, a most commendable trait, in his character. 'He always says what he thinks!' that is to say, he never for a moment considers the feelings of those to whom he addresses himself: so that, not content with the pleasing behaviour of an ordinary acquaintance, who of course points out your little weaknesses behind your back

your rough diamond insults a man to his face in the presence of his kinsfolk and friends.

'He always speaks his mind!' that is to say, he never restrains himself from giving expression to his (it may be) crude and ill-formed judgment, though it may hurt the prejudices or jar upon the susceptibilities of many among his hearers.

'He always says what he means!' that is to say, he never hesitates to express his aversion to any little plan or project to which all the rest of his party are inclined.

'He always gives you a direct answer!' that is to say, he will say 'no;' and thus upset a little arrangement to which every one else would have said 'yes.'

Bolt Straitway, an acquaintance of mine, is fairly well-known among his own circle as a rough diamond. I think him perhaps the most unpleasant man I ever met. The great charms of his character are an entire absence of consideration for the feelings of others, and a certain raw goodness of heart which prompts him to do many a kind action in a most ungracious manner. For instance, when his daughter's governess, Miss Jut, left his house, he told her before a large assemblage of his family and friends that 'he had drawn a cheque for twice the amount due to her, as it might be some time before she got another place.'

Indeed, it is in their own families and towards those who are dependent upon them that you see a rough diamond to the greatest advantage. Birk Spiggit married an old friend of mine, Lucy Honeysuckle. Poor child, there is little enough of honey in the cup which she has prepared for her own drinking, and which I suppose she will resignedly drink to the bitter dregs, unless some noble prince, as in the fairy tales, will rescue her from the castle of despair where she dwells with her grim giant, Rough Diamond. Even in that saddest of all human compilations—an accumulated list of marriages from the *Times*—I fancy that poor Lucy's fate would be conspicuous. She can scarcely have been caught by the glitter of her diamond, for it was not well set—nay, it was not even cut—and had never been to the Continent (say Amsterdam) to complete its education, and obtain its full value in the great English Marriage Market—that gay and dazzling mart, where so many thousand fresh bright hearts, which can never be redeemed on this side the grave, are pawned annually to meet the imperious demands of what Satan, in one of his brightest moments, taught mankind to call 'necessity.'

And now I feel that I am led away by my subject; I entertain a noble desire to enter upon this great question of 'necessity'—to show what is necessary to a happy marriage, and what unnecessary; to prove that not love, not confidence, not moderation, nor any of the

like absurdly romantic considerations are desirable: but that an income as large to start with as Lucy's father enjoyed at fifty (he is sixty-five now, and cannot remember the year when he made less than 1,200*l.* by his profession) is not only desirable, but a necessity. But honest Jack, to whom Lucy has given her little heart, is altogether unable to come up to such a requirement; so poor Lucy is taken by papa in a very fine carriage to a very fine building with three golden balls (say Faith, Hope, and Charity) dangling outside, and the happy party having entered, papa hands her across the altar rails (for the life of me, as though it were a counter), and receives in return a great rough diamond for a son-in-law; and so poor Lucy is pawned away, and comes out of church Mrs. Birk Spiggit. Isn't it a simple little transaction? Entirely in the way of business, my dear sir, I assure you; nothing irregular—nothing whatever.

And since the marriage I have heard the honest Birk, with a roughness positively exquisite, deny his wife little requests, to have gratified which poor Jack, I am perfectly certain, would gladly have sold his invaluable collection of meerschaum pipes; and brave little Lucy tries to laugh it off, though I know that she would give the world to sit down and have a good cry. O then, my Fathers, my merry English Fathers, go on with your heavy pleasantries—such as breaking your daughters' hearts and turning decent young fel-

lows into premature misanthropes : go on, I say, and lose no time, for you can't make sure of having such sport in the world to come!

But merely because I personally make no pretence to any affection for the rough diamonds as a class, it is not, I hope, supposed that I intend to deny the manifest virtues of the genus ; that would, indeed, be a mark of such miserable narrow-mindedness as should deprive me of all my readers and close these pages for ever.

Does the discriminating reader suppose that I have no respect for a bishop in the pulpit, because I think that he looks so funny in the Upper Chamber? Spirit of Hamilton forbid!

After refusing some little favour to his wife, which has made her face twitch all over and hesitate between a smile and a tear, I have myself known Birk, half an hour later on in the same day, perform the very act for which poor Lucy had in vain petitioned.

And because I have hinted at the kindnesses somewhat too publicly conferred by my friend Bolt Straitway, I do not therefore mean the reader to infer that Bolt and his species do no noble actions in secret. I know by experience that the opposite is the actual truth; and the most that I wish to prove is, that roughness is to a generous act what a flaw is to a mirror, and not a thing, under the name of straightforwardness, &c., to be admired.

SERMONS.

I PUT it to the intelligent reader whether it would be a bad idea to separate from our great body of Anglican clergy the few preachers among them; and then divide all others who attempt to preach into two classes :—

1. Those who profess to write sermons.
2. Those who persist in trying to preach extempore.

From No. 1 we should be under the painful necessity of cutting off the hand which they use in writing; while for No. 2 class I fear that nothing short of the terrible operation of excision of the tongue would suffice. Then might men go to church to worship God, and not to undergo a trial of patience under which few of us can sleep with any comfort.

But, to be serious. Can any one tell me why I or you, dear reader, should be doomed, Sunday after Sunday, to listen to our young friend, the Reverend Earnest Bubbles, as he dribbles out a miserable paraphrase of a chapter of Trench 'On the Parables,' weakened considerably by any little additions of his own that occurred to him while writing his sermon? No one

who knows the man has ever doubted his sincerity, and no one knows better than himself that preaching is not his vocation. But what of that? Does not his vicar, the Rev. Slowly Rumble, insist on his preaching once on each Sunday, and on every Wednesday evening also?

But many, I am well aware, prefer even Earnest, with his stupidly laborious and singularly vapid discourses, to the violent harangues of that rising preacher the Rev. Foxey Pimples.

I knew Foxey at college. His career was briefly as follows. By a kind stroke of fortune, after spending some three years in preparing for his Little Go, he passed it. Another three years ran pleasantly away before he could be induced (and then only by the angry threatenings of the Master and Seniors of Bembrook College) to go up for his degree examination. His surprise was very great—far greater than his delight—when he found that he had staggered into the fourth class. At this date Foxey was twenty-seven years of age, having passed the last seven years of his life at the University, preparing himself, among other things, let us hope, for his sacred calling; for, strange as it may appear, it is an undeniable fact that no one among his family or friends ever doubted that Holy Orders was his vocation.

Having attempted in vain three times to pass the Involuntary Theological Examination—I passed it

myself with great *éclat*, translating into original Greek the Thirty-nine Articles, a feat for which I was much praised by my college tutor; and Mr. Benzone, of Corpus, affirmed that he had seen no modern Greek to equal it since he first became acquainted with Arnold's Greek Prose Composition, Pt. I.—I say, my friend Pimples, having vainly attempted to pass this examination, was ordained deacon by a Welsh bishop without doing so, and for two years he preached the gospel in English at Llygtylly to a congregation who, for the most part, didn't understand a dozen words of that language.

And now the Reverend Foxey Pimples is curate of the well-known and highly fashionable church of St. Martingale's, Chancery Square: licensed by the bishop of the diocese, among other things, to torture for an unlimited time on each Sunday an unoffending and long-enduring congregation. But the Rev. Foxey has become ambitious: *he* never condescends to Trench 'On the Parables:' he preaches (in the evening at least) without a single note: he aims at becoming a popular preacher; in short, he is one of what we may call the *rousing* school, so flourishing in the present day, and founded, unless I am much mistaken, by the Reverend Penny A. Line. It is not so much by what these gentlemen say (so at least I imagine) that they expect to startle their hearers, as by their manner of saying it. I have myself seen

Father Pimples lying on his stomach across the pulpit ledge (he was preaching at the time from the scripture, 'Now there are diversities of gifts'), in order, I suppose, to impress the more forcibly upon his congregation the truthfulness of the assertion contained in his text. Having apparently nothing original to say, they aim at saying old things in a new style: hence, perhaps, the amazing variety of gesticulation and grimace made use of by the leading members of this school. Hence also the abundance of curious epithets by which they see fit to address their hearers, as 'Dear Hearts,' 'Hearts alive,' 'Young Sirs,' and the like. It should, perhaps, be remarked that these preachers are no niggards in regard to their time: they give it freely: usually prolonging their disjointed series of exclamations to some forty or fifty minutes. The brains of such as attempt to forge a link to the strange and chaotic sounds that fall from these persons become confused, as though they listened to the incessant clashing of cymbals. The minds of some who listen are perverse enough to revolt at a wordy display, which, but for the solemn subject to which it relates, might be characterised as drivelling nonsense. Those who have no brains to confuse are delighted at the fervour and earnestness of the gentleman; and the preacher is probably satisfied—which is something: but ought not perhaps to be his sole object in preaching.

But very different in style from our friend Foxey is the Reverend Mr. Toby Jones, who often assists at St. Martingale's when the vicar is absent. Mr. Jones has not had, as we say, the advantage of an University education, and consequently was not prepared for the ministry by that queer process of spending three or four years in every species of youthful folly—to use the most mild expression—which the accumulated ingenuity of several hundred school-boys turned loose can devise. He was ordained deacon by the Lord Bishop of Soda and Brandy. Now his great forte in preaching is a critical knowledge of Greek, which he acquired in stumbling through the four gospels and a couple of epistles for my lord bishop's examination. Having given out his text from the authorised version of the Scriptures, he at once announces to his hearers that the passage, as he has just read it to them, is not correctly translated, and he then proceeds to give his own improved rendering. The remainder of his sermon is probably not more silly than it would have been had he accepted the passage as it stood in his Bible. But must not every man who wishes for success ride his hobby-horse through the crowd? Alas! Toby, I have looked in vain for your name in the reverend list of those who are now engaged at the Jerusalem Chamber in preparing our new Bible. Did you think that business too bold and risky, and so decline a proffered place at that tremendous council?

Is it not, however, manifestly unfair to throw the whole blame on the tiresome talkers who are (often against their will) fated to annoy us? Surely the larger portion of the fault lies in the system which assumes that the fact of a man's being ordained constitutes him an efficient preacher! Do we Protestants, who believe so little in the miraculous, do we pretend to think that the imposition of hands by the bishop can transform an awkward, hesitating, stammering speaker into an orator qualified to address his fellow-creatures on the most awful and important questions, or to lay before them (which, however, is rarely enough attempted) plain, distinct, and practical rules for their daily living?

Shall we never recognise that fact—which St. Paul, at any rate, regarded as a true one—that there *are* diversities of gifts; and that some, not all, possess the gift of preaching?

Do we read of all the holy apostles themselves as preachers? Was not one among the seven deacons surnamed Barnabas, a name which would seem to imply his peculiar office?

Until Protestantism was invented, in the year of grace 1532, or even till many years after, did the Christian Church, or any branch thereof, ever exact from every deacon and priest the duty of preaching? Why, in a word, are we to have for our preachers a body of men for the most part utterly incapable of doing

their work—many of them being so driven to extremities that they must borrow the sermons of others, or purchase them at so much per dozen?

In what other profession would such gross and palpable incapacity be allowed, countenanced, aye, actually paid for?

Are not many of these pseudo-preachers painfully conscious of their hopeless deficiency in the particular business of preaching, though they may know themselves to be fitted for many other duties of a priestly nature?

Do the English people at large desire the ceaseless parade of windy verbiage now unmercifully thrust upon them?

Think you, my Lord Bishops, that there would be no more worshippers in our churches, if men might go there, as they may to any Catholic church on the Continent, to worship, and not to listen?

Or is it that Protestantism as a system has nothing to offer to her children when they do go to church—but sermons?

And if so, should they not at least be wholesome and nutritious?

MARRIAGES.

If it should ever be my good fortune to obtain a seat in the finest assemblage of gentlemen in the world (which, as the discriminating reader will see, is my original manner of alluding delicately to the British House of Commons), I intend to move for a Royal Commission to enquire generally as to the rules and regulations now in force in the English Marriage Market, and their effect upon the morals of the country; and further, as to the increase or decrease (as the case may be) in the number of marriages solemnized in proportion to the increase of the population.

I expect my motion to be carried unanimously and by acclamation. And in this age of Royal Commissions I think that I am justified in doing so. When I remember that last session Captain Pot Boiler moved for a commission to enquire as to the relative number of peppermint lozenges sold by chemists in the Strand and by chemists in Holborn, being parallel lines (as the honourable and gallant member explained amidst considerable cheering), and that his motion was carried without a division after fifteen honourable and right honourable members had ad-

dressed the House in speeches which filled sixteen columns of the next day's 'Chimes,' and occupied seven hours in delivery—I say that with such an instance before me I do not consider myself over-sanguine in expecting that a commission on marriages—a question which more or less affects every man and woman amongst us—will be granted as of course.

In the meantime, and until my voice can make itself heard through our excellent parliamentary reports, it may not be amiss to put down on paper a few of those observations which appear most natural to one who, as an unfortunate bachelor, contemplates the tremendous question of marriage. And I will at once make the simple confession that I wish I could afford to marry: it would be charming (at all events, at first). Then arises Question 1. What is the first necessity? An income. Question 2. And yours? £50 a year of my own, and (say) £100 derived from the noble profession to which I have the honour to belong, and which may any day be reduced to nil. But by perseverance—— Pardon, one moment; now you have touched upon a point on which I flatter myself that, under favourable circumstances, I might be eloquent and sarcastic, and quote 'Locksley Hall' most felicitously. Sir, by perseverance, &c., in twelve or fifteen years the cool hundred which I now make may have grown to an annual income of £1,000, and my darling Lucy's hair will be turning grey!

'Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit,'

(which is *not* from 'L. H.')

How about the interim, sir? Are we to marry on the possibility of the £1,000? I tell you 'all the markets overflow.' 'What is there that I can turn to' (this *is* 'L. H.') for the pressing present?

Ah! *mon ami*, I must rest thankful that in this overcrowded capital of an overpopulated country I can secure two poor rooms on a second floor at a moderate rent, and pay for tobacco and bitter beer. *Carpe diem*! There is little enough of the wreath and the wine cup: but mere existence, and the knowledge that we 'can yet feel gladdened by the sun,' are things which in themselves form no contemptible banquet while the brow is yet uncrowned by snows. But what a prospect! The same two rooms a little while hence, when the digestion revolts at the coarse tobacco and the liver at the bitter beer! O my tormentor, mercy, mercy! Yes, it must come; but it has not come yet.

So one more pipe, of your charity, and in that old chair, where I have sat so often with my one consoler, staring for the hundredth time at a certain legend (illuminated by a hand that mine will hold no more, and hanging on the wall in an Oxford frame), 'Do noble things, not dream them all day long;' and wondering what are noble things? and who does them?

Tell me, my masters, is there no nobility save that sovereign one stamped in gold with Her Most Gracious Majesty's image? Answer me, what other passes current in our honest marriage market? Not my worthless security for 1,000*l.*, payable fifteen years hence.

Is not marriage the luxury of the rich man and the day-labourer? Meanwhile, if the educated gentleman-pauper is a wise man, he accepts his destiny, owning sadly that it is not the one he would have chosen.

And let me tell you, my prosperous friend, that others besides yourself (perhaps your humble servant for one) are not insensible to the substantial pleasures of a pure bright face to greet you when you reach your home, and of baby voices that God Himself has taught to lisp you a welcome; and do not for a moment pretend to think that the dream of such happiness is dissolved by returning ten thousand times to the cheerless furnished apartments. No, sir, it is only when means are tried, first wantonly, and then habitually, to kill the longing—it is only when the lonely man in his utter loneliness 'has taken unto himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself,' that the holiest feelings and desires, which the Father of all has planted in every honest heart, are smothered and stamped out.

If marriages are made in heaven, I have often wondered (not to speak profanely) from whose in-

structions the marriage settlements are drawn? For it does so often appear, to a simple understanding, that the money is the consideration of the marriage, instead of the marriage being (as the lawyers say) the consideration for which the settlement is made.

Many years ago there was in use a form of conveyance (under the Statute of Uses) called by the lawyers a 'Bargain and Sale'; it is obsolete now. And I would humbly venture to suggest that the name should be transferred to those deeds now known as 'Marriage settlements.' And yet after all, I fear, to say the truth, that it is only envy which prompts me to speak ill of those deeds (the drawing of which has proved so remunerative to my very dear friend, Tompk, of the Chancery Bar), for I can find no adequate reason for doing so, except that I have nothing myself to bring into settlement. Then, having nothing, farewell, happy marriage!

There is just one pipe of tobacco in the jar, but all this time the beer has got horribly flat.

WOUNDS.

As each of us on that long forced march from the cradle to the tomb receives his share of hurts and wounds (to say nothing of those which each individually inflicts), I flatter myself that the subject of this paper will at least possess the advantage of a general interest.

'He jests at scars who never felt a wound.'

So as boys we pay but little heed to the scratches that we get on a hundred wild and insane expeditions over the school-wall for Mr. Rasper's apples; or (a couple of years later) to deliver a scented and laboriously-constructed epistle to the fifth Miss Rasper, the angelic Amelia. Ah me! the scratches are healing fast: and how long, my boy, before you will be ready for a wound—a deep and ugly cut I warrant you this time?

It is a very different story now.

'What deep wound ever closed without a scar?'

You will carry the mark of this, my friend, to your

grave : aye, though the fair and delicate finger that inflicted it is to be circled and wreathed with gold to-morrow, and there is not a drop of blood to stain it, nor a mark on the passionless breast where the life-blood fell as it spurted from that gaping wound. Well, well, the wound has healed ; there is only the scar ; it is a disfigurement? Yes ; but there are thousands for our dear ones to play with who are not branded yet, and when they are—'Move on, move on.'

But what the deuce?—are these the only wounds that torture poor humanity? What will the fair sex be saying? If they cannot suffer at heart, is it to be supposed that they sink woundless to rest? Yet, how can this pen tell in fitting terms a grief which he who wields it can never hope thoroughly to appreciate : such as that deep agony which Mrs. General Baynes must have endured when her sister, the major's lady (as we read) was presented at Court, where she had never appeared ?

There is, I think, no love but must be often cut and wounded—be it father's, mother's, brother's, sister's, or friend's—to say nothing for once of that droll passion which usually assumes the title for itself alone. So then a truce : and let us try to alleviate, not to aggravate.

There are wounds which we purposely inflict, and

others that we look coldly upon; but how many do we bind up and assuage?

Has it not been beautifully written, 'The history of a soldier's wound beguiles the pain of it'? Ah! dear friend, and what should you and I do when we have been worsted now and again in the battle if we had not the loving listener to fly to, who will not weary of the tedious story that we have to tell?

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND ITS SERVICES.

I SELDOM pass the doors of St. Paul's Cathedral without entering thereat.

I never leave that sacred edifice without the words of David upon my lips, 'How long, O Lord? how long?'

Can it be possible, I ask myself, that this vast 'mother' church is the truest ocular exposition of, and comment upon our enlightened English Protestantism that can be anywhere found on this favoured isle?

And then, by way of answer, comes the unsought-for and intruding comparison: If this were a Catholic country, and St. Paul's the Cathedral Church of the wealthiest and most populous city in the world, what services, what devotion, what troops of worshippers, what hosts of ministers, should we not behold! Celebrations of the Holy Communion frequent, during many hours incessant; a shrine to which the anxious might repair and spend some moments of peaceful quiet on their passage to that great centre of slavish industry for which they are all bound; a witness for Christ in a city where He is not too much honoured!

And what is it?

A magnificent unused treasure-house.

O for words to arouse some feeling of shame and disgrace in those who are responsible for the present state of things! Out on the miserable, cold, hideous services that represent a most unsuccessful burlesque on worship! Is any worship known there except that of the sea-captains and general officers who crowd the aisles of this dark and solemn vault?

Come, see our list of services, thou disguised and benighted Papist.

Morning Prayer, 10 A.M.

Evening Prayer, 4 P.M.

Holy Communion first Sunday in each month.

Then bold, I say, are the right honourable gentlemen, and the noble Canons, and the Bishops overworked (in Parliament), who dare to come forward, and in broad daylight ask the great English people to contribute to the embellishment and beautifying of this huge charnel-house, where religion is not, where worship is not, where the dead only are!

I declare that, with the exception of a little window or two (which actually make you think that the place may be connected with Christianity), there is nothing in the great hall that speaks of Christ.

But what want we with signs and symbols?

Fall to, thou wretched miscreant, and adore that great and purifying system which hath discovered

that we need no altar, no priest, no sacrifice, nothing but sermons, and liberty to interpret Holy Writ as we like, and to hate and suspect all our fellow-creatures who hold an interpretation different to our own. And fail not at thy peril to appreciate that form of faith most wonderful, which has dragged down Heaven so low that we can reach it by treading on the backs of any co-religionists whom we may have managed to knock down and trample upon.

But shall I, in order to strengthen my own position, wilfully and wickedly keep back the whole truth? Why, I may be most properly and severely asked, has no mention been made of the special services at St. Paul's—the boast of every honest and sincere Protestant? Humbly I assure the reader that I never intended for a moment to write of St. Paul's Cathedral without making all due mention of these thrilling and magnificent services.

Here, at least, are crowds of worshippers—or, at all events, of sight-seers. What country cousin in London for a fortnight has not been dragged forth on the inevitable Sunday evening (when all the theatres are closed) to attend gratis one of these most splendid spectacles?

Here too, at any rate, is a mighty throng of surpliced clergymen and singers!

And here, above all, may often be seen, if only, dear country cousin, you are fortunate in choosing your Sunday, a live bishop in lawn sleeves.

Though for myself I am bound to confess that the last mentioned attraction is the least, for once in each session I generally manage to obtain an order for the strangers' gallery in the House of Lords, and then I behold at one enraptured glance six, eight, ten,—aye, a dozen of our most reverend and right reverend prelates in their lawn sleeves; for, mark you, these high dignitaries (perhaps as a token of the proverbial consistency of their lives) appear in the same imposing garb whether celebrating the most sacred service at the altars of our churches, or assisting in the passage through the House of Peers of the Tipperary Turnpike Road Trust Amendment Act (Ireland).

And now, having a preacher, a choir, and a crowded congregation, what more (it may be asked), in the name of all that is rational, can our Protestant mind desire? To all which I feebly answer, that as we do not come, like benighted idolaters, to gaze upon a gorgeous show of dazzling lights and splendid garments, it may fairly be presumed that our only purpose in attending these remarkable services ought to be to listen; and I do beseech all my readers, who have not yet done so, to try by their own experience whether this, as far at least as my lord Bishop's sermon is concerned, be possible.

O my patient reader, do I hear you mutter, 'What an unreasonable fellow it is! he was grumbling just now because there were no services, and now he is out

of temper because he can't get close to the pulpit and hear the sermon well!' Nay, but can we have no services at which we may worship without having to listen at all?

Yet one more observation I am tempted to make on the subject of the special services at St. Paul's.

Assuming that they are useful and desirable (say) from December to May, why, I do venture to inquire, are they given up from June to November? Is there not always in our metropolis a fixed and abiding population of some three million souls? and even when *all the world* is away, and my lord Bishop is released from his most anxious and arduous duties in Parliament, it seems not altogether unreasonable to suppose that a congregation and a preacher might, if requisite, be found.

I say then as an Englishman that I am absolutely and entirely ashamed when I think of the chief uses to which this enormous building is put. Let us not, in common honesty, disguise from ourselves the truth; eager though we may be, and very naturally, to blink it. It is the fact that our huge metropolitan church is a gigantic show for children and excursionists: the resort not of worshippers, but of nurserymaids and boys home for the holidays. Perhaps, however, to many of us English, who regard almost every fine church that we visit (especially if it be situate the

other side of the Channel) as a show place for us to wonder at—I say to many of us this may not appear disgraceful or startling.

I wish it were possible to ascertain the number of English men and women who ever think of St. Paul's in connection with any sacred services in which they have participated there. It might be interesting to compare the figures with the number of those who remember the church only in connection with an ascent to the golden ball, or a race round the whispering gallery, or a visit to the tombs of Nelson and Wellington, during their first stay in London.

The more I think on this subject the more confident I feel of the righteousness of denouncing as infamous and shocking the uses by which the place is degraded and dishonoured; and I venture to assert that the altar and the font are the last things looked for or thought of by the thousands of annual visitors to St. Paul's; and indeed the authorities of the church keep both pretty well out of sight.

For my own part I am convinced that if one-half of the services daily performed in any one of the large churches in Paris were celebrated in this our largest London church, there would be no need for overworked statesmen to add to their already overpowering labours the duty of soliciting contributions for the completion and embellishment thereof. I say that this want of

funds for beautifying the church is only the natural and most just consequence of the meagre, miserable, and infrequent opportunities which it offers to those who pass its doors to enter in and to adore Him to whose glory and for whose worship it was professedly erected.

OF COMMON FORMS IN REFUSALS.

A CONVEYANCER, in the course of his practice, frequently uses what are technically known as 'common forms.' That is to say, after the learned gentleman has himself prepared the really vital parts of the deed, his clerk writes out the 'common forms,' which consist of words and phrases applicable to all cases (speaking generally), and the use of which custom or necessity, or both, have rendered imperative.

I have heard it hinted that a physician is sometimes driven, in writing the four magic lines of his prescription, to insert as one ingredient some harmless drug which completes the orthodox number of lines, without at all injuring his patient's health—possibly without benefiting it.

In like manner I am pretty well convinced that a young lady, in writing a refusal to a man who has been fortunate enough to amuse her, and who has at length become dangerous and too conspicuous as an admirer, resorts to the simple expedient of a 'common form.' In one respect, however, the lady differs from the man of law—she usually writes all the draft with

her own hand; and I have heard morose and ill-conditioned persons of my own sex assert that the whole composition consists usually of a mere common form, with the correct dates, names, and addresses added.

Now at present, as far as I have been able to discover by personal experience, and by a most anxious inquiry among my acquaintance, the choice of the fair sex is uncommonly restricted in the matter of common forms. I have resolved, therefore, to write this paper in the hope that some among them will be induced to strike out a new line, introduce forms hitherto unheard of, and thus win a great renown in the present, and the gratitude of their sex in ages to come.

For it is impossible to deny that common forms in refusals are most necessary and desirable. Think for one moment how shocking it would be for a modest and tender-hearted girl to write the real reason which compels her to refuse her needy admirer; or to inform that odious diamond-merchant who persecutes her, that, 'agreeable as his presents always have been, and ever must be to her, his presence is singularly distasteful.'

I say with a blush that, after allowing for every variety of expression and spelling and grammar, the common forms now in use by young ladies are practically two only, and these can be displayed to the

patient reader by two simple cases, which I state on indisputable authority. Far be it from me, however, to deny that I have myself occasionally had the good fortune to come across refusals couched in terms exceptional, wild, and brilliant.

My young friend Augustus Jod met the beautiful and accomplished Phillipa Fyefield at a country house in Xshire. To make the ordinary somewhat lengthy story short, I will confine myself to the intelligible assertion that he soon fell desperately in love with her; and as far as I, an impartial witness, could judge, his advances received no little encouragement from Miss Fyefield. Having a very limited income at that time, and being of a nervous temperament, he did not give a formal expression of his love while they were together; but immediately after their separation, he wrote a letter, earnest, sincere, and not very clever. Five days after, the poor young fellow received this courteous reply:—

'Nip Court,
'Xshire.

'My dear Mr. Jod,

'I was away from home when your letter to me arrived, or I should have written by return of post.

'I assure you that I can find no words to express the surprise which I felt on reading your letter. I had always regarded you in the same light as my

brother Bartholomew, and never thought that you felt towards me as you now say that you do.

'I am indeed sorry to think that you will feel unhappy when I say that I do not and cannot reciprocate your feelings.

'It is not likely that I shall ever feel towards any one as you would have me regard you. I hope, however, and pray, that you may find some one before long more worthy of your affection and regard than I could ever be.

'Trusting that you will soon forget ever having written your last letter,

'Believe me,

'Yours sincerely,

'PHILLIPA FYEFIELD.

'*5th October*, 18—.'

I fancy, to say the truth, that poor Gussy's surprise at this answer was at least equal to that which Phillipa felt on receiving his letter.

As the termination of this case was a little peculiar, I am tempted to narrate it; though I am bound to admit that it is unconnected with our present subject.

Augustus, supposing (whether correctly or not the sequel will surely prove) that his surname might be an obstacle to the favour of the beloved Phillipa, determined to change it; and coming unexpectedly into a little property (which I should value in round numbers at 1,500*l.* a year), he took the name of Graveleyes.

As Augustus Graveleyes he proposed to his adorable Phillipa twelve months after she had refused him, and was *actually accepted.*

With the reader's kind permission I will designate the letter set out above as common form No. 1 ; the pith of it being the sisterly regard entertained by the fair one for her devotee.

During the beautiful weather which rendered the autumn months of 18— unusually enjoyable, I happened to be paying a visit to my old friend Herbert Verity. And on the first evening of this visit, as we smoked our pipes before going to bed, I noticed that his conversation turned incessantly to one subject—the overpowering charms of Florence Madderly. I learned that Miss Madderly was staying at the time with her uncle, who lived within a quarter of a mile from my friend's house, and I was assured that I should have the happy privilege of an introduction to her on the very next day.

Now it is no duty of mine to present my readers with a love-story. I will only say this—that after seeing Miss Madderly very often in the society of my friend Verity, the decided impression left upon my too simple intelligence was, that it was merely a question of days as to when their engagement should be openly acknowledged, and a question of months as to when their marriage should be solemnized.

Long after, I knew that, in reply to his written pro-

posal for Miss Madderly's hand (which I doubt not he considered a mere matter of form), my poor friend received the following generous epistle, which I may at once characterise as common form No 2 :—

'Amira Lodge,
'Lymington.

'My dear Mr. Verity,

'Recalling the very pleasant time which I spent at Loverly in the early part of this autumn, I cannot conceal from myself that unintentionally, and in my stupid blindness as to your meaning, I may have given you cause to suppose that my feelings towards you were other than those of a friend. If such, indeed, were the case, I now ask your forgiveness; and I assure you that it was only my sincere desire for your friendship and good-will, which could have led me into so unfortunate an error.

'Indeed I cannot tell you how it pains me to write thus; nor can I ever cease to regard you as a friend; and I hope that, when the first disappointment has passed away, you will be able and willing to give me your friendship in return.

'It is not likely, &c. (as in form No. 1).

'With every wish for your happiness and success in life, 'I remain,

'Your sincere friend,

'FLORENCE MADDERLY.

'*13th November*, 18—'

So Tom may enjoy Lucy's Platonic friendship, and Jack may bask in the genial rays of Flora's sisterly attachment; but what these silly fellows have given freely and without stint, they will never have in exchange—to wit, their ingenuous mistresses' love.

Then what a potent charmer this same love must be to envelope the worshipper in so dense a cloud of incense that, though all around are pleased, or astonished, or disgusted (as the case may be) at his devotion, the exquisite idol herself cannot even recognise the features of her adorer when he approaches to ask the reward of that worship, which all casual observers imagined was not unpleasing to her. But the benign goddess is moved with pity; she will do almost anything for her slave—as his sister or friend.

Well, then, in all candour I am compelled to admit that, notwithstanding my intense admiration for the ingenuity, capacity, and generosity of our dear English girls, I do think that, in the matter of their common forms, they are a little weak. True it is, that as original compositions and conceptions, they are excellent and well-devised (their long and almost universal use alone would prove this); and I venture to submit that they have only become weak through age—literally threadbare by continual wear.

And now I think it is well that I should lay my pen aside, confessing that when I began these remarks I entertained the idea of suggesting and drawing up

some precedents which might have been amplified and suited to particular cases by such as might have fancied them. But I shrink back appalled at my own temerity. I quail and feel my cheeks grow pallid before the pictured indignation of those whom I esteem and reverence. 'Who am I,' I ask myself, 'that I should dare to attempt an alteration in the things that are? No, it is the privilege of woman's unaided intellect to devise new plans which shall render her sex more renowned, more unapproachable than ever. Happy indeed may I rest if I should succeed in inciting her to the praiseworthy effort !'

So, shrinking back, I comfort myself with this one reflection : these common forms will, after all, be new to him who reads them for the first time ; when the hour arrives in which his generous and entire, his first and fullest offering of love, is to be immolated on the altar of some sweet charmer's beautiful caprice.

FRIENDSHIP.

As I write the first line of this essay, I feel upon me a sense of awe, which I shall not attempt to describe. I am conscious of handling a sacred subject and treading upon holy ground: for I believe that of all the blessings which the Creator showers upon His creatures the gift of a friend is the highest; and that that man is supremely blessed to whom is given the grace and capacity to form and mature a friendship. I doubt whether it is possible for any one to coin into language the entire feelings which possess the heart of a man towards a friend. And here I admit that I use the word 'friend' in a sense in which few receive it. I use it in the sense which I call the highest: but that is something far higher than I can express.

I put aside altogether from friendship that blind admiration for another man which is called hero-worship, and of which the great essential is that you should know but little of your hero, lest your admiration diminish as your acquaintance progresses.

Friendship, as I regard it, is a flower which ripens slowly, the growth of which is delicate, but which in

its perfection is the fairest and strongest of all plants. I have scarce patience now to mention, and at once dismiss, that class of men who, I believe, unintentionally, though habitually, desecrate the holy name of friend; who, in a word, speak of an acquaintance of three days' standing as 'my friend,' probably without considering the meaning of the word they use. And, though the remark may be a digression, I am led to observe that it would be as reasonable to expect that every man should enjoy a good ear for music, a good voice for singing, or a good eye for colour, as to assume that every man is capable of contracting a friendship; yet the truthfulness of this observation is practically denied by the majority of mankind, as their daily words and practices declare. And here I would mention that I lay the emphasis on the words *good*, and *friendship* (as I use the latter word), for I admit that as most persons possess the faculties I have alluded to in some degree, so all men have some notion of and some capacity for making what they call friendships. And if you desire a contrast thereto, you have the words of Christ, who as perfect man was capable of the most consummate friendship, 'greater love than this hath no man, that he should lay down his life for his friend:' and this has been often done, and will be again; and the doing thereof forms the bright portion of the world's long story. But the men who say so readily 'my friend' are not prepared to do it.

He who has formed a friendship knows well that he speaks little of it to his friend; and that his friend hath been equally silent with himself: and yet the two do most certainly know that the one is ready with his all, even to his life, if the occasion of the other require it. There is little of protestation in friendship, but there is a very full consciousness of its growth betwixt the two friends.

But as there is little of extravagance, so there is a great completeness of confidence: and it is given without the hedges and safeguards which men do commonly use with their acquaintance to protect the revelations they shall presently make; for it is accorded without fear, as a man might talk to his dear self in a desert place alone.

Of the privileges of friendship I know of none greater than that of assisting a friend when occasion shall arise. It is altogether free from the appearance of a charity, yet hideth not itself as an anonymous benefit. It is the simple and natural result of the seed which has been sown. There is not the awkwardness about it which you may see in kindnesses prompted by sovereign pity: it is as of course. And the gratitude of him who is the administrator may not be distinguished from that of the recipient: whose greatest cause of joy is that he is reaping the fruit of his friendship, and finding that what he has trusted so long is so real a thing.

Of the duties pertaining to friendship the greatest and most urgent is that of weighing the advice which you shall give to your friend: for it will certainly influence him very greatly; unlike that gratuitous advice which men give lightly, knowing well that it will never be acted upon: unless, indeed, it shall chance to coincide with the predisposition of him to whom it is given.

Of the sweets of friendship the choicest is the moderate but unqualified praise of your friend when vou shall have achieved a success or conquered a difficulty: and it is equally dissimilar from the boisterous applause of those who care not that you had succeeded, and from the silent sneers of your secret enemy.

Of the sorrow of a man at his friend's misfortune it is scarce necessary that I should speak, but it is less poignant than that experienced at his shortcoming. And although a great man has said that there is something pleasing in the misfortunes of one's friends, I apprehend that he used not the word as I do.

If a man quarrel with his friend—and I do not say that this is possible if the friendship be a perfect one—there is small hope of a complete restoration: for it is otherwise than with the quarrels of lovers, as the parties to the quarrel are in so different a relation to one another.

Between two friends the confidence is mutual, the

admiration interchangeable, the respect equal, and the love perfect. A man shall trust in his friend, shall admire in him what is most wanting in himself, shall respect him as he respects himself, and love him as he loves himself; and more than this nor nature permits, nor the Gospel requires.

A friendship thus ripened, and come to perfection, is as lasting as it is admirable; and if any of those relationships which are formed in this life shall hold beyond the grave, we may safely assert that friendship shall, for it is the noblest and purest. We love our parents because they begot us, our brothers and sisters because they are of the same flesh and blood with us, our wives because they become one with us, and our children because they are of us and resemble us; but the love of a friend depends not on any of these considerations. It is the issue of the mingling and intercourse of two men's natures well suited to each other, and, as the offspring of God's highest creation, it is the noblest spectacle that humanity can display. And passing for the moment all other excellent things that have been written of it, let us recall the verse of the Psalmist, speaking of his friendship with Jonathan: 'Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.'

GIANTS.

MOST of us can count among his acquaintance some two or three men taller by a few inches than his fellows: men say, who stand six feet two or three inches in their socks; while the standard height required for the great British army (Line regiments) is (as all Europe knows) something under six feet.

I do not suppose that many of us are wont to blame these friends of ours for having thus some two or three inches, as one might say, to spare; nor are we, as a rule, even jealous of their superior height; nor (I trust) do we wish them to stoop horribly in order that they may appear to other men to be no taller than ourselves.

And if the candid reader will admit the correctness of the foregoing suppositions, I am tempted to ask him this question: Why do we find that the man who chances to be intellectually a little higher than the ordinary run of mankind is, if he shows any consciousness of his superiority, hated for it? For my own part I scarcely see how he can help doing so; to me it seems as impossible that the man of high

attainments should avoid giving palpable evidence of this consciousness of his greatness, as that the vast physical stature of the giant should fail to be detected in a crowd of fifty persons. And, indeed, why should the former, more than the latter, cringe and stoop and hide his head, as though the being tall were a crime, and every doorway were so mean and low that he could not pass beneath it erect?

I admit most readily that there are men on whom Heaven has bestowed the charms of gentle breeding and a perfect manner, together with superior mental talents, but it is unfair to judge what we usually call 'a clever man' by this standard; we should be led to disparage what a man has, because he has not everything.

If Mr. Bernytone Jones, who is engaged to sing at Huntingdon Palace on Friday next, knows that all the world crowds to St. Edmund's Hall to hear his last new song, and that he is the talk of every drawing-room in London, is it really surprising that when Mr. B. Jones talks to you and to me his manner is a little supercilious; and that he doesn't think so very much (certainly not so much as we do) of our opinion on that basso song that Trumpington Bliss sang at Mdlle. Screecher's concert last week?

And did you see in last evening's paper the death of Sir Monstrus Cleever, the Lord Chief Bungler of the Checkers? We, who knew nothing of him,

haven't a word to say in his favour; though, of course, we admit his great ability. His manner was fearful, his arrogance unpardonable, his conceit frightful, &c. &c. And the truth?

John Cleever, his father (I had almost said 'of course'), swept out the offices of that illustrious firm of solicitors Messrs. Catchet and Pinchet, of Quality Court. Monstrus was a boy of excellent parts. I have neither the time nor the materials for writing his life. He was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of Guy's Inn, became Solicitor and Attorney General successively, and died a distinguished judge, as we have seen. And all we have to say against him is, that his manner was fearful!

My very dear friend, what I want to suggest is—Cannot you and I, of the medium height (say five feet eight inches), manage to overlook a few of the little peculiarities of our very tall friends? There are men who look so far ahead as they walk, and with such frightful earnestness, that, horrible as it may appear, they don't see us as they pass us on the road, and possibly tread upon our heels. There are others who are irritated, tickled, and annoyed by the ordinary and harmless little tittle-tattle of our lives. They haven't our perfect manner of listening to a wearisome account of dear Mrs. Nervine's ills; but still, as even you will admit, they have their gifts. The fact is, that some of us learn one thing well in the

school of life, and some another. Let us have a care that we do learn something beyond the slang of the play-ground—something worth taking away when we leave for good at the end of our last half: for I have heard of wretched youths who, after costing Heaven only knows what sums at school, have gained nothing but worthless habits and a bad name.

ENERGY.

AMONG all the shams which certain people (with whose names I am altogether unacquainted) profess to discover in the present day, I think that there is hardly a more common, certainly not a more disagreeable one, than sham energy.

There are men who, so to speak, stand all day in the market-place of the world, and incessantly beat a gong that they may attract the attention of any passers-by; and to such vacant crowds as they may collect about them, these persons will proceed to descant upon their own vast energy, and to point out the beneficial result thereof with honest pride—to wit, their own exaltation. But few, I imagine, of those who listen attentively are much attracted by these cymbal-men; or consider the consequence of their vaunted energy in as favourable a light as the speakers themselves regard it.

I have watched with a considerable degree of interest the careers of several men of this class, and have found, almost invariably, that their real success in life has been marred in the long run by that which they have so ceaselessly and indiscriminately paraded.

To admire the calm and determined energy of a great mind, which has set before itself a purpose that the steady labour of years alone can accomplish, and which suffers not the insolence of fortune to impede it seriously in its progress towards the fulfilment of the cherished design — this I conceive to be the privilege of every cultured intellect: a privilege which will not be waived because the admirer may to himself acknowledge that he does not possess the admirable quality in question. And, as is very natural, he who can appreciate the value and nobility of the real, will most cordially despise the tinkling littleness of a spurious coinage.

Yet it were vain to deny that a degree of success (or of that which commonly passes for it) is accorded to him who can persuade a sufficient number of men, gifted with understandings weaker than his own, that his metal hath the true ring. In this world, and (as current writers, I believe, always observe) especially in this age, it is always possible for an unscrupulous man to collect about him by some noisy means a crowd, in which shall be found a quorum of fools, whose minds are so ill-stored, that they are glad to be supplied with any matter that may help to fill the gaping vacancies within their brains. And these, being persuaded by the cunning of their master that he is their superior, and by his fluent tongue that he can make over to them his own vast wealth of know-

ledge, will, as in duty bound, support the man who has pandered to their vanity or ministered to their desires; and, having made an idol, they are driven by the consistency which is common to all of us to worship it and offer sacrifice unto it: and thus the great crowd passing afar off, and seeing this idol riding on the shoulders of his devoted band, proclaims him carelessly, and caring not to inquire at all how he came there, a successful man. But as the poet of all times has said —

'Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,'

—and when your quasi-successful man shall attempt to pass the confines and terms by which this false and specious success is bounded, you may note his fall. Whether it is that, his mind being ill-regulated, he becomes intoxicated with his modicum of success, or whether that he has utterly exhausted all his powers of dissimulation, I know not; but it is none the less certain that, where true energy would have carried him with irresistible step, he falters and stumbles to his fall; having reached the point beyond which mere effrontery is powerless to convey him.

WRITING.

GIVEN, a lady (say Mrs. Goodheart) aged thirty-four years; a friend of her husband's, whom she has adopted, aged twenty-eight; and a young lady for whom she has conceived an undying attachment, aged twenty-two.

If you will admit, dear reader, that the husband's friend (say Charles Hanson) and the young lady (say Gerty Somers) are very much in love with each other, and that Mrs. Goodheart is very anxious for their happy union—also that the bar to the happy union aforesaid is the question of ways and means—I will give you any odds that Mrs. Goodheart, on being consulted by Mr. Hanson (who is a member of a learned profession more honourable than remunerative), will exclaim: 'Why don't you write?'

I verily believe that all women are under the impression that any educated man, of ordinary ability, can make both a name and an income by writing. They appear to think that a man has only to place a mass of foolscap before him (not on his head), to run his hand frequently through his hair, dip his pen into the ink, and look up to the ceiling, and the thing

is done. But I do not say that they would refuse to admit that time, perseverance, and patience are also necessary, or at least advisable; and they might possibly acknowledge that the personal friendship of the great Mr. Peerless, the editor of the *Firefly Magazine*, is an advantage: though we all know that, in these days of purity of election, purity of sewage, and purity of everything else, each story, article, and poem stands entirely on its own merits; and that no private regard of the editor for any particular author will secure the insertion of his compositions in any of our excellently conducted periodicals.

It is, therefore, evident that a man of ability has only to consider —

1. What he shall write;
2. How he shall write it;
3. What he shall do with it when written;—

and success is certain.

But then arises the question: What is success? Speaking offhand, one might say two-fold. Thus: *theoretically* it may be said that to write a clever thing is a success; especially if you can induce your friends to admire it, and a publisher (at your cost) to produce it; *practically*, however, the above may be no success at all, since one of gross ideas would say that, to write anything which will sell, and which publishers will pay you for, is a success—with little regard to the merit of the matter.

And here I am pulled by the sleeve in a reproachful manner by no matter whom, and reminded of something that I once wrote, very tender and very different to this. Well, Madam, my explanation is, that, as in life so in success, there are two sides, the theoretical and the practical; and I say, let us by all means keep the theoretical tender and bright and high, for so only I believe can the practical be made endurable.

But it is on this question of success, I regret to say, that poor Mrs. Goodheart's theorem breaks down. Thus —

Mr. Hanson, having resolved what he shall write about, produces something clever, or pretty, or witty, or deep, or superficial. Mrs. Goodheart reads it, and says *it must be a success.* The point here is, that so far *it is a success;* it has pleased her, and that may be the full measure of its destined success. The question that remains is—What shall he do with it, in order that he may make success complete? He can destroy it or keep it. It is evident that destruction will not achieve its success. If he preserves it, he can keep it to himself or publish it. If he keeps it to himself, it may be that this course will turn out a more successful one than publishing it, because he can't tell beforehand whether publishing it will prove a success at all; while, however, he will thus prevent a possible failure, he will certainly destroy all hope of a complete success.

Therefore it is clear that he cannot by any means make success a certainty.

But it has been shown that he has only to consider —

1. What he shall write ;
2. How he shall write it ;
3. What he shall do with it when written ;—

and success is certain.

Therefore success is both certain and uncertain, which is impossible.

Therefore it does not follow that, because a man has ordinary ability, is very poor, and very much in love, he can make a name and an income by writing.

Which is the very thing that Mrs. Goodheart will be angry with me for demonstrating.

OUR FEMALE NOVELISTS.

UNCLE GAWLER, whose only marked peculiarity is that *he never thinks*, thinking (if you will excuse the paradox) that we should be dull during this dismal autumn weather in the old manor house at Dawdle-on-the-Ditch, very good-naturedly sent us down the other day a box of books, from Mudie's, containing some of the newer and many of the older novels by the talented authoresses whose volumes find a welcome in every English home. A rush was made, as you may imagine, for some of the best known works, but before anyone had made a beginning of the intellectual feast thus provided, Georgey Hunter—who, by the way, domineers over us in a terrible manner—called out 'Silence,' and then proceeded to develope a plan which had been rapidly matured in her fertile brain. 'Now, good people,' says she, 'as there seems no chance of our having anything to do out of doors for the next fortnight, I propose that we each take a book and write a review of it; then all the reviews shall be drawn for, and each shall read out whichever he or she may happen to draw. I give you till the

day after to-morrow.' Every one was more or less pleased with the idea, and each one worked with more or less industry, so that all except Cissy Cawdle (who sits all day over the fire and eats hard-bake) had something to produce when, after dinner on the second day, Georgey Hunter commanded us all to give in our essays.

I happened to draw the paper written by Mr. Onyx, and I assure you that it was no easy matter to read it aloud, for I was incessantly interrupted by cries of 'It's not fair; he's a dreadful cheat,' &c.; and the ground of complaint was that Mr. O. in pretending to review his book ('Moss-Farine,' by Whodare) had not confined himself to the work before him, but had taken a mean advantage of the opportunity offered to indulge in a shameful and most unwarrantable attack upon more than one authoress of the highest repute. I really fear that there was something in this charge, but you must judge for yourselves, for I now place the paper complained of before you, with my friend Mr. O.'s permission. It only remains for me to add that, to the disgust of many of the fair reviewers, his remarks were entitled

OUR ~~LADY~~ FEMALE NOVELISTS,

the erasure of the second word being, they declared, evidently contemplated before the word itself was even written.

Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in, only 6*d.* extra, to the chamber of horrors. Ho! Fathers of families, walk up. A great reduction made in the case of a large party! walk up, walk up! Catalogues 1*d.* This way, my dear young lady. Stand aside, if you please, sir, and let the young lady pass up. Very well, my dear, 2*d.* a volume, and you may take it home, but it must be returned in two days; there are twenty gents and ladies that want it all in a hurry. And what can I do for you, my lovey? Yes, here you are: 'The True History of Olivia Parchment, who destroyed her First, Seventh, and Tenth Husbands on account of Domestic and other Differences,' by Carlotta. Walk up, walk up. 2*d.* each. 'The Tale of the Serpent; or, the Man who Lived on Cold Blood and Water,' 3 volumes by the same interesting writer. Walk up, walk up.

It's a charming place, when you get inside; this gallery of portraits by the master spirits of our age. Yes! 'Here we are again,' as the clown says in the pantomime; here we are among all our old friends, the murderers, adulterers, and forgers. Here side by side are the pictures of Captain Levity, Queen Flamma, Lady Bawdley, and a hundred others, the very masterpieces of such artists as Mrs. Enery, Whodare, Carlotta, and a host of lesser lights, not yet, perhaps, equally conspicuous in their glorious sphere; pure

bright stars that will come into more prominent notice when the greater luminaries shall wane.

And these are noble institutions, these lending libraries, where for *2d.* per volume you may obtain as many breaches of the decalogue in one work, as you would in a hundred successive copies of the *Times;* breaches, too, committed not by uninteresting navvies or tipsy cobblers, but by earls, baronets, lawyers, and doctors.

Ah, noble Whodare! ah, pure Carlotta! will our posterity wandering amidst the ruins of St. Paul's decipher on some broken pillar the glowing inscriptions graven by a former age, in token of a nation's gratitude for your generous and disinterested efforts to elevate and ennoble the tastes and aspirations of those among whom ye lived and moved?

'Moss-Farine,' the work which I have been commanded to review, is perhaps, on the whole, one of the bravest compositions of Whodare, though I think there are points in which it must yield to 'Trickortwo,' which I have ever regarded with a wonder little short of stupefaction. It is perhaps unfortunate that the jolly miller of Cyprus should (as early as the 5th page of vol. i.) have acquired the ungracious habits of addressing Moss-Farine as 'Little devil,' and 'Little brute,' and '*curling* a rope round her breast' till it was 'wet with drops of her bright young blood.' But

these are trifles, which we must not allow to interfere with our enjoyment of the 'tout ensemble.'

I confess also that it is difficult to understand why a religious author like Whodare, who has scarcely a page without a crucifix 'with a bleeding God upon it,' should represent the beautiful Moss-Farine as offering up such a prayer as the following—'Oh, Devil! if I be indeed thy daughter, stay with me; leave me not alone; lend me thy strength and power, and let me inherit of thy kingdom. Give me this, oh great Lord, and I will praise thee and love thee always.'

As I am not a married man myself, of course my opinion must be taken for what it is worth; but I don't think, I say guardedly I don't think, that I, with all my admiration for Whodare (on whose intimate acquaintance with the French demi-monde I look with respectful reverence)—well, I say I don't think that I should care for my children (if I had any), especially if I happened to believe that they were reverent and pure, to become too familiar with such a foul and blasphemous parody of prayers that in our youthful folly we were accustomed to regard as sacred.

The genealogy of Moss-Farine is a little peculiar. Of course she is illegitimate. Her mother, we are told, was (originally) 'one of those maidens untrammelled by modern garb, and moving with the free majestic grace of forest does.' As to her father, we are

informed that he was 'star-eyed,' and his beauty was 'like the beauty of the passion-flower.' Her grandfather Claudius Flamma (probably a descendant of our old school friend Appius Claudius, for he was apparently as rough and ready with a blow), on whose mercy Moss-Farine was cast at an early age, was a hot-tempered old gentleman, and on recognizing M. F. as his grand-daughter 'clenched his fist and struck her to the ground,' whereupon 'the blood flowed from her mouth.' This at first sight appears a little rough. The honest miller then refers gracefully to the mother (his daughter, let us remember): exclaiming, 'She was a saint—a saint! And the devil begot in her *that.*' We are frequently reminded afterwards that M. F. was 'the child of the devil' and 'hell-begotten.'

But really, I must impose upon myself some restraint, otherwise my enthusiasm, which is almost at fever heat, will induce me to transcribe the whole story, which would be unfair to Whodare and cruel to her devoted admirers. Surely, however, enough has been said to exhibit the freedom, vivacity, and daring of our author, though there are other peculiarities in her style which I should like to have pointed out. There is the noble grace of 'Trickortwo,' whom to know was to adore (as is abundantly proved by the peasants who used to row his boat or do any mortal thing for him). There is the 'untaught, innate philosophy' of

the monkey Misterji, so like his master at times that you couldn't tell one from the other. There is the careless and debauched splendour of the Parisian actress, which gives to woman a delicious glimpse of what she might be by becoming what she should not be. There is the wondrous freshness and vital capacity of Viva, own sister, I sometimes have thought, to Moss-Farine. In fact, there are a thousand and one charms in Whodare's works which only a woman of sense and talent would dare or care to exhibit.

Therefore, paterfamilias, anxious as you naturally are for your daughters to revel in these delights, and yet not inclined to purchase the work—ashamed at the bare notion of seeing your own name written inside it—go, I say, to any of our excellent subscription libraries and pay one guinea per annum: for which modest sum you can poison your daughters' minds, and obliterate (in time) all those qualities and characteristics which we arrant fools of the weaker sex were wont to regard as pleasing and becoming in an English maiden.

I have in my mind a scheme, the brilliancy of which dazzles me, and almost baffles my efforts to reduce it to words. In a midland county of England shall ere long arise a stately edifice: money subscribed by a loving people shall be lavished upon it without stint; nothing shall be wanting to give grace and beauty to its details. It is an educational estab-

lishment, and were that all there would be little or nothing peculiar about it. The men of England, fathers, husbands, brothers, have contributed to it: for it is dedicated to the education of our English girls. Whodare (if she will condescend to accept a salary which the Lord Chancellor would grasp at) shall be principal, and Carlotta, sweet Carlotta, vice-principal; to assist them shall be engaged a staff of rising authoresses who have made Whodare and Carlotta their models. Then fresh from the press the proof sheets of each noble work shall be read to the pupils, who shall stand round the reader lost in wonder and delight. Whodare shall superintend their philosophic studies and generate in them a disregard for decency and an admiration for a manly figure; while Carlotta, chaste Carlotta, shall direct their historical researches, and place before them heroes and heroines who have managed with temporary success to violate every one of God's commandments, especially the 6th, 7th, and 8th.

Peace, visionary! Sufficeth it not for thee that those noble ladies, whose names thou hast somewhat too familiarly handled, *are now educating* our mothers, wives, and sisters, by the simple and efficient machinery of our subscription libraries: which machinery has enabled the delicate hand of woman to open the flood-gates to a stream of poisonous sewage, the like of which has never before desolated the wide field of literature in any age or country.

SUSPENSE.

It was noon, but dark as midnight when the moon is in her last quarter. Merciful heaven! how the wind howled! It was in February; the snow was falling in blinding fury; it encased you as you walked; in front and behind, on either side: there was no shelter, the raving blast was as fitful as furious. One felt instinctively for the stone wall or any accustomed object that could be taken hold of.

When I passed the Church of St. Martin-on-the-Hill I heard the wooden belfry groan as if all the evil spirits thought that this was their opportunity for an onslaught, and had congregated for that purpose.

I staggered through the half-finished streets to the house in which I lodged, and, having provided myself with my thickest clothing and a flask of brandy, I made my way to the coast-guard path, which runs almost at the top of the white chalk cliffs, that stand sentinel over this portion of our coast, two hundred and fifty feet above the sea.

The scene was a tremendous one.

The heavens were black, as though the God of Heaven had for ever withdrawn from them the light

of His sun. And the waves with terrible accuracy reflected the sullen aspect of the sky. The cliffs and barren moors which stretched for miles inland presented a startling contrast, being clothed in snow. On the distant horizon was one line of unnatural light; the intermediate space was utterly dark. It might have been the prelude to the dissolution of a world.

To my left was the harbour of the place, a small and inconvenient one.

The snow now ceased to fall; at intervals loud peals of thunder out-roared the bellowing of the surf, and flashes of lightning occasionally displayed the dreadful scowl that rested on the face of the ocean. It was during the horrid brilliancy afforded by one of these flashes that I first noticed a small fishing boat making for the narrow mouth of the harbour.

In a moment the whole interest of my existence was centred on this wretched craft. My spirit left me standing on the coast; I was aboard the tiny vessel, and felt every lurch and movement, as the furious waves struck her unmercifully in her hour of hopelessness. Now we were lifted up and seemed to touch the threatening roof above, and now we were buried in a grave of boiling waters. Again and again the gallant little craft closed with the monsters that clamoured for her, and I shouted to see their white blood thrown in torrents over her deck. But how long could the unequal struggle be maintained?

At this time my consciousness was recalled to the spot where my body had remained rooted; I became aware (I know not how) of a human body close to mine. I turned. A woman stood or rather cowered beside me.

Pitying Saviour! can I ever forget that face? No long years of tedious suffering could have produced the awful agony on her countenance; it was the work of a sudden and hideous blow dealt by the coward hands of despair and terror on a mother's face. We have all heard stories of glossy curls being turned white by one night's terror. I realized their truthfulness now by one morning's deadly work on the shivering frame at my side.

In a few disjointed sentences her story was told. Her only son, a brave boy of 15 or 16 years, was on board the fishing boat. Three times it had made for the harbour, and after beating close up to its very mouth had been compelled to run out to sea again. And would it succeed in getting in this time?

What could I say or do? Words—idle words—at such a time, when the iron fingers of despair were torturing every fibre of her brain! For the fourth time we saw the ill-fated craft run out into the houseless waste of waters.

Think for one moment, you who, smiling at this story, summon sufficient energy to say, 'Must have been an exciting scene'—think of the crushing weight of suspense on the mother's heart.

*SUNSHINE.**

WHENEVER she opened a door a ray of sunlight entered the room with her. And once for a few glad hours my dreary chambers were lighted by her smile; and God forgive me, Sunshine, if I was mad enough to think that, because you had made one day of my existence so bright, you would make all my life the same.

Perhaps I should have thought no more of her than of a hundred other girls, as pretty and as pleasing as herself, had I not seen her so often in her own home. And what is so true a test of a woman's worth as her conduct towards her near relations (none of your cousins) at home? Many a girl who is charm-

* On the outside of this MS. I find the following note, in the handwriting of my friend Mr. Onyx. The MS. itself is in a hand quite unknown to me :—

'July 24th, 18—. Received MS. essay, entitled "Sunshine," from poor Tom Spoonbill. N.B. Sent him 5*l.* the same day; *not* as the price of his MS.'

Those who have derived any pleasure or amusement from the preceding Essays of Mr. Onyx, are recommended to pass over this paper.—*Note by Editor.*

ing in a ball room, and whose waltzing is irreproachable, is a very different being in the family circle; but with such I have not now to deal. You, dear Sunshine, were the bright light of your father's house; and what sweeter thing could you be, until you have a home of your own to gladden? and then the brightest beam will fade from the walls which you now make so warm and cheerful! So is it ever in this life. Happy that disposal of things that, as the old are quitting the stage, they can derive so much pleasure from the prospective happiness of those most dear to them. The power of reproduction, whether of the species or of ideas, supplies a vast proportion of the pleasure which falls to the lot of humanity.

And you, Sunshine, who were so kind to all, were kind to me; and I, unused to such sweet gentleness, was blinded, and, like the children in the song, I 'laughed that my eyes were dazzled,' and stretched forth my hands rudely, and thought that they could reach the sun! Ah me, ah me! vanity of vanities! But what have I to do with any vain thing now?

Dear child! how often do I recall the scene that I have so frequently witnessed, but in which I shall never mingle again! With what sweet gravity did you preside at the tea-table, and what a corrupt little minister you were to superintend any board? for I have often seen you deal most partially in the matter of the relative strength of the cups of tea! but you

were always the loser; which is not the distinguishing feature of those who preside at all our Boards. And never would you trust me to carry the tea-cup to the old man, who loved you so well, that I loved him if for that reason only. And as you passed lightly and gently across the room, your mother watched you and smiled; and the fire burned brightly, and the lamp shone gaily. But oh! the sweetest sight of all was the lightning of your eyes, and your dainty shadow on the wall.

And then the hour after tea-time, when you played; and the song which you sang—only because you were asked to; and both were sweet, with your dear voice and touch.

Ah! Sunshine, Sunshine, where are you now? It is a London fog in November, and I was dreaming. There is only the fire-light dancing on the wall, and the gas-lamp flickering through the mist.

But that of which I dream now was a real thing once, and for that I am thankful.

I pray Heaven that we all have our sweet visions, both in the past and in the future; and so may we battle more bravely with the present, be it ever so dark.

And thinking thus, I light my pipe, and succeed in coaxing another old spectre of a day, long dead, to pass before me.

It is summer-time now; and in the sunlight you

are charming: as joyous as the birds that fill, and as bright as the flowers that scent, the July air. But on the water, Sunshine, on the glad and golden water, you are sweetest of all; and your boat is the pearl shell of the fairy tale, and you are the beautiful princess. Child! may your voyage lie in pleasant streams, and may no cross-currents carry you into the bitter waters.

But the sun will hide itself sometimes even from you, and then your own sunshine comes out the warmer. A shower of tears, and the sun in your eyes breaks through them, even as they flow; and so springs up the rainbow's arc. A smile is on your lips, and your tears must vanish quite away.

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